

My Grandpa, the Lieutenant General

**A one-man show about a grandson who
salutes the grandfather who raised him
and no longer remembers.**

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From Hebrew: Tom Chodorov

In memory of grandpa Israel.

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Scene One

[Nir is standing in the middle of the classroom. He appears to be uncomfortable. After a while]

I have this little problem. My grandpa didn't show up.

[He doesn't know whether to sit down or stay put]

My grandpa is coming today to give this lesson instead of my dad, because... you know. He should be here any minute. Besides, it makes no difference really, because my grandpa and my dad, they have the same profession - accounting.

He knows he's supposed to come and teach you today. (Pause) He just doesn't always remember. Which... by the way, happens to a lot of grown-ups, but there are some, like my grandpa, it happens to them a bit more often...

Let's say, I ask my grandpa, "grandpa, are you free tomorrow?", and he says "I'm free tomorrow", so I say "so we'll meet tomorrow?", so he says "we'll meet tomorrow", so I say "so I'll see you tomorrow" and he says "no, I'm not free tomorrow". Or let's say I'm boiling some water and I ask my grandpa, "would you like me to make you some tea?" and he says, "no I don't want tea, thank you." So I say "so do you want me to make you some coffee, then?" so he says "no, I don't want any coffee, but could you make me some tea?"

He also doesn't always know where he is. For instance, he can be at his house, where he spent the past sixty years with my grandma (sixty years!). He can look around and suddenly ask me: "say, are we in the headquarters?". So I say, "grandpa, we're not at the headquarters, we're at your house" and then he suddenly recognizes the place... because he looks at the chair, and at the

pictures, and he remembers they're his. He even looks at the rug and remembers how much he can't stand that rug, because my grandma chose it.

[Glances over to check if his grandpa has arrived]

Okay, so until my grandpa gets here, I'll just tell you that my grandpa is not just an accountant. My grandpa was three times the president of the Israeli Accountants Bureau! And he's very proud of it. That's why, when I was little, I'd joke around and say "grandpa, why would someone need this profession, accountant? Can't people just handle their own money?"

And he would say "yes, you're right, but no one does it quite as well as I do. That's why I'm a craftsman. Like a shoemaker, like a teacher... I'm an accountant, so I know about money!"

Grandpa would come to our house twice a week just to talk with my dad and show him articles on "Globes", which is a business daily newspaper. "Business matters", they used to call it, because my dad was also my grandpa's accountant. I couldn't really figure out what they were talking about, but I'd still listen to them.

Grandpa liked talking about taxation the most. That is, about taxes - how much you should pay and how much you shouldn't pay. My dad would sometimes try to change the subject, but he didn't stand a chance. If my dad tried to talk about politics, my grandpa would talk about the government's influence on taxes. And if my dad tried to talk about basketball, my grandpa would argue about how much money the country is making from international basketball competitions; and when my dad tried to talk about the weather, my grandpa would immediately respond by saying that when people are cold they spend more. In the end, my dad would always give up, because my grandpa is stubborn!

[He pauses, looking to change the subject. Makes a call on his phone.]

Hello, mom? Are you on your way? (Pause) Okay. (Pause) Okay. (Pause) Fine, goodbye.

[He hangs up the phone. You can tell by the look on his face that something happened. He carries on.]

So... until my grandpa gets here – I'll try to tell you what I know about his profession. I used to sit for hours and listen to dad's and grandpa's endless talks.

Scene Two

[Switches to lecture mode]

So, what is an accountant really all about? There's an account, and someone handles it. An accountant is a person who checks your funds and gives a review of your profits and losses. He looks at the money you get for the work you've done, and deducts the money you pay others to make the money you get for the work you've done. For a shoemaker to get paid for the shoes he makes, he must first pay for the materials that are required to make them.

And we haven't talked about the most important thing: taxes. Everybody pays taxes for what they earn and an accountant is supposed to take care of you and advise you how to pay as few taxes as possible. Because taxes change from one person to another. And there are many kinds of taxes. Income tax, social security, and VAT, which are initials for value added tax. You pay value added tax for everything you buy. So you ask what's really *added* here? The tax you pay. Because that's the law in this country, and if you don't abide the law, you pay fines and interests. And who can help you with that? An accountant. Because...

