

When my father and I stepped into the small, darkened corner pharmacy of our neighborhood, we immediately noticed how quiet it was. He crossed his arms defensively and said with a raised voice and a hostile expression: "Don't tell me what to do! Then he threw the medicine on the counter, walked away and grumbled to himself. This second apothecary looked at us apologetically – her whole demeanor seemed to have softened. She raised her hands in a reassuring gesture, maintained eye contact and gave us a warm smile. She leaned forward slightly to give the impression of attention and held the medicine in front of us, pointing to each section of the label with gentle, slow movements of her hand. As she spoke, she maintained eye contact and nodding slightly to indicate that she was listening. Sometimes she would pause and allow us to catch up. Her voice was warm and calm. She nodded reassuringly and opened her hands as a sign of openness and understanding. From her demeanor, you could tell that a space was opening up where there was a friendly atmosphere. After informing them of the most important points, she turned directly to my father and asked in a gentle tone: "Is there anything else you would like me to explain?" He averted his eyes slightly. My father handed him the recipe and .told him politely, "Good evening