

Surprise Package in The Mail

by Calista Liu

My grandma lived in a wooden white cottage that had a red roof with a full garden of beautiful and colorful flowers in a small town of Maine. Every summer when I traveled to the East Coast to visit my grandma, I would see a lovely white long hair cat in a basket in the corner of her cozy living room. The cat had blue eyes and her fur was pure white and felt like angora. She resembled fresh snow, which is why Grandma named her Snow White. Snow White was made to perfection. I loved it so much and knew there would be no cat that could compare to Grandma's cat, since she was so well made. In fact, when I first saw Grandma's cat, I thought it was real! My parents even offered to buy me a substitute white cat, but I refused and said, "It's not like Grandma's!"

Whenever I pleaded with Grandma to give me her cat, she emphatically answered "no!" She explained that Snow White was very important to her, because Grandpa had given it to her as a Valentine's gift long ago. Unfortunately, Grandpa passed away a few years ago and Grandma said that when she placed Snow White on her lap, she felt Grandpa was with her and holding her hands. Snow White had been with Grandma all these years and I understood it meant so much to her, so I finally stopped pleading with her.

Since the Summer of 2015, my parents had to work longer hours and we had a hectic schedule, so we didn't visit Grandma the past few summers. We often called her and asked how she was doing and told her that we really missed her, but we didn't have the time to fly to the East Coast to see her. We invited her to come to California to live with us, but she refused, because she enjoyed the quiet and peaceful life style in Maine.

Last August, Uncle George, Grandma's oldest son, called Mom and told us that Grandma had passed away in her sleep. I felt so sad for many weeks, and I was ashamed, because I had not visited Grandma for so long. One day, as usual, I came home from school and noticed a large package sitting on the front porch with my name on it. I wondered what it could be because I didn't order anything. I dragged it inside and opened the package. At first, I noticed and recognized the big basket and couldn't believe my eyes. Inside the box, there was Grandma's cat, Snow White. The cat I had wanted for years was now in my own hands. Attached to the cat's neck was an envelope. I opened it up and read the letter in Grandma's shaky cursive. "Dear Calista, I am very sick. I know you will take diligent care of Snow White, so now she is yours. I hope she will bring you many happy moments and wonderful memories of the time we have spent together. Love, Grandma." I could feel my hands shaking and tears came out of my eyes immediately. I then promised myself that the cat would be a very important part of my life.

It has been a year since my Grandma passed away, and while I still miss Grandma I have recovered. Snow White now occupies a corner of my room and whenever I hold her in my lap, I feel Grandma's presence and her warm arms and hands around me.