

English 100

Formal Assignment #1: Narrative Project

October 29, 2018: Draft 2

Sunday Memories

By: Comfort Queh

She stroke her hands through her Grandmother's powder aged hair, making sure to grab every strand as she neatly plait the first section straight down, making sure not to braid too tightly. After one braid, Comfort's grandmother, takes a look into her chestnut mirror that matches nicely with her bedroom dresser set that her daughter picked out for her.

Biting her lips, Comfort patiently waits for her Grandmother's approval to continue the cornrows she requested. As her eyes examine the straight plaited braid, the corner of her eyes starts to crinkle after just a few seconds, revealing every bit of wrinkles that tells a story of her life's journey. Satisfied, Comfort continue on with the next braid.

Every now and then, Comfort manage to catch a glance at the "21" inch Sony TV placed at the end of the right side of the dresser; making sure she catch every bit of drama occurring on an episode of "American Dreams."

Even though her Grandmother didn't really care much for the show, she always watched it with Comfort. Not that she really had a choice; it just became a part of their regular routine. Every Sunday, a little before eight in the evening, her Grandmother call Comfort up to her bedroom. She talk her ears off for a little about the history of her name as she sat on her comfy twin size bed quietly, like an eager little girl waiting on her Grandma to read her favorite bedtime story. Each time became more interesting and exciting as if it was Comfort's first time hearing the story.

"Con-shea," she would always start off.

Comfort's grandma has a nickname for all of her grandchildren, but she always wonder how she came up with Con-shea. All her cousins have stories behind their nicknames, which her

Grandmother would share with them; but for Comfort, she only told the story about her birth name. So she accepts that there probably wasn't one.

“Yes Grandma.”

“Comfort is a very special name,” she would say.

“Why is so special, Grandma?” Comfort, asked, pretending not to know.

““Comfort” is the name of my youngest daughter. “After she passed away, you were born. Your mom thought it was a great idea to honor her memories by passing down the name to you.

Her eyes would light up, revealing every bit of wrinkle around it, making her pupils huge like the ocean covered in waves on a windy day, every time she told Comfort this story. Filled with emotions, she continued.

“Oh my sweet daughter, she was so quiet and caring. But when she entered a room, her smile lit up the entire space.”

Comfort always found herself submerged in the story, as if she was the main character her grandma was talking about. She so eagerly imagined herself as her aunt even though Comfort never got to meet her. Her grandma spoke so highly of her that Comfort was convinced that her grandmother too believed that she was the “Comfort” whom she had once birth into existence

For six years, this was how they spent their Sunday evenings, and neither of them got tired with it, but it would change.

Their routine took a drastic change summer of 2005, when Comfort, convinced her dad to allow her to visit her mom in New Jersey for the summer vacation. After ten years of being apart from her mom, Comfort's dad was finally allowing her to go.

She felt like a child receiving a red tootsie roll pop from her doctor after getting her flu shot. This trip was going to be Comfort's, first time out of Pennsylvania since her family moved to the United States six years ago. She was eager to see her mom, so they two could start their someday Sundays routine.

Pushing aside her Grandmother and her Sunday's routine, she manage to squeeze her entire wardrobe into the medium gray suitcase her dad purchased for her two day before her trip to New Jersey. Leaving enough space in the pocket of the suitcase Comfort, placed her two Sunday best shoe to match the outfits she would wear when going out with her mom.

The summer with her mom started off really good. Every day was a new adventure, filled with many different faces. The first few faces Comfort would see her aunt and uncle from her mom side of the family.

"This is my daughter, Comfort" her mom would always say with the widest smile on her face whenever she would introduce her to a close friend, and an aunt or uncle that Comfort haven't seen since she was a baby.

Comfort didn't know if her mom was proud of that she was her daughter, or that her mom was just happy to finally have a chance to spend time with her; either or Comfort would soak in each moment like it was her last, since she didn't know when the next time her dad would allow her to come visit her mom again.

After a month in Jersey, the phone calls from Comfort's dad start. He always tells her mom the news which she then pass on down to her daughter. The first call was about Comfort's grandma being hospitalized from having a stroke. This was her second stroke, the first stroke left her with a walker because she no longer could balance her body without extra help; but she'd survived it. She will survive this second one too, Comfort thought to herself. She didn't know if she really believed that but saying it out loud help her feel better for not wanting to cut her stay with her mom short.

