

**Alexis**  
**3<sup>rd</sup> Place**  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade, Covington School

Before the pandemic, my grandparents would try to come to our house every Sunday. They drove up by noon as my siblings and I rushed out the door to hug them. In one hand, Grandma would have an old Draggers' bag filled with pots, pans, and food while the other was open for hugs. Both of Grandpa's arms were open for hugs.

Grandma would make lunch with Mom. Grandpa would watch golf with us. After eating a nice Sunday lunch, we usually walked Downtown to our favorite place: Baskin Robbins.

"Jamocho for you," I pointed to Grandma.

"Like always," Grandma smiled, taking a sip of cold water.

"And Old-Fashioned Butter Pecan for you," I gestured toward Grandpa.

"Huh? Oh, yea!" Grandpa exclaimed, pumping his fist in the air.

"Did you get that?" I whispered to two teenagers: one carefully inspecting all the flavors behind the chilly glass and one waiting in line to order from Baskin Robbins.

Baskin Robbins was never a fancy place – but it was a place of memory; me dropping my ice cream cone on our way out, my sister spilling ice cream on her shirt, and my brother getting an intense brain-freeze. Every time, our grandparents would relate with stories from their childhood, making us feel less embarrassed and calmer. Feeling the coolness of the store revived our vibrant memories.

"Alexis! Can you tell me?" Lucas called, at the cashier. "Fast! We only come here once a week!"

"Gold Medal Ribbon!" I slipped out, relieved that I was able to pick my flavor on time. Grandpa and Grandma laughed. We all smiled.

Small moments like these in Downtown Los Altos were taken for granted before the pandemic. Now that I can't see my grandparents as much as before, I've savored every memory I have with them.