



SEASONS OF US



In spring, Eva sat on the old iron bench under the linden tree. She was reading, and the wind blew a petal onto her page. A shy young man named Tomáš walked up. 'I think you dropped this,' he said, handing her a dandelion. And so it began.



The next year, in summer, they stood in a patch of bare earth behind a little cottage. 'Let's make something grow,' Eva said. They dug and planted and watered. The soil was stubborn, but they were patient. By autumn, tiny green shoots appeared.



On hot summer nights, after the garden work was done, they would dance in the tiny kitchen. Tomáš would turn on the radio, and Eva would take his hand. They swayed to old songs, the smell of tomatoes and roses drifting in through the open window.



Autumn came, and the garden gave them golden pumpkins and sweet carrots. They worked together, pulling and sorting. Every vegetable they picked felt like a little treasure. Their hands were dirty, but their hearts were full.



Forty winters later, they came back to the old iron bench. Snow covered the ground, but they didn't mind. They shared a simple picnic and watched the frozen pond. 'Here we are,' said Tomáš, 'right where we started.' Eva smiled and squeezed his hand.



The seasons turned. Spring gave them love, summer gave them joy, autumn gave them plenty, and winter gave them rest. Through all the years, they had each other. And that was enough.