

The Letter

The thoughts that began flowing through my head were like birds soaring through a hurricane. I sat in what was once a nicely decorated, full-of-love room, and now was a place you could no longer walk two feet in without stepping on dirt or garbage. The chandelier that once hung so beautifully, yet delicately, from the ceiling was in a broken mess on the floor. The air had a light, foul odor of rat feces and spoiled food; I ignored it. I pulled my legs into my chest and buried my head in my arms. The memory of my eight-year-old self, sitting on the floor coloring, as my grandma sat in a chair next to me, ate up my brain. It's as if the chair that she loved so dearly went with her, because neither are here any longer.

I left the living room and walked back the narrow, web-filled hallway. I made my way to the door that I once called my own. The door was no longer on the hinges so I had to push it out

of the way. After almost falling on the wooden planks that swarmed my feet, I sat on the bed which was next to a window. My grandma had been sick for a while before she died. She spent the last few months of her life in the hospital.

“Cheer up, Tommy, it will be okay,” she would say.

“I love you, Granny,” I would say.

Tears flooded my eyes as I thought of all the good times. The abandoned house that I sat in did not compare to what once was there. As I wiped tears from my eyes, I turned my attention towards the window. The yard looked beautiful, a great contrast from what was inside. Even though no one lived in it, the neighbors mowed the lawn. I guess they didn’t want overgrown grass to ruin the warm and inviting look of the neighborhood. My eyes focused on the mailman when I saw him open what was once my grandmother’s mailbox. I couldn’t see what he put in it, but I was confused, nonetheless. No one had lived in the house since my grandmother’s passing almost a year ago.

I quickly stood up and made my way back to the chipped door. The light from opening the door blinded me as my eyes had been adjusted to the dim light that lit the house. Slowly, I walked along the brick path that led from the front door to the road. The scent of freshly mowed grass filled the air. I waited a few seconds before finally opening the mailbox. My fingers grazed over the smooth surface of an envelope before grabbing it. After shutting the mailbox, I made my way back to my car that was parked on the side of the road.

The envelope was addressed to my grandma’s house, but it had my name on it. Confused, I began opening it. I could hear the satisfying tearing of the envelope as I got closer to what was inside. I pulled out a letter and quickly noticed that it was written in my grandma’s handwriting.

Dear Tommy, she wrote. *I miss you dearly and hope with all of my heart you are doing well.* My eyes blurred as my emotions caught up with me. I could smell the scent of her favorite perfume on the letter. *I'm writing this incase I don't make it. I want you to know how much you mean to me, dear*, she wrote. I continued reading the letter. *I know this has been hard on you.* Each sentence felt heavier. All the time I spent crying in her now abandoned house seemed pointless. Finally, I reached the end. *It's okay, Tommy*, she wrote, *it will be alright.*

“Yeah, Grandma. It will be okay,” I said.