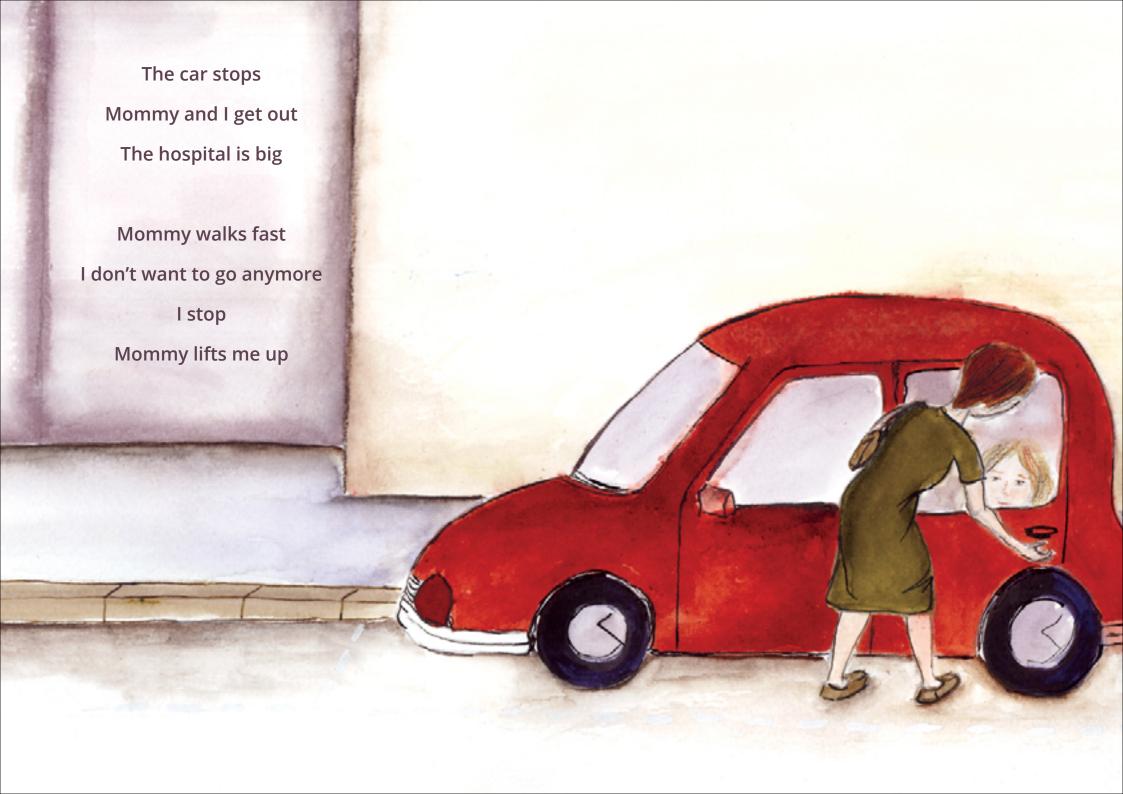
My grandpa



is dying

© Dita de Wit (text) / Cindy Forget (illustrations) Inge Braaksma (translation) My grandpa is sick
My grandpa is dying
The hospital calls
Mommy has to go







He says: You won't lose me

I say: Yes, dead is gone

He says: Look at me

I look

He says: I'll tell you our secret

At first you're sad

Then you're mad

But when you close your eyes

You'll see me

I'm always there, never gone

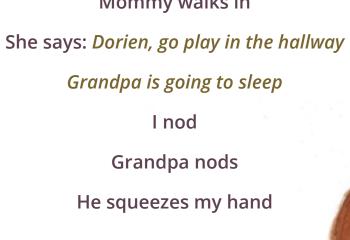
I say: That's stupid. I don't want it

He says: Want not, helps not

You're a sweet girl



Mommy walks in



I want to give him a kiss

But



His eyes are closed

I'm scared

I yell: You're dead

Grandpa opens his eyes

He smiles

And says: No, sweet Do. I'm sleeping

I give him a kiss





The hallway is empty

I start to cry

The doctor walks into me

He says: *I'm sorry*

I say nothing

He says: What's your name?

I say: *Are you a doctor?*

He says: Yes, I make people better

I say: No you don't, stupid

And ...



I kick him hard
I kick him really hard
Against his leg

I yell:

Stupid doctor

You lie

And I run away
I run into my grandpa's room



Mommy says: sshht

I say softly: What's that tube for? Mommy says: *If something happens* The machine will beep The doctor will come in and help I'm very quiet



He says: *Don't forget our secret*

I say: I have a secret. You want to know my secret?

