

THE DAY I MET THE DEATH

For some reason or other, the house was crowded that night. I thought that grandpa Joe didn't have any friends left in the village, but that day a lot of the old people that I used to know, such as Georgina, Alfred and Rick, came to pay their last respects in front of the open coffin.

It was the first time I faced death and, apparently, everything seemed normal, but I still remember the weird sensation that I had in that room, and how unsettled I felt when, the next morning, nobody came to the funeral.

-Where are all those people that were at home yesterday? - I asked mum.

-What people, Mark? We were alone.

Terrified, I looked at the graves around me: Georgina, Alfred, Rick....

Effectively, there was no one left in the village. Did I literally meet death?

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