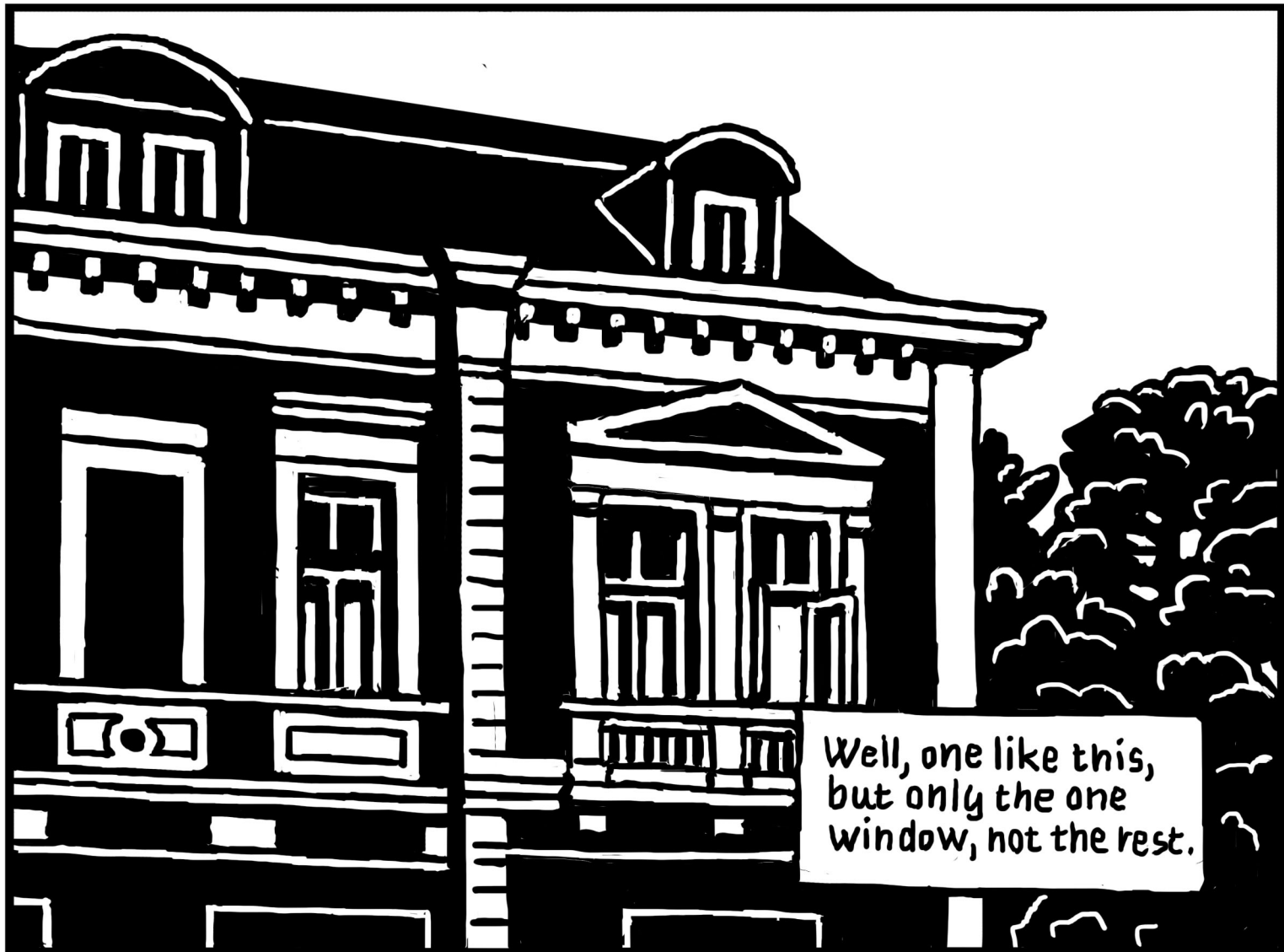


I have one memory from before the foster home.



It features a window.



Well, one like this,  
but only the one  
window, not the rest.

