



# Granny's Wish

Johnny Frisbie

Supporting Pasifika learners  
through dual language texts



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# Granny's Wish

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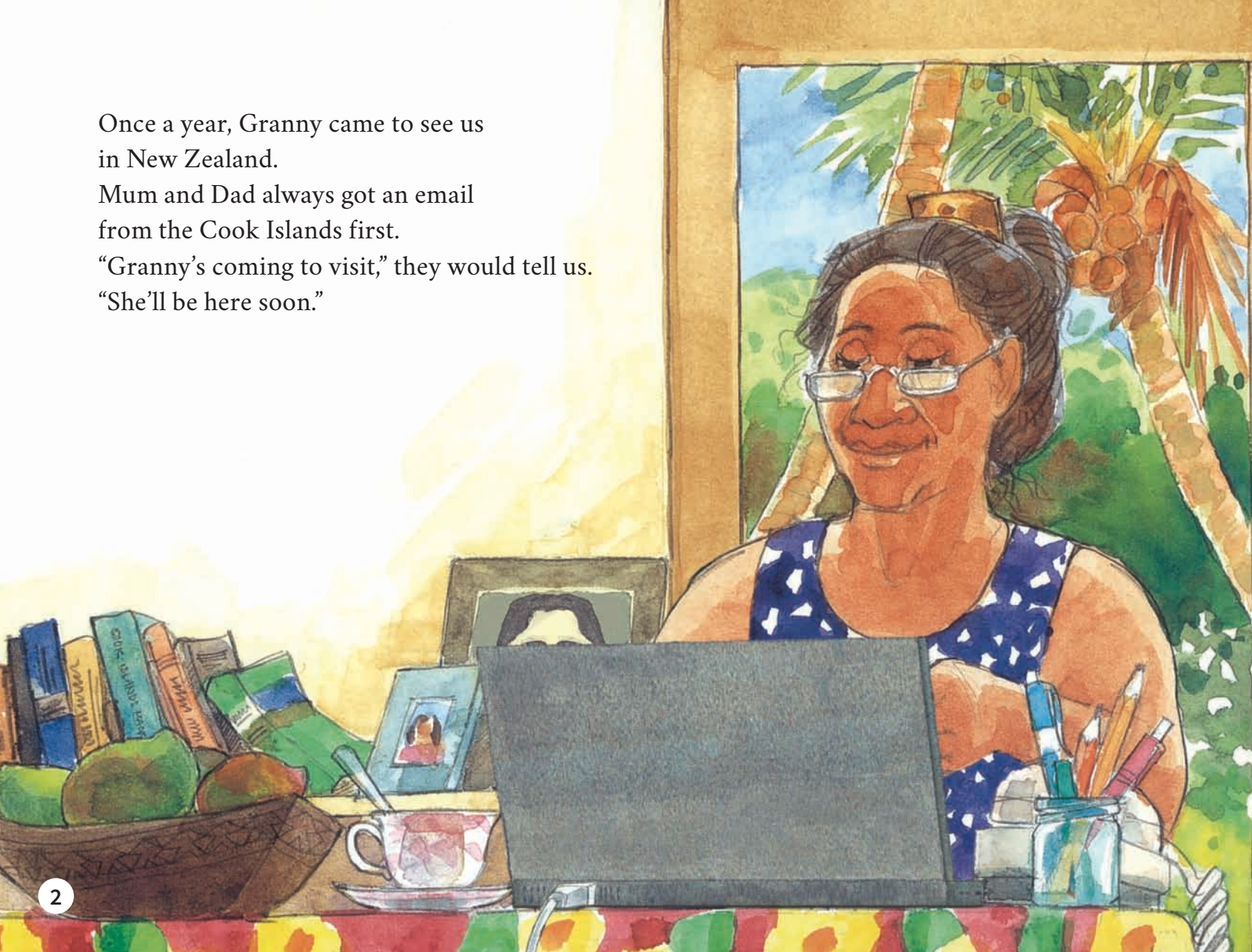
Ministry of Education

Once a year, Granny came to see us  
in New Zealand.

Mum and Dad always got an email  
from the Cook Islands first.

“Granny’s coming to visit,” they would tell us.

