

I believe that everyone gets one miracle in this life. Whether it suddenly comes out of nowhere, or it's something you've always had. We all get one exceptional moment. That one moment, when we realize who we are, and how lucky we are to be alive, when we realize we are truly extraordinary. It could be winning the lottery, or having a major breakthrough, or a second chance. Kylie's miracle was a person. Kylie's miracle was Skyler Grey.

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The leaf strewn day was an abundance of light. The light breeze spread bright red leaves and an earthy smell everywhere. And the chilly morning and cold nights let you know that it was flannel shirt and pumpkin carving season; fall.

Kylie was sitting at the Ugly Mug, writing. The day was so picturesque it looked like it was straight out of a magazine. She felt someone quake the table as they sat across from her and wasn't concerned. Most people didn't notice her here, but when she looked up, a girl with a messy black pixie cut and tan sweater was looking at her, a few stray strands of hair falling into her eyes. Not *through* her like most people did, *at* her. She removed an ear bud and raised her eyebrows at the girl, waiting for an explanation for why she was suddenly so interesting. She *had* been here for the past three hours.

"Hey" said the girl across from Kylie, taking a sip of her latte and making it clear that she wasn't going to leave anytime soon.

"Hi." Kylie said putting her ear bud back in and returning to her story. She wasn't usually this grumpy, but she was trying to work. Her computer closed an inch and Kylie looked up again, slightly annoyed. The girl was still sitting there, her hand on the back of Kylie's computer, watching.

"Skyler Grey" said the girl, extending out her hand for Kylie to shake. Kylie ignored it.

"Kylie." she muttered, trying to return to her work once more.

"Sorry, I didn't hear you. What's your name?"

"Kylie"

"Hi, Kylie." The girl, – *Skyler* - sat back again, apparently satisfied. Kylie couldn't

take it anymore. What did this girl *want*? First she sat here, even though there were plenty of other tables and couches just about everywhere, and then she had to interrupt her, making her completely lose her train of thought. She'd had enough.

"I'm sorry, but do you need something?" Kylie asked, not caring that she was being extremely rude.

"No, I just wanna talk. You seem like an extremely interesting person. Say, what are you writing about?" Kylie couldn't tell if the girl was being sarcastic or not.

"It's a sampel story for literature arts."

"Oh. Hey! It looks like you have no life and nothing to do tonight, I'm having a few friends over, wanna come?"

"Uh, no."

"Pleeaassseeee? I'll look over your story for you."

"And why would I want *you* to look over my story for me?"

"Because I go to your school. I aced that class last year" Skyler smirked.

"I don't even *know* you."

"Whatever" the girl sighed, "Not my loss. Well, see you around!" and with that, she stood up and walked out the door, not bothering to take her latte. *Weird* Kylie thought. She had never met Skyler before, let alone *seen* her.

Kylie thought that she would never see Skyler again. She had made it clear that she didn't need any friends. But Kylie didn't know that once your miracle finds you, it tends to stick around.

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She woke up to the morning weather report and rolled out of bed onto the floor. She didn't really mean to, it just happened. She got dressed, throwing on jeans and a mint green sweater, and applying a thick coat of mascara to her eyes to hide the dark circles looming underneath. She threw her thick brown hair up into a knot on the top of her head, not bothering to try to tame her messy curls today. She stumbled down the stairs, grabbed a cereal bar, and packed her bag, which consisted of mainly textbooks and an inch of homework. After wrestling with the zipper on her backpack for a good two minutes, she stepped out to her car. She hated the black tin can that she had decided to call Clary, but it was her only

way of transport other than the school bus.

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She parked on the school parking lot and tried to get her thoughts together. It was pretty hard when she was still half asleep, and she wondered how she had got here. Her mind was somewhere else. Somewhere even *she* didn't know. Truthfully, sometimes she felt like Me, Myself, and I were three completely different people.

Once she was fully conscious, she walked over to the cafeteria, where she knew the little cafe would be open. She had been too lazy to wait in the line at the Ugly Mug, and although the coffee here tasted cheap, it was right in front of her. Even after the brisk walk inside, she needed something to keep her awake, and coffee was her savior.

After paying for her coffee, - \$4.56 for a dirty chai latté - her black converse dragged against the blue and white tile as she walked to her locker. She undid her blindingly bright neon yellow lock, and was loading her bag with textbooks and spirals for her classes before lunch when a voice called out from behind her.

"Somebody's excited to be here" Kylie spun around to find Skyler behind her, smirking.

"Ha ha very funny." Kylie muttered, turning back to finish filling her bag.

"So, what did you do on your excessively boring evening yesterday?" Skyler asked, chewing at her nails. She was clearly uninterested, but she wanted to hear that she was right, that Kylie was a homebody with no life.

