

STORY 1 - Prologue

"Just leave those phones be already!" Marek's grandpa shouted at the top of his lungs, in an almost military fashion.

Marek and John instantly sprang to their feet, leaving the comfortable couch behind. Grandpa's decisive voice caught them off guard - they did not see him enter the room at all. They were shocked so they just stood still, like two army recruits waiting to be scolded.

"You can't spend your entire holiday on the sofa for god's sake! What the hell have you been doing in the living room all day long?" grandpa continued his rant.

The answer to the question was simple. Soon after John's arrival to Wroclaw, the two cousins ran out of things to do. John was not interested in sightseeing - he came from Los Angeles and Wroclaw was like a small town to him. He did not feel any connection to Poland even though his parents were Polish after all. The holiday in the cold, dark and ugly city felt more like a punishment to him.

Grandpa listened to John's explanation patiently. His voice became a bit softer but what he said still sounded like a command :

"Tell you what. I have stored some stuff from good old days in the attic. I don't feel like reminiscing myself but you two could surely find an interesting thing or two up there. Also, if I find you in this room again today you two will be in big trouble." He handed the attic key to John, nodded them goodbye and left.