

The Memory Scrapbooks

As I entered the kitchen, I knew something had happened, something bad. Surveying the scene, I noticed Mum was teary eyed and Dad was putting on a brave face. Conclusion: Whatever had happened was not something that happens normally because after all parents never, ever looked like this. That's when Dad broke the silence in a quiet, shaky voice "Darling, Grandpa's died." My eyes widened and I started to tremble, how was that possible, "No, no, it can't be," I whispered. My mum put an arm around me and said in a not too pushy voice, "I am afraid it is." I began to sob. How was this possible? Mum rubbed my back and soothingly said, "It is ok, it is ok," over and over until I calmed down.

Before the week was over, I was already missing Grandpa, I now know that Grandpa died of a weak heart, a failing heart. I wish we noticed it, I really do. I hate the fact he has died, I really, really hate it. The feeling was like someone had taken a hole out of me, it was like something was missing. No, it was not like something was missing, there was something missing.

One Saturday I woke up to the smell of coffee and the more I smelt it the more I wanted it. So I plodded down the stairs still in my pyjamas. "Morning sleepy head," my mum said with a cup of coffee in her hand. "Morning mum," I said sleepily, pouring myself a cup of coffee. That's when I noticed a book on the counter. "What's that?" I asked while taking a gulp of coffee. "You are very observant, aren't you? It's supposed to be a surprise for you, it is a book, a scrap book. I thought maybe with Grandpa dead and all," Mum paused sipping her coffee, "I thought maybe you needed something to fill in the hole." I looked up at mum, she knew exactly how I felt I smiled, "Thanks mum."

So I got to work, starting with the title "The memory scrapbook" (underlined twice). I then collected lots of pictures, tickets and loads of other things to put in my scrapbook. Decorating it, writing descriptions, sticking the photos I had found and sticking tickets. I continued doing so for the next few days until I only had a few pages left.

Then one night, when I was just about to go to sleep, just closing my eyelids when I saw a blinding flash of golden light, my eye's shot open. What was that? I got out of bed and padded softly to the book. Opening it to the first page was the picture of the picnic, nothing had changed there so I flipped through the next few pages and nothing had changed. "That's strange, must be a dream," I murmured. So, I shrugged my shoulders and went back to bed.

Suddenly I woke up, looking round the room I noticed the scrap book was lying open on the floor, looking closer at the book I noticed the picture and description moving, "Wait, what how is that possible? Huh, my eyes must be playing tricks on me." But sure, enough the pictures were moving and so was the description like it was on a tape. "Whoa!" I whispered, it was so cool, the pictures played the whole event, from beginning to end! With grandpa! In fact, it was like he was there, in front of me. Just like it was filling in that empty hole. With happiness of the memories I had with him.

The end!

By Hayley 6R