

## My Grandpa, My Best Buddy

Thanksgiving isn't just about eating turkey, stuffing, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie. It isn't just about watching the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, the dog show or the many football games. It isn't about having a day off from school. Thanksgiving is a special day. It is about spending time with the ones I love. It's about eating a huge, delicious feast with my family. Thanksgiving is about watching football games with my Buddy, my grandpa.

September 21, 2007, my grandpa had an aneurysm and nearly died. I was told only after the fact that he was rushed to the hospital only to be transferred to a different hospital to have surgery. Little did I know that my mom was meeting my grandma at the hospital, while I was traveling to Philadelphia with my dad for an exciting project. All the time in the car I thought that my mom was helping my grandma because she was "locked out of her house." My mom told me that she would soon be with me and my dad at the hotel as soon as she was done helping grandma. But really it was my mom's lie. She did not want me to know that my grandpa was in the hospital with a major head injury. My mom and dad wanted to protect me, so that I would not be sad, because I love my Grandpa very much and I did not want anything to happen to my Buddy.

The next day when my mom, dad and I were eating breakfast in the hotel restaurant, I was running back and forth from the outdoor patio to my chair. The last thing I remember was my mom saying, "Come sit down and finish eating." I said, "one last time" and I ran... boom! I fell right into the wooden leg of a chair. My head split open and my mom was horrified and screamed for someone to call an ambulance. My dad put pressure on my head all the way to the hospital. "To make it better," since I'm an actor, I had a job to go to. Unfortunately, there wasn't a plastic surgeon at the children's hospital that day. The emergency room doctor was able to close my head in time for me to go to set and do the job. Unfortunately, I never did get to finish my pancakes from breakfast.

After the job, I found out that my mother lied about grandma being locked out of the house. My mom told me that my grandpa was really very sick and in the hospital. I was terrified my buddy might die. My grandfather and I both shared head injuries that weekend and we both have the scars to prove it. I was only five and my grandpa was 69. Four years later he is still alive today. Even though he yells and forgets things, I am glad he is still alive. We do lots of things together. We play chess, go to the movies, fight and make up and watch tv. But

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our favorite thing to do together is watch the Steeler's win. My grandpa and I are best buddy's. This Thanksgiving I am going to have so much fun with my grandpa. I love my buddy.