

## The worst nightmare

Friday, I finally ended school and I could meet Harry, my boyfriend, to see him and enjoy the afternoon because the next Monday he was traveling to Paris to study his Erasmus at the university. We saw the river, then walked a few kilometres and finished the evening eating some snacks in my house.

- Are you ready to start this new stage of your life?

- Yeah, I really want to meet new people, a new language and a new culture. But the worst part is that we only can see each other on weekends.

- Yes, but only for a year, we can **bear** this.

Saturday, I went to my grandparents' house to spend the day with them. These last months I couldn't see them due to the pandemic because my parents wanted to keep my grandparents safe and that's normal, but now, everything is more relaxed so they let me see them.

At the end of the day mum came with her car and took me home. I had to rest because the following day was the **farewell** party of Harry.

Sunday evening, all Harry's friends and I were waiting for him at the party. Finally he arrived, everybody spent all the time dancing and taking photos with him.

On Monday me and his parents went with him until the airport where he got on the plane, the farewell was bad so I was feeling a little sick and wanted to lie on my bed.

Tuesday morning my mum woke me up so fast, my grandfather had tested positive for covid. After that, I talked with him by video call and he was well. It calmed me. Then, as my grandfather had the covid, my family and I had to get tested, because we had stayed with him on Saturday. And the worst **nightmare** came true, I tested positive, my parents did not, so I could be who had infected my grandfather.

While I was doing quarantine in my room, Harry texted a message which said that he was the person who got the virus and infected everyone. He was sad because of my grandfather, but I told him that he was well. But everything changed the next morning, I woke up because my mum was crying very loud, I suddenly went to my parents' bedroom. My grandfather was admitted to the ICU, he had had a bad night and he couldn't breathe well, so they called the hospital and an ambulance came.

The days were passing and I felt as if the situation was not real, my grandmother didn't want to eat and she looked like she was going crazy because her husband, my grandfather, was very sick. Then, my mum cried everyday, every time. She was the person who the doctor called to report about my grandpa's condition.

When nothing could get worse, everything got worse. The doctor said that my grandpa was intubated because he didn't breathe. The doctor also said that the grandfather could die at any moment. We couldn't believe it. A person I loved so much could die and nobody could stay with

him to say goodbye. I cried every night, thinking about every moment I had spent with grandpa. He always was my driver, because when I needed to go somewhere, my parents were working so he took me everywhere

Friday at noon, my family and I were having lunch quietly when the phone started to ring, it was the doctor. My mum picked up the phone and she waited for someone to talk to her. Suddenly she started to cry, I didn't know why, but I thought my grandpa had died. I couldn't believe it, but when my mum hung up the phone she seemed very happy, she told us that my grandfather had woken up and was no **longer** in the ICU, in fact it was my own grandfather who called my mother.

I would continue to tell this story, but my grandfather is not going to take care of himself! ... The end.

1- What important event was taking place on Sunday?

2- How could the grandfather's condition worsen once he was in the Intensive Care Unit?

3- How much did you like the story? Give a mark from 1 to 5 (1 is the minimum and 5 is the maximum)