

“Me and You” by Eisla P.

This is Anna, and I’m 15 years old. People say that I have a perfect family, but the truth is, my family is horrible.

My family doesn’t really care about me. I feel like I’m an outcast. One time they even forgot that it was my birthday. I felt bad about that, but I don’t really show my emotions because I feel like nobody would care anyway, but I was wrong. My best friend, Michael, always cared about me and was always there for me. He was the only one that actually remembered my birthday and is the only one that knows about my family.

Michael and I have been friends for 12 years. I look at him as my brother; he always listens to my problems, and he understands me.

Another Monday morning, I walk with Michael every day to school, and we talk about stuff. Once we arrived at school something came to my mind. I never really got to know Michael’s family, but he knows mine really well, so I asked him, “Hey, Michael, can you tell me some stuff about your family because you don’t really talk about them.”

He just walked away from me when I said that, like he was trying to avoid the question. The bell rang so I went straight to class. Once school ended I went to Michael to make him answer the question but he kept silent so I asked him again, but he shouted at me, “I don’t want to talk about it, okay?” Then he ran off.

I got surprised because that was the first time I heard him shout. Then I heard something get hit by a car so I ran towards where it was. I stopped in shock. The one that the car hit was Michael so I went towards him then called all. I burst into tears while we were going to the hospital. The lady working in the hospital already called his family, but his brothers are the only ones that came. I felt really bad because I think that it was all my fault. He was in critical condition. He had a few stitches on his head and broke his left leg.

After 5 months Michael got out of the hospital and he invited me to dinner because he has something important to tell me, so I went to the place he told me to go, and when I arrived, he was already there. He waved at me with a smile and said, “Hey, I haven’t seen you in a while.”

“Sorry, I was busy with school and stuff, “ I replied.

“It’s fine,” he said.

“So what did you want to tell me?” I said.

“Well, I have been meaning to tell you this for a long time now...um...I...like...you, and I want you to be my girlfriend,” he said nervously, and I was left in shock and my eyes were wide open.

“Well?” he said, waiting for my response, but I just ran off to the restroom and thought about it

Then I went back and said, "Well, I have thought about it and I want to say yes, and I want to know more about your parents," I said with a smile. But his smile faded.

Michael's Point of View:

I don't want to tell her that my dad is a criminal and my mom is dead, and I work to keep me and my brothers alive and at school because she might leave me, but I tell her anyway.

"But if I tell you, you might leave me," I said sadly.

"No, I won't. You know how bad my family is, but you still stayed with me, so I'll do the same for you."

What she said relieved me because I can tell her at ease. "I will tell you, but please understand me."

"Yes, of course," she said with a smile, so I told her.

"My family is all messed up. My mom died 10 years ago, and my dad is a criminal, and I work part time to keep my brothers and me alive and at school," I said looking at her nervously.

She just gave me a hug and said, "Why didn't you tell me this sooner?"

"Well, because I don't want you to worry about me or leave," I said looking relieved and worried at the same time.

"I would be worried and help you, but I would never leave you because of that."

Anna's Point of View

So we confirmed our relationship, and we were both happy.

After a while I started feeling very sick so I went to the doctor for a checkup, and I was diagnosed with Stage 4 colon cancer. I was shocked and wanted to tell Michael the next day, but he keep changing the subject. I had one hour left to live, and I stayed in the hospital. I have 2 minutes left to live now, and Michael arrived on time before I died. I said "I love you" to Michael.

Michael's Point of View:

Those were the last words I heard from Anna. I knew that she had colon cancer when she had the checkup because I was there having my brother's regular checkup and saw her go in the doctor's room so I looked. That's how I knew.

Since then I didn't get married or even have a relationship with anyone, and now I'm dying of old age.

A few days later...I woke up and saw Anna beside me holding my hand again and greeting me with a smile, "It's only Me and You!"