Nun Yosefka with her new nose transplant

The one thing that I hated on summer vacations with granny was Sunday. You would wake up 7 in the morning, rush to the bathroom, then to the kitchen, eat whole breakfast in one gulp, again to the bathroom. Then quickly get your tightest trousers and ugliest shirt and on to the church.

Back then it didn’t mean a thing to me, church. I perceived it as sitting and catching up on sleep, but every time I fell asleep grandma hit me on a back of my head. Year went by and I became an altar-boy, same as every boy from the town. Well except for some families like Nelson’s or Nueshaft’s. Noone liked them because of that. We had to sit in the first row. It was really scary at the beginning, everybody is looking and you have to perform certain rituals on the right time with the biggest accuracy, and, to make matters worse, everybody is looking! Mostly priest with this weird smile. But worse than that, the old lady in the far corner of the building. Always with a piercing look. Uncle Pete used to say ‚If one can not hold eye contact with you, you are stronger than him‘. Then this lady is strongest in the world. And strangest. She always came in the middle of service and left before the end. Grandma sad that nun Yosefka, that’s her name, never talked to anyone. Than that, I shouldn’t worry about that look she’s been giving me, that it’s the same with everybody. At the end, she whispered that it’s strictly forbidden to look at her during the service. Screw that, I sad to myself and I looked at her when everybody was standing and singing. She was in that corner, facing the wall, shaking and twitching with her head. It looked sick, or maybe she was sad because of her nose, who wouldn’t be. It was very ugly, I imagine that in the past people were making fun of her because of that. Maybe it’s the reason why people were forbidden to look at her. But with her new transplant, it’s much better.