[Pauses. Realizes he spoke a bit too long. Carries on and clarifies]

All those things about accounting and finance, those are not things I'm interested in. I know a little bit about them because of my grandpa. When I was little, this question kept coming, whether or not I'll be an accountant when I grow up, but to me all these things aren't really that interesting. I know about them only because of my grandpa. For the past two years I talk about it a lot with my grandpa, and it's pretty cool, because when I was little my grandpa barely spoke to me because I knew nothing about finance.

Well, you probably understand my relationship with my grandpa is not the usual grandpa-grandson relationship. Grandpa became almost like a father to me when...

[He realizes he needs to go back to the beginning of that story]

Scene Three

When I was little, before my dad passed away, before junior high, my grandpa mostly liked talking to my dad, like I told you, about things only they understood. To my dad, it was also a kind of compensation. When my dad was a kid, my grandpa was mostly busy with his work and his military reserve duty, and he always felt like he wasn't enough of a father for my dad. So as the years went by and my dad followed in my grandpa's footsteps and became an accountant, they grew closer and my grandpa got to feel like he's making up for all those days they weren't close.

With me, grandpa didn't know how to behave. Sometimes he would bring me gifts but he wasn't really big on emotions and he didn't like hugging or kissing. At times, I really thought he doesn't love me, that he only loves dad.

When we did get the chance to do things together, for instance when I wanted to play hide and seek, instead of actually playing - he would explain to

me the statistical probability of finding me as a function of the area squared. And when I offered to play monopoly – to grow closer to him – because monopoly is a game with numbers, and tasks, and go to jail if you draw that card, and buy houses, real-estate – things that were interesting to him – he mostly tried to teach me that an apartment in Tel Aviv doesn't really cost 500 Shekels. I just wanted to play with him.

Three years ago the disease came. My dad's. And grandpa... it was very hard on him. Grandpa started coming to our house in the morning before work, to help my mom, and then again in the afternoon, to take me to the hospital to visit dad. We would drive almost every day in silence. Listening to the radio.

[He enters the vehicle]

I'd try to talk to him about stocks but he didn't want to talk about finance. Two years ago, when my grandpa took me to the hospital, for our routine visit with my dad, he suddenly looked me in the eyes and asked: "If you had to hear some bad news, who would you want to hear it from – me or mom?". At that moment I realized what the bad news was, but I didn't want to say anything. I told him I'd rather have my mom tell me. Only because I sensed he probably didn't want to tell me himself.

After I said "mom", we both remained silent. And then he started crying. I never imagined my grandpa could get emotional. I honestly didn't know something could move him, other than tax deductions. He stopped the car. Looked at me. And told me my dad was no longer with us.

From that moment on, grandpa decided he's changing all of his habits: he would come every night, and stayed with me until I fell asleep. For two years.

He also brought me things. At first it was Globes newspapers, then he realized it might be better to bring me some Coca Cola, and eventually he understood he doesn't have to bring me anything, because... you can talk to a person even without things...

And then I started talking to him about accounting. It's not like he really wanted to tell me all about advanced study funds, but he missed my dad. And I realized he simply needs my dad next to him. What he didn't know was, all these years I would listen to their conversations and slowly understood what they were talking about. I even remember that time when I asked him how come employees are being discriminated against freelancers with regards to advanced study funds. And it made me laugh so hard. And rightly so. Because in fact, up until a few years ago, there's not a single word of that sentence I understood, apart from the word "against".

And then all of a sudden he started telling me stories about my dad. In nearly every story he told me, my dad would somehow come up.

There was the famous story about the Tuesday meetings at the Accountants Bureau that my grandpa was in charge of summarizing. The problem was, my grandpa liked to talk so much, and the whole point of summarizing is to write what people said only shorter. So dad would come to all these meeting, and whenever my grandpa would start talking about something that's already been mentioned before, my dad would squeeze his leg, under the table of course, to suggest he should move on.

And we had Thursdays at five. Every Thursday at five, we would get in grandpa's car and go for a drive. My grandpa would pick me up, and we would drive around in his car and visit the most beautiful places. He would show me where the independence of the state of Israel was first declared; where the house he grew up in stood, where my dad's high school (which was

considered back then to be the best in the country) was; where my dad learned basketball. He even showed me where my dad's first girlfriend used to live, because my grandpa used to drop him off at her place. He showed me the location of some military bases, and at the end of the trip, no matter where we went this time, we would go to the most magical place – Montana Ice Cream.

