

Facts & Arguments

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EMILY FLAKE FOR THE GLOBE AND MAIL

THE ESSAY » BY SHELLY WUTKE

A blip on the X-ray screen

My doctor told me not to freak out, but I had a few weeks to spend with Dr. Google

Walking down a long hallway, I find myself standing in front of the hospital gift shop. There are pink and blue bears in the window, and I close my eyes,

shade of pink. It's my first time at the mammogram clinic and my knees are knocking.

Booking the appointment was a no-brainer. I was finished breast-

what he's saying.

"But I don't feel a lump at all." My voice sounds like it's coming from the end of a long hallway. I just don't understand. Do they

Just like anyone facing the prospect of cancer, I have a lot to lose. Four precious children rely on me for everything. The idea of them losing me is more terrifying than

"probably nothing" like a flotation device after being ditched at sea.

When the doctor performing the biopsy comes in, he takes one look at the scan, puts his hand