

Jeimy Torres

## Lupus

As I was walking in, a shy breeze brushed my scarlet cheeks. Not seeing anybody in the cold and lonely waiting room. I walked to the transparent window, still scared but I waited. Slowly the window opens up and a nice nurse says, “We have been waiting for you Ms. Torres!” I walk around and the other nurse was waiting for me. Unkindly she checked my blood pressure and body temperature. On a sloppy form, she wrote the numbers down and walked away.

I heard Dr. Rosiles from miles away. His shoes made a funny noise it sounded like the clicking of a computer keyboard. He came in an elegant white suit. It seemed as if he was going to church but it was Tuesday. He politely introduced himself to me and my mom. As he analyzed the numbers the nurse had written down, he made some strange facial expressions.

As he kept looking at my scarlet cheeks, I started to become suspicious. He looked inexperienced; I lay down as he had asked me to do so. He pressed on my stomach expecting me to say, “Yes, doctor I have painful pain,” I wanted to tell him no, but my little guardian angel rolled the words out of me. I looked at my mom, her pale face worried me. It looked like she had been stabbed. I wanted to run and give her a big hug. I shook my head and listened as if I was in school.

After he walked nervously, he opened his mouth and closed it again. He didn't know how to put his words into sentences. My mom shouted, “What's wrong with my daughter?” Her voice cracked like tectonic plates and his voice disappeared. He took a deep breath and said, “Your daughter has Lupus!” My mom looked like she had been shocked by 138 volts.

**L** flew in my waxy ear. **U** was heavy but understandable. **P** passed by my mindless mind. **U** broke my mother's heart. **S** stroked me! I felt Hades next to me laughing at me and my misery. The woman next to me was the one who gave birth to me... to see her suffer tore my heart into

pieces. My mom was sitting there like a frozen turkey. I looked at her brown eyes as they were surrounded by pain.

My body wasn't with me; my soul was walking on the edge of the "underworld." He stared at me and felt sorry for me. I felt hate. My life had changed. I had changed. I felt like it was my entire fault.

I saw a brave soldier walking to me ...I opened my arms wide and gave her a hug. "Mija, you're a fighter!" said my brave mom. I turned sadly and thanked the man whose intelligence diagnosed me with Lupus. He looked at me shocked, but I respected him because he had found what was wrong with me.

As we were driving back, I looked at the green fields full of possibilities. How could he find a pin, in those green grasses? As if my mouth was stitched, I couldn't speak. I couldn't and wouldn't express myself to my mom. I felt like all of my dreams and goals have been burned by my worst enemy. My dream of playing soccer and going to college had been demolished, but my persistence to fight and overcome lupus is so big! I can get up every morning and fight for my life... lupus can't stop me!

Sometimes, the other side of my illness wants to give up, but I give my soul hope. Hope that in two days, I'll go to the doctor and feel better. Then "Hades" is there sitting and making me feel worse- making me feel like I am going to die. That's why I want to fight until the end to give myself hope.

I want to feel better for me. Me fighting for my health that once I had. The same way Hades took my health away... the same way I'll recover it. In God I trust, and he'll do justice!