

Potomac ALMANAC

Paul Oggier, kindergarten
in class with art teacher
Tori Wenger at Potomac
Elementary School.

Children's Almanac 2015

DECEMBER 30, 2015 - JANUARY 5, 2016

ONLINE AT POTOMACALMANAC.COM

CHILDREN'S ALMANAC

Welcome

Dear Readers:

This week, the Potomac Almanac turns over its pages to the youth and students.

We asked principals and teachers from area schools to encourage students to contribute their words, pictures and photos for our annual Children's Issue.

The response as always was enormous. While we were unable to publish every piece we received, we did our best to put together a paper with a fair sampling of the submitted stories, poems, drawings, paintings, photographs and other works of art. Because of the response, we will continue to publish more artwork and writings throughout January.

We appreciate the extra effort made by school staff to gather the materials during their busy time leading up to the holidays. We'd also like to encourage both schools and parents to mark their 2016 calendars for early December, the deadline for submissions for next year's Children's Almanac. Please keep us in mind as your children continue to create spectacular works of art and inspiring pieces of writing in the coming year.

The children's issue is only a part of our year-round commitment to cover education and our local schools. As always, the Almanac welcomes letters to the editor, story ideas, calendar listings and notices of local events from our readers. Photos and other submissions about special events at schools are especially welcome for our weekly schools pages.

Our preferred method for material is e-mail, which should be sent to almanac@connection-newspapers.com, but you can reach us by mail at 1606 King St., Alexandria, VA 22314 or call 703-778-9415 with any questions.

— STEVEN MAUREN,
EDITOR

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WINSTON CHURCHILL HIGH SCHOOL



Travel Through The Garden by Maria Laura Toro, 18, grade 12



Time by Khushana Chaudhri, 17, grade 12

POTOMAC ELEMENTARY

Why the Willow Tree Weeps

Once, many, many moons ago, there was a lush rainforest which held many things. Two of those many things were two trees. And high in the sky, was the Lord of Plant Life. Every day, the Lord of Plant Life watched over the rainforest to make sure that everything was under control.

One day, he saw the two trees. One of them had smooth, shiny brown bark. Her leaves glistened in the sun. She was called Willow. But the other tree was scraggly with rough bark and flimsy branches. Whenever the wind blew, at least half of its leaves flew off its branches.

The Lord of Plant Life wondered who was kinder. He decided to give them a test. Carefully, he molded two shiny seeds wrapped in thin bark. When dropped, they spun about like helicopter blades before falling to the ground. In his deep booming voice the Lord of Plant Life called out to the trees, "I send you these seeds, you beautiful trees. Take care of them like they are your children. You will be given seven days to prove your kindness. Now do treat them with care!" With that, he dropped the seeds down.

The poor tree saw her seed coming down, so she quickly grabbed it with one of her remaining leaves. Then she dug a hole with one of her branches and carefully placed the seed inside. Using her roots, she buried the seed safely underground. Across from her stood Willow Tree. When her seed had fallen, she simply stared down at it. "What are you doing here?" she barked. "Get out of my sight!" She kicked a clump of dirt over it. Then she began preening her leaves and collecting sunlight for food.

The next day, it rained. The heavy gray clouds spilled buckets of water onto the land. The poor tree collected water in her leaves and watered her plant. Only after she thought that her plant had received enough water did she begin to get water for herself. Meanwhile, Willow Tree paid no attention to her plant. She was too busy collecting water and nutrients from the soil for her own benefit.

When the poor tree asked about her seed, she rolled her eyes and said, "Seeds are just a huge pain in the neck!" High in the rainy sky, the Lord of Plant Life shook his head disapprovingly.

During the third day, fresh air and sunlight filtered all throughout the rainforest. The poor tree's seed had already sprouted and had begun to collect food for itself. The poor tree was overwhelmed with joy. She happily waved her branches. On the other hand, Willow Tree watched in annoyance. Her seed had also sprouted. But unlike the poor tree's seed, hers was thin and brown. Still, Willow Tree did not care. Her branches shaded the sprout, unable to collect sunlight, the sprout became pale and withered.

