

GRANDPA, MORRIS AND ME

Miri Chanoch

Bernat Muntés

עורכת הספר: תמי הראל  
עיצוב: אסתי עליאש / סטודיו מודן

© כל הזכויות בשפה העברית שמורות, 2019  
לכתר ספרים (2005) בע"מ  
משק 33, מושב בן-שמון, 7311500

אין להעתיק, לשכפל, לצלם, להקליט, לתרגם,  
לאחסן במאגר מידע או להפיץ ספר זה  
או קטעים ממנו בשום צורה ובשום אמצעי,  
אלקטרוני, אופטי או מכאני (לרבות צילום,  
הקלטה, אינטרנט ודואר אלקטרוני),  
ללא אישור בכתב מהמוציא לאור

[www.keter-books.co.il](http://www.keter-books.co.il)  
e-mail: [info@keter-books.co.il](mailto:info@keter-books.co.il)

Printed in Israel



MIRI CHANOCH

# GRANDPA, MORRIS and ME

Illustrations by Bernat Muntés

Translated by Tami Harel

 Keter Books

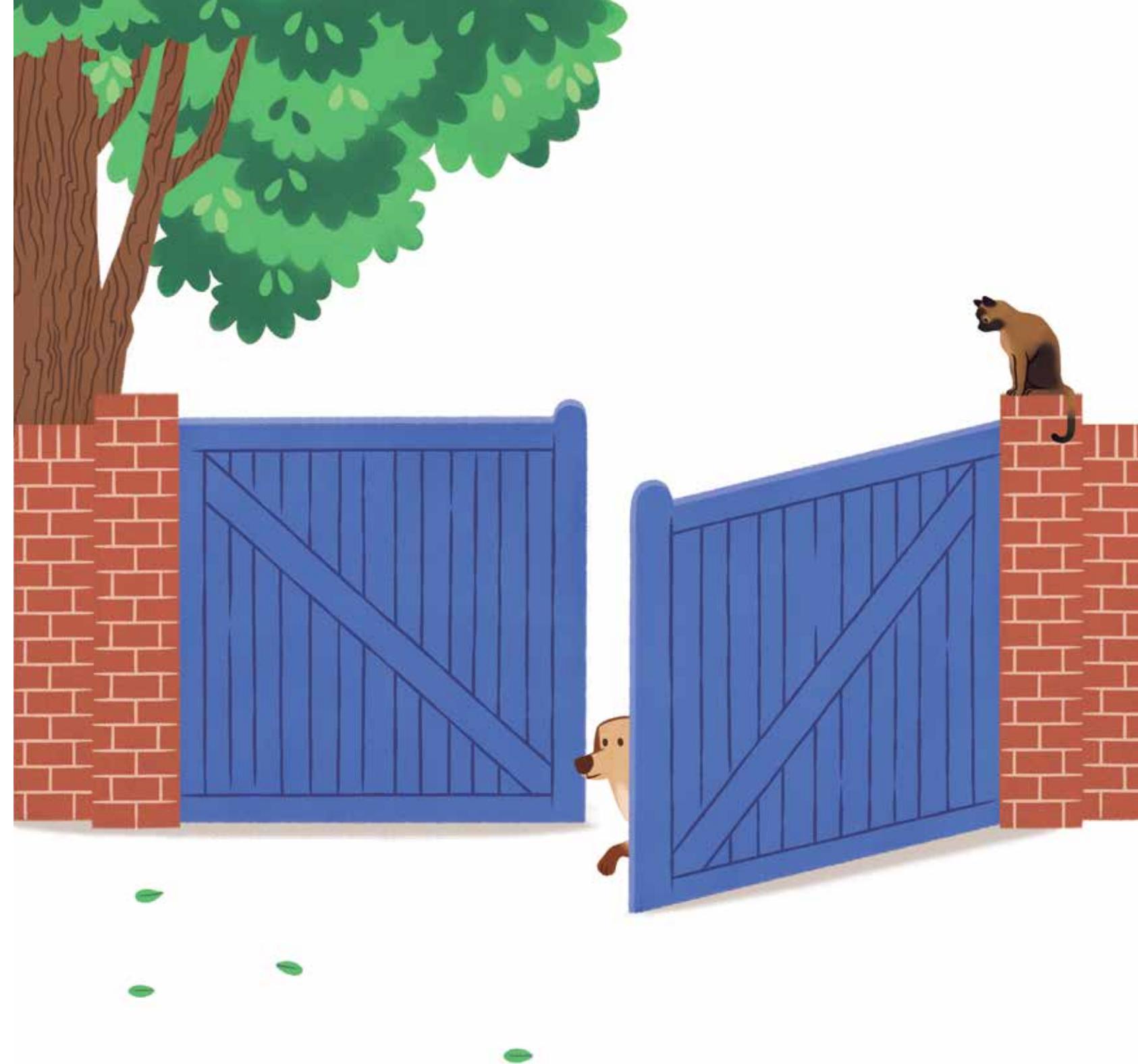


Tuesday is my favorite day, because every Tuesday  
Grandpa picks me up from kindergarten.

My Grandpa always has warm hands,  
and when he holds my hand,  
I'm not afraid of anything. Not even of the dark.

When we sit next to David the teacher  
and wait for our parents,  
I wait for my my grandpa and don't worry at all,  
because I know he will be on time.

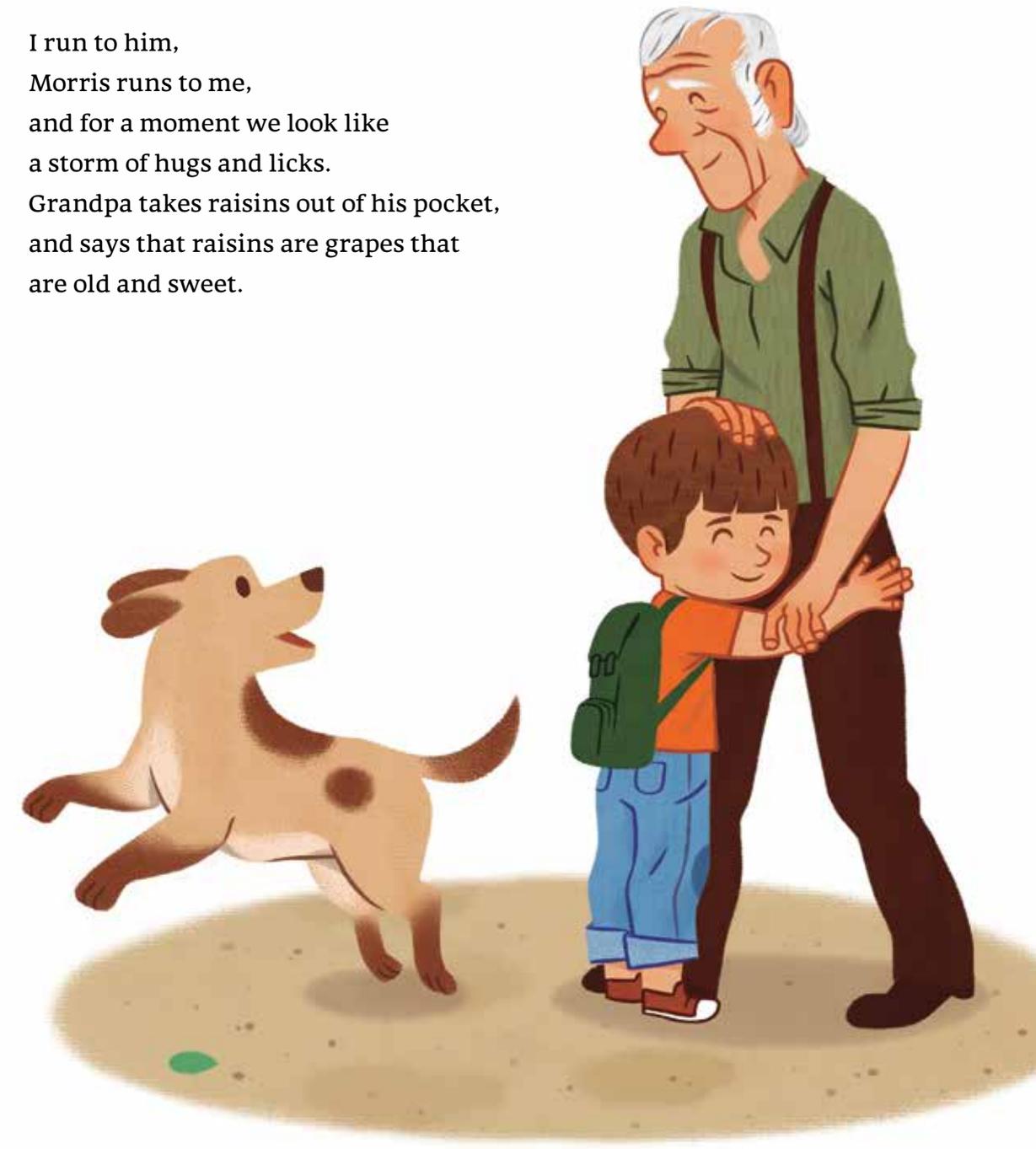
The blue gate opens.  
David the teacher smiles,  
because we both see first of all,  
the wet nose of Morris The Third's, as he  
runs forward and wags his tail.  
Morris The Third is my grandpa's dog,  
before him there were Morris The Second  
and Morris The First.



