

# On the Way



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Six years ago, when we took a family trip to St. Petersburg, my weakness for travelling stated. On the way to the “city on the water” we made a few stops and one of them, the crucial for me, was Estonia, the country that Americans (and not only them!) often situate to all parts of the world but not to Northern Europe. One weekend in Tallinn was enough to fall in love with the city and I’ve started to speak about the capital just in superlatives. Positive superlatives! When my friend was fed up with extolling Estonia from a seventeen years old jerk, he recommended me to travel more, supposing that I would possibly change my opinion. “When you

recognize the brilliance of European cities, clearness of American national parks, spirituality of Machu Picchu, temperament of Latin America, greatness of Russia, colours of Africa, roughness of Australia and calmness of Asia, the world will appear you to be your home, the fount of your existence. You’ll get the opportunity to see everything from the top view, deciding where to live, how to live and at least the places where to spend your vacations will be revealed,” he got round me. I started the following year.

I am still on the way. Still have never been to Asia, Africa and mainland Australia, but I am slowly but surely getting to know what my friend meant. Travelling is experience that could never be written in your CV, but gives you opportunity to think different and draws you away compared to the others. It is investment that could never be stolen from you, helps you to perceive different points of view and lets you improve the way of communication, even if you travel

with some company or alone.

One thing in which I disagree with my friend is finding home in the Universe. Even if I see beautiful mountains, cyan blue ocean, dangerous cliffs, wildlife, crowded cities, even if I meet people who I can now consider my good friends, I will never start thinking about leaving my home country, Czech Republic (country that Americans often situate to all parts of the world but not Central Europe), forever. Because „home“ is the only place where you can feel like Home. And my feelings about Estonia now, when I am a twenty-three years old jerk? To be honest, it is still my #1 foreign country! Murmur of the forests in Lahemaa national park, the best coffee in the world from Tartu Ülikooli Kohvik, beautiful sceneries from the St. Olaf’s church’s tower in Tallinn, home made beer from Saaremaa, nice Estonian people with as strange language as my native language is, these are positive superlatives I will keep in my mind forever.



Machu Picchu Peruus

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