Four days later, Willow Tree's plant had shriveled up. The poor tree's plant was thriving. Since it was the seventh and last day, the Lord of Plant Life went down to the two trees. He examined the trees' two plants. "I see that you are a diamond in the rough!" he told the poor

SEE WILLOW TREE, PAGE 6

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BELLS MILL ELEMENTARY

Submissions by
Sophia Wang's grade 3
students



Allison Lin



Anjana Tangirala



Lia Crecelius



Jacob Kelly



Summer Polhemus



Gus Ulrich



Emilia Applequist



Jessi Kahn



Ludovico Mocci

CHRIST EPISCOPAL SCHOOL



Charlotte McKenna, 5, PreK — Tempera print



Jackson Lopez, 5, PreK — Tempera print



Alex Lee, 8, grade 3 — Van Gogh multimedia sunflowers



Alejandra Bou, 8, grade 3 — Van Gogh multimedia sunflowers



Zachary Stone as John Adams.



Matthew Bowell, 9, grade 4 — Additive printmaking and oil pastel



Logan Kidd, 10, grade 4 — Additive printmaking and oil pastel



Jacob Springer, 4, PreK — Watercolor warm and cool color leaves



Jake Whitman, 5 — Line print with oil pastel and watercolor



Maximilian Pazicky, 6, kindergarten — Line print with oil pastel and watercolor



Lia Violante, 5, PreK— Multimedia



Johan Choi as William H. Taft.

William H. Taft

Hi, my name is William. H Taft. I was born in Ohio in 1857. I graduated from Yale University. I became a lawyer. I loved baseball. I married Helen Herron Taft. I was elected president in 1909. I was the 27th president. I also was the heaviest U.S. president. I was 332 pounds!! I even once got stuck in my bathtub!! I died in Ohio on March 8, 1930. That was all about myself.

—JOHAN CHOI, GRADE 2

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POTOMAC ELEMENTARY



Kenneth Shue, Grade 2

My Shadow Buddy

Oh, my shadow buddy,
You always stay with me.
When I stretch happily,
You look like a big tree.
When I kneel down quietly,
You look like a little cup of tea.
When I lie down peacefully,
You look like a key.
When I jump freely,
You look like a bumblebee.
Sometimes you are so tall,
But sometimes you are so small.
Oh, my shadow buddy,
You are just like a magical me!

—KENNETH SHUE, GRADE 2

The Best Gift

The best gift I have ever received is my family. Yes they get into fights sometimes, but they always resolve problems in the end. My dad is not always available since he works a lot, but I understand and make the best out of the time I get. My mom, a stay-at-home mom, helps me and my sister every day. She is not only my teacher and my helper, but also my guardian and my role model. My dad is smart, funny, devoted, and caring. He is also extremely supportive and shows compassion and affection. My sister, an 8-year-old girl, can sometimes be fierce and over-reactive, but at the end of the day, I see a wonderful, smart, pretty, happy, energetic, athletic girl who is enthusiastic about everything. In conclusion, my family is learning more about each other and changing everyday. We are closer than anyone else could ever be.

—BRADY COHEN, AGE 9



Emily Jia, 7.5, grade 2



Naomi Borek, grade 3

Willow Tree

FROM PAGE 2

tree. "Tomorrow, you shall be rewarded."

However, he frowned at the shriveled plant. Then the Lord of Plant Life took the withering plant and turned to Willow Tree, "Tomorrow, you shall be punished!" Willow Tree shook with fear. Lucky for her, the Lord of Plant Life had disappeared. Willow could now only wait for tomorrow.

Willow Tree watched the sun rise. Slowly, slowly, painting the world with golden light. Rosy red, pink, orange, and violet hues scattered the sky. Despite the beautiful sight, Willow Tree's fear would not go away. In a few hours, the Lord of Plant Life would come and give her, her punishment. The sun rose higher and higher into the sky as the clouds turned white and the sky became blue.

Soon, the poor tree and her plant were awake. A few of Willow Tree's bright green leaves had fallen from her worry. The plants collected sunlight and took in deep breathes of carbon dioxide. Suddenly, a bright light appeared and the Lord of Plant Life had come. Willow Tree shook with fear. "I shall reward you first," the Lord of Plant Life told the poor tree.

