

MY GRANDPA AND GRANDMA

By David Young

Over the summer, we visited my grandpa and grandma, who are real tired. I guess you get that way when you have to move all the way down there to Florida, because everybody in the houses living around them was real tired, too. When I grow up, I'm going to try not to work too hard, because I don't want my hair to turn gray or fall out when I have to move to Florida.

The first night that we were there, Grandpa and Grandma took us down to their wrecked center for a party. It's where they're allowed to have fun. I'm not sure why they called it their wrecked center, because nothing looked wrecked to me. Maybe they just forgot that they had already fixed it. They must forget a lot around there, because everybody at the party wore a name tag so they could remember who they were. We got to play bingo while we were there because it was Friday night. Every Friday night they play bingo and whoever wins gets to go out and eat early birds on Saturday night. I guess because they lost all their money, the losers have to bring their lucky pots with them to the

wrecked center on Saturday night. If everybody brings their lucky pots, then they can share their food, so everybody has something to eat.

On Saturday, Grandpa and Grandma took us to where all the grownups play. There was lots of grass, some neat sand pits, and some real cool ponds where you could sail some big boats if they would have let you. Dad said Grandpa and Grandma like to go to the park every weekend with their friends. I don't understand why if you're already real tired why you would want to go there and try to mow all that grass with a little club.

There must be a whole lot of other people in Florida who don't have a home, because they have to have a policeman stand guard and make sure nobody gets in who doesn't have a house there. If you're really good and the policeman likes you, then you don't have to ask permission to get out. He just gives you this little box where you push a button, and the gate opens by itself. The policemen who work there have to work really hard, so sometimes they fall asleep in their little house.

When you get real tired, it must hurt your ears. Mom and Dad had to tell Janie and me to play quietly because they didn't want kids running around and hollering much around there.

Sunday morning, we got up and went to church with Grandpa and Grandma. It's a different kind of church where they let you wear anything you want. We got to sit all the way up front because only people who were hard of hearing were allowed to sit in the back. Dad said it was really because Grandma wanted everyone to see her cute grandkids.

On Monday, we sat out on the porch and watched a whole bunch of men come in and mow the grass and cut the bushes. I guess everybody who lives there was too tired from cutting the grass at the park on Saturday to mow their own grass.

On Tuesday, we got to ride bicycles around the neighborhood. We had to stop every once in a while, so Grandma could do some more bragging to her friends about her cute grandkids. When your hair turns gray, you must forget how to ride a bike, because Grandpa and Grandma had to ride tricycles.

Some of Grandpa and Grandma's friends must feel better after resting up for a while, because they go back up north to live in another house they have up there. They usually come back a few months later when they get real tired again. Although, I heard Grandma say that Mrs. Johnson

only comes back when her kids get real tired of her. I guess you can get real tired just from being around someone else who's real tired.

We finally left Grandpa and Grandma and headed for home. On the way, Mom and Dad started talking about when they were going to get real tired and all the things they wanted to still do. All I know is when I get older and maybe start to get real tired, I don't want to live in an old house. I want it to be a new house and I want it to be somewhere that I can holler a lot if I want to.

David Young

Oh, yeah. Mom says I have to tell you that my sister helped me write this.