"I read" she muttered, ashamed that she was letting her win.

"Mm hmmm, that's what I thought." Skyler said, assessing me like I was her new project. Maybe I was. "Come on sweetheart, let's walk. We still have 20 minutes before the bell rings." She started walking, not bothering to wait for Kylie, plenty confident that Kylie would follow her like a loyal puppy or something. Kylie didn't think it was socially acceptable to say no, so she dragged herself after her.

"Uh, no." a slight frown formed in Skyler's face. "My dear, if you're walking with me, head up, shoulders back, and don't drag your feet. If I'm gonna make you something unforgettable, you gotta give me something to work with."

"Unforgettable?" Kylie raised an eyebrow – a feat she took a great amount of pride in.

“Yeah, you know, memorable, catchy, striking, impressive; unforgettable” she laughed as if Kylie didn’t know anything.

“Um that’s impossible. Do you know who you’re talking to? I’m the queen of nobodies”

“Darling,” she said, elongating the *r* “although you’re right, do you know who *you’re* talking to? Nothing is impossible for Skyler Grey. I’m a miracle worker.” She said with a wink. *I guess it’s worth a try*, Kylie thought to herself. So, she lifted her chin and her shoulders rolled back. She was focusing on not dragging her feet when she ran into a door.

“Honey, you’re a freak” Skyler said, between wheezing giggles.

“Tell me about it” Kylie muttered, blushing.

The day passed by in a blur, a really slow blur. Usually, Kylie was a perfect student; she had never missed a class, and had a GPA of 4.0. But today, she couldn’t recall a single word, or date if her life depended on it. All she could remember was Skyler saying “*I’m going to make you unforgettable*”.

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A month after that very special day, Skyler decided that Kylie was ready for lunch with the Misfit Toys. Kylie disagreed.

“Come ON! Don’t worry, we’re all weird. Plus they always love my new minion” Skyler said, literally dragging Kylie down the hall towards the cafeteria. Kylie groaned *new minion?* She thought *that makes me sound like I’m her servant*. Once Skyler had dragged Kylie all the way to the back of the cafeteria, she plopped down on the nearest chair and dragged Kylie down next to her

“Welcome to the land of Misfit Toys” Skyler half cheered, half mumbled and then she tipped her head back and closed her eyes. She was clearly exhausted from dragging a dead weight all the way over here. Kylie looked around the table and realized the name fit. She saw an old popular and jock. There was also a nerd, a punk, and a teacher’s pet. Everybody would’ve fit in here.

“Cass, takeover” Skyler said, her eyes still closed. *Skyler’s clearly the leader* Kylie thought, *interesting*.

“Cassiopeia” said a girl standing up and sticking out her hand. Kylie took it, a bit bewildered, but the girl’s grip was firm and somehow reassuring. She looked the girl up and

down. She had platinum blonde hair that faded into a cool blue. Her crystal nose stud complemented her face, and her choice of skull and flower earrings on her 6 ear piercings were amusing and ironic, *daisies and death*. A purple cropped long sleeve shirt was worn with printed leggings and leather combat boots. She was the definition of *hipster* and *I do what I want*, and Kylie could tell that this girl and Skyler were two peas in a pod.

“Most people call me Cass.” she said, and then introduced everyone at the table. When she was done, Cass sat back down and cast a worried glance at Skyler.

“Skye, you know you’re not supposed to do that much work.”

“Please remind me, why can’t I act like a normal person? I told you because I wanted you to be ready, not because I want another nurse” Skyler snapped. It was clear that they had had this conversation plenty of times.

“Because of your Chemotherapy. There, I said it. You have to stop avoiding the fact that you are dying Skye. *Dying*. And you’ll die sooner if you try to act normal. I’m trying to save you for as long as I can. Please don’t make it impossible.” Silent painful tears ran down Cass’s face as she abruptly stood up and walked away.

Kylie’s head was reeling with new shocking information. *Chemotherapy? Dying?* The logical answer was beyond painful. *Skyler has cancer. It’s terminal*. Kylie tried the words out in her head. The thought made her heart ache. She had only known Skyler for a month now, but it felt like a lifetime. Twice a week, they would go to the Ugly Mug to hang out, and the other days were spent at the mall, or texting while they were not together. Skyler was Kylie’s first real friend in years, and she wasn’t about to just let her go.

“Well,” Skyler said with a sigh “that didn’t go well” she got up and Kylie stood too. They walked out the back door of the cafeteria together, not bothering to say goodbye to the others at the table. “We’ll try again soon” she said warily, but Kylie saw right through her lie.

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It took Kylie a week to approach Skyler with a question about her cancer.