There was a vendor there who already knew the grandpa and grandson that came every Thursday: "Sprinkles for you. Pecans for him. A cone for the boy, a small cup for the mister. I know." I always knew grandpa wanted me to go shoot some hoops, in this machine in Montana Ice Cream where you throw the ball and it counts your points. When I was little, it was what I used to do when I would go with my dad to Montana Ice Cream - shoot some hoops. And although I'm too old to play this machine, I knew it would make my grandpa happy.

One day my grandpa called: "listen, we're going to the accountants' convention in Eilat." Wow. Eilat! Not some grey cubicle with a bunch of people with neckties. We got into the car, and drove all the way to Eilat. My grandpa put on some record. I asked my grandpa: "do you listen to the Beatles?" and he said "of course, it was your dad's favorite band in the whole world". And I asked him about stocks and he said it has something to do with the US Dollar being in decline. We went to the pool, and to the promenade, and my grandpa didn't jump off the bridge, but I got to see him wearing flip-flops at long last. Even though he wasn't the president of the bureau anymore, they let him run all the meetings and discussions there. Once, when I noticed he was going on and on about a subject he already talked about, out of instinct, I squeezed his leg. And he smiled, and said suddenly: "just so you know, I didn't come to this convention with my wife. As many of you know, I didn't come with my son either (there were murmurs in the audience). But I did come here

with my beloved grandson. Look at him. One day he'll be the president of the Accountants Bureau."

When I got back from Eilat, I approached my mom and told her how it went, and... I noticed she was listening, but that she was also missing my dad.

[He realizes he hasn't talked to his mom. Makes a call on his phone] Hi mom. [Pause] What? [Pause] I'm sorry, you just didn't answer me earlier. [Pause] Fine. [Pause] Bye.

Scene Four

Right, so I've got this little problem.

My mom isn't able to convince my grandpa to come. I mean... he can come. My grandpa walks on his own two feet, without any special aids, but like I said... he has a problem with his memory. I mean, he forgets, but every once in a while he remembers, and he's managed to hide it for a long time... I mean, not hide, it's just that, no one is proud of forgetting something. But my grandpa does forget.

One day my grandpa couldn't find the keys to his car. Now, that kind of thing can happen to any of us... but grandpa was scared. He started searching the entire house but couldn't find them. My grandma didn't understand what was happening to him, and I mostly looked from afar. It was funny seeing grandpa lose his temper over a set of keys. I calmed him down and I said that in the worst case we'll take a taxi. I allowed myself to say that because I already knew it's a deductible expense. Grandpa wouldn't hear it. He wanted to find the car keys. It started to become a little less funny, once grandpa emptied one drawer after the other, as if he was looking for a war prisoner. He emptied all the closets one by one, and I suddenly saw my grandpa, the way he was

stubborn when he talked about his profession, that how stubborn he was when he couldn't find the keys. That's what I thought at that moment – my grandpa is stubborn.

All of a sudden, I noticed something was hanging from his back pocket. I asked him what's in his pocket. He took the keys out and said, "Well, are we going or what?"

Just a minute ago, in order to find the keys, he lined-up the kitchen glasses, and cross-examined the three-seater sofa, but as soon as he found the keys, he just said "well, are we going or what?", as if he didn't even notice the mayhem that went on in the house for the past half hour. So I said, "yeah, we're going."

In the car, he admitted it took him a long time to find the key. He probably didn't want to admit it in front of my grandma. She doesn't want him to drive the car anymore, because she says my grandpa is confused. The doctor recommended he didn't drive. My grandpa was offended and said the doctor was corrupt. And I wanted my grandpa to keep driving, because... because I wanted my grandpa to keep driving! Besides, it's become like a tradition, every Thursday at five, me and... [yells hysterically] Grandpa!!! [Sounds of screeching tires are heard] Grandpa almost ran into the Welcome sign at the entrance to the neighborhood. "Why are you yelling? I saw that sign. I just can't stand that sign. [He's angry with the sign] "Welcome."

The doctor forbade my grandpa to drive. No more trips. Grandpa closed himself up inside the house. He started reading his tax books and looking at photo albums from his time in the army reserve.

One day, the Accountants Bureau called and said grandpa was going to receive the Bureau's Lifetime Achievement Award. My grandpa was really moved. This was the first time such an award was given, no one ever received

it before. I think he wanted to share it with my dad. My grandpa called everyone he knew to tell them the news. Even the cable company and other big companies. I mean, he even called the editorial of *Thumbelina*, which is a children's newspaper I was once subscribed to.

