

138 Evelyth

The fourth of this little series, and hopefully the last, is Evelyth. After the surgical changes to my body, my chest literally felt scooped out.

Scar tissue pulled my shoulders forward and pain prevented me from standing up straight. Lacking “padding” to protect my heart and lungs, I was left with a very real sense of vulnerability. Between the chemotherapy, general exhaustion and radiation burns, I felt less than robust - in fact, my oncologist referred to me as “fragile,” which really pissed me off.

Following months of physical therapy and given time to heal, I am feeling less and less physically “fragile” every day, less a victim of circumstance and bad luck. I gave Evelyth an exoskeleton and a few spikes for protection, plus a helmet for bald-headedness. Creating her has been the best of restorative therapies.