



Portal

By Dreamcatcher

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I hate this kinda crap. There's nothing worse than when someone you care for dies and everyone stands around crying and the over-hyped lamentations begin. Somehow, whatever faults and shortcomings they had have now been replaced by qualities of sainthood.

I always try to stand at the back at these sort of things. Rolling my eyes is a private thing and rightly so. I'm not a complete jerk. Still and all it does bother me that my wife and daughter are so distraught. They've always been emotional, even when our pets died.

It's only been a minute or two since the last breath was taken. For some reason, I'm feeling a sense of urgency and move through the crowd to stand near my wife and daughter. I place my hand on my grandson's head as he stands there holding his mom's hand.

The crying and sadness continue and there is nothing I can do to ease their pain. I look at him lying there motionless in the bed. I thought to myself, he doesn't deserve all of this attention. I am distracted by the lack of feeling I have for him.

I sit on the edge of the bed looking into the faces before me. I feel sorry for them. I hate myself for once again causing pain.