Once, I witnessed how he tried to re-subscribe me to *Thumbelina*, after I asked him more than once not to, because I don't need a subscription to *Thumbelina*.

So I grabbed the phone from my dad's hand and I said to the salesperson: "listen carefully, salesperson. My grandpa doesn't remember. Do you understand? He doesn't mean what he's saying to you. And I'm telling you right now, if you re-subscribe me to *Thumbelina* one more time, I'm warning you, you're going to get a call from my mom."

My grandpa overheard the conversation and was really angry with me.

"How dare you trick people into thinking I don't remember?"

I told him, "never mind, grandpa, they're messing with you."

"Listen carefully," he said, "you're not to tell anyone I don't remember things just to get better prices. Because you realize this is a lie."

"Grandpa, it's not a lie, believe me, they're messing with you."

"They're not messing with me. Let me talk to them."

"Grandpa, you can't talk to them, I want to help you."

"Let me talk to them. (Grabs the phone) Hello? Who is this? What do they want from me? Don't call this number again." Grandpa left the kitchen in shock and went to the bathroom. Or so he said. In the end, he changed his mind and realized he doesn't have to go. So he went to his bedroom to relax. I stayed in the kitchen because I decided to give him a few minutes to himself,

like mom always says. After a few minutes, when I left the kitchen and went over to the bedroom – I saw him wearing a military snowsuit.

He searched for something in his pockets and couldn't find it, so he asked me to get mom. He didn't mean *my* mom. He meant *his* mom. I told him his mom passed away and he started crying. "I never got the chance to tell her how much I loved her." And then he laughed. And I laughed as well. I didn't know why, I just saw my grandpa laughing so I started laughing. I asked him, "Grandpa, why are you laughing?" and he said, "well, it happened a long time ago". "Of course, grandpa. It happened a long time ago". "*Well, it happened a really long time ago*". "You know something? It happened before I was born".

My grandma was really moved, mostly because my grandpa reminded her their anniversary was coming up in about two weeks' time. We both looked at each other, embarrassed. And we didn't know which one of us would be the first to ask him to take off the snowsuit.

[Event music is heard, he starts preparing the scene for a party]

The big day arrived. Grandpa shook everyone's hands and told them he was about to receive the Lifetime Achievement Award. We only invited the immediate family. My mom got everyone together, brought out the cake, and my grandma started crying with excitement. My grandpa approached her slowly, put his hand on her shoulder, looked at her, looked at everyone – and said – "who is she?"

[Pause]

Grandpa asked, "Who is she". [Blames himself] We shouldn't have held the event.

I said "grandpa, what do you mean, 'who is she?', it's grandma, it's your wife". He had no idea what I was talking about. My grandma cried and demanded I tell him the whole truth.

[He pauses. Realized he said something he shouldn't have. He starts cleaning up after the party that's gone wrong]

And I couldn't tell him the whole truth.

[Pause]

I'm sorry. [To the classroom] My grandpa is no longer an accountant, really. But he remembers what it is. And I thought if he came here and gave a lecture about it – he'll remember.

[Pauses]

One day my grandpa woke up with a start. "I missed the lifetime achievement ceremony. The clock didn't wake me". I said, "I didn't know it was today", and I called the Accountants Bureau to tell them to wait for him. The Bureau said they'll always be happy to see my grandpa, but the ceremony is only in a month's time.

Before I even got the chance to tell him, grandpa was angry with me – "It's your fault I didn't wake up, I told you yesterday when we got ice cream that I had an important meeting coming up and that we have to go back early. It's your fault I fell asleep late last night". I said, "But grandpa, you didn't tell me you had a meeting, and we didn't get ice cream either". He yelled, "Your dad would have made sure I was awake". All of a sudden, he mentioned my dad. "Grandpa, but the ceremony isn't even today". "Liar," he said, "your dad would never have lied to me".

I said, "Grandpa, you're right. The ceremony was today, I'll ask them to reschedule it for next month. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do that". *"It doesn't*

matter what you meant. You know how much it matters to me. I shouldn't have taken you out for ice cream. I'm not taking you out for ice cream anymore". I said, "That's Okay, grandpa, I understand" – *"It's your fault".* Again with this 'your fault' nonsense. "Grandpa, stop, the ceremony is in a month, you'll be there" - *"Your dad would never have behaved in such a way".* Again with my dad. I said, "Grandpa, the ceremony's in a month, you're not late" - *"You're lying".* I said, "Grandpa, you're forgetting you have Alzheimer's disease". It slipped out.

