Hello! My name is Leontýnka, I am three years old and I have already been through hell.

“I have already been through hell”

It started the day I was born. On that day, I first saw the beautiful light of the world. I was so looking forward to everything I had only known from sounds. To mummy, daddy, my brother, and all the wonders and mysteries of the world outside.

But then suddenly, alongside all that beauty, a hellish pain came that overshadowed all else. I screamed and cried. Wailing, I begged mummy for help. I cried all day and all night, and then immediately afterwards, again and again. Suddenly I lost all sense of what day it was, of whether it was the sun or the moon that was shining. Everything merged into one enormous, relentless pain. All the beauty that I had been looking forward to so much had gone.

“I lost all sense of what day it was”

I could not see the outside world for the sea of tears in my eyes.

Mummy knew that she could not help me by herself, so she took me to see a doctor. And then another doctor. White coat followed white coat as if whirling around on a clothesline in the wind.

“He tried to break my curse and deliver me from my torment”

Everyone turned mummy away. No one believed her. No one took her seriously. Oh, if only they could understand my wails. I tried so hard to tell them, but in vain. My efforts were rewarded with a high temperature. Daily pain alternated with nightly fevers of about 40 degrees. The one good sign was that I again began to distinguish between day and night. The white coats whirled again in the wind, and no one stopped to listen. Until suddenly, one fateful day, my knight in shining armour came...
to my rescue, slashing through the pointless carousel of white coats and liberating me from my pain. He was the only person who noticed my wails, who listened to my mummy. He tried. For almost a year, he tried to break my curse and deliver me from my torment. But the riddle posed by the magician proved insoluble.

“The shackles of my torment slowly began to crack”

The whole time, I tried to understand. To work out what everyone around me was saying. As they did not understand me, it was up to me to make the effort. And then, all of a sudden, the turning point came... The day on which I helped my knight to rescue me. The day on which my lips moved and managed to form the first fateful words. “My feet hurt,” I said.

“It will take time to struggle across the overgrown garden”

And it was then that the shackles of my torment slowly began to crack.

My knight now knew how to save me, and his lieutenants followed him. Mummy and I were no longer alone. They began to believe us and help us. The door of the bewitched castle started inching ajar.

I know that it will be a while before it is fully open. I know that the road beyond will be thorny and that it will take me a long time to struggle across the overgrown garden so that I can live completely free of pain.

But now I can speak, I believe that they will start listening. That the white coats will hear what I have to say and not just flap about uselessly in the wind. And, if not, I will speak, and keep on speaking, because my words have power. They have an immense power which has opened the door to my recovery.

“My words have power”

Believe me, I will go further and use my words to cure myself and, I hope, others.