

Whose Granny Was She?

Who really knew the truth? Whose Granny was she? The children were fascinated by the old lady the townsfolk fondly called “Granny Lucas”.

The smaller children loved to climb onto her bony lap and study the rivers and chasms of her weather- worn face as she talked of bygone days.

Arthritic fingers toyed with her tattered shawl like a spider defending its web. An unlit clay pipe dangled from her thin lips – its bowl an extinct volcano.

All the while her rocking chair counted the passing of time. Time which for this jewel of the earth was fast running out.