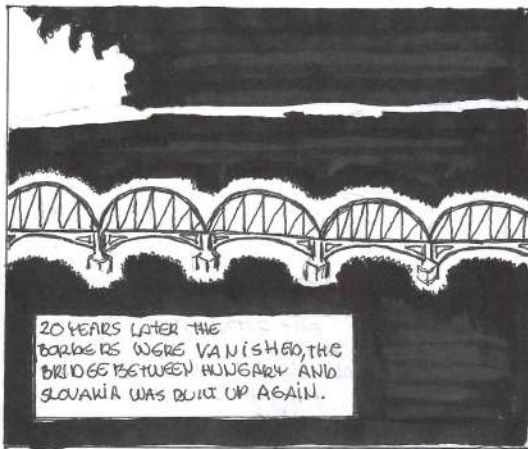


Jamara B.



20 YEARS LATER THE
BARRIERS WERE VANISHED, THE
BRIDGES BETWEEN HUNGARY AND
SLOVAKIA WAS BUILT UP AGAIN.



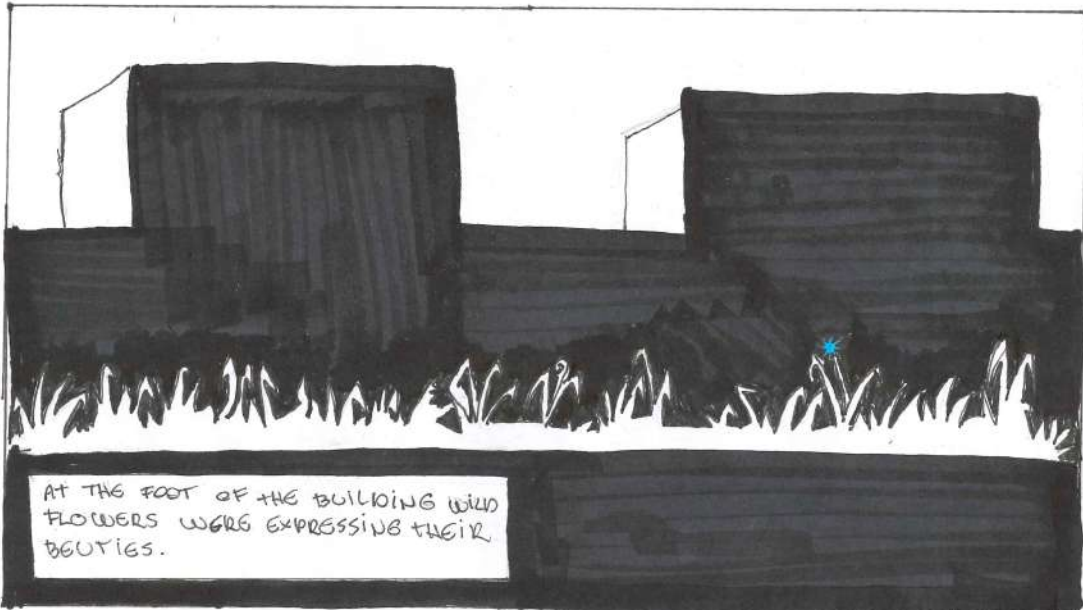
I WANTED TO MEET UP A GIRL FROM
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER,
I WALKED THROUGH THE BRIDGE, FEELING
ALMOST NAKED NOT HAVING THE PASSPORT
WITH ME, YET I KEPT WALKING FORWARD.



MY HEART WAS PUMPING LIKE 20 YEARS
BEFORE, BUT NOBODY WAS CARING ABOUT
ME, NO BORDER CONTROL, NO SUSPICIOUS
LOOKS FROM OFFICERS



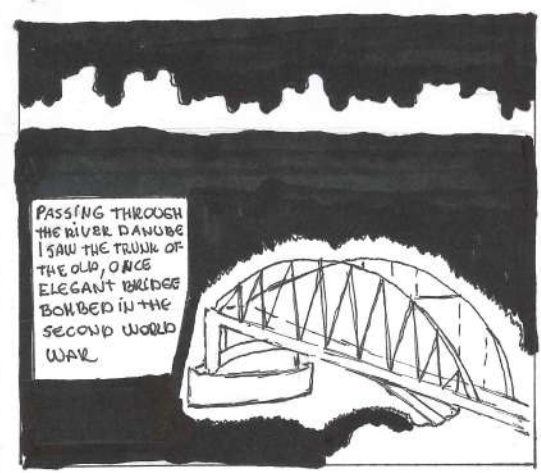
I WENT THROUGH THE BRIDGE.
ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE BUILDINGS
OF THE BORDER CONTROL WAS
ABANDONED.



