



A Funeral I Remember

The funeral that I had gone through was held for my mother's older sister. She suffered from lung cancer.

The day before she died, my family had gone to Ikea to buy a warm blanket, so that my aunt would not feel cold. At first, I did not recognize the significance it would make. Now, it's a memory that I cannot forget.

We managed to buy the blanket. It was pink in colour, had pretty patterns of magenta flora and it was warm enough for my aunt. We then went home, thinking of her reaction to the unexpected blanket.

The next day, early in the morning, my mum called my aunt's daughter to tell her that my family was coming over. I was eating my breakfast when she made the call. All I saw on my mother's face after the call was shock and disbelief. She quickly talked to my father in Chinese, and then told me and my siblings to lock the door and not to ask any questions.

We had a feeling that it was something to do with our loved aunt, and it was not good.

Our parents came back after four hours. Without sugar coating anything, they dropped the bomb. My aunt was declared dead, and there was no mistake.

My first reaction was to laugh. I could not believe that my favorite aunt, who made delicious food and held family gatherings, was now lifeless. My siblings knew better, even though one was younger than me. After the first reaction, I started crying uncontrollably. I did not even have the chance to say goodbye.

The funeral was held at my aunt's home, two days after her death. When my family reached, we saw our relatives, my aunt's friends and colleagues. Everyone was wearing dark coloured clothes, and very sad. The funeral lasted for a week.

Each night for that week was living nightmare. I could not sleep, could not eat and certainly could not talk. I would see my mother, my other aunts, her husband and her children giving talk of how much she meant to them. I cried a lot that week. I thought nothing was going to be the same.

On the last day, we attended the cremation of my aunt. We went to the cremation place by a coach bus. While in the bus, I comforted both my mother and myself.

I had to bear watching my aunt in a white coffin transported to a furnace. My mother was crying so hard and repeating the words 'Don't go! Don't go!' She was shaking so hard that I thought she was possessed by an evil spirit or anything just as bad.

As I watched, I whispered, "Goodbye, my aunt. I hope we will meet again." Then I cried. I thought she was gone forever.

Now, I know better. She is not gone, although also not a ghost. Sometimes, I feel her presence or even smell something in the air that was suspiciously like the chicken that she used to cook for me. I had gotten her black coloured camera. This experience will be forever in my heart.

Written By: Jelane

Class: Pr 6F