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Gorsky woke up by his mother dashing into the room.

Together with her into the warm, sleepy room entered also a busy breeze – cool and in the same time smelling of coffee and toast from the kitchen.

– Come on, dear, get up, we'll be late! Wake up, breakfast's ready!

Gorsky knew there was no turning back. The end of his childhood.

This is the first day of school. During the night he was tossing and turning in bed with fear and anticipation. He wondered what it was like to be a pupil. He did not want the games with the children in the garden and out in the yard to be replaced by something else.

By something-who-knows-what. Something indefinite. Huge. Terrible.

His mother, however, looked lively and enthusiastic and this gave him courage.

The radio was just airing the initial musical theme of the early morning educational programme "Deeds and Documents."

The previous day he was looking at himself in the mirror.

He could not remember ever having looked in the mirror before that.

But yesterday he wanted to see what had changed in him.

Whether he had grown up. He must have, since they take him to school.

How does a grown man looks like?

As if with a lump in his stomach he got up and walked to the kitchen but on his way he bumped into a glass of water. Before he could start worrying what his mother would say, she was already fluttering around the broken pieces:

- It's good luck! Good luck!

On the way to school Gorsky saw other children like him – with bouquets, neat shirts and hastily walking parents. There was something frantical in the air.

Gorsky was curious, but at the same time he knew that something was going on, that cannot be changed.

There were cars parked on the pavement so that in places the space for pedestrians was very limited.

In one such narrow passage, they almost bumped into an old man with a hat and cane walking in the opposite direction. When he saw them, he smiled and gave way:

- Young Sir, please!

Gorsky's mother thanked him and dragged her boy by the hand, while Gorsky kept his eyes glued on the figure of the old man long after they had passed by him.

"Young sir!" Nobody had ever called him liked that before.

Yes, he's definitely grown up. Not a small kid. A big man. Mr. Gorsky.

There was only one problem. He couldn't figure out when the change took place.

Why others seemed to notice it, but he didn't?