

Grannyng for Beginners



“Sausages?”

“No sausages.”

“Noodles?”

“No noodles.”

Azure eyes widen, bottom lip juts. “Nanny Nina has noodles AND sausages.”

I see her dad Jason at three – same eyes; no pink dress, just a red and blue Spiderman costume. I washed it so often the threads became web-like. Should’ve stocked up... why have I forgotten everything?

“Ham sandwich?”

“Have you got red sauce, Nanny Becca?”

I swoop her up, get a mouthful of blonde curls and strawberry shampoo.

“Don’t carry me, I’ll ride my unicorn.”

Kangaroo hops to the kitchen – thought they’d be a smoother ride, unicorns and grandkids. Dismounts, then ties her reins to the cutlery drawer knob. Skips to the worktop, her hair frizzles and flounces in a crown of unicorn static.

“Can you cut it into sunflowers like Nanny Nina?”

I carve crusts, shape five pointy petals, then plonk it on a yellow plate.

“Is it a star Nanny Becca?”

Ketchup plops scarlet on white tiles. She points her toe, smears semicircles; red rainbows for her, more black marks for me. Her blood-soaked-bandage socks won’t make it home.

“Are they ruined Nanny Becca?”

“No, just need a wash.”

I bought two multi packs just in case, there... hidden in the wardrobe depths; lilac shell toes and laughing mermaids.

“Nanny Nina has no mermaids, just sausages... I love you Nanny Becca.”

I remember the sticky-out bone on my wrist. Jason used to press it to shoot out spider webs. I got this. I tap it once. Nanny Nina is swathed in a snarl of spider silk, her designer worktops an abattoir of pork products.

I start a sea shanty, take little hands in mine and glide across the ocean floor. The pink and white unicorn and me share a wink, the way mythical creatures and superheroes often do.

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