

The Fault In Our Stars response

Upon choosing *The Fault In Our Stars*, by John Green, I never thought it would impact my life so much. Death sadly isn't unfamiliar to me, nor is cancer. My grandmother and great aunt have both passed away from cancer, and honestly up until this point I have never thought about the struggle they went through, even when I have. This could be due to the fact that they both got sick when I was at a young age. But by reading this wonderfully written novel I must admit that I am started to contemplate things. For instance, how many days did they fight the pain of their bodies shutting down just to get up and take a drink of water, which in thinking about this makes me realize that we as healthy beings don't honestly think about doing. We just take a sip to try to quench the dryness of our throats. The novel makes me wonder what they were thinking because not once did they share their thoughts with me, again this could be due to how little I was, but then again I don't honestly think that is all of it. Perhaps they knew they were infact a grenade to quote both Hazel and Gus, and the wanted to spare their loved ones from the truth of pain and death. Looking back now, all I truly remember from the time they got sick to the last day, they always smiled. Smiled like it didn't hurt. Smiled like they would forever be young. Smiled like they didn't have this deadly illness lurking inside their bodies. Smiled like they would live to see me walk down the aisle on my wedding day in a god awful white dress that cost an arm and a leg that I would infact only wear once. Smiled like they would live. They smiled, which now makes me wonder how many of those smiles were real or fake.

When they died, I cursed life and the unfairness of all things horrible. But in cold hard reality, life is unfair and it will continue to kick us in the ass and laugh as we mess every last possible thing up while we try to escape it's grasp. Life is a bitter lie that most find bliss and beautiful, while death is the truth that everyone deems unfair. In truth death is unfair, it robs us of life and love, but oddly it's this that makes me fascinated with it now. Well, to rephrase I'm fascinated with the thought of dying, though in truth I

fear physical death. Then again when you suffer from depression being fascinated with death isn't always a good thing.

But here is why it fascinates me, where do we actually go after death, is there an actual heaven where our souls will end up or when we kick the bucket are we just worm food in the messed up circle of life? I don't believe there is a heaven, but I recognize the idea of Something where our souls could go, much like Gus.

In all honesty I have thought about what it would be like to go blind, even as a child I would touch the braille on every sign I could reach and still to this day I do this when no one is looking. Then again I would never know another sunset over the ocean nor the changing from fall to winter my two favorite seasons. Winter makes me think of the petals falling around the two in Amsterdam and how beautiful that would be, not to mention romantic.

But back to death, like I said suffering from depression people get freaked out when you mention the "D" word, I won't deny that I haven't tried things in the past, because to deny that is to deny myself. Yet when I think of death now, I mainly think of how long would it take everyone to forget that I infact died. Or how many tears would be shed over the shell of the person I had become laying in an overpriced rectangle just so I can root away in a bed of plush silk. I believe these are the types of things that went through my grandmother's and aunt's mind as they lay in the hospital being poisoned to try and fight the poison in their bodies already, which to this day honestly makes no sense to me because it didn't kill the thing that was killing them, just prolonged their deaths. Which then gets me to thinking, "Why in the world would they go through this pain just to keep living in pain?" but I would inreturn answer my own question with the fact that they wanted to live. And for this I am forever grateful because it granted me little more time to see them, though it still doesn't make full sense to me.

Going back to the book, I believe this was a well written novel that made me cry like a child. I was honestly scared that it was going to end mid sentence like the novel it kept referencing. It pisses me off that Gus had a relapse and died in the end, but then again thats life right. "Life isn't a wish granting factory.." Though I find myself wondering

what happened to Hazel, did she get to live her life one step at a time and have it prolonged for a year. Two years? Or did she die and The Last Day was when she finally got the letter that Gus had written which was her eulogy, and did Isaac indeed read it at her funeral. Speaking of Isaac did he ever hear from the bitch Monica? Or did he finally be NEC for the rest of his life. In thinking these things I feel somewhat like Hazel searching for the answers she had at the end of the book.