

"Memories"

I remember the days when I used to come here. Now cracked and broken columns, once proudly piled to the ceiling and presently smashed glass in the windows enjoyed beautiful stained glass windows, through which shone violet-blue light. Yes, it was like a scene from a fairy tale, and despite the current appearance of the chapel I can still recall the old atmosphere which prevailed here. It was a completely different world.

The truth is that, as a child, I never had friends with whom I could play. They all didn't want to have anything in common with me... But could it also be my fault? In any case, all the free time, of which I had more than enough, I used to spend here, in a place, where with the closing of the door all the problems disappeared, where at least for once I could become someone more than just "anti-social" child. I felt like the truest princess.

From the perspective of time, I think it was pretty selfish behavior, and if not for her, I never would have understood that. I could have been stuck here still, isolated from the world, not realizing how much I was wrong, who I really am and whom I can become.

It happened on one sunny morning, exactly like the one today. I was exhausted because of the previous day and before I noticed I fell asleep on one of the benches. All night, instead of returning to the orphanage, I spent here. I don't know how long I was sleeping, but when I woke up, she was already here. She was kneeling and leaning her elbows on the backrest of one of the benches in front of the one on which I slept. Saying nothing, she was just watching me. It seemed to me that her blue eyes drilled through my soul. Suddenly she moved, and I jumped up.

"Hi" she said and her smile was beaming. "Nice to meet you."

"Ehm ... Hello?" I replied rather uncertainly.

I really didn't know what to do or say to her. I've never met anybody here besides myself. The chapel had already been abandoned. Despite that, I felt kind of mysterious and strange to explain bondage with that girl. There was a glare radiating from her which at the same time was soothing my repeatedly wounded heart.

"Listen, I have a little proposal for you", she started. "What would you say for a little walk somewhere together?"

"I don't..."

"Oh come on, don't get me to ask you..."

When she kept on convincing me, I finally agreed. Still, I don't know, why? I really wanted to refuse. But I just couldn't. It is very difficult to explain. She really had this something inside her, which attracted me to her and did not allow me to contradict her.

"OK, then I will pick you up from here tomorrow, at 3 p.m. Is that fine with you?"

I didn't even manage to reply. Shortly after saying these words, she was gone. She left as quickly as she presumably appeared here. When I turned back I could only see the golden strand of hair behind the closing doors of the chapel.

The next day I obviously appeared at the agreed hour. By the way, I wanted to check, whether all that happened yesterday happened for real, or maybe it was only my dream. When my watch read 3 p.m., I was ready. I turned my pair of eyes towards the entry I waited persistently. Five minutes were gone, then ten – "I knew it", I thought. I had thousands of thoughts in my head. "She deceived me, she gave up... Wait, is she real, after all?" I decided to wait a little longer and it wasn't a bad idea. When it was 3:20 p.m., she appeared at the door.

"Hi Rose. I am sorry, am I late a lot?", she begun to explain herself still gasping from running, most probably.

"No", I said "but how do you know my name?", I replied surprised.

However, she replied nothing to that. She only smiled slightly. After a moment she ran up to me, took my hand and we were gone. Well, it looked like it is going to be a 'wonderful' afternoon.

The girl took me to the park. It was May, so it looked like a perfect place to spend free time. Many colourful and beautifully smelling flowers were unfolding all around and the trees were fascinating with their deep green colour. As for the birds, they were joyfully tweeting their melodies. Yes, it was the truest spring.

I have to admit that I had a wonderful time. For the first time I felt that I am not alone, that I can share my life with somebody. It was a wonderful experience. But everything has its own end, eventually... At sunset I had to say goodbye to my new friend. Strange, isn't it? I could never call anybody – "friend". Despite of that I knew nothing about her, not even her name. "But wait a minute... I can still ask her. It is OK to ask, right?"

"Ehm..., listen", I started "can I ask what your name is?"

My question was answered only by the noise of the wind, because when I turned back to the place where the girl was standing just a moment ago, I didn't see her. She disappeared. It was like she vanished into thin air.

After this time I used to meet her frequently. We mainly talked in the chapel but sometimes we were going to the outside world. I got along with her very well. I am thinking whether or not I started treating her like my unknown mother? Several times I also tried to ask about her name, but she either gave me evasive answers or didn't reply at all. That woman was really mysterious, but she was also my friend. That is why I decided not to bother about that any more. I even gave her a name on my own: "Hope". It fitted her and it was in connection with what she brought into my life. Furthermore, I didn't have to address her impersonally. Even the owner liked the new name.

My happiness didn't last long. One day she never showed up for the appointed meeting. There was also no sign of her the next day and the day after. Despite of that I waited for her and I believed that one day that door will open and she will come through and will greet me with her nice and voiced "Hi", as she used to. In this way weeks, months and years were passing and I never met her again. Finally I had to leave that orphanage, that town and go away. It was a difficult decision to make, but I could not live in the past anymore. It was one of the things she, whoever she was, taught me and I didn't want it to be wasted.

And now I came back, after many years hoping, that I will meet her. Silly, isn't it? But still I had this feeling, kind of an impulse, to come here. After all, I will probably only look around and go back home. It would be impossible if she was to appear. It's like believing in miracles.

Suddenly I hear something. It's from behind. Somebody is opening the door. Is it really possible?

"Hi", she says.