

Kaitlyn Jack
4313 Center Key Road Apt 2627
Winter Park, Fl, 32792
717-682-1211
kaitlynjack27089@gmail.com

about 990 words

Insight of the Dead

by Kaitlyn Jack

No matter how many times people told me not to be on the phone, I didn't care what they said until it was too late.

Waking up from a car accident was scary. My family, friends, and other people have been crying so much that their eyes are red and puffy. Why are they crying? I'm awake. Shouldn't they be happy?

I pay attention to what's going around the room.

One, people are crying very much.

Second, I hear people asking, "Why? Why did God take him?"

I'm curious about who they are talking about?

Three, it's extremely silent without people talking.

Wait, why are there no beeping sounds?!

Oh my god! I can't be dead; I just can't be. What happened? Why couldn't they save me?

What will happen now?

It's been days since I learned that I'm dead. I remember watching *Ghost Whisperer* and hearing them say that people who die turn into ghost if they have unfinished business to do or something is holding them back. Remembering that makes me think I'm a ghost since I still see people, but in black and white now.

I have been watching my parents every day since I passed away. I hope they overcome the grief, but I know somewhere in their hearts they will never be complete.

It's been a total of five days since I passed. Everybody has been busy helping finish setting up and getting ready for the funeral. I can't wait to see who will come; I wonder if Jessica will come.

Today is the day. I watch my family, friends, and more finally put my body to peace, but I don't feel ready to join heaven.

Being far away isn't doing me justice to see what's going on. I started moving closer to see better.

Everything looks beautiful. They really did a good job setting this up. I looked up from where I was standing and noticed my family was coming to sit down. My mother is crying her eyes out so much. Maybe I should give her a hug if she can feel it. I start to move closer to her. I gave her the biggest hug, hoping the hug would make sure she would never forget me.

"Henry! Did you feel that?" Mom said, turning to look at my father, who was very happy and sad.

"Hun, I didn't feel that, but if you felt something, you might be feeling things," replied Dad, seeing Mom with a weird expression on her face.

“I swear I felt someone hug me, maybe it’s Blake saying goodbye to me, Henry, I miss him,” she said, crying her eyes out to dad.

I can’t stand seeing my mother cry. I love her to pieces. I hope to see healing come from this. Now let’s see who else is coming.

Well, everybody I knew that would show up did, but where is Jessica? I look around, listening to the priest give a speech from the Bible right in front of my coffin. I know I shouldn’t be happy, but I am because I always wondered if the people who I consider who are close to me would show up to my funeral, and they did.

Leaving the spot that I was at and start moving outward, hoping to see Jessica, but I don’t see her at all.

Why wouldn’t she come?

Over the past hour, there have been many different feelings going through people’s head. Due to my seeing everything in black and white, I can see people’s emotions at the moment. I didn’t pay very much attention to everybody, but I did to Jessica.

It’s finally time to say goodbye to my dead body for everybody, and Jessica still didn’t show up. Did she even care about our relationship, or is she waiting for everybody to leave?

Well, she still didn’t show up.

I noticed Mom got up from her chair. Oh, she is leaving now. Wait, she is coming back to me. I guess she still has words to tell me. I got close to hearing what she would tell me. I walk back to my coffin next to my body’s head, for when mom bends down to say what she needs to tell me.

“Blake, I’m going to miss you a lot. I know you are here. Please look over us, but most of all, look over our newest family member, arriving soon. I still love you forever. You will always be my number-one son. Goodbye,” said Mom, just as she finally stopped crying.

I whisper out, "I love you too, Mom. Please take care. I will see you in the future."

But mom continues to walk away. I know she can't hear me, but it made me feel better.

I noticed a tall, beautiful woman who looked like Jessica. Coming from the right side of the graveyard closer to the road, she takes her time getting closer.

"Hi, I know I am late, but someone was making me feel sick this morning. I miss you very much, why didn't you listen to us?" she says, crying her eyes out when she tries to talk to me.

I look right in her eyes. "I know, baby, I'm very sorry for what I did."

"Blake, if you can hear me, I wanted to wait to tell you the news, but events happen."

"What happened baby?"

"Blake, I'm pregnant, you might be crying right now, but please watch over us."

"Oh, Hunny, I'm overjoyed. I will definitely watch over you guys. Please don't forget I love you, and find love again when you can."

It's the best news ever, but now I feel complete knowing she will be okay. It's time for me to go.

Before I leave, I give Jessica a hug and a kiss on the forehead. "I love you, Jessica."

Right before I leave, I hear...

"I love you too."

End