Tiffany Hill

English Composition 100

Professor Mangini

Narrative Project Final Draft

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The Unforgettable

Welcome back! This week for blog post #5, I had the opportunity to create an emotional scene. The emotional scene is being done using symbolism and dialogue. I will be talking about the night my family life changed forever. This blog post is based off the story called Hills Like White Elephants (Ernest Hemingway). I hope you guys enjoy my blog post. Please feel free to leave a comment.

It was hot summer day on July 9, 1997. My mom was just coming back from a funeral of a dear friend who daughter passed away. My sister Shamika and I who was only 15 at the time was sitting in the kitchen of our 3-bedroom apartment eating cereal. She looked over at our mom and asked her, how was the funeral.

“My mom replied and said it was sad. I feel so bad for officer Michael. I don’t know what I would do if I was to ever lose one of my children.”

“Then my sister said mom, I don’t know what I would do if something was to happen to you.”

“I then said, let’s talk about something else.”

“My mom went on to say are you packed for your weekend trip with your cousin.”

“My sister said almost. I just need to add a few more things”.

As the day went on me and my mom helped her get the rest of her things together so she can go to North Carolina with my cousin. When Friday finally approached my sister was all ready to go. My cousin and her father came to our grandmother’s house to pick her up. She was so happy to go!

It took them about 9 hours to reach North Carolina, but they made it. While down there they had so much fun. My sister and cousin got to see family members they haven’t seen in years. They even made plans to bring the family members back with them so everyone can meet them.

You see my aunt who is my mom youngest sister had five children and they all lived with their fathers. My oldest cousin who is my aunt’s daughter want to get to know who her brother and sisters were. She did everything to try and track them down and finally she found them. So, she decide with the help of her dad to drive down North Carolina to see them.

Sadly, all things change during a few hours. My sister and them were headed back to Pennsylvania when the accident happen. My grandmother receive a call around 5:55 am on Sunday July 13, 1997. At that time, she was told that there was a car accident involving my sister and family. The Delaware State Police told my grandmother that the driver had felt asleep at the wheel and hit a tree. He also said that four passengers were killed at the scene. The other 3 were injured badly at the scene of the accident. My mom who was working overnight as a sheriff officer, didn’t know anything about it until my grandmother contacted her. The morning of the car accident was filled with so much pain.

“My mom said to my grandmother on the phone why my daughter, crying loudly.”

“God why did you take my daughter.”

The night before the car accident, I had spend the night over the neighbor’s house. My brother and two little aunts came over to get me and told me what happen. When they first told me, I shut the door in their face. I just couldn’t believe what they was telling me.

“I kept saying, why are you lying to me”.

“I don’t believe you.”

“Why would you play a joke like that?”

That’s until I looked farther out the door and noticed all these people in front of my grandmother’s house. There were so many people from the neighbor’s, ABC news, to the people that own the corner store. My eyes started to get red and big. I didn’t know what to do or what to say. I froze!

“I was in a shock and couldn’t believe it”.

“All I kept saying was can I wake up from this dream.”

“Where is my mom?”

“No not my sister.”

My mom was upstairs in my grandmother’s room crying her eyes out. She couldn’t believe it either. Our family was torn apart forever. We lost my sister and 3 cousins to a fatally car accident. It’s because of that accident that my mom has become a heavy drinker and choose to let her self-go. I don’t believe my mom will ever be the same since my sister died and neither will I. I’m crushed to the point of no return. I cry and cry asking God why.

“Why did he take her away?”

“What am I going to do without my big sister?”

“I was at a loss for words.”

What was my family supposed to do knowing that my sister was gone? It’s like a piece of me has left. My heart will forever be broken. I feel so empty inside and out. People will never understand what I feel nor can they tell me how to feel when it comes to losing my sister. I never thought this would happen to us. We were such a close family! My children will never be able to meet their aunt. They will never be able to see the true talent she had in her like the love she had for basketball or writing poetry. I still ask to this day,

“God why did you have to take my sister?”

“She was so young and had a great life ahead of her.”

“Just why?”

When the day of the funeral came, we was not ready. My mom head was all over the place. She was still in disbelieve that her daughter had died. She kept walking back and forth asking why. I also too felt a void in my heart and try my best not to cry. I couldn’t believe that this was really happen. Everyone we knew came to the funeral. We had the Philadelphia police department where my work to the Drill team that she was in. They greet us with open arms at the door of the funeral.

“They said sorry for your loss.”

“In return I said thank you but this really hurts.

“I wish I could wake up from this dream and my sister was here.

I know I will not get the answer that I am looking for. My “pastor told me; we should never ask God why certain things happen. Maybe my sister in a better place and that’s were God want her to be. So, my tears became tears of happiness and love knowing that she is watching over me. I also feel like she is with me in spirit. This was a heart filled moment that I endure but I have learn to survive. We will meet again one day.