

Bridge of Bliss

Ananya Mukherjee

My grandpa is quite an amusing person. He has only two teeth, his lower canines, which he makes sure he's showing off when he smiles. He has a never-ending stock of riddles and jokes. He keeps me so engrossed in his stories about vampires and goblins. We often spend a lot of time at the bridge over a stream near our house, hearing his childhood tales. He loves gardening and has a vegetable patch in our backyard. He often forgets his belongings, especially his glasses, and keeps looking for them everywhere. At times, he even forgets what he is looking for!

Lately, he has started to think that he is living with two strangers at home - my parents! He asks me not to talk to them and is suspicious about their activities. I have started wondering why he thinks so. This morning, I heard Grandpa was missing. He had gone out before dawn and had not returned yet. My parents were very worried as they could not find him anywhere in the neighbourhood. I knew at once where I would find him. On our way, my mother explained that my grandpa was suffering from Alzheimer's disease due to which he had started forgetting things. She was worried in case he had lost his way home.

Yes, I was right. My grandpa was at the bridge admiring the sun rise. My parents ran towards him and started taking him home. My grandpa looked scared and confused. He did not know who they were and where he was being taken to. His mind was fighting to understand what was going on. His eyes were searching for something familiar, until he saw me. There was a sudden transformation: Grandpa calmed down and started smiling. He asked me peacefully, "Where have you been? I have a riddle for you!"