

His laughter

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Just a quick little story I decided to write. It gets a little sad at the end, be warned. Hope you like it.

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1 - His laughter

His Laughter

I felt my child's hand twist and tug at my own. I'm bored I want to go home now. I don't look at her immediately, my eyes stay carefully on the stone, but then my face softens and a smile forms so very gently on my lips as I look at my princess. You go to daddy Emily, ok? I'll come down in a minute. A grin spreads across her five-year-old face and she skips down the hill to her father. I stay and my attention moves back to the grave. The grave of my grandfather. My thoughts play through my mind like a picture film, moving in front of my eyes until the rest of the world disappears and there I am, brought into the world of 1968. When I was a child. I re-live it every Saturday, my day to see my grandfather, as it always was and always will be. I sit cross-legged on the carpet, looking bright-eyed at the grandfather clock, the hand goes round the old face as I remember it always doing until the loud chime sounds and my face lights up to know it is 4:00 clock on Sunday, time to see him again, my hero, my grandfather. I have childish impatience as my mother dresses me in my coat and gloves and scarf. And my small body tingles as we walk to his house; I pull to go faster, my cheeks red and my blonde curls flopping into my eyes. Then we walk up the drive, everything is as it should be, the flowers are where I left them, and the gnome is still fishing in the grass for something he will never catch. My mother knocks at the great door; it seemed so much bigger back then. The door knob turns and he is in front of me, his wrinkled face breaks into a glowing smile and I fling my arms around him, he seemed so sturdy back then. I cannot hear as my mother greets him and kisses him on the cheek and they arrange everything, things that I care little for, I'm hugging my grandfather, what could mean more than that. Then she's gone and I'm sitting on his knee and everything is wonderful. I tell him things, my tooth fell out, I scraped my knee I got all my spellings right, and he gasps with glee and hugs me more, saying things like Really? and well I'll be. I think now that he may have been humouring me, but what am I to care. And he has a mug of tea and I have my hot chocolate, and that's when he tells me the stories. I didn't understand them then, but they were amazing. They weren't like the stories mother told me, of three bears and a puppet with a

large nose. These were real, they had meaning, I could tell. When he told them his eyes glazed over and he stared into space, I think his own picture shows were playing before his eyes, because I could see them, I always looked in his eyes, I could see the men dressed in uniforms and I could see the guns and smell the smoke. He told me his life stories, when he was in his prime, until he would say but that's another story! and I would moan and say no granddad tell me now! and then I would hear his laughter, deep, wonderful, warm. I loved to hear him laugh. The day would end, but I wasn't sad, for there was always next Saturday, and they came week after week after week. After a while I could see the difference in him, maybe he didn't stand so tall, then he would no longer greet us at the door and I would go to him and see him in his chair, and I would get the tea and hot chocolate. Then he barely said a word, but he smiled as I told him my stories, how I had got an A in my SATS, and how I got my first job. But every week without fail I would hear his laughter, it never changed. But then the day came, and as I tell you I feel the tears sparkle in my eyes and the familiar lump in my throat. I see the girl murmur his name granddad, no every week I hear her say those words. My words. Nothing lasts forever, and as I look at the grave of him I feel a breeze and I close my eyes. One thing will last forever though. His laughter. Saturday is our day, me and my grandfather, and I will always tell him my stories, and I will always hear his laughter.

