

The perfect woman

Grace sat in the waiting room with sweaty hands. She was waiting for the doctor. What would the test results reveal? She mused, pondering the question, "What if?" She was afraid. Grace wanted to live. She was perfect. Everyone thought she was perfect. Her degree was perfect, her college was perfect, her body was perfect, her face was perfect, her blonde curly hair was perfect, her lifestyle was perfect, her job was perfect and yet here she was, sitting alone without a man by her side, she was sitting in the doctor's waiting room, waiting for her result. Grace knew the room and she hated it. It was plain and had almost no color except at the reception.

There was a bouquet of roses.

Last time she was here six months ago and Gracie was told she was free of cancer and could live. She was just about to get back to work when one day while showering she noticed a knot. Grace wasn't actually paranoid, but that's how it started the last time.

She's been waiting for half an hour now, and in that half hour she's thinking about everything, starting with her dead husband, her daughter who was the only one left, to her best friend who was perfect in her eyes, got all men and lived a happier life than her. She reflected on her happy and sad days. Grace was so lost in thought that she didn't even hear the secretary's voice: "The doctor's ready now, you can go in." With a heavy heart, she got up and went into the treatment room. The doctor was already sitting at his desk looking at a file. It was probably her file. She sat down slowly. She really didn't want to hear the diagnosis. Because if the cancer come back, it would be over, she knew that. The doctor closed the file and looked at it. He had that look. She couldn't interpret it exactly but it didn't mean anything good. "We really did every conceivable test to be able to be absolutely sure." She didn't want to anymore. Grace didn't want to hear the doctor anymore. She wanted out of here. She no longer heard the doctor's sentences. The doctor was talking to himself, but she knew the answer, and knew if she went out now her life would be over. Her worst enemy was back. She felt tears welling up in her eyes and she knew that her daughter would soon be alone. "Is there any option?" She interrupted the doctor. "Excuse me?" "Is there any way I could make it?" Gracie almost screamed now. The doctor looked down. She knew. it was over She got up and shook hands with the doctor and left. She didn't even say goodbye. "I'm really sorry.", the doctor called after her but she didn't care anymore.

She knew that the fight was already lost, but she still had hope.

She ran down the narrow stairs of the house. Grace rushed to the car in tears. Her shaky hands made it very difficult for her to get the car keys out of her bag, then she unlocked the car and got in. She couldn't hold it back. The woman cried out loudly and hit the black, old steering wheel of her car. She kept asking herself what to do. Fight a fight that seems hopeless, but still spend the rest of the time with her daughter? Or give up and not even start the fight and leave her daughter alone?