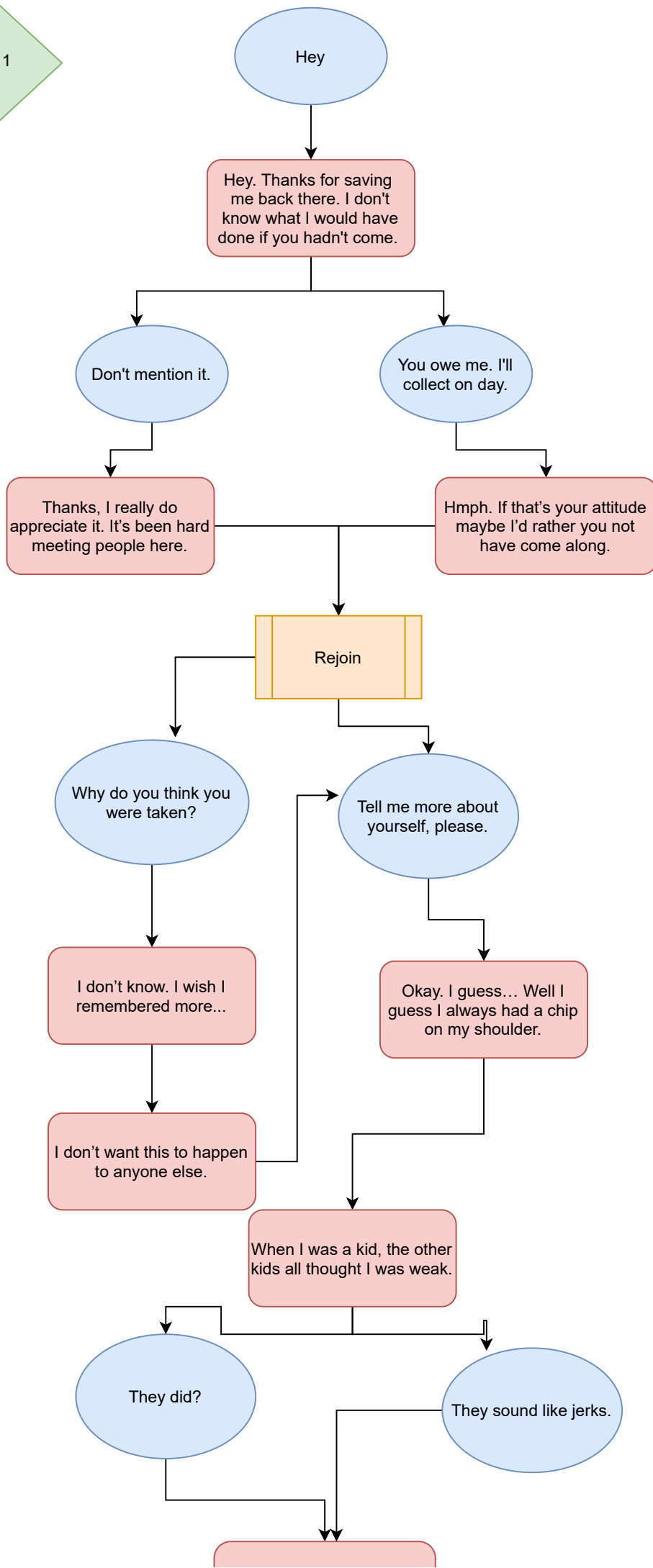


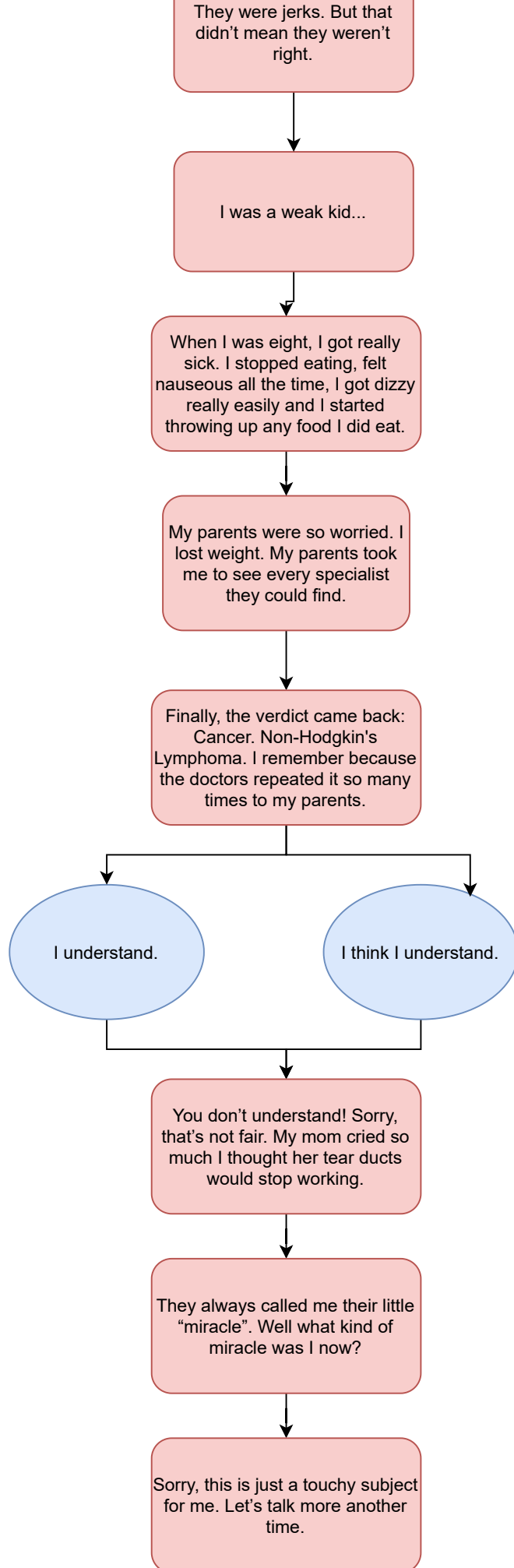
Dialogue 1



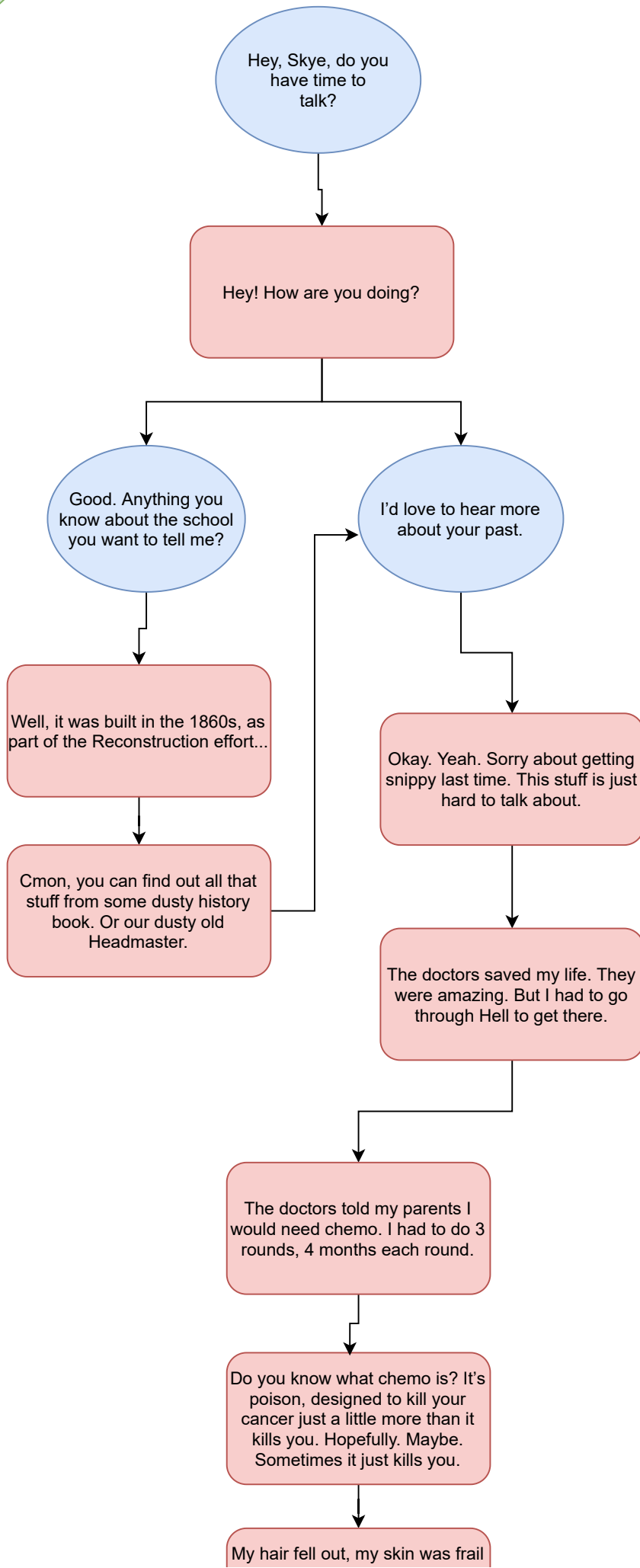
Player

Skye

Rejoin



Dialogue 2



and dry, like old parchment. My fingernails fell out, and just when I started to feel better, they'd start the next round.

