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It was August, a summery month for working on evening out your tan and endless family get-togethers. The sunrays crept into her bedroom from behind the shades to kiss her naked shoulders. Avery turned over in her bed and stretched her final stretch for she knew today would be her last. Avery was a vivacious, wild spirit with a milk chocolate, thinning mane and an olive complexion. She swallowed the fear that surrounded her body as she cradled her knees to her chest. A single bead of collected tears danced down her colorless cheek. It was August 13th. The day that Avery knew would be her last here on earth.

One-year prior, she had gone to the doctor's for a yearly checkup, where they stumbled across a lump. It was pressed for time she knew she couldn't produce.

“Avery, I am sorry to inform you, but there is nothing we can do,” her doctor said in the calmest voice possible.

“It was just a regular check-up. How could you not have caught this sooner!”

She could feel the blood leaving her lifeless when she heard the words depart from her doctor’s mouth.

“It’s a rare form of cancer, Avery. It had only became apparent to us during your recent checkup.”

Her doctor continued to talk about possible treatments, like chemotherapy and radiotherapy, and all Avery could understand was that she was labeled as a patient of cancer. The world slowly drained from vibrant colors to a bloodless black.

“Why do bad things happen to good people? What is your plan for me if you are going to kill me off anyways?”

A screaming match formed between a voice that never answered back and an ill-tempered Avery. She smashed the whiskey bottle she had been taking long swallows from. She
destroyed her room and smashed her collection of shot glasses her dad had given her. The cancer had spread to almost every inch of her body. She had lost all hope. The tears poured out over her soul and dampened the shattered glass beneath her.

*I just want answers."

Spoken in the softest, yet strongest voice she could manage through the gasps of agony she held onto. She planned to donate her eyes to someone who needed them much more than she did. It was one place cancer had not touched. Her eyes were to be donated to someone who was never allowed to experience the beauty around them. She knew that this was her prayer being answered.

It was August. The summer had been its hottest. It had record-breaking highs that could fry a cracked egg on the sidewalk or melt cherry red popsicles in an instant. For her last day, she could have spent it saying her goodbyes to her beloved ones, but instead she occupied the beach. The ocean was her safe haven. She stood at the water’s edge while she cried tears of joy and tears of stress.

She opened her eyes to find herself hooked up to a long threaded cord that attached itself to a translucent bag that limply hung from a branch of a dying, metal tree. The toxins emptied into her precious veins as she sat and waited for her life to be over. She was too preoccupied with her donation and death to notice the eager smile of an on-looking stranger. Her weakened smile suppressed the wave of nausea destined for the sadly cradled pink kidney shaped basin constant companion all throughout her chemo session.

Avery sat on her beach blanket remembering why she had chosen to donate. It was six months after finding out about the cancer and she had met with the donating team.

"Good afternoon, Avery. I’m Doctor Olivia. I will be handling your case. Tell me why you want to be an organ donor."
Avery breathed out a choked replied as if an elephant were stomping on her chest.

"I have cancer. I know you probably don’t get many cases like me, but I want to give someone a chance. A chance to live a life that God didn’t intend for me."

Tears glistened down her rosy cheeks.

Doctor Olivia was a kind soul with chestnut hair and a glowing smile. She placed her hand on top of Avery’s and Avery knew at that moment she wasn’t alone in her decision.

She wished her mother and father would have given her the hope that she needed, instead of bashing the decision.

“Avery, no. We can get through this. Your father and I will take out loans to cover the expenses of your treatments. I cannot lose you.”

Her mother dropped to her knees as if she were praying. Avery wanted to suggest waterproof mascara to her mother, but she knew it wasn’t the time or place to give out beauty advice. She watched her old man crawl across the wooden floors to her mother and cradle her convulsing body close to his heart.

“Kiddo, your mother is right. I... I mean we cannot lose our beautiful daughter. Please reconsider your decisions. Don’t give up your fight!”

“Okay, daddy...”

It was August with a scorching, record-breaking heat wave. Beads of cold sweat rushed down the base of her neck as she wished for a salty sea breeze to wash over her sadness. She knew that today was the day she was going to die, as the cancer had engulfed every organ, but her eyes. Today, she was going to donate and give someone a chance to see the world with her beautiful blue eyes, as she planned to terminate her life on August 13th.