Melanoma

After the dermatologist gouged my numbed skin for the biopsy, scooping out the rough brown patch on my thigh the family doctor’d seen at my check-up a couple of weeks before – a chocolate smudge I’d taken to be a birthmark – told me the lab results would come back in about a week, I asked him what the worst-case scenario was.

The doctor looked at a loss for words, which I tried to interpret with a muttered, “Death, I suppose,” making a face, doing my best to be fatalistic, all along sure it was nothing.

“You mean you don’t want to know the best-case scenario?” he smiled.

“Well, then it’s ‘nothing,’” I shrugged.

“Or else it’s something,” he nodded. “We’ll know in a week.”

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