“So, you have cancer?” she tried to say casually over her cup of coffee at the Ugly Mug.

“Yep” said Skyler, not bothering to say more.

“Mind explaining why you didn’t tell me?” Kylie’s voice shook, but she didn’t quite know why.

“Because Experience is not what happens to you; it's what you do with what happens to you.

And some people don't understand that. I didn't want to ruin our friendship and turn myself into a charity project. You treat me like a normal person, and I really need that right now.”

Sometimes Skyler amazed Kylie. She was wise beyond her years and it was incredible when she shared her thoughts.

“Is the cancer really terminal?” Kylie asked after a long minute. She almost didn't want to know the answer, but she had to be ready, just like Cass.

“I have a year, at most, if the medication keeps working.” Skyler said quietly, and then she suddenly stood up. “Enough of this bull crap. Let's go do something. I'm done moping” and she walked outside to wait for Kylie. She took a minute to gather herself, and then walked out to Skyler, wondering what they were going to do this time.

They ended up dying their hair purple. Skyler added streaks to her pixie cut, and Kylie dyed the tips of her curls. They laughed as they ruined their clothes, and took pictures of each other with the foil in their hair. After they had successfully finished, Skyler decided it was time to sleep, and told Kylie to do whatever she wanted.

“The house is at your disposal, my dear” she said with an exhausted wink.

“Thank you so much.” Kylie said, pulling Skyler in for a tight hug. “For everything. And I want you to remember who you are, despite the bad things that are happening to you, because those bad things aren't *you*. They are just things that are *happening* to you. You need to accept that who you are, and the things that happen to you, are not one and the same.”

“Thank you” Skyler whispered. She hugged Kylie tighter for a second, and then released her, and went to her room. Kylie left, locking the house door behind her, and on her ride home, she felt a strange sense of closure. *I still have a year. Everything will be okay.* She thought as her favorite song came on the radio. Today had been the perfect day.

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Kylie got a phone call later that evening from an unfamiliar number.

“Hello?” She cautiously asked into the phone.

“Kylie? This is Cass.” Her voice was thick with emotion.

“Hi, are you okay?”

“No. um...” there was a long moment that Kylie thought went on for hours. “Skyler’s dead.”

Kylie’s reality exploded

Her phone dropped to the floor as raw emotion delivered blow after blow of stinging grief and trauma. And she soon met her phone on the ground. Curling into a fetal position, she stared at the alien machine as someone on the other side called her name. She soundlessly pressed the red button on her phone to silence the annoying call for her to respond and stared at the ceiling. *Skyler’s dead*. She repeated the words in her head, but they were meaningless. They couldn’t have meant *her* Skyler, could they? Her Skyler that had been so full of life just hours ago, *hours*. Heaving sobs wrenched her body and she touched the now purple tips of her hair, and Skyler’s extra shirt, and their matching leather charm bracelets. Kylie needed to drive.

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When she got to the Ugly Mug, she sat outside for a minute on an old tree stump, and counted the first twenty lines. Her fingers traced the circles of history to the middle, then she brushed her hands back in time through centuries. She took a deep breath, and walked inside.

Once situated at a table, she pulled out her laptop and began looking through photos of her and Skyler, that is, until an unfamiliar voice across from her spoke.

“Hey”

“Um, hi?” Kylie asked

“Are you Kylie?” he asked. Kylie nodded. “This is for you” he said, handing her a piece of scrap paper. Kylie nodded again, and the boy walked away as she unfolded the handwritten note, and her eyes flitted to the bottom. and saw it was signed by Skyler. *Skyler*. She hastily read the note.

“People seem to think that you’ll be happier once you reach the top, you’ll have it all. But I’m living for right now, cause if tomorrow never comes, I’m not waiting for the confetti to fall.”

Miracle, 6 - 8, p.8

Sometimes you meet someone and even though you've never liked blonde hair, you wouldn't want it any other color. You meet someone who's strangest addictions become beautiful.

Sometimes you meet someone who'll skip hanging out with their friends just to spend time with you, and if you're lucky enough to find that person, hold on to them. You were that person for me.

Thank God I found you. Keep living your life hun, be my legacy. I'm still with you.

Love, Skyler ♥

Kylie looked around the room and pulled herself together. When her eyes landed on a girl, sitting alone, reading; she suddenly had a flashback, to the first time she met Skyler, and her annoyingly amazing confidence and beauty. She would live her legacy, and touch the lives of others as Skyler had. So, she got up, and walked over to the girl's table and sat down, studying her. Finally, when the girl looked up, Kylie said one simple thing, quoting her best friend;

“Hey” She decided that this was not the end, but a new beginning, and stuck her hand out. “Kylie Dalton”