

I crouched by the stained brown couch, looking at him and stroking my fingers through his hair. He looks at me tiredly and smiles, adding more creases to his shrivelled face. "If only your parents could see you now," he whispers. I lean in closer as a drop of water rolls between the cracks on his face, and onto the blankets covering him.

"Are you going to die grandpa? I don't want you to die." I say babyishly, a tear landing on his wispy grey strands of hair that occupy his head.

"Don't speak child, don't worry about me, I'll be fine. You just need to take care of yourself."

I was fully crying now, tears and coughs and sniffles occupied me as water rained down on him, "I'll find you the money, I'll make you better!"

* * *

I walked down the dim street, clouds ruling above all, dimming the sun's rays; I kicked a pebble ahead of me and wiped my nose with my sleeve. I try to clear my head but it is full of thoughts like what will happen to grandpa? Can I save him? Where will I find the money? What will happen to me?

I see a white strip of paper sticky taped to a lamp pole up ahead. I bet it'll be a poster about a lost dog or bird or some charity case. But I need a distraction. As I look up I realise it was an ad for a skateboarding competition, I can't skateboard so I take no regard but my interest wins and I keep reading it. Anyone can play, for all ages, apparently the competition is tomorrow and the grand prize is, \$300!

* * *

I jump. I kick. I spin. I've never boarded before but it's worth a try, what do I have to lose. I found an old one in the piles of forgotten trash on our street, its old, it's bent, one of the wheels is slightly broken and it's got cracks in it all the way along. But it's the only choice I've got, the board spins off to the left and I am launched backwards on to the hard, cold, gravelly concrete. I've got to try.

* * *

Skaters skate, the commentator yells. And he screeches at me, shouting for me to go. I don't have helmet and the ramps is steep. So here goes nothing. I skate down the ramp, barely staying on balance as my hair blows behind my face. I go up the following ramp and I clutch onto my board, closing my eyes as I spin blindly in circles.

* * *

I kneel over the grey stone and cry, the water bursting from my eyes. I feel sick, the nauseating feeling swirling around inside me. Someone pats my on the back which sends me into another stream of tears as they pay respect to my grandfather. I touch the stone and lean over as more water splatters on the ground.