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The first interaction between the tumor and me took place in 2019. The illness was preceded by despair, the loss of loved ones (my father and aunt), and depression. Nobody knows when I accepted that a grave illness was approaching me, when I allowed cancer to touch me, and when my life was overturned, thrusting me out of myself through a brutal awakening.

The abrupt onset of cancer revealed the value of life to me, teaching me to appreciate every second, every minute, every day of my life and the part of it already behind me. Yes, I called this experience a relationship. That's why I decided to make the book interactive, as we find the right answers when conversing rationally with others or ourselves.

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The book is interactive in order to become aware of your personal thoughts that arise as you read. You must write down your responses and translate those thoughts into suitable behavior.

When cancer develops, making the right decisions becomes crucial. You're embarking on life anew – from "Ani" to "Hoe."<sup>1</sup>

"Ani" marks your rebirth, an eye reopening after your first chemotherapy session. Uncertainty and fear continue to accompany you as you seek individuals who can support you in growing through their assistance.

"Hoe" represents healing, complete remission, when the word "cured" is inscribed in your medical record.

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<sup>1</sup> "Ani" is the first letter of the Georgian alphabet: "ა" "A" like ALPHA in the Greek alphabet. Metaphorically, it means the beginning of a new life.

"Hoe" is the last letter of the Georgian alphabet: "ჟ" "H" like OMEGA in Greek, and it means the last day, death, or the logical end of something. In my book, it means a new life after cancer. The cancer is over, and I am starting a new life.

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Who am I? - We often ask ourselves this question when we are in good health and also when we face an existential crisis. The answer to this question is vague and multifaceted because I am a person, a mother, a father, a child, a neighbor, an employee, a lover, a spouse, a citizen, and more. It turns out that I am not one and indivisible. I am multiple, and I am the entire world.

I realize this more profoundly when I encounter oncology, chemotherapy like a storm, and all the surgeries that turn into wounds. After colliding with oncology, I became a determined fighter, a vast pharmacy filled with medications, sometimes a woman with an unfamiliar face, and a human being with a part of my body amputated. This question becomes painful, especially after being associated with a severe illness.

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It all began like this: I was coming home on a warm summer evening when I felt a certain weakness and unbearable tingling in my chest, accompanied by severe pain. I was in a state of confusion and anxiety. I hurried to get home on time and seek help from my family members.

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*"Generally, I rarely catch colds, and I'm not prone to illnesses,"* I said.

*"Girls your age like to dress lightly; maybe you caught a chill, and that's causing your pain,"* she responded, unsatisfied. My father died of a heart condition two years ago, and I feared it might be genetically determined. Therefore, I didn't give up. After this brief discussion, she prescribed a cardiological examination and scheduled me for the next day. "Don't be late," she reminded me at the door. The pain didn't go away, and I constantly moved from one

cardiologist to another cardiologist, then from one neurologist to another.

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"You need to see a doctor as soon as possible," David, my husband, told me as he picked up the phone. I made a call somewhere. I got out of bed and looked at myself in the mirror, standing by the window. For the past two days, I've had a strange appearance, barely noticeable at first glance but still odd.

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"Such a poetic sky, isn't it?" I looked at David, "I could compose beautiful poems if my mind were up to it." David looked at me and smiled.

I added, "The toughest part of the journey begins," and I leaned back, looking at the sky.

"The Grand Journey?" David asked me with a smile.

"Yes, I think..." I replied, absorbed in the beauty of the sky.