

Hello, my Dear Friend. I'm writing to you not as a stranger, but as your sister who often thinks about you.

I'm happy that I have an opportunity to speak to you, to share with you my thoughts. I have so many things to say, it seems this paper isn't enough. But first I would like to introduce myself. I'll call myself Penguin. No, do not laugh, please. First, I like penguins very much (they're such beautiful animals), and then the dearest person in my life calls me that.

I'm a person like you with purposes and dreams; with unreal (and a bit charming) thoughts. I have many interests like you. I want to talk a little about them. (I would like you to talk a bit about yours in your response letter). Do you like to watch stars at night? What about the Moon? Or are you a sunny person? Maybe you haven't tried to look at stars at night and dream? Well, I'll tell a small fairy tale about the Universe.

Once upon a time there was a girl. She liked watching stars very much and imagine her future life, which would be full of happiness and the priceless love of her relatives. But there came a day when the tears appeared on her cheeks while watching stars, you know? The destiny struck her with the hands of her very dearest people. Do you know, when she was sad, she went out from her house at night, lay on the ground, and looked up, to boundless dark blue sky, to numerous shining stars, to the one and unique Moon? And... started thinking. Do you know what she was feeling while looking at the sky? For her, the dark blue sky was the imaginary life, the stars were the people whom she lost, who always smiled at her and filled her life with their brightness. And the Moon... She didn't like to talk about the Moon to other people; it was her secret. Do you know why she imagined these things instead of the future full of dreams? Her very dearest people settled in the sky, built a house, and even grew flowers and fruit-bearing trees. They lived in the sky. They went to the sky struggling for peace. Two brothers of the girl and her closest friend became stars, and rose up to the seemingly infinite sky. It was the first of April. The day seemed to be sunny, it would pass monotonously and monolithically like the other days, but... the girl's heart was turbulent. She hadn't heard yet that there was a fight on the border, but knew –but felt – the disaster was near. It was only a day ago when she tightly hugged her best friend, said good-bye as he made his way again to the army. This time she fidgeted while seeing him off. It's true that the tears are bad signs. That night she almost didn't sleep. When morning came, she took the phone immediately and called her friend. She talked to him, listened to his clear and adamant voice, but felt that the boy's heart was beating fast. When the girl asked him whether everything was okay, the boy answered softly, "There can't be anything wrong with me. I want you to know that I'm going to the frontline for several minutes. Yes, I'm not going to lie to you, the situation is intense here. But be sure that I'm doing all these, so that my mother, my beloved, you live in peace. And something, too. If there's something wrong with me, know that an Angel is going to ward your sleep every night. I'm hugging you. And now I have to go." The phone was switched off, and the girl never heard his voice, never felt the warmth of his hug, never looked at his sunny eyes. After talking to her friend, the girl immediately called her brothers, but the calls were going, and there was nobody to answer. The sunny weather of the morning turned to gloomy, the weather of irrevocable pain. It seemed that the girl was also dead. She was divided into four parts. The three parts were all

gone, were dead. One of our parts dies with the death of every relative person. It was one part of her that tolerated the disasters of life, but the bright remembrance of loss made her stand up and go ahead. It was one part of her who saw the Angel, who came and hugged her every night. At the end of the fairy tale three stars fall, but the girl's dreams never came true by those falling stars.

Do you know that this fairy tale is reality? And the hero is me. They went so that I live, they closed their eyes so that I see a brighter future in my own eyes, their smiles became cold on their faces so that I smile being sure that they're feeling it. Do you feel how unfairly the destiny treats us? Do you know how difficult it is to smile widely when you want to cry with all your soul, to be silent, when you want to cry loud that the whole pain will go off from your heart? They became heroes but did not die, as the heroes didn't die, they became immortal.

Do you know what it means to walk in the streets under the mild rain, hold your Soldier's hand mentally, and imagine that he is with you? Then confuse the Soldier coming towards you with yours and want to hug her? Believe me, I know.

Do you know how painful it is to wake up in the morning, to hand over your phone, to enter the very dear phone number but to click "call" knowing that instead of your favourite voice you'll hear a delicate voice of a girl who is going to say that the phone is switched off? Do you know that they are not here with me, that me and you put our heads quietly on the pillow every night and sleep in peace?

But we are all heroes, you know? You're a hero, I'm a hero. The heroes are our and your girls waiting for their soldiers, believing they'll return. The heroes are our and your mothers praying for their sons every night. The heroes are the children born every day in maternity wards and the old who are being treated in hospitals. They're heroes, we are heroes. Let's not separate anyone.

I think, that you, my Dear Friend, want to live in peace too. But, unfortunately, I know that my letter isn't going to have a great effect on this big and patriotic world, but I hope that you and me, that we TOGETHER, can bridge future gaps through the subtle art of living in peace. We TOGETHER can bring up our children with the spirit of Peace. We TOGETHER can smooth the path which leads to Peace. And for the sake of our future family, for the sake of the bright, light-hearted and peaceful future of our children, for the sake of the meaningful life of the coming generation, we TOGETHER must do that.

I want to whisper to you in a low voice. Let's forget our enmity and live under the peaceful and blue sky, as there was a time when we were relatives and shared with each other our happiness and pain.

Let's love each other, spread love all over the world, and show everyone that two nations can love each other honestly and impartially. Let's teach the world the art of being Strong, Proud and Peaceful. Let's not allow each other to cry because of the death of relatives and Dear people. Let's do something with a little of our powers, that the tears of pain won't appear on our cheeks

while watching the sky. Let's not wake up on the wet pillow every morning. Let's do something, so that we are never afraid for the life of every Soldier who is joining the army. Let's never allow our hearts to be pressed by the fierce wind of Longing/Yearning. Let's not allow the Death, the Pain, the Loss, the Tear and the Yearning be our guests. Let's be a Piece of Peace.

I know that there are no tears on your cheeks. Believe me, I don't need sympathy. Unfortunately, I'm so proud. But I hope that I could give you my honest thoughts, painful memories, sad feelings, and also my desired love towards the Peace.

With great love, your friend, Penguin!

P.S. When one day you look up and see that the full moon is smiling at you, when you hear his ringing laughter, be sure that it's me. Speak to me at that time. I promise I'll listen to you.