

They say we were discovered by the authorities after someone had called.

I was stuck in this wooden crib so that my head was jammed in it.

We had lice and we were starving.

We were small.

So, someone reported us.

We were probably screaming a lot.

And, in the end, the mother was probably in prison.

They probably busted her and left two kids there.

They say we might have been there for two days...

Then the authorities found us and put us into a children's home.

But I don't know what it was like.



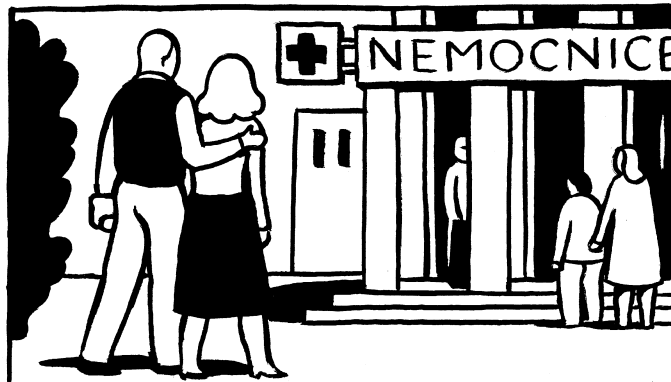
1993



My mum could tell you better.



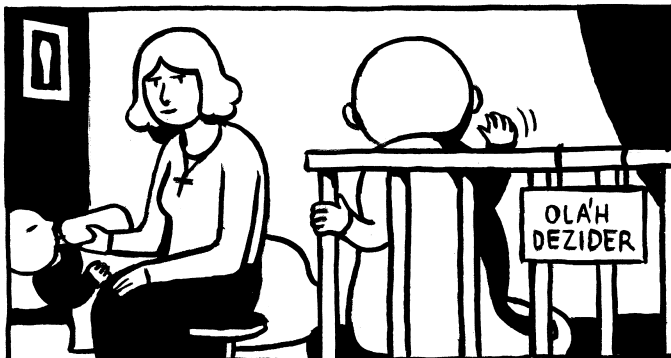
Together with my dad, who was a pastor in the Church of Brethren...



... they would visit all the time.

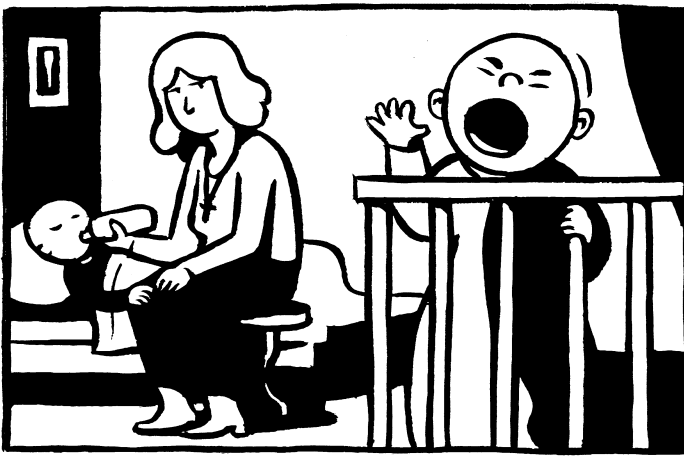


One family asked them if they could visit one blind girl, who had cancer. They wanted to take a break, so they asked if mum could feed her.



So she went in and saw a little boy who was completely alone, and that was my brother.

1994



She started to visit him and found out that he was from an orphanage.



That he was completely alone...



... and that he had cancer.



They began to get closer.



And it turned out that they took him home.

