This morning I opened my eyes in the hospital. I had a terrible headache. My eyes were red and my shoulder hurt. My hair was a mess! I thought of my mother. If she was here she would brush my hair very carefully. After a while I remembered that as I was appearing in a program where I spoke about terrorism someone from the crowd – it’s always someone from the crowd – threw something at me. I ended up in the hospital in Paris – what a beautiful city!!! I didn’t get the chance to finish what I had to say but this is not the first time this happens. It has happened before in other cities too. Generally I am not afraid of anything but I just hate having a headache. After all the surgeries I had I get tired of having long headaches. I should stop writing now because I hear voices and people walking in my room. Oh! It’s me doctor…