

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 1

Book 1 Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister

After leaving the operating room, my parents trailed behind my sister's stretcher to her hospital room. The nurse, wheeling my bed announced, "Family members of Bed 25, please come over to receive the doctor's instructions."

My mother, with her eyes fixed anxiously on my sister, who was still under anesthesia, impatiently responded, "Are you nurses dead or something? Just keep an eye on her. As long as she's alive, that's enough. Nothing is more important than my precious Allie." With that, she entered the room and didn't come out.

The nurse sighed and wheeled me into a shared ward, explaining post-surgery care and instructing me to use the call bell at the head of the bed if I experienced any adverse reactions.

I nodded weakly, and the nurse, feeling a pang of sympathy, reassured me, "I'll remind your parents to check on you when I visit your sister's room. You should rest well."

I gave her a faint smile, grateful for her kindness. I knew that even with her reminder, my parents wouldn't come; only my ailing sister was worthy of concern and care. As for me, I was just a healthy daughter who had given away a kidney; it wasn't a big deal.

"I don't understand what kind of parents they are," one nurse said. "They have two daughters, yet they all go to the elder's room, ignoring the younger one. Even though the younger one is healthier, she donated a kidney and has impaired bodily functions. How can they not care for her?"

"Exactly," the other nurse agreed. "I heard that they pulled strings to get a private room for the elder to rest well, but the younger is stuck in a shared ward. It's so unfair."

Their conversation was clear and audible. I bitterly smiled, wishing I could stand and walk out of the room to tell them it was okay. As long as my sister was healthy and safe, my life hadn't been in vain, and I hadn't disappointed my parents' expectations.

The next morning, as I opened my eyes, I saw my father standing by my bed. Surprised and a bit puzzled, I asked him, "Dad, why are you here? Is Allie okay?"

My father seemed momentarily stunned by my question and replied, "Allie is fine for now. Mom is with her, so there's no need to worry."

I nodded and lay back down, closing my eyes again. The pain in my abdomen had been nagging since I woke up, and closing my eyes seemed to ease it a little.

Seeing me like this, my father assumed I was upset with them. His voice grew stern as he said, “Farah, who are you making that face for? You know your sister’s health isn’t good. We know we’ve neglected you, but your sister needs us more right now. Can’t you be a little more understanding?”

Haven’t I been understanding enough? I grew up as they asked, healthy and strong, only to donate my best, most compatible kidney to my sister—even on my eighteenth birthday. There was no cake, no family celebration, just a cold hospital bed and a body growing increasingly wracked with pain.

Beads of sweat trickled down my forehead from the agony, and I bit my lip, trembling, “Dad, I’d like some water.”

It was only then that he noticed there wasn’t even a cup by my bed. His expression stiffened, and his tone softened again, “I’ll go get you some water. You just think about my words for a bit. Once your sister is better, your mom and I will make sure there’s no more favoritism.”

My parents have always known they were biased. But because of my sister’s illness, they justified it, believing it was perfectly natural. To them, all the grievances and discontent their healthy daughter endured simply did not matter.

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 2

From the moment I was old enough to understand, I knew I existed for my sister. Even my name, Farah, was a wish my parents had for her — a hope that my birth would bring joy to the Allie.

Even my body and emotions belonged to her. More than once, my parents warned me: no junk food because it’s bad for the body, and if Allie saw it, she wouldn’t be happy. No roughhousing with other kids because I might get hurt, and that would upset Allie even more.

So, I never tasted food from outside, never had friends of my own. Although I was healthy, I was kept at home like her. Mom would say, “Whatever Allie is, you must be the same. Everything revolves around her.”

But how can a child resist temptation? I secretly collected bottles, saved enough money to buy a piece of fried chicken, but just as I was about to savor it, Mom appeared.

Right there, in front of passersby, she slapped me hard across the face. “How can you be so thoughtless? Didn’t I tell you not to eat outside food? What if you ruin your body? How will you help your sister get better then? Do you even want her to recover? How could I have raised such an ungrateful child?”

