



I
Inconvenient
Passes

Grade	6 th
Fiction	
Poetry	
Nonfiction	✓

Inconvenient Passes

"Wait pause for a minute, I want to hear," I said sneakily. I regretted listening to the nurse that was in the hospital room on the second floor in the hospital.

It was September 28th, 2011 when my sister, Bailey Nikol, was born. She shined brighter than a diamond. Her eyes were a dark brown and that smile made my whole family's day. The smile she gave was given even if she was in pain. At this time I was only five so I wasn't too smart. My brother Conner, my mom, my dad and I loved her to death. We were filled with smiles until we got some heartbreaking news a little bit after she was born, that, I of course didn't understand because I wasn't paying attention and I wasn't necessarily allowed in the room just yet.

"What is happening?" I thought to myself.

My parents told me that my sister had a sick heart, and what's weird because my brother had the same thing when he was born and he made it. At this point I was kind of thinking if she would make it, exactly how my brother did.

Bailey was soon put on an oxygen tank so she could breathe because she was struggling on her own. Anyone that came over had to wear masks so they didn't make her sick from passing their germs. We took so much pictures with her, even with the bigger part of the family. We had my Aunt Steph, Uncle Kirk , Uncle David, Olivia and Sophie (my cousins), along with my grandparents

Nana Puppies, Papa Puppies, Papa Birdies and Sandy. Of course all the grownups knew what was going on in the hospital. Motocross was something my dad and uncle loved to do. Following onto that, Bailey and I had matching pajamas that were pink and made with this weird slippery fabric. Sadly my dad broke both of his shoulders doing this around my brother's birthday.

"TWINSIES!" was something I always said when we matched. I can remember her smiling at me with her breathtaking eyes.

Halloween rolled around the corner. I was dressed up as Minnie Mouse, Conner was dressed up as Iron Man, and Bailey was a pumpkin. She looked so cute with the little orange tutu on her. Too bad she was grumpy because it was hard for us to take pictures. I was super happy to celebrate with her even though she might not have been. Time flew by quick in the past 3 months. It was getting so close to my 6th birthday when we went to the hospital. They were talking about my sister. They were words I wasn't wanting to pay attention to. The nurse didn't want to break the news to my brother and I about how long she would live. The nurse gave us the game "UNO," which is a card game. I asked her why and she just replied that it was big kid talk. She was very kind about it.

"Wait pause for a minute, I want to hear," I said to my brother.

He replied with, "No, Riss come on let's just play."

I wish to this day that I never heard what the nurse said. "She has about 6 weeks left to live".

My heart sank so far I couldn't find it. I should have listened to my brother because ever since then that memory will never be erased from my mind. I was so lost without her the next few days. I missed not having someone to match with. Although this was sad, I got to keep her barely used moose that had curly brown fur and two dark brown eyes that showed your reflection. We also had almost matching blankets that were pink, had little dots, and a smooth underside. Bailey's blanket was put into her small casket. Her blanket was a little lighter in color, but I got her pink dance blanket with words like "AMAZING" and even "ROCK ON". I kept some onesies to put on Moosie (the moose stuffed animal) All the rest of the clothes were sold to kids in need of this essential thing.

Two years passed of going to Bailey's heart shaped shining grave for her birthday. Little did we know we would have two to attend soon. Remember how my Uncle David and my Dad, Jason, did motocross a lot because they loved it? They worked really hard for what they deserved and got a bunch of awards. It was a peaceful sunday morning at my house at around 9 o'clock, when my dad got a call from my Nana and Papa Puppies(we called them this because they have had a lot of dogs) about my uncle.

I said questionably, "Who's that?" my worried dad shushed me immediately. That was when I all of a sudden saw a tear trickle down his face.

"Why is he crying," I thought, "Did I do something that hurt him?"

My dad turned around after he ended the call and yelled, "Grab you shoes!"

He whispered something to my mom. I was still in my blue monkey pajamas that I loved a ton.

The whole car ride I kept bothering my dad by asking, "Where are we going?" He didn't pay any attention because his eyes were locked securely on the road.

This wasn't going to be good, WE WERE AT THE HOSPITAL! I didn't really know why we were here though. I noticed my Nana Puppies with her brown curly hair at the entrance, and it looked like she was crying too. When we got in I ran up to my older friends, Kaci and Kristen.

I was talking to them until my dad said, "Rissa come in here, please."

So I ran into the peaceful looking hospital room where there was white and green curtains along with a small bed with some rough sheets. There he was, my uncle laying there looking paler than a cloud. He had shaggy hair and a hospital shirt on. My dad told me to hold his hand. Turns out that my uncle was practicing on his bike and he fell on his neck, although I didn't understand too much of the situation I knew this could be the last time I could ever talk to him. When his funeral was held that was the last time I ever saw him again. When I was overwhelmed with sadness, I remembered all those times when he called me, "Pumpkin," just like my dad. This thought made me feel happy that he was in a better place but I still miss him a whole lot. During this time, when I was in first grade my teacher talked about a fundraiser "Jump Rope for Heart," which was a program that would help children with sick hearts just like what happened to my brother and sister.