But that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was seeing my parents.

My mom would try to be so brave and not cry. And my dad, my dad didn't know what to do with his hands, so he'd just hold my bald head as I shivered.

I could see the desperate look in both their eyes. They tried to hide it but they reeked of desperation.

I could tell they thought I was going to die. They were so desperately trying to cling on to hope. But the doctors had told them I only had a 20 percent chance to live.

And maybe I would have been lost, would have given up after the first or second round of chemo, if I hadn't met Amelie.

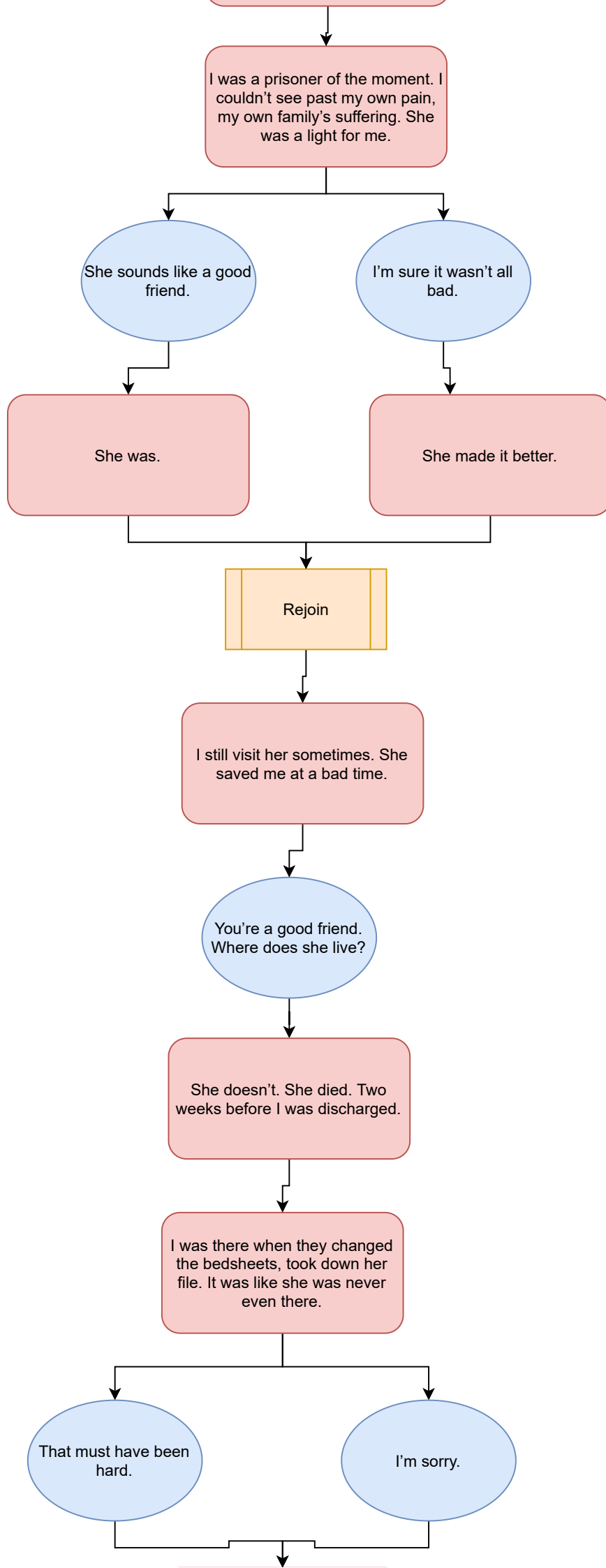
Who was Amelie?

