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As I walked out of the scary hospital room they always freaked me out I said “Goodbye I love you” “You don’t ever say goodbye you always say see you later” said Candace “Oh sorry see you later hotshot love you” little did I know those would be the last words I spoke to him to this day I can not correct myself like I did that day. Leaving the hospital I was upset because my mom and dad were staying and I didn’t want to go to my cousins house, I wanted to go home they said I’d have a fun time but I didn’t think so. I walked slowly and sadly into the big beautiful house I had always adored with Aunt Jen, Uncle Scott, my brother Marky and their three kids. SURPRISE! screamed all the people waiting for us to come in. “What, Jen” then we all looked at Aunt Jen who had the biggest smile on her face. I walked in and saw a whole lot of people talking and laughing. All of a sudden I wasn’t so upset anymore, she had planned a surprise party for his 40th birthday. We partied had a great time. I was sitting on the long brown very soft couch I had lots of memories with this couch. “Here he comes the birthday boy!” Someone says. As he stumbles over I wonder if he’s okay or is he just drunk. As he sat down on top of my brother instead of on the seat next to him I assumed yup he’s drunk. We all had a great laugh and wouldn’t let Marky love it down until the phone rang. “Beep beep beep beep” “Hello, Are you kidding me, What the fuck, Fine I’m coming.” “Uncle Scott what’s wrong” I said to him. “Nothing I’ll be back you guys stay here with Jen and have fun.” We always had a great

time at his parties how could we not. Until we woke up the next morning. 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 19th ,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 graded 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.