

Presents:

Freaky Grammy Glasses



Enjoy this “Choose-A-Path” story sample on aging.

It is written from several viewpoints.

Johnny just had to call his grandmother,
“Grammy, we get to come visit you on
Spring Break. Only three more days! Will
you make my favorite chocolate chip
cookies?”

“Of course, sweetheart.”

“Oh, thank you, Grammy. I can hardly
wait.”

(three days later)

On the long drive to Grammy’s house,
Dad repeated the “Grammy Talk.”

“Now remember, Johnny. You know
Grammy will be happy to see us, but you
have to remember, she is a lot slower now.
Her vision is getting worse. No horseplay.

She just can't do all the things with you like she used to."

Johnny replied, "Ok, Dad. I know...."

To continue the story

from Dad's viewpoint go to page 3,

from Grammy's viewpoint go to page 8,

from Johnny's viewpoint go to page 12.

Dad's viewpoint:

We arrived at Mom's. There were a few chunks out of the garage door frame. Mary and I looked at each other.



Mom met us at the door, with flour on her apron. A big smile was on her face.

Johnny took a big breath, a grin spreading over his face. "Mmmm...I smell cookies." Everyone got a big hug before we even got in the door.

Johnny rushed straight to the kitchen, with Mary and Mom already talking while I carried in the luggage and put it in our rooms. "Ahh...It feels good to be home."

We gathered around the big kitchen table and began talking over cookies and milk. When the timer dinged, Mom went to the oven to bring out a fresh batch of cookies. She fell against the counter. Mary

and I jumped up to help her. We led her to a chair, as she assured us, "I'm OK."

Mary noticed a bruise on her arm and an old cut on the side of her head.

"Mom," Mary asked in surprise, "how did these happen?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I just tripped over the cat."



Mary gave me a questioning look. As I looked back at Mom, we both noticed more bruises.

“But Mom, what about these others?”

After a few moments of silence, Mom admitted, “ I fall sometimes. But I don’t really get hurt. I get a little clumsy when I’m tired.”

Mary just shook her head. Neither of us were convinced.

“Mom, were you tired when you hit the garage?”

“Oh, that. I just misjudged it.”

“Several times?”

“Oh, don’t make such a fuss. Here, have some more cookies.”

I asked her, “Mom, why aren’t you wearing your glasses?”

She replied, “Oh yes, I think I left them in the bathroom.”

Johnny jumped up. “I’ll go get them.”

To continue the story go to page 15.

Grammy's viewpoint:

I heard the kids honk the horn as they pulled into the driveway. Wiping my hands on my apron, I opened the front door.



Johnny came running up first, exclaiming, “Mmmm...I smell cookies.”

I gave him my best bear hug.

Michael and Mary collected their hugs next. It was so great to see everyone again.

We followed Johnny into the kitchen, who had already positioned himself in front of the plate of cookies.

Mary asked, “How are you doing, Mom?”

“I’m fine. It’s so good to have you here. Milk everyone?”

Mary got the glasses and I filled them with cold milk.



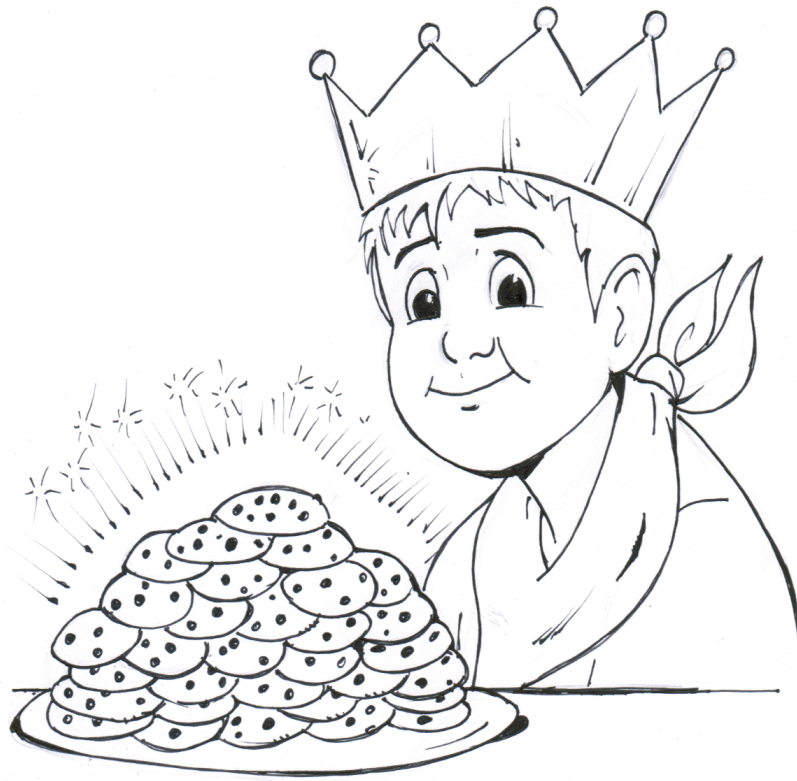
“Ding.” The timer signaled that the next batch of cookies was done. Grabbing potholders, I put the hot tray on the counter, and as I turned, I lost my balance and slipped, falling against the counter. My arm hurt a bit and Michael and Mary helped me up. They asked me how I was and I said, “Oh, I’m fine.”