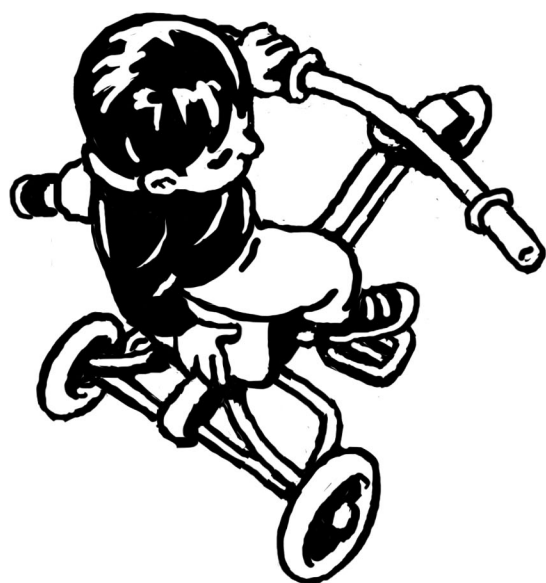
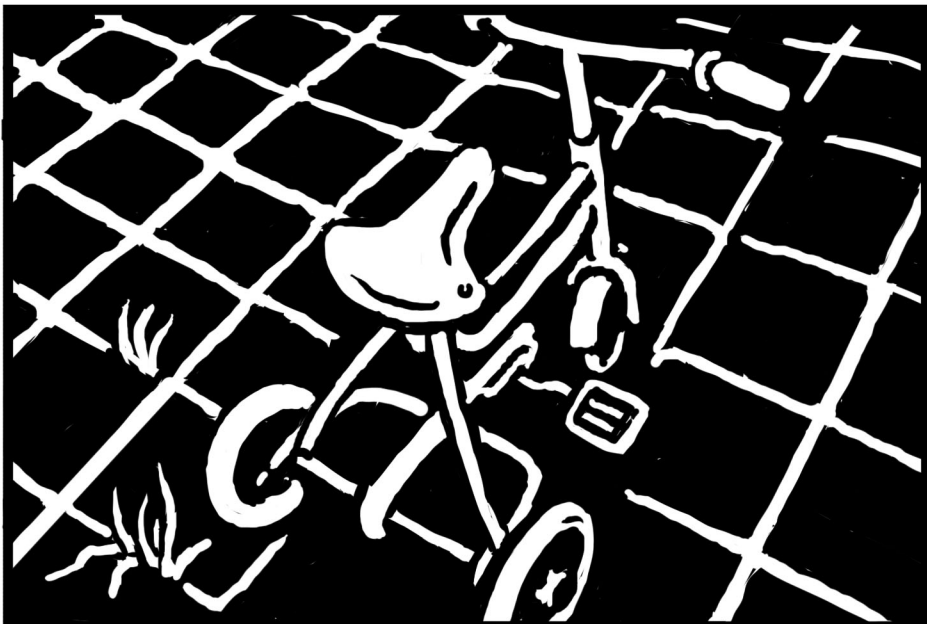


And then I have  
a feeling, as if I'm  
close to the window  
or behind it  
or sitting on it.

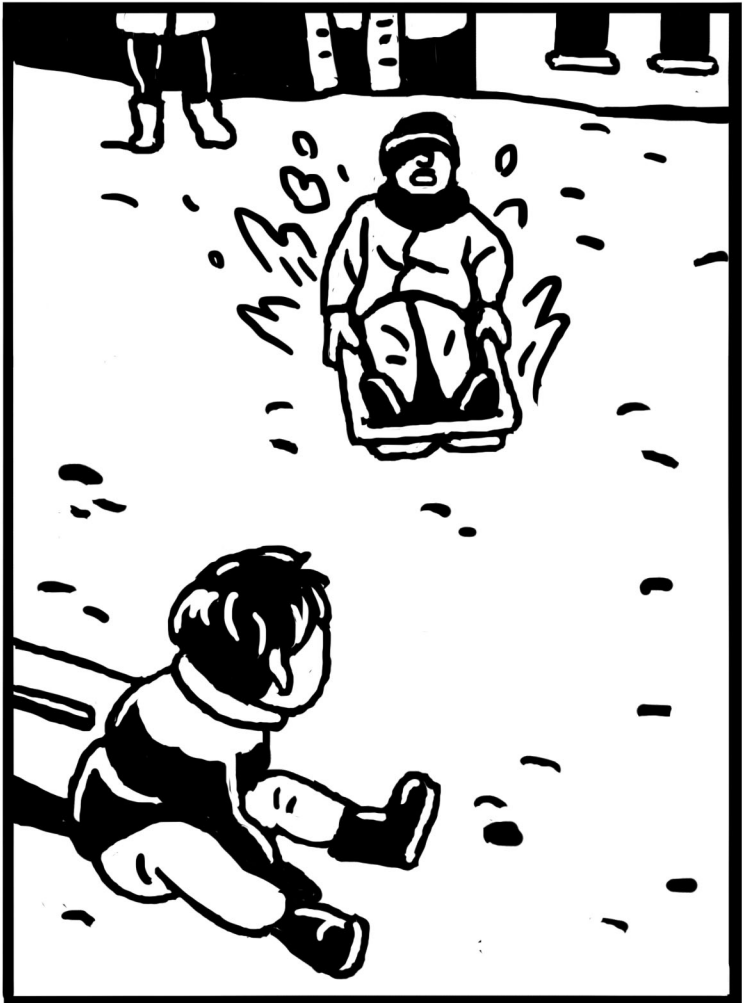


And at the same  
time, it is an image  
in which I can't see  
myself, only the  
feeling that I should  
be there is there.

