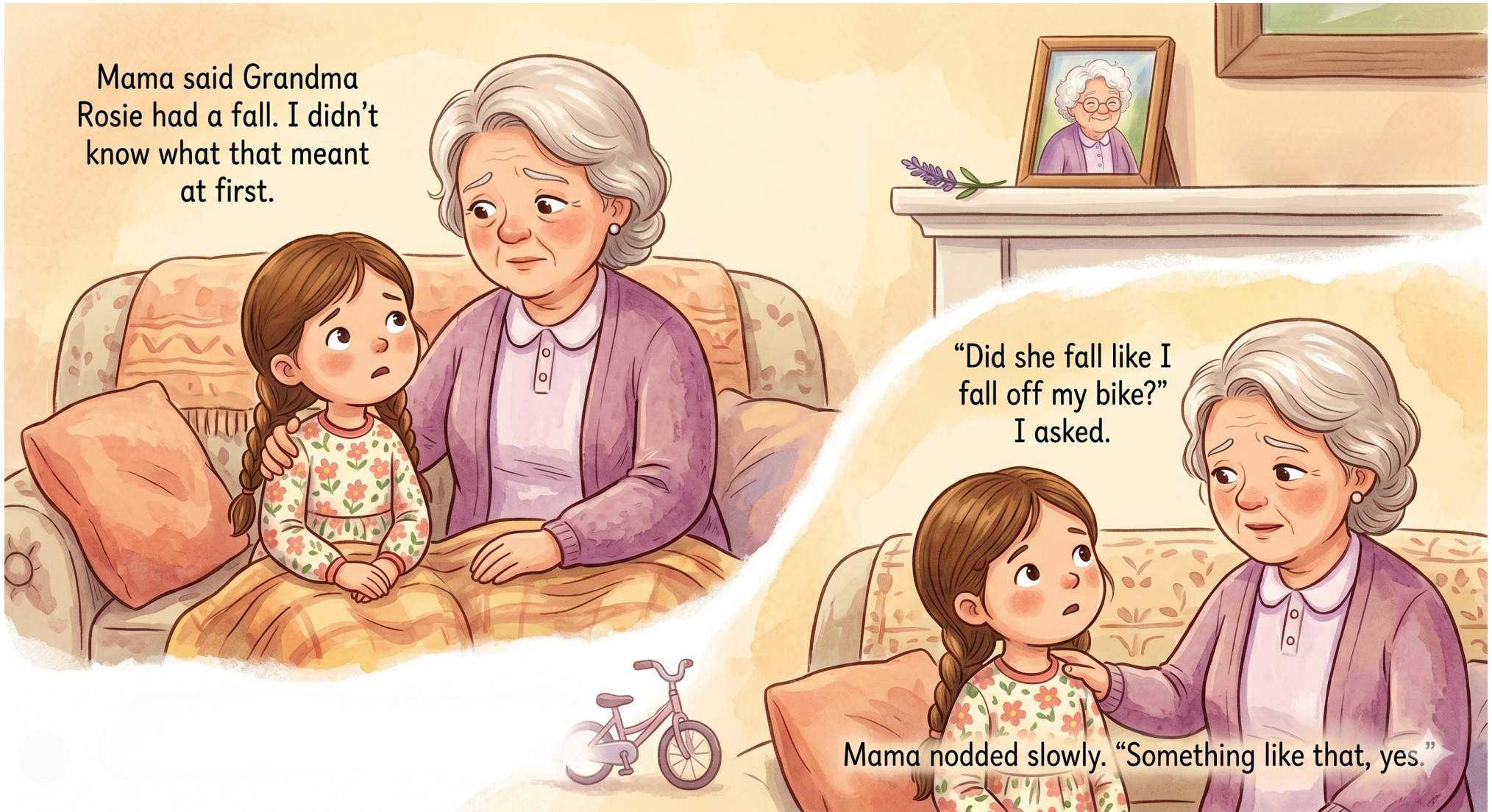




Mama said Grandma Rosie had a fall. I didn't know what that meant at first.