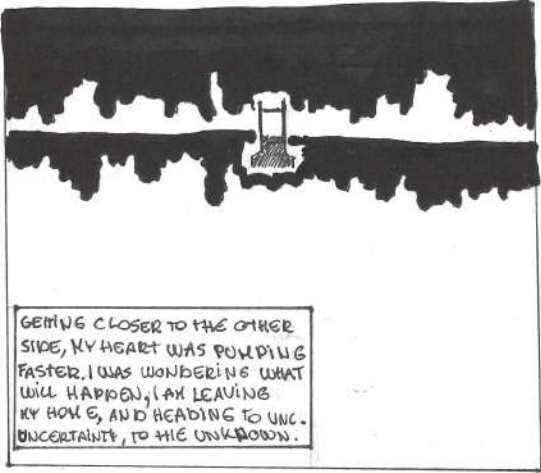
AT THE FOOT OF THE BUILDING WILD
FLOWERS WERE EXPRESSING THEIR
BEAUTIES.



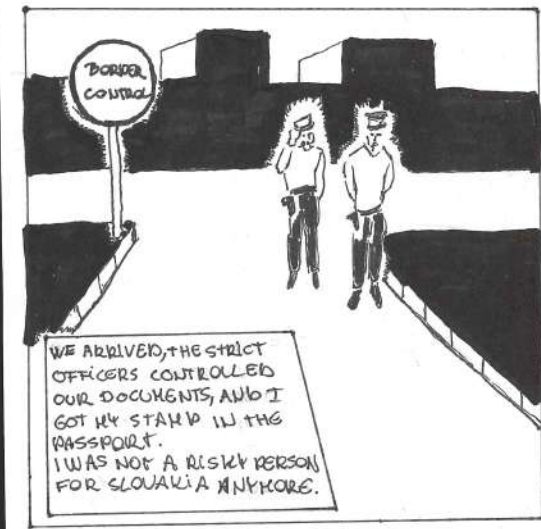
WHEN I PASSED THE BORDER THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE IT WAS WITH MY GRANDFATHER. WE WENT BY FERRY FROM HUNGARY TO SLOVAKIA. I WAS 6.



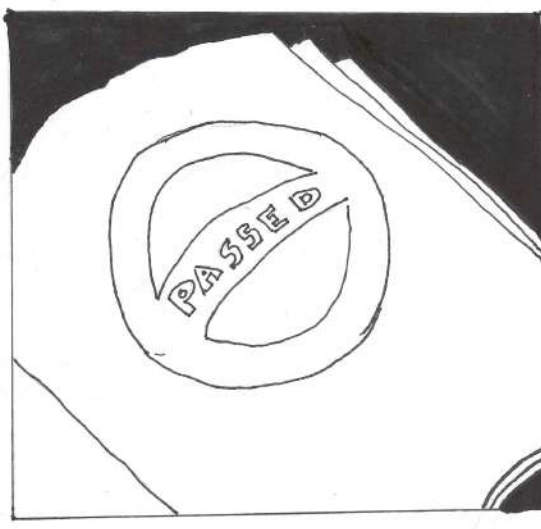
PASSING THROUGH THE RIVER DANUBE I SAW THE TRUNK OF THE OLD, ONCE ELEGANT BRIDGE BOMBED IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR.



GETTING CLOSER TO THE OTHER SIDE, MY HEART WAS POUNDING FASTER. I WAS WONDERING WHAT WILL HAPPEN, LEAVING MY HOME, AND HEADING TO UNCERTAINTY, TO THE UNKNOWN.



WE ARRIVED, THE STRICT OFFICERS CONTROLLED OUR DOCUMENTS, AND I GOT MY STAMP IN THE PASSPORT. I WAS NOT A RISKY PERSON FOR SLOVAKIA ANYMORE.





ANASTASIJA RISTESKA