

A destroyed dream

He woke up in a room. The room was only softly lit. He looked around and recognized that he was alone. From the beds, the machinery and the typical smell he knew from his childhood he thought that it was a room in a hospital. He was very tired and had terrible headaches. Why was he in hospital? He fell asleep again. There were some pictures and short scenes about an accident in his dream and he heard his name. Now he knew that it was his accident. But what happened? Only a few memories but no idea. He only knew because of being in hospital that there must have been a serious injury.

There was someone knocking at the door. He woke up. The visitor was his best friend. His friend looked anxious and was very tense. He was confused and asked what had happened.

It was a week ago. They had been at the cablepark and had had a great wakeboard session and they had decided to film a few of their latest tricks. Then, as he had wanted to do a transfer backflip on hanshaw, a very difficult and dangerous trick, nobody had ever done before, something had gone wrong.

His friend told him that everything had happened so fast and in the end he had lain in the water and hadn't moved anymore. He had fallen on the edge of the obstacle.

He couldn't believe, couldn't imagine but it was the truth. He wanted to stand up but he wasn't able to move his legs. His friend noticed this and explained to him. He had fallen on his spine and hadn't been able to walk anymore.

He was very shocked and asked his friend to leave. For the whole night he layed awake and thought about his future. He was aggressive, depressed, sad, exhausted and most of all he was very tired but still he couldn't sleep.

In the morning the doctor came in and told him the same his friend had told him before. He asked whether he would ever be able to walk and do tricks on his wakeboard again.

The doctor stood there pondering and said: "Well,..."