

Miracle, Miracle

By: Luna N.

"Bill,Bill,Bill.." said a father in stress. "If only a miracle would appear and give me a job.." a mother set aside her work to sit alongside the father at the dining table. She was as tired as the father, for she had been doing housework. "Oh dear...don't look so disappointed.." the soft voice of the mother soothes the father. He gives a faint smile but then abruptly disturbed by a knock at their door. It was their son. As the mother opened up the door, her son had a note in his hand. The son was clearly in pain, as his hand was in a sling. "Oh my, your arm is still in pain?" the son nodded slowly as he headed inside. The son gave the note to the mother, it was from the school nurse addressing the "unbelievable" pain the boy had suffered. The mother wasn't surprised, for it began a couple of weeks ago. "Richard," the mother looked at the father. "Do you think we can afford a doctor?" The father looked at the 2, and then gave a firm look.

The Next day

"I see.." said a doctor. "I'm afraid I might know the reason..but it's not going to be very pretty." The concerned parents took a glance at each other, praying it isn't as

bad. "Well, what is it?" said the mother. "The arm doesn't just hurt like that, so it has to do with something over here." the doctor pointed to his head. "Unless, of course, if it was injured. Tell me boy, is that what happened?"

The boy shook his head gently. "Right. Then just to make sure, I know a doctor that you can go to next." The doctor hands the parents an information card. "From there on out, Dr. Harold will accompany you and your son. Is that clear?"

The parents assured the doctor it was crystal. But something the parents weren't assured of was the money in their pockets.

Later That Night

The son was asleep, for it was late at night. The mother sat on the couch while the father paced back and forth. "You know," said the mother. "You shouldn't worry. I heard there were many charities to help the needy. Especially if they have a disease-" "Tell me Martha, are you convinced our son is sick?" The mother was in shock. "Richard!" the mother gave a look. It was a long night for both of them. No one truly knew if there was something wrong with their son.

The appointment with Dr. Harold

"Dr. Parker? Ah yes, an old friend." Dr. Harold accommined the small family into a room. "We'll have to run a C-T scan, to make sure if anything is going on with your son." He smiled at The parents' son. "But, I'm afraid you can tag along with us today." The parents nodded and sat quietly. "Oh dear," the mother thought. The father could see the worry in his wife's eyes. The father wrapped his arms around her, comforting the wife with a hug.

After the C-T Scan

Dr. Harold and the boy walked down the hallway. The silence echoing in their heads. The boy knew only so much, and the doctor practactly knew his entire future. The doctor was disappointed, for the boy had cancer. When they arrived to the room, the doctor presented some sorrowful news. "As difficult as it is to say this, your son, he has brain cancer." The depressed family started in soft tears while the boy was in shock like someone just cut his arm off. All the doctor could do was stare, and give instructions on what to do next for treatment. Empty pocketed, the

mother did something she should have done a long time ago. "I'm going to the charity. Specifically the Red Cancer society." "No. You really expect they're going to help us? Honey I love you but you know better than to get fooled like that! Once you ask, then boom! We're going to lose everything we have, one by one-" The father was cut off. "If this is the only way it could possibly help our child with cancer, Then yes I'm going to do it, dang it!" The mother stormed off into the neighborhood. Then she arrived at the charity. It was the opposite of what the father said it would be. The members were very nice and thoughtful. They offered money to the mother, they even gave her a hug. The mother was very pleased, and she went running home with some amazing news. The mother opened the door wide open and met her husband with big, joyful eyes. Now it's been a couple of months, and the boy is starting chemo therapy. He had a shaved head, and he didn't look too well. The charity organization helped the boy so much, after every surgery, he met them outside cheering and giving him lots of love. It was the only time the parents saw the boy smile after the diagnosis. Now, it's been a year, and Dr. Harold came in with some unfortunate news.

"I'm so sorry...but," The doctor sat down with a sigh. "Your son isn't going to make it." The mother burst into tears, the father trying to calm her down. And, strangely, the boy was giving a weak smile. "The pain," The Boy thought, it was all going to be over.."

A few weeks later at the Charity

"We're so sorry for your son's loss..-`The charity member was disrupted. A woman burst through the door. "HELP! HELP!" the woman was crying in tears. "My daughter.." she paused. "I n-need help.." The mother stood up from her chair. "Consider it a miracle. I would be happy to help."

-Dedicated to my mother, who died of cancer, also to her amazing friends, who wouldn't back down from helping my mother in every way possible.