

## Dave

**Dave is an African Caribbean man who attends a community cancer support group. His wife believes in dietary approaches to cure his cancer.**

I am going for some food as soon as this is over. I deserve it after all this fennel tea and tasteless veg my wife's been putting down in front of me. And I know the Doctor is going to try and twist my arm.

'You need to think about what you want to happen over the next few months Dave; so we can put the proper plans in place. You need to be prepared'.

My dad died of cancer. He made me promise that his funeral would be a thing of joy. 'The people here son, they don't know how to die and when they do the way they are so quickly dispensed with and forgotten should be a warning of the way that they will treat us. So we have to stand up for our rights, every single day'. And he was right.

As soon as the treatment stopped working, they just washed their hands of me. And now of course, when things are properly on the downward slope, they have to appear to make an effort. But I know what's really going on. 'That's right Doctor; now that the chemo's not working you want me to sign on the dotted line so that I don't hang around too long. Well I'm not signing anything'.

Maybe I should have asked my wife to come with me. She's obviously worried but I've told her its nothing important. And I don't want her there, getting upset and confusing everything; getting talked into things, like she does with her sister and all that diet mumbo jumbo. It's simple. I just need to stand my ground; tell him I know that things aren't good; that we all step off the boat at some point; but they're not going to get rid of me that easily.

That I'm no fool.