

*In an abandoned
house*





SAY HELLO TO LITTLE ROŠŤA!

WHEN I FIND HIM,
I'LL SAY HELLO.
BUT I'M GOING
TO ENGLAND WITH
SCHOOL NOW ANYWAY.

WELL, YOU COULD
CALL HER THAT.

THIS IS YOUR
MUMMY?
YOUR AUNT?

AUNT... YEAH,
SOMETHING
LIKE THAT.

I WOULDN'T WANNA
GO THERE, HOW MANY
DAYS WILL YOU BE THERE?

IN BUREŠOVKA?

NOOO, THERE.

I'LL BE IN ENGLAND
FOR A WEEK.

NO, WE'RE STAYING
WITH HOST FAMILIES.

ARE YOU STAYING
IN A HOTEL?

WITH HOST FAMILIES?
AND THEY WANT YOU
THERE, RIGHT?

WELL, YEAH.







AND I REMEMBER THAT WE LIVED IN A DORMITORY. AND WE HAD AN AWFUL LOT OF DOGS, BECAUSE MY MOTHER SELLS PUPPIES. AND THEN THERE WAS THIS BLUE SLEEPING AREA, WHERE ALL THREE OF US SLEPT TOGETHER. MUM SLEPT NEXT TO ME AND ON THE OTHER SIDE NEXT TO HER SLEPT THAT... I DON'T KNOW WHAT HIS NAME WAS. LET'S CALL HIM A MONKEY.



FOR SOME REASON, HE GOT ANGRY WITH MY MOTHER AND PUNCHED HER IN THE EYE WITH HIS FIST. I JUST STARED INTO THE DUVET. I WAS REALLY SCARED AND DIDN'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT AND WHY HE WAS DOING IT.



WHY MY MUM? MY MUM IS JUST MY MUM!

THEN I ALSO REMEMBER ONE GIRL FROM NEXT DOOR. SHE WAS ABOUT A YEAR OLDER THAN ME AND WE WERE ALWAYS TOGETHER.



I REMEMBER US WALKING UP THE STAIRS AND I SAW MY MUM HANGING LAUNDRY, AND HER EYE WAS COMPLETELY BLUE. I THOUGHT OF THIS RECENTLY.

THERE WAS ALSO THIS ONE GIRL WHO DIDN'T LIKE ME AND SHE ONCE THREW ME DOWN THE STAIRS. I WAS HOLDING A TELETUBBIE IN MY HAND. THE PURPLE ONE IS THE ONE I LIKED THE BEST. BECAUSE MY DAD CALLED ME TINKILINKY.

AND DO YOU STILL REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE LIVING SOMEWHERE IN THAT GARAGE? AND THOSE DOGS... WHAT WERE THEIR NAMES?

ANETA AND BRUNO.

WE WERE IN SOME KIND OF HOUSE. I WAS SMALL. WHEN I CRIED AND I DIDN'T HAVE MY DUMMY, ANETA ALWAYS CAME OVER AND PUSHED IT TOWARDS ME WITH HER NOSE.

MY MOTHER TOLD ME THAT I WAS A REALLY CHEAP CHILD. IF YOU GAVE ME A DUMMY, I SHUT THE FUCK UP.



AND WHEN ANETA AND BRUNO GOT THEIR FOOD, NOBODY COULD GET LESS THAN THREE METERS CLOSE TO THEM BUT I COULD EAT OUT OF THEIR BOWL, NO PROBLEM!

IT WAS IN THE GARAGE. IT WAS DARK. I REMEMBER ME CRAWLING. THOSE THICK FINGERS. IT WAS SO FAR TO REACH THE BOWL.




AND WHAT DID THEY HAVE IN IT?

GRANULES.


AND YOU TASTED THEM?

SURE!


AND DO YOU HAVE ANY MEMORIES OF YOUR DAD FROM CHILDHOOD?




IT WAS COLD AND I WAS SITTING ON MY DAD'S SHOULDERS. WE WENT TO CATCH A TRAM TO GO TO THAT DORMITORY. THAT WAS WHEN THEY GOT BACK TOGETHER, MY MUM AND HIM.



AND THERE WAS A SMALL HILL AND THEN, BECAUSE IT WAS ICY, MY DAD SLIPPED AND FELL. WE BOTH FELL, BUT HE PUT HIS HAND DOWN SO THAT I WOULDN'T HURT MY HEAD. AND HE'S HAD A BUMP ON HIS FOREARM EVER SINCE THEN.



IT'S A MEMORY OF MY DAD CARRYING ME AND IT HAD A BAD END. I MEAN, FOR MY DAD.



SOMETHING BAD HAPPENED HERE IN 68. SOMETHING BLEW UP.