Ignoring my shame and near-collapse, she turned and left me there.

A little girl passed by, holding her mother's hand, a freshly cooked drumstick in the other, happily sharing it with her mom. I looked at the drumstick my mom had thrown into the gutter, and tears streamed silently down my face.

Thinking of that, I suddenly longed to taste a drumstick, but since I'd just had surgery, I couldn't have fried food. I sighed, realizing I might never get the chance.

Time passed, and Dad still hadn't returned. I guessed my sister needed him, and once again, he had forgotten about me.

Desperately thirsty, I pressed the call button by my bed and asked the nurse to bring me a bottle of water.

Mom came in with the nurse, her face dark. She held back, not wanting to make a scene in front of the nurse.

"With family around, I hope you'll pay more attention here. Both children are equally important; you can't just care for one while the other can't even get a drink of water," the nurse said.

"Yes, yes, we'll do better," Mom apologized with a forced smile.

Once the nurse left, Mom turned around, filled a cup with water, and threw it in my face. "You said you were thirsty, so drink it now. And you had to call an outsider to criticize us? Do you feel wronged? Can't you stop being so selfish? Your sister just had surgery and needs care the most. Put away your little tricks and emotions. If it happens again, don't bother coming home!"

"But Mom, I had surgery too," I tried to argue.

"You? You're just missing a kidney. You still have another, don't you? I know you're pretending. You're trying to take attention away from your sister, even knowing how fragile she is. How could you be so wicked? If anything happens to my precious Allie, you'll go down with her," Mom said and turned to leave.

"Mom, am I your daughter?" I propped myself up and called after her.

"Without Allie, you're nothing. You should be grateful to her for any chance you have at happiness," she replied, never turning around as she hurried out of the ward.

I collapsed back onto the bed, tears streaming from my eyes once more.

I had thought that if I grew up healthy and strong, gave my sister the best, healthiest kidney, I might earn my parents' recognition and care, maybe even a little bit of their love.

But the truth proved otherwise. My sister remained their only priority. I was like a tool that had served its purpose, discarded and forgotten.

Like the palm and back of a hand, how can one be favored while the other is slighted? Yet, to them, I wasn't even regarded part of the back.

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 3

The pain in my abdomen grew more and more intense, but I told no one. Somewhere deep inside, I felt this might be my final destination.

Since my sister hadn't been discharged, my parents hadn't arranged for my discharge either.

With the hospital beds in high demand and me being the donor, there was no need for me to stay long. So I had no choice but to sleep on the bench in the hospital, waiting for my sister to be released, hoping to go home with my parents.

Another week passed this way. Late one night, a sharp pain tore through my abdomen again, and I collapsed in the hallway.

Half-conscious, I felt someone urgently lifting me onto a stretcher and rushing me toward the operating room.

"There's an infection at the surgical site; we need to perform an emergency procedure immediately. This is the patient from bed 25, the kidney donor, related to the family in room 101. Find their family quickly," the doctor said, his voice anxious.

"They were discharged this morning, and we haven't been able to reach them," the nurse replied, hesitant.

So my sister had been discharged this morning, and they forgot to call me. I wanted to go home too.

My consciousness grew fainter, my soul seeming to drift away from my body.

But perhaps that was for the best. The family didn't need another daughter anyway. Now that my sister was well, I could leave. They could live happily ever after, just the three of them. I wondered if they would ever think of me again. At least I had given a kidney for my sister.

My soul finally separated from my body. I floated above, watching the doctors desperately trying to save me. Only when the line on the monitor went flat did they, exhausted, lower their instruments.

Luckily, I had left a note in my clothes. Otherwise, my death might have caused trouble for the doctors who tried so hard to save me.

I wanted to take one last look at myself, but suddenly, a bright light flashed before my eyes, and I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes again, I found myself on a beautiful island— the very place my sister had always dreamed of visiting, and one I had secretly longed for, too. So, this is what it's like to fulfill your last wish after death.

