

# Grandma's Place

by Skylar Gruber

When I was young with grandma, I remembered seeing her old antique decorations. There were so many, all compressed in a small space. I remember old pictures, seeing them made me so happy. Right next to the old photographs was a bowl of hard strawberry candies. Aromas of sweet fruit always filled the air.

When I was young with grandma, I used to always smell her old perfume. It was the stale scent of Chanel No. 5 and always made me sneeze. Mixed with that was the scent of old book pages.

When I was young with grandma, we always went to the duck pond. I'll never forget when the duck nipped me! They don't like being touched, and I accumulated this knowledge the hard way.

When I was young with grandma, I remember her bird clock going off every 30 minutes with the sounds of different chips. In addition, her parrot chimed in. Making it all synchronized, grandma played the organ to tie it together.

When I was young with grandma, she used to give my taste buds a treat. Her homemade fried fish topped off with German chocolate cake for dessert. Thinking it'd be good, I tried black coffee. No sugar. No cream.

I wouldn't want to be anywhere else. Not at the beach, not at home, not anywhere else in this world.

R.I.P. Grandma