



Thursday Memo – October 8, 2015

False Positive – by Ivonne McLean

She arrives at the clinic for a brief review of her latest test results.

"It's Friday, the weekend is almost here!" she thinks joyfully.

"I have so many plans. I will.... I... will..." Her thoughts darken.

"No... No... No. It can't be. Please tell me this is not happening. No, not to me!"

She sits in the waiting room looking at her watch.

Her heart beats faster. Her breath is shallow. Her face is sullen.

Her name is called.

Now she sits inside a clinic room.

She waits again. Her mind is blank.

He walks into the room and begins to speak.

She hears the result and nothing else.

He speaks, but she cannot hear.

She replies, but does not know what her lips are saying.

Outside, the sun shines and the waves crash against the sand.

Inside, all she feels is the winter of loneliness and despair.

She sits, while her world turns upside-down.

She wishes the roles were reversed,

That she was the one giving the news and not receiving it.

But this time.... this time, the "she" in this story, is me.