

A WISH FOR TIME AND HOPE

By Orionfang

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My story about beginning to deal with family Cancer

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I am 18 years old, and this week I was told that my mother had Uterine Cancer. I spent the next four days crying and trying to be there every moment of the day. I graduate in little less than four months. I am scared to death of what the future might bring. I. Am.

I went home the night I found out that my mom had cancer. My dad had come and picked me up. We stopped off at the grocery store, because for one, we need some household stuff, and two, I needed my comfort foods. Cherry Coke, and anything Chocolate. I was also able to pick up a magazine featuring Orlando Bloom. (Yay!)

After we got home, my dad left for his girlfriend's house. I was the last person he wanted to deal with right now. Plus, my dad has this weird thinking that all I need to do is deal with it by myself. I think my dad is a crock of poo. Normally I do like to be alone. Not on a night like this. I need to be told everything was going to be okay. I needed to be hugged and kissed and told that no matter what I wouldn't be alone. But that's what I was. Alone.

The only living creatures around were my two cats, two dogs, and my rat. I went upstairs and for two hours I did nothing but munch on chocolate and play Hexen. All the while feel the fear growing in the pit of my stomach. I had known a couple of people in my life that had cancer. So far I had been lucky and only had two die from it. These people were close, but they were not my mom. I was angry. I was hurt. I was confused and mostly the questions that came to my mind were: why? And, what can I do about it?

That was my breaking point. I grabbed some CDs and headed downstairs and tossed one of my "Goof Mixes" into my DVD Player. I was flipping through songs, and I had found a file with Beauty and the Beast on it. During the beginning I started to cry really hard. I couldn't stop. I cried and cried and cried. The song stopped a few minutes later, and I went to turn it back. When I did so, I clicked the button too many times. The CD went to track six. I didn't recognize the beginning of the song, but it was soft and vibrant at the same time. It turned out to be one of Celine Dion's songs. The one where it talks about, "When you want it the most, there's no easy way out. Don't give up on your faith."

Once again I was crying. I cried so hard I was starting to hyperventilate. Then all of a sudden my dog Anne jumped up on the couch. No matter how many times I told her to get down, she wouldn't. She started to lick my face, and then I had this feeling that everything was going to be okay. All of this took place within hours of being home. I called my mom, sobbing on the phone and told her about it. She started to cry to, and got mad at my dad for not being there when he really should have been. I was to later find out that my stepdad was so pissed off that when I called and he found out I was alone, he was going to come and get me. My home is over 20 miles from where they live and it was snowing like crazy.

Anywhosers... I know that this story has nothing to do with fanfiction, but I wanted to put it up anyway. I want advice from people on how to help things out. I want people who are going through the same

thing to not feel so alone, and if there is anyone out there thatâ€™s like me, hopefully they too will feel better by just typing or writing or doing whatever to tell their story to start their own healing. My mom has not gone into surgery yet, but, you could say that the healing has already begun. I also used to be a pagan, but once again I find myself looking back on the reflections of God. All I can say to that isâ€¦..Hmmmmm.