

# I was suppose to go to a Rihanna Concert

My ticket was barely crisp from the amount of times I would pull it in and out of my bedside table drawer with the anticipation of going to the show. The day of the concert, I was so excited. I was running late so my pulse started to rise but I quickly dressed, leaping from my sheets towards my closet with barely a foot on the ground. I got my outfit together and ran out the door,

heels scraping the pavement as  
I reach into my leather clutch

knowing how short of time I had, my adrenaline started to pump both due to excitement and anxiety.





I jump into my car and  
swerve onto the highway  
without even a buckle to my seatbelt.

I again reach into my clutch  
to verify my ticket was present  
recalling how much I rushed out the door earlier that day. As I  
was fiddling around the narrow passage, around my ID and  
credit card and find then that

my ticket was vacant.

My anxiety turns from excitement to

AGGRESSION



Of course, this occurs an hour  
before the concert when I'm  
already running extremely  
late.

I argue in the car to me and me alone,  
frustrated about the need to turn around. I was  
so angry and knew I was going to miss the show  
that I was so deeply anticipating, but tried to be  
positive, as much as I was not.

As I finally get home I rush into my  
house, blinded by the horror of not  
having my ticket and being so late,  
I walk in and see my Grandmother.

# My Grandmother lying flat on her back, out of her wheelchair,

I knew something was terribly wrong.  
I immediately call 911 and wait for them to arrive.

Upon arrival, I frantically open the door after hearing the sirens outside.

# 911

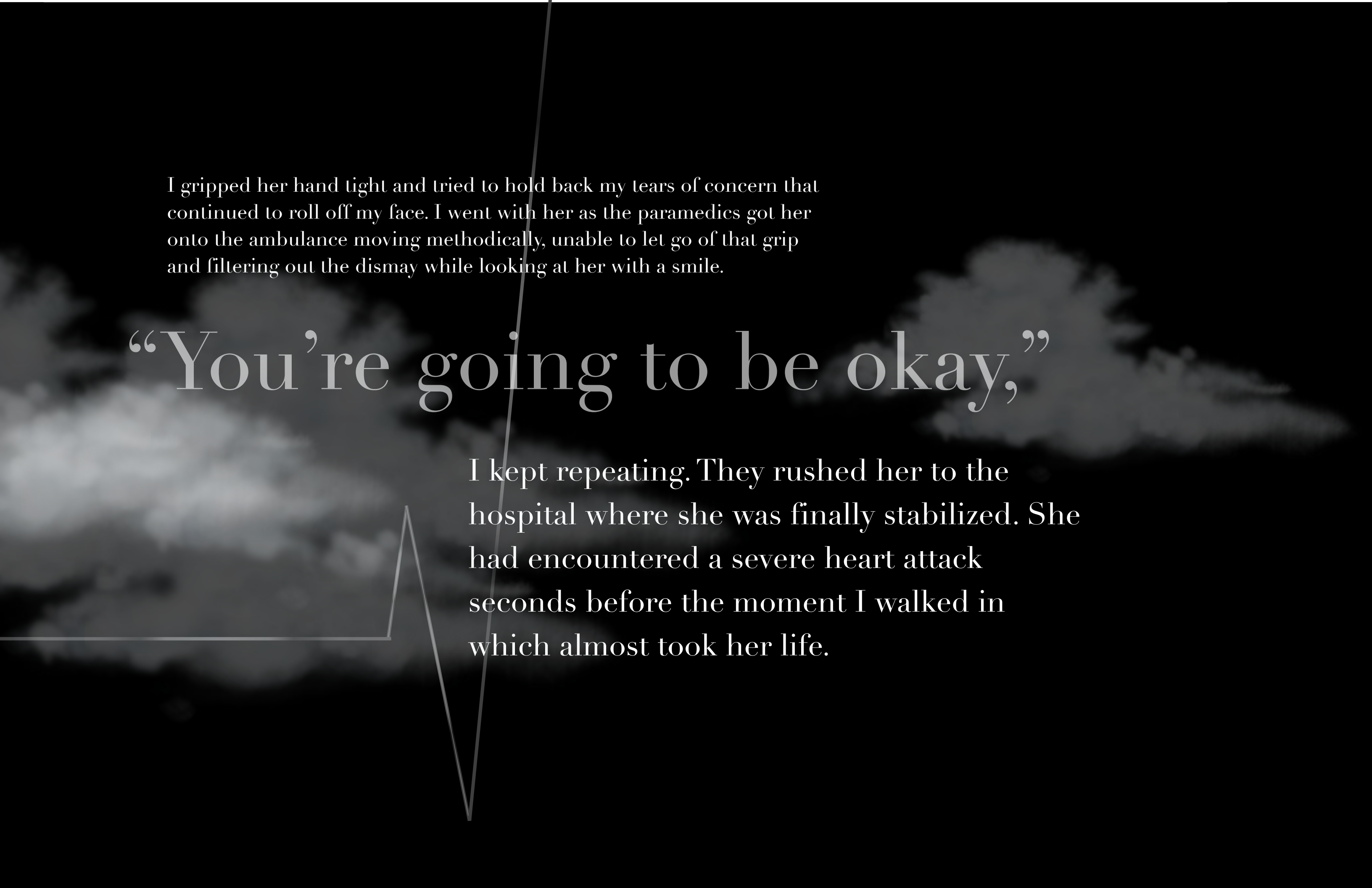


Two men enter wearing white buttoned down EMT uniforms. The second attempt to revive her, they were successful. As they were lifting her up onto the stretcher, I saw fear in her eyes, believing it was a reflection of what she saw in mine.

The paramedics arrived at the exact moment where she stopped breathing and her heart stopped beating.

I looked at her with ease to bring her some relief, I knew that it was the only thing I could do to give her strength.





I gripped her hand tight and tried to hold back my tears of concern that continued to roll off my face. I went with her as the paramedics got her onto the ambulance moving methodically, unable to let go of that grip and filtering out the dismay while looking at her with a smile.

“You’re going to be okay,”

I kept repeating. They rushed her to the hospital where she was finally stabilized. She had encountered a severe heart attack seconds before the moment I walked in which almost took her life.



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If I had not been there at that exact moment, if I hadn't turned around for a pointless materialistic thing like a ticket, that I felt was so meaningful to me, I may have left something extremely more meaningful behind. For me to feel that my night was ruined due to missing a show was nearly inconceivable to what I would have really missed out on in my life. I left something behind, but gained something better in return.

*My family.*