

1 MIEJSCE

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PUBLICZNA SZKOŁA PODSTAWOWA IM. MARSZAŁKA JÓZEFA PIŁSUDSKIEGO W JEDLNI – LETNISKU

It was a warm evening in August. The humid air hummed in a gentle rhythm, brushing against the ocean's waves. The scene was serene and oddly peaceful. Mark was sitting in his room, listening to the rain constantly tapping on his window when, in the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of one of the old cardboard boxes he packed when he moved to the seaside, collecting dust.

A strange feeling took over him, remembering all of the memories of his old house, letting out a melancholy smile he hesitated, inching closer and closer towards the box. It felt wrong, pacing endlessly Mark built up the courage to look inside, blowing away the dust, the air became still, almost sterile. He could taste the bitterness of his worries piling up.

Inside there was a black photobook, with once situated pictures now looking dull with age. „What is this?“, he murmured, book still in hand, flicking through the pages. The smell of the ink lingered in his nose. „It's just a photo album of me and my family“. His shoulders dropped, inspecting every detail, face and expression. Mark could make out and recognise everyone in every photo, reliving the memories in his head, reminiscing the good times.

Suddenly, everything fell silent, Mark paused, intrigued at one of the photos. His breath went still and the beating of his heart turned out every other sound, like a drum, constantly playing in his mind. One of the faces of the photo was cut out, almost as if someone intended to erase themselves from the narrative, but why? Mark went pale, his blood ran cold with each thought piercing his mind like a broken glass. He proceeded to inspect the other photos, the same person cut, smudged or cropped out every time. His mind went blank, he remembered every event and encounter with them now disappearing without a trace. He shut the book tight, avoiding the dwelling pressure.

Mark had so many questions but none of them were being answered. Ever since that day he hasn't been able to feel at ease, repeating the never ending cycle of avoiding the book, suffocating his worries of the unknown, having to live without a clear answer: unsure of the truth.