

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

I often spent the night at her little apart

normal to be afraid of things that are unfamiliar. One would think that your grandma would

Not my grandma, oh no.

e were we gonna go? I asked her

messing around like she always did. As I was talking to her, I noticed we were heading right for the cemetery.

were going to face a fear of mine right then and there.

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 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.

curious than afraid at this point. Plus, no hands came out of the wall grabbed me like I feared they would.

My curiosity won and I peeked in the hole, using the flashlight in my phone to get a better look.

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.

childhood a great one.