

# Wigs

By : **GoneAroundTheBen**

When someone believes in something, they must put all their faith in it. They must start with something simple, expand on it and see where it goes from there. For all they know, it may go nowhere, or it may take them amazing places. When I believed in it, I've never believed. Ever since Cara was diagnosed with cancer at the age of 16, she has never believed that something good would happen to her. When Cara gets a new roommate in the hospital, things start to change, especially when a mysterious package comes for Cara. And it's full of wigs?



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"Cara, wake up, honey. It's time," a familiar voice said. I opened my eyes and slowly sat up on my hospital bed. I inhaled deeply and released a sigh, and then I looked for the source of the voice. I saw a familiar face standing in the doorway; she was wearing blue scrubs and white sneakers. Her brown hair was pulled back into a ponytail with a few loose strands hanging in her face covering her forehead. A star shaped pendant rested on her chest, lying next to a nametag that was pinned to her shirt which read "Allison."

"Come on Cara. You know you can't be late again. This test is important and Dr. Callihan will be furious if you're late. Remember the last test? Well if you're late to this, it will be ten times worse." she scolded lightly. I knew what she was talking about of course. Last week I had a test done and I was about ten minutes late. My doctor practically blew her lid because she only had the testing equipment for a short amount of time and I used up all of the prep time for the test by being late.

I groaned and got out of the bed. Then I sauntered past the extra bed, over to the little bathroom that was attached to the room. It was clean enough for you to see your reflection in the counter of the sink. I brushed my teeth and went over to where Allison had a wheelchair waiting for me. Oh, how I hate wheelchairs!

"Please remind me, why do I have to have a wheelchair again?" I asked the nurse waiting patiently behind the wheelchair.

"Haven't we been over this? It's the hospital's policy: 'All patients must be moved from one place to another on either a gurney or in a wheelchair,'" she recited.

I responded, "I've come to hate these stupid contraptions. Whoever invented them was a cruel, cruel man."

Allison laughed. "But what if it was a woman who invented it?"

"Was it?" I questioned. I was slightly curious.

"I have no clue. But you say the same thing every time you sit in a wheelchair."

"That's because I despise wheelchairs, Allison." I bluntly stated.

Just then we reached the large double doors that I've passed through countless times. I knew that these doors lead to the sanitized and sterile room that held large expensive pieces of equipment (most of which I don't know the name of).

"Ready?" Allison asked.

"I'll never be ready," I responded. Then I was pushed through the large double doors.

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After the test, Allison wheeled me back to the room. We went through the children's ward on our way back. I'm always depressed when I go through the ward because I always see the other little children like me that know they have an expiration date. You can see it on their faces. I know they only have a short amount of time, that's why I don't make friends with them. I've heard countless heart beats stop. It's heartbreaking, but its home.

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I'm used to the smell of alcohol and lemons from the sanitizers and disinfectants. Shiny, white rooms and the sounds of a mother's distressed cries are normal for someone like me. I've seen cold, pale, lifeless bodies, more than I can count. And I know there's only so much time before one cold, pale, lifeless body is me.

Allison pushed me into my room and I rushed over to my bed. I lied down, took my laptop from the nightstand and placed it on my lap. I turned it on and was waiting to log in to do some missed schoolwork, when Allison popped her head back in. "Oh, Cara," she said. "You're getting a roommate tonight." A new roommate? Seriously? But I don't want a roommate, I like having a room to myself!

Allison cringed at my expression, but waited for me to say something. "Whatever," I mumbled. I averted my eyes back to the laptop and logged in. "And the doctor wants to see you for a new scan at two 'o'clock sharp." She quickly added. I glared at her. She took the hint and left, closing the door behind her.

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When I returned from my scan, the first thing I noticed was that the empty bed had sheets on it. Then I noticed that there was a picture frame on the nightstand next to the usually empty bed. Curiosity got the better of me as I walked over to the nightstand and picked up the picture. The picture was of three teenagers around my age, who looked like best friends. There was a girl and two boys.

The girl was on the far left. She had long, flowing, curly black hair, and soft brown eyes. One could tell just by the way she smiled that she was carefree and was happy. Her eyes were surrounded by light makeup; a little bit of eye shadow, eye liner and mascara. Opposite of the girl, on the far right, was an African American boy. His features were sharp and he had cute little dimples when he smiled. It was obvious that he worked out because of his defined muscles that you could see the outline of through his Georgia State football shirt.

The boy in the center caught my attention most. He had on a black knitted beanie and a white wife beater. His emerald eyes seemed to pierce into my soul, but behind the expressionless face he showed the camera, was pain. I've seen it enough to know what pain looks like. He was thin, an unhealthy kind of thin and his skin was ghostly white.

"Can I help you?" I jumped in surprise at the sound of the unfamiliar voice. It was smooth and slightly deep. I could tell that there was a hint of a New York accent to it.

"Um, no," I looked up and saw the boy from the picture. He was still wearing the same beanie as he was in the picture.

"Are you sure?" he asked, sneering at me. "Cause you're going through my stuff."

"Yes. Now, um, would you mind telling me why you are in my room?" I asked. He could be some famous guy in a cute boy band for all I know, but it doesn't mean that I want him in my room. "Actually, could you also tell me why your stuff is in here, too?"

"Your room? Oh no, no, no, no, no. You see, sweetheart, this is my room," he told me. His cocky attitude was getting on my nerves.

"No, it's mine. Do you see that?" I asked him, pointing to the laptop on my nightstand. "That's my laptop, meaning this is my room."

"Well, the nurse told me that this is where I need to stay." He sounded sure of himself and at this point he was completely on my nerves.

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"Allison!" I cried. I waited for a response from her and the boy gave me a weird look as if I am insane. Nothing.

"Allison!" I called again. Nothing.

"Allison!" I screamed and the annoying jerk beside me had to cover his ears. I was about to apologize but then I thought better of it.

Allison came rushing in, pressing the button to call in other nurses while her eyes frantically searched the room to see what the problem was. "What? What's wrong? Whose heart stop- Cara, nothing is wrong in here, is there?" She looked disappointed in me.

"Actually the problem is that he-" I pointed to the young teen in front of me. "- is here instead of his room. Since I don't know which room is his, I was wondering if you could take him back."

"This is his room."

"What do you mean?"

"This is your roommate-" she started.

"Kyle," the boy interrupted. A smirk made its way onto his lips. "The name's Kyle Evans."

"WHAT?!" I screeched. Allison gave me a dirty look. "I mean... Hey, Kyle," I said awkwardly.

"Hey Cara," he said, winking at me.

"Well, it seems that you guys are going to get along just fine so I'll leave you two alone," Allison said.

"Oh," Kyle told her. "We will have fun." Allison smiled after hearing those words.

"Oh joy," I sarcastically muttered under my breath. Allison turned towards me and glared long and hard at me. 'Play nice' she mouthed. Then she walked out of the door.

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