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Play His First Lego

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I realized I hadn't written anything about my reactions to Russia's attack on 24 February. I'll do that now, for myself primarily. I think everyone should do it. We had guests the night before. The day before, on the 23rd, my close friend and her husband arrived in Lublin. She was defending her dissertation on history. They gave my son his first Lego set. I watched the dissertation defense online, and I was very worried for my friend. She answered all the opponents' questions, and

earned her Ph.D. in history. That was followed by dinner, during which my friend's husband had a little too much to drink, and he was overcome with sincerity. For the first time ever, he admitted it was difficult for him to accept the fact that his wife was the center of attention, and not him, for example. Then we talked about Dorota Maslowska and why contemporary Polish literature and theatre still mull over the theme of World War II. They mull and they mull, and they can't finish mulling. Maybe it's because they want to place all their personal experiences in one single narrative, I said. That's worth writing down. My friend's husband, being completely drunk, also said that Albert Einstein said he didn't know what the Third World War would be like, but the fourth would be bloody, and people would fight with sticks again, because obviously everything would come full circle. I didn't verify that Einstein really said anything like that, but I thought I might create a meme for Jean-François Lyotard, who said that great meta-narratives don't function anymore, and progress doesn't make a person more moral. As such, the greater the progress and the further a person hurtles through space, the greater and more severe human suffering might be. I didn't sleep that night. Too much adrenaline. My friend moved to another room, closer to me, because her husband was snoring so loudly, and she couldn't sleep next to him. I was worried my friend's husband might do something untoward, because anything can happen after large doses of alcohol and conversations about the Second World War. On the night of 23-24 February, I was flipping through the feed on my phone, which in recent months had, by all appearances, become an extension of my hand. I was flipping and flipping, when suddenly my friends started writing in my feed that they were hearing explosions, not only in Kyiv, but also in Dnipro, Kharkiv, and Kherson. I realized something ...