The first real memory I have is not when I lived with my parents, but from the first day I arrived at the foster home in Frýdlant. I was three years old. It was summer and in front of the house was a small slab of concrete where I would ride on a white tricycle, with purple wheels.

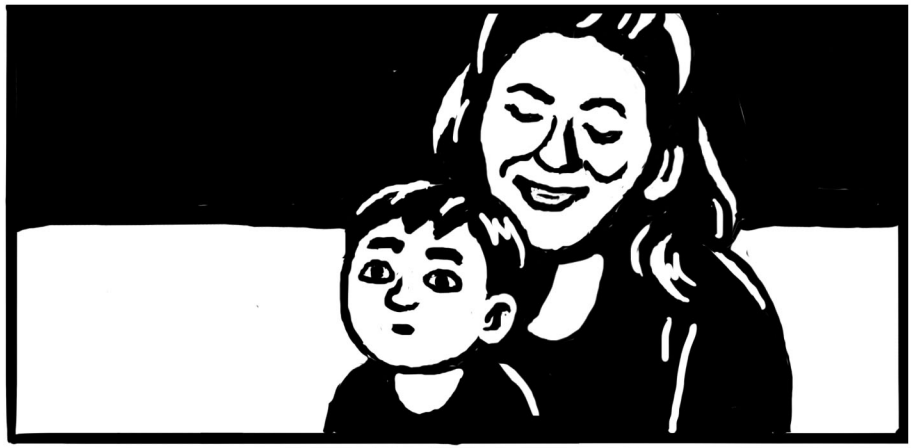


I quite like to look back on my childhood in the foster home.



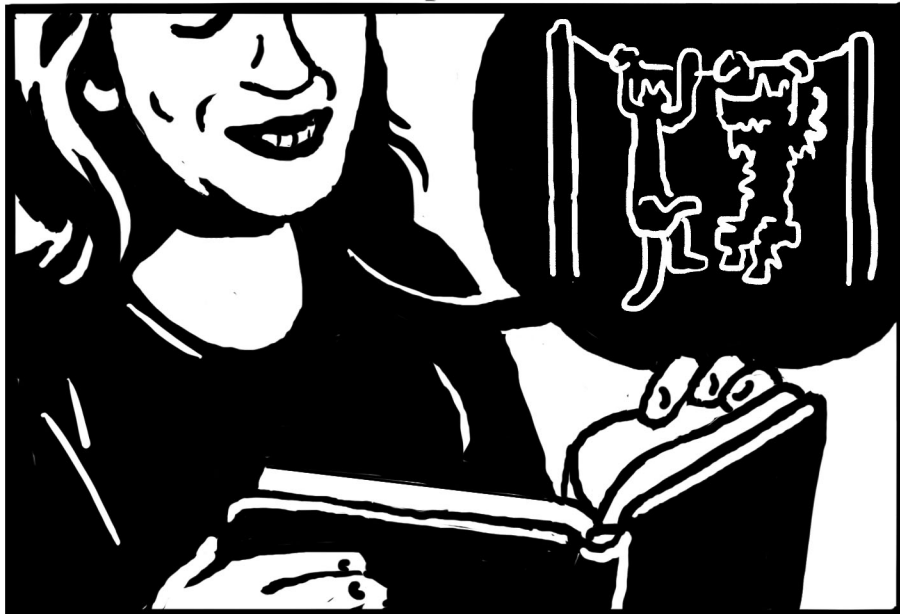
It wasn't so bad.

From what I remember, from the very beginning, I had a caregiver who accompanied me almost throughout my entire childhood. Her name was Sýkorová. Aunt Sýkorová. She kind of liked all the children.



She was one of those caregivers who see it as their mission.

