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## Unexpected Delivery

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By Yasmin Lima

You're in the bathroom when you hear it. The ring of the doorbell echoes inside your New York apartment.

Once you have your pj's on and your hair tangled to dry in your towel, you head towards your door to open it. Peeking through the peephole you try to see who's knocking, but you only find the same blue doors of every apartment in this building.

"I definitely heard someone knock, I'm sure." you say to yourself.

You open the door to double check that someone you know isn't just hiding around the corner to scare you. The only thing there though was a medium sized box. No label. No return address. Not one thing that can help you figure out who sent this and why.

Shutting the door behind you after you pick up the package and turn inside, you decide you'll open it later. You place it on your small table, the only sized table this apartment could fit, and walk towards the couch to watch *Castle*. *Castle* is your favorite show, it's about a writer who helps a detective solve crimes in New York, which is ironic.

After watching two episodes you decide it's time to go to bed. You work as a secretary at a food company in New York. When people say that secretaries run bizarre errands and stuff like that they weren't lying. Settling in bed and dozing off wasn't hard considering the hard day you had at work.

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When you finally wake up it's to the obnoxious barking of a dog outside. The dog you knew all too well, as it is owned by an elderly woman next door who you help often with groceries. The dog is a yappy chihuahua, the only dog breed that all people should collectively agree needs to be exterminated. Trying to ignore the chihuahua is out of the question because you are a light sleeper and there's no way you are gonna be able to fall back asleep.

Getting up was a struggle to say the least. With it being a Saturday you decide that it can be a cleaning day. The apartment is a mess because you haven't had time this week to tidy up.

Before embarking on an extensive cleaning journey, you connect your phone to Alexa and play your cleaning playlist. It's filled with pop and rap music to help you lighten up the foul mood cleaning puts you in.

After getting most of the cleaning done you just have to clear the table to wipe it down. Only then do you remember about the package you received yesterday. You go to grab a box cutter from your kitchen and open the box.

Opening the box was easy, what you weren't prepared for was the content of the box. There it sat, a letter on top of items that give you a sense of nostalgia. After looking through the contents of the box, it was easy to identify who it was that sent you this box. But considering it has no sticker it probably means Jeremiah delivered it himself.

From the letterman jacket to the tickets to the movie you first watched with him, it was all here. You couldn't believe that Jeremiah has actually kept all these random items of remembrance from your relationship with him even now, years later. Jeremiah, the jock on the hockey team that obsessed over the gym more than he did you. Jeremiah, the guy who left you standing outside your front door for an hour waiting for him. A relationship that lasted seven months burned down to hell because of a prideful man who cared about himself more than he ever cared for you.

In truth you felt angry. Soon came back the feeling of being used and manipulated, like you were thrown into your eighteen year old body again. How could he send all this stuff randomly? Without a call, without even a text. He didn't even have the decency to text for god's sake.

You decide to open the letter, however with the amount of anger boiling inside you it almost tears apart. Taking a breath before you continue, you slowly open it to read the writing inside.

*Dear Adaline,*

*I know that it's been years since we have really seen or even talked to each other. However when I was clearing out my old room in my parents house I found all this stuff that reminded me of such a good time in my life. I was a jerk, a prick, and a complete asshole to you at the end of the seven months we were together. But when I say that you were someone I desperately needed at that time in my life. You helped me through so much bullshit, that I couldn't not write to you after I saw all this stuff. In truth I know that when you realize that I made this package for you, you'll be mad or even furious, and you have every right to be. But I just wanted you to know that even if I didn't say it back then, I loved you, and it was a mistake not telling you that. I was afraid back then. I was afraid that you'd realize how different we were and leave me, so I decided I'd make you leave me instead. I wouldn't wait for the day that you would eventually leave me, I'd make that day come sooner by making you hate me. I wouldn't be disappointed that you left because I'd expect it. It was the simple fact that you made me vulnerable, and being that at nineteen wasn't fun for me. I hope that you can forgive me and all the stupid things I've done to you. And I would really like to see you again, not expecting anything except a person who I know I can talk to.*

*~I'm here if you need me, Jeremiah*

You wanted to cry, to ball your eyes out and fall to the floor weeping. But you didn't, you only stared at the page of a bunch of written words with a look of utter disbelief. The nerve of him! To send this and think all is forgiven. He made your life hell and now when he sees some old junk he wants to reconcile.

Now more than ever you realize you need someone. You're alone in the city, your family lives in another state. Jeremiah is the only person who's around that has any clue to how you act and who you are.

A call wouldn't hurt, you thought.