They made a big fuss out of nothing. I was more concerned about the cookies. “Here, have some more cookies.”

To continue the story go to page 15.

Johnny's viewpoint:

Finally, we got to Grammy's house. She was at the door, in her Grammy apron. I ran to give her a hug. She smelled so good. "Mmmm....I smell cookies."



With a big smile, she waved me in. I always feel like a king at her house. I sat right in front of the big plate of cookies. I felt like The Cookie King and thought to myself, "All mine."

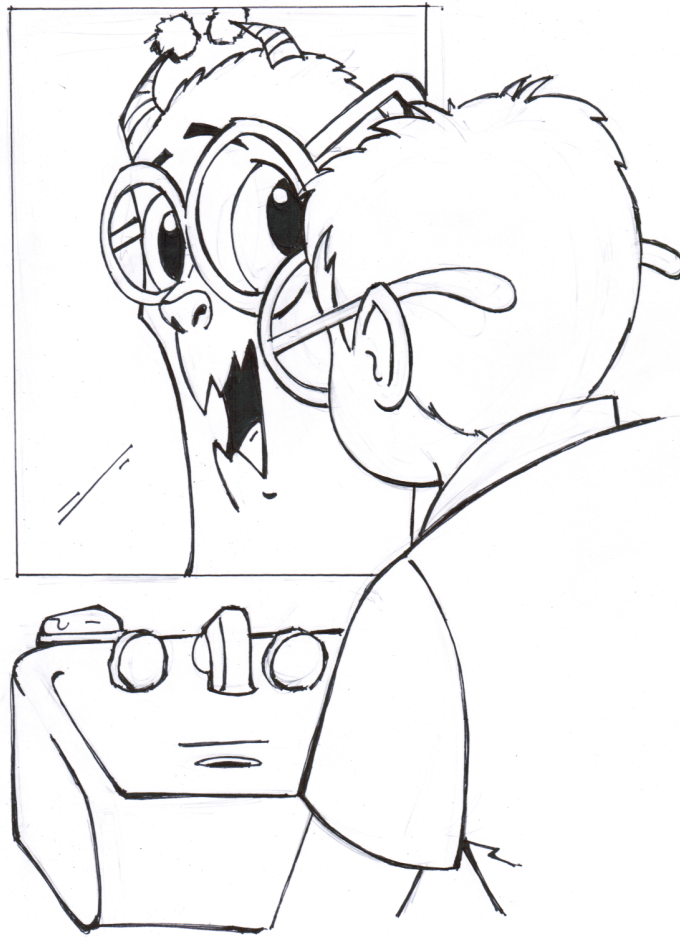
Grammy asked if I wanted milk, and I nodded with regal approval.

As I sunk my royal teeth into the soft, chocolatey treasure, there was a crash behind me. Mom and Dad jumped up, and hurried to help Grammy.

I was scared Grammy might be hurt, but she said she was OK. Grammy asked, “More cookies?”

Dad asked about Grammy’s glasses and she said they were probably in the bathroom. I jumped up, saying “I’ll get them.”

They were on the bathroom sink. I call them her Freaky Grammy Glasses and picked them up. Slowly, I put them on and hesitated before looking in the mirror.



As my eyes tried to focus, I felt myself transforming into a poogly. As I looked around, I knew I was back in the mystical world of Pooglyland. Everything looked strange.

“No wonder Grammy doesn’t wear her glasses.”

To continue the story go to page 15.

Help WeWrite make a book like this a reality.

The story can help get conversations started.

Includes:

Practical tips

- For caregivers
- For family members

Resources

Contact WeWrite for more information.

Delores Palmer, President/CEO

11040 Alba Road

Ben Lomond, CA 95005

dpalmer@wewrite.net

831-336-3382

www.wewrite.net

©2015 WeWrite, LLC

illustrations by Joe Barcelone