Teens & Twenties

Melancholic Monday

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When I was thirteen years old I lost my best friend, Yeana. It is a day I will never forget. Almost every detail is as fresh as it was the day it happened. It was a Monday, I was in middle school. I thought to myself, "Did I wear the correct uniform today?" I brushed off the strange feeling when I realized that yes, I did wear the correct uniform, and it was indeed Monday.

I got to school and went to the assembly hall like normal, then went to my classroom where I sat and talked to my friends. I remembered asking if any of them had seen Yeana, because she usually came at 8:40 am. I figured she was just running a little late and decided to continue talking with my classmates.

While sitting there and talking to my friends, one of my classmates ran into my classroom and shouted "Yeana just collapsed out in the hallway!" Hearing this, everyone in the class rushed out into the hall while I was yelling "Which Yeana?!" She replied, "Urbana Apu's sister!!" I remember pushing through the crowd of students circled around her lying on the ground.

My class teacher was holding her and telling everyone to get back to class. Two of my other friends were standing there with us. Our teacher told another teacher in the hall to call the nurse and again told us to return to our classrooms. We all did as we were told. I sat by the door of my classroom so I could keep an eye out.

I watched out the windows next to the door as the nurse came over and started to perform CPR on her. Soon our floor in charge came and saw Yeana, she then came into our room, told us that Yeana was going to be fine and that we all needed to return to our seats. She told us that they were taking Yeana to a hospital and that her mom was on her way.

I remember seeing Yeana's car pull up to the school gate and watched Yeana's mom ran into the building. She was crying as she had just seen her daughter laying there senseless. At that moment all I wanted to do was leave the room, hug her, and go to the hospital with them. I couldn't go as the in charge would not let anyone of us leave the room. The students in the entire school were told to stay in class until the ambulance and paramedics got there. They arrived within minutes and took Yeana to the hospital. After this, we were allowed us to leave the rooms.

I went to my French class where everyone was talking about what had just happened. We discussed how we were going to visit her in the hospital, and we all expected her to be ok. We said a little prayer among ourselves. I don't recall much of what we learned in class that day, I was too concerned about Yeana and wanted her to get well. Later during games class, once again everyone was talking about Yeana. I heard from a few people about something I couldn't believe. One girl from our grade made horrible comments about the situation.

I got really angry and decided to address the issue with the principal. When I got to the office I found out that the vice principal left the building. He was at the hospital with Yeana and her family. Therefore, my issue would just have to wait. I was told to return to my classroom. I remember thinking it was strange for the vice principal to be at the hospital with them. Although it was very nice of him. I was very angry about this girl who was saying rude things about Yeana, I complained to a teacher and returned to my classroom.

When I got to class, I took my seat as usual and then an announcement came on the speaker. It said, "Teachers have been given a statement to read out to all classes. Please do so now." and the announcement ended. The room fell silent and my stomach turned fearing this probably would be a bad news. I fell into shock after hearing my teacher.

The teacher, who had been in the hall with Yeana, came into our classroom and said, "At 9:15 am this morning, Yeana Sarah Khondokar passed away at the hospital. If students need to deal with their grief or to be excused please go to the library." Even she was crying profusely. I got up from my chair along with few other friends and walked out of the room. I threw my books across the hall and just fell on the ground crying. I could not believe it.

I couldn't breathe, I thought of losing my mind, how can a 13 year old girl just die? My friends pulled me up to my feet and we all walked to the library while holding each other. There were a lot of people in the library. I did not cry at the library. I just sat there staring at the ground. I couldn't accept it, I didn't want to. All I could think was that it was some kind of a twisted dream, that I will see her the next day as soon as I wake up and everything will be fine. Sadly it was real, I was worried about her close friends, Yeana's mom and dad, her brother and sister and all her relatives.

I don't know how long I sat there until the teachers gave us permission to call our parents to come get us from school. I got to the phone, still not crying and called my home. My dad answered the phone. As soon as I tried to explain what had happened, I burst out into tears, he could not understand me and was yelling at me. I had to convince him that I wasn't joking and I needed him to come and get me. I could sense instantly the change in his tone, as soon I could muster out the words, "Yeana had died", he said he'd send my mom to get me right away. When my mom came I hugged her tightly and started sobbing again.

It turns out, Yeana, at the age of 13, had a heart murmur. We later came to know that when she collapsed, her heart stopped beating and it could not revive itself. Losing a best friend so suddenly was really rough on me and all my friends. After going through it I've learned that I have to be happy for Yeana. We have to remember her for the life she lived and the memories she shared with us.

I remember the last time I spoke to her, she was so happy. She kept telling me how much she valued our friendship and that she loved me. Losing her taught me not to take anyone or anything for granted. I realized that it is not nice to be judgmental of people. Her loss was definitely a major grief to our whole school that year. Yeana may have passed away and left us for good, but she will continue to live within my heart forever.

I heard that a person never really dies as long as there is someone left on earth who loves and misses them. Yeana is loved and missed by many.

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