

In the middle of a dark room, lit only by a few dim lights near the mirror, sat a gloomy man. His eyes were full of deep pain, absorbing the bright lights in the depths of his grief.

The man's hands from hard work had become rough and stiff. But despite everything, no years of hard work had destroyed the tenderness and love with which he made these delicate seams, carefully mending the clown's bright outfit.

Every evening, despite the hard work on the construction site and fatigue, the man returned here. After all, despite everything in the world, he valued only these minutes and was ready to give the remains of his soul for them.

Somewhere nearby, shouts and loud laughter could be heard. The noise of the crowd seemed about to burst into the man's modest shelter to break the oppressive atmosphere around.

Nearby, on the table, was a photograph. A small, four-year-old, fair-haired girl sat in the clown's arms. It seemed that the photo forever captured the last moments of happiness of father and daughter, absorbing everything and leaving nothing in return.

The man, with tenderness in his eyes, smiled faintly, took the photo and kissed it, adjusting the small black ribbon. Apparently, that day the sky took not only the fair-haired angel, but also the man. Leaving here, below, an empty envelope of his soul.

The shouts of the crowd were louder and louder. The man got up and headed towards the audience. Only one hour a day could he feel alive - when the laughter of hundreds of children rang out around him, merging into one single laughter. The laughter of his daughter.