

" TRYING TO KILL GRANDAD " by Brian Fuller

Our morning ritual included: Dr Pepper, chocolate donuts, and smoking. We'd come of age in the 70's and 80's. Part hippies, part headbangers, it was our solemn duty to carry the torch of tie dye and hard rock successfully into the '90's.

As we emerge from the music, the fog, and the residential side streets of our home town, we see our Grandad's little white truck go tooling along in front of us. We were headed over to him and Grandnana's house for lunch anyways. Now that we had the munchies, our plans for the day seemed to be coming together perfectly.

We pull out into traffic, weaving our way through cars until we're finally right behind him. At the red light, we frantically wave our hands trying to get his attention, but he never looked in the rearview mirrors. All we wanted to do was say HI!

Instead, when my cousin honked the horn to get his attention, Grandad thought it meant GO! The next few seconds proved to be one of the most awesome spectacles of my entire life. Tires were screeching as people locked their brakes. There were thuds from the impacts, and the sound of metal crunching; glass and plastic tinkling across the asphalt out into the intersection.

There were two major four lane roads with medians and turn lanes. We watched in amazement as Grandad's little truck miraculously zig-zagged through the carnage unscathed. Without a word



between us, our mush-head telepathy functioning perfectly, Keith punches the gas and we take the right at the light. Bo and Luke Duke would have been proud.

Now we're TRIPPING OUT! "DUDE! did he see us? OH MAN, this is bad! This is really really bad!" We finally decide that, no, he most likely never knew it was us. Had he looked in the mirror, he would have just smiled and waved. Nope, he definitely didn't see us. Nevertheless, we're still going over there for lunch. In those days, there was no such thing as cancelling out on lunch at Grandnana and Grandad's.

He'd survived the Great Depression, World War II, and even quadruple bypass open heart surgery. But now it seemed we were bound and determined to either give him another heart attack, or just kill him outright by having him run over by a truck.

We walk in through the kitchen and hug Grandnana's neck just like it was a normal day. "Y'all go getcha' a glass of tea and sit down. Grandad had himself quite the scare this morning!" He's got that thousand yard stare as he blows the steam off his coffee. We feign a look of surprise and ask, "what happened?" He grumbles out, "Everybody's always in such a hurry these days! Them dern fools was a honkin' at me to go... AND THE LIGHT WEREN'T EVEN GREEN!"



by Brian Fuller