Grandpa nods

I whisper: *I kicked the doctor*

Grandpa smiles

He says: Thank you

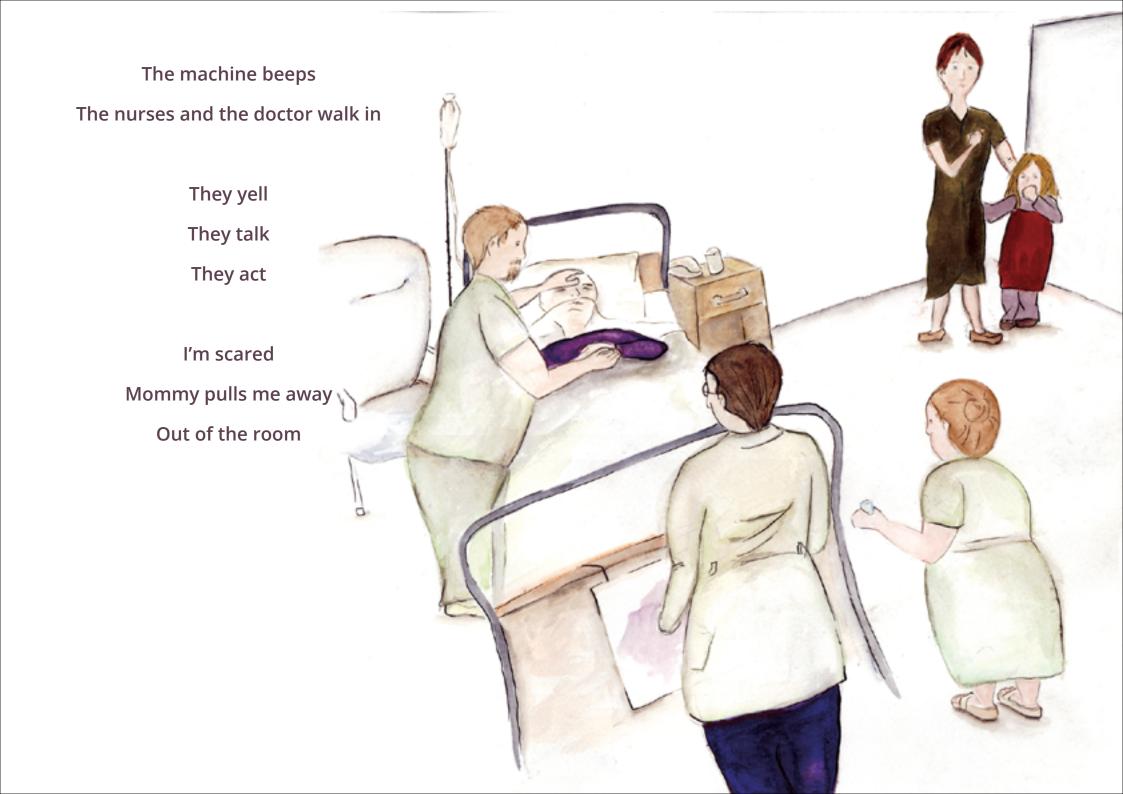
He says: Don't be scared

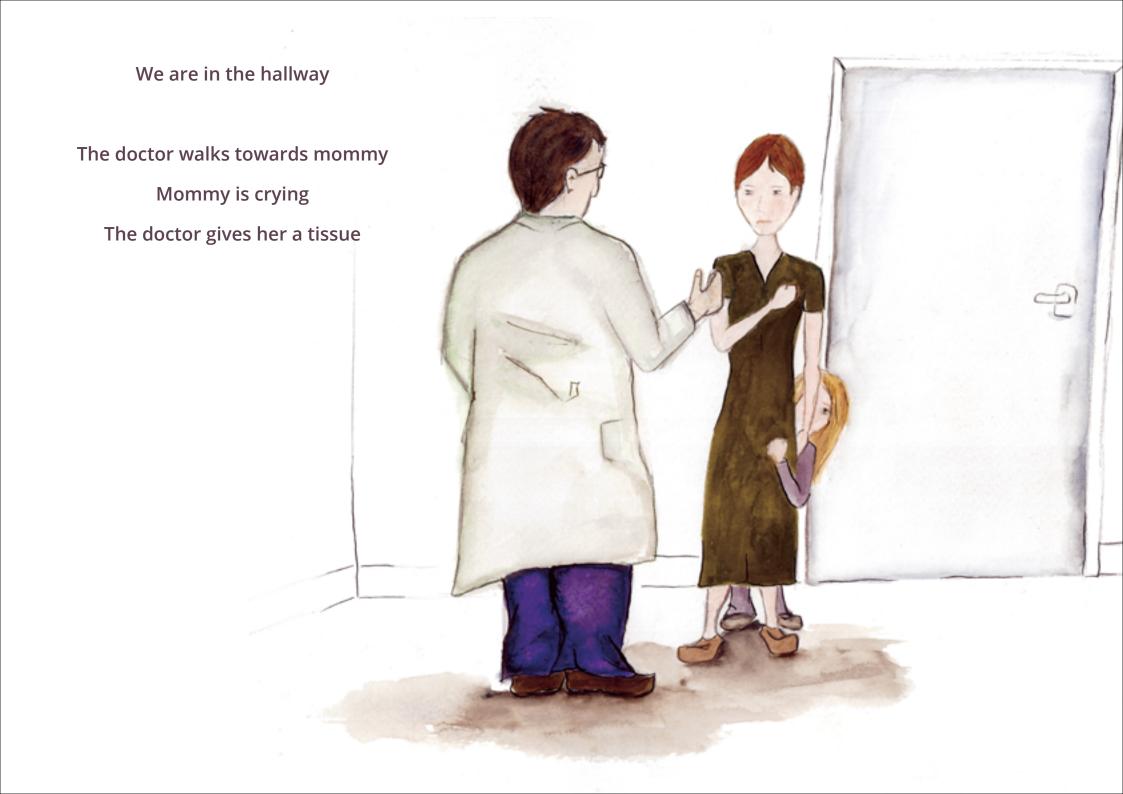
I'm dying

I say: Yes, but

He says: Want not, helps not
I love you all







I look at mommy

