

Adam and Eva – Way to paradise

I would like to talk about a story, where small misunderstanding changed my life.

My name is Adam Petrklíč and I am an engineer architect.

I was twenty-seven years old when I took my first job after finishing studies at university. I worked at one of Prague's atelier. My boss didn't confide in me and he didn't confide in any project, because I was new and fresh graduate. Sometimes I had a feeling, that he didn't like me.

Approximately one year back this situation was changed. Our company won a contract for project of kindergarten. My boss charged me with this new project, because we had a deadline. That is why I had to spend whole Christmas time in the atelier. My parents were very sad, because I didn't spend Christmas Eve with them.

I worked very hard for whole days and whole nights. The project was done before the deadline. My boss liked my project very much and for reward I got Christmas holidays. I was happy. But when I found out that last train home is leaving the train station in one hour, I panicked. The train station was on the other side of Prague. I took my jacket and ran to underground. I came to the train station three minutes before departure of the train. „One ticket to Roštejn please“, I said. I was in a hurry to get to the third platform. I set to the carriage and my train started moving.

A temperature was comfortable in the train. And I was very tired after many hard workdays. I fell asleep. A powerful crunch woke me up. „Where am I?“, I thought. I didn't know the station. Suddenly a door opened and young beautiful conductor came in to the carriage. „Rotštejn! Last station! Drop off!“

And how did I spend Christmas Eve?

Miss conductor shared dinner with me. It was a potato salad and a fried carp from a plastic box. Spruce twigs in a vase alternated Christmas tree in a waiting room. And Christmas present? It was Miss conductor named Eva, who brought me to the paradise. Not only to Czech Paradise (Českého Ráje) but to paradise of my life.

We are together already for thirty years. We have got two sons. Both sons study an architecture and they like to travel by train....

It turned out that the cashier in Prague, who sold me the ticket to Roštejn, in Vysočina, she didn't understand me. She sold me the ticket to Rotštejn, in Český Ráj.

The misunderstanding what changed my life!