

Katherine Paulson

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Formal Assignment #2 Final Draft

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### That Day

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, my older cousin"

"Oh sorry see you later hotshot love you" I said.

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." Said my uncle to whoever was on the phone

"Uncle Scott what's wrong" I said to him.

"Nothing I'll be back you guys stay here with Jen and have fun." Said Uncle Scott.

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" said my dad.

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.

Sitting in the room it felt humongous. I had been in thousands of times the big giant red seats we had always sat at the same one. I tried not to cry as everyone spoke about him and said how much they missed him and what a good man he was. I look around and see lots of people crying, how can everyone just cry? I could never cry in front of people. This was the day of his funeral it has held at my beloved church that my mother has attended since she was a child. My grandfather loved this church he met his second wife at the church. As we all walked down the long black driveway to where his body would be put. I looked down at my dress that I had to wear because it was his funeral after all and my heels that I insisted upon wearing my feet were aching with pain because they were brand new but I had to prove to everyone I could wear them. Like an adult that I so badly wanted to be. I looked at my hand that Evan had grabbed because he was upset just like everyone else. He's a year younger than me so I tried to comfort him as much as I could, I always tried to. We walked down to where they'd put him and as I put the flower on it I started to cry a little bit, I couldn't hold it in any longer. I went back to Evan who hugged me as we both cried. We walked back up the big driveway we walked slow and behind everyone else I don't think we could really believe what was going on. As we walked up he squeezed my hand and we talked about how much we loved him and as we got up to the top of the driveway where the church was I said,

“See you later hotshot love you.”