

# The End to 3 Long Months

After three long months the acidic smell of cleaner still burned my nose. After three long months the the pastel walls still blurred with the pastel floor. After three long months my mom was still in the hospital. There was only one thing that was good about this place where my mother was trapped, the air conditioning. It was the only source of relief from the blistering heat that filled my days long summer days.

The bed was soft beneath me as I sat next to my mom playing *go fish* late into the evening. The putrid smell of the salty hospital food would tell us it was time to go home, leaving my mother for another night. And the coughing of the mysterious man on the other side of the curtain would never stop, always playing like background music to our conversations and card games.

But one day it all suddenly ended. At least for me. The day it ended so did everything else. The days would blur to night, seen through a shield of tears. The condolences for my loss would never end no matter how long my life went on. The person I thought would always be there would never be seen again.

It was a beautiful day, the sun moved on the cement from the shifting trees. The birds gossiped to one another as they marched along the branches of the oak tree in my grandma's backyard. And the clouds were non existent in the clear blue sky. It was the perfect summer day.

It was a simple day, spent with my grandfather. (He bought me Timbits) everything was normal, I looked forward to ranting to my mom about the heat latter in the day. But that rant never came. My aunt stoped by to picked me up, her nurses uniform clung to her damp back as we walked to the car. We talked and chatted on the way to her apartment

near Lafarge lake. We watched TV and ate cookies as I waited for my dad to pick me up. I was happy...

The moment he walked through the door I knew the news. He rushed to me picking me up in his arm his tears wetting my hair and shirt.

"Your mom... she's gone." I almost could not hear what he said through his tears.

"No" I moaned as I too started to cry.

"No" I cried again.

My aunt wiped a tear that had strayed down her cheek, my uncle turned away.

We stayed like that for a long time. My dad and I arm in arm and we cried.

That day I decided. I needed to be strong for my dad and my family. I had lost one of the people who went the most to me. I lost the person who was supposed to teach me about being a girl about being a woman. I lost the person who I called *mom*.

Since then I had to figure out so much on my own. What do you do when you get your period, or so many other things men do not understand. I had to grow up, I had to teach myself how to do so much.

I was not alone, I had my dad and all my other family. But knowing I would never feel her hugs again, I would never hear her say *I love you* again, I would never get to see her again except in the frozen times, the frozen photos of my childhood, that made me feel more sad and alone than I had ever felt before.

