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Was his mind making this up? Had it been a dream? Or had this story actually taken place?
Ever. Long ago.

Gorsky sat blinking and thought it really did not matter.

He remembered the huge sky with that damp and grey glance piercing through him before he entered the big building. A cuboid - lined with white stone and lots of glass. Some modernism. The building had to say something, but Gorsky couldn't figure out what.

He was looking at the sky.

The exam was blood-chilling. No tests at universities he had studied at could be compared to the pressure of this exam. Nor the capacity and knowledge he needed to have in order to be able just to keep head above water and simply not look like a first-grader.

When he left, Gorsky had the feeling as if no time had passed in the outside world. The sky was still the same, all the clouds, to the last pixel, occupied exactly the same places. They had the same shape and colour as before. The wind blew with the same coolness and sharpness, and the trees tore off exactly the same leaves which fell to the same tiles in front of Gorsky.

He lit a cigarette and watching the smoke remotely sensed that none of his usual routine would ever be the same again.

Actually why I sat this exam?

What do I want to prove?

To whom?

I have a great job and everything around me is more than decent – Gorsky said to himself looking at the uniform sky.

I guess I passed the exam. Perhaps after a few months or a year they will call me. Whatever they may be checking, my past is okay, they will take me on. I will move abroad.

Will work for ...

Yes, everything will change.

Gorsky touched the envelope that he had just opened and knew he would not take his family with him.

He would explain it was not possible.