



Grandma's Mitch

atieno omondi



The morning sun slowly rises over the vast, arid African plains, painting the dry earth in warm shades of orange and gold. Inside their small, humble home, young Mitch tightly holds her grandmother's hand, feeling the deep warmth and safety that always surrounds her.



Today is Mitch's first day of school, and her grandmother carefully helps her into a crisp, clean uniform. As all her grandmother has left in this world, Mitch watches with adoration as the older woman readies herself, adjusting her favorite old dress with absolute grace.



Stepping outside into the bright daylight, the grandmother balances carefully, leaning on a sturdy wooden cane carved from a local tree. Her shoes are worn and torn at the edges, showing the long, hard miles they have traveled over the years, yet she stands tall and proud.



To the rest of the world, the grandmother's dress is faded from years of washing and patching. But through Mitch's loving eyes, the colorful patterns look like a royal gown spun from the finest golden threads, unmatched by anything else in the village.



Together, they begin their slow journey down the dusty, winding dirt path that leads toward the distant schoolhouse. Every step is deliberate, marked by the rhythmic thud of the wooden cane pressing into the dry, cracked earth.



As they walk, a gentle breeze sweeps across the dry savanna, swirling the amber dust around their ankles and making the grandmother's long dress flutter like wings. Mitch walks proudly by her side, holding her head high, completely unbothered by the harsh heat.



Other children and villagers pass them by on the road, some glancing at the grandmother's tattered shoes and simple cane. Mitch notices them but smiles even wider, squeezing her grandmother's hand to show that she is walking with the most magnificent queen in the world.



The grandmother looks down at Mitch, her face crinkling into a beautiful, deeply lined smile that radiates pure love and pride. She whispers words of encouragement, telling Mitch that education is a treasure that will unlock the entire world for her.



At last, the lively sounds of the schoolyard echo in the distance, and the bright blue school building comes into view. Mitch pauses at the gate, turning back to look at her grandmother, whose tired eyes are shining with tears of absolute joy.



With a final, loving embrace, Mitch wave goodbye and steps into her classroom, her heart full of courage and determination. Looking out the window, she watches her grandmother slowly walk back down the path, the proudest and most beautiful figure against the vast African sky.