

Through the Storm

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The beginning

It all started with one little spot in her head. Just one spot of darkness, one spot of corruption. No one thought it would get worse. Just a handful of diseased cells against an entire body of healthy ones. Surely it wasn't something the doctors couldn't fix. A headache there, a fever here; surely she would be sick for a few days at most. What was the worst that could happen?

We couldn't have been more wrong.

Sickness

The infected cells doubled, tripled every day. They exploded through her body, ripping through and destroying everything good and healthy. They were the Romans, conquering everything in their path. Nothing could stand in their way. No amount of medicine, Chemotherapy, or even praying kept them at bay. They were unmerciful, and even worse, they were unstoppable.

Questions

What will happen next? Will every word she speaks to me be her last? Will the phone call to my classroom be calling me to go say goodbye forever?

Will anything ever be good again? When did the blue skies and sunshine go away? Did whoever packed this Pandora's forget the most important part?

Did they forget about hope? What if this darkness swirling around me swallows me up and never lets go?

Fear

It crashes through my world, twisting and warping everything good, turning it upside down. I'm Alice in Wonderland; scared, confused, with deception around every corner. My perfect and sheltered little world is crushed. My grades plummet; meanwhile, I push everyone away. A title wave rushes in drowning me in fear. Fear that even after this is all over, nothing will ever be the same. Fear that the medicine will never work. Fear for what happens if worse comes to worst. Fear that I'll float away and never return.

Fear of the ugly beast that has taken over her body; because it may be the very thing that may take her away from us forever.

Hope

It turns out nothing turns out the way you expect. There was no big explosion of light and suddenly everything was better. No fantasy hero came with the cure and saved us, gave us hope. No, our hope came in the form of a willing doctor and risky surgery. We held our breaths, we cried our tears, and in the end we found hope. Or, perhaps, maybe hope found us. Either way, it took our broken pieces, our fragile hearts, and fit the back together. It made us whole again.

That one single thread of light, of faith, anchoring us to the ground, was all we needed to survive the storm.