Name of Student

Name of Professor

Name of Class

Day Month Year

**My last goodbye to my grandparents**

 Goodbyes are never easy; one never knows which sight of a dear one is last (Bass). I never took goodbyes easy except for one of my painful memories. I believe, goodbyes are more painful when they are associated with dear ones. A few months back, my family was invited to a family gathering. This gathering was for my grandparents who were leaving for Malaysia. My grandparents were always available to support me in all aspects of life. I was happier to see my grandfather because he was my inspiration, although my father is humbler and more generous towards people and he has done more welfare tasks as compared to my grandfather but I cannot defy the love my grandfather had for humanity.

 On my way to see my grandfather, I was thinking about all the things that I wanted to ask my grandfather. On reaching my aunt's house, I gave ample time to my grandparents. We had lunch together, and then coffee. In the evening, my parents were having a flight so we all drove them to the airport. They were leaving us for three months. On reaching the airport, I was saddened by the feelings of departure from my grandparents. I said goodbye with a heavy heart. I don’t know why, but I was really fearful, which might be because of the instinct that was alarming me of the approaching turmoil. The flight departed at sharp 5 pm, we stayed there till 05:30, unknowingly.

 Although everyone was trying to cheer me up, I was feeling something deep down. I asked my parents to go back home from the airport rather than going to aunt's house. On my way back, I was praying for the safety of my grandparents. As soon as I reached home, I was trying to make myself believe that everything is okay. In the same instance, my father turned on the T.V and being fond of news, he quickly switched to the news channel. The headlines spanned my head, erupted my breath and shook my existence to death. As per the headline, the plane was crashed because of some technical issues. I, and my parents rushed to the airport. I can still pen down my feelings, I don’t exactly remember how we drove and approached the information center. I contacted my aunt to know the seat number and plane number.

While doing all this, I was looking for the flight information so that someone can tell me, or I can tell others that it was not the grandparent’s plane. After struggling, rushing and praying for three hours, it was declared that everyone on the plane is dead. Another news came that many of the people are misplaced because of automatic seat ejection. I was praying that my parents should be missing. I tried to console my parents but all in vain. I was telling them that grandparents would have ejected their seats, they are critical enough. After a few hours, it was finally declared that all the passengers are dead, but none of the body could be transported except for a few because of the scattering.

I was at the verge of death, I never assumed that this would be the last goodbye to my grandparents. It is hard for me to express the loss of a dear one in words. I can’t express the torment I faced, the emotional breakdown of my relatives and parents because it was one of the most unexpected and painful goodbyes of my life. I miss my grandparents and saying my last goodbye was one of the most tragic and tormenting memories of my life.

**Work Cited**

Bass, Anthony. "The longest goodbyes." *Reflections on Long-Term Relational Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis: Relational Analysis Interminable* (2019).