

# Candlesticks

by Judith

“Now, you know what to do?” Catherine pushed the last Winterfest candle into her grandson’s backpack.

Six-year-old Peter’s impatient sigh was eloquent. “Stay with the group and keep up. Grandpa has already told me a dozen times.”

“Well, this makes a baker’s dozen.” Catherine smiled. “Our thirtieth Winterfest together is important, and so are the candles. Remember, this is your first time out.”

I know, Grandma.” The boy kissed her cheek. “Don’t worry, Grandad Elliot said he will tan my hide if I mess up.” His grin flashed. “But he has to catch me first!”

Laughing, he took off, running.