

Brown, curly hair. 5 feet 2 inches. Blue eyes. Sitting beside the window. This is me.

Crowd. Unrest. Smell of burning. Fear. Wet streets. Grey hats, brown coats everywhere. This is Budapest.

The strong wind waves the Hungarian flag with a hole in the middle. I do not understand anything but feel it is the wind of change.

Today is the 23<sup>rd</sup> of October, 1956.

I try to report everything I see, but it is not easy considering my young age. I turned twelve last week.

We are living on the Petőfi Square. I hear people laughing. I am so scared, I have no idea what is going to happen next.

My dad is trying to explain what is happening now, I am taking notes to inform you about everything we know. He said that the Communist regime is about to collapse, citizens and soldiers joined the protesters on the streets. He speaks Hungarian, he said that they are chanting "Russians go home". I hear the Radio Kossuth, but I do not understand a single word of it.

He said that Hungarians suffered a lot during the Communist rule. I truly hope that today can be the day of change.

Tünde Cziráky