

Writing in the Rainforest

Lesson One

Plan Your Story – Story Mapping

From "Heating & Cooling: 52 Micro-Memoirs" by Beth Ann Fennelly, page 40 (c) 2017

SMALL FRY

I didn't have a grandpa, so I studied my friend Lara's. He dozed before the TV in his wool cardigan. He walked without lifting his feet from the floor. Sometimes in the afternoon he shuffled to the hall closet, ducked inside for a moment, then shuffled back to the couch. Lara's eyes didn't swerve from *Mighty Mouse*, but I had to know what Gramps was doing in that closet, I had to. The next time he *shhhed* open the door, I snuck up behind him. He whirled around, wild-eyed, but when he saw it was me, only me, he smiled. He allowed me to witness him easing from a coat pocket a palm-sized white paper bag, McDonald's. He noiselessly uncrimped the top, spread its mouth with his thumb and index finger, reached in and pinched out a single fry. I understood that he was sneaking it. I understood that we must hide things from the mommies and the daddies. He held it out to me, a tiny sword, cold as if pulled from the heart of a stone.