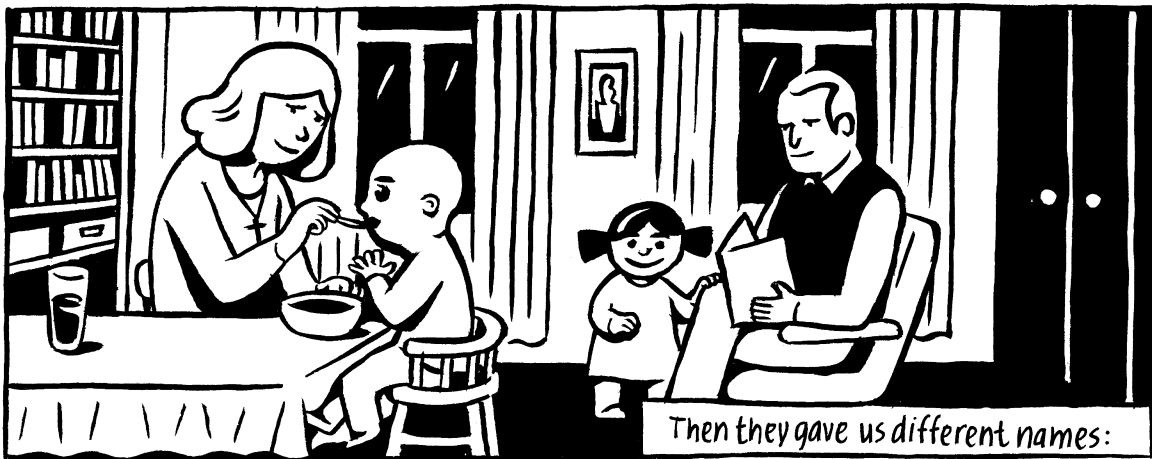


So they went to pick me up in South Bohemia.

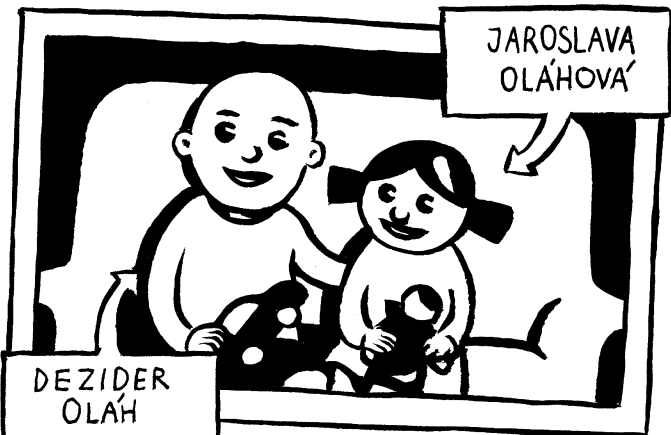




1995

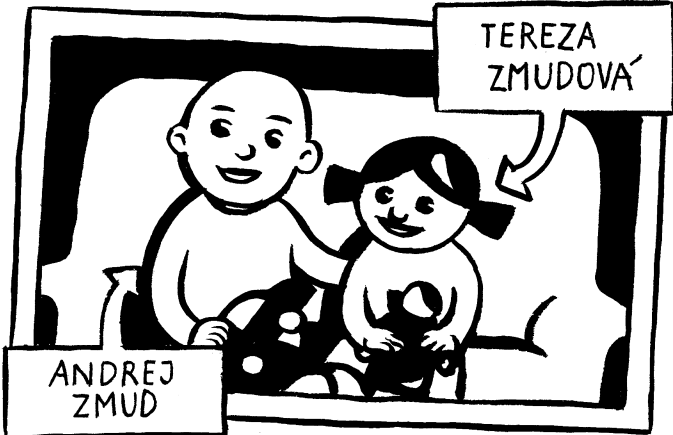


Then they gave us different names:



JAROSLAVA
OLÁHOVÁ

DEZIDER
OLÁH

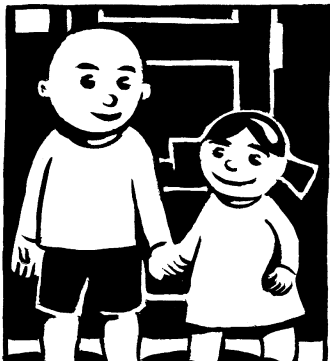


TEREZA
ZMUDOVÁ

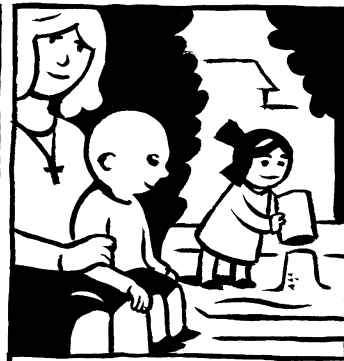
ANDREJ
ZMUD



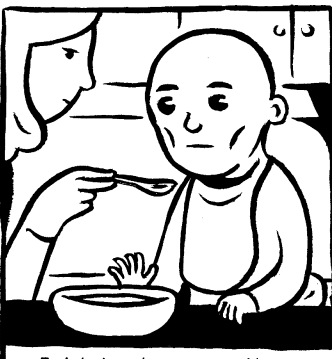
My brother's eyes were even bigger than mine. They were black. He never had hair. He had been on chemotherapy since he was little. During the better times, when he was still eating, he was even strong.