"Allie, hurry up! Didn't you always want to see the ocean?" Dad's voice called out.

I turned around to see my parents holding my sister's hands, walking along the beach. Their faces were full of joy and contentment, especially Allie, who radiated with the happiness of a new lease on life. She gazed at the endless blue sky and sea, her eyes shimmering with countless lights.

Mom smiled lovingly, caressing Allie's face. "My darling Allie, you've finally seen the ocean. How about we take you to explore an even wider world next?"

Instinctively, I waved to greet them, but in the next moment, they walked right through me, heading towards the shore to splash water at each other, enjoying their perfect family time.

I watched the happy family of three, and an ache welled up inside me. Bitterly, I wondered: if they knew I was dead, would they still be so carefree?

The answer came almost immediately. No, of course not. My parents would never grieve for my death. As long as Allie was happy, they were happy.

"Mom, does my sister know we're out playing?" Allie suddenly asked.

"Allie, why bring up that downer? She'll find her way home once she realizes we're not there. Don't bother with her. We're here to have fun, and your happiness is all that matters!" At the mention of me, Mom's tone turned noticeably displeased. She always hated me, didn't she? Maybe now that I'm gone, she could finally feel a bit happier.

"Alright!" Allie agreed with a smile, not giving me a second thought.

They spent a week happily by the seaside. When my sister, feeling exhausted, said she wanted to go home and rest, Mom promptly bought return tickets, and they went home that very day. My spirit followed them back.

On the way from the airport, Mom instructed Dad to call home and have me prepare dinner so that my sister could have a meal as soon as they arrived and rest comfortably.

Dad dialed my number.

“The number you have dialed is not in service. Please check the number and dial again...” Dad hung up impatiently and dialed again, only to be met with the same cold, electronic voice. Muttering under his breath, he complained, “Why isn’t she answering?”

But I was already dead; how could a corpse answer the phone or prepare a meal to welcome them home?

Mom noticed Dad’s frustration and asked, “What’s wrong? Can’t you get through?”

“Farah’s phone is off. She’s not answering.”

“Really, she’s gotten so wild; she dares to turn off her phone and ignore us. Just wait until I get home and deal with her!” Mom’s anger flared. I floated beside her and tried to comfort her, “Don’t be upset, Mom. I’m already gone; there’s no one left to annoy you.”

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 4

“Mom, maybe we didn’t tell her we were leaving. She’s probably sulking. We can make it up to her when we get home,” Allie said, gently shaking Mom’s hand in reassurance.

“That’s my Allie, so well-behaved, unlike that wild girl. Make it up to her? She should be lucky if she doesn’t have to spend the entire night in time-out. Forget her for now. Allie, come see the photos I took for you. Do you like them?” Mom, happily hugging Allie, looked at the Added to the library casting me aside.

Even though I was dead, I still felt a pang of bitterness rise within me at Mom’s scolding. I couldn’t understand why, despite living obediently for eighteen years according to their commands, Mom still saw me as a bad person.

I followed them back home. As I opened the door, the house was clean and tidy, just as it had been when we left. The layer of dust on the table, however, showed that no one had been home for a while.

“Could it be that she hasn’t come home? Could she still be at the hospital? Let’s go pick her up,” Allie suggested, puzzled.

“Go where? No, we’re not going! If that wretched girl isn’t coming home, she can stay away for the rest of her life! We’ve been providing for her, and now that she’s out of the hospital, she still dares to run away? Let her stay away as long as she wants—ideally, forever!” Mom erupted at the thought of me not being home. Her anger was uncontrollable, and both Dad and Allie

stopped trying to reason with her.

But Mom, this time I really can't come back. You should be satisfied now.

The next morning, Dad, feeling guilty, came to the hospital hoping to bring me home.

At the nurse's station, he asked, "Where is the patient from bed 25?"

"Are you a family member?"

"Yes."

