

# Getting Grammie Lost

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The family campground was full. Trailers, tents, motor homes crowded every corner. Children rode their bicycles up and down the busy street. Dads washed their cars and Moms walked their dogs. Even Grammies and Grandpas got into all the actions and kept up to the young people.

Zoey, Holly and Connor loved camping. They were especially fond of barbecuing, having a fire in the pit, eating treats like pumpnickel bread with spinach dip. Even the dog, Ben, liked the extra attention when he got the bones from the BBQ meat.

One afternoon, Zoey, Holly and Connor decided they wanted to go swimming.

“Maybe Grammie will take us,” Connor said.

“That’s a long time for her to sit,” Holly said, “and it’s pretty noisy in there.”

“Oh, she won’t mind,” Zoey said. “She can take her Ipod and listen to her stories. Let’s ask her.”

The three of them skipped up to Grammie's and Grandpa’s motor home to ask her if she’d take them to the pool.

“Will you, Grammie?” Connor said. “Will you? Will you take us swimming? We can’t go without an adult.”

“I don’t know,” Grammie said. “It’s a long way to walk.”



The kids laughed and Connor said, “We don’t have to walk, Grammie. You can take Dad’s truck.”

Grammie frowned and said, “That big truck?” She remembered the shiny red SUV with its sparkling chrome wheel rims and gleaming glass windows. She shook her head as she thought about how it sounded on the street. “It’s so noisy everybody will hear us coming.”

“No they won’t,” Holly said. “You can drive it. Come on.”

Grammie thought about it for a few seconds. “But I don’t know the way. This is an awful big campground and all the streets look the same with trailers, tents and motor homes.

“We’ll help you,” Zoey said. “We know the way real good. We’ve been down to the pool lots of times.”

Grammie thought about it. “Okay, then,” she said. “I’ll take you.”

An hour later, all the kids piled into the SUV. Grammie stepped up to the running board and shifted her hip up and over onto the high seat. She looked about the inside of the vehicle. “This is so big.”

“Do you think I can drive this truck?” she asked the kids.

“Sure you can,” Connor said. “Let’s go.”

Grammie backed out onto the narrow street and kept looking into her rear view mirrors to be sure she wasn’t driving on their neighbour’s grass.

“Turn right,” the kid’s voices chimed.

“Turn left,” Connor said.



“There’s a stop sign!” Holly called out from the back seat.

“Go ahead,” Zoey shouted. “Nobody’s coming.”

They went up one street, and they went down another street.

They went around the curve and up a hill.

They went around a bend and passed the playground.

They went across a boulevard and passed the showers and Laundromat.

Finally, in what seemed like an hour—but really wasn’t, they arrived at the swimming pool without any problem.

Grammie sighed. “I’m so glad we’re here. I just hope we can find our way home.”

The kids nudged each other and giggled. Grammie looked at them.

“Don’t you be playing tricks on me,” she said.

After the children swam for an hour, Grammie said, “It’s time to go home, guys. It’ll soon be supper time.”

Everybody climbed out of the water, towelled themselves dry and put on their sandals. Soon they were all in the SUV, doors locked and seat belts on.

Grammie drove out on to the main street and looked both ways. “Okay, you’ll have to tell me which way to turn so we don’t get lost.” The kids nudged each other and giggled. Grammie looked at them and frowned.

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“Turn left,” Connor said.



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They went across a boulevard and passed the showers and Laundromat - again.

Suddenly the streets looked very different. Grammie hadn’t seen that flower bed before, nor had she seen that motor home or that trailer.

Everything was strange. She was always noticing nice motor homes and flower gardens and she hadn’t seen any of these before.

“I think we’re lost, kids,” she said.

“No, No,” Connor said, “we’re not lost. Just keeping going.”

The children roared in laughter, stamping their feet on the truck floorboard and jumping up and down on the leather seats.

All at once, the road became a dirt trail.

“This isn’t our street. Where are we, kids?” Grammie looked sternly at them. “Come now, this isn’t funny.”

“Just keep going,” Connor said, “a little more.”

“No, I’m not going to drive into there,” Grammie said. “Why it’s the dump – the garbage dump.”

“That’s alright,” Holly said. “You can drive in this way and out the other side. We do it all the time on our bicycles.”



