

Superman

Business



It was time to let this tree go. Yeah I get it no big deal, but have you seen this tree. Its branches tall like they are reaching for the sky, wide enough like when your grandma offers you a hug. Its color faded from a bright brownish covering to a dull grey. It grew to the point where it was potentially covering my roof with branches.

Sometimes at night branches would fall and it would scare the pants off me. So it was time for the trees haircut. My uncle was sitting on one of the sturdier branches, having a steady grip on the chain saw. But I noticed his hands were shaking and he started to sweat more and more. My dad somehow tied a rope around the branch that was going to fall, clever idea dad. My family is 50 shades of crazy.

There is always something going on with someone either they just got went to jail or fired from their job the list is endless; There is always a story to be told. Hey, no family is perfect. Everyone's flaws and imperfections are stitched together with good intentions. I think of my family as a puzzle, hard to figure out; sometimes the pieces either do not fit or go together. But it takes time to get the puzzle perfect or to look somewhat decent.

It was a Sunday Evening and it was freezing. It was a long day at that, not just for me but for everyone. The house now empty was loaded with people I never met before, but had a special connection with my grandfather. Now calm, sitting in front of my nana, who in a nice black and white jacket and her brown short hair styled to perfection, starts confessing. “ He went out with a bang.” Her mouth was opening only a smidge but all her words came out clear.

This was her humor to cope. " I was about to roll him out when no one was looking". She's almost on the floor laughing so hard, she thought that was a good one. Pat on the back for you nana. This lady she's crazy and she said it so calmly.

But it made the day go fast. It was hard but everyone was together. I have never seen so many flowers in my life the smell had gone through the house as if it were a greenhouse. The aroma of the food on the table lasted for days because there were copious amounts. Our daily doses of Dunkin Donuts coffee was only a plate away in one of those Box O Joe containers that looked like a lunch box I could take to school.

The Funeral was done. It is bad that my grandmother had me laughing that whole time? Everyone probably looked confused when they saw me. I was ugly crying at one point, red covering my face with mascara running, and then I was laughing hysterically with a huge smile. I could tell you my family wasn't the type to laugh when someone got hurt but then I would be lying. You could say laughing is our drug. My dad did not like to show emotion, he did converse with some old friends. He played it off as if he was happy. That night he started looking through my grandfather's things to get it off his mind. I see where my dad gets his hoarding; my grandfather had just as much things as my dad does. Everywhere my grandfather went to either a store or a flea market, he would buy something whether he would use it or it would be thrown into the back room and collect dust for the next six years.

After twenty minutes of sawing the tree, the branch fell and it seemed like hours till it hit the ground with a loud clash, all the leaves jumped and were

thrown elsewhere; some of the branch broke off into a million pieces. But as the branch fell, my dad went up soaring into the air as if he were superman. I could see in his arms it was lifting all of him, his veins popping out. His grip got tighter; he was holding on for dear life I would imagine. My whole family was in awe because we have never experienced this in our lives. It was like something out of a movie.

It took us a while to fathom what happened but we eventually had gotten a ladder to get him down because my dad was just casually dangling in the air, it was actually quite entertaining. My dad looked as if he shed fifteen years after what happened. Dwayne Broomstein, brown hair, short, husky feature like a football player, rosy red cheeks as if it were Santa. His hands all cut up and black like a mechanic. Sometimes he comes home with a new cut essentially from glass.

His clothes are filled with holes and covered in black substance as if he borrowed it from a homeless guy. His personality is like a dog. He is nice for some time but anything can tick him off and he loses it. He is 50 years old, 215 pounds of dad. He is working on windshields in Boston, trying to call me as we speak. He is employed with Alliance glass and has worked there for 20 years; he lives in Abington Massachusetts, originally from Dorchester.

Yelling on the sidelines of my brothers games, always telling me my friends will fall in love with my brother, screaming at the TV every time the Pat's get a terrible call, telling my brother and I that my mom and him are running away whenever we ask where they are going, telling me to move out when I turned seventeen or eighteen, dancing almost every time we walk by

Abercrombie and Fitch, waving to people in the mall as if I know they, fighting with my brother and potentially getting hurt, sometimes coming home with a homemade belt out of duct tape he made a work, ripping his pants with holes into homemade shorts because its recycling, telling my dog to bite me when I play with him, My mom has never been about hair products. The only beauty product she approves of is eyeliner and mascara, but not in the sense of her looking like an Egyptian. I on the other hand take advantage of the Egyptian look; it is quite fierce even if I do look similar to a raccoon. She applies only a thin line on her bottom eyelash line, not too much. But her hair is the problem.

I know greying is part of life; it is bound to happen. My mom's hair is covered and she is only in her 40's. I want her to be risky and spontaneous. And hair is not a problem with being risky and spontaneous. Why not go a little brown or even an amber red. " But I've earner each and every one of these greys" she always says.

She's too much. I on the other hand will be that lady always in the hair salon for my touch up. No one is going to see my greys. My dad is not into that whole beauty department. You're lucky he gets a haircut when he does, but hey I am in that same boat.

These luscious blondish brown locks have not touched scissors in two going on three years. I cannot tell you if that is good or bad. He does not mind my mom's greyness because he is heading in that same direction, but he is in denial about it. Every time my brother mentions a grey hair, my dad will

change the subject or ignore him. It is okay we know he is getting old.
Embrace it.