

2019 MCC Creative Writing Contest

Second Place - Creative Non-fiction Category

"My Grandma" by Rachel Showers

My grandma had always been quirky. Sure, she baked and overfed me just as any grandma would, but she also had a wicked sense of humor. When I was young, I used to spend almost all of my time with her so it's no surprise that I acquired some aspects of her personality. Through my time spent with her, she's helped me become the person I am today.

I often spent the night at her little apartment in my hometown. She'd take me for rides around the area and we would just talk. Sometimes we'd go to the movie store and rent old 80s horror movies. One evening, I confessed to her that I was afraid of mausoleums. I was eleven and it's normal to be afraid of things that are unfamiliar. One would think that your grandma would comfort you and tell you that there's nothing to worry about, right? That's what grandmas do. Not my grandma, oh no.

"Let's go for a ride." She said and I was a bit confused. Where were we gonna go? I asked her and she told me, "we're going to the cemetery."

At first I didn't believe her. She wouldn't really take me there, would she? No, she was just messing around like she always did. As I was talking to her, I noticed we were heading right for the cemetery.

"You were being serious?!" I questioned her with a look of shock on my face. Apparently, we were going to face a fear of mine right then and there.

"We'll just take a look. After that, we can leave."

We pulled up to the cemetery and parked near the mausoleum. I stood in front of it in trepidation, my heart hammering against my chest. The building seemed so impossibly large, like it was ready to swallow me whole. I had no idea what to expect.

I approached the building slowly, glancing back at my grandma behind me for reassurance. She just urged me to continue and in I went. There weren't any sources of light, save for the remaining sunlight spilling in through the windows. The interior was a pallid white and I noticed a hole next to one of the names on the wall.

"Why is there a little hole here?" I questioned my grandma, my fear melting away. I was more curious than afraid at this point. Plus, no hands came out of the wall grabbed me like I feared they would.

"There's an eye inside looking at you." My grandma said and I didn't even miss a beat.

"Wait, really?" I responded, but I hesitated to look in. After all, I had just faced one of my fears.

My curiosity won and I peeked in the hole, using the flashlight in my phone to get a better look. There wasn't an eye, thankfully.

After that, I was no longer afraid of mausoleums. In fact, I developed a curiosity about cemeteries. My grandma and I would visit them sometimes just because we liked seeing the different headstones and because cemeteries are always so calm.

One night, I was staying over at my grandma's apartment with a friend. My friend had told us that at 3:00 A.M. we would hear an ominous bell chime three times in the local cemetery. A normal grandma would laugh it off and leave at that, but my grandma? No way. I mean, how cool would it be to hear a freaky bell chime in the cemetery?

So we all set our alarms for 2:40 A.M. and we went to bed. It seemed like as soon as my head hit the pillow, our alarms were going off. We all get up and get dressed, regretting our decision to get up so early, but by then it was too late. We were already awake, so why stop there?

We all get in the car and we head to the cemetery. As soon as we get there, the back window goes down when my friend presses on the button. Keep in mind, this window hasn't worked in years. After that, we couldn't get it to go back up so we parked and waited until 3:00 A.M. Unsurprisingly, there was no bell chime, so I was disappointed. However, as soon as we leave the cemetery, the car window suddenly goes up and after that it won't move. Even looking back on it now, I'm not sure what happened.

Moving away from the cemetery stories, let me tell you my final one. My grandma used to own a golf cart and was living in a different house in town. When I was young—around age seven—my cousin and I went to visit my grandma. We were bored, so our grandma told us this story about a troll that supposedly lived under the bridge in town. She said that if it would take people under the bridge if they stopped on it for too long.

Naturally, my cousin and I want to see a troll, so my grandma takes us on a ride in the golf cart. We get to the bridge and she stops towards the edge. I remember peeking over the edge, looking for the troll and finding nothing. A minute goes by and we don't hear anything. I realized that my grandma had just been messing with us.

Abruptly, we hear this male voice yell our names.

"I'm coming to get you!" He yelled and my grandma sped away while we all screamed our heads off.

Later, my grandma told us she had told her friend to yell at us and play the part of the troll while he hid. It was still scary at the time though, but still fun too. I'll never forget it, that's for sure.

Most of my favorite childhood memories occurred with my grandma since we spent most of our time together. I don't visit her as much now that I've gotten older, but I still like seeing her when

I'm able to. I will always cherish these memories that shaped my personality and made childhood a great one.