

The man has looked around. He moved his eyes in poor, little hospital room he has to live. He gazed into the old broke television in front of his head for a moment. Then he started to turn his head with struggle. Contrary to a year before, now he is an old and sick man who can barely move his head. While his head is slowly moving on the pillow he gazed into the wall and roof of his small home. There was small spots at the wall due to its long past and it is apparent that it isn't painted well enough.

In a time interval shorter than a second, he thought about his life story and past decisions. He felt the earth has stopped and time refused to flow for a moment. His successes, failures, regrets, home, parents, family, friends, wife he thought about all of them in this small section of time. "What if?" questions occupied his mind for a while. He wondered how much time passed. However, he has no clock at room so he don't know how much time he reshaped the past in his mind. Suddenly he gave up about thinking past. "What happened is happened." He thought. He don't know whether he said it loudly or not. He was alone for so long and he can't distinguish whether he is talking to himself loudly or just thinking in his mind. No matter what did happen, he is here in a tiny hospital room which has one lamp, one broke television having a small calendar above it, a bed and an old sofa. He couldn't move anywhere and he was bounded to his bed. The only humans he see was stolid nurses coming twice a week and barely speak one or two words. He hasn't really been talking with anybody for months. He tried not to think about anything for one more time and continued to move his head slowly. "Everything in the past is unimportant." He said and repeated while moving his head slowly up and down like he is verifying himself. He repeated it until he couldn't think anything but the quote itself. He supposed his brain was stopped when he ended to repeat.

After a while, he started to move his head again this time with more pace. Once he reached the edge of the window he slowly stopped. A smile appeared on his lips without him being aware of it. Only thing to feel him that he is a living creature was this small window. This small rectangle shaped glass was his only enjoy on the earth. He started to look outside. It was a cloudy day and it was so dark and gloomy. The weather looks like it can rain anytime. It was september that he saw from the calendar and he realized that trees has only a few leaves onto. He tried to find the sun among the clouds and see its pale shining beyond them. He understood it was noon by seeing the sun on top of sky. His enjoy increased once again because the most enjoyable time of the day have came. He searched for the wooden bench with his eyes. Once he found it he saw the young couple that meets there everyday. By looking them he has always remembered his youth. His good memories with his wife came his mind. He remembered his friends and home. He once more realized he missed everything and everybody he lost. All was before his wife passed away and he lost his job and friends because of his psychological problems. All was before he got paralysis because of a tumour and lost his ability to move mostly which ended with he crammed into this small room.

He decided to move away from all of the bad thoughts for a blink of an eye and looked the young couple once more. He couldn't hold himself and shed tears at that moment. Boy was holding a novel and reading to girl. Girl was listening the book with a great passion and love while looking the boy. He slowly closed his eyes and thought about the days he met with his wife. At that time he understood the biggest power of life. Even he has only small space for himself and can't move as a consequence of physical boundaries and disabilities, even he is alone and has nobody close to him, only remembering what he had and observing others having the same things is enough for being serene or maybe happy.