

## Ruth Halova



This is me at the age of 2. My earliest memories are of trees - I'm lying in a carriage and looking up into their crowns. The person pushing the carriage is my kind grandma Marie. Already when I was very little, I was fascinated by nature.

As a little girl, I didn't want to go to bed. I had the feeling that life was too interesting to sleep through. For the same reason I later didn't want to read - after all, life was too precious for me to waste it reading! I loved life and I loved colors. I was very tormented by the fact that some don't see the world in all its colors. You see, for me each numeral and vowel had its own color.