



## For better or for worse

It was a sunny Saturday morning in Denmark, and I could feel the warmth of the sun on my skin as I was stretching in front of my window. I was in a particularly good mood that morning, as it was a day I had been looking forward to for quite a while. My auntie, whom I hadn't seen for a very long time, would come and pick me up in the afternoon to go and see a movie. And I was really excited because she had just come back from a two-year-mission in Tanzania, where she worked as a correspondent for a famous newspaper.

When she finally rang at my door, I was already all geared-up and ready to go. I gave her a big hug and then we talked about her experiences in Africa while walking to the bus. Once we were comfortably seated on the bus, my aunt realized that she had forgotten the exact location of the cinema. In doubt, we got off when we thought we were close, only to immediately notice that we had gotten off a little too early. But suddenly we heard a big crash followed by screams. We abruptly turned over to see where the noise was coming from, and saw two horses running loose in the middle of the road, galloping toward moving vehicles. Luckily, all the cars stopped, but the horses seemed panic-stricken and one of them ran into a small car, breaking windows and scaring the passengers. This only lasted for a couple of seconds, but my aunt decided to get closer and see what had just happened. What I saw was astounding. A horse cart and a bus had collided, smoke was coming out of the engine. The cart was one of the traditional Carlsberg carts which drive through Copenhagen to advertise for beer as part of a marketing concept. The bus driver was injured and the man guiding the horse was lying on the road, unconscious. A woman ran over to him to check whether he was alright, and screamed that he was alive as she took out her phone to call the paramedics. People then rushed over to force open the doors and help out the ones trapped inside the bus. They rapidly managed to do so, and the victims hasted out. Some of them were slightly bruised, but nothing too serious. Most of them were however crying, still in shock from the accident. At that moment I saw a blond teenage girl leave the bus in tears, and who for some reason looked familiar. Then I suddenly realized what had actually happened, I had already seen this girl because she was sitting in front of me on the bus I had gotten off just a few minutes earlier. I went over to her to see if she was okay and if I could help her with anything. She was somewhat traumatized, and I helped her call her mum to ask her to come pick her up. We ended up talking for half an hour to help her take her mind off the accident. When her mum arrived, looking even more upset than her daughter, she thanked me for

having taken care of her angel and drove her home. My aunt and I then went to the movies as we had planned to. Surprisingly enough, the adrenaline rush from the accident, and the fact that we had both indirectly been involved in it, brought me closer to my aunt than I had ever been before.

A couple of months later, while taking the bus home, I ran into the blond girl again. I mentioned to her I was happy to see that she could ride a bus again and hadn't become afraid of buses, and she thanked me for having helped her with a lovely smile. We talked the entire length of the trip and we actually ended up being friends. You could even say that we became quite more than friends.

Today as I look back, I think to myself that life has a funny way of throwing at you series of coincidences, and when something bad happens, something good might just come out of it. That is why I look forward with excitement to every new day to see what might just happen. And if something unfortunate presents itself to me, I help myself get through it by thinking it might be the start of something wonderful and life-changing.

**Mathias HJELM**

Lycée Rabelais, Meudon

Teacher: Delphine SCANFF