My Favorite Person Essay, Research Paper

My favorite person

A southerner, a drinker, a fouwl mouth, a grumpy old man, are phrases you?d probably use to describe my grandfather, but to me he has a heart of gold. A man who knows no strangers, that pretty much sums him up. He could talk to a person, which he just met for hours about anything and everything.

My grandfather is 75 and does not, even to this day have a gray hair on his head. He is just an amazing man. From the way he looks and the way that he acts, you would think that he is 20 years younger then he really is.

He knows everything there?s to know about cars! When he was younger his brother and he would buy cars that were out of commission and they would fix them up and sell them for triple that they bought them for. He always tells me stories about all the cars he used to recondition. He did limos, sports cars and trucks, but the main thing that he did was army jeeps. He said that they probably did about 20 of those jeeps.

I always remember when I used to go and visit him down in Alabama there would always be a new car in the driveway that he was fixing up. Sometimes he would let my brother and me help. I remember when my parents took my brother and my sister to Disney world and left me with my grandparents. When they pulled up to their house to pick me up, I was under a 75 Chevy with grease on my face and grandfather at my side. The funny part was I was only four.

I have a lot of memories of my grandfather, but what I will always remember of him is all of his habits. It is just the little things that he does that really stick in my mind. For instance: him drinking his Wild Turkey. He always has a cup of Wild Turkey right before he goes to bed, and when he travels he keeps it in a false book labeled ?David and how he does it?. He always boasts about how much he reads that book. It?s funny.

I think the main thing I will remember him for is his yelling. I know it sounds bad, but it characterizes him. Without it, he wouldn?t be the same. He jells about this and that, pretty much stupid stuff that he gets frustrated about. He always yells if you do something that he doesn?t like, or if he wants you to do something for him. The line I think he is famous for is ?Damn it, get me another beer?. That is the line we always say when we talk about him. You could call it his call sign.

Even with all of his bad habits and all of his yelling, I still love him. I sometimes think of what it would be like with him gone. I just can?t imagine it. I don?t know if I am in denial that it will eventually happen, or that I love him so much that I don?t want to think about how I will feel when it does happen. All I know is that I will never forget him, and that no matter what happens I will always love him. He is my grandfather.