Mary Jane

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 She believed death worked in an interesting way. Exactly a year ago and an hour and a half ago, her uncle had a freak accident of which he never recovered from. Her uncle passed away over six months ago. Now she was told her great aunt passed away. About four months ago, her grandmother, who is also her great aunt’s older sister, passed away. How was she supposed to feel? How was she supposed to react? Her first dog had also passed away five months ago. Was she supposed to feel sad or remorse? Of course the news of her great aunt’s death was heartbreaking. She hadn’t expected her great aunt to pass away this soon. Just two and a half months ago, she learned her great aunt had cancer. And now her great aunt was dead.

 If she could feel something, she would; but death seemed to become a norm in her life now. Who was going to pass away next? She had a feeling anyone could now. Her uncle was forty-two when he had died. One of her cousins could pass away. One almost did two years ago after having a serious and life-threatening asthma attack. That same year another uncle had passed away. Her remaining grandparents were only getting older. Just yesterday she was celebrating her grandmother’s ninetieth birthday. Her grandfather will turn ninety-two six days before her birthday. It seemed all anyone had to do was pick a name from a hat and roll a dice to determine someone’s fate. Or maybe, if she thought really hard and believed even harder, no one she knows and loves will pass away for a long while. Maybe her family will receive a much deserved break from funerals and wearing black attire all the time. Maybe she won’t have to try to feel grief. Or maybe she is feeling grief, it just feels normal.