

Grandfather essay

[History](#)



I remember the last time we saw each other; he stepped like a person that never reached his destiny.

He came near me and broke the silence with a sincere voice that slipped through his throat, as it approached the cavity regarded with the gift of sound, said to me " I missed you". My grandfather is a worn and skilled man. His ancient body unveils the arduous work he has gone through. The integument of the upper part of his head has lost most of his shiny hair like the leaves of an old tree succumbing by the pass of the years. Nevertheless he uses a black and scurfy comb, the one that has taken the life of his keratinous filaments. In addition, his mature and porous nose takes deep heavy breaths identical to the giant from the ?? Jim Henson's the Storyteller" series.

Their so powerful that you can hear how the endless air fills his aged lungs giving him the ability to stay alive. In fact, his capacity to pay attention is much vanish from his knowledgeable hears. They are rounded with extended curves, full of potholes like an old street from the past century. Although his exhaust eyes are overshadow by the years, they still show a lighten soul. Surrounding the white membrane there is a small circular portion colored of an enduring green almost incapable of receiving light. His wrinkle face plenty of kindness reveals just in moments what kind of person he is.

Also, it is crowded of lines like a landscape from an old map that belonged to pirate marked by his deadly fights on the sea. The desire to kiss the most loved woman by the experience of his lips is not possible due to the cruel reality of the downfall. His rough hands enriched with intelligence

accumulate the deep scars of all life hard work. The lines in it are well stated revealing that he is a define man. Like rocks, his strong fingers hold my inexperienced hands so gently for giving the kindhearted he is. They are full of movement, capable of grasp a hammer to work all day long below the rays of the Sun. His short nails fatigued by the clock have lost the rounded young shape like an old dog with worn teeth because it chewed too much food.

Even after all this years his screw up skin is still capable of hold back the strongest rays of the sun. When he hugs me I can feel the never ending pain of the cicatrices that will never heal. The aroma of his external cover is similar to the fragrance of a bark piece from a not young orange tree. His aberrant back still holds on the entire body of a lovely man. You can catch a glimpse of its unpretentious curves starting downhill until it reaches the center of thought and understanding.

The drained shoulders from a man of his age are only capable of racing a glass of water, but his well founded shoulders have the energy to assemble the front of a house. They have gone down due to the heavyweights he bore on them. Even though his elderly chest has lost the perfect shape offered by youth, yet draws attention from the opposite sex. His overworked legs maintain its weighty steps granting him the faculty to travel in slow motion. Every step it's a miracle, his vexatious knees are agonizing due to the backbreaking work they have been doing all these years.

Once in a while I can hear them crack, and the unbearable pain eats his body offering him no choice but to take a plentiful rest. His feet have left their

traces all over the world like a migrant bird. Full of scratches and pain they keep going without gestation because they belong to an adventurous man.

My grandfather is an ingenious man full of wisdom. His entire body is like a history book; fill with knowledge, adventures and experience. If you get the chance to know him, you will discover much more than an old man.

Sometimes life gives too many obstacles, but surpassing all of them grants you with a vast knowledge as you grow older. Finally, when you have all those abilities they can be inherit in your grandson just like my grandfather did with me.