

To become an astronaut

Now I have seen the world from a completely different perspective. I was an adult and I experienced a lot - definitely more than most of my peers. My experience was unique, unconventional. I learnt to listen and observe things that previously seemed to me completely trivial and simple. I began to see the beauty of the details of the world around me, I learnt to see the slightest gestures of people. My days were filled with reflection, because well... now it is all that's left of my childhood dreams of becoming an astronaut. The reality does not choose which dream will decide to kill first. Today, however, I felt much more aware of the world around me. Straight forward. In the kitchen, I saw my mother, a gray-haired woman with an amazingly joyful aura who did everything to keep our house in the shape that I remembered from my childhood. And it was impossible to hide, regardless of what would happen in my life, it was true that I could not imagine that I would forget this smell of pancakes with apples. The scent spread throughout the house so that even our dog, Poseidon, vigorously began to fly around the salon back and forth, deluding once again that he would also get something. When our dog was busy with his own euphoria, my mother turned to my father, who was sitting at the table, if he would not like one portion. He nodded.

“You know, today our friends are supposed to come to the grill,” he said, then took a plate from his wife.

“I remember, I remember perfectly. I've prepared everything,” she almost sang, then looked at me and smiled honestly. I winked once.

If I ever give a definition of goodness, I would definitely give my mother as such an example and how she looked at me. I was not an astronaut, but she enjoyed it impeccably every day; almost like a child, which wakes up with a smile on its face. Her vision of the family was the embodiment of a home fire in such a perfect form that one could call her the reincarnation of Demeter herself. Personally, I did not like family meetings alone. There's never been anything interesting about them, I've never even eaten grilled sausages. Of course, I had to be at the table and pretend to be extremely drawn into the conversation about a new car bought by my uncle, or about my father's plans for his plot - none of which has come true since my Holy Communion. I did not become an astronaut, and he did not become an earthly ruler. The world is not just and the one who is looking for justice is stupid. The only righteous men I have seen recently were lying in sleeping bags under the bridge at Saint-Ouen. I do not believe in justice. I also do not believe in many things anymore.

I remember when I was a kid and I was going to church every day for various services. It's hard for me to define in retrospect what I was really looking for. Solace, father figure, understanding of what is incomprehensible? But here I am now, continuing my pathetic existence, feeling cheated. I do not believe in turning wine into blood or God. I never saw anything there, nobody touched me - and I spent many hours in a nearby temple. But I believe in the resurrection of the body, because it is the only thing left for me today. I had much more time than others to reflection, my decisions were well thought out. Left. Exit to the garden. Straight forward.

I was now in our garden at the back of the house. Everything was already prepared - food, juices, and four bottles of wine that were lying on the table. Everyone loves wine. Sometimes I regret that I can not get drunk, like my uncle and feel truly free. The tie gets loosened, no one talks now about the company's prosperity. Instead, you speak about things you can not usually talk about - unfulfilled love, choices you never had the courage to decide. Doorbell. It must have been them. The sun was slowly going down, so it would match with the scheduled meeting. But no one could understand me anyway. No words, a blink of an eye, or pats on the shoulder could express it.

Aunt, uncle and my cousin arrived nicely dressed. Neat, but not officially. After all, we knew each other long enough to feel as comfortable as possible, but still artificially that in fact no one felt cozily. My family, if not for me, of course, would be a standard example of this fair rich middle-class family. My father had a company, my mother worked in insurance agency before. Well, I was the one who was supposed to get the education from the earliest years - because money was never a problem, of course. Then I should probably go to Paris to study at the best university, then go to a good corporation or come back and take over your father's business. Yes, certainly such a simple life would be very desirable for me, given my current, ambiguous position. However, it did not happen. My cousin approached me, although I saw that she felt very uncomfortable. After all, the last time we had a serious conversation was seven years ago. Now we were really strangers, we were separated by more than just a wall. She hugged me. I winked. My uncle patted my shoulder, and my aunt - who was his second wife - only smiled at me and probably if she could not look at me at all and erase my presence from the picture she would feel much better. I did not fit her family photo of a fulfilled family.

The conversation did not differ from the one a week ago, two or three. And I listened very well. It was one of the few things I was really good at. I focused on every word spoken at the table, on every smallest detail that accompanied this grotesque family, of which I was only a theoretical part. I did not say anything, just blinked once or twice if someone asked me for something trivial.

Yes. Nothing has changed with me. No. Today, nothing hurts me. It never hurt, although at the beginning I prayed that it would be so. Now I waited only until finally this farce ends. I looked at the pool, which was near the grill, and then at the branch of the tree on which the bird was sitting. I had no idea what kind of specie it was - a pity, because I could give him a symbol. Maybe I could even worship him. This bird after all had much more than me - he was free. He could go wherever he wants and when he wants. Nothing held him on this branch. However, I was confined to this house, the city, the places I have seen hundreds of times during those last seven years. I looked for a good minute at the dark brown bird. Nobody even realised that I do not care about their life problems typical of the first world inhabitants. I waited for them to go. Then I would have about fifteen minutes of peace, time only for myself. Although I really only needed six. I was looking at the pool. I would like to swim. It was hot.

After about three hours of conversation, my uncle gave the sign that it was time to return home. I felt finally that I would free myself of all this. That I will take my luggage and leave. That after all these years of captivity I will finally become an astronaut. However, before the family left home, I knew that they would continue their disputes by the gate on the other side. I had a lot of time to take all my things. I did not have too many of them in the end. Almost, at all. Everything I had already prepared a long time ago. I saw the pool. I would like to swim. It was hot.

I wanted to swim very much. As soon as I heard the door slam, my child moved with enthusiasm. Left. Right. And full ahead! I have already forgotten what a feeling it is - this hope, the feeling that in the end the promise of freedom will come true. I felt like I was falling in the blue shadow. Yes, I was finally an astronaut! I felt like I was in heaven! Only the barking dog that I could hear spoiled this atmosphere. I did not want Poseidon to ruin everything. At first, I had to enjoy a bit, at least as much as I could. I knew that soon I will have to leave. I knew that there is nothing to drag on the inevitable. I felt a great sadness for my parents that I did not say goodbye, but ... I knew I could not. I had less than six minutes to enjoy myself. I knew that I would not finish my sentence. No! Above all, in spite of all the grief that filled my heart, I knew that I could not go back to this electric wheelchair, that I could not be a burden to those I love. Anyway, after the accident 7 years ago, all that's left of me is hidden behind blinking. It is a pity that I can not swim. Fortunately, for a moment I could feel like an astronaut, enveloped by a blue space. I felt that I will fly away soon, far away from here. It's good that you can not cry in the water. I believe in the resurrection of the body.