Thicker Than Water

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

By Rose W. Wanjiru