

Forget me not

The hospital walls were as gloomy as ever and she could hear her own thoughts swimming inside her head. Walking down the hall she was officially bored out of her mind. In front of her stood the bleak, gray doors that led to the outside world. Her hand skimmed the handle and she pulled open the door. A few yards away there sat a bench facing out towards the sun. She went over to it and carefully let herself down on the edge of the weathered wood slats. And there she sat, a girl with black curly hair, green eyes, and pale skin looking over the hills. She remembered the time when she could run past, over, and through them. Something caught her eye, someone was walking up the path. It was a boy, he looked about 17, the same age as her with light brown hair and was holding a bouquet of flowers. He was walking towards the door but he stopped when he saw her.

“Hi,” he said while smiling.

Now she could see what kind of flowers he was holding, they were daisies.

She made sure to snap out of her thoughts and responded with a quick ‘hello’.

“May I sit down?” he asked.

“Of course.” She said, scooching over on the bench.

“Where are my manners?” he laughed, “My name is Charlie, Charlie Thacher.”

She shook his hand “I’m Elena, Elena Pierce.”

After talking for what seemed like a lifetime she found out that he was here for his mom who was recovering from a small surgery and the flowers were for her; for some reason Elena felt relieved by that. Just as he was getting up to finally go inside he picked up a flower from the bouquet and handed it to her

“A pretty flower for a pretty lady,” he said with a grin peeled on his face. She chuckled and took the flower into her hands, he waved goodbye and walked through the doors, and for the first time in a while a real smile tugged at her lips.

This continued on for a couple more days. Charlie didn't come to visit his mom since she left the hospital long ago, he went to go and visit Elena. He would come to sit and talk with her about everything, hobbies, stories from when they were little, favorite things, and more. Elena was always excited to see Charlie, not only did he bring great company but he also brought a new flower for her every day, a lily, a tulip, an iris, a daffodil, and an orchid; those are just the ones she can remember. Elena knew that he was the sweetest

person ever and she loved him to bits. One day it all changed and it wasn't just their normal conversation with the normal questions, it was something different
“So why exactly are you at the hospital?” Charlie asked “it doesn't seem like you've broken anything.”

Elena looked away from him, her head hanging low. She was dreading this day. She thought if she never brought it up he just wouldn't ask.

“Are you sick?” he asked again.

Just as he was about to say something else she snapped back a reply,

“Maybe it's none of your business why I'm here!”

Charlie looked kind of shocked, she normally spoke in a quiet voice.

“I'm just trying to understand, why can't you tell me?” he asked, getting a bit frustrated.

“Why should I tell you so much about my life?” she replied while standing up from the bench.

“You're being ridiculous!” he stood up as well

“I've been visiting you for days now, I'm trying to be considerate!” He was face to face with her now.

“Me, ridiculous?! Maybe your the ridiculous one doing stupid things and picking flowers all day!” she yelled

“Do you not know what being kind is? geez maybe there's something wrong with you mentally!” he regretted what he said as soon as it came out of his mouth

“Elena I didn't-.” but she had already walked away.

Charlie came early the next morning with a Poinsettia flower. He wanted to apologize but as he was walking to the bench a window was open and he overheard people talking, one sounded like Elena.

“Your Leukemia is getting worse.” one of the voices said.

“Your body is rejecting all the medicine that we're giving to you.” Then another voice spoke the one he thought to be Elena

“Isn't there anything else you can do?”

“We're doing all we can, dear, stay strong for me ok?” The conversation stopped there and he heard footsteps go quiet. It all made sense now. Elena always was terribly thin, she always looked tired, and Charlie would sometimes notice small red clusters on her.

Someone opened the door and he jumped back. Elena stood at the door wiping her eyes then looking at Charlie.

“Can we talk?” Charlie asked, she sat down beside him and he continued

“I'm really sorry about what I said, it was wrong.”

“It's ok.” she said

“I shouldn't have been so uptight about it either.”

Charlie gave her a weak smile then handed the flower to her, she twirled it around in her hand

“It's beautiful,” she said quietly.

“What I said yesterday wasn't true, I hope you never stop bringing me flowers.” his hand slid onto hers

“I would never” he answered.

They sat there feeling the cool wind on their skin just enjoying each others company. Elena broke the silence by saying she wanted to talk about why she didn't want to tell him about her leukemia the other day.

“I didn't want you to be scared.” she began.

“I didn't want you to feel like it would just be too much for you.” she looked at him teary eyed, and Charlie looked shocked.

“You could never be too much for me, who would think that?” she let out a sad laugh

“my parents” she said “dropped me here about a year ago, the bills, the treatment, eventually it was all too much for them.”

“They seem like awful people to do something like that.”

Charlie couldn't believe how cruel her parents were,

“Maybe they were, but they're still my parents and I miss them, a lot.” she sighed

“My life is like a graveyard full of buried hopes.” Charlie looked into her eyes, they were full of hurt and he wanted to change that.

Days past and they were some of the best days Elena had had in her life and Charlie was thrilled to see how happy she was. There was a day when Charlie came and the bench was empty, Elena was nowhere to be found. He went inside to ask a nurse and she led him to a small room at the end of the hall. Elena's face and arms were all that could be seen under the collection of blankets and monitoring wires. Seeing her laying on the hospital bed was painful. Her skin was more pale than it has ever been and he could see red spots covering her entire arms. She looked so weak and fragile.

He took her hand and her eyes opened a bit, a smile somehow found a way onto her face.

“I love you.” she said in a quiet voice.

“I love you too” he said, holding back the tears in his eyes.

For what only seemed like a few moments, he watched her breathing slowly stop and her hand went numb. A tear found its way down his cheek. He stood there for some time just

holding and tracing the lines on her hand. He was about to leave when a book on the side table caught his eye. He picked it up and looked through it. It was every flower that he had ever given her pressed nicely on each page, a note was written at the back

“Thank you for the love and hope that you gave me when no one else was there, you'll be forever written in my heart.♥” -Elena.J.Pierce.

After the nurses had talked with him, he made his way back outside to the bench with the book held tightly across his chest. As he sat there with his eyes closed, a crooked smile, like the one weeks ago when he saw her for the first time, appeared on his face. He opened his eyes and held out the book,

“I'll never forget you,” he whispered.

He slowly stood up, turned and walked away down the path.

The End