

There are Grandmas and there is my Grandma.

by David James

Last night Grandma got her walker stuck in the snow almost up to her tits. I feel the mark of a dutiful grandson is to come to her aid. And I always do. Even though she usually gets back home at 2 00 a.m. — or maybe 3 — sometimes she's late and we worry but I know her route so it's easy to go out and track her down when she gets stuck like that. It doesn't happen often. Although she's eighty five, she is still in pretty good shape and sometimes leaves her walker at the bar — when she can attract a younger man to help her to his car without it. The next day I go get it for her.

She still loves to talk about dancing and sex. That's why she and Grandpa got kicked out of the Assisted Living Home. She can't dance now, of course, but she can still fuck. And sex is always on the menu when she can ply a younger fellow with liquor and leave the bar with him.

We all, my parents, my brother and sister, and yes, Grandpa took the view that she was entitled to raise a little hell so we just let her keep on. That she deserves her fun after driving her moving van—all over the country, right up until her eighty third birthday, supporting our whole family, was our rationale. We laughed when she bought the license plate she put on the front of the van that said, "Hauling Ass". It was right next to the bumper sticker that said, "Can I Take Your Load, Sonny?"

Grandma would scan her map and list the big money stops and because she was senior to the other drivers, she bid on and always

got the trips she wanted. She said what kept her safe on the road was the photo of Elvis she had on display attached to her visor.

