My history shows, how much happiness in misfortune can meet us and that appearances are often deceptive. It does not matter, where we are. What is important are people around us. And we can never predict what may happen. Accident, or illnesses are not necessarily bad thing. Tanks to them our life sometimes turns in the other direction and we see what is really important to us.

                                                       21.12.2016

- Don't drive so fast - I asked. - It can be slippery.

- Calm down it's still long way to go. I'm a good driver - ha said.

- Please! - I screamed terrified, when the car speedo showed we were driving two hundred kilometers per hour but he ignored me. At the same moment I saw sharp, blinding light.

     I tried to look into the light but I haven't seen anything.

- Stop! - I screamed but it was too late. The cars crashed. Later I didn't feel anything. I was numb with pain. I didn't know whether I survived or I die. In one moment all was gone. All my life and all my dreams. I lost senses. Light woke me up. I was trying to open my eyes but I felt quite powerless. I couldn't move, even with my eyelid. I tried for the second time with all the strength I got. Finally, I did it. I looked at the room. It wasn't big and for sure not cozy. White walls, hospitals beds dressed in white sheets. I knew that I had an accident but I didn't know anything else. What happened with my colleague? What happened to me? I was in a room quite alone. I couldn't sit feeling so helplessly.

     With all the strength I got, I raised my right hand which was totally bruised and bandaged except for fingers. I tried to reach the cards which were hunging on my bed. I pulled for them and after a while I managed to catch them.

“Catherine Blackburn, the date of acceptance: 21.12.2016

Injuries: fractures of both legs, broken ribs. Condition stable.”

     With horror, I looked at my legs. Only then I noticed that they were in plaster and I couldn't move them. I was scared. Suddenly I saw that the door opened. I scared to. I saw a tall boy a bit too young to be a doctor. He had a long white uniform with an identifier attached with the words: " Shawn Thompson". He stood right next to me. I knew that I was looking terrible, so I was even more embarrassed. I looked at him and saw his brown eyes that anxiously stared at me.

- Can we talk? - He asked gently. - I'm studying medicine and checking how the patients feel. This is my first day - he said and shrugged.

     And so was my afternoon. I wanted to forget the pain and I was glad that I met him and I liked it incredibly. After several minutes of our conversation we started talking about things that were not associated with the hospital. We felt great in own company.

     Then, instead of going to other patients, the boy helped me to sit in a wheelchair and showed me around the hospital, which was overloading. Outside it was dark, so all the lanterns were on. It was a beautiful sight I will never forget it for the rest of my life.

                                                                22.12.2016

     Today I haven't seen him. There were only nurses everywhere who didn't care much about me. I got a couple of painful injections and I could continue to lie alone in a hospital bed. I wanted to visit my friend but unfortunately he had to have a surgery and was recovering in the room where no one wanted to let me in. The only good news this day a girl my age lying with me in the same room. I that when she feels better, we will talk. In the evening we started talking. I learned that she lived through near my town. She was here, because he had health problems and was often in the hospital. She only hoped that she wouldn't have to stay here until Christmas. Then I thought about myself. It was impossible to recover in two days and go home. I felt upset but I didn't show it. I looked into her direction. The girl's name was Camila and she had long dark hair, which I envied her. We decided to meet when we come back from the hospital.

     Although I made a cool friend all I could think of was the guy who I had yesterday. He was very nice. On the one hand I wanted to go home but when I thought about it I was also sad because I knew that then I won't see him again. The whole time I was waiting and watching the door and as soon as they opened and another nurse entered the room. I was terribly disappointed. It wasn't him. In the end, I decided to ask one of them about him. The woman at first didn't know who I meant but then she remembered.

- Yes, it's a great hospital and we have lots of medical students here but they are transferred to different departments. There is rather a small chance that you will see him again but I will try to ask someone about him - she told me with a nice smile on her face at the same time filling my cup with freshly brewed tea.

     The rest of the evening I spent on preparing plan that will help me see Shawn again but after a while I was so tired that I fell asleep.

                                                                 23.12.2016

     One day to Christmas Eve. Today Camila returned home and I stayed alone. Again. I got used to being in the hospital. Hopes were leaving me now, although I spent here just a few days. I felt very sorry for the people who need to be here for weeks, or even months. I didn't feel Christmas spirit and I didn't have doubts that it will stay this way. My family visited me but still it was not the same as Christmas at home. I decided to go into the corridor to take a hike although I didn't actually go only took a wheelchair...

     A few moments later I was in the corridor visiting the hospital, because it was all. I could go to the place where the corridor turned left and came across  Shawn Thompson. I saw that he was busy, he was holding a notebook. He dropped his pen. The boy walked wihtout noticing me and I picked it up but when he got up he looked at me and smiled. This was probably the nicest view in my life.

- How are you? Have the bones already grown together? - He joked, knowing it was impossible.

     Instead of answering I looked at my legs, which in plaster were at least two times thicker.

- What do you do on Christmas Eve? - I asked hopefully.

- My family lives far away, so I decided that I will spend it in the hospital.

     If it was possible, I would jumped at the time I was very happy and it was obvious because Shawn noticing my uncontrollable impulse of joy began to laugh.

                                                                  24.12.2016

     And this magic day finally came. I woke up very early and the first time in several days, I changed me clothes to more elegant than pajamas. I knew that no one was celebrating the Christmas Eve in the hospital but I decided to do everything what in my power to make this day better for others. I light up the lights on the tiny Christmas tree that parents brought me. And I tried to wait till the evening to see the first star on the sky. I still had a lot of time and decided to watch TV.

     It was about 4 p.m.when someone knocked on the door. When the door opened, to my surprise, I saw the entire staff of course with the most important person for me. Shawn came first and handed me a small gift wrapped in red paper. I was happy and I opened it. I saw a beautiful bracelet with the word "forever".

- Always together - he said and hugged me.

     Right behind was Camila, very happy. She came to me and we shared the wafer.

     It was the worst day and it turned out to be the best in my life. I will never forget it because I have gained two important people in my life.