

To Remember

Refreshing chilly air was passing through the town almost all night, since the sun had set. The bracing gusty wind carried a familiar old scent of linden trees, giving this mellow night a bright spirit. Laughter and babbling were heard down the road in a tiny, modest house. Gathered families and other neighbours from around the area were sitting down with their children in an almost untroubled manner. Bright, black and white light was coming from the television, reflecting in their eyes, while the voice of the serene newsreader was echoing throughout the room. Mothers kept an eye on their children, looking at them with the most sincere care. Although, a couple of them fell asleep, others were still awake but drowsy.

Not everyone had television back then, only those with the highest status in society. Simple yet compassionate and caring, people were living their ordinary, working-class lives. Without money to pay for a television in every household, they were happy and grateful for just one television in their neighbourhood council. The night fell silent, and the night breeze stood still. The dim glow of streetlights illuminated people just returning to their houses, ready to snuggle and curl up in their bedsheets. The starlit night sky shone stunningly upon the town. All of Earth could admire that magnificent scene before it was obliterated by filth and sky glow.

The sun rose above the horizon, brightening up all humankind and waking them up for the day to begin. Winsome feathery birds started to stir in their nests and slowly spread their flawless wings before soaring into the air. Mothers woke their children and gave them breakfast. Fathers were already on their way to work. A gentle kiss made them open their eyes. On the dining table stood warm pieces of bread coated in lard with some salt and paprika on top. Children put on their clothes, simple yet useful, and went to school. The class began. The teacher with a stern face and a strong sense of harsh discipline entered the classroom. Absolute silence overwhelmed the room.

The bell rang marking the end of school day. While the students were going home, they planned their hangout for later that day. The smallest ones met at the local park close to their home and found all kinds of ways to play. While the boys were playing hide and seek, the girls would play with dolls their mothers had made for them. They would put their lovely cloth dolls into a baby carriage they fashioned out of shoeboxes and ropes. Playing was simple, yet joyful. They didn't ask for much because they learnt to live fully with what they already had.

Later that evening, teens from the neighbourhood gathered to go to the cinema, having convinced their parents to give them some money for the night. In cinemas, they displayed Hollywood movies well liked by the public. Above the cinema entrance there was a big shiny sign saying "Cinema Mosor." After the crowd had sat down and the lights dimmed, a projector cast the movie onto the screen. "To Kill a Mockingbird" said the title. The movie portrayed racial injustice and hatred, teaching the masses about empathy, compassion, courage and morality.

Under the yellow street lights, on a wooden bench, an overworked old man had been sitting almost all evening. He could barely read the newspapers, which he was holding in his hands. It was still warm outside. Bugs and insects were flying over his head, around the single lamp.

The grey-haired man wasn't bothered by young people returning from the movie theatre. A loud chatter was heard, and strolling through the street was seen. Totally engrossed in his thoughts and dissociated from reality, he thought to himself: "Time flies faster than any bird, wind or plane. New generations will come, and the old ones will try to stay remembered..." After a few minutes, silence. Again. All of them were already in their homes, while an old man was still sitting in the same position. Birds and flies were nowhere to be found. No cars, no people, no animal life. Just him.