

Letter by Charlie Williams, 12, about his battle with cancer

[Ξένης](#)



This is a

story of a child called Charlie who was diagnosed with cancer when he was only five years old. In fact, on the fifth day of the fifth month of 2005.

My name is Charlie Williams. I could have died by now. I recently found out I was not going to die. At Addenbrooke's Hospital I had to endure medical treatments that included radiotherapy, which involved me going into a cylindrical tunnel for about half an hour, which is quite scary for a 6 year old, as I was at the time.

I also had several MRI scans, also in a cylindrical tunnel, with all kinds of noises while you are inside. The chemotherapy was through a drip which was inserted into my body, in my upper chest, like a transfusion, and went on for a few hours at a time every month. I also had to have lots of blood transfusions. Needles aren't the nicest thing in the world, and I used to be petrified of them, so you can imagine what it felt like for me to have them inserted into me so often as a child. But I'm used to them now.

Do you think you could cope with all that medical treatment? How do you think it

would change you as a person? Being ill, and knowing that there may be a chance that you will lose the things that make up your life, makes you value those things.
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