**Article**

**Introduction**

When I was five-years-old I began to fall ill. I was constantly getting sick and my leg hurt to the point I refused to walk on it. After many dismissals from my parents and doctors, one doctor decided I needed an x-ray. My parents drove me to St. Louis; I remember I was excited to see the arch. However, I was not excited to go to the hospital. In 2009 I was diagnosed with ewing's sarcoma. This one diagnosis drastically changed my entire life.

**Initial diagnosis**

After a couple of x-rays and blood tests, I waited in a hospital bed while my parents were outside the room. A doctor I did not know came in and gave me a picture book explaining the cells of the body as funny cartoons. Your blood cells were like the pizza delivery boy- delivering blood to the body. Your white blood cells were like superheroes: fighting off the bad guys that wanted to harm your body. The mass growing in my leg, she told me, was like a burglar. It was disguising itself as a white blood cell and copying itself over and over again. She then told me that I was going to have to take medicine that would stop all my cells and put them to sleep in order to stop the burglar cells. That was the first time I was told I had cancer.

**My first surgery**

My initial treatment was a surgery to remove the mass from my leg. I was super nervous because I had never had surgery before. My parents let me go to Build A Bear and pick out a new stuffed animal to bring with me into surgery. I visited with my parents until I went into the surgical room where a guy put a mask over my face. I remember he sang a silly song to me until I fell asleep. This was the first of many surgeries to combat my cancer.

**My treatment**

Overall, my treatment lasted a full year. Most days were filled with sleeping and trying to keep down food. At that time, I still had to do school work and try to be a normal child. I met many kids over the span of that year. Their ages ranged from infants to twenty-year-olds. My favorite things to do in the cancer unit was blow bubbles, chat with my neighbors and nurses, and watch Phineas and Ferb on the TV. There were many times in the unit that I would paint the nurses’ nails and talk to them about whatever my six-year-old brain thought grown ups talked about.

**Quotation**

**“Went into Children's Hospital for a biopsy on Trystan’s leg. She got to pick out what flavor she wanted to smell when they administered the gas. She chose raspberry.”**

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**“We had to arrive at Children’s Hospital by 6 a.m. for Trystan’s surgery…while she was in surgery they also did a bone marrow biopsy.”**

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