THICKER THAN WATER.

I took my grandfather out for dinner for his birthday, because it seems the proper thing to do. Neither of us particularly wanted to go to dinner together, but since he was alone and I happen to be visiting town during his birthday I felt compelled to insist. My grandfather and I don’t have much in common: he is a retired arms dealer and I am a circus clown. But after some tortures small talks, concerning weather and health, as the meal began, we were finally able to come together as family in the way we treated the waitress well.

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