They say he was really attached to me.



They say he was always watching what I was doing, like he knew he was the older brother.



But later he was nothing but skin and bones. It had spread to his kidney.



So we spent Christmas together...



... then his birthday.



And then he died. And I was the only one left.



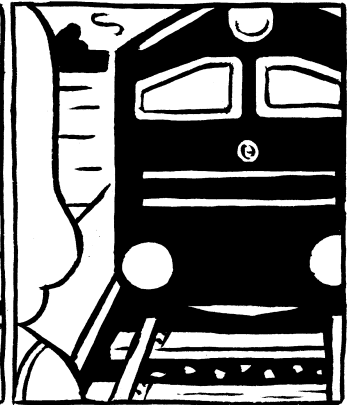
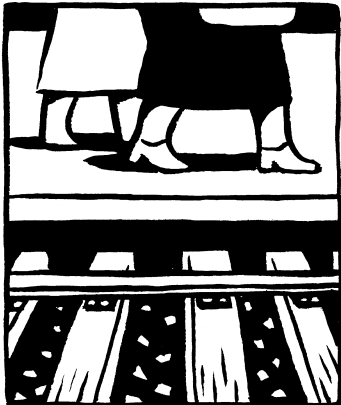
1996



Mum taught piano at a folk school in Počernice...



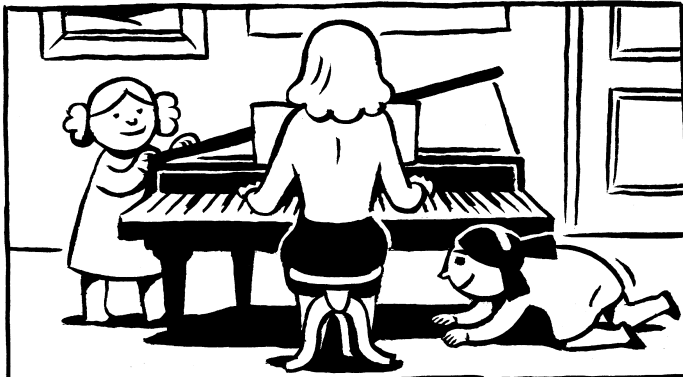
... so I used to go there with her and all the adults would spoil me.



About three months after my brother's death, mum became really depressed and was hurting, like brutally. Her depression got to a point where something was pulling her under the train tracks when she went to Počernice with me.



1997



After kindergarten, I always spent the entire afternoon with my mum at the folk school.



That little sweetheart.



They all liked me there.



At kindergarten, I was kind of slow.



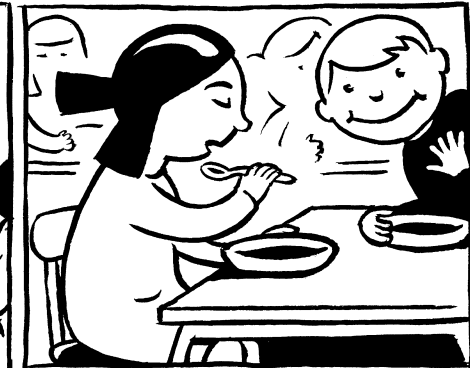
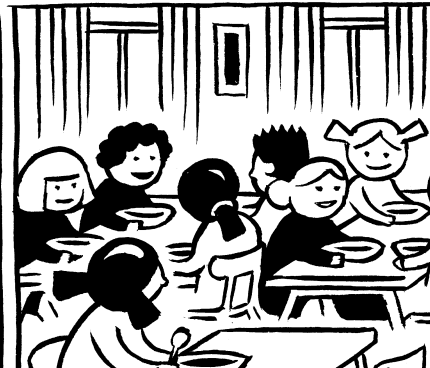
My personality was maturing over time.



The teachers liked me...



... but among children I was somewhat of a loser.



Tomaš Platil was in love with me though.