

Unfortunate Occurrence

Deja Brown

Out of the Ordinary

One regular evening I get out of the shower and begin to dry off. As I put my lotion on, I feel a lump in my right breast. I pay it no mind and continue to apply my lotion. As the days progress, I feel the lump getting bigger. I still don't find it a concern until I find another one right below the first one. Now I am getting a bit worried. Since breast cancer is something that doesn't run through my family, the fact that the lump can possibly be that is not even something I'm contemplating. I touch the lump one last time before I decide to tell my mother about it. She schedules me in for a doctor's appointment. About a week or so goes by and my appointment has finally come. A few days later my test results come back. The lump results all come back benign. My mother and I are literally jumping for joy. We go back home and have a nice meal and get some rest.

The Morning After

My mom wakes up to a phone call. It is my doctor.

"Hello Ms. Lowe, I'm just calling to update you on your daughter's results in regards to the lump found in her right breast,"

"Oh hi Dr. Mayatek, is everything alright?" my mom replies.

"Well, I wish it was, but I seemed to overlook something when I was running the test on your child's breast."

“Please tell me that everything is still benign...”

“I’m sorry that I have to give you this news, but Deja has breast cancer in her right breast,” my doctor says.

My mom takes a deep breath and says, “So what do we do now? When is the soonest we could come in?”

Three days later, my mom takes a half a day at work and I miss school to go to my doctor's appointment. My doctor gives my mother and me an option. Either take it out with a simple procedure since we caught it at a great time, or leave it there to see if it would go away with time.

The Decision

The doctor excuses herself from the room to let all the information she gave us process. My mother and I look at each other for just a few seconds and look away. No one would have ever thought that I would be in this position. Then we regain eye contact and finally, my mom breaks her silence and we weigh out the pros and cons of the procedure. It is a hard time for us financially, so if we chose to remove it before it spread, it would definitely put a hole in my mother’s pocket. But we realize that was the only option.

My stress levels begin to rise and my grades are severely affected by it. The fact that I have to wait a couple of weeks before I can get the lump surgically removed is weighing hard on me. I have one more doctor’s appointment before surgery day.

Procedure Day

I leave school and drive myself to my final appointment. I arrive early to meet up with my mother. Only a few moments go by before a nurse calls my name. As the nurse leaves the room the surgeon comes in and begins to draw a few circles on my breast and tells me exactly

how the operation will go. My anxiety levels increase while she pours tons of info on me. As soon as the surgeon leaves, I grab my mother's hand and begin to pray. I recline into the bed and patiently wait.

About a minute or two later a couple of nurses come into the room and give me a blood test, I.V, anesthesia, and check my heart rate. Before I know it I am feeling loopy and drifting asleep.

The Recovery

I wake up from the anesthesia and I'm back in the room I started in. My mother is still right by my side and I feel at ease. My surgeon comes into the room, asks how I'm feeling and tells me that the procedure went just as planned. That's the best news I have got so far.

When I got released from the hospital I drove back home and was on bed rest. My mother was taking care of me and helped me mentally and physically recover from such a difficult time. I never told anyone about it because I was ashamed. I felt as if I was different; no one else that I knew in my age range had breast cancer. I felt as if I had done something to cause this. I began to seek therapy because how I was feeling didn't seem right. I went through a couple of months with a therapist and realized that so many other young people are going through the same exact thing I was going through and that I was never alone. During that time with the therapist, I gained an extravagant amount of self-confidence.

All in all, fairy tales aren't the only stories with happy endings.