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Mr. Sites

6th hour

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A Weak Bond

One week night after I was done doing homework, my parents and I started to eat a delightful dinner and gossip about what happened that day.

“You should help your grandparents clean the yard,” said dad.

“I don’t really want to,” I said.

“ Well you don’t have a choice, they won’t be around forever. So Saturday you will go and help them clean the yard.”

After we ate dinner I decided to go and entertain myself by watching T.V. While watching T.V., I started to wonder what Saturday was going to look like. My grandma I always got along with, but my grandpa was another story. I never really got along with him. It wasn't that we hated each other, but it was that we never found something in common to talk about, and that he has always been kind of stubborn. So that night I thought about how Saturday should change.

Saturday came around the corner fast and I found myself being woken up by my mom to get ready. I crawled out of bed and stripped my clothes so I could take a lengthy shower. When done, I hurried and grabbed a towel to keep my warmth. After that, I ran to my room and slapped on my dirty work clothes. I proceeded to brush my teeth and then I was done. All had to do was wait for my dad to get ready. After a few minutes of waiting my dad and I started our journey to grandpa's house.

“You need to be on your best behavior,” said dad.

“I will,” I sighed.

“You don’t have a good connection with your grandfather and this is a good way to get to know each other better.”

“That’s my goal,” I hesitated.

“Just remember he doesn’t like everyone and not everyone likes him, but you should be one of those people who he does like. If it doesn’t work out your mother and I won’t be mad because we know that your grandfather isn’t the best person.”

“ok,” I said back, “I Just don’t know what to say.”

“Just talk to him about his horses.”

“That sounds like a good idea.” “

You could also say something about his car, the Monte Carlo.”

“sure,” I mumbled.

When we got there my dad and grandpa talked for a few minutes, and I impatiently stood there. After they were done talking by dad started to leave.

“Bye Kyle,” said my dad.

“Bye dad,” I replied back. My dad climbed into the car and left.

“Kyle, I’m going to have you pick up sticks,” my grandfather demanded.

So I started in the backyard. I felt like Golem hunching my back around while picking up the big trunks that laid across the yard. As I worked, I stood there all dirty, and full of sweat, I started to think of something to talk about to my grandpa. All this hard work will pay off if I say something. Then it hit me. During the summer my dad, grandpa, my great uncle, and I would all

go together to a gun show. So I decided that I would then ask him when the next one would be and we could start up a conversation.

While I was in the yard, he was in the garage near me.

“Hay Grandpa.”

“Yeah,” he said, as if he was a mile away from me at a nascar race.

I replied back by saying, “when is the next gun show.”

“In two weeks.”

Are you looking for any particular gun,” I said. As I stood there, I wondered if this was the moment if we could have a good conversation and he could talk about the gun he wanted. But then he glanced over at me and sluggishly said “No.” Then my heart was a ship anchor that had just dropped to sea.

I continued my work in the yard trying to comprehend what just happened. After realizing I just got shot down like a target, I wanted to try again. I remember the car ride there and I remember my dad saying something about the horses. He has always had horses and I’ve always wanted to ride them. So I decided to talk about the horses. I worked up the courage to start round round two.

“Hey grandpa,” I said.

“What,” he said.

“Could I ride the horses,” I asked.

At that moment I started to think of all the different outcomes. Would he let me ride them? Would he say no? Could this give us something to do together? Next weekend I could come over and ride them again. Maybe in the future when I get older I could get myself a horse and he could teach me to raise it. If he says yes this would strengthen our relationship, but if he

says no, the relationship will stay the same. As I stood there all dirty, I stared at him while he wore his jean jacket he always wears. "No," he said. I felt like a sailboat that had lost its wind and suddenly was unable to move.

After that experience I continued the day cleaning the yard but feeling different about myself, with the exception of lunch, in silence till about 3 o'clock. My dad and grandfather stood talking for a few minutes about what I did all day. As I stood there listening to them talk I thought about my attempts at conversations with my grandfather. Before, my parents told me that he's not the best person in the world and now I see that.

Years later looking back at the experience, I now know why it didn't work out. You can't get along with everyone, even if it's your family. If he would have opened up to me maybe we could have a long and strong relationship. This experience has affected my life so much. Learning this lesson has helped me make lots of decisions in my life while dealing with people. Even though it did not end well with my grandfather and me, I still love him.