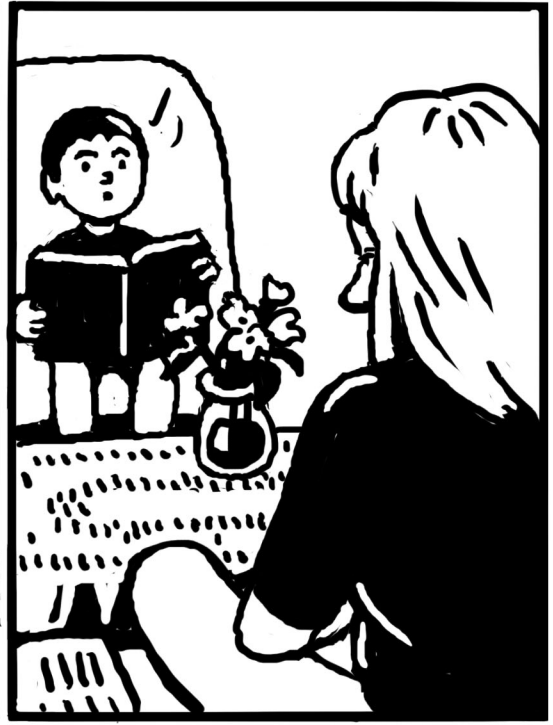
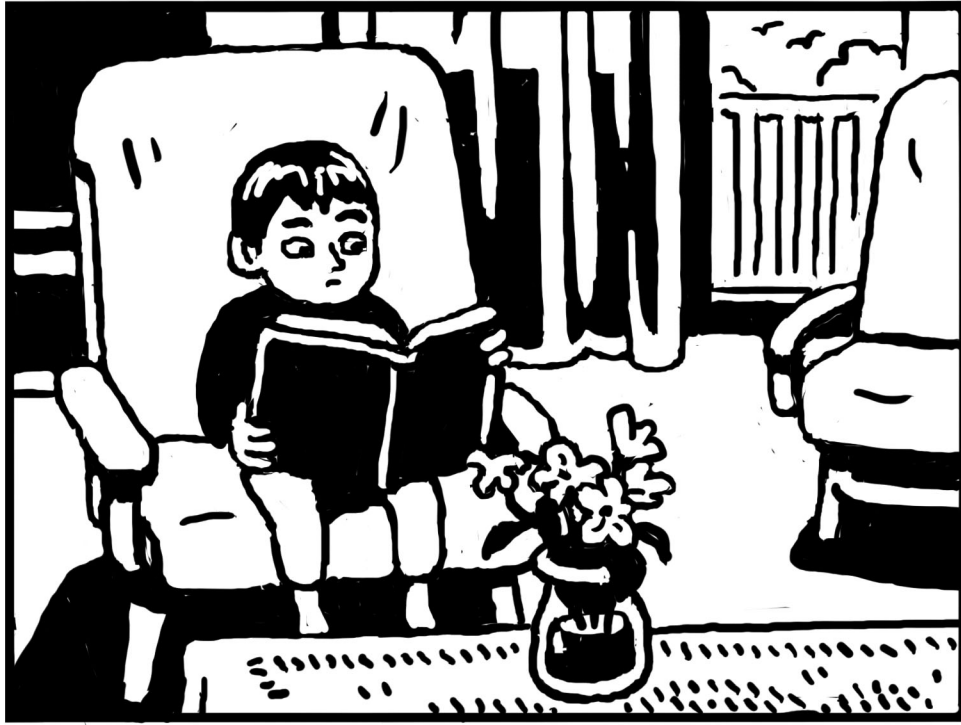
And she liked me particular.



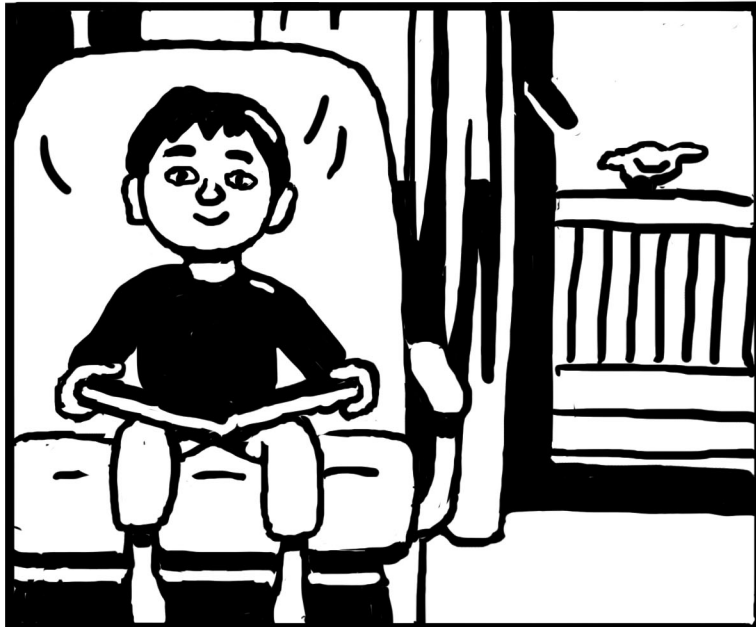
She even took me to her house on weekends.