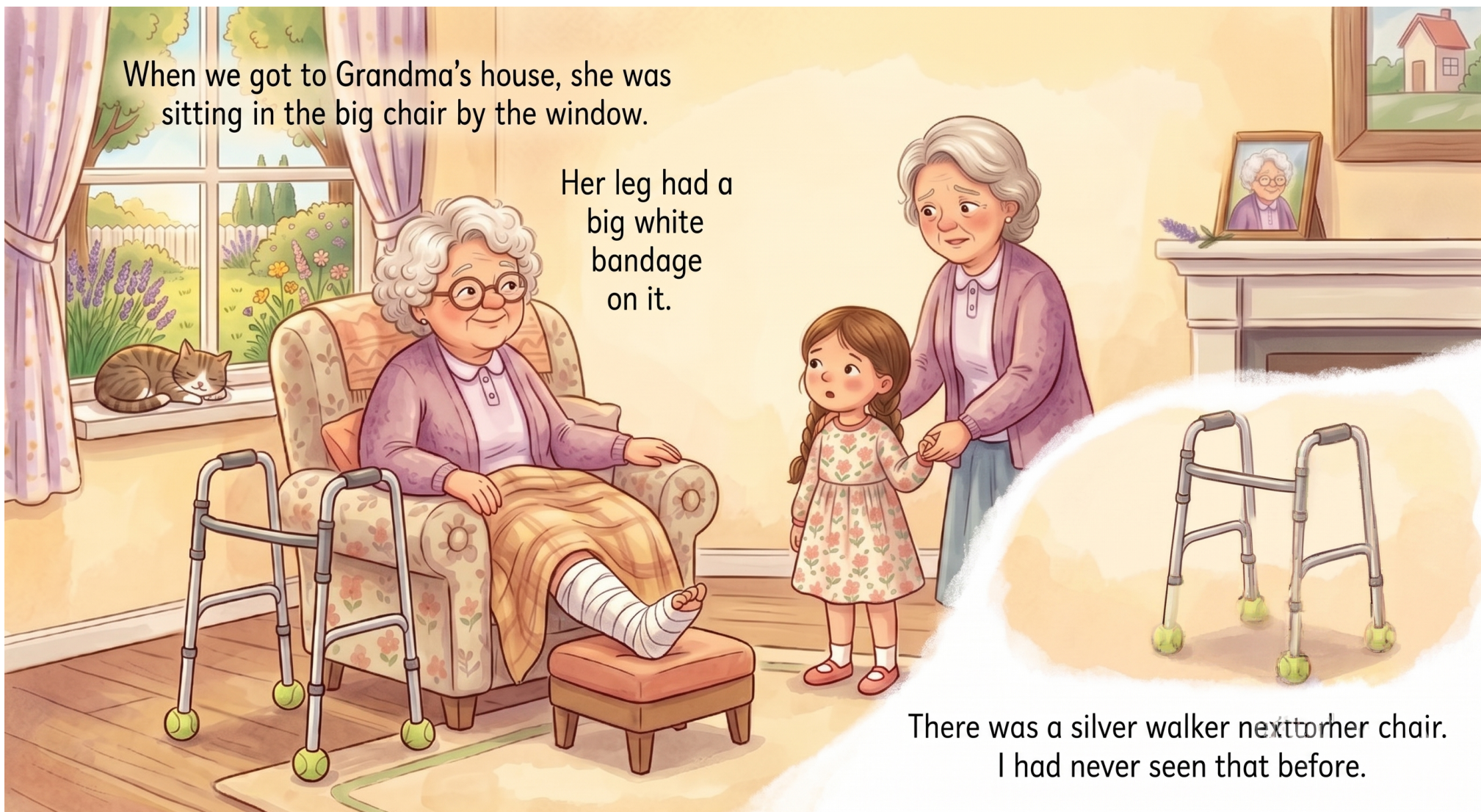
"Did she fall like I fall off my bike?" I asked.

Mama nodded slowly. "Something like that, yes."



When we got to Grandma's house, she was sitting in the big chair by the window.

Her leg had a big white bandage on it.



There was a silver walker next to her chair.
I had never seen that before.

I stopped at the door.



My tummy felt funny.
Like butterflies, but not the good kind.

Grandma Rosie looked different.

