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SAM'S STORY

as told to

Babette Williams



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PROLOGUE

WHEN I WAS SIX YEARS OLD, my mom got very sick. Two years later, when I was eight, she died from cancer. I don't think that I really understood much of what was going on at that time, but now, six years later, I'm fourteen, and I understand more clearly.

I'd like to share my story with other boys and girls who have had bad things happen in their lives so they will know they are not alone.





The Beginning: Sam and Carol

CHAPTER 1: THE BEGINNING

WHEN I THINK BACK on the last eight years, I remember that everything began the August before I started first grade at school. My family had just moved to a nice house in the country, and we adopted a Labrador puppy named Comet. Except for the fact that Comet ate socks and paper, and even demolished kitchen walls looking for food, my world was about perfect.

Starting first grade was a big deal to me. I didn't know any of the kids, and I was going to have to ride a bus from our house to school and back. As if that wasn't enough to worry about, there would be homework.

I was so caught up in being a school kid that I didn't know that my mother had gotten very sick.

There were signs, but I was too young to pick up on them. My mom stayed in bed a lot, and my dad took over making breakfast—stuff like that.

I knew my dad took my mom to the hospital every day to get chemo, but he took her while I was in school. Chemo was only a word; I didn't exactly know what that was, or what was going on. Mom was always there when I came home from school, and she acted the same as always, giving me lots of attention and love.

As the weeks went by, sometimes she didn't feel well and needed to rest. But I still thought everything was going to stay okay.



And then my mom started to lose her hair.

“It’s from the chemo treatments, Son,” explained my dad. “Her hair will grow back, you’ll see.”

My aunt took my mother to a special store to buy a wig for her to wear until her own hair grew back. Mom made a joke out of becoming bald, but when the last little bit of her hair fell out, she cried. I still remember that. And she did look funny.

But no one said she was going to die.



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