

## CANDY

The cabinet to the left of the sink always has candy in stock. Whether it be the peppermints my grandma pocketed from Pizza Ranch, my grandpa's fruit slices, or the occasional free candy bar from Kiwanis, there is always candy present. Whenever my dad or I step foot into my grandma's house, the first thing we come face to face with is the cabinet to the left of the sink.

"Get your hands out of there!" My grandma tells us, as we beeline toward the sweets.

But it's routine. We have to see what candy is in stock. It's not like we are pillaging the entire cabinet. The second and third shelves are only home to Shake'n'Bake, instant potatoes, and Jello. We just want a quick bite of candy.

"That's why Dad is so fat," Grandma says—dad meaning grandpa, "always in his fruit slices. Look at you Shannon, you have the same gut."

My grandma goes over, pats my gut-having dad on the shoulder, and takes some of her black licorice. She just nags because she cares, but we all take from the cabinet. Herself included.

It's normal. Everything at my grandma's house is normal. My grandma always has her book on her lap. Her glasses are probably on the shelf in the bathroom. My grandpa reclined in the living room basketball, baseball, football or track on the TV. The cats are outside hanging out on the mat except for Anna because she hates her fellow felines. Solas is probably on the roof surveying because he thinks he's the leader of the cats...in reality it is Goose, his brother. The house creaks on the ramp in the kitchen. There's a huge red jug on the counter with the best ice water in the world readily available. The drawer by the sink is filled with zip-lock baggies Grandma washes with the dishes and reuses. The bedroom doors remain shut at all times because my grandma thinks it saves her money on heating. The bathroom night light waits to be turned on at dusk. The candy is in the cabinet to the left of the sink.

My grandma does the dishes the minute a meal is finished and I do the drying. My grandpa goes outside to do one more check of the cows. My grandma waters her tomatoes right before the sun goes down. The cats disappear back into the barns for their night's sleep. My dad tells my grandparents they need to stop working cows. Grandma says she'll move into town one day. She never will; she hates people too much. My dad tells them maybe they should switch to goats, they're easier. My grandma ignores him to spy on her neighbor and her son, who probably steals their corn. My dad and I load up into his car and head the four miles back into town.

Tomorrow, the candy will still be in the cabinet to the left of the sink.