

A morning at the Old Town Square

As I set foot in the square, I just realize how crowded it can be during school hours. I skipped school to get a smell and sight, maybe even a taste, of a part of Prague I haven't explored yet. My next step was definitely unregrettable when I take in the smell of freshly baked trdelník with smeared warm chocolate cream from



the inside of the spiral dough. But a second later it is ruined by a horrible stench of burnt meat. I frown with disgust as I walk on. A sight catches my eye, I turn my head to the left to catch a glimpse of a beautiful horse chained to a wagon with people sitting inside. It's a shame that its eyes are covered with eye flaps. Next to me, in a nearby stall, I hear a child crying: "Mami, já chci toho koníka!" (*Mom, I want that horse!*). I smile with happiness while I slalom between the heavily decorated stalls. I pull my camera out of my pocket and take a photo of the square. All the stalls in the market are like sheep in an enclosure of old buildings. This area might look very large and full of space, but once you enter the actual market, you feel like one of

the sheep as well. I search for the bridge I heard of in the past and I finally find it! Its hidden, almost like floating in the center of the sea of stalls. On the bridge, I take a close-up photo of the ornaments decorating the pine needles that are made out of plastic. I'm satisfied with what I did. I move on from the bridge back to

the smells and sights. What did I smell over there? Is it only my brain playing around with me? Or do I smell... trdelník! I jolt up with the need of buying one and start rummaging through my pockets to find my purse. I come up to the stall and ask for one trdelník with chocolate and jump up and down with the mix of coldness and excitement. As I wait I catch a piece of a conversation between the two people who manage the stall: "Proč musí tyhle věci být tak drahé?" (*Why does everything have to be so expensive here?*). Honestly, I understand them because I also think the prices here are too high. I sit down on a free bench and bite into the warm, soft and thoroughly baked dough. I shiver with delight as the taste of chocolate fills my whole body (even my brain, the only thing I can think of now is chocolate). After a few minutes of eating this lovely treat, I come to my senses again. I can feel the prickling cold against my fingers and cheeks again, and I finally think of normal thoughts again; what is the time? I look at my watch and pack my things to be able to sprint back to the metro station.



Zuzana Dolejší, Y1