Beams of light and ribbons of water swirled around the poor tree. Finally, they gave away. There stood a tall, strong tree with thin, green, needle-like leaves. Round, brown cones adorned her branches. The poor tree had been transformed from rags to riches. "I see that you are a tree with a heart of gold," The Lord of Plant Life declared. "From now on, you shall be known as Evergreen. All year round, even in the winter, your leaves will be green and your branches shall be strong."

"Thank you so much!" Evergreen gushed. "I shall treasure this gift forever!"

Then, the Lord of Plant Life turned to Willow Tree. "Wait until this afternoon." With that, he disappeared.

Later that afternoon, dark clouds covered the golden sun. "You're in hot water,"

Evergreen told Willow.

"I know," Willow muttered.

Suddenly, gallons of water fell from the sky. It was raining cats and dogs! The wind grew fierce. It howled and moaned. "Trouble!" the wind howled. "Trouble will come!"

The storm went on through the night. In the morning, the forest was a mess. Leaves and twigs littered the ground. Luckily, Evergreen and her plant had survived. Evergreen stood tall and strong, just like the day before. But Willow was a disaster. Almost all of her leaves were gone. Most of her branches were broken and her bark was rough and coarse. Her remaining branches were bent.

Willow looked at her reflection in a nearby puddle and moaned. "My looks! My beautiful, beautiful looks! They are ruined!" She began to cry uncontrollably. As she bawled, all of her remaining branches drooped until they touched the ground and Willow Tree has been weeping ever since.

—CAROLINE CHOU, GRADE 5

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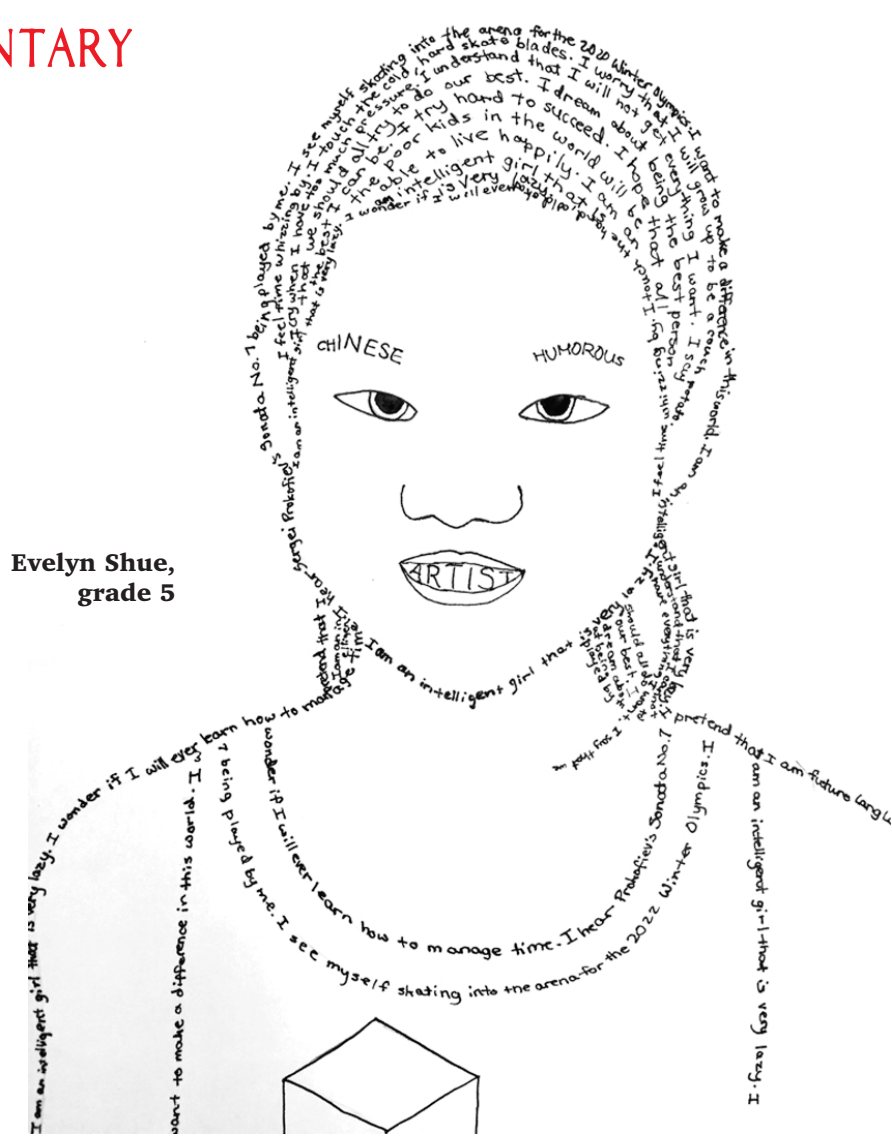
POTOMAC ELEMENTARY



