Friends Forever

My friend was diagnosed with breast cancer at the age of 15. She was my best friend. Her name was Marcie, and here is her story.

“Look at him!” said Marcie. It was the day before Marcie’s birthday. I, Jacklin Lussier, was her best friend/sister.

“I know I have seen him too, but who comes to school in the middle of the year?” said Jacklin. Every boy Marcie see’s she likes. I personally find it disgusting, but Marcie just can’t help herself. Marcie doesn’t play any sports; she is to afraid that her new manicure will chip off. Suddenly the teacher spoke up.

“So what’s the answer Miss. Evans?”

“Um, um, 2. No, 4! Was I close?” Marcie had no idea what she was answering.

“Yeah sure.” So you’re probably wondering if she was close, well.

“Miss. Evans, the question was how long can a dolphin hold their breath for underwater?”

“Oh, um, I don’t know Mrs. Kiffermann,” Said Marcie.

“Ok, Maggie, do you know?”

Maggie spoke with a confident voice, “Dolphins can usually hold their breaths for 30 seconds, but they can also hold their breaths for 6 to 10 minuets at the maximum.”

“Very good Maggie!”

Ugh, I hate Maggie. She is so perfect. She has soft skin, beautiful flowing red hair, designer clothing. I wish I could be like her.

“So Miss. Lussier, the answer?” Uh oh.

After a long day of school work, teachers, sleeping, and Maggie, Marcie and I walked home from school and threw our bags on the couch.

“I hate Maggie,” said Marcie. I was so happy to hear that she didn’t like her ether.

“I know right! She is so perfect in every way! It annoys me so much.”

“She’s just like a Barbie doll. I bet if we put a hair dryer on her face all her makeup and plastic will come off!” We laughed for hours after that. Marcie hasn’t made a funny joke in a long time. I was so happy that Marcie was my friend.

“GIRLS! Don’t put your dirty backpacks on the couch!”

“OK MOM WE’RE COMING! I hate it when my mom is so annoying” said Marcie. As we walked down stairs we sang our favourite song, Baby one More Time by Britney Spears.

After hanging our backpacks up and eat mac and cheese for dinner it was time to go to bed. I brushed my teeth and hair then hopped into bed. I got a phone call from Marcie.

“Hey! Guess what. I GOT TO MEET BRITNEY SPEARS!!!!!!”

“No way! Where are you?”

“New York, I went to a Britney Spears concert and met her!” Marcie was just about the luckiest girl I knew, and I was wishing she brought me to that concert. She makes up for it though, by being the best friend in the whole world.

RINNNG! RINNNG! My alarm went off buzzing a sweet new Britney song. At 4:00 AM, I rush downstairs and ate my breakfast including an apple, a package of dunkaroos, and a hot pocket.

“Okay, I only have 15 minuets left for me to eat before I go to hockey” I thought. I slowly waddled over to the car humming the new Britney song again.

After 8 minuets of a drive in the rain, we made it to the arena.

“Hustle Jacklin Hustle!” yelled Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker was a kind fellow, but can get angry at you very easily.

After a long practice I jumped into bed at 6:30 and slept until school.

RIING! RINNG! Another Britney song woke me up to get ready for school.

“WAKE UP JACKLIN, IT’S TIME TO GO TO SCHOOL!” my little sister Bernadette yelled.

“OK I WILL, I have an alarm to wake me up I don’t need you.” I quickly put my pants and shirt on and walked downstairs. Since I am 15, I can sort of drive, my birthday is in 2 weeks, so I am able to drive with an adult in the car. So, I drove with my dad to my school and walked into first period. It was going pretty well, but we were given a pop quiz.

“You’ll have 20 minuets, you may begin,” said the teacher. I had no idea what the test was on. I’m probably going to fail, but I’ll try my best. Then at the 9 minuet mark, a knock was on the door.

“Come in!” the teacher yelled. In walked the principle with a heartbroken look on his face.

“Marcie, please come outside with me,” said the principle. Marcie walked outside probably wondering what is going on. The classroom was filled with dead silence. There was mumbling, and then a sudden cry. I was worried for her. Did her sandwich get smashed? Did her pet get run over? Did her last exam fail? She walked in slowly, tears falling down her face. I wanted to run to her but then…

“Everyone sit down, she needs some time on her own,” said Mr. Kennedy. Marcie stood up and walked out of the class giving me a “come here” motion.

I asked, “Mr. Kennedy, may I please go to the washroom?”

“Yes, go quickly,” said the teacher. I rushed outside looking for Marcie.

“Marcie! MARCIE!” I yelled.

“Hey over here!” a weeping voice said. This is the moment where I just about fell apart.

“What happened?” I asked.

“I got dia-” she stammered, sniffling.

“I got diagnosed with breast cancer,” stammered Maggie. I stood there confused. My best friend couldn’t have been diagnosed with breast cancer, could she? I had a feeling I had never felt before. A broken heart, a limp, hollow, heart. My best friend, with breast cancer? How? What do we do? What if she dies, what do I do?

“This can’t be happening!” she exclaimed. I felt the same way. I just don’t know what to do. My whole life has come to an end. I

just can’t handle the sudden message.

I cried all the way home. I feel like I was walking and walking and walking. I finally reached my house, walked up to the door and got my act together. I took a deep breath and opened the door. My parents seemed happy and joyful, so they probably didn’t know the news. I shut the house door and ran upstairs.

“Hi honey! How was school?” said my mom.

“Oh is something wrong honey?” My mom had a strange look on her face. I closed the door and jumped on my bed and began to cry into my pillow. Next I heard THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

“Honey you do not slam the door on us asking you a question!” said my mom. Then she saw me crying in the pillow.

“Why are you crying, I’ve yelled at you louder than this before!” That’s when she realized, something was going on.

“Are you crying because of something else?” I was but I was starting to think about how to tell my mom of the tragedy at school.

“Marcie, she-sh-she,” I stammered.

“What! Spit it out!” mom yelled.

“Marcie was diagnosed with breast cancer,” I cried.

“Oh, oh my gosh. No she didn’t. What is really going on.” I just stared at her, telling the truth without telling her. She knew that I wasn’t lying. She sat down and started tearing up. We hugged and cried together. I knew this would be one of the saddest days of my life.

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After this moment in my life I had realized how much she meant to me in my life. I loved her so much and I hope we meet again some day. Everywhere, I go I have a picture of Marcie. In my bedroom, locker, and even my wallet. When I was 16 she died. She was still 15 when she died. She got bullied many times because of her hair loss. I miss her so much. I will always remember her, forever and always.

**THE END**