The Key

 I held the hose steadily as I watered the vivid plants. But then my eyes caught a crystalline object shining in the crispy morning air, that struck unusual. I kneeled with caution as I pushed the elegant lilies out of my sight. I uncovered a complex gold carved key

 I picked I up with awe. I quickly scanned the garden to look for anything unusual when I realized the garden shed. No one has been able to open it since Grandma passed last month. “This has to be it,” I murmured with curiosity. I put the key and the unexpected happened. I was visualizing seeing garden tools like it had been But instead ghosts stood in front of me. Not any ghosts though. It was my elders’ ghosts.

I stood silently with admiration until I snapped out. They waved and grinned. I kept trying to hug them. But instead, I walked through them. Sadness erupted inside my body. Slow tears rolled down my pink cheeks. Then I figured the door was gone. I walked around the room trembling looking for the door.

Then I came across a ladder pointing straight up. I looked up hopelessly. Then I noticed a vent door. “That’s why grandma was always on the roof,” I sighed as I shook my head. I climbed up the ladder slowly and punched the vent door open. Quickly green hills came in the view. I slowly sat down and grasped the key tightly/

“That’s why grandma loved the shed so much.”