

Chapter 7

More than One Grandmother Death

After the police came and took me to my grandmother's house, I realized that these 2 months was going to be a pain in the rear end. While I was there for what seemed like days while it was actually over a month, I couldn't hold it in any longer. I had to see my mother, I missed her as any child/teen would. So, I snuck out of my grandmother's house while she wasn't looking and went to my other home. When I got there, I knocked on the door like a mad man and then my mother opened the door and I clinged to her so fast that she didn't know what hit her but then she said, "Wow you must of really missed me but what are you doing here? Two months isn't over yet." After she said that I looked up at her with tears in my eyes and said, "I don't care! I missed you too much. I couldn't take it any longer. I had to be reunited with you. You are my mom after all!" A few months after my unexpected and unfiled return, the four of us decided to go to Ocean City, Maryland for a well deserved vacation.

The four of us were walking down the boardwalk and decided to stop at the Kite Loft. While at the Kite Loft, I noticed that they had Puzz 3D puzzles (which I enjoyed doing as it calms my nerves and emotions). I grabbed one and I walked fast to my mother and grandmother and I asked, "Can I please get it? PLEASE?!" which I pretty much sounded more of a begger than asking. My grandmother got really aggravated and said "Here take the damn thing and go buy it yourself. Here's the money." I wasn't sure if I should be excited or concerned judging by the tone of her voice. I went to the cashier and bought it and I gave my grandmother the change and gave her a hug and thanked her and she replied, "Yeah yeah yeah, don't get used to it. That's all you're getting." I couldn't help but look at her with a "WOW" look on my face but I refused to say anything because she was in that kind of mood which she would take it and get her money back. So I remained quiet throughout the rest of the vacation until it was time to head back home. Naturally, I got upset inside because I didn't want to go back home as it was nothing but earth hell to me.

Not long after the trip back from Ocean City, I decided to call my grandmother to check up on her to see if she calmed down any. The phone rang, rang, rang and rang and went to voice mail. "Now I know we dropped her off yesterday. Maybe she was in the bathroom or outside hanging clothes." I thought to myself. I decided to wait a little bit and then tried calling again to no avail. "THAT'S IT! I am going to my grandmother's house to find out WHY she wasn't answering her phone!" I yelled as I left the house while ignoring my mother's yelling to come back home. I walked and walked until I got to her house. The first thing I noticed was the door was open and I said to myself, "What? The door is open; it's never open this early, not to my knowledge anyways." So I

went inside the house and looked around for her which I was unable to find her. I started to panic as I thought that someone may have kidnapped her or she left the house with the door wide open. The last place I haven't checked was upstairs. I ascended to the upper floor and looked around, nothing. Scratching my head, I decided to head back down stairs and then I said "Gran...". I stopped instantly as I saw what had become of my grandmother. One of the most horrific things I have ever seen with my own two eyes. Her body was 3 times her normal size and she was purple as a grape. Her darker purple veins were very visible compared to her purple skin color. Her eyes were swallowed by the swelling and all I could do was stand on the steps and look. There were no words to describe what I was looking at. Suddenly I got very frightened and sick so I immediately left the house and returned to my mother's house. I banged on the front door as if I was being attacked. My mother opened the door and said "What the hell, Ryan? Was that really..." she didn't get to finish her question as I interrupted her, "SHE IS DEAD!!!" which she replied, "WHAT!!!" and I started crying and said it slower, "SHE...IS...DEAD!!!!" My mother told me to go in the house while she and my father went to see if I were telling the truth (yes my father loves to prove me as a liar). Not long after she left, she called the house phone which I was sitting next to the whole time. I picked it up and my mother said that she was gone, dead. She said she would be home soon and told me to hang up. I slammed the phone down and then bursted into tears as I now realized that I had lost my grandmother.

A year later, my mother decided to take me to see my great-grandmother. My great-grandmother loved me as much as my other grandmother did (a lot). Even though I was sensitive to scratches and bruises on people, it didn't stop me from touching her arm. I felt pain surge through me when I touched her arm. My mother said, "Ryan, it's time to go now. Tell her you will see her again." So I did just that and we left but not before turning around and smiling and waving to her. A day or two later, my mother went to go see my great-grandmother alone this time and I stayed home. Not even 1 hour that she left, she calls the house phone which I answer. "Ryan, she's dead." My eyes widened very far and I yelled, "WHAT! NO!" and she said, "I know you're upset. I am too. Don't do anything. Stay on the couch til I get home." I did something alright, I cried my heart out. Not only did I lose one grandmother but two! Was I cursed or something? Seemed like everyone near me was either sick or dying or dead. "I don't know how much more I can take of this. This is worse than a nightmare." Which I thought about and then I said, "This feels like hell!" It seems that my life wasn't getting any better but worse.