

2 MONTHS

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Day 1- They told me I have 2 months. I don't know what to even write. I'm only doing this because they said it would help me. It won't. They think I'm sad or something, but I'm not. Everyone I knew already left me so why would I care that I'm going away soon. I always hated them for that. Assholes. I doubt they'd care. What else am I even supposed to say? This was a stupid fucking idea.

Day 2- I woke up today. Brushed my teeth. Didn't bother to get dressed. Stayed home. That's it. Later.

Day 8- I forgot to write the past few days. Just been mindlessly watching TV. Couldn't even tell you what shows they were, I fell asleep through half of them. I see the doctor tomorrow. Maybe things will change. I doubt it.

Day 9- Nothing changed. Bye.

Day 28?- I'm still here. I stopped writing because I can't see who this is for. Nobody's going to read it. Not even me in a few months. So why would I bother? Though, I guess it gives me something to do. Funny how little time I have here, yet nothing to spend it on. Figures. I tried writing poetry, but I suck ass. The only thing I've written so far is:

*"The morning dew of the wilting flower
Are tears for the incapacity to bloom once more"*

Had to pull a thesaurus for that one. It's probably why I never passed English higher than a C.

Day 30 (I guess)- I haven't eaten much today. I used to eat like a pig before. Now, I eat like a flower that hasn't



had sunlight in weeks. All my favorite foods don't taste the same anymore. Shrimp tastes too crunchy, pizza is too greasy, burgers are too fat, tacos too dry. Something happened to them. So, I've been stuck with oatmeal. Surprisingly, I don't hate it. I don't like it either. It's just there. I guess me and oatmeal are more alike than I realized. Maybe that's why I can stomach it, though I'm not sure for how much longer.

Day 31- I've lost a lot of weight without realizing it. I always said I would hit the gym eventually, but I guess I don't have to anymore. What a gift. I look a lot skinnier than I would've liked but whatever. It's not like I'm going out anyways.

Day 32- It's starting to hit me just how much time I have left. Half of the time I was given is gone. I'm not scared. I'm not. Really. Anyway. I've been up all night. Can't sleep. I haven't dreamt in the past 2 days. Everything has been a black void. Everytime I try falling asleep, I get stuck thinking about the past. Choices. Crossroads. I think about all that could've changed had I just accepted that offer or if I just told them what I felt. I shouldn't worry about this since it won't matter once I'm gone. Still, these thoughts are eating me from the inside out like maggots. I guess they're calling dibs early.

Day 33- I didn't end up falling asleep. This insomnia is what's been killing me. I've been thinking a lot of the dreams I had as a kid. First I wanted to be a cook so I could make tasty meals for all my friends and family. Ironic. Then I wanted to become a famous musician. I quit guitar lessons after a week. Then I wanted to become a lawyer. I didn't know how the law system actually worked. And then it was pilot, engineer, mechanic, artist, and the list goes on and on until I settled something. A convenience store worker. I never wanted it.

Day 36- I fell trying to get out of bed. Guess I'm so skinny now that my legs can't hold my own weight. I had to grab the cane. Now I have to get used to it. Fun.

Day 38- I went for a walk today since I couldn't exactly run with a cane. There's nothing to do out here, so I stopped at the playground I used to go to. It's a lot more rundown and

rusty than I remember, but that's just the way life goes I suppose. The moment I began to daydream, this little girl asked me to play with her and normally, I would be upset and tell her to fuck off since kids are annoying, but her eyes were starry and bright and she had the biggest smile on her face and she was super polite too, saying that her mom was busy on the phone so she had nobody to play with and I would have felt awful saying no so I tossed the ball to her and she would toss it back and sometimes she would throw it too high and my arms were too slow to catch it in time, but she would hop over and pick it up regardless. We played together for about 30 minutes until her mom finished her call, and she thanked me. It was nice. To be thanked.

Day 39- I went back to the playground again. I just wanted to experience that feeling again. But nobody was there. It was only me, just waiting and waiting. They owed me nothing. I didn't even know their names. It was stupid of me to expect them to come back. But I guess being a dumbass pays off sometimes, because they showed up again. And we talked. And I smiled. Her name was Ava and her mom was Carmen. Ava wanted me to play tag with her, but I told her I couldn't. We played catch instead and I talked to Carmen. She practically told me her life story, but I don't blame her. Her life story is much more interesting than mine. More accomplished too. Her husband had passed away because of an illness, and she was left to take care of Ava by herself when she was only a few weeks old. She told me how she was Valedictorian for her high school, perfect GPA and everything, full scholarships paid for her college, got her masters and was going for her PhD until everything happened. I don't know how she managed. I could barely stand my 9-5 job, my GPA was... passable, I got denied from universities (that I couldn't even afford) whereas she moved beyond all of that and had to raise a child by herself. She's way stronger than I ever could hope to be. I even told her this and she told me not to underestimate myself and she's sure I'm stronger and smarter than I think I am. Don't really know how true that is when I don't even have the strength to play tag with an 8 year old. But she pointed out something else too. She asked if I was feeling okay. That I looked pale. But I told her I was just tired and I only had the cane because I was recovering from a football match. Before she left, she asked if I would be back here



tomorrow since Ava had trouble making friends. I didn't even hesitate.

