



ADDRESS STILL  
UNKNOWN

*Tatino*

Address still unknown

With great respect to you, your beautiful, pure soul from your  
daddy

Thank you for all the wonderful things I have learned and  
experienced with you.

Hi Sashka, Tiny, Darling, Sashika, Little Angel, Sashenka, Honey, simply, everything I have in the world.

Actually, I don't have it anymore. I lost everything. Everything in my life is gone. You were my whole world; you were everything to me, my whole life. The doctors had already taken away my last hope. I have to reconcile with a cruel fate. I have to accept the loss of everything I had. You won't come back to me anymore, at least not here on earth, in this world. We won't be here together. No more walks, talks, trips, just nothing anymore. It all ended for both of us. Actually, we left this world together. The crap I'm going through can't be called life. It was absolutely awful, completely unimaginable for me just a few days ago. I could even be cut straight alive. I could stand it too if it helped you. Maybe I know why I'm here if that's the case; I'm just feeling it for now. I hope I understand my role which I still have to fulfil here. You still need me here. I can't leave yet. I still have responsibilities here. I hear you telling me:

*"Daddy, take care of me. I miss you, but I still need you where you are. "*

Everything for you, angel, absolutely everything. I have to, and most importantly, I want to complete everything necessary: to take care of you, your funeral, and your house for eternity. Only then, I believe my time will come. I promise my angel, I will fulfil all even if it is very difficult for me. And most of all, I'm already looking forward to meeting you. I look forward to being together with you

forever and ever. I know you're sad for me, too. I know you won't let me bother here for long. For now, I'll write to you at least.

I know I'm not doing it unnecessarily. I feel it is right. I confess to you: it helps me. In this way I am still connected with you even if not materially. Just somehow different. I can't describe it. I already perceive everything completely differently than before. I know and feel that I have finally found the right path; I have found the right direction. So far, all this has been a mistake, a bad or rather wrong view of the world, life, someone's actions, and deeds, simply everything. I'll write about everything, okay, honey.

It's Sunday morning, the sixth cruel day since the worst day of my life. From that ugly Tuesday, from the day we both actually left this world as I mentioned to you. I wrote to you that I was actually still here, even though I didn't want to. In fact, you're still here, too, your body is here, in Martin hospital. You are still breathing even though with the help of the device, your heart is still beating. When I'm with you in the hospital, I can't admit that your beautiful soul is no longer here. That she is somewhere else now, in another world. I finally managed to take your biology school notebook and started writing these lines to you. I wanted to start with it on Wednesday, but somehow I lacked strength and especially concentration. In addition, it is very difficult to write with tears in my eyes. I've had a cruel morning. This is the worst part of the day since Tuesday.

Each wake-up takes about a quarter of a second. It happens still in the dark after two or three hours of sleep. It starts with a

sharp jerk, or perhaps better said, a cramp. I shrink, everything tightens inside me. My heart beats fast, I can't take in breath, so I just breathe fast and shallow. I quake for cold. I can even be covered with three duvets. It doesn't help. Eyes full of tears; this is a completely normal and natural phenomenon to me. That is a matter of course. After a while, I somehow manage to get into the kitchen and make coffee. I sit on a chair, drink coffee and smoke cigarettes, one by one. This morning ritual of mine lasts several hours. Several hours unable to do anything. The problem is to move at all. I keep asking myself why I woke up again, why I opened my eyes again.

Since Wednesday onwards, I have just wished to fall asleep and not to wake up. Life is simply unfair. If you're not here, it would be nice if I was no longer here either. That would be right. Why should I suffer here like this?

Gradually, however, my body helps my head. It sends the right substances to the brain, the right endorphins, or maybe some other drugs that keep me buoying up. Energy, even if only small, comes every day. I feel like you're sending me that energy. You keep me alive. I still have responsibilities to you here. I still have someone to take care of. You might be interested to know how Mom and I are doing. After all, we were your closest, so I hope at least I did. Well, Sashenka, we're still here, at home, together. We will be for a while. We will take care of you, your last farewell to us, to the other people and friends you loved. And then it will be over. The end of one evil theatrical performance. The curtain will fall behind the fake comedy that was supposed to look like

marriage on the outside. The end of a relationship where one was supposed to give and the other just to take.

