

MY GRANDFATHER

It had snowed. I made a snowball (probably in the backyard) and went home (probably running up the stairs) because I had an idea. I had an idea to run into my grandfather's room. He was sitting on the bed to the right and reading a newspaper, probably yesterday's "Politika," which he would get from my uncle downstairs. He was bent like a donut over the paper. I ran in and threw the snowball at him. Bull's eye. When I'd played with the children, it was a big deal to hit somebody, and bull's eye was to hit someone on the head (just as I - many years later, an adult already playing in the street - hit the girl who was then in love with Cuba, yet a couple of years later she bears a son to a man from Stip). The bull's eye with my grandfather was really a bull's eye - the snowball hit him in the head. More precisely, in the forehead, it got in between his glasses and his eyes and got crammed there. The glasses were old, thick, plastic and held with scotch tape. The space between my grandfather's eyes and glasses filled with snow.

My grandfather didn't say a word. He just took off his glasses, slowly removed the snow, then wiped off his eyes, then glasses.

All without a word. He probably continued to read.