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English 100

Formal Assignment #2: Narrative Project

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### Last goodbye

In only a 7 day span my emotions get shaken like a blender as my grandmother lay there dying with no help. She was gone there was no getting her back just letting her go easy. The heavy zombie like breathing of a so far four day long sleep. She was been acting weird for months weirder than normal. That final month of us just thinking she is crazy we find out that she has Glioblastoma the same thing John McCain had. My family never heard of any of this before. The rush to the hospital to see her. The doctors say that this can't be cured just slowed. The surgery was good but the recovery was when it went down. She had a stroke which made about a year left to a month. I saw the down fall from the joyful breaths down to that zombie breath. It was hard on everyone that ever knew her. That last week was the hard one. Started out she was talking then the one night we went home came back and she was just asleep. We were told we were in the final stretch she was about to pass. Like her in the living she was a stubborn old woman. It was about 5 days of her just sleeping with that zombie breathing. Days and time was an illusion. There was times I woke up in the lobby of the hospital or the waiting room or her room. The staff never said anything they knew. It was hours in this little room with one little window so we couldn't see the sun going down. We still tried to

carry on lives we didn't know what was happening or when. I do an 8 hour shift and go right over to just sleep there in my uniform. Around day 3 we started doing shifts so she was never alone but we still needed to shower and change.

That 6th day her son that lives in California came to see say his goodbye. He landed in Philly airport around 1 am and came right there. By the time we got him caught up on everything and chatted it was around 4 in the morning. The family members there at that time left to get some sleep in their own beds not a chair. Her son from California stayed for alone time he hasn't gotten yet. She was still breathing at that point. I had a feeling I don't know from where but as I left I knew it was the last goodbye. As a group my family all got up around 8:30 am to get ready to start again. Middle of me getting ready I hear my mom call me and my sister in a whimper voice and say she is gone. It took me a second as we are almost ready why not in 10 more minutes and we could have been together. My mom said I am leaving now drive up when you ready. I collected my thoughts and emotions and got ready. Me and my girlfriend showed up last to everyone else already there. Almost 13 people in a little hospital room ment for 3. It still didn't hit me yet though. Even seeing her laying there in the bed. It was I made a phone call to my manager to tell him I wasn't going to make it to work. The moment I said she passed I broke down. I didn't shed a tear at all because I never said it out loud. That phone call to a manger at my work is what broke me. Back talking to everyone wondering why now of a week of us saying while she was asleep she can pass over. We all determined is because her first born son didn't say goodbye like the rest of us.

She waited for her son and left us as we already said the goodbyes. As he put it “ she was there for my first breath and I was there for her very last.”