Grandpa didn't believe what I said about the ceremony being cancelled, and went down to the building lobby in his pajamas.

[He mimics his grandpa:] *They forgot to mention in which room I'm receiving my award. Get Reuben. Well?* [approaches someone in the audience] *Jacob, why are they making a fool out of me? You called me to get the award, so I came. If you want to, I can go, but you don't do that to a person. Jacob? You can't get over '82, can you? Fine...* [recognizes 'the teacher'] *There's Ziva. Ziva, come on, I'm a busy man, you called me here to get my certificate, please tell me where to go. Jacob already forgot who recommended him as my replacement as chairman of the tax committee.* [He notices Jacob and gets upset] *Don't look at me that way, they all wanted Alon Menger. The world belongs to the young, don't be mistaken. You think you would have landed the tax committee if it wasn't for me... my son should have taken that position. But he's not here. He should have been here in my place. I mean, with me. You know who made sure I handle our meetings correctly? He did. He would sit beside me, did I tell you that? Never mind, he would sit beside me, and if I talked too much, he'd squeeze my leg, did you know that?*

"Yes, grandpa, you told me, stop. You're not at the Accountants Bureau". *"I know, I'm in the building. There's the mail box".* "That's right. So you know

who you are, you know where you're at, let's go home". *"Yes, I know who I am. I'm the lieutenant general of the Israeli Defense Forces"*.

Lieutenant general?

[Begs his grandpa to believe him]

"Grandpa, you're not, you're an accountant". He said, "that's right, I'm the lieutenant-general, I account for everything. And suddenly I found myself explaining to him, in front of everyone. *"So why do people need accountants? Can't people do it themselves?"*, and I said, "yes, that's right, you're right, but nobody does it as well as you do".

[Heads over to his phone to call his mom, but gives up] The truth is, my grandpa won't be here today. My grandpa is... a lieutenant general.

And I went along with that. Because I wanted to... [Signals with his hands] and then the battle started.

Scene Five

[Music. He portraits grandpa]

This is Hitman. Hand me a grenade, we're facing the enemy.

Occasionally an imaginary shell would hit our house. It threatened to destroy my grandpa's imagination, so we took shelter underneath the table. That is, I did. Grandpa couldn't duck. So he was scouting from above the table. My grandma started worrying my grandpa would attempt a move he learned doing field training, and then we would all be doomed.

Soldier. Come here. Where's your tank? Why are you not wearing your flak jacket? This is the last time. (He starts getting worked up) Duck. A missile!!

In the heart of battle, the Accountants Bureau called to inform us that due to some other event, my grandpa's ceremony is being pushed back a month and a half. Each day he's forgetting more and more! Do they not understand what a Lifetime Achievement Award is? It's especially meant for people you're not entirely sure whether or not they'll make it to the ceremony.

I asked my grandpa, sorry, the lieutenant general: "If you had to hear some bad news, who would you want to hear it from – me or grandma?". He said, "Grandma's dead! Enough with this nonsense!". "Grandpa, the Accountants Bureau called to let us know the ceremony is postponed by a month and a half..." – *"And you know why that is? Because you're not standing in threes. Stand in threes"*.

And so grandma and I stood in threes in the middle of the bedroom, despite being only two. I remember asking my grandma, "Grandma, do we really have to go along with this circus?", and grandma said: "No, no, we don't". but at that exact moment I realized I only had one grandpa. So – to battle, then! My grandpa would call me Hitman on a regular basis.

[Sounds of battle grow stronger]

Hitman, we're approaching our destination, the enemy is firing, don't talk here. They might be listening. You copy?

Yes, grandpa. I copy. I won't tell them anything. I promise.

Fire! Fire! Fire! We are under attack!

Grandpa, who is attacking us?

Who? Who? I don't know who.

[A long pause. Sits facing forward]

We both sat in his study, where we hid. And all of a sudden I dared to ask my grandpa: "Grandpa, do you remember... who I am?".

Yes.

Who am I?

I don't know. But you keep on calling me grandpa. I'm no idiot. I understand you must be very young.

