

The day my great grandmother died

At the time I was 8 years of age and I had just got home from staying in Birmingham with my Nan and Grandpa. As mum opened the door for me she was on the phone. I didn't know who was on the phone to her. As mum put the phone down she said to Dad, "that was your mum on the phone saying your Granny is in hospital". I looked at them like I had just seen a ghost. I was speechless but I burst out saying "my Great Grandmother is in hospital!" My mum turned around and said back to me, "yes she is, anyway how was the journey back?" "I'll tell you later" I sighed and then I ran up to my room to unpack.

I opened my suitcase to start unpacking, but then it all burst out. Tears started running down my face, but then mum came in. She asked what was the matter and then I said with a very upset voice, "I have only seen my great grandmother once, a time I can't remember. A time when I was a baby." Just then dad called, "lunch is ready." Then I went down for lunch.

After lunch I went back up to continue to unpack. After I finished unpacking I went downstairs to do my piano practice. As I was playing my scales mum and dad came in looking very surprised. "That's the first time I've seen you get on to the piano by yourself, without me asking, any way it's time for bed" said mum.

It was about 2 weeks later I found out my Great Grandmother was doing well but another week later Granny phoned and said there was some bad news. Granny went on with the bad news and the bad news was that my great Grandmother died last night. The moment mum told me I felt my heart beating faster and faster. I couldn't do anything else but cry. "What did she die of?" I asked. Mum said back with a sigh "she died of old age and I'm sorry you only got to see her once".

The next day my friend came around to play. We played a really fun game but I didn't feel like playing that much. Mum came in and asked my friend and I if we would like to go to the park. My friend wanted to go and I knew I shouldn't refuse with a guest so we had a walk up to the park but it still did not cheer me up.

On that same weekend my dad got an email about if he wanted to do a speech at my great grandmother's funeral and dad then replied he would be delighted to do a speech and so dad went off and started writing his speech.

So the day came of my great grandmother's funeral and dad was taking it very well that his granny has died. So after 5 minutes everyone went to sit down. After a while it was time for my dad's speech and as I was listening I was thinking I loved great granny and it was a moment that changed my life.