

”After six days on the road, enthusiasm gave way to boredom and routine set in, permeating the atmosphere.

Now that no one had anything new to say, everyone began to think about how they’d hardly done anything but eat, sleep outside, try to find a more comfortable position in their seats, open and close windows on account of cigarette smoke, grow tired of telling their own stories and talking with others – who never lost an opportunity to exchange little barbs here and there, like the rest of humanity did when in a herd, even if it was small and full of good intentions like this one.

That is, until the mountains emerged before them. And the valley. And the river that cut through the giant rocks.

Someone asked where they were, and the Indian man from earlier said they had just crossed into Austria. ”Soon we’ll get off and stop near river running in the middle there so we can all clean up. Nothing better than cold water to make you feel that you have blood running in your veins and thoughts you can set aside.”

Everyone got excited by the idea of taking off their clothes, the absolute freedom, this connection to nature without any intermediaries.

The driver turned onto a rocky road, the bus swung from the one side to the other, and many people screamed for fear of turning over, but the driver only chuckled.

They had finally arrived at the bank of a stream or, more accurately, a branch of the river that broke off from the rest, forming a gentle curve where the water was calmer before it rejoined the flowing current. ”Half an hour. Take the opportunity to wash what you’re wearing.”

Everyone ran for their backpacks – any hippie pack always included a tiny hand towel, a toothbrush, and bars of a soap, since they always ended up camping rather than staying in hotels.”