
BRIEF CHRONICLES: Feeling at Home

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In any given admission room from any hospital in Havana, people help each other, share and mix with empathy, cordiality, as if they were old friends...

The father of my couple was admitted in the hospital under suspicion of dengue (luckily baseless suspicions) and he shared room with two other inpatients. He and his wife got inside the room as everybody walking into a new place: anxious and quiet. One hour later, both were talking vividly with the other inpatients and their relatives.

Days passed by and friendship became stronger. They not only talked and exchanged best wishes, but they also shared juice, cookies, food, and water...Everyone cared about the others' condition. They shared good and bad news. They laughed together, gave piece of advices, and comforted each other. They greeted with kisses as if they were old friends.

Time to go, and the woman by our side wished the best of luck to the sick man. And she got teary-eyed: "The good thing about being medically discharged is that you go home, the bad thing is that you leave behind people you started to care about."

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