

The Survivor

by Divontae Buchanan

March 9, 2010, was a very shocking and confusing day. On this morning, my mom asked me to go to our family doctor with her because my sister had been touching her ear a lot. We thought she had an ear infection. I really don't like going to doctor with my sister because it hurts my heart when she gets a shot and cry. I went because my mom asked me. We got into the car and left. The doctor's office I go to is as ugly as a fat rat. It is very boring, and they take forever to call someone. While sitting in the waiting room I was thinking to myself, "Wow! I have really lost some weight. The doctor is going to be proud of me because I was trying to lose weight forever." A short man came from the back of the office and called "Aria Buchanan." We got up and walked to the back of the room.

When we got to the doctor's examining room, we greeted her with a hello and she replied back with "Hello what is the problem?" My mom told her that my sister had been rubbing her ear and that she was afraid she had an ear infection. The doctor checked my sister, and then stated "she is okay." I butted in and asked if she would check me. She told me to stand up. As soon as I stood up, she noticed a lump sitting on the left side of my chest. When she told my mom, she asked "could it be cancer?" The doctor said that she didn't know, and that she would have to run some tests. She drew some blood from me and we left. As we were getting into the car, I wasn't thinking much of it. I wasn't worried at all. I just remember texting my friend, Kenaria, and telling her I may have cancer. She was shocked as well as I was.

A couple days later I had to drink this nasty drink because I had a cat scan at Loyola to see what this thing was on my chest. I had to get an IV and it took them forever to find my veins. They had to stick me a couple of times, which upset my parents. Finally, they got my IV running and I went right to the room to get my scan. When I was done, they took my IV out and asked if we could stay a little longer. Both of my parents had to go back to work so we just told them to call if they needed us and my mom took me back to school. When I got to school, it was time for lunch. My friend, Navonna, came to me and asked me "How did everything go at the doctor?" I replied, "Good" and went off to speak to everyone else.

After school when I got home I noticed my grandma's car in the front of my house. I said to myself "I wonder why she is here." When I walked in my grandma was cooking. My mom came out of

Oncologist, Aria, Me, Nurse

her room and told me to eat because she had to take me back to the hospital for more tests. I was scared now because I started to really think something was wrong with me. When I was done eating, my dad had rushed home from work and took us to the hospital. Walking into the hospital I smelled the nasty hospital food and got sick to my stomach. A nice nurse escorted me to my room. As soon as I was comfortable, a male nurse came in and asked me questions. The room was amazing with lots of space and very colorful. Later that night I was on the phone with my friends and family updating them on everything and letting them know how I was doing.

A couple of days later I met my oncologist. He told me everything that was going to happen with me for the next couple of days. On March 15, my pastor came by and prayed with me and my family because; later on that day I was having a biopsy done on the lump in my chest. I was very nervous, but still had no clue that I was sick.



Oncologist, Aria, Me, Nurse

That night, my dad's family came to see me before I went down for surgery. The doctors came and pushed me down to the basement where surgery was done. A nice lady came to me and my mom and told us everything that was going to happen. The last thing I remembered was seeing my mom walk out to the waiting room with the rest of my family.



Me after surgery

Later that night I woke up in a recovery room. Then I was brought back to my room where my family was waiting. My parents told me that there were a lot of people in the chapel praying for me. Deep down I felt good and needed that feeling more than any feeling in the world. The next day my mom wanted me to go to the playroom but I just wasn't up for it. She just wanted to see me smile.

A couple of days later my dad brought in some Portillo's for the whole family. I yelled out "Yes! I can eat some real food now." On March 18th I had to get a bone marrow biopsy to see if I had bone cancer. They put me to sleep. When I woke up, I was high from the medicine. Later that day I found out I had Cancer. I remember the doctor telling me and my family that I couldn't go back to school and that I was going to lose my hair. I remember seeing my mom crying,

and saw my dad cry for the first time. He walked out of the room, so I started to cry for a little while, and then stopped when the doctor gave me some tissues.



Kenaria and Me

Later that night, family kept coming to visit.

My friend, Kenaria, and her mom stopped by to give me a hug. I felt so good at that point. A couple of days later I started my first chemo which made me really sick. My friends Kenaria, Camio, Jonte, DD, Chris, my brother Diontae, and my granddad came to visit me. We all danced and enjoyed ourselves. The night before I went home, I texted

my friend, Navonna, and told her everything that had happened. She was coming to see me but I left the next day.



Chris, Camio, Jonte, Kenaria, Me, Mom

When I got home on Sunday night, I was glad to be home but I was sick from the chemo. A couple of days later I had to come to school to

clean out my locker. It was toward the end of the day and some of my friends, my teachers and mom circled around me and started to cry, which made me cry. When the school went on spring break, I had a nurse who came to my house to give me shots. My friends kept coming by and checking on me.

Every two weeks I had to go to the hospital and stay for three days to get my chemo. I was done with chemo in May. Mrs. Herzog came to my house every Tuesday and Wednesday to tutor me. Toward the end of May, several of my teachers took me and two of my friends out to eat for my birthday. In



Me, Navonna

June I started radiation and it was a breeze. I was done with radiation in July. In August I had my last surgery I was worried but glad everything was over.

Now I am in remission, which means my cancer can come back within five years. This experience has thought me who my real friends are. I enjoy saying that I am a cancer patient, because I am strong and I am a survivor. People ask me all the time “Well, what if it comes back?” I answer to them with “I beat it once, I can beat it again.”



Family: Brother

Diontae, Mother

Angela, Father Greg, Sister Aria and Me

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by

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MacArthur Middle School