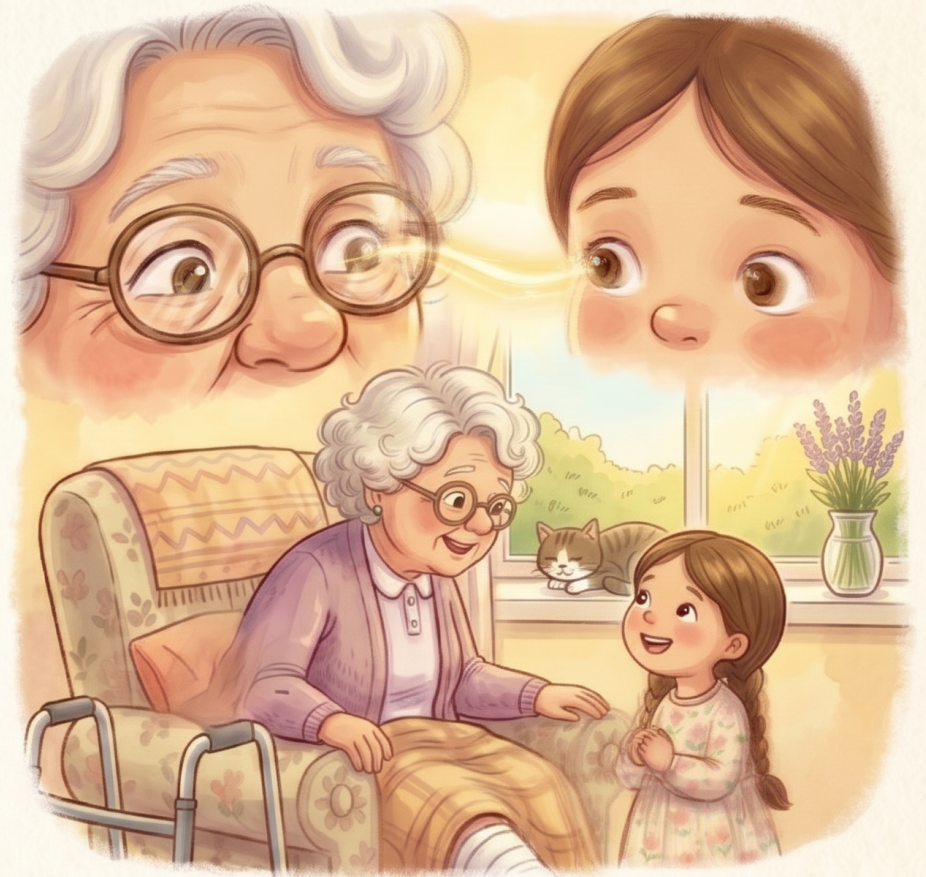


Was she okay?
Was she still Grandma?

Then Grandma Rosie looked up.
And she smiled her same big smile.



"There's my favorite person!" she said.



Her voice was the same.
Her eyes were the same. It was still Grandma.

I walked over slowly and gave
her a very, very gentle hug.



"Does it hurt?" I whispered.

"A little," she said. "But hugs help a lot."



I looked at the silver walker.
"What's that for?"



"That's my helper," Grandma said.
"It helps me walk while my leg gets better.
Kind of like training wheels on a bike."



I thought about that. Oh. That made sense. ✨

"Grandma, why did you fall down?"



She patted my hand. "Sometimes when people get older, their legs get a little wobbly. It just happens sometimes. It wasn't anybody's fault."

"Not even yours?" I asked.



"Not even mine," she said, and laughed her same loud laugh.

"Is it going to get better?" I asked.



"Yes," she said. "The doctor is helping me.
And I do exercises every day to get stronger."

"Like stretches?"



"Exactly like stretches.
Want to see?"

She showed me how she lifted her
foot up and down, very slowly.



I tried it too, sitting next to her.



We did five together.
"Now you're doing exercises," she laughed. ✨

"Will you always need that walker?" I asked.



"Maybe not forever. We'll see what the doctor says. But even if I do... I can still do lots of things."



"Like make cookies?" I asked hopefully.
"Especially cookies," she said. "I'll sit right here and you can stir."

That day was a little different from usual.
We didn't go in the garden.
We didn't dance in the kitchen.



But we made cookies. And we read two books.
And I told Grandma about my loose tooth.

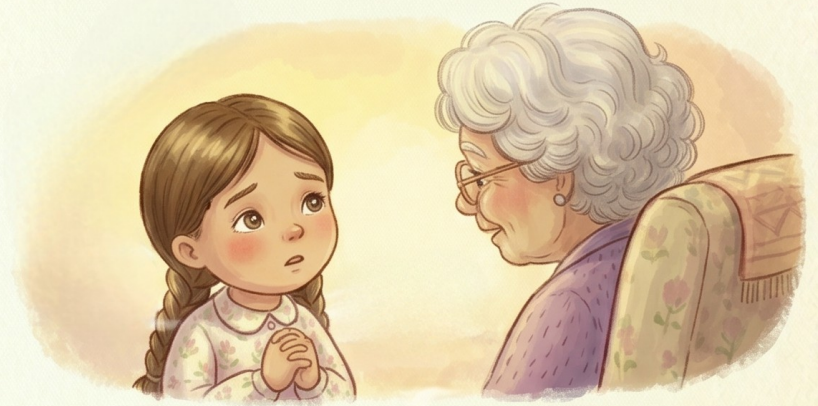


She still listened the same way
she always did. With her whole face.

When it was time to go, I hugged her again.
Very gently. Like hugging a baby bird.



"Will you be okay?" I asked.



"I will," she said. "Especially
now that I know you'll visit."

In the car, Mama asked how I felt.



"I was scared at first," I said.
"But then I wasn't."

"What changed?" Mama asked.



"She smiled at me.
And she was still just... Grandma."

Sometimes people we love get hurt.
Sometimes they need helpers –
like walkers, or bandages, or doctors.



But the part of them that loves you?



That part doesn't fall.
That part stays just the same.