It was naive to think that the feeling of false happiness would be enough for all my life. It won't be, not just for mine but probably for anyone's. The only thing that united the two of us and kept us together is no longer here. You're not here anymore, Tiny. I still remember that second night on vacation at Lake Balaton just now in August. Your crying hurt me so bad when your mom told you about our divorce. You repeated you wanted to have both parents. You know how much I tried to calm you down. I hugged you; I stroked your hair and promised:

*"All right, Sashka, don't worry, you'll have both parents."*

I wanted to do it for you. It was important to you. In my mind, however, I was really angry with your mother. I begged her a hundred times, explained to her, and shouted:

*"You mustn't involve Sashka in our problems. You can't harm her like that. Why do you keep torturing her? The poor little thing has nothing to do with it. "*

No, she never stopped. Still the same old story. As you told me, she had wanted you to save our relationship when she couldn't. I left it all that way so you could have a nice holiday. Then we had a great time. But believe me, honey, I had to pretend really hard, especially when she said a sentence after which probably every guy would leave her in an instant. She told me:

*"It's much worse for me that you worked in Kia and made little money than that I was chasing other guys."*

She was still convinced of her truth. Well, after that, I have nothing to talk about. That's enough.

So, Sashika, the thing that didn't make sense long ago is ending now. There is no need to explain anything, to try, to make unnecessary promises, to nurture unnecessary hopes. The hope that one day somebody will change, somebody will understand her mistakes, will atone for the wrongs she has committed. There were too many empty promises. Why to speak to someone's soul? It is useless. The past years famous twig *Give me one more chance* meant something else to each of us.

To me:

Let's try something else. I guess she'll be a normal wife.

To mum:

Great, he ate the bait again, believed again. Everything goes the old way. I don't have to do anything again.

There is a mistake in one proverb I often hear. One word, first and foremost, is wrong. The proverb is: *"Forgiving is human."*

The word *forgiving* needs to be replaced with the word *forgive*. Forgive once. Well, everyone has the right to make a mistake if they learn their lesson. To forgive once is a manifestation of humanity and generosity for me. To forgive twice the same thing, this is a mistake. Why to forgive to someone who doesn't respect



you? You will forgive the second time and they will do it the third, fourth, xth time. It only happens that in the eyes of the one who hurts you, you become a naive fool, poor man and weakling. And you don't see yourself otherwise after all. Everything is already given. Everyone might come to this world with a certain mission. To do good or harm. Everyone has a role to play here. While I'm still here, I don't want to live, be, meet bad people anymore. I don't need to convince anyone of anything anymore, talk to their soul. I don't want to force the evil to change. It's useless. Unnecessary waste of the power I still have. I keep repeating to myself:

*"It's useless to write a message to the sand in the desert with your finger when there's a strong wind blowing."*

Such people do not change; they just hide their face for a while. They cover up their true selves just like actors in a theatre. They are not real; they just play someone else for a while. It's nothing permanent, nothing real; it's just a momentary pretense. Evil will be evil, a rotten apple will never be a beautiful one again. I don't have to try to change anything, make effort and wait. It won't help. It's time to turn my back to evil, to bad people and exclude them from life.

You did bad things behind my back, your mom or others. You did dirty, disgusting things and you thought I would never know?

Okay, so I'll cut you dead for good. You will only see my back forever; there is no reason to look you in the eye. Lying will no longer help. A liar will be a liar forever. They won't stop lying; they

will just invent another more perfect lie. Three years ago, the beautiful tinsel fell off and showed what it had been hiding. Mom inadvertently removed the beautiful gleamy wrapper, which hid only disgusting crap, false feelings, pretense, lies and evil. I don't want to give evil a chance to live on, at least not with me. Evil will not survive without good. It needs it, just as bad people need good ones. They need to parasitize someone, use them, and hurt them. Evil simply needs to suck energy out of good in order to survive.

Well, you see, Sashika, I'm having a hard time living with the fact that you're not with me, and I will still have to fight your mom. It will definitely be even more challenging. She won't want to leave. She does not want to lose her background, her certainties. She knows it will be hard.

