

If my story saves
someone's life,
I hope there was sense
to it happening...



Dear Bára:

You used to be my best friend... until I met Lukáš. At the time, he was forty-two and perfectly groomed; he could entertain a whole group of people and absolutely sizzled with his experiences from his exotic travels. I felt ordinary and childlike next to him. One day he invited me to his house. I wanted him to use a condom, but he refused and joked by saying that it wasn't raining so there was no need to use a raincoat. I was embarrassed, and he was so perfect that I didn't want to lose him. I was taking birth control and hoped it would protect me from disease as well. Half a year ago we met Michal at the bar, and later that day he called me if I knew that Lukáš was HIV positive. He was just jealous, as he wanted to date me in the past. But the distrust started to gnaw inside of me. I finally suggested to Lukáš that we take the test together. He got upset, refused, and accused me of not trusting him. After two months, I plucked up the courage to take the test alone. That week of waiting was horrible.... "I'm sorry, but you're HIV positive." How could I have made such a mistake? How could he have done this to me? When we met, he coldly informed me that he wasn't interested and indicated that I could have gotten it from anyone. I met him with a woman yesterday; he acted as if he didn't know me. Should I have told her? I don't even know if he's positive. It isn't visible. I just know that he's been my only boyfriend for the last two years, and I got infected during that time. And it wasn't because of blood.

Can we see each other? You're the only one I have told. Are you able to hug and love me like you did before? Do you believe me?

Yours,

Pavla