

Autobiography essay



**ASSIGN
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The grandmother looked very weak and bony, the deep lines on her face cried exhaustion and pain; while the child was on the complete opposite end of the spectrum: vibrant, alive, and healthy.

However, the woman did not cease to express her joy, through her worn out face ran a beautifully kind smile. Her smile told a story, she says, “ Become the woman I could never be and become the woman you want, but never forget where you come from. Don’t ever forget your family. ” Of course I could never forget my grandmother. The feeling of nostalgia overwhelms me as I look out the window and see the starlit sky, begin to remember the late nights visiting my grandma in her little townhouse with the red door.

As soon as I would walk in I become enveloped by her familiar scent which I adored, and she would sit quietly in her room where would chatter away while she would always smile back to remind me that she was listening. But after my liveliness would wear her out, she would take her medications and slowly crawl back into bed. Being only 5 years old at the time would reassure myself by saying, “ Grandma just has a slight cold.

” One late night however, that still remember- February 4th, its 4: 00 AM. Just so happened to be spending the night at my grandma’s house, sleeping soundly on a cozy twin bed with my cousin, when I hear the footsteps of many people, hushed voices concealing themselves within the dark and slowly the door cracks open. My uncle comes rushing in, wakes us both up and in a hurried voice says. “ Come downstairs, something happened. ” Barely able to open my eyes I throw on my ‘ Hello Kitty’ slippers ND make my way down the stairs which felt like running through a maze.

Look around to see my whole family has gathered, “ Oh, what a surprise! ” I thought to myself, excited to see everyone. Everyone from first cousins to second cousins all the way to those ‘ Oh? We’re related” cousins filled up the entirety of the cramped home. But as I stumbled deeper and deeper into the house the atmosphere dropped. As I got closer to my grandmother’s room I began to hear faint crying in the distance. As I got even closer noticed the cold, lifeless body of my dear grandmother lying there. I tuck the picture back into the depths of the cardboard box.

It was only when I got older that was told about my grandmother’s true illness. And believe it or not, she did not suffer from a very long cold, which was completely understandable to me in my delusional 5 year old world; she had acquired something far worse, breast cancer. Occasionally I take a peek through the box of pictures which hold bitter sweet memories but I’ve made a promise to myself that I wouldn’t be able to face myself if I didn’t give my all to help treat patients fighting cancer and give those granddaughters another chance to just sit down and have a talk with their grandmothers.