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When Did The Tooth Fairy Die?

When I was four years old, Grandpa always cut off the crust of the bread before I ate my peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

When I was seven years old, Grandpa took me to the circus and bought me cotton candy. He didn't care when I got the sticky stuff all over my face and dress.

When I was nine years old, Grandpa took me out on my birthday for a chocolate ice cream cone with rainbow sprinkles on top.

I didn't know he had high blood pressure. And neither did he.

He made me laugh. He made me feel so good deep down inside.

At age eleven I returned home from school to find Grandpa had been taken to the hospital with a stroke.

I cut the crust off his bread, got him cotton candy and an ice cream cone so he would feel better.

I went with Mommy to see him. She was stopped at the nurses' station. They wanted to talk to her.

I broke away and ran down the hall to his room. His bed was empty. Grandpa had died. No one told me.

Grandpa never got to eat the peanut butter and jelly sandwich with the crust cut off.

Maybe if he had, things would have turned out differently.