

A Life Changing Event

My Date with Cancer

Who would choose to date a devil called Cancer and sip from his chalice of death? Or let their soul see his world full of horrors, or let their heart explode into a fragmented abyss?

I was fifty-two years old when Cancer arrived at my doorstep just like an overripe plum waiting to burst. There was no warning, no fuss, he just appeared unannounced and invited himself in. He turned my world upside down. From then I knew my life would never be the same again.

"You weren't expecting me were you?" I heard him chortle in my ear. "I enjoy a surprise!"

My heart went all a quiver but I was not ready to succumb to his wicked whims.

"Take heed," said I. "I will not give myself up to you without a fight. Prepare yourself for battle!"

So with pistols drawn we entered the clinical world and the battle soon commenced.

"Off with her breast!" I heard them request. "The cancer must be surgically removed."

"You don't think you will get rid of me that easily do you?" Cancer sneered as his raging eyes filled with furnaces of fire.

"Just watch me!" I chuckled.

With that I quickly leapt onto the trolley and was wheeled away amidst his futile screams.

"Be gone," I muttered to one and all. "Be gone, be gone, be gone."

But gone he was not and like a nightmare he stood before me with my severed breast gripped tightly in his withered hand. He was a mere shadow of his former self but he was far from giving up.

"Ready to concede?" he snidely enquired.

"Not until I take my last breath," I hastily replied.

Several weeks passed, then it was time for chemotherapy.

"It won't work you know," Cancer retorted as the cold cap was physically forced over my dampened hair.

"Nothing lost, nothing gained," I replied, secretly praying that I wouldn't end up looking like a bald medieval monk.

"Still feeling brave are we?" he asked sarcastically as the nurse slowly approached me with the chemotherapy potions all stacked up neatly on her trolley.

I cringed at the sight of the needle but still replied, "Of course I am but what about you?"

Chemotherapy finished, then radiotherapy arrived like a breath of fresh air.

"So I'm going to be zapped?" Cancer snarled as I lay quite still on my back.

"Too true old friend, you're going to burn. You'll soon wish you were dead!"

As the last word slithered from my lips the zapping machine sprung into life and the beams of radiation shot like arrows into Cancer's soul.

"It will take more than this to bring on my demise," the evil Cancer squealed.

"Fourteen more to be precise," I quickly replied.

And on that final note I bade him a fond farewell, then watched his loathsome face as it disappeared into the chasms of hell. I had survived, I had beaten him and to this day I remain very grateful.