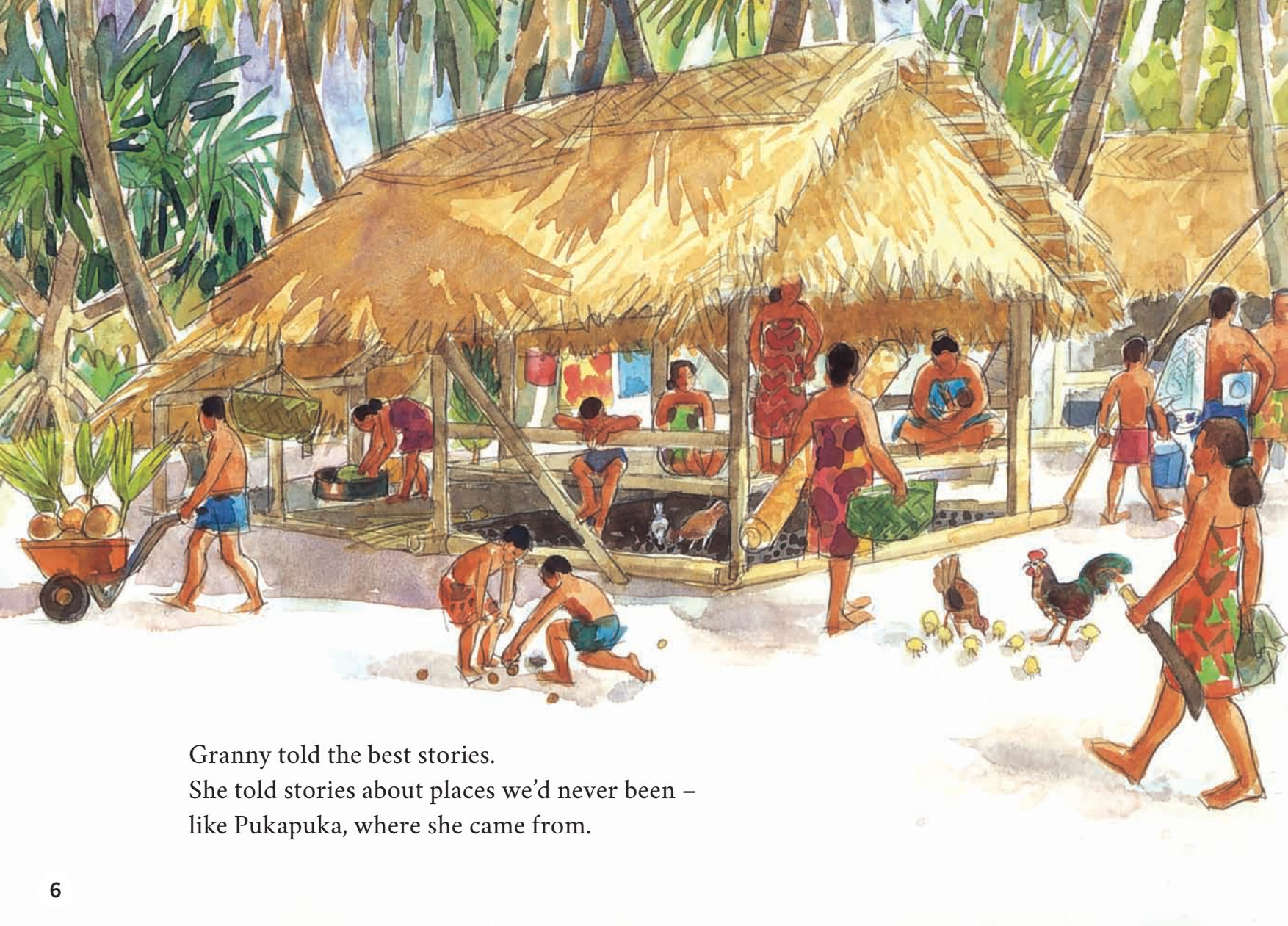
“She’ll be here soon.”