The nurse gave Dad a sympathetic glance and said, "Please follow me."

Dad, confused, followed the nurse until they reached the morgue. He stopped in his tracks, staring incredulously at the sign, trying to comfort himself:

"It can't be. She must be hiding here, playing at running away." Even now, Dad was still in denial. I wondered if he would be pained or frightened upon seeing my body.

The nurse lifted the sheet covering me. When Dad saw my lifeless corpse, he collapsed to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably.

So, Dad did care about my death. Seeing this, I felt a bit of happiness—at least someone cared about me.

The nurse, with pity in her eyes, said, "The patient died from a post-surgical infection. If the family had been more attentive, this might have been avoided. Please accept my condolences and take care of the arrangements."

The nurse's words were like another knife to Dad's heart. He looked at me, his voice trembling, "If only I had brought you water, Fairy, you wouldn't have died. It's my fault. Please, come back to life."

But how could a corpse speak? I could only reach out to Dad in a faint, ghostly embrace, hoping to ease his sorrow.

Dad cried for a long time, finally composing himself, and called Mom to come to the hospital.

"I'm out shopping with Allie. She can come or go as she pleases. Don't call me" Mom's voice was impatient on the other end.

"Fairy has died," Dad said, trying to hold back his tears.

There was a moment of silence on the other end before Mom's sharp voice pierced through, "Sean Romero, don't try to play games with me. I know her well enough. Trying

to gain sympathy with your theatrics won't work. If she's really dead, then good riddance!" She hung up the phone.

Dad tried to call back, but the line was busy.

Though I had grown accustomed to Mom's harsh criticisms over the years, hearing her say I was better off dead made my heart ache.

Now that I was truly gone, Mom should be satisfied. I managed a bitter smile.

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 5

After Dad took care of my body, he returned home with my ashes in his arms.

When Mom saw the urn, she was taken aback, but her face soon hardened with impatience. "Enough, Sean. How long are you and Farah going to keep this up? Farah, I know you're hiding in the back. If you don't come out now, you'd better not come back at all!" Mom shouted towards the door.

"Enough, Shane. Fairy is really gone! She's not playing a prank on us. When will you show a little more respect for Fairy? At least stop the accusations in front of her ashes, can you?" Dad retorted angrily.

I wanted to cover Dad's mouth to stop him from arguing. I didn't want them to fight because of me. Even in death, I wished for them to live happily as a family of three.

Mom seemed startled by Dad's fury and fell silent. After a long pause, she finally asked, "Fairy is really dead?" It was the first time she mentioned my nickname.

Dad, with a pained expression, pulled out my letter from his pocket and handed it to Mom. "Here's Fairy's letter. You should read it."

Mom took the letter, trembling as she opened it. I wanted to tell her not to read it, but she couldn't hear me.

The letter wasn't long, but Mom read it for what felt like an eternity, long enough that I almost fell asleep.

Tick, tick.

Mom began to cry, tears falling onto the letter and blurring my handwriting. She hurriedly tried to wipe them away with her sleeve, but the more frantic she became, the more she messed things up. She accidentally tore the letter, and it seemed to break down her last defenses. She collapsed to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably, like a child who had done something wrong.

“Mom, Dad, and my sister, by the time you read this letter, I might already be gone. After the surgery, I felt pain in my stomach, but I didn’t tell anyone because it was my fate. Please don’t blame the doctors and nurses; they cared for me throughout my stay, and I don’t want to cause them any trouble. With my kidney, my sister should slowly recover her health. I’m glad my mission is complete. I hope you three will have a peaceful and happy life together. I also hope that in my next life, I will have a home of my own and loving parents, and that we will never meet again.”

Mom clutched my letter tightly, crying so hard she could barely speak, repeatedly saying, “Fairy, I’m sorry. Fairy, I’m sorry. It’s my fault, all my fault.”

I floated beside Mom, wanting to wipe away her tears, and sighed. Mom, why are you crying? I’m dead. Shouldn’t you be happy?