The basic means of blackmail is no longer here. You were the means, the thing she used you as her defensive shield. She kept telling me that if we split up, she would go far with you. She would go to Kosice so that I would be with you as little as possible. Of course it would hurt me a lot. Spit upon me, but it would hurt you, too, and it didn't bother her at all. You were supposed to get used to it. She didn't care how beautiful, delicate, clean, sensitive, but most of all, fragile soul you were. I've always wanted to protect you, your soul here on Earth. I didn't want you to worry about the two of us; I didn't want to hurt your feelings. I kept saying to myself: Because of my little one, I will hold on. Now you're somewhere on the other side, in another world, or you're still close somewhere here, I just can't see you. Maybe you're just on your way somewhere else. I feel and know that now is the time

for the truth. The truth is always the best solution, the right choice. Now we don't have to hide anything to protect you. I'm going to try to fight the truth against evil, not for myself but for you, darling. You were the most beautiful and best being of us. Everything just for you and for you. Anyone else, thanks to whom it would make sense, is not here. At least I haven't met such a person in my close surrounding. The idea that I have already written to you keeps coming back to me. Sleep and not wake up anymore. Waking up is terrible.

The same thing happened three years ago when I saw who I was living with. The dreaming was over, the harsh reality had come. My naivety is probably my biggest life weakness. I trusted blindly and foolishly. I don't know why I have to repeat the same mistakes again and again. I guess I won't learn. Until then, I probably had my eyes strongly closed. Once, your mother's former colleague guessed me correctly. He said:

*"I've never thought in my life that a woman like Anna would ever get married. You were really blind. Blind and stupid. Or maybe just in love. "*

Cruel but true. Those naive ideas of mine. Be a good example or a role model for someone. That's the way it works. You see, that's right. They didn't see, they didn't want to see. They took it as my concession, my weakness. Unnecessary waste of energy. You spend it here even though you know, you know it's useless. You will miss it elsewhere. And that's what happened. You know, Sashik, everyone has only a limited amount of strength. The truth

is I had already had just a little of it at that time, only a fraction remained. Moreover, I used it badly, too. Everything was supposed to be given only to you, nowhere else. It's my huge mistake. The mistake I will never forgive myself for. Why did I try to fix something unnecessarily, someone who didn't even want to be fixed? I apologize to you very, very much. Only you were, are and will still be the person who made my life meaningful. You were the only real, beautiful reality of life. I know you saw me worried. You helped me. You kept telling me:

*"Dad, you have me indeed. We will always be together."*

Yes, Sashik, you were right, only the two of us were the right couple. The two of us were the right team. I just had a wonderful relationship with you. A relationship in which there was everything what was supposed to be between a father and a daughter. We were two who gave each other everything. I was very happy to give you my love, feelings, understanding and everything you needed. I was very happy and I was glad to get the same thing back from you. One of the most beautiful moments of the day was putting you to bed in the evening. You were lying on my shoulder, I was stroking you. We had been talking until you fell asleep. Then I always stroked your hair and gave you a good night kiss. You needed me, I needed you, too. I always boasted myself to everyone about your first word in life. The word was not mom, as is probably so common, but dad.

Sashika, you actually gave me the biggest gift in my life. You taught me how to love selflessly. You were the greatest gift. I

didn't want to be just an ordinary father, a parent. For many people today, the standard upbringing of children is just about providing things for their offspring. Provide them with education, good clothes and some money for life. And that's it. There is no time for other stuff. I wanted to spend as much time as possible with you. I mainly wanted to give you love, a feeling of happiness, a feeling of security, a feeling that you have a father here that you can always count on. That father who will always stand by you, in good or in bad times. I tried to lead you another way. I wanted you to have a beautiful childhood with me, as if on a pink cloud. I was convinced that you still had enough time for everything bad.

I wanted to protect you from evil. Why should you see the reality of today? I did not understand parents who had prepared their children for evil since childhood. They do not lead their children to respect people, to be good, to like, to love and to help others. This is simply not in today. It's the time of predators: you show a weakness in life or at work, someone takes advantage of it immediately. Children need to be taught the need to shove people around, to be selfish, ruthless and inattentive. In fact, we already destroy the future of our children by ourselves. We talk about how it was better in our youth and at the same time we ruined the future ourselves. Only time will tell how stupid we are. I often hear people talk about how ungrateful their children are: I raised them and now they are unthankful. Then you didn't raise them. You can blame yourself for being inattentive. You didn't notice that your child set up a mirror for you. At least now you realize and you just see yourself.