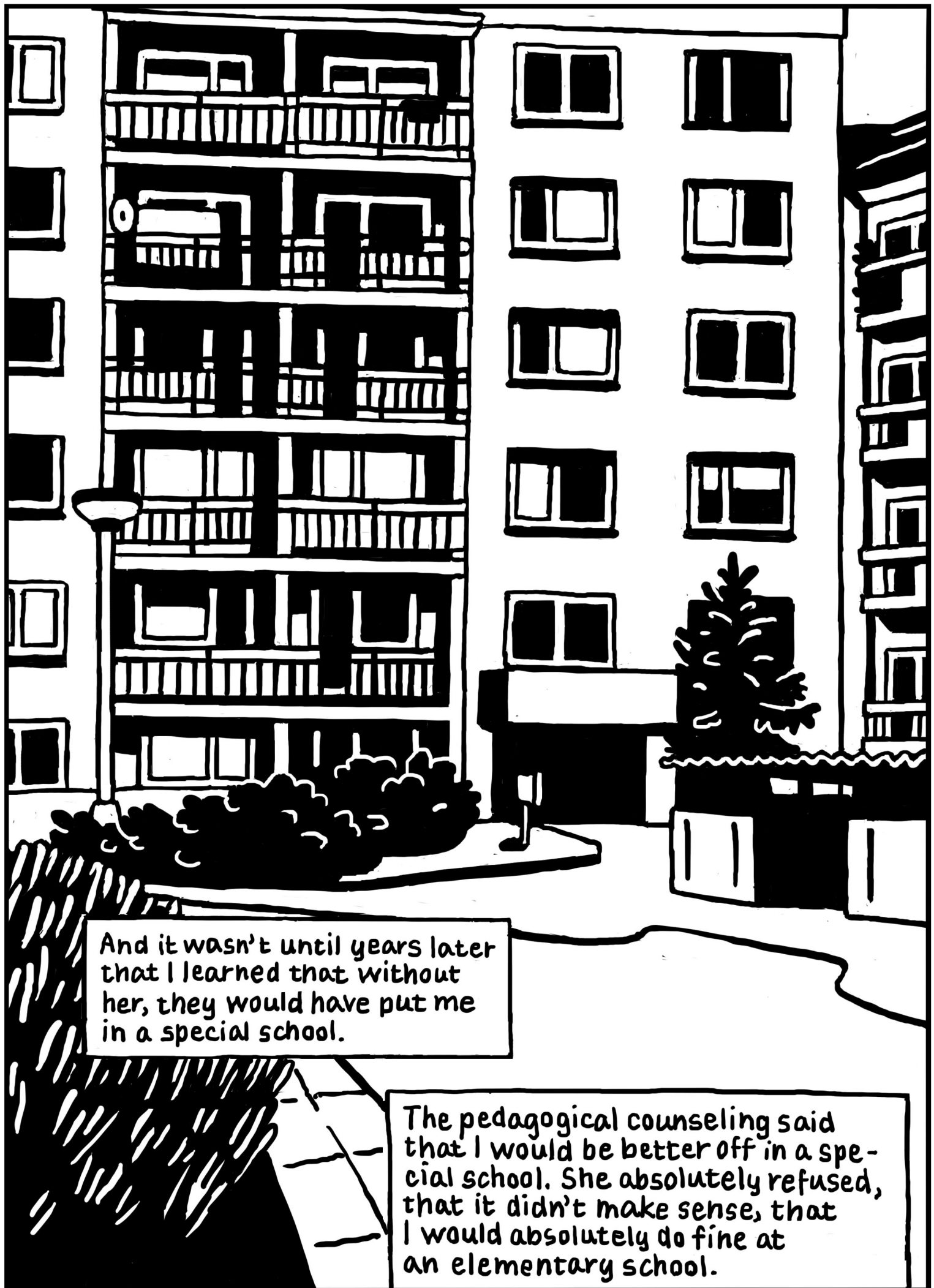


I remember that I once came across a photo of her from when she was young. And I was quite taken aback by the fact that she was pretty.



She loved me terribly... And it was obvious that if she could have, she would even have adopted me.





And it wasn't until years later that I learned that without her, they would have put me in a special school.

The pedagogical counseling said that I would be better off in a special school. She absolutely refused, that it didn't make sense, that I would absolutely do fine at an elementary school.