

# *The Colours of the World*

## *(Vincent's Letter to Catherine)*

by Michaela Buzsaki Struchova

*Dear Catherine,*

*It has been over a week since you helped me return to my home after my dramatic experience Above. I was half-blind, battered and bruised, embittered... It was your presence, your deep affection and care in these past days that have helped my spirit to remain unbroken and rise from the ashes of disillusion.*

*I have been on the mend, but still, there are memories, feelings and thoughts that keep haunting my mind, making me ask myself time and time again:*

*Why do human beings keep hurting each other? How is it possible that the stronger ones keep oppressing the weaker ones? Where does the need for having power over someone come from? What is the reason for some people having everything and others nothing but a blind conviction that they will live by somehow, even if it means losing their own dignity in doing so? If people do such appalling things to each other, can they still call themselves human?*

*In a single, frightful night, I have experienced such contradictory human emotions and characters that it threatened to overwhelm me.*

*I have witnessed hate, rage and abuse, almost making me lose all hope in humanity. I have witnessed the kindness and generosity of heart of someone, who is regarded as low by the world Above. She had offered her help, giving her trust to someone she was frightened of at first, but then managed to see through the eyes of empathy. And I have witnessed pure, childlike innocence and sweetness of someone who was regarded as simple-minded in his world, yet who so bravely gave his own life, only to save mine...*

*The values of my world are so different from the values of so many people in your world, Catherine. I have always known that, but it never ceases to make me wonder, sometimes even despair. If we allow evil to overcome us, where is the hope for a better, kinder world?*

*Perhaps such a world will never exist Above. Perhaps it was destiny to create such a world Below, where no evil can reach. Only time will tell whether it can remain unspoiled by it. Others might call me a fool, but I will not lose hope that, one day, our values will become the values of everyone Above, that we will share the same dreams and reach for them with the same dignity, honesty and goodwill.*

*That night, I was trying to be brave, to find my way home and not lose hope, though it was a very arduous task. Failure and surrender were walking hand-in-hand at times, following me like a growing shadow. Yet there was something that was pushing me to carry on, pulling me back up on my feet relentlessly, and in the end, it helped me to find the way back to the Tunnels - the feeling of you constantly being near.*

*Catherine, I don't know why it happened to us, how and for what purpose our was bond created. It is a miracle that keeps on giving, bewildering, helping, and healing. A miracle that played a major part in my perseverance that night, and eventually my rescue. You said I found my own way back to the Tunnels entrance. That may be true, but the thought of you being near was the drive that kept me on that way. For that, as for many things I never told you about but you must have felt, there are not enough words to thank you...*

*I had never been exposed to such aggression, humiliation and violence in my life. And yet, experiencing all the contradictory moments that night, made me understand one thing more than ever: the world is not black or white; it is a kaleidoscope of hundreds of colour-shades, all woven into a single great tapestry of life. And it is our task to find such colours that make that life a joyful, fulfilling, honest and righteous one.*

*You have returned to your world Above. However, my chamber is still permeated with your subtle, sweet scent. It reminds me of the miracle of having you near for those*

*few, precious days. And though we are miles apart again, I can feel you just as near right now, for the bond we share is quietly singing in my heart.*

*The sound of the tapping on the pipes has gone quiet now, midnight is near, but I cannot sleep. However, it is not nightmares that are keeping me awake tonight. It is the knowledge that I will soon be able to find my way up to you again. We may not have planned it at the beginning, but there is no way back anymore. Our lives are bound together by that most fragile, yet most beautiful, thread that I dare not name... In my mind, it brings back the words of a poem that has always spoken to me:*

*“I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.” (1)*

*I remember that night when I found my way to your balcony for the first time. Everything was telling me not to do so, but I took the leap of faith and walked down the daring, almost impossible path. I took the road less travelled, by opening the doors to a new horizon for me, brightening my life in means I am not capable of describing in mere words.*

*In and through your eyes, Catherine, I see the world in colours that break through the black and white in all of us. And because of that, I shall embrace all the challenges life will impose on me, hoping that the strength your nearness and affection bring me will see me through the nights and days to come and always help me find my way home...*

*Vincent*

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(1) Robert Frost: *The Road Not Taken*