

~~My Nana is not a teacher or a poet. She is not
wise at history Nor is she a mathematician, I never
realise it but boy do I get~~

I don't realise all the ways my nana teaches
me. I just spend time with her. If someone asks
what my nana has taught me I could name
Things tops: How to plant seeds, How to water a garden, How
to use a blender, and How to cut onions without
making you cry. While other ~~children~~ grandmas teach
grandchildren how to knit or play tennis, even Fishing.
But nana is more than a little education. She's
pots and pans, The smell of pie. She's medicine
Band-aids. She is a garden waiting for me to dig
her knowledge with my small red shovel, waiting calmly.
Voice is sweet as devil's food cake. Her soil can
as bitter as the horse radish on ~~Pas~~^Pover but with
will, it can turn as soft as a bunny's fur. My Nana is
then an education, She's my nana.

Hallie's notebook entry, "My Nana."