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Dear Grandad,

Thank you for having an influence on me. Thank you for telling me all of your stories from your life. Ever since i was a little girl you have always been one of my favorite People on the planet. Even though you are no longer here, it still feels like you are. I still feel like I should still be getting on that forty five minute flight to scotland and the hour drive to alloa. Then opening the door to the dog wagging her tail and you watching Shrek on your chair. Even though that cant happen anymore, it still feels like it should. I havent wrapped it around my head that you are gone. I think the reason for that is because we lived so far from one another and you didnt work out how to use your phone. That it feels normal, the only time I would really see or talk to you was when me and mum would fly to you, or you would come to us. But that slowly became tricker when you got sick, so for a while i would only talk you you over the phone to mum. you would have your ear to the phone even when it was facetime! I still text you on whatsapp thinking you would respond but hopeing you could see them. I will never let your name be forgotten. I know that you are happy but I wish you could have stayed a little longer, and im sorry that I didnt hug you tighter on that hospital bed. I will never forget that guilt of me leaving the hospice hoping that you will see me again and that couldnt be the last time I saw you, because I didnt get to say what I wanted to. I had the chance to but that hurt im my throught from me holding back my tears

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Stopped me from telling you what I was thinking. That image in my head of you in that bed with bruises and plasters on your arms will never leave my head. I dont think it ever will leave my head like ever! Everyone said to me before I went to see you that I didnt have to, if If didnt want to, incase that was the image of you when I think about you. I said no because When I think about you I think of the time you took me and Jacombe on the tractor. The time we went to the zoo and I was on the reins. Id think of the time you played your bongo or one of the other hundred instruments you owned. I would think of your Terry Prattchet books, your paintings, your Jacket and hat and your lovley garden. I would think of the christmas we spent together and the saturday morning we spent together and you taught me how to draw and Paint mountains and landscape. That was our thing. Painting and drawings. To someones naked eye you would seem to be a grumpy stubborn old man with a little bit of humor. but to me you were a huge softey with lots of Care in your heart. You were gifted with many things and my favorite being your Paintings. My funniest thing about you was you always sent the wrong age on my birthday Card. On my ninth birthday you sent me "Happy thirteenth" It never bothered me though. For dads Birthday you Sent him a huge and I mean huge Card with apsolutly nothing inside, it was blank, and you spelt my name wrong all my life. you spelt it as R.O.S.Y Even though its R.O.S.I.E. Its okay though because that Stuff made you, you.

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From all of that the worst thing from all that is you will no longer be here to watch me grow up. You wont be there for when I pass my GCSE, you wont be here when I finish school and you wont be at my wedding. But I hope you know there will be a ~~se~~ empty seat at my wedding with your name on it. So every time I see a bongo or a little old man painting my mind will go straight to you, my grandad. As I said before, Thank you for having an influence on me and putting a smile on my face whenever id be moody, and im sorry im I didnt hug you tighter and tell you ~~I~~ how I needed to, but you will always be apart of ~~you~~ me, in my heart and in my ~~name~~ name.

Love you lots Grandad and miss you loads x
Rosie x