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English Speaking Union
Creative Writing Competition
2016

Tomorrow is Not Promised

"Mom hurry up we have to get to the doctors at 4!" My mom is always late when we go anywhere, and I always have to remind her every 15 minutes. We have to leave an hour earlier so we can get to Kimberley's appointments. I saw my mom peek in through every door trying to find me--and yelling, "I'm going honey! I just need to put my shoes on." Today is the first day she is early. I really pushed her into getting ready because I want to see how everything is going with Kimberley.

When we finally got inside the car and were about to leave we were already in the middle of an argument. It's already 4:30 pm and we were barely leaving to the clinic. I told my mom how important it was that Kimberley had me there to help her out. Well to be exact I need her to help me.

I'll never forget when they told Kimberly that she had leukemia. Her mom was thinking she was going to die and that she wasn't going to have anything else to live for. Kimberley though, she was as brave as ever. She didn't really mind. I guess she knew that she was going to surpass it and that nothing was going to happen. I on the other hand couldn't handle it because I didn't want to know how it felt to lose someone very important to you. She got me around to the idea that she was going to make it and there was nothing to worry about.

My mom then braked really harsh like she always does to remind me that we are at our destination and she also managed to take me out of that horrible memory. I then hurried out of the car and tried to run into the clinic. I had to slow down to remind myself that I was at the parking lot of a clinic and not a track and field competition. I slowly walked into the clinic, with my mom behind me, eyeballing the whole waiting room. There she was sitting down next to her

mom and brother. She looked like every other girl. I swear if this was your first time seeing her you wouldn't even know that she was sick. Her hair was long and blonde again and her eyes were big and bright. She has a nice formed face and body with no imperfections or deformities.

Kimberly then motioned me to sit down like she always does, but this time she had a serious. "Hanna what I'm going to tell you is going to be hard but you have to understand God does stuff for a reason, okay?" I nodded my head trying to figure out what she is about to tell me. "Hanna, I have a brain tumor ." As soon as she said that, my whole world shattered. I mean you don't have to be a doctor to know that leukemia is fatal. I broke down just like I did when they told her she had leukemia and that's when I stopped crying a little. She wasn't crying, so that meant that she was going to be okay like last time.

"Hanna I want you to do something with me." I was surprised. They just told her that she has a brain tumor and she wants to go and do stuff already. "I want you to go with me to finish my bucket list. I only have 2 things left to do." At first I was happy because I thought we were going to do something fun but then I remembered what the whole point of a bucket list is and it hit me harder. She knows she is going to die. "Kimberly, I don't know if I can do this. I really want to, but the thought of you finishing your bucket list is horrible." I told her with the saddest emotion I ever had. "Come on Hanna we get to travel if you do this with me. I know how much you like to travel." Her face was very happy while telling me this. "I have to ask my mom Kimberly. I don't know if she would be okay with it." When I turned around she just nodded her head yes. I understood why she said yes; it is summer anyways I won't be missing out on anything if I did go with her.

Once I got home I started to pack my stuff I needed for the next couple of days. Kimberly had told me that we were going to go to New York to see the Statue of Liberty and to see a Broadway musical. I never would have thought she would have that on her bucket list. She didn't seem like a kind of person that would like to see a musical. "Hanna we have to leave; hurry up!" I knew who it was just by the tone of her voice and that she wasn't in the mood to be slowed down. I ran down with my suitcase and my passport to get ready to leave. I said goodbye to my mom as I was headed out the door.

Once we exited the plane, we both felt relieved. We love to travel but we hate heights so the plane rides aren't so smooth. When we got to New York we directly went to a hotel so that we could reserve a room. I wanted to get rooms together but Kimberly insisted to get separate rooms. "Here is your key. Now let's go drop off our stuff so we can go see the Statue of Liberty!" She said in a very joyful tone.

First we went to see the Statue of Liberty. We just got to see it from the bottom because Kimberly felt dizzy so I didn't want to make her feel worse. "Kimberly you want to go see the Broadway musical now or later?" I wanted to make sure she was okay before going. She hasn't really said anything since we left the hotel. "I think we should just leave that for tomorrow. If we get it done quick we can go back home. I'm getting really homesick right now." Kimberly tried talking to me earlier but she didn't really finish her sentence. I'm guessing that she was trying to tell me that she was homesick.

It was about 9:30 pm when we got back to the hotel. We weren't as tired as we thought. I went into Kimberley's room and we started to watch a movie. Once that movie finished I knew it

was time to leave to my room and go to sleep. "Goodnight Kimberly. See you tomorrow." I sounded very tired. In a very faint voice I heard a reply, "Goodnight Hannah."

I woke up around 8:45 and I still felt tired. I phoned Kimberly to see if she was awake, but she didn't answer. I decided to take a shower and get ready in the meantime. As soon as I got out I tried doing my hair as quick as possible. I went to her room and knocked about 10 times before I got tired. I was starting to get worried so I called the cleaning lady to see if she could open the door. It took me a lot of begging, but she obliged. I tried waking her up, but she didn't seem to move at all. I started crying uncontrollably and called 911.

The forensic came and took her a little over an hour later. They already called Kimberley's mom and my mom so that they could be aware of everything. I feel horrible and exhausted, but I can't stop crying. I can't really think right now, but there is one thought that keeps going through my mind. She didn't get to finish her bucket list because she was relying on tomorrow.