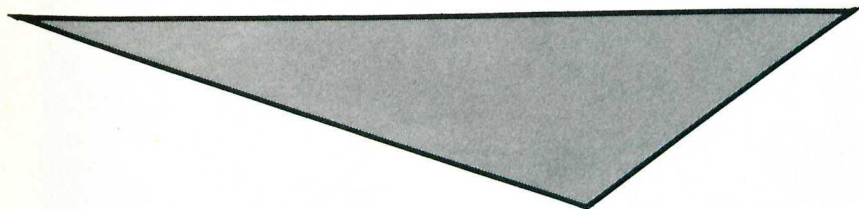


"It's worth living in, Sam. It's worth living to live. Fighting is like war or crime. It's death, not life. You're dying when you fight, so caught up in defeating death and in not dying. Death is the preoccupation, not life. I'm tired of dwelling on death and tired of struggling against an enemy I can't possibly beat. I'll live with cancer, but I refuse to die with cancer."

Sam turned away, silent. Moments later his shoulders heaved, and he sank down into the chair. He was sobbing, choking, and cursing.



## Brothers

*by C. Gard*

Drawn together for reasons never understood  
 Times shared, battles fought, happiness found.  
 Friendship is taken beyond its limits  
 It becomes something more—we become brothers.

Months pass—freedom is lost  
 Distances grow, caring deepens, strength increases.  
 We brothers are torn apart—as are our hearts  
 Struggling to survive—we triumph.

Reality is not to be trusted  
 Tears fall, embraces linger, voices sing.  
 Keep yesterday alive, but forget not tomorrow  
 Love survives—as do we brothers.

We are brothers, you and I  
 I live for you, and you for me.  
 Failures are shared, successes also  
 We are one, we can never again be divided.

The worries are many  
 Live through Monday, past Wednesday, for Friday.  
 When the two halves become again whole  
 We brothers are again united

Brother, my life is yours, yours mine  
 Living, Loving, Laughing, Crying.  
 All is shared, secrets are nonexistent  
 We will always be brothers, and together we will survive.

P.S. Mother sends her love