Courtney Roberts Roberts 1

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English 1

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Into the Light

It never ends or gets better; this physical pain is demanding. It takes a piece of my soul every day. I have heard about Dr. Kevorkian, also known as “Doctor Death”, in the news and I am starting to think that choosing this path is not such a bad idea after all.

The tumor showed up a year ago, and I can still remember that day when the doctor sat down to tell me my results from the previous tests and scans. My mind went fuzzy, not wanting to focus on anything, and my ears seemed to have stopped working. “Rebecca I am so sorry”, said the doctor, “but there is nothing we can do since it has progressed this far”. This terminal cancer is going to take my life and there is nothing I can do to stop it.

After seeing Dr.Kevorkian on the news discussing physician assisted suicide I think I want to try and get in touch with him about my case. He performs this suicide by a machine in which a patient like me presses a button which kills them. Every day I am faced with the hardship of choosing to keep living and I am tired of living in pain.

It has been a week, and he has finally responded to me via email about my possibility of getting this procedure done. He said that I am the perfect candidate and no one deserves the pain that I face constantly. This gives me some hope, though part of me isn’t so sure. I would have to leave my family and face them telling me that I can’t make this choice, because they don’t understand what I am going through. Once this choice is made there is no going back and no

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more available options, but I am going to die anyway and already have no more available options except to suffer. Plus I would be killing myself and there is no escape from the reality of what I would be choosing to do. What do I do? How do I keep living with nothing to live for? I guess I will just have to sleep on it and decide when I’m ready.

I have decided that I am going to do it, and so I email him back saying the sooner the better. Then I call my parents. They object when I tell them, but I explain what I go through daily and they say they don’t like my choice but they love me and want to come out to say goodbye. Now I just have to wait.

Today is the day. Last week my parents said goodbye to me and it was nice; I will miss them. Dr.Kevorkian said, in his email, that today is perfect and so here I am just off of the first flight to Michigan. I know what will happen when I push that red button administering the painkiller and then the poison. First I will get sleepy and then it will trigger a heart attack which will kill me, but I am not scared. Today I will be released from all of this pain that suffocates me.

I take a cab to the address he sent me, which is not really an address since it is illegal and performed in a van. When we get there I see the old rusty van immediately; it is a light mocha color and has a brown interior. Then I see him and his welcoming face, the last face I will see in this life. He has me sit down allowing me to clearly see the machine with the pain killer and the poison. It takes a little while to get the whole thing set up and ready. There is no turning back now and nor do I want to.

It's time to push the button he tells me, “Don’t be afraid”; I am not. Three...two...one, then I hit the button. The world goes light and I can feel my body relaxing. There is no pain as I gently fall asleep. I feel free and without...