The doctor looks at me

I glance at him

He says: I'm sorry, your grandpa is dead
I say nothing

He says: You were right

I'm a stupid doctor

I couldn't make him better

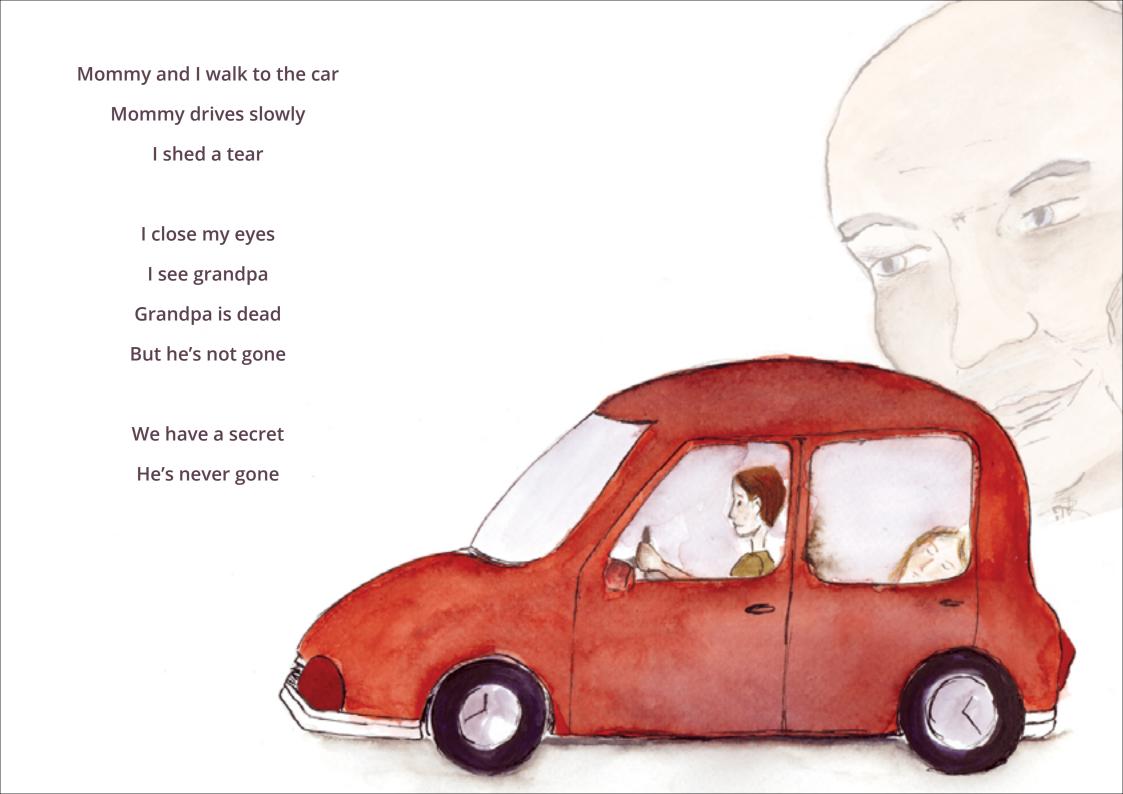
He says: That kick, it really hurts

But I won't tell anyone

It will be our secret

I nod





DITA