

The Jungle

My great grandma babysat me since I was five days old. I remember being a small child and walking with her around her neighborhood. At the time, it felt like a jungle with all the greenery. It was always an adventure roaming through the jungle with her. She would hold my hand to keep me from running off while we shared stories about each other, our family, and sometimes even stories from our imagination.

I remember sitting by her hospital bed with my grandma when I was nineteen years old. A nurse came in, and my grandma introduced me to the nurse, while telling her about my close relationship with my great grandma. It was then that I realized that our bond was not only special, but rare.

Sometimes I like to go back to the jungle, but after all these years, the magic has worn off. I hear the cars honking on the road. The business building nearby diminishes the beauty of the scenery. I no longer have my great grandma to share stories with. As I've grown up since my great grandma's passing, I learned that the magic did not come from the jungle, but rather from my great grandma herself.