Amelie?

She was another patient. We had a lot in common. It wasn't just that she was also eight and had non-hodgkin's lymphoma.

Her eyes smiled before her mouth did. She had bangs, and liked to smash trucks together and she liked grey days more than blue ones. We were fast friends.

But we had our differences too. She was always really hopeful. She talked about what she would do when she got out of the hospital.



I'm tired. Let's pick this up again another time.

Dialogue 3

Hey Skye. How's it going?

Good! Just practicing my conjuring. What do you want to talk about?

Do you have any theories about the disappearances?

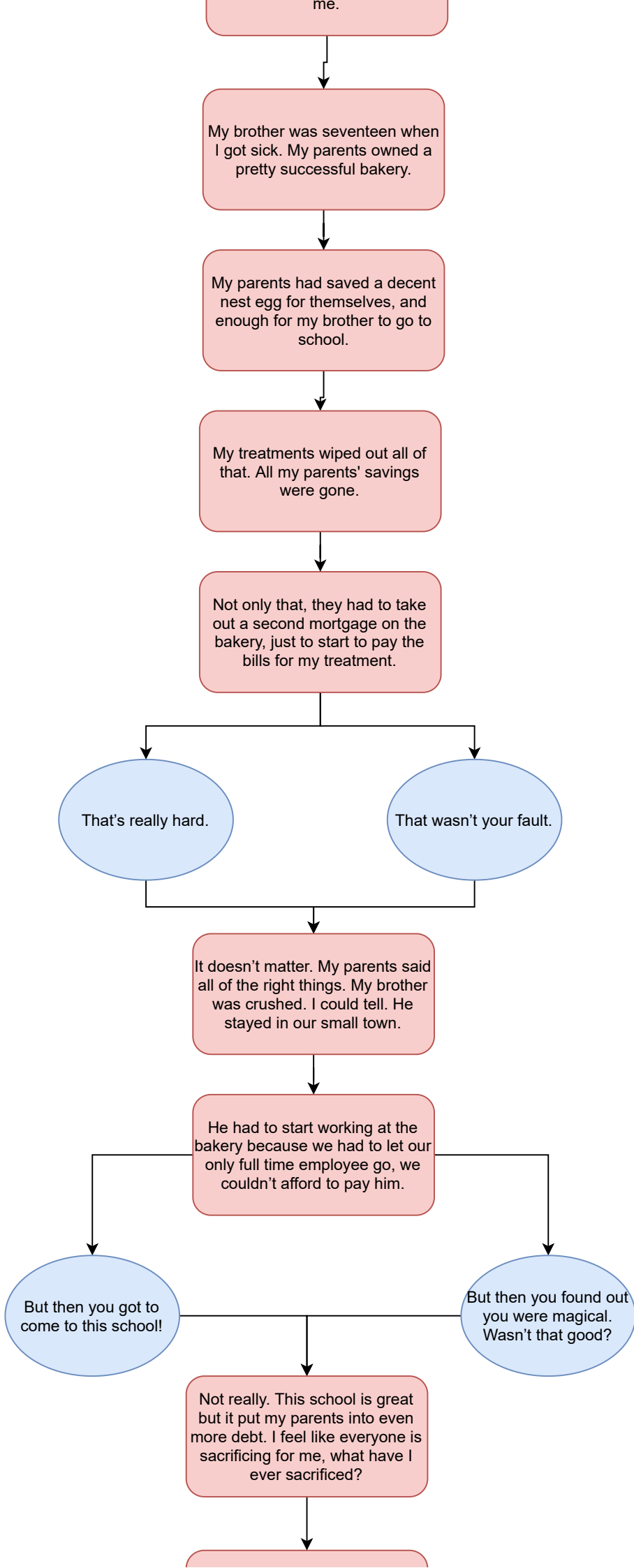
I hope it's not a Chupacabra. Just the IDEA of those things really freaks me out...

