

The Club: A Trio of 55 Word Stories

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HOW TO CITE: Fogarty CT. The Club: A Trio of 55 Word Stories. *Fam Med*.

2024;57(2):133-133.

doi: [10.22454/FamMed.2024.547495](https://doi.org/10.22454/FamMed.2024.547495)

PUBLISHED: 25 November 2024

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THE CLUB

VIP parking; an embossed membership card.
The receptionist smiles while checking me in.
I don the thick cotton spa robe
The therapist summons me by name,
then positions me on the table.
As I gaze at the overhead light,
she steps out, abandoning me to the radiation beams
aimed to keep the cancer at bay.

WALT

Walt is gone.
His treatment done.
Unexpectedly, I miss him.
Though his treatment followed mine,
I'd usually park next to his silver minivan.
His punctuality in contrast to my last-minute dash.
I'd begun to rely on his ready smile,
like a reassuring grandfather,
as I left the treatment room.
Who will be there for me now?

LAST DAY

Adriane smiles, "last day—congratulations!"
Today ends my treatment.
The machine whirs.
I contemplate the electron beam aimed at my naked breast
The handlebars overhead oddly comforting.
The headrest and back support uniquely positioned for me.
I will not miss this
I leave, no more daily appointments
Driving away, weeping entirely unexpected tears of loss.