Pandora gets it.

August 21, 2014 By Rick Nash

Last night I turned did something I've been doing for the last twelve weeks.

I ate some food, and took two pills. One yellowish white pill called Sovaldi, and a white capsule called Olysio.

Those two RXs did something for me no other RX has been able to do, done something I would never have had been able to do on my own.

Last night I did the same thing, but it was different this time. Because it was the last time I would take these pills.

Within a few days the RX will be leaving my body, and like the HepC it was made to eradicate, will be but a bittersweet memory.
It's a small thing that had enormous consequence. This RX has given me freedom like I will never know it, tomorrow I'll receive the blood test results I thought I would have last week. tomorrow I find out if this Tic Tac Toe game of life and death I'm playing has two Os in it.

Or if it'll be a cat's game and I restart in October with a new RX.

The relief of this tiny obligation being finished is paramount to the healing process and moving forward.

While I still have MRIs, blood tests and lots of health recovery plans to go about, It's with more tenacity, more excitement I can do each thing, because I know that my health is improving with each step I take.

I have opened the box, and all manner of things came out, over the course of my treatments I have known intense fear, death, anger, despair, confusion, love, loneliness, and so forth. What remains in this box, is hope. But it is not my hope, I have held steadfast to hope for my life. It is hope I must share with others.

Hope to be etched into the bottoms of more empty pillboxes.

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