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Grandpa

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Grandpa

By Ian Ray

He was a tall man in his sixties. A cigar hung from his mouth every waking hour of the day. The cigar brand was Muriel Coronella, and every day he more resembled the man whose picture was framed in the logo. Silver hair topped his head, but not completely. The sides were full and thick, but the top was vacant. To remedy this problem, he grew one side long and combed it over to hide the shiny bald head that lay beneath. A white beard framed his face from ear to ear, like I imagine Santa Claus's would look in the summer time. His face was kind and strong. Two eyes full of wisdom flanked an overly large "Scottish" nose. Below his nose a mustache gave hints of a younger man with blonde hair still showing through the white. He was a truck driver by trade and always smelled of burned tobacco and motor oil. His hands were enormous, like baseball mitts, and there was always grease under his fingernails. No matter how much of a man I thought I was, when I shook his hand I knew he was more of one. In between his powerful hands was his great belly. It was the kind of belly that only comes with age, and he seemed to accept it. Below that were his shrinking legs that never saw the light of day. At the bottom, his denim enrobed legs were capped off by a pair of pointy-toed cowboy boots. His feet hurt constantly, but he was a proud man, and he wouldn't dream of stuffing his feet into anything else.