Edward Maximus Devinney III, grade 1



Nadia Shewchuk, grade 2



Evelyn Shue,
grade 5



Olivia Whiteside, grade 4

LET'S TALK Real Estate



by Michael Matese

What Every Contract Should Have

Whether you're writing your own contract or using a preprinted one, every contract should have specific basic elements. Include, of course, the address of the property and contingencies, financing terms and purchase price, and closing date.

Other specific elements a contract must contain are:

Disposition of deposit: Who gets the binder/good faith money if the contract is terminated? It varies with the circumstances, such as a home inspection that does not meet the buyers satisfaction or the seller not being willing to make the necessary repairs (buyer gets the binder back) or such as the buyer not being able to be approved.

Seller's Responsibilities: Include passing clear title of the property, maintaining the present condition until closing, making any agreed upon repairs.

What Stays: What fixtures and personal property remain after closing? Make your list written, not verbal and be specific. If you ask for the curtains for example, make sure you include the hardware that holds them up.

Final Walk Through: This is your chance to make sure the house is in order before closing. When you write the contract, it should be specific about what exactly happens should the walk through be unsatisfactory to the buyers.

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GENEVA DAY SCHOOL



Animal Paw Print Art by Ava Alexander, 3



Blue + Green Watercolor by Niara Gupta 4



Clay Vase by GavinZilliox, 5, Kindergarten



Roman Fresco by Pedro Suarez-Anzorena, 5, Kindergarten



Royal Portraits by Yuki Kamesato, 6



Mosaic Tile by Orr Levy-Yurista, 5, Kindergarten



Marble Art by Sharhan Hasan, 3



Straight + Wiggly Line Art by Takeru Mori, 4



My Neighborhood by LilyTouw, 4 — Tissue Paper Collage



Nutcracker + Christmas Tree by Nikitas Kambanis, 4



Tree Rubb by Jane Hill, Pre-K

GENEVA DAY SCHOOL



Thanksgiving Leaf by Brendan Chu, 2 — Watercolor

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Abstract Linear Painting by Owen, grade 1