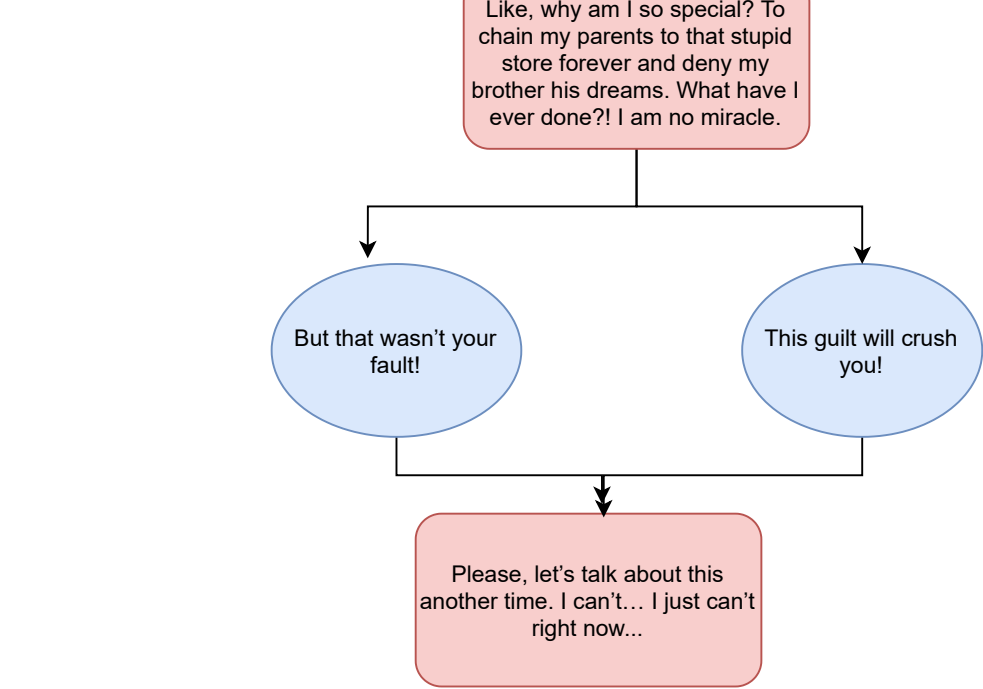
Can you tell me a little more about yourself?

I don't know why you want to know more about me and my life, but OK, why not?

