

Dear: Cancer;

Do you ever see the faces of your victims? Do you ever care enough to stop and see those who you were slowly draining the life from? Have you ever felt the tears falling or your voice failing or the darkness creeping up and threatening to swallow you when you try to talk to your friends and family? Have you ever wondered if you are going to come out okay? No. You don't. You just sit there, in the dark, growing and spreading and getting stronger, cherishing the sight of the world collapsing in front of you. But there is still one thing that you can never steal, kill, or even touch. Because hope will never be your victim.

Do you know what you do? You ruin lives. You end lives, you change lives, and you tear life apart piece by piece, you torture, you weaken, and you kill, that's all you do. You eat away at people's lives from the inside, take their lives and turn them upside down. You could build a castle out of the bodies lowered into the earth because of you, and fill its moat with tears that fell because of you. And you could hide in their forever. I am angry, infuriated to the point no words could ever express my emotions, and I am frustrated that no form of punishment could make you feel the pain of those who you affected, there is no solution horrible enough to justify those actions. Do you see how your actions hurt people?

Do you think this is a game? And that you will always be the winner? Even if life did happen to be a game, it isn't. It would have rules, and I am pretty sure that what you do would be considered cheating. No? Well why don't we check the good-old rule book.

Rule number one, no cold blooded murder, rule number two, no torturing, and rule number three, no stealing. Check. Check. Check. And this is not about winning versus losing, it's about living or dying. And if this is a game, who would ever invite you of all people to play?

What is wrong with you? What in the world makes you think that your actions are justified, excusable, or even in the slightest bit okay? Why would you end the beautiful lives of thousands? Why do you grab on to a victim and never want to let go? At least, not until it's over. Why do you take the lives of those around them and tie it all in a knot? What do you have to say to all of those who you stole from? That's right, you have nothing. You have done all of this to all of those people yet you feel no remorse, yet. All you feel is the urge to kill, and the absolute pride in what you have done and have yet to do. For the love of God, what is wrong with you?