Comfort continue with the summer unfaze by the news about her grandma. The summer will soon be over, so they can go back to their Sunday's routine, she thought to herself. Comfort held on to their routinely memories to relieve her conscience from the guilt she was feeling. That was the only medicine she was willing to take to ease her pain away. After a couple dosages, she would need a stronger prescription and the only one she could think of was to return home to be with her grandmother. The idea, play back and forth in her head like a rewind of the daily news every hour, hoping that she would catch it, she didn't!

Couple of weeks later, Comfort dad call to update her on her grandmother health but she and her brother was at the African market getting some grocery for their mom. Her Dad, like he always did, decided to pass the news on to Comfort's mom so she can tell their daughter what was going on. When she and her brother got home, their mom was sitting on the couch talking instead of preparing to cook.

Comfort made her way into the living to tell her mom that they was back as if she was blind to the fact, her mom, looking at her put her hands to cover the phone and whispers to her daughter, "It's your dad sweetie," her mom, says while smiling.

Why is she in such a good mood while speaking to her, Comfort thought to herself? Since she was a kid they've never gotten along with each other, so she this interaction she was witness was unusual. As she sat anxiously, next to her mother waiting for her to finish with the conversation, she hope that her dad would ask to speak to her so this interaction she was experiencing could longer be.

"Sweetie, your grandmother is still in the hospital," she pauses to look at me.

"Your dad and I feel like it will be best for you to return home so you can be with her"

"Dad and I," since when was she making plans with her dad, Comfort thought to herself. She was the one that had to convince her dad to allow her to visit her mom for the summer. So where was all the kumbaya moment to be find when she was crying to her dad to let her come?

Nowhere, she thought!

"Your dad promise me that we can set up a monthly visiting routine from now on, so no more convincing" she continue. I'm going to purchase a ticket tonight so you can be back home by the end of the week."

"Why so soon mom," grasping onto the idea of leaving as she softly ask her question.

"Because sweetie, you need to be with your grandmother."

Comfort, feeling as though there was something her parent wasn't telling, so she had no other choice but to go with the decision that they already came too.

Two days later her mom was driving her to the train station where she once pick her up from a month ago. They both walk quietly into the station, only listening to each other heartbeats,

hoping to hold onto a rhythm that they could replay when each of them return back to a life without one another.

The two hour train ride to Downingtown seems longer then, Comfort had remembering coming to Jersey. It didn't seem real when the conductor announces that the train was arriving twenty minutes earlier than expected. Already feeling anxious and hungry, she makes her to the waiting area to seat in the hard brown wooden benches, taking out a piece of rice bread. The growling in her stomach start to decrease it noise as she snack on the rice bread that her mother had made for her the night before to take home with her; but the lower the growling got, the louder the noises in her head started to overpower her with thoughts of having to go to the hospital when her dad picks her up.

The ride to the hospital was long and dreadful, even though it was a blazing hot summer evening. It as if the day was talking to her, preparing her for a scene that she wasn't yet ready for. Her dad, trying his best to distracts her with questions that she herself desperately want to answer but could not open her mouth to utter a word. So instead they drove to the hospital in nothing but utterly silence as the cool air from the car air conditioner dry off the sweat on them from walking to the car.

Her body, starting to shivery from the frozen air that penetrate the entire hall; as the strong odor of idoform and sterile bandages pierce into her noise, as she walks through the hallway to the room her grandmother was assign too. Unsure rather the smell would bring her a sweet memory or rather a sour, poisonous one that may leave her scar, she enters room 3654.

Her grandmother, dress in the white, blue poke dot gown provided by the hospital, was cover under the white twin size blanket with her eyes focus on the television place a couple inch from

the ceiling, on the gray painted wall. Her skin, looking pale then Comfort remembers, lack the vitamin D that her once brighten her smooth, wrinkle melanin skin.

“Grandma” she calls out softly, forgetting all that she was thinking.

“Con-Shea,” her grandmother replies back with a smile, lifting herself up as high as she can, opening her arms to her grandchild embrace that she long yearn for. It’s as everything disappear from the room, as they touch each other icy skin, feeling the warmth coming out of their hearts as their once cold bodies, rising out from the dark gray clouds that had once captured them. It as if the day too was welcoming to the feelings that fill the once dark room. Too overcome with joy, Comfort and her grandmother was too oblivious to brightness of the room shining from the sun as it release itself from the shadows that once kept it a prisoner.