



Grandpa

by Linda Hoyt

Voice 1: Grandpa was grizzled and old with gray hair that tangled like seaweed

Voice 2: and the deep crinkly wrinkles that come from living a life outdoors.

Voice 3: His chin was stubbled with pokey whiskers,

Voice 4: and a withered old scar ran from the corner of his mouth toward his ear.

Voice 5: When he smiled, his eyes crinkled up and his whole face got into the action.

Voice 6: Grandpa's smile wasn't just about his mouth.

Voice 7: When he smiled, the wrinkles in his weathered face scrunched up into this huge, glowing beacon that made you want to smile right back.

Voice 8: His smile was like a huge hug that was powerful enough to make you feel good even on days when life wasn't so great

Voice 9: and you felt like a crumpled up paper lunch bag.