Katherine Paulson

English Composition 1 TR 8-9:25

Draft #1

2/22/2019

I walked into the room he was just laying there lifeless this couldn't be. I stared at the ugly paint on the walls scared to death, I've never seen one in real life before. I didn't know what to do I was only 10, tears started streaming down my face I was so scared I couldn't move I paralyzed just staring at him. All I could think about was last night I was at my Uncle Scott's 40th birthday party we were having a blast everyone was wasted and nobody had a worry in the world, Scott was so wasted that he actually thought my brother who was sitting on the couch in his living room was a seat and actually sat on him we had the best night. Until we woke up and got the news. It was September 19, 2009 the day my grandfather passed in his sleep during the night. The next morning I woke up no more hotshot he was gone. We went to the hospital the next morning I had never seen a dead body in person and it was not a good experience. "It's okay it's still him go give him a kiss and tell him you love him" No way I sat there and said to myself I can't do that that's so disgusting what if he moves he's going to move if I touch him what if I mess up his body or something. Sitting there still staring I couldn't even speak I just stared scaredly looked I don't want to touch that no matter what I don't want to touch that.

When we got the hospital I sat in a chair in the corner of the room because I'm afraid of dead bodies and I always have been there so creepy and weird and I always feel like there going to move they scare the life out of me. My dad grabbed my hand and dragged it towards him I

quickly pulled it back and I just sat and let the tears flow from my face to this day I can't touch

dead bodies they scare me to much.