When we pulled into the driveway, he was kneeling on his hands and knees in the garden – a shovel in one hand and a small strawberry plant in the other. He was a tall man and still reasonably fit considering he was 75! He had white wispy hair and wore old brown glasses (5) which had been around for as long as I could remember. He was wearing his standard gardening uniform which consisted of his brown slippers, cream track pants, his brown woollen jersey and his faded Mickey Mouse hat (5) which seemed to be a permanent fixture(5) on his head.

His garden was immaculate. The lawn was lovely and lush and there was not a single weed to be seen. Maybe it had something to do with the fact he would get out there with a kitchen fork and pick each weed out individually (5). The garden was his pride and joy.

He greeted me with a strong manly handshake – the kind that makes your knuckles want to crush under the unbearable pressure (5). He invited me inside and let me sit in his favourite chair. You see his house was his castle with that one suede Lazy-Boy (5) being his throne so being allowed to sit in it was a huge privilege.

Grandma pretty much acted as his maid and did what he told her to do. He ordered her to go get me some food and something to drink in his old Southern man voice (5), he didn’t even ask politely which made me feel rude and uncomfortable. He was going a bit deaf so everytime he asked you a question he would completely tune out and start clicking his false teeth (5) as he always did.

When his wife came in with plate–loads of food his face lit up, it was like a baby seeing lollies for the first time in their life. His favourite was asparagus rolls which he pretty much sucked on. At one point in the visit he fell asleep lying there in the corner of his long suede sofa with an asparagus roll in one hand and a big dribble rolling out his mouth and down his wrinkled, leathery dark skin (5). This was my granddad.