

## Dirt Bike Dilemma

YaYa's old yellow car bounced down the road to the grocery store. Andrew and Mikey called it the banana car. Andrew normally groaned when he had to help his Great-Grandma with her shopping trip. YaYa was a million years old, but she was strong and he suspected she liked the company more than needed the help. But today, even this boring task couldn't kill his good mood. His mind raced with excitement.

Mikey leaned over in the back seat. "Hey! Is Dad taking you to get it tonight? How much do you have anyways?"

Andrew grinned at his kid brother and pulled out a thick stack of bills. "One hundred and eighty-seven bucks!" he said. "Dirt bike heaven, here I come!" It had taken him forever to save that much, mowing and mowing every single yard for three blocks. He was the only kid around who permanently smelled like grass, but soon it would all pay off. Of course, eighty-seven bucks wasn't enough to buy a new bike, but it was enough for a decent used one. His older cousin Christos had already promised to help fix it up.

Mikey made a playful grab for the money, but Andrew shoved him back with his grass-stained sneaker, kicking into YaYa's seat. She frowned into the rear-view mirror.

"You two, quit the ruckus!" she scolded. "When I die you can fight all you want, but for now, be sweet for your YaYa."

The boys nodded, but smiled. As long as Andrew could remember YaYa had been saying, “When I die” fill in the blank. Lately it was, “When I die you can you can go mow grass, but now come and read to your YaYa.” He had once heard Mom say to Dad, “Just for spite she’ll probably outlive us all.”

Andrew could feel YaYa watching him as he fanned the money out then stacked it. He knew she was frowning. “Why you always need this, need that,” she had said just this morning.

Mikey teased him, leaning over. “Come on, buy me a Choco-Crunchy bar, just this time!” He reached for the cash.

“No way,” Andrew scoffed. “That’s why you don’t have any money. You eat it all.”

“Andreas,” YaYa said, using the Greek form of his name which always meant she had something extra serious to say. “Why do you need money? You have food. You have clothes!”

“Yes, YaYa,” Andrew answered, although he was thinking but I *don’t* have a dirt bike.

Mikey leaned over and whispered, “I *need* a Choco-Crunch bar.”

Ignoring Mikey, Andrew shoved his money back into his pocket.

Pulling into the grocery store lot, YaYa wrestled her boat of a car into a compact parking spot. “And now we shop,” she announced.

Not me, thought Andrew. My money stays right here until tonight. He patted the pocket of his cargo pants with love.

In the store the boys tagged along behind YaYa and tried to goof off just enough to have fun but not enough to make her mad.