

Nipigon - PLC - Junior Intermediate

"Zach? The door, please?" she called through      whiskers. Didn't Grams tell me once how

the screen. "I emptied an old recipe box so      much Gram hated it when he didn't have?

we can start *our* Memory Box," she said,  
handing me a treasure chest a pirate would  
love. "Now I'll leave my men alone."

It was Gramps's job to add photos and  
souvenirs to the Memory Box. He found a  
picture of ~~my~~ ~~him~~ ~~him~~

Gram moved the fastest I'd ever seen.  
She sat on the ground beside Gramps while  
I ran back for his slippers. We helped him

things about this past year—Gramps  
forgetting to shave, his talking to me like we  
were kids again, his getting lost on trails he'd

THE MEMORY BOX

b

RY BOX.

**STUDENT ASSESSMENT**



