

Realistic Fiction

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Title

Grudge Grandma

"Stacy, your Dad and I will be dropping you off at Grandma's Margaret's in about 5 minutes ok? Try not to cause too much trouble for her."

"Yeah yeah, whatever..." Stacy replied, her mind held captive by the portable mind-control device.

"She never gets off that phone," said Stacy's mom.

"That's nice, dear," replied Stacy's dad absentmindedly as he pulled into the parking lot. The embers of a young budding argument lit up in the background. Stacy, the living embodiment of the saying "ignorance is bliss" wrote on her social media page, "Stuck at grandma's for a week... #PrayForStacy."

They pulled into the driveway of a house. "We are here, isn't. That. Nice. Dear?" Stacy's mom said in a condescending tone and the match between mom and dad continues.

Stacy grabbed her stuff and stepped out of the car. What laid in front of her was a prehistory looking house. A house set so far back in the past that it seemed like it was immune to technological advances over the years.

"Sigh... It's worse than I remembered," said Stacy as she dropped her head in disappointment.

"...alright Stacy?" said Stacy's mom.

"Huh... oh. Yeah, yeah, one whooooole week. Joy... Have fun during your honeymoon too," Stacy replied as she walked towards the door.

Stacy stood in front of the door and stared at the ornate brass door knocker attached. She slowly raised her hand up towards it and rang the doorbell instead.

The door creaked open revealing an elderly lady dressed in a gown at the doorway. Her silver hair curled down the sides of her head draping down her shoulders. "There's the baby girl."

"I'm already 19 grandma" replied Stacy.

"And I'm fucking old, so unless you become older than me, you are my cute little grandbaby. Now, common in."

As Stacy walked in, she thought, *if this house was a book, you can judge it by its cover* as she gazed upon the knick knacks and other random miscellaneous items scattered around. Grandma Margaret always had a habit of collecting random items.

The one thing that she always had on her was a picture of grandpa George in her breast pocket at all times.

"Hey grandma? grandbaby needs a room to revel in her boredom, where should she go?" Stacy asked her grandma.

"Up the stairs, first room on your left."

As Stacy climbed up the stairs to her room, the floor creaked with every step. Once she was finally in her room, she placed her stuff on the ground and plopped onto the bed.

With her face buried in the mattress she sighed and said, "looks like this is my prison for the next week."

Right at that moment, grandma said "Oh by the way sweetie, there's no wifi upstairs." This was followed by the loudest muffled "UUUGH" that echoed throughout the house.

Stacy forced her lifeless body away from the mattress and down the stairs where the mystical life force for teenage girls reside. Her eyes, glued to the corner of her screen searching high, searching low. Pacing around, frantically.

"Grandma, I'm not getting any bars down here either!" said Stacy in distress as though she was about to die if she doesn't get her daily dose of crystal wifi.

"Oh right, by the way sweetie, there's no wifi downstairs either." Grandma Margaret chuckled. Stacy stood with her eyes wide open like windows to a person's soul except, no one was home.

Grandma Margaret then said "Why not join me in knitting? It will help pass the time"

"I can't knit" replied Stacy's hollow shell of a body. "Well, how about we chat while I knit this robe."

"Then what's with all the random stuff grandma?"

"Memories my dear. I let the happy memories stay and bury things to make the sad ones go away." Grandma Margaret then pointed to a bunch of rattan woven baskets in the corner. Margaret's mum used to cane her while growing up. As a result, she bought a bunch of canes and wove them into baskets as her way of getting revenge.

There was a picture frame that contained a few failing test report cards that hung on the wall. "Your mum's failing grades, never let her live it down," said Grandma Margaret. "Still don't."

"Oh!, and there are some memories in the form of scars on my body, like the time when I gave birth to your mum..."

"I don't need to hear this!" Stacy shouted plugging her ears as she repeatedly chanted "la" to drown out the conversation.

Grandma Margaret then added, "well, not all the scars are physical..." Grandma pulled out the picture from her breast pocket. It was a picture of grandpa George in his police uniform and grandma Margaret in her wedding gown with a bullet sized hole torn through it.

"Some memories still hurt to this day..." said grandma Margaret.

"I'm sorry grandma" replied Stacy

"Well, there's no point brooding over it. I'm all done knitting here." A white robe draped onto the floor.

"By the way Stace, have you heard of the klan?"