Memories Never Forgotten...

Death caught him last week. His limp body lay softly in his bed. Grandad will never be forgotten. Tears crept down my shocked face when the news came to me. He had always been there for me; always believed in me. Now he was gone forever. Nothing can change that...

Dark clouds covered the bright shine like shadows creeping in the darkness. Behind me was the happiness of the day, leaking out of me. There it was. His most prized possession. His house. I stood in front of the old, cobwebbed gate with wind whistling through the fence. Slowly the gate squeaked opened like a ghost was there. I went in... It was just how he left it. The walls were cracking and the paint was peeling. Books lined the shelves and dust coated the surfaces. A spine-chilling whistle exploded in the house. And then I saw it...

I screamed at first as horror took over my body. My corpse hands slowly opened a door... And I saw him. A furry blanket lay on his soft knees. A pale, wrinkled face. I staggered back, unbelieving of what I saw. "Grandad?" I managed to say. He did not reply. I went up to him and gasped. Next to his chair, kneeling down, was me when I was younger. It wasn't real. It was a memory...

At first it was fading. Then it got stronger. The mist embraced me like friendliness covering the earth. It shot a hole in my heart causing me to tremble. He was all round the house talking to me, saying those famous words "Never give up!". That sent a shiver down my spine. The mist cleared; time to say goodbye. Fading fast, Grandad said "Don't spread sorrow once I'm gone". "I won't, Grandad. I won't," I whispered under my breath. Then he was gone. A blank space in the house. Rocking chair still rocking. He was really there...

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