

Last Name pg #
(every pg.)

Kaylyn Gyden

Eng Comp 103

David DiSarro

Date (Day Month Year)

TITLE?

It was April 21, 2003 when I lost my best friend. I remember lying in the middle of the hospital floor crying like there was no tomorrow. Not only did my grandmother die that day, a piece of me died with her. That week was the roughest week of my life. My nights were filled with nightmares and my days were filled with tears. "It will be alright," everyone told me. "I know how you feel." "God has a plan and it was all in his will." The truth was, no one could begin to imagine how I felt. My heart was gone, I was mad at myself, the world, and most importantly, God. I felt like God did not love me anymore. I thought to myself: Am I that bad of a person that God decided I didn't deserve to have a friend? At that point in time I hated God. I lost all my faith in Him.

April 27, 2003 was the hardest day of my life. I was forced to sit there in my own church and watch my best friend lie in a casket and shortly be buried afterwards.

Throughout the entire funeral all I could do was cry. The pastor delivered the eulogy, and his message was to rejoice in the Lord for her homecoming instead of weeping.

How could a person rejoice when the only person that kept them standing when they wanted to fall died? The closer the pastor got to the close of his eulogy, the madder I got. By the end of the funeral, I was outraged, irritated, depressed, lost, and lonely all at

the same time. I did not understand why something like this would happen to me.

Unlike some of your colleagues, you start off the story and that works well. One thing though is that the reader is completely in your mind, you don't provide concrete details or descriptions.

Cliche'd phrase -- though I understand what you're getting at, could you describe it in a more original way.

shortly

Again, as painful as it is, slow down and put the

reader next to you at

church. Describe your surroundings, the other people there, etc.

For example, what did the hospital room look like? Aside from the terms, did you have other physical manifestations of your grief? Were you shaking? etc.?