

## All It Takes Is a Wrong Step

The sun was shining through the gaps between the thin, leafless trees and I could almost touch its rays, which illuminated the weightless grey fog. The sun was the only navigation I needed although I had probably been here a thousand times before. My dog ran around looking for squirrels. While my feet tiptoed over the soft moss, I closed my eyes. Taking a deep breath, I smelt the untouched nature at its purest. As I walked ahead like this for a couple of minutes, I felt at peace.

A sudden difference in the steepness of the ground caused me to tear my eyes open. I didn't have any chance to realize that I had walked right to the hidden entrance of the cave, which was below this part of the island. I fell and fell into the darkness until everything turned black.

A loud bark woke me up. I looked up to see my dog standing at the edge of the hole. When I tried to stand up I realized that I couldn't feel my legs. Panic rushed over my senses and befogged my thinking. I screamed, my vision blurred and I blacked out.

When I came back to conscience, I felt that someone was holding my left hand. I opened my eyes and saw my husband, who was watching me with a frown on his face. As I looked around, I saw that everything was white. I was in the hospital.

"This is all my fault. I shouldn't have let you go out alone after our fight."

His blue eyes filled with tears and he reached out to run his fingers through my long, blonde hair. I let go of his hand and threw back the covers. I gasped and tried to move my legs but nothing happened.

After the doctors let me go home I spent some time on the wooden porch in front of our red house. I stared at the lake and watched the reflection of the trees quaver. When I dunked my toes into the lake, I couldn't feel the cold water or the warm feeling of sun on my face.

I woke up in the middle of the night and felt tears running down my face. I manoeuvred myself into my chair and wheeled outside to wait for the sunset. The chirping of the birds seemed to be less playful. My husband came outside and stood by my side, his hand on my shoulder as we watched the sun rise. I realized that he would never leave my side. As we headed toward the forest, I built up a wall to protect myself against the depression, which was creeping its way through my conscience. It inhibited me to feel the joy of seeing the sun break through the trees or for the consoling words of my husband to touch my heart. My disability had changed my life.