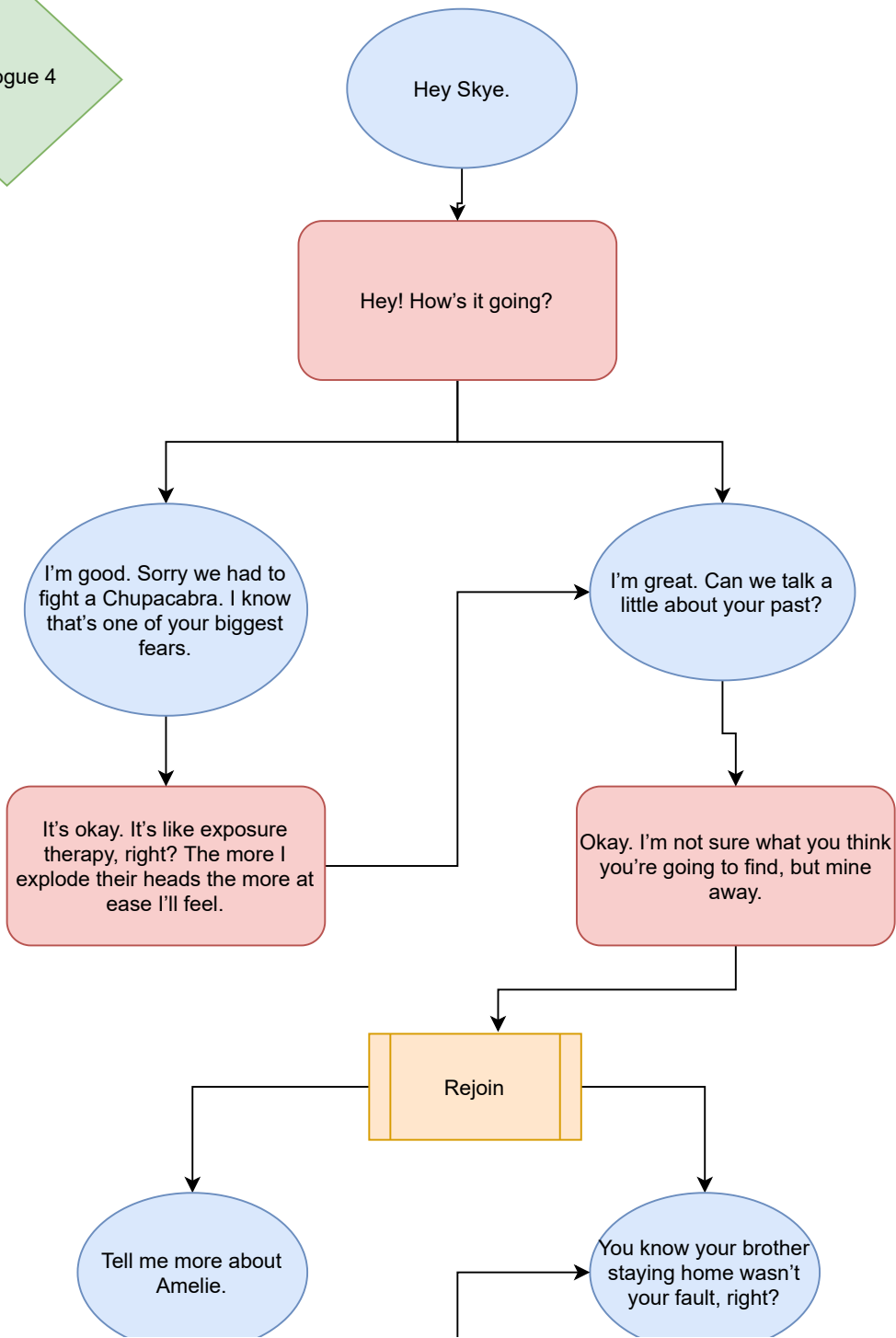
After I got back from my year in the hospital, when I was 9, my magic abilities started to manifest.

My parents took it as a sign. Our "magic" girl, they'd say. Our miracle. But it felt anything but to





Dialogue 4





Amelie was an angel. I still visit her grave whenever I go back home. I miss her.