Abstract Linear Painting by Noah M., grade 2



3D Painting by Emma, grade 7



Abstract Linear Painting by Karina, grade 1



Autumn Leaves by Layla, grade 4



Apple Drawing by Noor, grade 1



Dancing Leaves by Gavin, grade 1



Dancing Leaves by Grace, grade 1



Autumnal Drawing by Lilly, grade 2



Abstract Mandala Design by Emma, grade 3



Abstract Linear Painting by Ben, grade 2



Autumn Leaves by Nathalia, grade 4

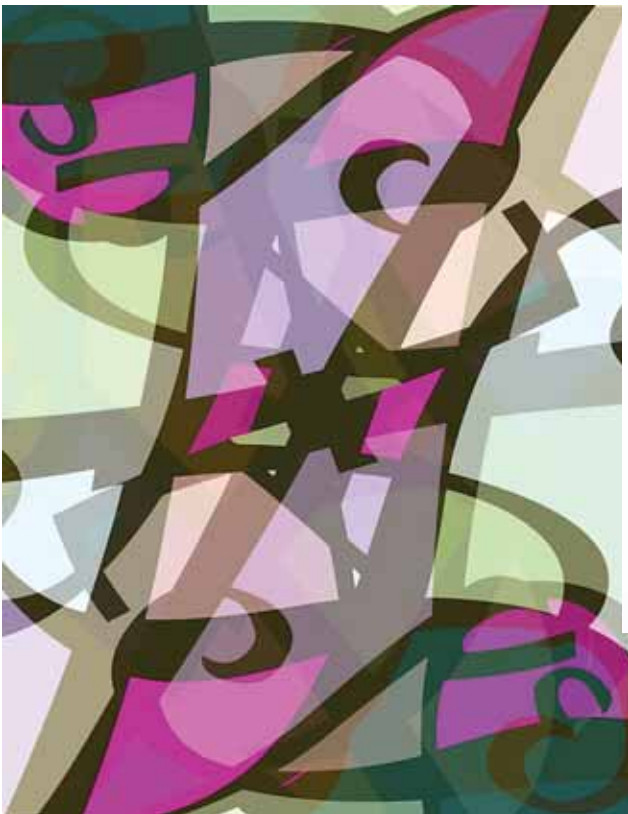
NORWOOD SCHOOL



Norwood at Night by Lauren, grade 2



Apple Drawing by Zeze, grade 1



Digital Art by Ava, grade 8



Pumpkin Sculptures by Jeremy and Allie, Kindergarten



Floating in Space by Chris, grade 4



Fall Garden Drawing by Arielle, grade 4



Foam Board Print by Julius, grade 7



Digital Art Bird by Nakiyah, grade 5



Digital Art Bird by Andrew, grade 5



Apple Drawing by Sara, grade 1



Autumnal Drawing by Noah E., grade 2



3D Painting by Theo, grade 7

NORWOOD SCHOOL

Lively Ocean Tales

One summer day while I was snorkeling in the ocean, I saw an awesome puffer fish! It was pink on the top and white on the bottom. It had a big smile. I wonder why it was so happy!

-EMMA, GRADE 2

One summer day while I was snorkeling in the sea, I saw a sea star. It had little black eyes with a pink and purple pattern. It was filled with lots of pink and purple polka dots. The ends look like puffy balls. I wonder if it is hungry.

-AMARIAH, GRADE 2

One fine day while I was snorkeling in the coral reef, I suddenly saw a small dot of orange. I looked again and noticed it was a yellow and fire red orange sea urchin. It had small blue dots and scary black spikes. There was a red circle in the middle. Wow! This is cool!

-SOPHIE, GRADE 2

One hot afternoon while I was snorkeling in the ocean, I saw a fish with pink, yellow and purple fins. It has cute black eyes. If I were to touch the fish, would it feel weird? I wonder if the pink fish sees a group of fish talking with their friends! At fish school, the little pink fish wanted to go to the new school to join the fishes. Goodbye!

-WONJU, GRADE 2

One afternoon while I was snorkeling in the Arctic Ocean, I saw an octopus. I wanted to touch it but I was worried it would give me a big hug. I went a little

closer. It had a funny nose and long tentacles with 1000 suckers. It is purple and white. I wonder if it is hungry.

-COLE, GRADE 2

One beautiful day while I was snorkeling in the Caribbean waters, I suddenly bumped into a blue, yellow and black speckled fish. It has blue eyes, yellow lips and a white line near his eye with a yellow circle around it. He is very small and thin. He moves slowly. I wonder if he is hungry.

-JEREMY, GRADE 2

One rainy day while I was snorkeling in the Atlantic Ocean.... Swish! Boom! Spam! I noticed a black and white fish is approaching my way. He looks like a fast swimmer. He has a big black eye. He looks small. Whoa! I hope he doesn't get eaten by that big blue fish!

-OSEWE, GRADE 2

One spring day while I was snorkeling in the ocean, I saw a sea horse. It had little dots that shine like glitter. When I touched it, I noticed the little points weren't sharp at all. I could also see a little white strap halfway around his belly. I wonder if it was hiding from a shark!

-MADELINE, GRADE 2

The Time I Went On a Motorboat

BOOM! SPLASH! BOOM! SPLASH! I was flying. I didn't know what to think! What am I going to do? Am I going to fall off the boat? Was I going to die? I was with my family on a motorboat

watching a race. My cousin, Will, was in a sailing race. It was REALLY windy, and when I say REALLY windy, I mean REALLY windy! It was also very stormy and gray. It was drizzling!

As my dad drove the boat through the water, we realized the waves were getting bigger and bigger! At one point, they got so big the water was surrounding us like walls! I was so scared! The water was everywhere. My hands were holding onto the boat SO tight. "Oh no!" I thought.

