

English 12: Composition

Scale: 4

Comment:

This response was awarded a 4. The student employs a narrative approach, but the content lacks sophistication and development

It was a long walk up the hill to where my Great Grandmother had just moved. I was reluctant walking up that hill because I wasn't sure as to whether I would like what I saw when I got to the top of it. Eventually I got to the top where the gates to Providence Home was. This was not my Great Grandmother's house I grew up in, this was a care home for the elderly. Don't get me wrong, it was a well-respected care home, I wouldn't let my grandmother live in a shabby old age home. Although it was nice it wasn't my Big Nonna's house.

I walked into the premises to find the woman that I wished to even be half of one day. The receptionist led me to the room where she was watching 'The Price is Right.' There sat my Great Grandmother with a look of confusion on her face. It had gotten worse, the Alzheimers. I was looking into the deep blue eyes of my Grandmother but she was looking into the eyes of a stranger.

Words weren't exchanged because my Grandmother no longer spoke thanks to the alzheimers. So I did what I did everytime I came to see my Big Nonna, I read to her. Sometimes I read the paper, sometimes stories from Chicken Soup, and other times just from magazines. It was the least I could do for the woman who had a big part in raising me. I read and my Grandmother listened. Even though I never got any feedback, I knew she was listening.

Every week before and after that day I donated those two hours to my Big Nonna. No matter how boring and painful it was to sit there, no matter how many times I read the same stories, I wouldn't give it up for the world. I know my not only my Grandmother, but I will always remember the memories that I made with her.