

Meri Catches a Glimpse of the Real Grams

“Grams,” I faltered. “May I ask you something?”

She studied me with interest. “You want to know more, do you?” She stopped to consider her response carefully. “You’re welcome to ask anything you like, but I can’t guarantee I’ll answer it.”

I balked. “Why wouldn’t you answer it? Do you have something to hide?”

“Not at all.” She paused a moment to reflect. “I just may not want you to know about certain elements of my life.”

Here goes nothing. “You said before you had plenty of stories...” I hesitated. “Why haven’t you told me any of them?”

She sighed deeply. “Why can’t I ever keep my mouth shut?”

“Come on, Grams.” I crossed my arms. “You’re such an enigma. You’re so prim and proper, especially when it comes to my ‘virtue,’” I fashioned exaggerated air quotes with my fingers, “but you definitely have a raunchy side. What gives?” I decided not to mention her legendary ogling of Morgan. The mention of his name, and subsequent discussion of his gorgeous body, would be too much for either of us to bear.

She glowered at me momentarily. “Before your mother died, she made me promise I would raise you as she would have.” Her eyes began to water once more. “I *had* to give her what she wanted. She was going to miss out on so much already.” The last few words came out as a whisper.

I scooted my chair next to hers so I could wrap my arms around her. “I love you so much, Grams. I want you to know how grateful I am for everything you’ve done.”

Her tears prevented her from giving me more than a squeeze of my hand in response.

“You gave up everything for me,” I breathed. “You could’ve had a life of your own. You could’ve had *fun*. You could’ve ridden off into the sunset with Luigi.”

“Be serious,” she grouched.

Getting her to admit her true feelings for Luigi might have been a little much for her to handle following our life-altering discussion. I would have to save my campaign for another day.

“Please, just be who you *really* are, Grams.” My lips twitched. “Stop masking your true identity. I already know you’re a superhero.”

She dried her tears with the edge of her sleeve. “You really want to know who I am?”

“Yes!” I exclaimed.

“Fine,” she grumbled. “What’s the difference between a clitoris and a golf ball?”

The nausea I had finally banished was threatening to return. “I have no idea.”

She beamed. “A man will spend fifteen minutes searching for a golf ball.”

I blushed profusely. “Grams!”

She leaned back in her chair and chuckled. “You asked for it, Meri. This is who I am: a woman who enjoys a bawdy joke.”

“Uh, Grams?” I said in a small voice.

“Yes, my darling?”

My face still felt flaming red. “Perhaps you could ease me into it?”

She smirked. “Sure thing, Meri.”