

5-1-2000

New Beginnings

Chelsea Carr
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Carr, Chelsea (2000) "New Beginnings," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 7 , Article 101.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol7/iss1/101

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

New Beginnings

Chelsea Carr

I had been somewhat exposed to it all my life, but I wasn't quite sure how I was supposed to react when I actually came face to face with the worst of it. I had been warned of what it might look like, of how horrible it might be, of how agonizing the pain might become. I was not allowed to go to the hospital for the first three weeks, those horrible, lonely weeks, but by the fourth, I insisted. My parents and I walked into the hospital room and carefully examined the young girl. I was scared, more for her or me, I am unsure. I had never seen my older sister look so spiritless. I had never seen my idol look so frail, so helpless, so vulnerable. She was my angel, my hero, my everything.

I assured myself that her lifelessness had nothing to do with the cancer. I rationalized that the dullness in her appearance was caused by the bad lighting. Her face was ashen and pallid; her chapped lips colorless; her beautiful, wavy, soft hair was no longer present. She surely felt me staring at her, but she didn't move. Not this time. She had to have known I was there, but in no way did she acknowledge my presence. She remained motionless, like an old, broken down car, and kept her eyes staring at the faded yellow wall in front of her. She just lay there like an inanimate object for what seemed like hours. I thought that she and I would never laugh together again, never tell bedtime stories to one another, never have the chance to teach our puppy any more tricks.

I inspected her more closely now. She was shivering. I touched her hands and quickly pulled away. They were so cold. She was trembling. I moved my fingers over her forehead and felt the thin layer of sweat that had developed over time. She was crying. I wiped her tears away and waited for others to trickle down her cheeks.

"I want to come home," she finally whispered. Although I had been anticipating any type of sound that may have flowed from her mouth, her voice kind of frightened me and I was taken aback. And I knew it surprised my parents, too; their eyes lit up, their smiles widened with amazement, their faces grew tight with astonishment. She had been silent for the past several weeks and this was a tremendous feat. "I miss you guys. I miss you all so much." She slowly spoke once again.

Suddenly, the jaded yellow walls seemed bright, giving off an incredible energy that invigorated the room. Within moments, her face recovered some color and her shaking abruptly ended. "I love you. I love you very much." I spoke proudly and without hesitation. She was my angel, my hero, my everything and she was strong and she was determined.

"How long have I been here?" she asked and silently waited for a response. My parents did not want to discourage her, to make her feel as though she were a burden, to force her to endure any unnecessary emotional pain. They replied, "Not long. Not long at all."