FROM PRAGUE TO FLORIDA AND BACK

A DIARY OF DREAMS AND REALITY

Lux Lucens

"This book isn't about perfection. It's about the courage to face the truth—and to return to yourself. Gently. With respect. And without shame."

— Lux Lucens

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Dedication

This book is a work of fiction based on personal experiences and is intended for educational and awareness purposes only. The content explores themes related to family conflict and domestic violence in a general and human context. It does not represent or criticize any specific culture,

religion, government, or legal system. All characters and events are either fictional or used in a non-identifying manner. Any resemblance in this story to real persons, living or dead, location or events ispurely coincidental.

The author fully respects the laws, traditions, and values of The United Arab Emirates, USA and Czech Republic. The intent of this work is to support dialogue healing and understanding.

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Introduction

This book was born out of silence. Out of the years of pretending everything was fine. That "it's not that bad." That if I just tried harder, understood more, forgave more, it would stop eventually.

It didn't.

I've been there. In the words that make you doubt yourself. In the looks that make you feel like you're losing your mind. In those moments when you smile on the outside while your voice is slowly dying on the inside. Writing this book was my way of reclaiming myself, piece by piece. And—just maybe—it can become your way too. Not because we share the same story, but because we know the same fear and hope.

I'm not a therapist. I'm simply a person who decided to speak to tell you this: You are not "too sensitive, weak or wrong." "You are perfect as you are — a unique soul. There is no one like you, and there never will be."

Maybe you're reading this book in secret. Maybe you're still in it. Maybe you've left, but inside, you still feel lost. Wherever you are, allow yourself to read slowly. Allow yourself to feel it. And allow yourself to believe that a world can exist for you too.

A world where there is peace. Where silence is not punishment. Where love doesn't hurt.

This is the beginning. The beginning of coming back to yourself.

From Prague to Florida

Jana was thirty, with five-month-old twin girls and a life that, from the outside, looked fine. But inside, she lived in constant tension. Her husband, Carl- Austrian by birth and a trained economist, was usually at work. When he did come home, it was late. He often passed out on the couch, reeking of alcohol.

The distance between them was growing. Whenever Jana tried to talk, Carl shut down or got defensive. Sometimes he wouldn't speak to her for days, punishing her with silence.

When she told him how hurt she felt when he broke promises or ruined their plans, he brushed her off with a smile. That smile made her feel small, foolish for opening up.

His message was clear: Don't bring it up again.

But problems don't disappear just because they're not discussed. They linger, unspoken. Carl's unresolved past, especially his strange emotional attachment to his ex, Agatha, crept between them like a shadow, dimming what light they had left. Agatha didn't want him back. She wanted him to suffer, just like he had made her suffer. Her messages were polite on the surface, but underneath was jealousy, bitterness, and a quiet hunger for revenge.

And he turned to secret drinking.

He never opened a bottle at home, never sat down with a glass of wine after a long day. His drinking happened in his car parked a few streets away. He'd return with sweat on his brow, a distant glaze in his eyes,

and a breath Jana could identify before a single word was spoken. In the evening, he would vanish. And if he couldn't leave immediately, he found a reason to go such as a grocery run.

Jana began to see the pattern: tension came first, then the fight,

then the door closing behind him.

But on weekends, everything felt almost normal. They spend the days outside, with the children, laughing, hugging and sharing simple moments. In the evenings, he grilled, experimented with marinades, watched the fire, and seemed happy. Those were the moments when he came alive again.

She used to tell him he could be a true "grill master," and he liked hearing that. Then one evening, he came to her and said he was selling the company.

"I have to, it would fail otherwise" he said quietly.

Jana didn't argue; she sensed the heaviness behind his words.

"Maybe," he added, "I could use the money to open a restaurant."

Jana had worked in restaurants herself — she knew how tough it could be.

"It might be enough to start with a small food stand," she gently suggested. But Carl dismissed her suggestion without a second thought.

"There are more opportunities in the United States right now, the U.S. is in the midst of an economic crisis." he insisted. Jana wasn't sure what she would do. Until now, Carl had been co-owner of a company managing

real estate for others. So she asked, "What exactly do you want to do?" But Carl had no real answer — only vague notions and scattered dreams.

Then, a few weeks later, Carl announced a new plan: they would move to the United States and open a German restaurant. For him, it was a fresh start — a way to escape what he refused to face in Prague.

To Jana, it sounded like another impulsive, grand idea. She said no. Carl ignored her answer.

The arguments grew. The exhaustion deepened. And eventually, Jana apologized and agreed to go. Not because she believed in his dream, but because she was too tired to keep fighting. She hoped that in a different country, she might find some peace. She imagined warmth, calm days, and space for her children to grow freely.

Carl flew to Florida first. He said he needed to prepare — find a restaurant space, arrange housing, hire lawyers, and start the visa process. He settled in Florida, in a rental apartment.

Not long after, Jana received a video from him. Carl looked relaxed, full of energy, and excited about the future.

He talked about a restaurant space— an old house that had been closed for years. He made it sound like things were finally falling into place.

Jana wanted to believe him. But a small part of her didn't. After months of conflict, emotional exhaustion, and feeling lost in her own marriage, she was drained. Two babies. So she gave in.

A few months later, she was on a plane with her niece and the little ones. Jana had promised her the usual nanny's wage and paid for all her expenses, so she could help with the children. The cabin was

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Pokud se Vám ukázka líbila, na našem webu si můžete zakoupit celou knihu.