I'll just summarize for myself how it actually goes now. Because we are already so corrupt and frustrated by our lives and we are reconciled and indifferent to everything around us, we do not have to spoil our children, our future. It's probably good and right to say - it doesn't always have to end badly, often things turn out well. When we have resigned and we are not fighting for ourselves, let us, at least, fight for our children. Let us not force them to look at the world with our corrupt eyes. Let's try to give more and especially give immaterial stuff. Let us not allow words such as love, feelings, sacrifice, kindness to become forgotten words that we no longer use and whose real meaning over time we find only in a dictionary. Let us not use the right of the stronger, the one who reportedly cares, the one who pays for everything, with a result: I decide so I control your life.

A child, no living being, is anybody's property. It is not a thing. Let's not forget, even children can teach you a lot. There is probably nothing worse than when a parent disappoints their own child. There is nothing worse than looking into the eyes of a disappointed child. Into the eyes from which you can clearly read a sad, disappointed reproach. There are deeds, disappointments which can mark us for life. They will remain inside each of us and will never get lost, they will never disappear. I guess, I have already said it, never mind. Let's not hurt! There are things, deeds, acts that can never be fixed. You can't just forget about them. No one, not even our children, are obliged to forgive us, to forget. Why?

For a brief moment, I probably forgot what I had just written. And we paid for it both very cruelly. You, of course, much more, my sunshine. You know that during the holidays, I gave you as much time as possible so that you wouldn't be alone. I was supposed to drive you here and there, take care and figure out how to combine it all with work. I was hanging around a bit at work; I was not satisfied with myself. The holidays were over and I got a new position, more work again. And the problem came, you fell sick.

Running from morning to evening increased even more. But your doctor said it wasn't serious at all. She just prescribed you some ridiculous pills that just needed to be paid for, and they don't really do anything. Your illness was getting worse, we went to the second emergency room, and we left again satisfied. Other funny pills and everything was fine. Wait just two next days and it will be fine. It was not. So again to your doctor, she finally prescribed you normal antibiotics. That was Friday. Back to the doctor on Monday, because it was even worse than before. She sent you for a professional examination. And suddenly hup! Immediately to the hospital, severe angina and even mononucleosis.

Interestingly, this doctor needed just about two minutes to know what was going on. In addition to all this, the antibiotics prescribed by your doctor were also worthless. They didn't treat your illness. That's what your mom told me later. You know, I had to be at work. Only then you called me:

*"Dad, I have to go to the hospital."*

My knees buckled. I was just with my boss Vlado. He heard you on the phone and sent me to run after you. I didn't even have to ask him. After all, he is also a father. Your condition had improved in the hospital. I was happy. Your mother called me on Thursday that you were being released from the hospital. I confess to you, I was surprised. I asked your mom:

*"Why are they letting her go? She should have been there."*

*"They say they have a full ward, they've got a lot of new patients."*

I have to confess to you, Sashik, about something. I know, I didn't tell you then, but I wasn't happy for that then. Of course, I was glad you were home with us, but when you were in the hospital, I was calmer. I said to myself: She's not in danger at the hospital. No danger.

I've been worried about you for a longer time, actually, all those two weeks of your illness. I still couldn't get rid of the feeling that something was wrong. I just felt something bad was suddenly happening around you. However, the next days really deceived me, not really the days, I deceived myself. I stopped listening to my instincts, my inner voice. Everything was fine, you were much better. On Monday, you were examined by your doctor. Everything was OK. By the end of the week you were supposed to stay at home, take medicine and then back to school.

*So fine, the worries were unnecessary,* I told myself.



From tomorrow I am going to work more so that you could have a nice Christmas. I am going to buy you a real gift that you will be happy about. And actually, me too. I was always happiest when I saw you were happy, too. I finally have a job that I enjoy and fulfils me. There were enough disappointments and failures, whether in life or at work. We have all the bad behind us, now everything will be fine. See, honey, what a fool I was?

