**Bonding with Grandma**

# **Unit 3**

 Brian rushed off the bus and ran up the front porch steps. As he threw open the screen door, he yelled for his grandmother. Brian had come to really enjoy living with his gram over the last several months. A smile came to his face when he remembered how **animated** and lively his gram had gotten when he and Zach were able to give her back all the money she had fronted for their pool catering business. What had really pepped her up was the substantial interest they had added for the use of her money.

 “Gram, where are you? It’s me, Brian. I’m home from school.”

 Brian worked his way through the house continually calling for his gram. He made it all the way to the back porch and still hadn’t seen her or heard an acknowledgement from her. When Brian stepped onto the back porch, he finally saw his gram, sitting **upright** with her back against the maple tree, staring into space.

 She still hadn’t seen nor heard Brian. She seemed lost in thought but with a noticeable **luster** about her face; she was practically glowing. Brian didn’t really want to disturb her, but she had promised to take him to the mall to pick up a few **miscellaneous** items they had neglected to buy with the regular school supplies.

 “Gram! Gram! Are you awake?” Brian yelled at her, and she still didn’t respond. Feeling **downright** impish, Brian picked up a small stick lying beside his grandmother and began to poke her in the side with it.

 His grandmother’s eyes popped open and she let out a little squeal. “What do you think you’re doing, young man?”

 “Well, you didn’t answer when I yelled at you, so I thought I would poke you to **verify** that you were still alive!” Brian laughed.

 “Oh, sometimes I just **yearn** for the one thing I never get – a little time to just sit and think all by myself without someone always needing me for something,” his grandmother stated melodramatically while placing the back of her hand against her forehead.

 “And a little extra time to sleep, too, if that loud **drone** coming from your mouth was any indication,” Brian chuckled.

 “I’ll have you know, young man, that I have the **unique** ability to appear asleep, when I’m actually deep in thought,” she explained.

 Brian looked at his grandmother, and they both burst out laughing like a couple of hyenas. They laughed so hard tears rolled down both of their faces. Laughter was a huge **ingredient** in the love they felt for each other and in the bond forming between them.

 “So, young impish one, please **indulge** me for a moment and explain to me why you found it so urgent to **goad** me from my moment of deep introspection with that stick.”

 “Stop trying to look all intelligent, Grandma. It’s me you’re talking to, not the ladies at your garden club.”

 Brian’s grandmother always tried to instill in Brian that it was of extreme importance to be **literate** – to speak with a wide range of vocabulary words, to read a variety of books, and to write well and often. She always rued the fact that she had not received an adequate education, but that was not going to stop her from making sure that Brian was prepared for success in life.

 “Brian, you know how the chance of being let go or laid-off always **looms** over your father’s head like an evil shadow. That is because he did not heed my warning to make sure he worked to acquire an excellent education. Your grandfather and I used to **seethe** with anger when your father just ignored our pleas and admonishments to work harder at his studies,” Grandma explained.

 Brian always felt a bit **peevish** and irritated when his grandma started her tirade about his father’s lack of obedience. He felt like he was conspiring against him behind his back. He loved his dad and thought he did the best he could under the circumstances. Heck, the whole family seemed happy, and Brian sure didn’t mind living at his grandma’s.

 “Gram, I know you mean well and I am going to listen to you the best I can, but I don’t think you need to **brood** over things that happened with Dad in the past. It just makes you upset.”

 “You’re right, Brian, and you don’t need an **oration** from me every time I remember times that your dad didn’t listen to me. You are not your dad, so I’ll save my speeches from now on.”

 Brian slid closer to his gram and gave her a hug. “Can we go shopping now, Gram?”

 “Yes, let’s do that before your parents get home.”

 “I have it all planned out. First, we can pick up socks at the sports store, and then we can go to the outlets and buy my jeans. We can **culminate** our outing by stopping at the ice cream shop for a double chocolate sundae,” Brian spouted enthusiastically.

 “Maybe we should stop for the ice-cream first. I think I may have sat out here too long because the sun has started to **singe** my nose and ears. They’re feeling a bit burnt.”

 “How about one before and one after?” Brian suggested.

 “You are your father’s son!” Grandma announced.

--Ron Powers

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| **WORD** | **DEFINITION in your own words from context clues** | **MEMORY TRIGGER** |
| animated |  |  |
| upright |  |  |
| luster |  |  |
| miscellaneous |  |  |
| downright |  |  |
| verify |  |  |
| yearn |  |  |
| drone |  |  |
| unique |  |  |
| ingredient |  |  |
| indulge |  |  |
| goad |  |  |
| literate |  |  |
| loom |  |  |
| seethe |  |  |
| peevish |  |  |
| brood |  |  |
| oration |  |  |
| culminate |  |  |
| singe |  |  |