



ENCUENTRO
Literario

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

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XXIX
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MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

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My name is Tessa. I was diagnosed with Leukemia when I was 8. The doctor said I had 3 more years maximum. It's been 10 years since then. They say it's a miracle I'm still alive. I think it's because someone doesn't want me to die- yet. I think someone is trying to keep me alive to do something, I just don't know what it is. I've dedicated most of my life to search for that one thing that's keeping me alive.

I was born in Minnesota in 1996. My father abandoned my mother and I when I was 3 and we haven't seen him since then. I practically grew up with my mother and one or two friends who always stood by me, until I told them I was going to die.

I still go to school, because my mother and I decided to pretend everything was normal and to try to forget, but, how could we do that knowing that I will eventually drop dead, and there is nothing we can do about it.

I finally woke up. I barely slept last night knowing that I made it. I have survived 10 years with Leukemia. Today is November 6th, my birthday.

I stand up knowing that I have to go to school. I shower, make breakfast and get ready, pick up my things, my keys and head to school.

When I arrive I go directly to my locker and I pass through Mia and Rachel, my best friends when I was 8. They probably don't remember me, so I just keep walking.

I arrive to biology class, it's empty, there's nobody here except for the teacher. I

go straight to my usual spot in the first row next to the window. Ten minutes later everyone arrives, the same people since as long as I can remember. Everyone except this one guy, he arrives just before Mr. Saltzman closes the door. He presents him to the class as Sam. He tells everyone to pair up and the only ones left are me and Sam. He gives me his phone and tells me to call him after school. I spend the rest of the school day waiting for the moment to arrive home. When I do I call him to my house and he arrives 10 minutes later. We talked for hours and did our homework. When he was going to leave he said:

-I need to tell you something. You're not going to believe this but okay. I'm your guardian angel. I've been waiting for this day, the day when you turn 18 and you can finally choose if you want to die or not. If you choose to die you'll pass to another life and probably turn into a guardian angel, like me. If you choose to live, you'll live the rest of your normal human life suffering until you die. It's your choice- he sounded so sincere that I believed him. I was happy, I finally found the reason I was still alive.

I choose to die, I said, trying to sound as convincing as I possibly could. So I did.