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## The Last Time I Saw My Grandmother's House

Elaine Hoffman Wagener

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ILLUSTRATION BY RODNEY CLOUD

## THE LAST TIME I SAW MY GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

*by Elaine Hoffman Wagener*

my aunt Ruth then eighty-eight  
said, "Don't look. Remember  
how it was. I just turn  
my head away." I looked. Saw  
long mourned house. Just a common  
cottage. In my imaginings it  
was bigger sweeter magical  
more like Grimm's. Wrap-a-round  
porch, honeysuckle stalk, giant  
cedars, swinging gate, gingerbreaded  
door— all covered now by bright  
new paint— cedars, fence and gate  
gone, new Hansels had devoured  
the gingerbread and magic.