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Gorsky woke up as a landscape.

That's it – he said to himself. I don't feel like doing anything. I won't take any decisions. No finality whatsoever. Just be there if possible. Rest. I don't want to change anything, and I don't want to be bothered.

An isolated meadow in the middle of two gently rounded hills, overgrown with pines, in the Rhodope Mountains.

Gorsky spent all day basking in the sun, moving with leaves, listening to the birds and gently swaying with branches when the little fliers perched and took off him.

He liked the sun, it was making him breathe better and gather strength.

His grass was playing against the buzzing flies.

Late in the afternoon he rained a bit and felt fine. Livened up.

At sunset, he felt fine again; became a little pensive and thoughtful, but nothing unusual.

Just then, out of the forest on the hill, from the narrow path, one by one, boys and girls with backpacks could be seen coming to the lawn.

They looked worn out: their breath was saying that this day they had trekked almost 40 kilometres in the mountain. They were just about to start quarrelling: most of them suspected they had lost their way to the next hut.

In fact all of them suspected that, except for the boy with the map who was leading.

Deep in their guts something was shrinking; they seemed alarmed by the imminent nightfall, and also by Gorsky, who had been gathering clouds and was just thinking of having another rain.

The boys and the girls did not quarrel, though, nor did they hurry up to move on, as could be expected.

In a moment, the fear of getting lost ceased to be felt, the smell of worry and anger disappeared.

One by one they stepped out of the forest and onto the meadow, and just sat on the grass and stared ahead.

All nine of them made exactly the same thing. They did not say anything.

They sat for good contemplating. They were looking at Gorsky.

Gorsky was also looking at them.

- Oh, my, where are we? – said after a long while one of the boys.

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A little later Gorsky decided that this night he would not rain. But – will be drizzling.