

Story of a personal tragedy



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I was in the college sick bay all morning panicking and wondering why I was sat in this small clinical room. I was left alone lying on the old squashy but cold bed. I was listening to the bells ring every hour. I was wondering what lesson I should be in now if I had not been in this uncomfortable, small cramped room.

At last, the school nurse walked in and said to me " Simon your next door neighbours are here". I picked up my coat, put my bag on my back, and walked to the school reception where my neighbours were stood. My neighbours were nice people. They were the type that would help out, like picking me up from school or baby-sitting my brother. My neighbours came and gave me a hug and sat me down by the school reception and said " Simon, we have some bad news". All sorts of things were running through my head at that moment, I thought that their cat had died or something but these words came out " Your brother is in hospital. He has been run over by a car".

On the way home I felt sick. Tears were trickling down my face while I was thinking if my brother was okay or not.

On the way home the journey felt like five hours rather than ten minutes.

When I finally got home, I saw my father crying in the porch. I tried to comfort him but I was too worried myself to be of any real help. I thought I knew what had happened, my father does not really cry when somebody dies but this time he was really crying. He was alone in his own world. He was cold and noises were muffled. The tears clouded his eyesight.

As I entered the house, there were many people talking about different things. I could not tell what they were saying; it was just one loud noise. I could make out big Jim Evans, my uncle, who was saying in a solemn voice, "it was a hard blow".

My younger sister, Natalie, was in the pram rocking and laughing as though nothing had happened. I wished that I could do that; just pretend that nothing had happened. I went upstairs to my bed room and was met by lots of old men whom I had never seen before, I was embarrassed when they all stood up and started to shake my hand, they told me they were sorry for my trouble. I looked on to someone saying that I was the eldest child away at boarding school when my brother had been run over. I was holding my mums hand when I heard this.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, my brother's corpse arrived at the house and was taken upstairs to the attic. The corpse was bound in bandages and they were stained in blood around the body. This made me feel sick. I wanted to get out of the room as quick as I could.

The following morning I went upstairs into the attic to say my goodbyes. The room was cold and many candles were lit around the corpse to show respect. Snowdrops soothed the atmosphere and made everything calm. I saw him lying in the coffin. It was the first time I had seen him in six weeks because I had been away at boarding school. He was lying there, but more stiff and paler than I had seen him six weeks ago.

He was lying there with a poppy bruise on his left temple where the car had hit him. It appeared as though he was fast asleep in his bed, but it was not

his bed, it was a coffin. He had no gaudy scars because the bumper had knocked him clear. This made me feel sick again but I did not want to leave the room. His box was four foot long as if this was a foot for every year.