

A muffle of people cheering for my sister fills my ears while my eyes locked on my phone ignoring the soccer game playing right in front of me. Apparently she's MVP on the team so I guess she's good, but I get bored of getting dragged to all of her soccer games. Two tweets and a long beep of a whistle ends the game, finally the touchere is over. Now is the time I go tell me sister Jane good job even though I didn't watch a single second of the game.

As soon as I went to congratulate her on her win, I saw her on the bench holding her head in pain! I had so many thoughts running through my head at once I didn't know what to do. So I slowly walk toward her so I would have time think what could have happened when I wasn't paying attention. But my parents do the opposite of me they pounce over there to see what was wrong. The coach and my mom are talking while my dad is off to the side on a phone call. He hangs up the phone and walks in my moms direction. "The ambulance are on their way" my dad says with a shaky voice. Everything after that was a blur all I could remember happening was my sister is on her way to the hospital, my mom and dad are trying to act calm but even though their panicking inside.

We rushed into the car and and went off to the emergency room to be there with Jane. We dodging cars and ran red lights. When we pulled into the parking lot my parents demanded me to stay in the car while they go handle business.

Couple hours later I see my mom and dad walking out of the emergency room balling. They come and sit in the car turned around to look at me. I was afraid to ask what happened to her but I just wanted to know. My parents used always big words that I didn't really understand. But the main idea of what they're trying tell me that my sister got a concussion. But they did some scans on her head and found she had brain cancer.

I was so scared I started crying because she is my only sibling and I love her. I don't want to lose her and that would mean she can't play the sport she love most ,soccer. Not soon after that the doctor told my parents that they have to keep her in the hospital for a couple of days. When the doctor said that I was terrified of what will happen next.

I beg my parents to let me go see her, but their too depressed to answer. Days after the doctor called us to come see Jane I barge into janes hospital room and see her pale skin and droopiness. when I barged in the doctor whispered "I don't know when she will let go" there was a beeping screen sitting on the right of her bed. It sounded like the whistle that ends the soccer game. To tweets and a long beep, And the machine mimicked the whistle. Then right beside me were mom and dad Looking at Jane depressingly. The doctor seems confused

“she let go too early” he seems concerned.

”what do you mean by let go” mom panics. The doctor dumbs it down for my mom and I.  
“it means she has passed away”.I was crying so loud that dad had to take me out of the room.

when I finally calmed down I went to go say my goodbyes even though she can't answer me or hear me.

A couple days later, the house is empty, and quiet. Today is the day my parents clean out Jane's room. And today is my soccer tryouts. Mom signed me up for soccer so I can still feel connected to her even if she's not there with me.