



2018 CSCGP Middle School Teen Essay Contest

1st Place Winner

Peter Anzideo

My Dad and Cancer

Before cancer I lived a normal, simple life. My dad and I would play catch, video games, and wrestle together. Whenever I was bored or down, I could count on my dad to make my day. He also would always cook the best meals, whether it was breakfast, lunch, or dinner. As a little kid I never really thought about what it would be like without my dad. Then, cancer hit him. It was late at night when our parents told me. I must have cried for 20 minutes straight. At the time no one really knew how bad his cancer really was. I continued with life, but nothing really felt the same. Every once and a while maybe my dad had enough energy to play video games, but I never really got to play with him like I could before. At this point in time cancer wasn't having that big of an impact on my life, but there was still an impact.

From this point on everything would just get worse. I graduated elementary school and then came middle school. Fifth grade was when my dad's cancer went from bad to really bad. He started having chemo and lots of drugs. After school I would usually go to a friend's house because my dad wouldn't be home from appointments at the hospital yet. He was getting more

and more sleepy and I barely talked to him. During fifth grade I became more independent because of this. He also would eat at the dinner table less because he didn't have the strength to physically eat his food. Nurses started to come to our house. This made me feel very uncomfortable. I did not like having random strangers who barely knew my dad come into our house. I would always hide in my room whenever they came. Back at school I started making more friends because school was sort of my life. I always wanted to get away from having to deal with cancer, so school was my next best option. I felt so happy to be away from cancer at school. Then, I graduated fifth grade and summer came along. The summer before sixth grade was probably when my dad felt the worst. This summer felt like crap. For once, I actually wanted to be back at school. My dad was in the hospital a lot. At one point he wasn't even able to ride his stair glider up to the bathroom so he had a portable toilet. I also remember that I was at a friend's house once and I had to sleep over at his house because my dad was having trouble breathing. Cancer impacted my life so much that it got to the point where I was kicked out of my own house.

For the last couple days of my dad's life, he was living at the hospital. One time when I was visiting him I got a bag of Fritos and he wanted one. My dad couldn't speak, he hadn't eaten a lot, and he was dying, and he wanted a Frito. He made me laugh and he made my day. He managed to make my day even when he was dying. That lets you know how special my dad was to me. The next day I got pulled out of summer camp because my dad died. It happened. He died. August 11, 2017. That was the end. So, to summarize cancer has impacted my life by not having a dad anymore. A dad who played with me. A dad who cared for me. A dad who loved me.