



Grandpa's Cabin

Bud kept a war diary. At seventeen, he joined the Navy, and was sent to France where he wielded a rifle capable of firing multiple rounds. Though he inhaled enough mustard gas to give him emphysema, he loved to smoke cigars. A bald man, Bud had a large freckle on the top of his head. He pointed to the freckle and told his grandchildren, "This is a nail head. The nail holds my head on." His wife, Dot, draped doilies over the backs of all the armchairs in the living room. She said to her grandchildren, "The doilies absorb the grease from Bud's head." When Bud retired he didn't know what to do, so Dot told him to pick up sticks in the adjacent vacant lot. From branches and twigs, he built the cabin. His granddaughter adored the small leather hinges, the tiny metal screw eye as doorknob. As a young child, she loved looking through the small cabin windows, admiring the small rooms that suggested the possibility of small people living inside. Once, when she was in college, and many years after Dot had died, her grandfather pushed his tongue into her mouth during a goodnight kiss. She jerked back, and hurried off to join her friends at their campsite on the Florida shore.