

I'll always love you.

Paris Mordecai  
St Carthages' Primary School

## Chapter One The Beginning

Racing down dark corridors, the thud of my sneakers echoing in my ears. Long stretchy shadows illuminated the cold walls that wing off from the path. I see people as my speeding view becomes normal. Some crying by bedsides, some asleep. I've got to get out of here! I'm sick of smiling patients who are happy because they know they are going to live, but what is so good to live for? All I can think about is a few weeks ago, I was like everyone else. Just typical Jesse May, a young boy with a NORMAL life. But now I'm not. Why my sister?

Rushing out the front door I was exhilarated. Finally, after saving for two years I can now afford two tickets to Wonder World, home of the most breath-taking rollercoaster in the whole state! It'll just be me and my little sister, Charlotte. Yes, perfect.

After school I swing my bag up onto the counter and cook up a storm for afternoon tea for me and my sis. Crunchy, delicate, tangy crisps with avocado dip. The smell wafts around my body taking me back to holidays at the beach.

"My tummy feels like a puddle of sick,"  
Through a mouthful my sister exclaims.  
"Don't you feel well?"  
"No, don't you no anything?"

Since my mum's not home, I think of the best cure for Charlotte's pain which is a tall glass of pink lemonade and a marathon of 'The Fairies'. Throwing her over my shoulder, she daintily hiccups glossy bubbles from sipping her drink.

Escaping to my childish bedroom I head online to research 'Wonder World'. Crash! Jumping stairs four at a time, I go to explore the damage and find Charlotte. Pink lemonade licks the beige lounge. The TV splutters and finally clogs to a stop. On the floor I find Charlotte patting a very wet kitty. Scooping up the sticky pair I head upstairs to the cold bathroom to run them a bath.

Stripping Charlotte down to the bare nude, I ask harshly what happened.  
"I was holding the cat in my lap and then he jumped up, knocking over the glass. Then I went to pause the movie and I slipped on the lemonade!"  
She mumbled  
"Jesse?"  
"Yes?"  
"I keep getting stomach pains and they hurt."

“Well, once you get in the bath, I’ll tidy up the mess and call Mum.”

“Okay”.

Mopping up the slick floor boards all I can think about is ‘Wonder World’ and the fun I’ll have there. By the time I’m on the phone to Mum the house is as clean as a dew drop and smells like someone tipped over bleach.

No one answers so I hang up and just wait until she gets home.

## Chapter Two The Doctors

At a quarter to five and I hear the rattle of keys in the key hole. Jumping up I get ready to welcome mum and explain the events of the afternoon.

Once she knows, she schedules a doctor’s appointment for Saturday morning. I thought that would be the solution with Mum, she’s always a tad bit more worried than needed.

It is Saturday morning, bright and early, and Charlotte, Mum and I are waiting in the waiting room at the Main Street Doctors. It’s not a very pleasant space to be in, I know for sure. First- you’re waiting to know if you’re sick and second- the interior design. Peeling wallpaper surrounds me and the chairs feel like they have no seat.

Name after name I hear being called, I become doubtful of Charlotte ever being called to go into meet the doctor. Unexpectedly, I hear Charlottes name being called and the next thing I know we’re in the doctor’s room.

Mum gets Charlotte to inform Doctor Mayne, our doctor, what has been happening to her.

“I have horrible tummy pains”, she mumbles.

After a few normal, physical tests he starts typing away at the squeaky keyboard attached to his computer. Suddenly he goes white in the face. Spluttering he asks Charlotte and I to go out of the room. After my heart beat slows, I creep out of my chair and guide Charlotte and me out the door.

Half an hour later, from waiting in the waiting room Mum stumbles towards us weeping and fumbling her fingers. She picks up Charlotte, and I don’t dare ask what’s wrong, but Charlotte does.

Mum cries that she is so sad because the doctor suggested Charlotte should go to a friend’s house for a sleepover.

“Can I Mum, please can I?” she pleads

I don’t believe her because of the look on her face when she snuggles Charlotte under her arm. But all was revealed when Charlotte was gone.

### Chapter Three The news

Mum seemed to burst like a balloon. Through sobs I hear the words 'Charlotte' and 'Cancer'. Exploring possible sentences I find the most unbelievable and heart-breaking one.

**Charlotte has cancer.**

I don't believe it at first but deep in my heart I know it is true.

Future and past memories pass before my eyes. How would life be without Charlotte if she doesn't make it? The last thing I remember is fainting.

I wake up wrapped in a cosy blanket. Warm incense nips my nose and tangles my hair. Then my calm feelings collapse as the past events flood me.

I pray to God, hoping for some answers. Why my family? Out of every family in the whole world, why us? No reply. My head goes hot because I am so frustrated.

Mum recapped that she had told Charlotte she is very sick and has to go to hospital for a very long sleepover. No one wanted her to go; I didn't want her to go. My soul bled tears for her and my heart ached. Two days later we packed her bags and set off for the hospital.

