

# My Grandad

By Edmund Harper (Form 2)

'Knock, knock'

Who's there?

'Woo'

'Woo who?'

'Don't get too excited; it's only me.'

This is Grandad's version of hello.

If I could live anywhere in the world, I would live with my Grandad in Kent Lodge Old People's Home. My best friend is 84 years old and is more entertaining than any of my other friends. It seems odd to me that other people (ie my siblings) don't realise that there is nothing more fun than an hour spent in the company of an unpredictable, swearsome force of nature who does not give a monkeys about what people think of him. Han Solo is a rubbish rebel compared to Tony Ryman (aka King G, Grandidium, Grandad the Great, G Power).

Although Grandad is not a rich man, he is the most generous person I know. When my Granny was in Ealing hospital, he bought the lady in the next bed packets of custard creams, bottles of squash and rose hand cream because her daughter could not afford the train fare to visit. 'You'd give your right arm away' I heard my father scold in exasperation. 'Well, I'd have one left!' joked Grandad. 'You can't take it with you,' he tells the newsagent buying the biggest bar of Dairy Milk for me.

Agreeing to sit in the passenger seat of Grandad's navy blue Fiat Bravo (number plate BD72 GRU which once featured in a CCTV footage on Police Interceptors – I told you he is exciting to be around), is like placing all of your chips on red 23 at the roulette table. Risk rules. No driver is safe from my Grandad's erratic positioning in the road, constant sounding of the horn (which he justifies as exercise for his arm muscles) and total lack of indication. Circling the roundabout several times deciding which exit he likes the look of is a much cherished manoeuvre. Arriving at a destination (usually an Asda car park) is a mixture of relief and disappointment; relief that no living thing was harmed in the making of the journey and disappointment that the ride is over.

Burnt toast is a taste that you can grow accustomed to - even love with time. Cold, gritty slabs of tinned corned beef layered like bricks between thick mattresses of bread, cemented together with runny, bright, yellow butter are harder to stomach. Grandad is no male Mary Berry and only the swearing part of Gordon Ramsey, however, it is true that a way to a man's heart is through his stomach and my heart is the shape of the plate of beans, fish fingers and chips which he made me after school every Tuesday for a year before he had to leave his home because he put his car keys in the oven and forget the days of the week.

'Knock, knock'

'Who's there?'

'Carry.'

'Carry who?'

'Carry me home; I'm too old to walk.'

'Knock, knock'

'Who's there?'

'Abyssinia'

'Abyssinnia who?'

'Abyssinnia soon'

'Abyssinnia soon, Grandad'.