I never wanted to be a burden, but now I know I was the millstone around my parents neck, dragging them down, dragging my brother down.

I've thought a lot about this...

I've been touched by death and he spared me, but at what cost? I'm like Midas, everything I touch turns to death and ash.

My parents still have me. Their "miracle" girl, but at what cost? My parents are swimming in debt. My brother can't go to college. I know they resent me.

I am not a miracle. I am a Curse. That is the bargain Death made, when he spared my life.

If you take all of the world's troubles, you will be crushed by them.

You are not a savior. You are not a villain. You are a person, and you are enough.

But I...

You are enough.

No! I... I, I'm just so angry all the time. I can't help it!

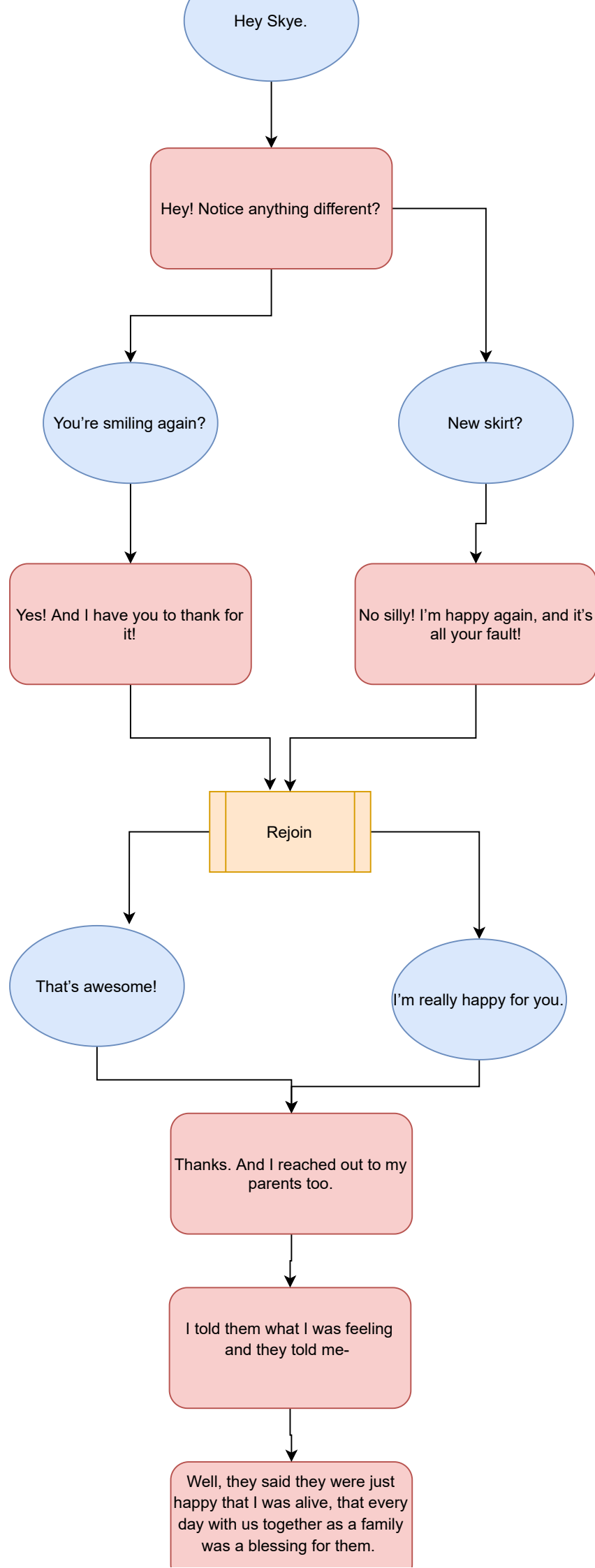
I don't want to be this way, but sometimes I do! Oh I don't even know what I'm saying!

