**Age Brings You to Your Grave**

**By: Maeve T.**

The moon drifted across the sky, and the trees swayed side to side, making a gentle breeze brush across your face, like a fan set on medium. I was a little girl (about eight or nine) dressed up in a “Jessie” (from Toy Story) costume Trick or Treating with my Mom. We both walked up to an old, white, and worn door.

I knocked on the door with my other hand shaking because my candy was as heavy as a rhino! The door creaked open, showing a wrinkly, sweet looking old lady with small square glasses. And a, younger lady starting to pick up a huge, brown basket, holding small plastic bags with candy inside. “Hello! Oh, I love your costume,” said the younger lady. “Thanks!” I said, very pleased. “This Halloween my Grandmother and I made yummy homemade candy for her last Halloween to give out,” continued the younger lady. The Grandmother waved and said she needed to lie down. “We knew it was going to be her last Halloween. She’s already 101 years old. I wanted to make her last Halloween, one to remember.”

She gave me a small wonderful, sweet bag of candy. I said “Thank you” and my Mom and I walked away.

From that day on, it taught me that I should live my life to the fullest. I shouldn`t whine about for example, I don`t get a phone until I`m 13! I should try to have fun before my time runs out. I hope this story teaches you a lesson!