

# September

I hate the cold. I hate chilly, winter days, especially when it snows. I hate long, drowsy weeks that go on with tedious tasks. I hate the way others say they understand you when they really don't. I hate September.

It was a bleak afternoon. The glass window turned **opaque**, and I could hear the far dins of the thick thunderstorm that was about to come. The rain tapped at the window **intermittently**, making somewhat of a rhythm, contrasting with the eerie silence of the house. I specifically remember that evening I came back home from school. I found my mother seated in her armchair, surrounded by a bundle of yarn. Colors spread all across the floor—deep blues, vibrant reds, and soft greens. My mother's hands, though frail, moved with a certain grace I could not yet comprehend.

"Jackson," she whispered, "Come here."

I approached her and knelt beside her. "What is that?" I asked.

"A scarf for you," she said, her eyes were **placid**, yet there was something I could not quite catch. "Something to keep you warm when I'm not around."

Those words hung heavy in the air, but I forced my tears back, not to cry. My father had always been **affable**, I remember. He told me that real men don't cry, so I do not cry. I never cry.

"What do you mean?" I asked, "You're going to be here for a long time, Ma."

She chuckled softly, then coughed, the sound rasping in her throat. "We sometimes have to prepare for the unexpected. Some diseases just can be **indomitable**."

I did not understand. But she became distant, stopped making me my favorite apple pie, stopped going outside to water the roses, stopped giving me those warm hugs I always needed but didn't admit when I got home from school.

As days turned into weeks, I began to ignore my mother. The random hospital visits became more frequent and I didn't laugh beside her when she made her jokes anymore. The laughter that once filled our home faded to a haunting silence. Still, each time that I came home, I found her working on the scarf, growing longer, more detailed. I didn't really care, or that's what I told myself.

And that one glimmer of hope I had in my heart crashed that evening of September. I returned home from school just like any other day. The house was **ominously** quieter than before. But I knew it wasn't \_\_\_\_\_, it was the stop of time.

I rushed to her side, knowing I was too late. My mother, with the scarf draped across her lap, was spilling blood across the floor, but left the lingering scent of her favorite lavender perfume. The scarf was **palpable**, almost like I could immediately connect with it. I picked it up, and the weight of the scarf was grounding me.

The doctors soon took her in and lifted her to the ambulance. I slowly **receded**, knowing that there wasn't any hope for her survival. I could hear the sounds of the **muffled** voices of the doctors, which implored somewhat of a **dread** that I knew I could not get over.

I begged the doctors **imploringly**, but they wouldn't listen to me. She was gone. I fell from that point on. I felt like falling into a deep **abyss**, surrounded by nothingness.

As I walked through the doors of the house, I found the vibrant scarf lying on the ground. I picked it up and scrutinized it, finding the scarf almost **phosphorescent**.

That night, I visited my mother's grave. And all I can think about is how Eleanor Baker deserved this death.