

## **My Gran**

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Every day, my Gran and I go out for a walk. People around often give a smile to us.

Sometimes, somebody even starts laughing. And points with their fingers at somebody else – come on, start laughing, too!

Those pointing fingers are like sharp arrows. Not like Granny's fingers.

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Going out with Gran is great fun! We keep playing all the time!

My Gran has got SIX legs! Two main ones and the four others assist her.

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When walking, instead of saying "Left-Right!"

Like the military,

We can chant "Left-left-left-right-right-right...!"

As if dancing.

Chanting should be leisurely

For Gran loves slow dances

Like waltz, for example.

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At home, we've got an album with paper photographs.

One black and white photo shows a man and a woman. You can't discern their faces, but I know for sure that those are my Gran and her sweetheart in those old times.

It was when telephones were gigantic and with wires.

And when people kept huge albums with paper photographs.

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Our first game during our saunter is Turtles.

Gran is a Turtle!

And I'm a supersonic jet!

I'm spreading my arms like wings.

The rules of the game are like those:

For every three steps my Gran makes, I must fly around her three times whistling quietly.

The way she taught me long-long time ago.

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Sometimes it happens that I say something to Gran, but she can't hear me. I stare at her attentively and keep silent. Then, Gran stops and stands ve-e-ery straight. And I start repeating every move after her.

Thus, we start playing Giraffes.

They have ve-e-e-ry long necks, so they can't hear all the sounds at once.

When one of us stirs, the game is over.

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We come up to an ice-cream kiosk.

Gran adores ice-cream. Me, too.

Gran winks at me meaningfully.

It's that we start playing Spies. Nobody must say a word! Only signs!

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Gran shows the shop-assistant '2' with her fingers.

Gran can show the "V-sign" no longer.

It looks more like the ears of a scared rabbit. But the shop-assistant understands us. She knows about our game. I show her my thumb up. Gran puts her palms together and makes a heart with her thumbs and index fingers. She's very good at making a heart like this!

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We sit on a bench.

This is a secret of all secrets but we are secretly playing Cats. Licking the white ice-cream and purring quietly. It's important not to just say, 'Purr' but to actually purr like cats. It's very hard to do.

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At the same time we're playing Moustached Old Men.

Gran looks gorgeous with her white moustache, and it suits her. And we compete whose moustache is bigger. And it is until I win as my milky moustache becomes the same as my granddad's in the old photo.

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There's a game we have never played yet. Just practicing.

Gran puts her hand where my heart is and we both listen to its beating.

When we are unable to go out for walks any longer, Gran wants to live there.

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I close my eyes and imagine how my Gran grows smaller. And she turns into a tiny girl. She can run fast or just walks without crutches. She can hear every word I say. She never stammers while talking and hears every single sound. Nothing hurts her, and she doesn't have to take her medicine every two hours. And her fingers fly over the piano keys like butterflies just like in the old photograph. And Gran is smiling as wide as now. And there are dimples on her cheeks.

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I'm showing Gran that deep in my heart there is a little house for her. But until we eat up a million packs of ice-cream, she'll never find out what surprise is waiting for her over there.

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There, she won't be alone!