Suddenly, I saw the biggest wave I had ever seen. It was so big and fast. It was going about 30 miles an hour. I only had a few seconds to prepare myself because I knew something harsh was going to happen. Then it was here. I was so scared. The wave hit the boat and rocked it. I just blinked for a second. I was in the air again. It was kind of cool but I was still freaked out. I was sitting with my cousins, Tory and Lizzy, on the cold and slippery bench. It was drenched right in the front. The cold and salty water was splashing in my face and the wind was echoing in my ears. After that, we stayed on the boat for a little more and then we went home. I've never forgotten that motorboat ride since. I don't know if Will won or not!

-ANNA, GRADE 4

Guard Dog

"Give it back!" I screamed.
"No!" My sister said. I tried to get my bouncy ball back but she accidentally threw it into the other backyard where there was a guard dog. I was so angry I wanted to scream at her but I didn't want to wake up the guard dog. So, instead I quietly tiptoed to our gate door. I opened the door and tiptoed to the

neighbor's backyard near their guard dog who was snoozing away. The guard dog had a chain connected to the house and it was hugging a dog bone. I saw my bouncy ball right next to the dog. I held my breath. It was complete silence except for the dog breathing slowly and calmly. I tiptoed to the dog. I felt as if my feet were as quiet as a mouse and as light as a cloud. I took hold of my bouncy ball and then backed away quietly but then...crunch! I had stepped on a leaf. I froze. I heard the dog groaning waking up. As I backed up slowly, I saw the dog stand up. It was gigantic. It saw me and barked. It hurt my ears. It lunged at me straining at the chain around its neck.

It was so loud I felt as if my eardrum would blast. I was just a few feet away from it. I started to run. My feet felt like they were on fire. I heard the dog's barking getting softer and softer. My hands were sweaty and hot. I still ran. I could feel my heart thumping like a big parade beating a drum. I ran and ran until I got into my backyard. I slammed the gate door of our backyard and I fell flat on my back on the outside couch. I could hear my little sister laughing. She must have watched it all but I didn't care. My heart was calming down. I clutched my bouncy ball tighter and tighter like my little sister was going to take it. I stood up and went to my room. My heart was still beating like a drum. As I walked up the stairs, I heard my little sister coming up too. I closed my bedroom door I looked at my room. I would not go back to our neighbor's backyard again.

-ELIZABETH, GRADE 4

SEE SKI LIFT, PAGE 14

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Ella Moore, grade 4



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NORWOOD SCHOOL

FROM PAGE 13

The Time I Fell Off a Ski Lift

The ski lift slowly creaked forward wobbling side to side. I was starting to get a little bit uncomfortable. I grasped the bar and looked down. It wasn't that bad, I thought. The lift started shaking more and more. The seat was slipping under me. I thought if I could just stay on till I arrived at the end I would be ok. The lift scratched the metal again, louder. My hand slipped off the bar and

I slid off the seat. For one deafening second the lift scraped the metal pole. My other hand was still holding on. Then that hand slipped.

I was falling in slow motion. Then my back bashed into the icy snow. Everything was a blur. I was rolling down the hill. Then finally, I came to a stop on the top of a hill. I tried to get up but everything was sore. The ice was burning my skin, but I didn't care. I just wanted to lay there sprawled across the ice. It wasn't a pleasant feeling but I didn't want to do anything else.

Luckily, ski patrols swarmed around me. One ski patrol took off his skis and formed an X. They helped me up and

bombarded me with questions. I told them I was ok. They were going to put me in a stretcher but I could manage without it. So they accompanied me about halfway down the double black diamond slope then left me. (My initial plan was to do a black diamond but I fell off the lift over a double black so I was stuck.) I really, really, really wanted to do the black diamond I was going to do before I was oh so rudely interrupted. Then I skied back to the infamous ski lift and guess what? It started up again wobbling, creaking and scraping.

— EVERETT, GRADE 4

The Time I Found a Rat Behind My Couch

SWISH! The basketball drops through the hoop. As I go to get the ball again I hear a squeaking sound. Suddenly a rat climbs over the couch! "Aaah!" I shout. "Is this the end?" I thought. "Is this a mutant rat creature coming to invade Earth?" I yell for help, but nobody hears

me. CRASH! The rat knocks over a glass vase. BAM! It knocks over a lamp. "Help!" I shout as I run up the basement steps. I can hear the rat squeaking behind me. I run into the kitchen. I think the rat is following me.