I looked into the distance again, and yet the evil was very close. Our proverb that there is always the greatest darkness under the lamp really applies. Evil was slowly but surely approaching, creeping, hiding, doing everything to remain unnoticed. Like when a leopard hunts for its prey. It also hides until the last moment so that it is invisible, crawls through the grass against the wind so that it cannot even be felt. And then there comes a quick, unexpected attack, the result of which is irreversible for its prey. After a short while, its life is over. There are always short moments in life, which actually decide everything that will be next and whether there will be any further. Short moments that do not last even a day, one hour, one minute, and decide everything for a long time, often for life or even for eternity.

Evil can simply deceive your instincts, your inner voice. Now I know it's all about recognizing the right signals and signs.

It's about always listening to your instincts. Looking back, mine never let me down, I lied to myself, I didn't want to hear it. You know, Sashik, what makes animals more perfect than humans? They follow their instincts. I remember the great tragedy in which

thousands of people died. A large tsunami, a large sea wave in the Indian Ocean. Almost all the people who were on the coast died. Interestingly, animals escaped to safety and survived. They sensed danger, they felt threat. We humans probably can't do it. The fact that we are the most intelligent beings on Earth is sometimes useless. Rather, the natural we have ever had in us and we have suppressed in ourselves can destroy and even kill us.

We are no longer receptive, we can't feel right, and we let ourselves be fooled. I have been deceived in the past by the words and opinions of others. I have accepted their lies, and I have convinced myself of their truth. I guess I made my life easier that way. I lost my vigilance on that fatal Tuesday.

Now it's over, I already know what's right, what's true and what a lie is. But is it worth anything now? Probably not anymore. It's too late. There is nothing without you. There is no time to go back, nothing can be done, and nothing can be fixed. For me, the worst thing is the feeling of helplessness. I always thought I could do anything for you, I could protect you. A cruel mistake. There is nothing more I can do for you, to save you. Me, doctors, nobody. I should have known all this then, that day. A day after which I will forever blame myself for not being home at that ominous moment. The worst question still remains in my head: If I hadn't stayed at work longer, but I would have been home. Could I have saved you? Would I have helped you?

I hope you will tell me the answer to this question. I know I won't get it in my life. So I believe I'll get it in heaven. From you, I believe. I hope. I worry if you're mad at me for that, honey.

So, let's get to that Tuesday. To the day that was the beginning of the end of your short life. To the day that is for me, for my perception, the eternal loss of everything, and I have only hope that it was deliverance for you. I believe that for you it was a day of something different, beautiful and better.

I can only live in the hope that what I perceive as the end is only the first step on a new path for you. Not life anymore but maybe something better.

I beg and I believe that what took you away from me, and I consider it evil, is the best thing for my little girl. I hope it is not evil but rather good that has taken you away from this world. It must have taken you to save you from something worse that should have happened in your earthly life.

I keep repeating to myself:

*"Please, let my baby doll go into the light and beautiful colours. I don't want her to stay in the dark forever. She didn't like darkness. She was afraid of the dark. "*

So, that Tuesday. The morning was perfectly normal. Coffee, cigarette, getting dressed, and so on. I was in the kitchen; I heard a yawn and a rustle. Ah, someone woke up here.

*"Hi, Tiny, why aren't you sleeping, from Monday you will be still getting up early."*

*"Hi, Dad, I can't sleep anymore."*

You went to the living room, turned on the TV. I made you some tea, I added a pill - your medicine. You didn't want it anymore, so I told you:

*"But, honey, you only have the last two. You know the doctor told you to take all the antibiotics."*

Well, you somehow swallowed the pill. I had to go to work.

*"Tiny, let me see. Well, you already look great; your cheeks are pretty pink. We finally got over the illness. I'm running, honey, call me if there's anything you would need. You're probably going downstairs to your grandmother, aren't you? I'll come to see you after lunch."*

*"Probably, yes. Bye, Daddy."* Just a kiss and I left. I went to work happily, full of false optimism and naive ideas about a better future, about the better times to come. No premonition that in nine hours my life will put an obstacle in my way I can no longer overcome.

The obstacle will look like a high stone wall that I can't see through. I don't know if it's just darkness and nothingness or light and hope. I will never get across that wall while I am alive, I will stand in front of it and wait. In the morning, a meeting with