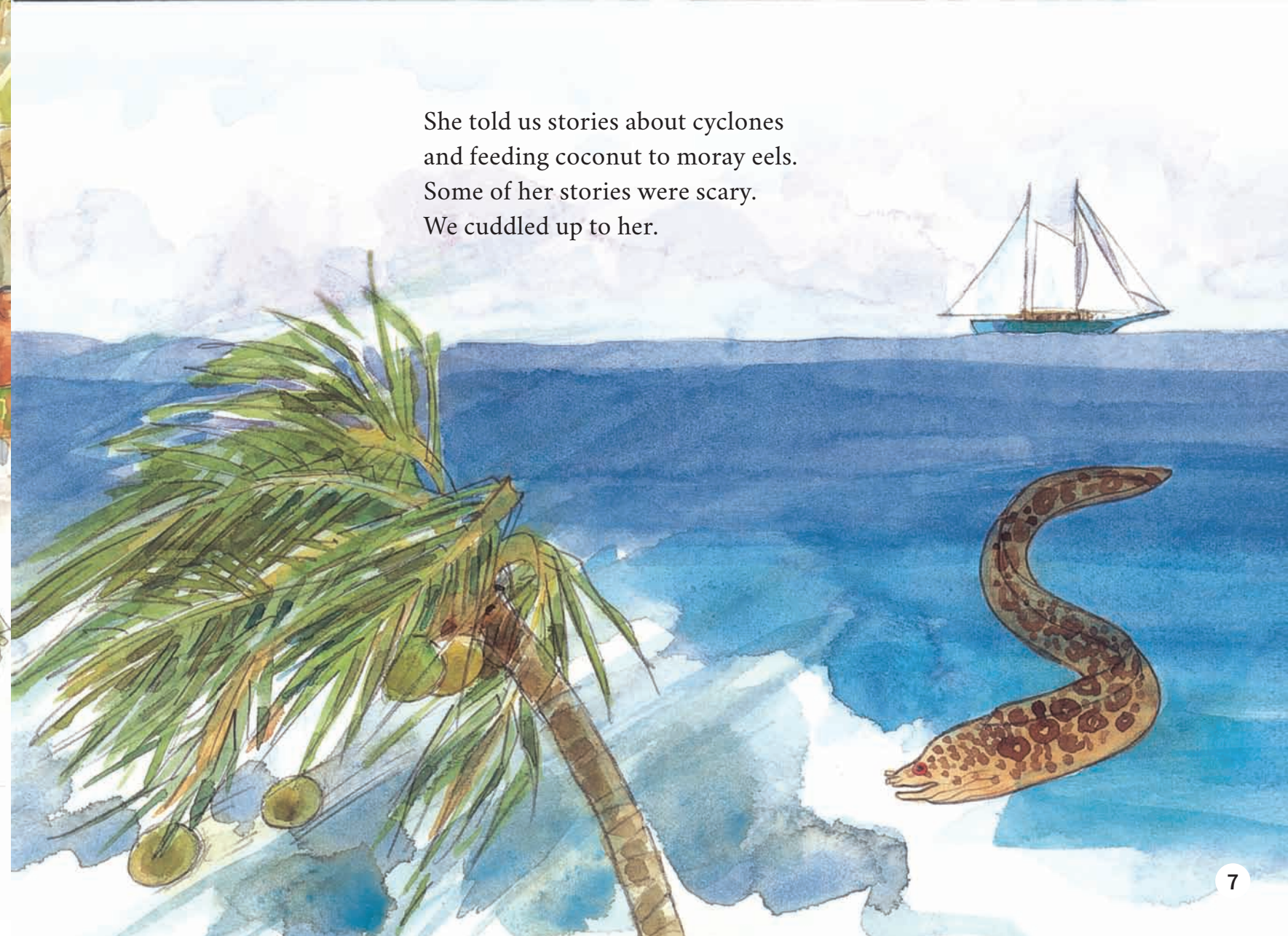
Before her visits,  
we always argued about whose room  
Granny would sleep in.  
We all wanted to sleep with her.



But when she arrived,  
she always said,  
“Let’s all sleep together in one bed.”  
She didn’t mind sleeping with all of us.  
She liked it.



Granny told the best stories.  
She told stories about places we'd never been –  
like Pukapuka, where she came from.



She told us stories about cyclones  
and feeding coconut to moray eels.  
Some of her stories were scary.  
We cuddled up to her.

