

Grandmother and grandson story - my memories

[Environment](#), [Plants](#)



Opening the heavy door, the aroma of freshly baked breadsticks, roasted garlic, and tomato sauce permeated the vicinity. My eyes wandered from the hostess near the entrance to the rowdy customers in the dining area. With my stiff grandmother sauntering on her old cane, the hostess directed us to a booth on the hushed side of Olive Garden. Placing my black Calvin Klein purse on the seat, I settled in.

I brush the remaining breadcrumbs off the table. Taking my silver iPhone out of my back pocket, the tip of my forefinger presses against the home button, revealing a colorful array of apps. Holding the device between my palms, I open Instagram and enter a world of oblivion. My grandmother, pleasant as always, sipped from the clear wine glass. She commented a couple times as a conversation-starter, but I failed to acknowledge the fact that she had said anything at all. I broke focus from my phone when a buoyant server walked towards our booth, a fancy silver basket with three crisp, buttery breadsticks in hand. As soon as he departed, my eyes averted to my smartphone while chowing down ferociously on the warm bread. My frail grandmother, on the other hand, munched quietly, watching other restaurant-goers engage in active conversations. I didn't know what she was thinking, but the chances are she wasn't having a good time.

And then I saw it. It was like a parallel universe within the internet. An Instagram post exhibits an airheaded teenager watching videos at a restaurant with her grandfather, with comments labeling her as disrespectful. I was overcome with remorse and shame. I looked up to see her fiddling with the crumpled white straw wrapper. Placing my phone in my purse, I started talking about school, which she automatically indulged in.

<https://assignbuster.com/grandmother-and-grandson-story-my-memories/>

She usually likes sharing stories about her past. And then that's just what she did. She eagerly spoke of numerous childhood memories that she kept in a dusty corner of her mind. It was as if a lightbulb clicked on inside her head, her eyes illuminated with joy.

I was a fox vacating my natural habitat, scavenging for new adventures. Seeking to make a difference around me. After my grandmother unveiled her appreciation before me, endless hours of squandered smartphone time has been dedicated to doing supplemental chores around the house, leaving a positive impression on my parents. The devotion to engaging in family contributions fills me with pride and a sense of responsibility. Vitality surges through me every day like two bottles of Bang Energy drinks.

Being able to refrain from bad habits and influencing myself to become better, I know new opportunities are around the corner. Obtaining them before they dissipate from view leads to a critical stepping stone towards success. By setting my phone down and focusing on my beloved grandmother, I have been able to value everybody in my life before they become a mere memory. Taking everything for granted was a blunder that evolved into a lesson learnt. Years from now, I can reminisce about that day and imagine what I am capable of becoming.