Day 43- I've been nauseous all day. Vomiting what little food there is in my stomach. But on the bright side, I've spent the past few days with Carmen and Ava. She's on summer break so she has all the free time in the world, and Carmen is on a 2 week vacation. I couldn't do much physical activity with her because of my condition, but I taught her how to draw and paint. I showed them some of my artwork from years ago and they were acting as if I was the next Picasso. Since Ava's only 8, her drawings were very simple, like a sun in the corner and a car as a box with circles, but it really took me back to when I was kid. A time where I was happy. I think Carmen noticed a tear falling down my eye because she asked me if I was okay, and I told her there was just something in my eye. I even said I never felt better. That part wasn't a lie.

Day 46- It was Ava's birthday today, and I was the only guest. Carmen told me that her relatives live out of state. She got her a small cake with 9 candles and a pinata. Ava had trouble breaking the pinata herself and asked me to help, but I'm not sure what she wanted me to do, you know, with my frail body and all, so I hit it with my cane, which she thought was funny. Carmen ended up breaking it for her. I asked Ava what she wished for when she blew the candle, but she didn't tell me, because if she told me it wouldn't come true. Maybe that's why mine never came true. Anyhow, Carmen told me my eyes looked yellow. I guess I never really noticed since I stopped looking at myself in the mirror. But I guess I look older. I laughed really hard when Ava told me that she thought I was 50 years old because not even her mom is 50 yet. I'm only 23.

Day 56- I had to go to dialysis again. I hate going. Everybody looks at me with pity, like I'm a walking skeleton. The workers especially. They don't say it, but I can see the "I'm so sorry" in their eyes. It gets annoying. Anyway, after my dialysis, I stopped by to visit Ava and Carmen again since it looks like my time is running out. Carmen's figured out my situation, cause I guess having a sprained ankle for weeks isn't exactly the best lie. She wanted to know exactly what was wrong with me so she

could try and help pay for any medical procedures, but I never told her. "I didn't—I don't want to think about it anymore. Maybe if I don't think about it—if I continue to ignore it, it'll go away". It won't exist. She doesn't know how long I have until I leave, possibly leave that is, but I'm sure she's made her guess because I told Ava I was moving away. Ava thought I was leaving because I hate her, but I told her I could never, and that I was planning on moving away before I even met them. I felt awful, like a doctor telling someone their relative just passed away. I had trouble looking at her face, my eyes couldn't see clearly through all the water.



Day 59- My body feels like hell, especially my sides. The doctors told me I have to stay here. At least I'm able to still write. Only when I'm numb to the pain though. But it's nothing I can't handle. Right? ~~I've made it this far. I can do.~~ No. I can't. I'm scared. I'm scared. I can't anymore. It hurts to live. It hurts to die. I don't know. I don't know anymore. I just. More time. Why couldn't I have it? I don't wanna go. There's still so much I wish I could do here, but I never got the chance. I took too long, then it was too late. I don't want to leave. I don't want to go. ~~I don't want to. I don't want. I don't. I don't. I. I.~~

Day 72????- I'm still here, to me and the doctor's surprise. My body is still fighting to live. Carmen came to visit me after I told her where I was, and for the first time in weeks, I've been able to sleep soundly through the pain. I told her not to bring Ava though. She's been visiting me after work. She shows me pictures of the things Ava's been drawing for her classes. Her drawing skills have gotten better; it's really cute. She wanted to bring Ava to see me, but I had to beg her not to. I hate being seen like this, and I don't want her final memory of me to be what I am right now. My body is in such a pathetic state that I can't imagine Ava would do anything other than cry. But even with how I look, whenever Carmen talks to me, she doesn't talk down to me like I'm dying. She doesn't look at me with sad eyes. She treats me... normal. She was telling me about her favorite movies and shows and I kept making fun of her because she likes Hallmark movies and novelas. She has the worst taste. She tried getting me into learning about sports like football and baseball by putting some games on in the



room, but they're so damn boring. I was half asleep watching them. We also had an argument over whose slang is cornier. It's weird. To feel the experience of having a mom again.

Final Day- It's nice. To not be alone. I wish I could've learned that sooner. Carmen's writing this for me since I'm in too much pain to write it myself, so I hope she's writing everything correctly. Ava still asks about me. She even gives letters to Carmen so she can "mail them" and I can read them. She tells me how much her teacher compliments her art and how good her grades have been and how she beat Jason at handball and how Jenny is her new best friend and how she's considering being an artist. A part of me wishes Ava could forget about me. It feels wrong to say, but I don't want her to feel the pain of losing someone you care about so young. It's an experience I wish I never went through. I forgot to get her a birthday gift last month, so I told Carmen to give her my favorite drawing I made: a blue flower blooming on the edge of the moon, in front of the sun. Thinking about that drawing makes me wish I could've done a lot of things sooner. I'd also be lying if I said I'm still not a little scared. But it's okay. You know, I never really accomplished much in my life and there's a lot of things I may not be able to get to do. I may never be able to have kids of my own, become a grandparent, famous musician or artist, feel the taste of my favorite foods again, see the sunset or see the stars, visit Greece or Paris or Italy. There's still so many things I still want to do and dream of doing. It's something that bothers me, and yet, I don't feel angry, because by the end of it all, I was still able to find them: my family. If by some miracle, I do make it to twenty-four, I'm not going to write here anymore. This journal thing - was for a very specific time in my life, and I don't need it anymore. I want to keep it untouched and look back on it years later, if I get the chance to. But if I don't, that's okay too. Oh, and before I end this, I was able to finish my poem with all the extra time I had. It's not Shakespeare or anything, but I like what I made anyway:

*"The morning dew of the wilting flower
Are tears for the incapacity to bloom once more
But the sunlight of the brightest star*

Dries it and reminds them of the beautiful blossom that follows”