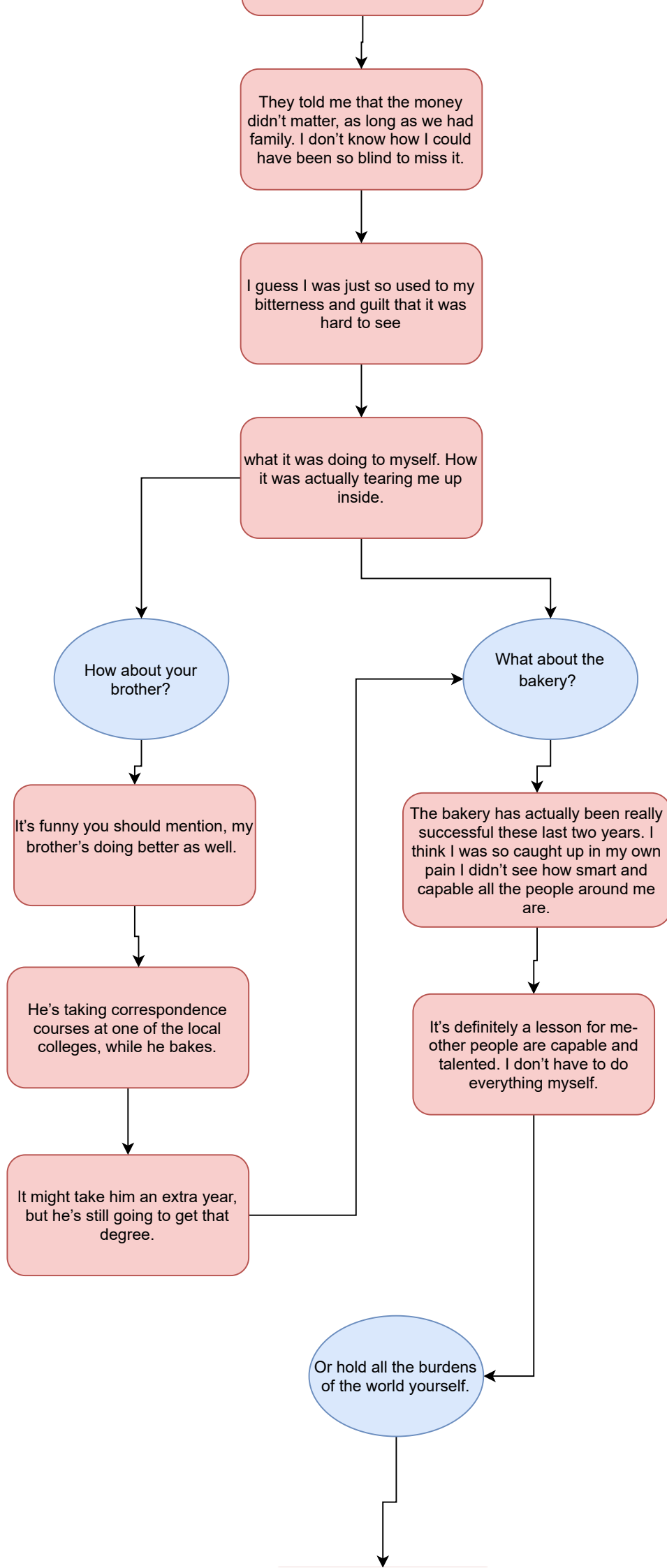
Sometimes this anger, this grief- it's been with me so long, you know? I don't know what I'd do without it.

I feel like I wouldn't even be me. Like without the grief, what would I have to hold onto? Who am I? That's silly, right?

I have some things to work through.

But thank you for talking to me. Really, it's helped a lot. I know it doesn't always seem like it, but this is progress for me. Thank you.





Yeah, thanks again! Letting go of that pain felt so amazing, like I could breathe.



The weight of all my grief and guilt was almost too much to bear. Thank you for showing me I don't have to do it alone.



I have friends now, and I'm so happy to be one of you, and feel accepted by all of you.