

Prispevek, s katerim je naša dijakinja Zala Klepac Keržan sodelovala na Unesco mednarodnem literarno-ilustracijskem natečaju na temo: *Pogovor z Malim princem*

*Zapis je v angleškem jeziku.*

## The Little Prince

A STORY ABOUT THE QUARANTINE

Zala Klepac Keržan, 4.AT



After getting used to quarantine, going outside takes more energy to do and coming home feels like a lull to sleep.

I open my eyes and realize I've spent too long lying down. I still haven't removed my mask and the shopping bag carelessly dangles from my hand.



I look up at the ceiling and realize its colour is not the typical warm beige, but rather a dull grey with only a hint of cream.

I wonder whether it's an effect of waking up to the same colour, seeing it so repetitively, that made my brain want to change it, make it more interesting.

Or was it the phenomenon of *jamais vu*? Where something so familiar to you, suddenly becomes strange and entirely new, as if you've never encountered it before.

I stretch across my duvet, then sit up, taking note of this new colour of grey I've made acquaintances with.



In focus comes a new pair of colours. My eyes focus and define them – it's a person.

A little prince with a little scarf that sits on my window and studies me the same way I do him.

»Who are you?« I ask.

»Who are you?« He mimics.

»This is my room,« I continue, but he shakes his head.

He points his finger at my ceiling and tells me that that's not warm beige but blueish grey.

I nod in agreement.

"You seemed impatient, flying across the sky, then suddenly crashing on that bed right there. Now you seem tired." He explains and pats the spot beside him.

He pours me a cup of tea, the one I bought today. We look outside the window, perched on its ledge.



"Where does it end?"

"The quarantine or the tree?"

"Maybe both."

"It doesn't matter. Do all things have to end?"

"I would surely hope so."

"You talk like the grown-ups. Is it not enough to just be?"

"What's the difference between just being and being stuck?"

"You stretched your arms, saw the ceiling change colour, made a new friend, and drank rose tea. I would argue that is not being stuck."

I think he's too young to understand that I didn't mean that type of stuck, but seeing the sun slowly set, with a cup of tea warming my previously chilled hands, I wondered if it really was that simple.

"Rest now,« he tells me after a while of comforting silence.

»Tomorrow you will paint some sheep, do your school work and go out to buy more of this rose tea. Outside you will get to see the roots of the trees and see that life still is."