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We live in our heads.

The sense of time is a very subjective and personal thing. Our minds live in a thin layer between two concepts: past and future. They are in constant movement.

That infinitely thin layer of time that is so hard to perceive is called present. And if we deeply think about it - does not really exist. That is why most of our lives we plan things (living in the future) or remember them (living in the past).

Those who can savour the present can call themselves truly happy people.

I decided to reflect on how much time we can consciously travel back. All that trying to remember the shattered pieces of our lives.

My short film describes my various memories treating them selectively. Going back in time I try to remind of my first memory. To form it consciously.

Probably all of us share the same first memory. That of our mothers.

The first person that we have seen on this earth.

Is this memory the truth or just an illusion?

I believe that past memories are the foundation of our confidence in building our dreams and visions in the future.