

Anisa Jakupi

Power Writing

Period 1

9/20/21

*The Night's Downpour*

I had never felt such numbness until I woke up that night. I knew my father was sick and not in the best condition but I had hoped. My body turned left and right to find a comfortable position in which I could relax. The midnight air poured in through the open window, illuminating the room. The murmurs upstairs swept the entire house. It was deafeningly quiet. I rolled around once more burying my head into the mountain of pillows surrounding me.

Before I could get lulled into sleep, footsteps began to approach, they were swift and light. The door opened suddenly, the lights turned on instantly, forcing my eyes to shut at the unwanted light. As my eyes adjusted, I carefully glanced at the door and saw my mother standing at the doorway. She had a fallen expression on her face, darkness under her eyes expressing the amount of sleep she has missed these past month. Anxiety pooled into me, realizing what it could only mean.

My body seemed to grow cold as my mother motioned me to go upstairs, "He passed away, sweetie." She whispered loud enough for me to hear her and turned around quickly going upstairs.

I rose up out of bed instantly, my body shook as I made my way up the stairs. *No. no. no.* *Please no!* I repeated in my head. He had been sick and bed ridden for months now. The alcohol

had finally taken its toll on my father's already fragile body. I saw my aunt and uncles and other family members in the living room once I made it upstairs. I felt a hand on my back making me jump out of my skin.

"Come here," my mother urged silently, guiding me into the room where my father was laying. A thin sheet of blanket covered his body. "Say your final words." I stood there, trying to register the words my mother had said as I stared at my father's lifeless body.

The pressure layed heavily on me. The words dried up in my throat. I opened and closed my mouth trying to let any words out but nothing came. Tears cascaded down my face like a soundless river.

"They are here." My brother muttered softly, making himself known in the room. His expression remained natural, not the kind of person to show his emotions but I knew deep down he was hurting and once he was alone those tears would come down like pouring rain. "The paramedics are here."

My heart tightened in my chest as I saw the paramedics walk in. "You don't have to see this." My brother murmured, pulling me away from the scene. I let him, not finding the energy to fight and not really knowing if I wanted to see the scene happen.

He handed me off to my sister in law. The older woman smiled softly at me and she carefully guided me into the room where everyone else was located. It went like a blur. They all said I would be fine, and how he would be proud of me. I didn't believe a single word. I couldn't even form the words to say goodbye to him. My eyes burned holes into the floor as I got lost too deep into my thoughts. He was supposed to be okay, he was supposed to get better. I had believed he would but now he's gone just like that. Out of my life, so quickly.

The talking between the women in the room reminiscing on their moments they had with my father and I couldn't help but feel bitter. I could barely remember any good moments I had with him. *Why couldn't I express my love for him?* I inhaled sharply, realizing that I was holding my breath in for far too long. *I wish I had been there for him more.* I looked around the room before excusing myself to make my way downstairs. Barely any words were spoken throughout the night besides the gentle conversations of mourning.

The walls had seemed to keep closing in on me. Soon my anxiety had been replaced with numbness when I went down the last steps and made my way into the room. I flicked off the lights and let my body fall down on the bed. My body felt tired but I knew I would not be sleeping for the night. I reached over to grab my phone, opened it up, and quickly told my friends about what was going on. Then closed the phone and threw it on the other side of the bed. I closed my eyes painfully, the tears felt hot and salty. They kept pouring down and down and down and I knew they wouldn't stop. It repeated like a cycle. I pulled the blanket over me, wishing something would comfort me.

There was barely any talking going on considering the dire situation and what happened, just the realization of it dampened my mood even more. My family was still upstairs talking, half of me was debating if I should go up there to see but I also knew I would end up feeling worse if I stepped upstairs. My eyes wandered, staring at the ceiling wishing that I could sleep, not wanting to stay awake much longer. I had so much hope but maybe the entire time it was false. I sighed deeply, mumbling to myself. Soon enough I felt my body become calm and fell asleep to the sound of the silence.