In 2015, I lost my best friend in the whole wide world. His name was Dash and his nicknames were Dashaboy and Dashers. He had all types of colored fur. There was a black line on his back that grew there when he got older and near his ears there was also some small dots of black. There was brown pretty much everywhere else, and just a couple spots of white. Man, he was so sweet and he had a sparkle in his eyes that made him that much cuter. I got this amazing guinea pig in second grade(almost exactly 4 years ago). He was trouble at first but then he settled down pretty fast, besides that fact that he peed on my favorite shirt five times. I loved to play with him, especially when he bit the ground when you touched his butt. Yes, this may sound funny but it was a sign of something. We really didn't think too much about this because we've never owned guinea pigs. October came pretty quick, my brother and I had a soccer tournament in Casper, Wyoming. My brother and I both took first.

"I can't believe it," I thought with disbelief. We took first! After the long two hour car ride, we made it home safe.

"Go check on the piggies," my dad began to yell,"they probably miss you!"

I greeted Kirby and I went to pet dash. Right then and there, my world turned around so fast I couldn't catch back up to the pace it was at.

"NOOOO!" I screamed sadly. I ran like a cheetah, crying out the door.

"Dash is dead," I said trying to find the words to say.

"Are you playing around?" my mom asked in a funny way.

"No," I replied. Kirby was sad and anxious because he was pacing around the cage and at certain points he'd stop to look a Dash. He was as cold as an ice cube, so

that meant he died after my Uncle Kirk came to feed him. I grabbed Kirby, his brother, and brought him outside his room to try to calm him down. He was trying to escape me so he could try to find Dash! My mom came out, hugged me tightly with her short glistening hair behind her shoulder ,

"I'm sorry Riss," she said sympathetically. I made a box and wrapped him in a small monkey pink blanket. Turns out that if guinea pigs do what Dash did they are very sick.

Shortly after all this happened, we got two more guinea pigs, Donald and Nugget. Donald had half black and half white fur that looked like a boy's cowlick. Nugget was very skinny until she gained weight so she ended up looking like a chicken nugget with her hazel colored fur and white spot on her butt. Nugget got put with Spike, a guinea pig that looked like Donald but with black and brown fur. Donald was put with Kirby because he needed a friend after Dash passed away. They all hit it off pretty well. A few days later we got them neutered so that we wouldn't get anymore piggies. Nugget started to gain a lot of weight and she was either sick or pregnant. My family and I thought it couldn't be possible. I felt something kick in her stomach so she was pregnant! It only took a few more weeks for us to realize they were coming soon. In December my classmate kept asking me if they were born. That day I told Kayleigh, "I'll tell you when they are here, okay!" That night I got a surprise. There they were looking cuter than ever. Flash the boy had looked exactly like Donald and Cinnabun the girl looked exactly like Spike, except she had darker brown circles around her eyes.

Weirdly enough, she reminded me of a spider. Flash was faster than a car going 100 miles an hour! It was now getting close to a beauty defying person's birthday. My mom Kim's birthday was like 6 days away! One morning I went to look at the piggies when I saw the newborn guinea pig Flash lying there at the bottom of the ramp passed out. I tried to wake him up but he was gone. My heart shattered like glass. I ran to my mom. "Flash just died!" I tried to say quietly

"Aww no, are you kidding me?" my mom asked sadly.

I shook my head no. My mom gave me a sad look when she saw. Another box used once again.

It was October 2017, my guinea pig Kirby wasn't doing all that great because Donald had to be separated because they started to fight and hurt each other. My family and I thought he was lonely so my dad and I ran to "Petco" to look for some guinea pigs. We found two, Daisy and Snowflake. Daisy looked like Dash but a Girl version. Snowflake was a long-haired guinea pig that had only white fur that had a small part of brown fur. Two days later, my dad and I took Kirby to the vet because he looked super sick and he wasn't eating anything. He drove me to school and I was late. 20 minutes into the day I was called back down to the office to grab my things and go.

"Kirby has a tooth infection," my dad said when I got in.

"Is that why he didn't eat any of his food for these past few days?"

"Yeah, try to make him comfortable, I'm going to drive down to "Kum&Go" to grab food."

I was trying to feed him his food, but he kept spitting it out. Turns out we had to go down to Salt Lake City so that we could get him professional care. We were halfway down when Kirby started to scream and I just woke up from my nap and didn't know what was going on.

"Try to calm him down," my dad told me panicking.

"Like try singing?"

"Just talk to him and calm down so you don't make him scared."

"I love you Kirby, you are the best guinea pig I could ever ask for!"

I sang stroking him trying to stay calm through this. He had two seizures, and that was it. He was gone. My dad tried to cheer me up by grabbing me lunch at a barbeque place called, "Dickey's". When I got home I made another box that had his name on it and inside was his favorite pink flower blanket. I told my brother the bad news and he felt just like I did that day.

Through this mess I learned that you never know how much you'll love or miss somebody until they're gone. Have you ever lost a family member in your life? Clearly, I got pretty unlucky but at least they are in better place.