One night, when just the two of us were snuggled up,  
I asked if she'd be alive when I got married.  
"No reason why not," said Granny.  
"Good. I really want you to be there," I told her.  
She was quiet for a bit. Then she said,  
"I could be your flower girl."  
"You're joking, Granny.  
Flower girls are supposed to be young."

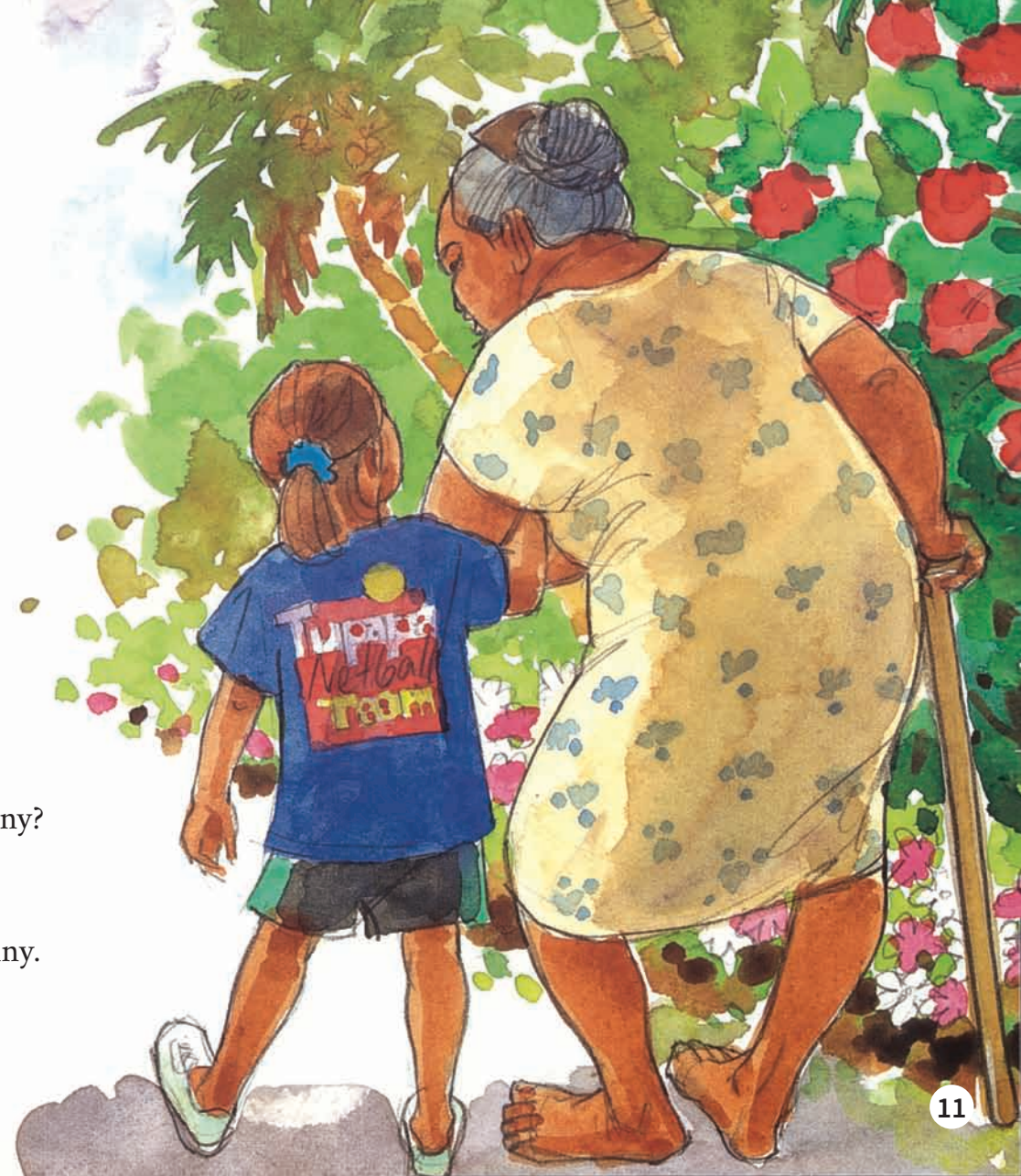


"Grannies make beautiful flower girls,"  
she told me.  
"We just don't get asked.  
Anyway, why do you have to  
do what everyone else does?"  
asked Granny.  
I imagined her as a flower girl.  
I couldn't help giggling.

