

The day was overcast, with gray, pillow like clouds filling every corner of the sky. She was pulling up her steep drive way after a long day at school, and let out a huge sigh of relief to finally be home. She walks through her garage to the door into her house and turns the cold, brass knob to the right. When she walks in she finds her Aunt at the counter with a blind look on her face. "Hi, Aunt Amy, how are you?" she asks.

"Hi Alex...when your brother gets home your mom wants us to go the hospital right away to see your sister," she says. It was almost as if she was a robot with the words just pouring out but there was no emotion behind them. Unfortunately it wasn't the first time she was forced to hear these words. Her sister had been tirelessly battling Ewing's Sarcoma bone cancer for two years now. After what seemed like an endless amount of chemotherapy, radiation, and surgeries, her body was weak and succumbing to this powerful sickness.

When her younger brother came home from school they all piled into the champagne colored Toyota Camry and took off down the street. She was seated in the passenger's seat, with her brother in the back of the car and her Aunt driving. Not once did her eyes leave the window, she didn't speak one word, she just sat there frozen. The trip seemed to go on for hours. Her sister was at the National Institute of Health in Bethesda and she had traveled this trip many times. For some reason though this trip felt like it was taking forever. It was preventing her from getting to her sister.

They reached the hospital but had to go through security; all she felt like saying was, "Can't you see that we need to get to my sick sister who is possibly dying! I don't have time for you to check our bags or our trunk, GET OUT OF OUR WAY!"

She stayed silent. Then they reached the garage with the big blue number eight posted on the outside of it. The lights were dim and just barely lighting the damp, cement garage. They walked up the ramp to the elevators. Everyone stood there but no one would press the button to go up, torn between wanting to be with her sister and still refusing to accept the reality that seemed to be encircling them closer and closer, after every minute that would pass. Finally, her Aunt pressed the button and they stepped onto the red and gray carpet.

They went up to the thirteenth floor and walked towards the bright white light that was peering through the small square window on the pale blue doors. She went through the doors and down the hall. There was one gray-haired doctor who stood at the nurse's station, just smiling at her. "What is he smiling about?!" she thought. There was nothing to smile about; it might well be the worst day of her life. He took the three of them into a conference room. Her Dad and three other doctors were in the room doing their best to have comforting looks on their faces. Again she turned silent, just waiting to hear what they were about to tell her. "Your sister has taken a turn for the worst," said one doctor.

The reality she had been refusing to accept just stabbed her in the heart like a knife as she sank deeper and deeper down into her chair. She couldn't breathe; her body felt a cold sensation all over, with the blood rushing to her face instantaneously. "She is in the room with a breathing mask on, and we have consciously sedated her; she won't wake up but she can hear what you say to her," he continued. She stood up, turned around, and walked to the door. She crossed the hallway to where her sister's room was and she pulled the silver latch on the door; then she reached a small hallway that separated the room from the outside. With a few last steps, she stepped out of the life she had known for so long with her sister, to her life that had been forever changed...a life soon to be without a sister.

She walked over to her sister's bed side, took her hand in her own hand and started sobbing. She was still breathing. She could hear the small labored breaths, and see her chest rise and then sink back down again. While watching her, she just kept thinking that each of these breaths could be her last.

They all waited, through the night, each person taking turns laying next to her and just staring at every detail about her; trying to make a clear mental picture of her that they could hold in their hearts forever. When she laid next to her sister, she stared at her face and knew she would always remember how soft her face was, how perfectly shaped her cute, bald head was, how her lips were so perfectly shaped and usually always chapped, how her eye brows were scarce with only a few remaining hairs, and lastly her eyes, how beautifully green they were; her eyes would always tell a story or tell you how she was feeling. Then she locked their hands together, said "I love you," and closed her eyes. When morning came around, everyone knew she was in her final stages. They all said their last goodbyes, and at exactly nine o'clock a.m., Emily passed away, and the angel that had been on earth was now their guardian angel in heaven.