“Now, why would I want to do that?” Grammie said. “I’m going to turn this truck around.” She looked out all the windows, in her rear view mirror and across the path in front of them. Then she looked at the children. “There’s nowhere to turn.”

“Sure there is, Grammie,” Connor said. “Just try a Uie. You know, ‘turn it on a dime’, as Dad says.”

She looked around and saw trees and bushes and shrubs. She looked behind and saw the narrow dirt lane. She looked ahead and—

“Look at those marks in the sand.” She put her hands on the steering wheel pulling her body up in height to see over the truck’s hood. “Those are bear tracks.”

“They couldn’t be,” Connor said. “We don’t have bears up here.”

“Well, they look like bear tracks to me,” Grammie said. “Besides, I’ve heard of bears up here.”

“Oh, look,” Zoey said, pointing over to a side hill. “What’s that? Over there in the bush.”

Everybody looked. The children moved in closer to one another as they huddled on the truck seat.

A huge brown, fuzzy ball of fur with a little tail at the bottom sat between the bushes.

“It’s the bear,” hollered Zoey

“It’s a real bear,” yelled Holly.



“Naw, it’s no bear,” Connor said as if he knew exactly what it was. And then he turned to Grammie. “Come on Grammie. Can’t you get this truck out of here?”

Grammie ground the SUV into reverse gear and pushed the gas pedal down—the truck began to roar, spin its tires . . . and then quieted to a few put-puts . . . and then nothing . . . it stopped.

The children looked at one another and then at Grammie.

“What happened?” Zoey asked.

“It’s stalled.” Grammie said. “I’ll try it again.”

“Don’t worry. There’s really nothing in the bushes,” Connor said to Zoey and Holly. “We don’t have to be afraid.” And then Connor looked at Grammie with an anxious look. “Can’t you get this thing to start?”

She turned the key again and the truck jolted to a roar. Grammie slammed it into reverse and began to fly backward . . . more and more and more—until the back of the truck buried itself into the sand hill behind them.

They looked through the big window of the truck and only saw a dirt wall. And then they turned to the bushes in front of them to see if the bear was still there.

They couldn’t see the brown, fuzzy ball of fur with a tail at the bottom.

Grammie put the truck into gear. She went back and forth a little at a time and finally managed to turn it around to face the park street. She slowly drove away from the sand hill.



Heaving a sigh of relief, she said, “Okay, kids, let’s leave the bear in peace. Now, how do we get home?” Grammie looked at each of the children. “No more fooling. We want to stay safe and I need to get you all home on time, or your parents will worry.

All at once, the children were happy again.

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“Turn left,” Connor said.

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Laundromat . . . again.

“Now promise me that you’re not fooling me this time,” Grammie said.

The children sang out, “We promise—we promise.”

“I guess I learned my lessons. I’m not going to take you back to the pool until I know my way there . . . and back.

“We won’t fool you anymore Grammie, but it was fun,” Connor said.

“Wasn’t it fun?”

“Yes, it was fun and nobody was hurt. But it’s not nice to tease,”  
Grammie said. “Next time, I’m going to bring my map and be better



prepared. You kids probably know a dozen ways to get to the swimming pool, but you have to remember this was my first time.”

“I’m glad you thought it was fun too, Grammie,” Connor said. “You can trust us, you know that.”

“I did have fun, Connor, and I do trust you but next time besides the map, maybe I’ll just bring the GPS and the walkie-talkie as well as my cell phone to call your dad for better directions, just in case you get lost again.

Everybody laughed. It was a fun afternoon and Grammie enjoyed the grandchildren so much.

When she drove into the camp lot, the kids all started to talk at once.

“Dad’s got the fire going,” Connor said.

“And I smell the BBQ,” Zoey said.

“And Ben is wagging his tail,” Holly said, “so he must be glad we made it home in time for supper,”

As they walked onto the deck, Grammie said, “Everybody’s here and accounted for – safe and sound . . . and on time.” And she plopped down on a lawn chair and smiled.

“Even if we did get Grammie lost,” Connor said. “We knew the way home and now she does too.”

Teasing is not funny when someone is left out of the joke. This is what the grandchildren learned when they tried to get Grammie lost . . . and they succeeded. But, the fun got serious when Grammie brought forth her own plan for getting to the pool and back.





Part of the “Come to the Farm”



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