



## Calliope (1954-2001)

---

Volume 1971 *Calliope Manuscript Day 1971: i don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's saving me for a rainy day*

---

Article 4

1971

### Funeral Home

Tom Frederick  
*Grandville High School*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>



Part of the Creative Writing Commons

---

#### Recommended Citation

Frederick, Tom (1971) "Funeral Home," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1971 , Article 4.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1971/iss1/4>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope (1954-2001) by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).



## FUNERAL HOME

"Right this way," says the director. I walk in, people are misty eyed. His wife's here, people are coming up offering their condolences. His children are here also, they really don't know what's happened, they're only eight and ten, but they're crying anyway, probably because their mother is.

"He was such a good man," someone says.

"Bank president, church member. Dedicated man, worked late just about every night, some nights until 1:00 a.m. Must have had a lot of work; his secretary always helped him when he was working late, dedicated girl. She was found dead two weeks before he died, buried in a shallow grave in the woods, strangled. No clues yet."

I walk over to the coffin, it's open.

"He looks so natural," a woman says.

It seems like people always say that. His lips are sort of blue, he suffocated. Was in his car, garage door closed, car on. He had a cut on his head. The way the police have it figured is that he bumped his head while getting in his car, started his car, and then blacked out. Thing I don't get is he didn't open the garage door before he started his car. Seems dumb to get in, start the car, then get out and open the door.

There's that secretary's husband, offering condolences. Think I'll skip that, I don't know what to say. The secretary's husband walks over to the coffin, then signs his name in the book and leaves. Think I will too. Funeral homes don't agree with me.