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Memoir Draft

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College Writing 101

Death, something everyone goes through but not something you would wish on someone.

Darkness clouding your mind but there's a light at the end of that tunnel. Room full of people and yet you still feel alone. Emotions bottled up, waiting to explode. She used to laugh and smile because the world could not give her anything she did not already have. Like the sun when it comes out from behind the clouds on a rainy day to shine upon the world to provide warmth. She felt that warmth, wanting to embrace it, longing for it. That girl the world once saw smile, laugh and make jokes died. She lost her best friend. You know that call you get when something tragic happens, she felt as if she had sunk into a hole so deep no ladder could reach her. Drowning in tears, oxygen leaving her body as if it was her last breath. She felt as if she died from a heart attack. He was taken when she was not ready. She turned away from her lord and savor. Turned away from friends and family, she was numb.

He lived a life that was filled with family who loved him, and friends who had his back. He was the type of person to help friends or family when they are in need. He told her that it was his calling, to be happy, not to cry. He will be watching her from above and to make him proud.

Death, death took him from her, making her feel as if life is always bound to end because death waits for nobody. His death made it hard for her to let him go, hard for her to continue on with life. He made her smile and laugh, she was his favorite even though they did not want to let the others know they might feel a way. Made her smile and laugh at moments where she did not want to but it was hard not to. She was not ready for those moments to be memories as if they

meant nothing. They are not something that can be easily replaced or disregarded. She saw him take his last breath on a bed where some people do not even make it out of. He told her “ make something of yourself baby girl, make me proud.” “Don't cry, you're going to make me cry”. Everything she does in her life, she does it because of him.

Change happens only once in our lives and it's because of a choice that we make. Losing someone who you looked up to and really cherished hurts your soul more than you think. Someone who watched you grow up til that time comes and they can't watch you now being the grown person you are now is a different feeling. Like when your lights go out in your house and you have only enough money to feed one child. Wishing you had enough time but the world doesn't work like that. Hoping and praying things would change and nothing does because you don't have magical powers. Like when you were a little kid who said they cant wait til they grow up but now that you all grewed up wish you never said that. Like after a person in your family dies and everyone gets together, but then you're the odd one out looking in and asking yourself why it takes for someone to die for you all to show love. Why do we wait till it's too late and expect that it would stay like that but it doesn't. You come tired and exhausted to what life has to give because it takes people from you at the same time. Love becomes so misused and abused when someone you were close to is gone within a blink of an eye. Wanting others to support you in that time of need but also wanting to be alone to process the way you feel is right. Death has a funny way of showing us to cherish time and love one another because once that person is gone for good you want them back. Showing us life is not everlasting, life is not forever because forever is not a long time. Love is not a feeling, its actions and we show them when things happen unexpectedly. She was me, I lost my best friend, my uncle, he was the best and the worst

to happen to me. Showed me living is not just what we are doing right now but what we do later on as well. Death is like a disease that has no cure.

“Because I could not stop for Death—

He kindly stopped for me—

The Carriage held but just Ourselves—

And Immortality.”Dickinson,E(1830-1886).