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Excuse me, do we know each other?

Hello people, excuse me, do we know one another?

Forgive me this very common question, but I wish we could get to know one another better. Although it will not be easy when I take into account that the world population is roughly 7.7 billion people...at least that is what the statistics say.

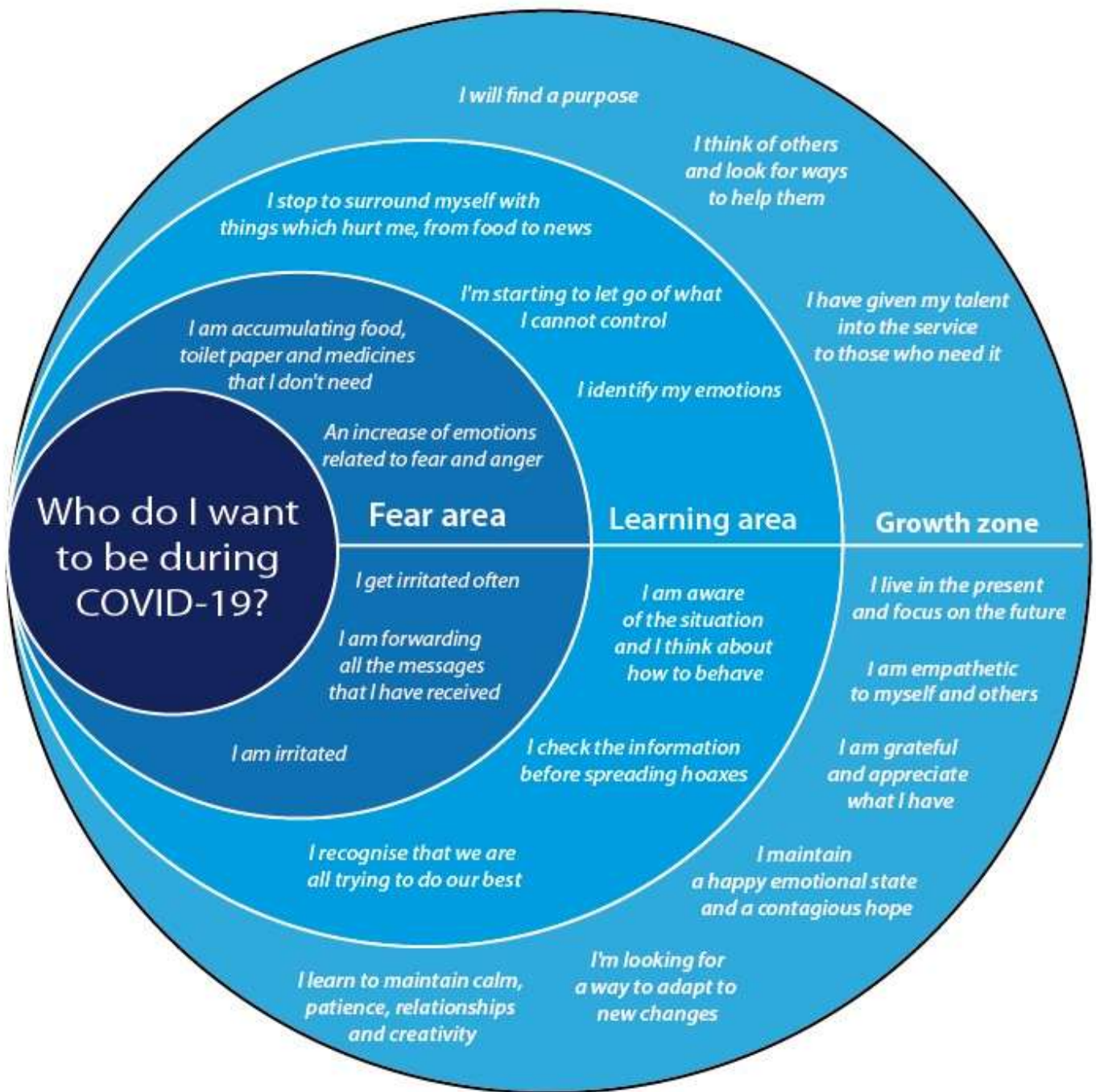
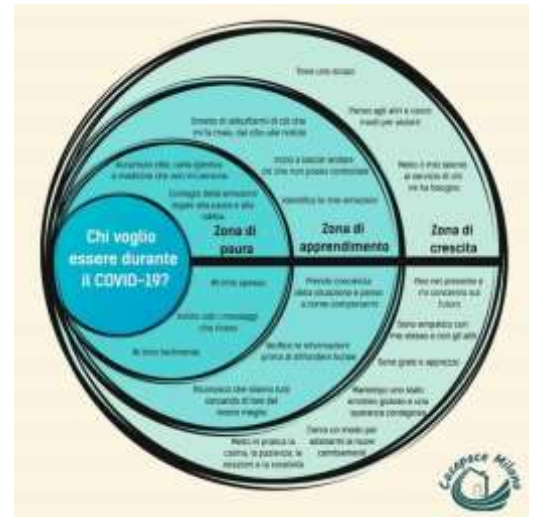
But I have to start somewhere, so I have decided to start with myself. My name is Marina and I am a female human being. I live on the planet Earth, in Europe, more precisely in Italy, but I come from Slovakia and enjoy the luxury of dual nationality. I know that in "this time" my humour might sound strange to you but I assume that many of you have understood it. Yes, it is my way of realising anger from being unable to intervene against coronavirus.

