

Tatiana Oliva Morales

# Moscow, the 70s



Childhood Memories

Book 2

Tatiana Oliva Morales

**Moscow, the 70s. Book  
2. Childhood Memories**

«Издательские решения»

**Oliva Morales T.**

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The book contains 5 stories dedicated to the life in Moscow and the USSR in the seventies of the twentieth century. These are my memories of childhood, parents, friends and school. About how children lived in that time. In this book, I tried to convey my childhood sensations and perception of those years.

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# **Moscow, the 70s**

## **Book 2. Childhood Memories**

**Tatiana Oliva Morales**

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## “Morozovka” and books



*I have not found any photos of “Morozovka”, but I found a photo of a very similar mansion*

The “Morozovka” rest house was very cozy and beautiful, my parents and I often went there when I didn’t go to school yet. He was distinguished by special architecture. It was an antique mansion, the front columns at the entrance, building façade and the interior were completed in blue and white pastel colors with bas-reliefs and stucco moldings. There was antique furniture in the rooms had – the holiday home reminded me a castle.

My first memories of this place can be attributed to my three years old. Immediately upon arrival at “Morozovka”, dad went to the library and brought big books from there. When it came time to go to the dining room, we marched there – the whole family accompanied by books.

I was too small then and therefore I could not sit at the table normally. Dad put big books on the chair, put me on the books, and the problem was completely solved in that way.

But dad chose books in the library, based not only on their size, but also on the content. As a rule, these were either encyclopedias, or fairy tales, or something else that might interest me at that time. Therefore, in the evenings, we sat down in a large armchair by the floor lamp, and dad read aloud to me.

When I got older, my best friend Luda Koeva began to go with us to “Morozovka”. As a rule, we were given a separate room. It was very romantic. At night we climbed onto the bed, looked at the moon and stars through the window, and composed some fantastic or scary stories.

I often came up with some kind of poem. But then I did not record them, because I did not know how to do it. Sometimes my mother wrote poems after me, but those records has not been preserved.

Sometimes I composed music, playing it on the piano. I liked to compose something, it amused me.

## Lucy, drawing and painting



*The house in which my sister lived in those years*

I was about five years old when my parents announced that I had an older stepsister. Dad decided to introduce us, and we met for the first time in the embankment Frunzenskaya, opposite the house in which my stepsister Lucy lived. It was winter, warm and soft snow was falling to the ground.

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