

It was 1986, in a village house in Georgia. My grandmother was hanging laundry in the yard while my mother - a baby just under a year old - was sleeping in the living room. Everything was calm until my grandmother heard a voice. It was her mother's voice, calling her by name "Liana".

But it seemed impossible. Her mother passed away 1 year ago.

My grandmother ran to the door and didn't see anyone. She thought it was a hallucination and turned around to go back with the laundry, but something inside her told her to check on her daughter. When she entered the living room, she saw a lot of smoke coming from an old stove. The windows were shut, and my mother could barely breathe.

My grandmother grabbed the baby and rushed outside. The baby coughed, cried, and slowly began to breathe heavily. From the yard, my grandmother saw how the smoke inside the house began to fade faster than she had ever seen before. As if something invisible was dragging it.

Thanks to that voice, my grandmother was able to save my mother.

(Based on a true story)

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