



OCTOBER 2020

EPILOGUE

OR “PARDON ME, I AM BAD AT GOODBYES”

EXCERPT FROM THE LITTLE PRINCE

WRITTEN BY ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY

"My life is very monotonous," the fox said. "I hunt chickens; men hunt me. All the chickens are just alike, and all the men are just alike. And, in consequence, I am a little bored. But if you tame me, it will be as if the sun came to shine on my life. I shall know the sound of a step that will be different from all the others. Other steps send me hurrying back underneath the ground. Yours will call me, like music, out of my burrow. And then look: you see the grain-fields down yonder? I do not eat bread. Wheat is of no use to me. The wheat fields have nothing to say to me. And that is sad. But you have hair that is the color of gold. Think how wonderful that will be when you have tamed me! The grain, which is also golden, will bring me back the thought of you. And I shall love to listen to the wind in the wheat . . ."

So the little prince tamed the fox. And when the hour of his departure drew near--

"Ah," said the fox, "I shall cry."

"It is your own fault," said the little prince. "I never wished you any sort of harm; but you wanted me to tame you . . ."

"Yes, that is so," said the fox.

"But now you are going to cry!" said the little prince.

"Yes, that is so," said the fox.

"Then it has done you no good at all!"

"It has done me good," said the fox, "because of the color of the wheat fields."



*Neću kući.
- J. Dz.*

I have participated in many youth exchanges during my life. I remember once, on our way back home, we had to fill evaluation sheets and answer some questions. My whole experience was summed in two words: **“Neću kući”** /I do not want to go home/. I was 9 years old. And here I am now, 16 years later, writing those same two words.

During August and September, I often had the conversations that went like:

“Oh, hi! You are still here?! Niceeee, and when are you leaving?”

“Mid of October”, I would answer nervously, “but I will have to come back! Hahah, you see I kinda fell in loveee.”

People would smile at this, thinking that they got it all right.


“Hah, that is nice! You are always welcomed to come back.”

“Yes, thank you! Enjoy your day!”

Little do they knew the true meaning of my words: I fell in love with the city, its charming, colorful houses. I fell in love with the way Sun creates the shadows in the parks and wonderful sunsets, hah even getting soaking wet from rain. I fell in love with the people (whom I can call now my friends), their pure hearts and their bright minds. I fell in love with...better version of myself.

I am truly grateful for this opportunity and for all the kindness, smiles, words of wisdom, words of encouragement that I received. Before coming here, I was scared, thinking how on Earth I will survive somewhere far away, all alone. But I think I have this luck in life to meet wonderful people.

I often wonder how to express my gratitude. Simple thank you is not enough. Simple thank you simply cannot reciprocate the amount of happiness I felt.



*I see the sun, and if I don't see the
sun, I know it's there. And there's a
whole life in that, in knowing that
the sun is there.
- F.M.D.*

Moments of pure bliss that I felt many times will be carried as a talisman through my life.

I must say, whatever I have wished for, I got it even better. Now, I wish for you, dearest friends, to have good health and good luck with your dreams. Words are not empty, they have power when they are said with good intentions. And wishes do come true, trust me.

I travelled, I met diverse people, I learned about their stories, their culture, saw the differences and similarities. Estonia, once a totally unknown country, became so close to me. Estonia was an antidote.

One thing I should not forget to mention is superspecial thank you to:

- *three friends that were next to me before coming here, and who stayed with me throughout the journey as my biggest support;
- *three souls that I believe look after me;
- *three friends that I saw last before leaving Estonia. They know my secret story.

“After some time, you will get used to parting. You will learn to remember, and remembering is the same as meeting. And you will get used to love many beings in memory. In the end, you will see that you are a bit of everyone you used to love. One day you will have to give everything and it won't hurt you.”

So, If I am truly a bit of everyone I met on my journey, then there is plenty to love.

I left. So I can come back. So we can hug.

Now pardon my tears, I told you I am like the water.



May the Universe bring us together once again