Maya's Notebook: A Novel

My grandfather kept them under lock and key in his desk for years

I don’t look like my grandfather either—my magnificent Popo—because unfortunately he’s not related to me biologically

Her vocabulary is peppered with politically unacceptable expressions, like retard, fatso, dwarf, hunchback, faggot, butch, chinkie-rike-eat-lice, and lots more that my grandfather tried to put down to the limitations of his wife’s English

Did your grandfather soak chops in drain cleaner too?

I told him how my grandfather taught me to dance as soon as I could stay upright and bought me a piano when I was five

The dominant color of my grandfather’s aura was violet, very appropriate, because it’s the color of sensibility, wisdom, intuition, psychic power, and vision of the future

in short, only a miracle would save my grandfather.

The volunteers from the hospice set up the hospital bed in front of the big living room window, so at night my grandfather could imagine the stars and moon shining down on him

They’d been distant for a few months after fighting at a demonstration over abortion, which O’Kelly, an obedient Catholic, rejected, but my grandfather’s illness reconciled them

Once I heard O’Kelly talking about God to my Popo, and I felt obliged to warn him he was wasting his time, because my grandfather was an agnostic

How could he not have caught a glimpse of God?” he answered me, but he didn’t try to save my grandfather’s soul against his will

my grandfather was the skeleton of a burned tree, but he could still listen to music and remember.

In the three years that have passed since the death of my grandfather, I’ve very rarely talked about him

I didn’t want to share my memories with those well-intentioned therapists either, because anything I might tell them about my grandfather would sound banal

I refused to act out my grandfather’s death, and the other kids had to do it for me

That year I gave my grandfather his lost planet as a present

I always felt my grandfather watching me, suffering for me

It struck me as a terrifying sign, meaning that my grandfather had seen me steal those five dollars, that he was disappointed in me, that he’d left, and now no one was watching over me

Daniel didn’t find it at all strange that my grandfather would have visited me and didn’t try to give me a rational explanation for what had happened

The precautions I took that allowed me to hide out in Las Vegas were futile in the face of the Force of Destiny, in capital letters, as my grandfather would say, referring to one of his favorite Verdi operas

Life is easier for whites. My grandfather knew that too.

I don’t know how they concluded that my grandfather had caused the accident and threatened the cyclist with his umbrella

My grandfather, with a bloody nose and a cut on his eyebrow, tried to explain what had happened in a humble tone of voice we’d never heard and asked for a telephone to call the university

but when I was at my lowest ebb, my grandfather picked me up in his arms

Then how did you know I’m your grandfather?

Apart from donating an organ or inheriting a fortune, it doesn’t matter who my biological grandfather is; only affection matters, and we’re lucky to have each other

later my grandfather asked to borrow the phone to call a taxi, and soon we were saying good-bye

Die in Plain Sight

“Grandfather was a very fine artist, equal to if not better than any of the California Plein Air Impressionists that are hanging in museums on both coasts

“Without my grandfather I’d be trying to be something I’m not, a society woman instead of an artist

“Okay, you want to find out all about your beloved grandfather, my father, who was as self-absorbed a bastard as ever came down the road

Grandfather never signed his paintings, so we don’t have to worry about that

If she was wrong about her grandfather’s genius, this would all die a quiet death

The paintings done by her grandfather showed a landscape more than fifty years in the past

But I think my grandfather was simply a gifted artist who was able to create both sin and salvation with equal power

Lacey’s smile faded as she thought of all the old arguments over her own painting, and the much newer ones over her grandfather’s work

You never knew your Grandfather Forrest real well, did you

Bliss tried to imagine her grandfather running gangsters out of town

Susa, who could uncover Lacey’s grandfather for the fraud he was.

“Did your grandfather live with you?” “On and off.”

Except he really didn’t want to badcop Lacey into telling him things for no better reason than his own curiosity about why a transparently honest woman invented a fake name and didn’t want to talk about her grandfather

The Shell Seekers (Eng3)

Lawrence Stern was a contemporary of my husband's step-grandfather, Thomas Millie Dow

I think my grandfather must have known this, and was anxious that she should be independent and at least have a home in which to bring up her family

"The income from a few investments that my grandfather left me, and my Army Pension

Your grandfather's picture was sold yesterday at Boothby's

She had no clear recollection of her grandfather, but she remembered Doris

She went out of the kitchen and across the hall, where only the grandfather clock ticked, and a drowsy bee buzzed at a windowpane

Nancy, in the place of honour beside her grandfather, stood up on her chair and he helped her to cut the cake.

The Age of Miracles (Eng4)

Suspended from a delicate chain around my neck was a tiny gold nugget, unearthed sixty years earlier by my grandfather’s hands when he worked in the mines of Alaska

I reached for my necklace, and that was when I noticed it was gone, my grandfather’s tiny gold nugget, flung somewhere in the dirt

On the third day, my mother and I drove out to my grandfather’s house after school

My grandfather lived in the middle of a luxury housing development

Amid all this newness, my grandfather’s dusty acre persisted, invisible, like a patch of dark matter

The developer of the neighboring community had planted thick pine trees on every side of my grandfather’s lot, so the neighbors could avoid looking at it

We drove through my grandfather’s open wooden gate, where the smooth asphalt turned to chunky gravel beneath our tires and the carefully planned green spaces of the development gave way to the region’s natural landscape

My grandfather was eighty-six years old. All his old friends were dead

Years earlier, the developers had tried to buy my grandfather’s property

The new neighborhood rose up around my grandfather’s land like floodwater surrounding high ground.

The Girl Who Chased the Moon (Eng5)

She’d actually been comforted by the thought of falling back into a cradle of her mother’s youth, of bonding with the grandfather she hadn’t known she had

She heard what sounded like a clothes dryer door slam, then her grandfather came out of the kitchen

Sawyer drove his grandfather to Julia’s restaurant every morning just so he could have breakfast with his old cronies

Even though she knew her grandfather was downstairs, having the entire upstairs to herself made her uneasy

When Emily looked at her, not understanding, Julia explained, “That’s what people around here call your grandfather

I didn’t even know I had a grandfather.

IT DIDN’T take Emily long to decide to walk to Main Street and greet her grandfather

She turned and saw her giant grandfather walking toward her carrying a paper bag

She didn’t favor her grandfather in any way but this one

. I’m surprised your grandfather hasn’t told you to stay away from me already

Eng mean = 0.7432675838470459

Per mean = 0.7155527174472809

Eng\_Per mean = 0.7096933937072754