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Hello Octavian! How are you, dear friend? It's been so long since we've seen each other. What's new with you? Did anything interesting happen to you during my absence? What are your academic achievements? I suppose you're already preparing for university, too? Where do you plan to enroll? How are your parents? How's your brother doing? Ever since the borders were closed because of the pandemic, I haven't been able to visit you. But I think that soon the borders will open and I will come to you again in Romania. The memories warm my soul.

I remember when I came to you for the first time in Romania in the city of Bucharest. To one of the most mysterious cities in the world. To one of the most beautiful cities in which Count Dracula himself once lived. I really remember the tour of his estate. It was a little scary and uneasy and the energy was quite intense, but it was interesting. I also remember visiting one of the old restaurants "Caru cu Bere" which is located in the heart of the city of Bucharest. It was something unimaginable. It was all so delicious and thematically interesting. It is a pity that at that time there was no opportunity to photograph all this beauty. And do you remember how we walked in the park of King Mihai the First, which is located next to the Place Charles de Gaulle? We picked a bunch of flowers there and gave them to all the girls. It was a lot of fun. I also remember when your parents took us on a tour of Peles Castle. This ancient castle in the Carpathian region struck me with its luxurious interiors, painted walls, stained glass windows, carvings. Then I threatened myself with a prince. When you skipped school, you and I went to museums where exhibits of various subjects were presented: weapons, coins, books, antique clothing, furniture and other art objects. I often remember how we went with you on weekends to the salt springs and climbed salt caves and swam in mud volcanoes. And do you remember how we stole the bike in the ghetto district, Finantarii?! We managed to run away from the bullies. Then you took your brother's motorcycle without asking and we drove through the vast expanses of Romania. That's what we got from him then. Oh, how many things happened to us at the time when I was visiting you. And how much more could have happened if I'd stayed with you.

Mysterious Romania attracted my attention with its history and beauty of natural places. At one point it even seemed to me that I wanted to move there permanently. I had the most pleasant impressions. Give a big hello to your parents, your brother. I hope to see you again soon! See you soon." Your friend Rustam!