Liquid drizzled down the inside of Nan’s chest. It cooled her insides. She was hot from the summer air and felt so miserable that she decided to jog around the block. It was all over so she just raced herself. She could focus on things she needed to get down in the early morning run. A run that took place before life was reborn each day.

It wasn’t too cold outside it was just a little nippy. Nippy Kitty. Like she said to her grand grand. It’s nippy Kitty. And she had no idea what Nan was talking about.

“I don’t like cats,” she would say. And Nan would joke about cats saving people during the holocaust but it got lost in the air. “And everyone is buying one lately,” complained her grand grand.

“No everyone isn’t buying one,” she said while rolling out some dough to make some biscuits. Everyone loved Nan’s buscuits. And they did not taste like cardboard they tasted like soft warm chips. Nan joked around that she would throw burned biscuits at people who insulted her sense of cooking.

But that soon went away. She licked her teeth and gums. “Grand Grand,” she said tasting her teeth again, “Come here,” Grand Grand slumped her teenage self next to Nan.

“What is it nana?” said Grand Grand

“Your my grand child, tell me whats going on with you lately,”

“It’s just school,”

“School…you haven’t been messing around have you,” She pushed her grandaugher “I don’t need