My sister, Sara, sees the rat and screams. "What is that rat doing here!?" she says. "And why is it chasing you?" My puppy, Bear, starts to chase the rat. This seems to scare it. The rat starts to run away from Bear.

Dad, who was setting the table for dinner, quickly grabs a paper towel and picks up the rat. He then shoves it out

SEE PAGE 15

NORWOOD SCHOOL

FROM PAGE 13

the back door. I can see the rat on the other side of the glass, running off to somewhere else.

"What was that rat doing in here?" Dad asks me.

"Um...well...he did it!" I say, pointing to Adam. He's playing his recorder in the living room. He has a big cast on his leg because he injured it playing football.

"Hey!" he shouts. "You take that back!"

"Jack, I want an honest answer," says Dad.

"I don't know," I say. "It might have come down the chimney. But at least it's gone! Wait, was that a squeaking sound?"

-JACK, GRADE 4

the dog. The owner did not seem to care at all that her dog was chasing Nuria. All the owner was doing was calling her dog's name instead of grabbing her. The fear boiling inside me turned to anger but it quickly washed away when I heard a scream. It was my mom.

"GRAB YOUR DOG!" I heard my mom scream. I could tell I wasn't the only one mad. The owner grabbed her dog quickly. I ran toward my mom. I looked at Nuria who was gripping onto my mom's arm, huffing and puffing very loudly. Amariah, I could tell was scared and I was so mad. "Next time put your dog on a leash." My mom shouted. With that we went our different ways. I knew this was going to be a story I would tell to everyone.

YANIRA, GRADE 4

White Light

Moss so green
the boulders become
soft islands
in a dreamland
where water
flows as fast as light
a waterfall
polar bear white
against
a black
rock,
black as
midnight

-ALLIE, GRADE 2

The Dog

"Let's take a walk," my mom said.
"Okay," my sisters Nuria, Amariah and I said. Twenty minutes later, we reached a school. Nuria went up to take a look inside the school. There was an open gate. Nuria took a peek inside and saw a giant black dog chasing a little kid. The dogs gave up the chase and started to chase after something else. Then, Nuria realized it was coming after her. Nuria bolted out of the way but the dog wouldn't give up the chase. She ran toward us. As soon as I saw what was behind her, I didn't stick around for much longer. I dashed another way, but I stopped in my tracks as soon as I saw the dog wasn't following me. It was still chasing Nuria. I wanted to help my sister, but fear boiled in me so all I can do was watch as the dog chased her.

A few times I tried not to burst out in laughter. I watched the owner of

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from a recent fire

-LANEY, GRADE 2

Seeds

Seeds are like little coconuts
Exploding
Everywhere,
Inside the flower
It looks like fireworks

-NOLAN, GRADE 2

The Garden

The clouds are so white
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The leaves are like
a rainbow going across the
sky.

The sky is like a blue
river.

-LAUREN, GRADE 2



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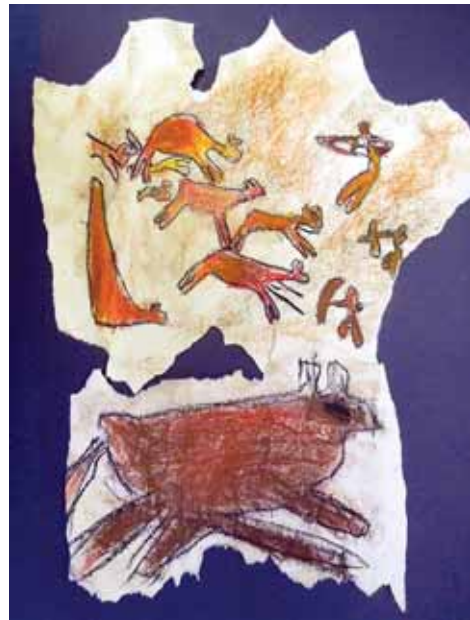
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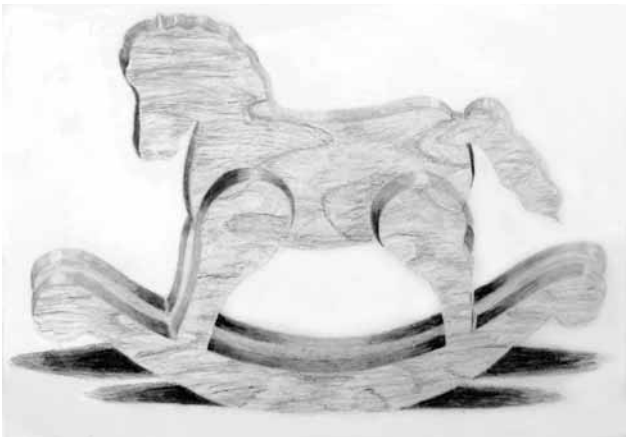
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Jonathan Lee, grade 2



