9th of April, 2013

Friday

That day started as usual. I woke up at 7am. I washed, dressed and ate breakfast. Nothing special. Then I went to my room. I didn't want go to school, but I had to. I put all my books to my bag and I went to the kitchen. I packed my lunch and then I put on my shoes. It was 8.15am when I finally got out of my house. My lessons was going to start at 9am so I didn’t had to hurry. School building is quite close to my home. I tap out a massage to Alex. As I had to know he didn't respond. Probably he forgot his phone. He did this often, which is really annoying. I hid my phone to bag and I stopped before the traffic lights. I waited for the green light and I went ahead.

I was lying on the ground and probably by shock I couldn't move. What did happened? In that moment I didn't know. Something didn't allow me to remember. Around was a terrible silence. As if the world ceased to exist. Slowly I rose from the street. It was hurting. Like my whole body was topped within boiling water. Everything hurt me. Pain was horrible, but I tried to stay on my feet. I looked around. There were so many people near me. They didn't pay attention to me. Like I wasn't there. Like I wasn't exist. They surrounded someone else. Slowly I approached in that direction. Each step brought me unimaginable pain. Like I was walking on broken glass. With considerable effort I got between them. They still ignored me, that was weird. Then I saw something that I shouldn't. It was me... In front of me lied my body. Everywhere was a lot of blood. It looked awful. Next to me knelt a men. He tried to help me but he didn't really know how.

*If I die? I can't die! I can't die!* It buzzed in my head. *I can't. I just can't.*

I fell on my knees and the tears began to flow from my eyes. Image began to blur. After a while I couldn't see anything. Memories of what happened hit me with unprecedented force. I was on the street. The light blinded me. I heard screeching tires and then something struck me. It was hurting. Then I understood. I was hit by a car.

I started to panic.

*That can't be true. It's just a bad dream. A nightmare. In a moment I will wake up like usual in my bed and everything will be all right.*

But nothing like that didn't happened. I still was on that place. I stopped crying. I looked at my body. My chest was rising up. So I breathe. I've lived. I still lived.

I don't know how but I suddenly found myself in a completely different place. I was in the hospital. I stood in the room where was my body. I assumed a lot of bandages. Here and there were visible bruises. I was plug to several machines. The view was still terrible. But better than the last. My mom is sitting on a chair next to my bed. She slept. In her hand she clutched a rosary. She looked so sad. I wanted to hug her, but I couldn’t make even a step.

Suddenly in the room came the shrill screech machine. I grabbed my chest. I couldn't catch my breath. I felt like I was drowning. I couldn't see anything. I heard that someone was shouting something. I didn't even understand that.

The pain disappeared and I again found myself somewhere... I don't know exactly where. I stood in the middle of.. nothing. Around was darkness. It was terribly cold. Involuntarily, I began to shake. By a strange feeling I began to move forward. After a moment I stood before two doors. The first door looked very tired and the second looked like new. Something in my head told me to choose the nicer door. That then all my troubles will be over. That everything will be over if I choose them. But... I didn't want everything to be jumped. I thought about my family. About Alex. As if they felt if I already was not with them. As if I died. It was my choice. I could decide this. I ask myself: Do I want to die already?

No. I couldn't leave them. I went through a battered door. Again I was blinded by the light. I slowly opened them. I was lying in a hospital bed. I couldn't believe what I saw. In the room slept Alex and my parents. For me it was a big shock. Mum slept on the bed next to my bed, dad occupied the chair by the window and Alex was asleep in the chair by my bed and put his head on it. I pulled a strand of Alex hair, to woke him up. He didn't do it. He muttered something under his breath and slept on. I did it again, harder this time. He slapped my hand what hurt. I smacked him on the head and then he finally woke up. As it turned out was the middle of the night but that didn’t stop him to tell everyone that I woke up. He kissed me, then he ran out of the room and shouted at the corridor that I woke up. And I? I was all red on my face and I was trying to understand what happened.

As for me, everything happened too fast.

To not forget I am writing this, day after my awakening. It was a strange experience. I must admit that I think I chose the right door.

5th of April, 2013

Monday

Today I finally went home. Being conscious I spent a month in the hospital. During all this time Alex visited me. He brought lessons and generally kept company. I must admit that it was very nice of him. One day I called him my boyfriend. I burned with shame when he realized what I said. And he? He just smiled and called me his girlfriend. Since that time I can say we're together. Today he came too. Specially he visited me before my discharge from the hospital. He came only for a moment because I had to go to school. He really is wonderful. Now I'm sitting by the window in my room and wait until he comes.

12th of April 2013

Monday

Today I went to school. Everyone was incredibly nice to me. Even teachers. It was quite inconvenient for me. For the last week I learned an incredible amount of material. Who would have thought that through two months it can gather so much. And for what is it whom?. Willy-nilly I have to pass overdue tests. But do not exaggerate. I will pass them but not right away.

13 of April 2013

Tuesday

I'm tired of the case of an accident. Since I have woken up from the coma I didn’t tell anyone what happened. What happened when I slept. About what I experienced. Even though they were only fragments of events I'm afraid to tell anyone that. I'm afraid that someone will not understand me. That it will laugh at me. I don’t want it. Maybe it's better if no one ever know about it. My parents. Even Alex. I think that would be the best.

5th of October

Friday

I was today in the cinema with Alex. We watched a comedy. I must admit that at first I didn’t want to go on it but somehow (I was forced by Alexa) I agreed on it. It was our first date since we started the school year. I will say that it was successful. I hope that the next will be held soon. I love spending time with Alex.

18th of November

Saturday

I argued with Alex. I feels a little guilty about it. I let emotion get carried me away. But it was his fault. He started this senseless bickering. And I unwittingly screamed him a little too much.

This happened two days ago. From that time we avoid ourselves. He even don't look at me. He really must be pretty pissed. Maybe I should apologize? But to do it first I have to meet with him.

19th of 2013

Sunday

I apologized Alex as a decided. At the beginning he was still angry but later he also apologized to me. Later we went ice skating. And in fact, our meeting turned into another date.

There was nothing spectacular like in the movies but it was nice.