

On 24th December we all woke up and saw two meters of snow outside. Some of my friends immediately rushed outdoors, screaming at the top of their lungs “It’s snowing!”. Unfortunately, I couldn’t go. I was just watching them playing in that fluffy and pure-white snow from my window on the 4th floor of Children’s Cancer hospital.

My parents were absent – they told me that they’re meeting with Santa Claus and they’re going to bring me some wonderful presents. But I didn’t want them! My only request was to go outside and dive into that deep layer of snow. I had been asking for a long time, but my doctors kept saying “You will catch a cold!”, “It’s too dangerous for you, kid.” or “You should stay here and spend time with your parents”. I think they would be better actors than physicians. They act like nothing is happening not to stress me, but I’m already ten years old and I won’t fall for fake smiles and pretty reindeer hats! I knew that it’d probably be my last Christmas Eve so I wanted to enjoy it to my fullest.

I came up with a rebellious plan – sneaking out. It was such a risky operation, but I had a few hours to prepare. When the sun had set, I was ready.

Firstly, I brought a radio from my dad’s bag. He was staying here frequently and listening to the news and songs was his favourite pastime. Then, I borrowed a record called “Best Christmas hits 2010” from my friend and put it in the device. She’s also helped me hide it in nurses room! She’s such a good friend of mine.

After a few minutes an incredibly loud music burst and all staff members were running chaotically, trying to find the source of Mariah Carey’s voice singing “All I want for Christmas is you”. I took that opportunity to successfully escape. After a short period of time I was standing outside and looking at tiny snowflakes slowly falling from the sky. I was unbelievably happy! I’ve spent almost an hour only walking around, lying in the snow or building a snowman.

Strangely, I didn't feel exhaustion nor freezing cold, even though I had felt weak the past few months!

After some time playing, I sat on the bench and ate a gingerbread I took from reception while escaping. I noticed a high pine that looked like a Christmas tree. It wasn't decorated, but I imagined stars on the sky as lights wrapped around it.

Sadly, a few moments later my worried parents noticed me and, while giving me lecture about reasons why my behaviour was unacceptable, rushed me for medical tests to see whether my condition had changed.

When my doctor saw the results he was totally stunned! "Your cancer... Is completely gone! I hadn't seen that sort of a case in my entire career! You are healthy!" he said. Was that the present my parents had brought me? If so, thanks Santa for making such a great deal with my parents!