And at that moment I realized my grandpa doesn't remember me anymore. Not me, not any of the experiences we've shared the past few years. Not Montana Ice Cream, not shooting hoops, not Thursdays.

At least there's no need to force him into doctor check-ups. He doesn't suspect he's ill, he just presumes the lieutenant general must be thoroughly examined at all times. While everyone is waiting in line reading magazines, the secretary brings him some balance sheets and salaries from seven years ago. He fixes the calculations, as if they're relevant. It's strange to see how memory fades, but something remains nonetheless. The secretary keeps telling him he's the best lieutenant general the state of Israel has ever had. He says, "Thank you, Ziva", even though that's not her name. And the doctor keeps reminding him not to talk to the press, because he's the lieutenant general.

One day my grandpa asked me why he's not wearing his uniform. Is it possible, he wonders, he isn't really the lieutenant general. And I was so moved because... it was the first time my grandpa seemed to know what was going on. But, if my grandpa is not the lieutenant-general, then who is he?

I told him that... the uniform is in the washing machine.

I went and got him some uniform at the store. My grandpa lost a lot of weight in the past few months, so I didn't know what size to get him, but I got something anyway. When I gave him the uniform, he looked at himself in the

mirror and saluted in the mirror's direction. I asked him why he saluted himself, and he said, "Because I see the lieutenant general".

The day of the ceremony arrived, the Lifetime Achievement Award. Grandpa sat in his chair and refused to get dressed. Grandma wanted him to change out of his uniform and put on some respectable clothes. Grandpa wouldn't hear it. "A lieutenant general showers with his uniform on!". Grandma gave up, she agreed he'd leave the house in his uniform, but grandpa didn't want to leave the tank, that is: the kitchen. I saw his desire to march forward towards the enemy, and then this idea came to me: I called Montana Ice Cream... and I asked if we could come right now, while there are no other people there yet. And I told grandpa, "grandpa, we're heading for an operation beyond enemy lines".

[Sounds of battlefield are heard again. He portraits grandpa]

Hitman, give me ammo. We are approaching destination, there's no time. Hand me a grenade.

Sir, there are only sprinkles. And pecans.

We're approaching the hoop, put Hitman through.

Grandpa, I thought I was hitman. Who am I now?

You're the deputy battalion commander. What's wrong with you? You don't remember a thing, do you? Say, Hitman, how long before the injured can be evacuated?

Am I Hitman again? Fine. Sir, we have to leave the Montana Ice Cream battlefield, and carry on in a different location. I ordered you an armored taxi.

I want some ice cream. There's ice cream here, right?

And then the ice cream man came up to him, placed his hand on my grandpa's shoulder and brought him some vanilla ice cream with pecans in a small cup, the way he used to like it. "There's your ice cream, sir. I'll set up the hoop machine. I know".

And I aimed, and grandpa was watching, and I scored a basket.

We won! We won!

Well done. You deserve a decoration. Would you like one?

Yes, I want one.

Great. So let's go then. I ordered you an armored taxi, deductible for tax purposes.

I managed to get him out of Montana Ice Cream and got him on a taxi. I took him to get the decoration I promised him. My grandpa was very emotional. He remembered his mother: "Yesterday I talked to her and told her I loved her. I can never know when she's going to pass away".

And then I asked: "Grandpa, do you really not remember me?"

Of course I remember you. You're my son.

Are you sure?

Of course I'm sure. Some things you simply can't forget.

We got off the taxi, and made it to the ceremony. My grandpa went right on stage.

[Salutes]

I don't know why I deserve this. I simply did what I did best.

At that moment he held in his two hands the thing that could have been the most precious for him. A Lifetime Achievement Award from the Accountants Bureau he loved so much. It's a shame my dad couldn't be there.

He didn't know any of them, they weren't sure why he's saluting. Suddenly he looked at everyone, and then he pointed –

You see this one over there? This... is my grandson. And he made sure I got here today.

At the end of the ceremony I approached my mom and told her that in case I didn't say it before, I love her very much.

Okay, see, so I probably knew my grandpa couldn't make it today. And he didn't. but I didn't want to skip this class, because...

[Phone buzzes in his pocket]

Yes mom. [Pause] What do you mean, here? [Pause] Wait mom, is he wearing his uniform? [Pause] Okay, thanks.

[He is overjoyed]

Okay so I have this little problem.

My grandpa is here.

The End.