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Short Story: Berkeley

On a very nice evening, Grandma Corrine is reading me a bedtime story, *Goodnight Moon*. This was my favorite one, because it helped me feel at peace with the world as the day came to an end. Except tonight, the book was longer for some reason. The pages started looking similar to my life, and memories from the past. A turned page took me to the time Grandma and I were baking cookies, and the next was when we went out to pick peaches. There were pages and pages of these times with her that had already happened. I most remember when we took Grandma to the doctor because she started feeling sick, but that day we had made an apple pie as well. Oh the smell of that apple pie was so comforting, because it smelled like her.

The pages were now beginning to turn shades of grey and black, extremely dark and cold, it seemed. I couldn't see much in these pages, because they were more cloudy. The only one I was able to see was Grandma sitting in a chair getting her weekly medicine. She had done this many times before, and she always had a smile, too. I was not too sure why she was in that cold place so often, but Mom told me it was healing her. I always wondered in this moment, why is she going through this? We were always there with her, but it didn't seem helpful. As the pages keep turning, the darkness goes away. All I see is this astonishing, glimmering light; so bright I could not make up what it was. It seemed unreal, this light, but I knew it must've been something good. I tried to run as fast as I could towards this light, but it seemed like an endless path beyond. More pages were turned and I kept running, where I finally reached an endpoint. I felt the warmth of her hand reaching for mine. Grandma was waiting for me, with a smile on her face. She always kept a smile on her face, but this was different. She looked different, a good different. She was literally glowing. She took my hand and told me, "What took you so long? Let's make pie." She was cured.

The book had ended, and it was now morning. What a good start to a morning, that book. That book was supposed to be my goodnight book, but ended up being a little different this time. It was my reality. I mean, it must've been, right? It was so amazing though, this news. Later on, after I got dressed, I

went to the kitchen for some breakfast. Grandma must've still been sleeping because she wasn't in there with Mom. As Mom handed me my bowl of cereal and fruit, I was so ecstatic. She said she hadn't seen me smile that big in a very long time. I asked, "Will Grandma be joining us for breakfast?" "No, she needs to sleep and rest today. She is very drained," she replied. I was puzzled. Deep in thought, I asked, "Is it because she isn't sick anymore where she has to rest to stay that way?" Mom looked confused, now. "Honey, Grandma is very sick, it has gotten worse, and her medicine stopped healing her." This did not seem right. "But Mom, I saw her. She was healed. She wasn't sick anymore. The light took her and took care of her." Mom replied, "I am sorry, but that isn't the case here, as much as I'd like it to be. Grandma has been very sick for months now, so sick that it cannot be healed." I was so confused, this wasn't true. It can't be. I just stayed quiet; I had no words.

Grandma was still sleeping after breakfast, so I just went to my room. I walked near my window and started crying. I didn't cry often, because I had nothing to cry for. I looked up and saw a bird. This bird started talking to me, and it felt normal. This bird was like someone I already knew, because it knew everything about me. I told the bird about Grandma, and he had heard what Mom said, too. I questioned my thoughts and felt as if something was off. I asked, "What is happening to Grandma?" He told me, "I watch everything for you, and everyone you know. Your grandma is okay." I wasn't sure what this meant, but it seemed believable, and I don't know why. "The universe is kept in balance within all existence," he said. Suddenly the bird flew away, something felt okay, and I could smell the apple pie.