Telling Stories

When Papa came home from work, he found Grace in the backyard. He sat beside her under the big old jackfruit tree. “This is where my grandma used to tell me stories when I was a little boy,” he said.

“Nana tells me stories too,” said Grace.

“Did she ever tell you the one about how your ma and I came to split up?” asked Papa.

“I know that one,” said Grace, “but I don’t want to hear it right now,” and she covered her ears.

Papa hugged her. “Would you like the one about the papa who loved his little girl so much, he saved up all his money to bring her to visit him?”

“Yes, I’d like that one,” said Grace.

“Okay. But if I tell you that story, will you promise to try to be nice to Jatou? You’re both very important to me,” said Papa.

Grace thought about it. “I’ll try,” she said.

The next day they went to the market. It was much more exciting than shopping at home.