From an early age, humour has been and it still remained a way for me to deal with fear and pain as well as a toll to turn these disadvantages into my inner strength, which allows me to create a safe background and at the same time protection against danger.

Yes, we all face difficult challenges today, many of us are looking for answers to our own questions, we ask ourselves questions like 'who am I', but only few ask these questions more specifically: 'Who am I and who do I want to be during Covid-19'?

This very strange question has made me think deeply about myself. It seemed to me that I could also invite you, dear friends, to reflect on the subject and to reset your minds and bad thoughts through the "Casapace Milano" chart.

The source: Chi voglio essere durante il CONVID-19? (Lacasapace Milano, Italy)



I love life, like the rest of you, so I have decided that during the period of Covid-19 I want to remain myself and I want to be the same in the future. It means that I will still be a social worker, tutor, writer, colleague, entrepreneur, wife, daughter, friend and if possible grandmother.

I have decided to continue to improve my working knowledge, human relationships, day by day, with the hope that I will use them as soon as possible to help create a new and better future for all of us.

I hope you will allow me to give you a small gift, a fairy tale that is a part of my children's book entitled *The Strange Family of Auntie Klára*.

I wish you a pleasant reading and remember:

Stay safe,

your Marina.

Good Night Story

One beautiful day there was a little girl born in a poor family. The parents didn't have anything to offer her except their love. The sole there was rocky, infertile. The water there was salty. The father of the little girl woke up very early every day to go to the neighbouring village to pick up drinkable sweet water that he put in leather bags and brought home on his back. Every day her mother picked stones from the ground and exchanged the ones resembling animals or hearts for bread with people passing by. So in this poverty the most beautiful gift for them was their little girl, their sunshine, so they named her Sunshine .

Sunshine was nice, hard-working, smart but also courageous. She was making her parents happy. Whenever they were feeling down she sang for them and calmed them down. She used to say that in the morning a new day will be born and with it a new joy as well. She knew that the greatest fortune in her parent's life was her. One evening similar to this one the little Sunshine was sitting on the sea shore and was telling them a poem:

Star, little star,
The night is coming,
Animals hiding inside.
Baby cow and big cow,
Little lamb and big sheep.
Hen is sitting here with the chicks,
Cat sleeping with her kittens.
Goat has her baby goat,
A dog his little puppy.
Mom has a baby
Everybody with the little one.
Everybody has a mom,
Great as stars.*

The waves were stroking her feet, thanking her for her beautiful songs and poems, that she was telling and singing them every night. However, today's poem was different. It was so nice that even the stars came down from the sky so that they could hear better. One of the stars could not hold it anymore:

"Sunshine, our dear friend! Me and my siblings would like to thank you for this beautiful poem. Look at the sky how many of us are here. Our mother is the Moon and our father the Sun. Without them we wouldn't be here. Look at the sea, that's our mirror. We will send you something."

No one ever saw such a beauty. All the midnight sky stars were reflected on every wave that was coming closer to the girl. The sea was suddenly all covered with stars, as if someone scattered tons of golden beads over it.

But the little waves didn't stay quiet either: "Our dear friend, we also have our mom. Her name is Sweet Water and our father is Salty Sea. We thank you too, look, we are sending you a present. We just need to wait because we need a breeze."

* Stella stellina is a nursery rhyme by Lina Schwarz

"Here I am", the breeze says : "I was listinening, here behind the rock. My mother is the Hurricane and my father is the Wind, I thank you too. Hey waves, beware."

The breeze inflated with air and then blew it towards the strongest wave so that they made a hole in the ground all the way up to the house and the Sweet Water released part of her soul in it until they created a river.

"What a beauty, thank you all, that is the most beautiful present that I ever could have received!" Sunshine is yelling at the top of her lungs and is running home.

"Sunshine, don't go yet, you forgot something, over there in the sand", the stars are calling her back.

"Forgot? But I didn't have anything", the little girl is wondering and turns back.

"Yes, you had and you still have. There is as much love inside of you as there are pearls in this fishing net. Take it with you and go home."

Surprised, Sunshine picked up the fishing net full of pearls and was dragging it home. In the morning, when everybody woked up, her father saw a river close to the house. Her mother found pearls instead of stones and there was a rainbow shining above their house. Sunshine told the whole story to her surprised parents. Since then they all were living a life not only full of love and happiness, but also wealth.

Sunshine, however, never forgot to go down to the see in the evening to tell new stories to her friends.

Maybe tonight the stars are going to fulfil your most secret wishes, my dear kids. Look at the sky, find your star and whisper a lullaby to it. Believe me, it works. I told my story. And I got my present. All of you. Does anything more beautiful then you exist? I love you all and, believe me, love is the most precious gift in the world.

Good night.

(Marína Hostačná)