A Beautiful Goodbye

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Document Type
Original Essay

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I tip toed silently down the dim corridor, holding my father’s clammy hand as tightly as I could. I was scared and I didn’t know what to expect. We followed the nurse, who made me nervous because she gave me a sympathetic look. A look that told me everything was going to be okay when I didn’t even know what was really wrong. When we turned the corner and walked into the small dark room, there she was…my grandma. The one I played cards and spent endless hours with. She looked so fragile laying there by herself, hooked up to machines to help her breathe and regulate her precious heart. A heart that lived life the way it was meant to be lived.”

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