“It’s not that crazy an idea,”  
Granny said.  
“But what about your hands?”  
I whispered.  
“They’ll be all wrinkly.  
Flower girls hold the flowers  
in the photos.”  
“I’ll wear my purple gloves,”  
said Granny.



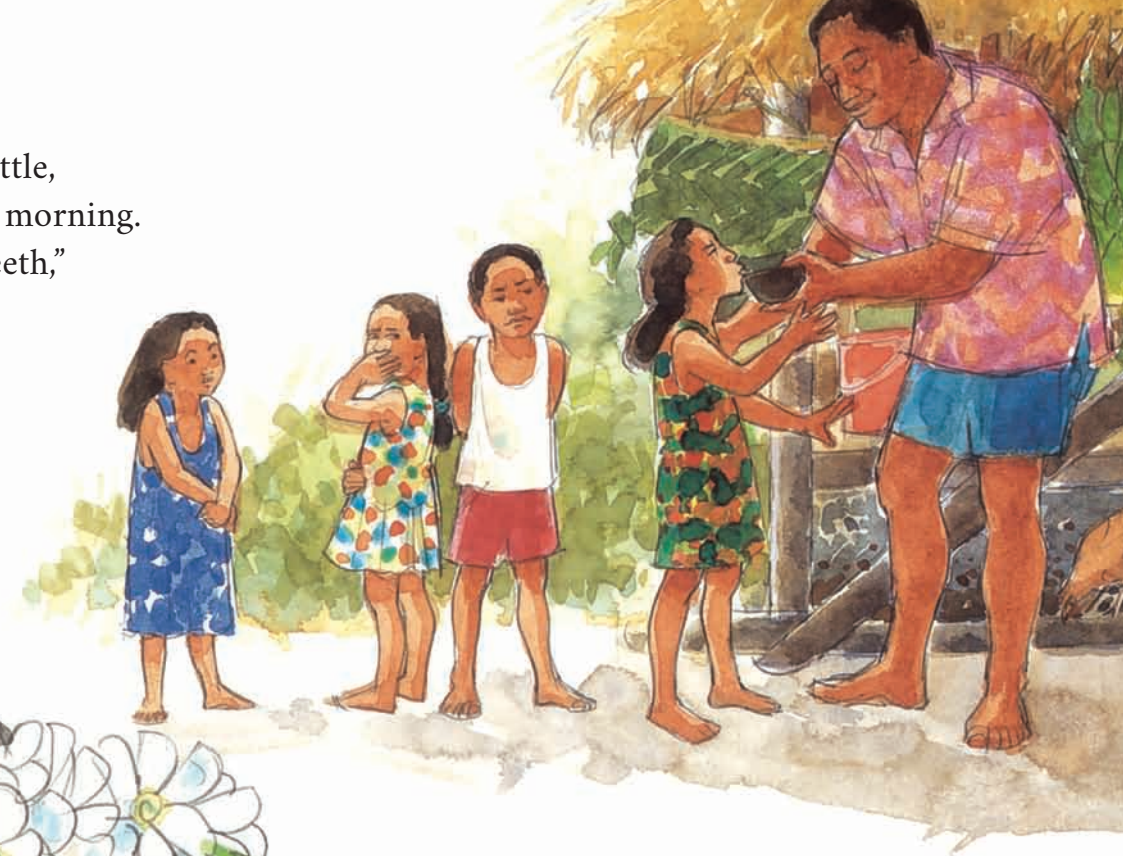
“And what about your legs, Granny?  
You might be bow-legged  
like Great Aunt Pikipiki.”  
“I’ll wear a long dress,” said Granny.





“And your teeth,” I said.  
“What about them?” asked Granny.  
“You might not have any!” I said.  
“I’ve got more teeth than you!” smiled Granny.

She told me that when she was little,  
her father gave her fish oil every morning.  
“That’s why I’ve got such good teeth,”  
said Granny.



“But, in twenty years,  
I suppose it could be a problem.  
So I’ll smile with my eyes instead.”



We stopped talking and just held hands.  
I thought very carefully.



“Okay,” I said.  
“You can be my flower girl.”



And do you know what?  
I kept my promise.