

How to die with grace

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Eleanor is diagnosed with liver cancer and meets Tony who she immediately falls in love with. Together the two of them write a bucket list and check off everything before they die.

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"You have liver cancer," the doctor said, putting her hand on my shoulder, "We blood tested your mom but she's not a match since you are O+."

"What? How is she not a match, she's my biological mom, right?" I asked, trying to take in the horrible news.

"Yes, she is your mom, she's an A blood type which means your dad must be O+ just like you," Dr. Green said looking at my mom who was sitting in the hospital chair in the corner.

"So, how long do I have to live since I'm obviously not going to get a new liver?"

The doctor sighed, "Well, if, and I mean if, we don't get you a liver you have roughly 18 maybe 20 months before your liver stops working all together."

"But, we will find you a liver honey, maybe your uncle or grandpa or someone is a match," my mom said finally speaking.

"No, I know I'm not going to find a liver," I mumbled.

"Yes, we will, I'm sure of it!" She almost yelled at me, tears streaming down her face.

"No, quit lying to me and yourself, mom! You said I was gonna be fine when we came to the hospital today and now you're telling me I will get a liver, stop lying!" I screamed at her as I jumped out of the hospital bed. I took off running down the hall and ran toward the parking lot; I pulled out my keys and stuck them in the ignition of my blue prius. I turned on the heat and blasted my music and layed my head down on my pillow and began to cry, sobs came faster and tears were flowing freely. I didn't try to stifle my tears, I just kept sobbing, something I rarely do. I heard a knock on the passenger window and turned to see the most handsome man looking in on me. His eyes were as blue as the sea and his teeth were whiter than the brightest light. As soon as I saw him I quit crying, not because I was ashamed of my tears but because I just felt happy looking at him. I rolled down the window.

"Hi," I said wiping my tears away.

"Hello," he said, "I'm Trenton, but my friends call me Trey, I saw you and you looked sad, it seemed like you needed someone to talk to, can I sit?"

"Yea," I unlocked the door, "I'm Eleanor, but you can call me Elle, and I'm ok, I just found out something pretty sad."

"I know how you feel," He whispered looking into my eyes.

"Do you?" I asked feeling the tears build up again, "I was just diagnosed with liver cancer and I have 18-20 months to live."

"I'm sorry," Trey mumbled. I looked at him and asked, "how about you?"

"Well, I was diagnosed with Leukemia 2 days ago, and just did went through chemo yesterday," He said shocking me.

Chapter 2: Strangely beautiful

Suddenly, all the sadness I felt about me having cancer, changed and became sadness for him. This beautiful man I had just met was cursed in the same way I was, death was going to be his embrace in the end just like it would be mine.

"Really?" I asked touching his hand with mine, my skin tingled as our hands touched and I grasped for the little reality I knew.

"Yeah, if I continue with the chemo I have a 15% chance of living but if I stop I will die in 16-18 months," he mumbled leaning a little closer to me, "after chemo yesterday I decided I didn't want it anymore and after I met you I am sure of the decision I made."

"How are you so sure of that? You have a chance at living how can you take that for granted?" I asked getting a little mad at him for giving up a chance at life.

"Think of it this way, would you rather live in pain or die knowing you had the best life someone could live?" Trey said sounding wise.

"I never thought of it that way, I guess I haven't gotten over the thought of dying yet, I mean, I was just told I was gonna die 2 hours ago," I whispered leaning closer to him.

He looked at me, "I know how you feel, I was told 3 days ago and I still want to cry every minute of every day," we were two inches apart now.

I tried to smile, "I have never heard a man talking about crying, it's sweet and strangely beautiful to know a guy has a soft side."

He chuckled and closed the gap in between us touching his lips to mine, he kissed me with a strange passion. His tongue was down my throat and I felt a lustful yearning to be closer to him, closer to this man I just met than to any other person I had ever dated. Trey was strangely beautiful and magnificently gorgeous.

Chapter 3: Love at first sight

I pulled away from Eleanor scared that I might get too excited, 'damn,' I thought, 'she is beautiful,' her hair was a chocolate brown tinted with a strawberry red, her eyes were a beautiful green, the most gorgeous I have ever seen. I sighed and just stared at her, just looking at her in the dim car.

"Wanna get out of here?" I asked not taking notice to the fact that we had just met a few minutes ago.

"Where?" She asked, her green eyes shining through the darkness.

"Anywhere, just not here," I mumbled, her perfume filled my nose, it was a sweet, floral sense that clouded my head and made me want to get closer.

"Do you want to go see a movie? It could get both our minds off this place?" she asked kissing me on the cheek.

I laughed, "I heard house at the end of the street came out a while ago, it looked really good," I said winking at her.

She grinned flashing a bright smile at me, "that sounds wonderful!"

About twenty minutes later we got to the theater and bought our tickets and walked in, we bought a large Pepsi to share, neither of us liked coke! And an order of nachos to split as well.

We hardly paid attention the whole time, we talked and talked, we laughed and got 'shhhhhhhhed' every 2 minutes, we kissed and held hands the whole time. My face hurt so bad from smiling and kissing afterwards but it was a good kind of hurt, it was an amazing type of hurt. After the movie we headed back to my house and got a snack.

"This has been the best and worse day of my life!" Elle said smiling as she leaned across my kitchen counter, she held my hand in hers.

"I know how you feel," I whispered getting stuck in her gaze, "this may sound bad and premature but I think, well, I think I love you," I mumbled looking away from her.

She smiled, "I feel the same, in a way it's like, like, love at first sight."

"Yeah," I grinned, "Love at first sight."

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