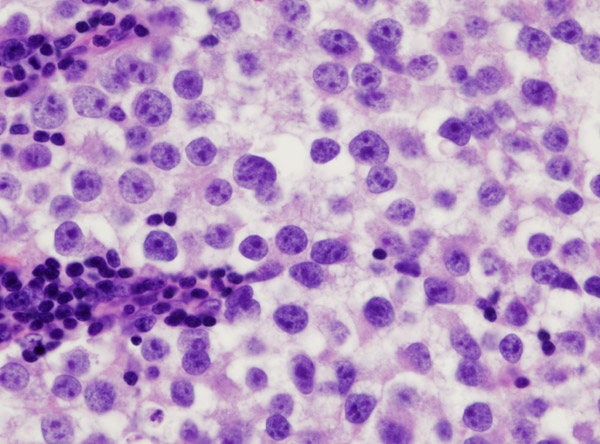
**Testicular Cancer**

# Part 1: Initial Onset and Detection

Written by Trevor Rousseau



## **Introduction**

In 2003, at the age of 23, I was diagnosed with testicular cancer.  A relatively routine, run-of-the-mill bad news situation, quickly degenerated into multiple dangerous complications. Because of these unexpected difficulties, my journey with cancer was far from what most people have to deal with as they are battling this life-changing disease.

Writing this series of posts, I hope that I am able to help others.  Even if all of this doesn’t apply specifically to you, maybe someone you know can benefit from my experiences.

## **Before The Storm**

In early June of 2003, I was lost and drifting through life.  I had no goals, no ambitions, no focus, and no plans to change.  I wasn’t working, and wasn’t enrolled in school.  Instead, I was living off of my meager savings with no real cushion at all should life throw me a curveball.  In short, I was miserable and needed a change.

I was living in Wichita, Kansas.  My older brother also lived in Wichita.  My younger brother had enlisted in the Marines, and was still going through training, although he had survived Boot Camp by then.  My parents were living in Warrenton, Virginia.  My sister had just graduated from high school when she moved in with me in my apartment in Wichita.  She quickly found a boyfriend and fell in love as only a 19-year-old can do.  This left me with my apartment to myself and my live-in girlfriend at the time.  We’ll call her “Michelle” going forward.

Michelle and I had been dating for just under a year.  But, like all of my relationships, it had started and progressed to the point where we were living together and talking about marriage in very short order. I have always been the type to jump into a relationship with reckless abandon.

Growing increasingly restless, I called my parents one day in early June and told them that I was looking to make a change with my life. I wanted to find work, and possibly even go back to school at some distant point in time.

My mother told me that one of her brothers, my uncle Jared (not his real name), who owned and operated his own building supplies business, was looking for some help. He was looking for someone to organize and inventory his warehouse full of tools and construction supplies.

## **Initial Testing**