Jodi Goldman, grade 11 and Brice Fitzgerald, grade 12



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The Time Is Now, And Then Some



By KENNETH B. LOURIE

As I sit and write, I am 25 days out from my next CT Scan. Which ordinarily, wouldn't cause a blip in my thinking; having been scanned and "resulted" over 25 times in the last seven years (usually, once every three months). However, this time the scan will occur after a quarter in which I've changed my infusion schedule from every three weeks to every four, as written about in a recent column entitled "All Four It." In doing the math: 13 weeks divided by three; 13 weeks divided by four; as a result of this modification, I am now receiving one fewer dose of chemotherapy. And this change was made not because I was in remission or my tumors had shrunk. No, this change was made because of a less-than-desirable quality of life. Also, as written about in a previous column, one entitled "Slippery Hope," feeling miserable one out of every three weeks was not contributing much to the quality of that life so in sharing these feelings with my oncologist, the change in frequency was agreed to. But my CT Scan schedule remains quarterly. Ergo this column's angst.

Given this rather significant change – and the correlating reduction in medicine administered, this next scan is hardly just another few slides in and out of the computerized tomography. No. This may very well be a crossroads in my treatment. If the scan shows no growth, then off I can continue infusing into the wild blue yonder (at least for the next three months until my next scan). If, on the other hand, the scan shows growth and/or movement, then perhaps I have crossed over onto a path going who knows where. And since my frequency change was made without discussing the what-if scenarios (which my oncologist prefers not to do), I am free to speculate without the benefit of any professional insight. Presumably, we'll either go back to infusing every three weeks (continuing with Alimta) and see what appears – or not – on the CT Scan (three months hence) or we'll change medications/protocols entirely and then, as we say in Boston: "It'll be Katie 'bahr' the door;" meaning, watch out/hang on for dear life (no pun intended) because new and different drugs don't necessarily equate to an improved/ "normal" quality of life. In short, my situation/health could get worse. And my request/ desire to alter my previously effective infusion schedule – so far as keeping my tumors stable is concerned – from three weeks to four, may be the direct cause. Wanting to improve the quality of my life may now have led to a reduction in the quality of that life. And though I certainly understand how unreasonable it is for a patient/survivor to expect to have his cake (sugar-free preferably) and eat it too; still, I was hoping I had a few more bites at the apple.

I'll know soon enough – not, and that's the point of this column. Unfortunately, I'm already worrying about the results and the consequences of my actions. Usually, the associated anxiety starts about two weeks before the scan. Now, considering the stakes, I am worrying about it nearly four weeks before. Double the trouble and none of the fun. And believe me, it's not as if worrying this far ahead of the next scan serves any purpose whatsoever. Nor will it speed up the process or affect the scan results. All that happens is that I will be nervous and anxious about something I can't control, and make worse a situation (the waiting) that I've previously been able to manage.

Well, at least I'm not blaming myself – totally, anyway. This is all premature and nothing is pre-ordained. And considering that I've been on chemotherapy for almost seven years, and survived way beyond my oncologist's original "13 months to two-year" prognosis, perhaps my tumors won't be effected and life will go on as-per-usual. Who knows? Maybe infusing less will actually help me more?

Kenny Lourie is an Advertising Representative for The Potomac Almanac & The Connection Newspapers.

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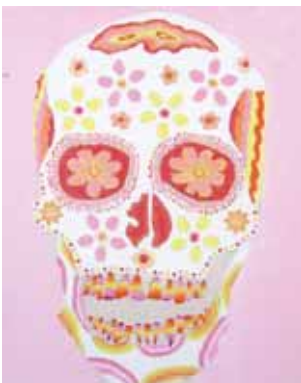
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