But on the way Charlotte collapses. Slow motion evolves. Someone screams. No pulse, hardly breathing. Car racing. Arrived. Instant resuscitation to her some where I can't see. Anxiously waiting.

Waiting for answers on a chair in the waiting room, I feel like I'll collapse. Then a doctor arrives with a little colour in her cheeks, so I hope all's good.

"She's stable, not better, but stable" she huffs

I ask in a small voice, "Can we see her?"

"Um, yeah."

Led into a room as gloomy as my feelings, I wish I had brought something with me. Flowers and decorative cards filled the other rooms but not this one. My eyes begin to water as I spot my sister but this can't be my sister. She is a doll being toyed with by doctors. Again I pray to God the same questions, but I know he'll never answer because this is not a dream. This is real life. Oh my baby sister, why so fragile?

"Charlotte?" I croak.

### Chapter Four Why?

Suddenly I can't bare it any more. I escape this jail and run, I don't know where or when I'll get there. Mum tries to stop me but gives up eventually.

Racing down corridors I feel without Charlotte there is no life for me. It will either just collapse on me or keep going without meaning.

I soon decided there is no point running, so I retreated back to Charlotte's room. I need to talk to Mum. When I finally get hold of her she is a wreck. Dark bags hug her eyelids and her face is blotchy from her tears.

"Charlotte has incurable cancer, I'm sorry Jesse."

"Why mum, why does she have to die?"

"Sometimes I ask that question too."

"Mum, I feel I need to do something for her."

"I don't know how you'll go with that."

"Well, I'll ask her what she would want."

"Honey, what ever you do don't tell her she is going to die, please." She pleaded down on one knee.

"Okay."

Tiptoeing back to the room I brainstorm ideas. At the moment I walk in Charlotte opens her eyes, not wanting her to panic I hold her clammy hands. Just like expected I was sent out.

Three days later I was called to the hospital after Charlotte had made a complaint.

"Jesse!" she cried

I have a surprise for her; hopefully it would lighten her hopes.

"Oh, a Britney Kid doll!"

"Okay, now what's wrong?"

"Can you stay the night, I get lonely?" she pleads

"I better ask Mum first, so I'll go call her."

As I walk out the door I glance at Charlotte. Why does she have to die? And she doesn't even know it. These thoughts bring tears to my eyes. I quickly wipe them away and head downstairs to the payphone.

## Chapter Five The idea

Before I call mum, I relieve my stress by buying a hot chocolate. I hardly drank it, all I did was stir my thoughts in the cup. By the end of the drink it was very pale because of a few stray tears. Bored and tired, I phone Mum. She says I can stay but she doesn't want any mischief. Slumping up the stairs I tripped. I didn't feel any pain, more like relief. Aware of me dozing off I don't bother to move. I then thought of the best thing I ever did, I rocket up stairs to see if it is possible.

The nurse said it might be possible. Exclaiming to Charlotte that I could stay the night she practically jumped out of bed. The cogs in my head are turning.

Returning home at lunch time, I discussed my idea with Mum. She said it would be excellent if I could pull it off. Packing my gear I decided I'd take Charlotte tomorrow to my surprise. Tonight will be satisfactory but tomorrow will be better!

Its six o'clock, I arrived just two minutes ago. Waiting until Charlotte has finished her dinner to tell her my surprise is just too long.

"Guess where we're going tomorrow." I hinted.

"Here?"

"No," I smiled

"Where, where?" she cried hopping up and down.

"I'm not going to tell you," I riddled

"Please?"

"Okay, we're going to Wonder World!"

We whooped and heehawed until we were told to be quiet, but still sly smiles were playing at our lips.

We soon went to bed but we never said we would sleep.

"Jesse?"

"Yes?"

"I wish I was at home."

"Why's that?"

"So I could go to my window and stare at the stars." She dreamed

"I love you Jesse."

I reply to her in words that are true, through and through.

"I love you too."

## Chapter Six Wonder World

Waking up at the crack of dawn we powered to get ready.

Our time at Wonder World was the best. High rollercoaster, rides where you get wet, the lot! For the first time in months Charlotte laughed. I've missed her laugh, the way her wispy blonde hair jiggles and rainbow eyes glisten and I'll miss it again when she's gone.

She fell asleep on the way to the hospital so I carried her up to her hospital bed and kissed her good night on her porcelain lips.

During the night Mum got a phone call, which I bet she wishes she never answered.

"She's gone".

My stomach tightened and I vomited violently. But I knew this day would come.

When the sun came up, we were with Charlotte. Seeing her lifeless body lying on her bed It's hard not to cry.

Chapter Seven  
She deserved to live

A few weeks later we held a funeral for Charlotte. A lot of people stood up to talk to everyone about Charlotte's life, including me; I put a lot of thought in my glass shattering words.

"She wasn't a normal person. Charlotte was an angel. Her smile would start a new day, open flower buds and make me feel good inside. She deserved to live."

Placing flowers, her Britney Kid doll and two Wonder World tickets, the last words I whispered to Charlotte were,  
"I'll always love you."

---