

I Travel for You by Jaleaha G.

Have you ever had a friend you lost, and you never forgot about them. Ever. That's how I felt on November 15, 2004.

It was a cold fall morning. I'm wearing a jacket that is almost way too fluffy. I'm just coming from elementary school. I was seven then. Not a care in the world. That's what adults thought. What anyone thought. Because that's just the way I was. Careless. I was walking with my friend Grace Cooper. One of the most creative people I know. She had one of the confused, scared faces. What's wrong I asked. Knowing she probably felt uncomfortable talking about it. She didn't want me to worry so she put on a fake smile and put her hands behind her back. Well I'm, well I'm, she mumbled. But I'm thinking it's one of those girl things that has made her upset. You know like she broke a nail. For a while, I am frozen just starring. What's wrong with her? It feels like centuries ago until she speaks again.

"Kamren I'm moving," she blurts out quickly at first. At first I am like, "Well duh, you're supposed to move when you walk." But then, this feeling comes through me that this is serious. Where to I am asking. But, I actually don't want to know at all. You see me being stupid to ask the question so obnoxious that both of us are staring at each other. "India," she whispered, "can't remember what city." We just keep walking that evening saying nothing. We are looking down at the ground. Silence, looking at each other. Silence. Finally, I break the silence, "I miss you no matter how long you are gone, I'll miss you." At this point, I am crying knowing I may never see again. But as my mom says later on never say never.

I feel like my mind is in a black hole. Lost in thought empty. Seven years old and already feeling depression. She is gone and all I can do is sit there in my room with the door locked and lights off. It's the big pit of silence until my mom comes knocking on my door. Honey, may I come in she says. I don't even get to answer before she comes in. Honey if you need to talk, we can talk. And we do for two days straight until one day I come up with an idea that will change things for good.

Let's travel around the world and find her, Mom. At first, she looks at me like sweetheart did you take your medication. But then her eye sparkles. She tells me to pack my clothes and she orders plain tickets. I think what got her on board is it sounds like a vacation. It didn't take long until we were both on a plane flying to India. We are hear mom, I yell, almost making Mom jump out of her seat. Instead, I jump out of my seat heading to the plane doors with my mom following me. Everybody is looking like at the little devil running out of the plane with its mother trying to control it. I am really happy to something spoils it. India, not the country, but houses how big it is. Suddenly, I am tearing up because I am doubting myself. We will never find her. Never say never, my Mom said trying to cheer me up. But at the end of the day, doubt won because even after a full day of searching, Grace was nowhere to be found. That night we just went in and slept.

Letter to Kamren

It was daytime in big beautiful India. I had just finished choking down the last bit of an India dish and I was determined to find Grace. So I can play with her. After breakfast, I ran into my mom's room

as fast as I could. I was just about to pounce on her when I saw her, but she was reading something. Her face was dark and full of sadness. What's wrong Mommy, I said, in the littlest voice I could. All she did was hand me the paper she was reading. It was not from Grace. It said:

Dear Kamren,

I miss you so much and I am sorry if you're sad and I miss me too. But I needed to go back to my parents' home so I can see my family before my soul leaves earth. By this, I mean I have been diagnosed with a deadly disease and I am going to die. I was really sad to hear this but this will end the pain inside. I will also cause more pain for my parents your parents and you. I love you very much.

Your BFF,

Grace Hopper

Before I could let out a tear, my mom hugged me and held me close. And I cried. I cried and cried and cried until I had no more tears to cry. It hurts to know I will not see my friend again. And it still hurts now. The only thing that soothes the fact she is gone is that she is looking down on me from heaven. Smiling beautifully with her mouthed dimple infested smile.