

Torn

It was the darkest day of my life, no word could change me. No action could change me. I was to live forever in her gratitude not knowing of anything possible to look forward to. I loved my great grandmother, she was my own flesh and blood and nobody could change that, but now she's gone to afterlife. *What I am going to do?* My other half is gone, leaving me to this cold, harsh world where everything has a price. My mom's smile shattered into pieces and I could hear her heart thumping even faster as she was talking on the phone. No one could even imagine the pain that we were going to suffer. As she handed my dad the phone, her face was pale white and her arms were ready to cover her eyes. *What was happening? I never knew.* The warmth of the beautiful Saturday slowly started to fade away as her eyes were glancing towards our direction.

My grandfather once said, "Life is the key to sorrow, but death is the key to eternal happiness." Losing my great grandmother has affected me greatly. My life will never be the same and my sadness has increased rapidly. She was the reason why we lived in my grandfather's house when we visited India. Now there is no point because all the memories will just cause despair. I always remember waking early in the morning and seeing my great grandmother reading the newspaper in the foyer. It was always a pleasure to chat with her alone and get away from the everyday bore. Not knowing what to do, grief has taken its toll in my everyday life as a teen leaving me to mourn a little a day. I wonder how this could happen without her being ill. Sometimes God takes the strong first, but sometimes it's just time to go. My great grandmother was spiritual, generous, and loving and that was the reason we all loved her. I always despised her giving more money to my sister just because she was elder than me. I wish we never left India, but then again I wouldn't have gotten the chance to meet all these

wonderful people. I wanted to stay close to her side forever, but the trip has ended and then it turns out next summer she is no more. My great grandmother despise her old age would take care of her house and made sure everything was well maintained. Sometimes people would come to our doorsteps for odd reasons such as they were selling clothing, lost their money, or needed help. I remember her exact words she would always say that's nonsense knowing these people just needed money and were lazy to earn it for themselves, but sometimes she was kind enough to give a little share. Even though she was old and brittle she still had a few tricks up her sleeve such as putting shaving cream in a toothpaste bottle and putting hair gel as shampoo. My great grandmother reminds me of fun in the sun, she is hilarious and I love for that humorous personality. It is an awesome sensation to feel the like a bluff master and you can't rid of the truth of being a person who likes to have fun in everyday things. I awoke the next morning and realizing the time I quickly rushed to my parent's bedroom hoping I wouldn't miss my favorite Saturday morning shows. Suddenly I had the urge to go on a walk I quickly rushed out grabbing a breakfast bar on the way. I wasn't sure why this resolution had come over me but I wanted to walk because I felt lonely and nauseas. I headed out the door awaiting the aroma of fresh air. I took a stroll around the block realizing it was getting hotter by the second. I panted for a glass of water; I could barely take another step. That was it the end of my walk as I was dead tired of the strong heat pounding on me. As I headed back I came upon a shiny object on the floor, it was merely a penny. Seeing that I emerged closer to the door my sister had opened the door and I saw that her face was full of tears. Not knowing what happened in a 15-minute outing I decided to take the bravery and courage to ask her. When I stepped in, I saw the sullen faces of my parents. "Oh, man I thought what had I had to deserve such a scene as this" I thought to myself. Pulling me to my room, my sister briefly explained the tragedy that occurred. I t was awful to even spare

a moment to talk about. We had received a phone call carry destructive measures of my great grandmother's death. That was the end of happiness all day. Wondering what would happen next, I comforted my mom as she was a ball of tears. We all couldn't stop crying; somehow we knew things were going to be better. But why, did she have to suffer? She was the string that tied us together. Sitting on the couch my sister thoroughly explained events that led to this cause. Ten minutes before I came, they had received a phone call stating that my great grandmother was in terminal condition and on the last stage on the verge of dying. My great grandmother was an about 96 years old, but that wouldn't stop her from making the best of it. She was in such bad condition that she couldn't remember any of her family members, but she fought the thought of death by trying. She always knew that she didn't have fear of death unless she wasn't living life.

In life we have to learn to adapt to changes and to learn from them. Change has impacted everyone in good or bad way and there's nothing we can to undo the past. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "It is not the length of life, but the depth of life that matters." Life is what we make it, it's not created. Today I still struggle with the loss, but I remember and cherish those memories that I shared with my great grandmother and I will treasure for a lifetime.