Jasper Nelson

**Two Column Story Table**

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| **Narrator (read aloud)** | **Video, Image, Caption** |
| This is the hardest story I have ever told, and I am not entirely sure I am ready to tell it, but in the end it is the only story I feel like telling. | Dark Screen. |
| I want to share with you the story of my Papa. | Title “Papa” |
| The first memory I have of my grandpa was when he saved my life. I’m pretty sure now I wasn’t in danger but that is how I remember it. My brother closed me in a hide-away bed and was unable to pull me back out. I remember being in there for hours just waiting for my time to come. In all actuality it couldn’t have been more than a few minutes. | A picture of a hideaway bed. The couch I have a stock image of matches the couch I was stuck in. |
| I remember seeing him come through the door through the metalwork of the couch. My brother ran and hid while I cried for help. Papa shuffled over to my deathbed and with a slight pull saved me from an untimely death. He then asked, “Where’s your mom?” with a big smile on his face. | Picture of Papa Smiling. |
| That wasn’t the last time he saved me, or my family. Papa was the hero to everyone in my family. He saved us from ourselves time and time again. When we were fighting he would save us | Papa in a family photo. All the brothers and mom. |
| We would all come together and have root beer floats. We would pretend we weren’t fighting when he stopped by and we would quickly forget why we were fighting in the first place. | Stock image of root beer float. |
| My Papa would always take me out to eat. “Get anything you want, it’s on me.” We would sit there and eat and he would tell me the same stories over and over. He’d tell me stories of cheating on tests and doing better when he didn’t, stories of his childhood and how proud he was of me. | Picture of Papa and I out eating. He has a big smile. |
| When I was getting closer to graduating he kept smiling bigger and bigger. | Papa smiling really big. |
| He told me we would go on a trip together and I was so excited and a little nervous of how it would go. | Stock photo of an Alaskan Airlines plane. |
| My senior year in college is when I got the call. “Papa has cancer”. | Picture of a phone. |
| I had to keep it a secret from everyone because he didn’t want people to know. I went the whole semester pretending everything was fine. Then I got another call. | Sunset picture from campus. It is both pretty, and sad. |
| “Hurry home, there is not much time”. On my next break I took a ferry home. | Picture of the ferry I took home. |
| My hero was so little. He couldn’t save me anymore. | Picture of papa and I. He is small from the cancer. |
| I spent as much time with him as I could with him, with a dumb smile on my face | Papa and family. |
| Sitting in his room hoping he would wake up and tell me a story, but the story never came. So I started telling the stories to fight away how quiet the room was | Pictures of family with papa. |
| I told him stories from school, being loud and messing up. I told him I was getting good grades and keeping up in all my classes. I told him about the pretty girls, and a few of the ones I liked. | Stock photos of grades. (No pictures of the girls) |
| In the middle of my story I looked at him and I realized he was awake. He was sitting there listening to my stories like I used to listen to his. I asked him if he needed anything and he nodded no. So I just kept telling him stories. | Me talking to papa in the dark. |
| After a few days I had to get back up to school to take a test. The day I got back to Juneau was the day my Papa died.  It hurt so badly, but I did what I had to. I pushed down the pain and studied even harder. I wanted to get a good grade because that is what made my Papa so proud of me. I passed all my classes. I even made the deans list that semester. | Alternating photos of Papa and his daughters, then two other photos of papa. |
| I missed his funeral, but I wouldn’t miss his celebration of life. | Papas grave. |
| I few moths after his passing I went home to celebrate my Papas life with everyone in the community. I was on the plane with people Nome and Bethel. All these people were flying in to send my Papa off | Pictures of his celebration of life. We walked the same path his totem pole took 20 years ago. |
| It was one heck of a party. Hundreds of people were dancing and singing. More food than even my family could eat. | Native dancing. |
| Someone asked me; “don’t you wish you spent more time with Stan”? I didn’t know how to respond. But now that I think back on it my answer should have been “No | Slow escalating photo of the pole. |
| I spent just enough time with him. I heard his stories and loved him all I could. He affected all the people in all the villages here in the Southeast, and I heard his stories, and their stories about all of it. I was there to tell my Papa a story when we both needed it the most. | Papa carving. Him teaching people how to carve. |
| He just sat there and listened with a smile in his eyes | Papa with his eye smile. (I’ll miss it) |
| I love my Papa. He’s gone now. But his story isn’t; because I am still here to tell it | My last photo with healthy Papa. |
| If you want to hear more about Papa let me take you out to lunch. I’ll tell you all the stories I know, over and over again.  I love you Papa, Goodbye. | Papa, Steven, and I riding the Healing Heart totem pole. |