

Have you ever wondered what was beyond our life on earth? What happens after we die? I have. Mom says It's not healthy but it's not like I'm healthy either. These thoughts make me feel dark and depressed. But I can't avoid the obvious so let me introduce myself. Hi, I'm Olivia Thompson, I'm 13 years old and I have stage three heart cancer.

My life is supposed to be filled with love, happiness and memories. Instead it's filled with needles, tests, and hospitals. Sounds like fun, right? Isn't this everyone's dream childhood? Boy, I know it's mine.

Mom has told me to forget my "depressing" thoughts and feelings. How is that supposed to happen if all I do is sit on a bed and watch TV while being continuously pricked with needles.

People send me "Get well soon cards" all the time. Clearly they don't know what cancer is. The way for me to get better is by someone giving me their healthy heart.

Mom has tried. And failed. She would give anything for me to live a mostly normal childhood. It seems like mom pays more attention to me than she does to my little sister, Julia. I don't feel any emotion when I think of leaving Jules or mom or my friends. I think cancer has made me feel nothing as well as killing me.

"Alright Olivia your friend, Marcy is here to see you." That's my nurse, Barbra. She may look young but she has a ridiculously old name.

"Hey Olive! What are you doing?"

"Same old same old. Just dying in a bed."

"Olivia, don't say things like that." Great. Marcy is starting to cry. "The doctors will find a match."

"Yeah, after I've died." I grumble. Everyone at the hospital says that I am "the most emotionless and depressed kid" ever. I've told them that I think there is something wrong with me, beyond cancer. I haven't felt feelings and emotion since I was diagnosed at age 10.

Soon I feel my body being thrown. But no one is throwing me. I try to move. I have no control. My body is spazzing out. This hasn't happened before.

"NURSE! NURSE! NURSE! HELP! I think there is something wrong with my friend! HELP! HELP! SOMEONE! PLEASE!"

Well of course there is something wrong with me. I think I'm dying. Well isn't my body letting me die peacefully?

"Glug! Glug! Mmmf." I can't speak. It's like my mouth is a shaving cream can. And my words are the foam.

"Move away Ms." Said a distant voice. I can't feel my body. My mind has no shape keeping it together.

"Charge to 300"

"Clear" Then I feel a zap of electricity, rushing through my body like a cold river. I wonder if I get shocked more than I'd turn into the female flash.

"Cle-" The words are fading. I hear nothing. I feel nothing. Suddenly my eyes fly open. I feel something small and wet fall on my chest. It feel the droplets fall on me.

"What the-?" I'm confused. It doesn't rain indoors. "Am I dead? Because I'm pretty sure that I am." I turn to see my family next to me.

"Oh. Sweetie" My mom says, tears pouring down her face.

"I-I I thou-thought I wasn't going to have a sis-" Julia burst into tears. And for once in a long time I felt something. It wasn't sad. It shocked me that I was feeling relief. I thought death was chasing me. It turns out that my body didn't want to give up hope yet.

I guess that the universe wanted me to be happy. I've spent years on a bed with no emotions. Now my heart is erupting with love and happiness. I suppose I'm one lucky girl after all. Minus the cancer and short life span. I think I'm going to fight for my life, even if it kills me. Ironic huh?

You know they saying, YOLO? Well, I hate it put that way. Anyway It's true I may have the suckiest heart ever but I have the least suckiest family ever. DO what you love don't let anything stop you.

I know it's weird for me to be all peppy instead of depressed and sad, well that heart attack freaked me out, as well as made me realize something. I did have my emotions. They were hidden not by cancer but by my stubbornness of living.

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