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Scholastic Art and Writing

## “Death is Harsh and a test”

### Death

- the action or fact of dying or being killed; the end of the life of a person or organism.

That might be the universal definition but to certain people is this what it means? To me death is a harsh test to analyze your emotional strength. Everyone has a person that they love a little more than anyone. That is the one that breaks you all the down. You now have no emotional strength. Let me tell you how this happened to me

She died the one that watched me when parents were at work, the one that made the best enchiladas, and the one that I loved a little bit more than anyone else. She was the most funny the most caring and the most strict. She was and will forever be my grandmother. Hazel Winston was her name but my nickname for her was warrior, because she was diagnosed with cancer and beat it, but it came back. Cancer was a devil. She had got so sick she could barely walk. This was one of the most depressing thing. My heart was breaking one day at a time. The pain, the agony and the heartache that this brought me made me imagine how much torture she was going through.

But when she was alive she did this. She left her mark by being a black panther apart of the black panther party. Had three kids all were successful. Hitchhiked from Baltimore to California. Now let me get more deep into why she did this. My grandmother was raped as a child, and her mother wouldn't her boyfriend was doing that to her. She was abused by her mother, because her mother thought she was lying to her. So, she packed her bags and kicked rocks. This is what made me admire my grandmother. She earned the name warrior through everything.

The day that she died, I was on the school bus. I was in sixth grade new to Thomas Starr King, and I get a call from my step-mother at about 8:30. I know that there is something wrong because

she never calls me during class. I answer and she “says I have bad news” I had a feeling in my gut that her life was over, and it was. “Your grandmother Hazel has died”. I felt that life stopped right there I burst into tears, and as I burst into tears I think of the legacy that she left me to carry on for her. Her last breaths to me were “I love you and be successful”. I love you and be successful that will forever live on in my heart. The tears the frozen cold tears that I shed were for her.

I love and be successful was the last thing she told me and that is motto and I’m very blessed. She is the rock in my heart and will never be replaced. This is the life of Hazel and how it impacted me