

Time, what a horrible mistress it can be. Every moment is precious and should never be taken for granted. As I sit here in this cold graveyard writing the final goodbyes to a dear friend, I think of all the times we had together from the bitter-sweet beginning to the bitter end. If I had to do it all over I would have done things differently. I would have made it so I would be the one in the box, Not him. I looked at my hands and wept. "Why did you have to sacrifice yourself for me? how could you have been so stupid?" The man laying in the casket looked so at peace. "May you find your paradise in the afterlife!". The rain felt so good against me. The thunder was roaring so hard lions would get jealous and lightning lit up the night sky revealing the markings on the tombstone. The person in the grave was my father figure, my mentor, and my best friend. We weren't related by blood, but it feels like if we were. This story I am about to tell you is a strange tale and one that would be revered as part of a freak show, but the people involved were my family. I couldn't ask for any better.