

Intro/Hook: The rhythmic beeping of the monitors and the sterile medicinal scent instantly transported me back, the memories of that night flooding my senses like a crashing tsunami.

Rising Action:

- It started as a dull ache, the kind you try to ignore and power through. But over the course of that week, the ache blossomed into searing pain that left me doubled over.
- My parents urged me to get it checked out, but I was stubborn, convinced it would pass. It wasn't until I could barely stand without wanting to vomit that I finally relented.
- Those first CT scans revealed the horrible truth - I had a large mass putting pressure on vital organs. My world instantly went dark.

Climax:

- The next blur of events felt surreal - urgent meetings with oncologists, getting admitted for rounds of tests and biopsies, and finally, the dreaded diagnosis - cancer.
- At that moment, I couldn't process anything beyond the fears racing through my mind—would I survive this? How much would I suffer? Why me?
- But then I saw the solemn concern in my parents' eyes, and a strange calm washed over me. I knew I had to fight, not just for myself but for them, too.

Falling Action:

- What followed was a harrowing year - multiple surgeries, sickness from chemotherapy, losing my hair. There were days I didn't think I could go on.
- But I found strength in the little things - family rallying around me, friends shaving their heads in solidarity, strangers sharing survival stories.

- With each dose of treatment and each tiny health milestone achieved, my resilience became more fortified. I was healing in ways that transcended just the physical.

Resolution:

- Finally, after what felt like an eternity of battling, my doctors declared I could ring the cancer-free bell. As I did, I realized this experience was so much greater than just illness and recovery.
- It shattered my naivety about life's fragility and remolded me into a person who appreciates every day, overcomes challenges with poise, and deeply values those who lifted me up.
- The scars from those IVs are permanent reminders of gaining an impermeable sense of courage, gratitude, and resilience that will propel me through all future endeavors.