When Grandpa comes through the gate,  
first his white hair shows through,  
then his long legs,  
and last appear his smiling eyes.



I run to him,  
Morris runs to me,  
and for a moment we look like  
a storm of hugs and licks.  
Grandpa takes raisins out of his pocket,  
and says that raisins are grapes that  
are old and sweet.





If it's not raining we go to the sea,  
sit by the pier,  
and sing together three times:  
Sea, sea, sea thank you, you are free,  
thank you, you are free, sea, sea, sea.

At the pier the raisins and the waves come to an end.



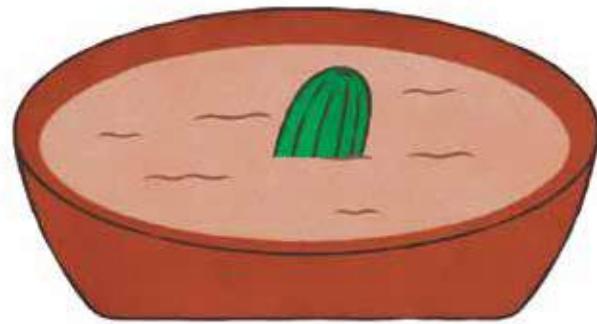
Then Grandpa takes me to his house,  
because my mom is working late.  
My Grandpa's home smells like dog and books,  
and the living room has an old wooden floor.

I take off my shoes,  
and slide in my socks from side to side,  
from Grandpa's armchair to my sofa,  
while Morris finds little crumbs between the cracks.



In the evening we make salad together,  
and eat at the kitchen table with its checkered tablecloth.  
Grandpa teaches me where is north and where is south:  
The oven in the north and the sink in the south,  
the sea in the west and the mountains in the east,  
(everything is easy to understand when Grandpa explains it).

We sail small ships between the checks.  
Grandpa sails a sailboat from China to Japan,  
and I rescue a ship from sinking in the middle of the sea



At 8 o'clock Mom comes to pick me up.  
Before I leave I give Morris a kiss on his wet nose,  
and Grandpa gives me a souvenir to keep until next week.  
Once it was a small elephant horn from Africa,  
and once a green stone he had brought from Portugal.  
Grandpa sailed all over the world, he was almost a captain.



This time he gave me a small box from China,  
with a sailboat painted on it.  
This way I have my Grandpa in my pocket for  
the whole week.



On Sunday afternoon the telephone rang.  
Mom said that grandpa wasn't feeling very well,  
and looked very worried.  
My heart was pounding hard.  
Mom took me to Ruth the neighbor and went to the hospital.  
Before we left home I put the box from China deep in my pocket.



Mom kissed me and said  
that she hopes Grandpa will feel better.  
I wanted to tell her that I don't feel very good myself,  
but it was too late.



Before I fell asleep on Ruth's sofa,  
I thought that my Grandpa is very strong,  
he already went to hospital once and came back healthy.

In the early morning a faint light came in through the window,  
and Uncle Moses John took me in his arms back home,  
and put me to bed.

I pretended to be asleep but I was listening and kept checking  
that the box from China was still in my pocket.



In the morning mom brought me hot chocolate to bed.

Her eyes were red.

I asked her if she was crying,  
and she said that she hadn't slept much.

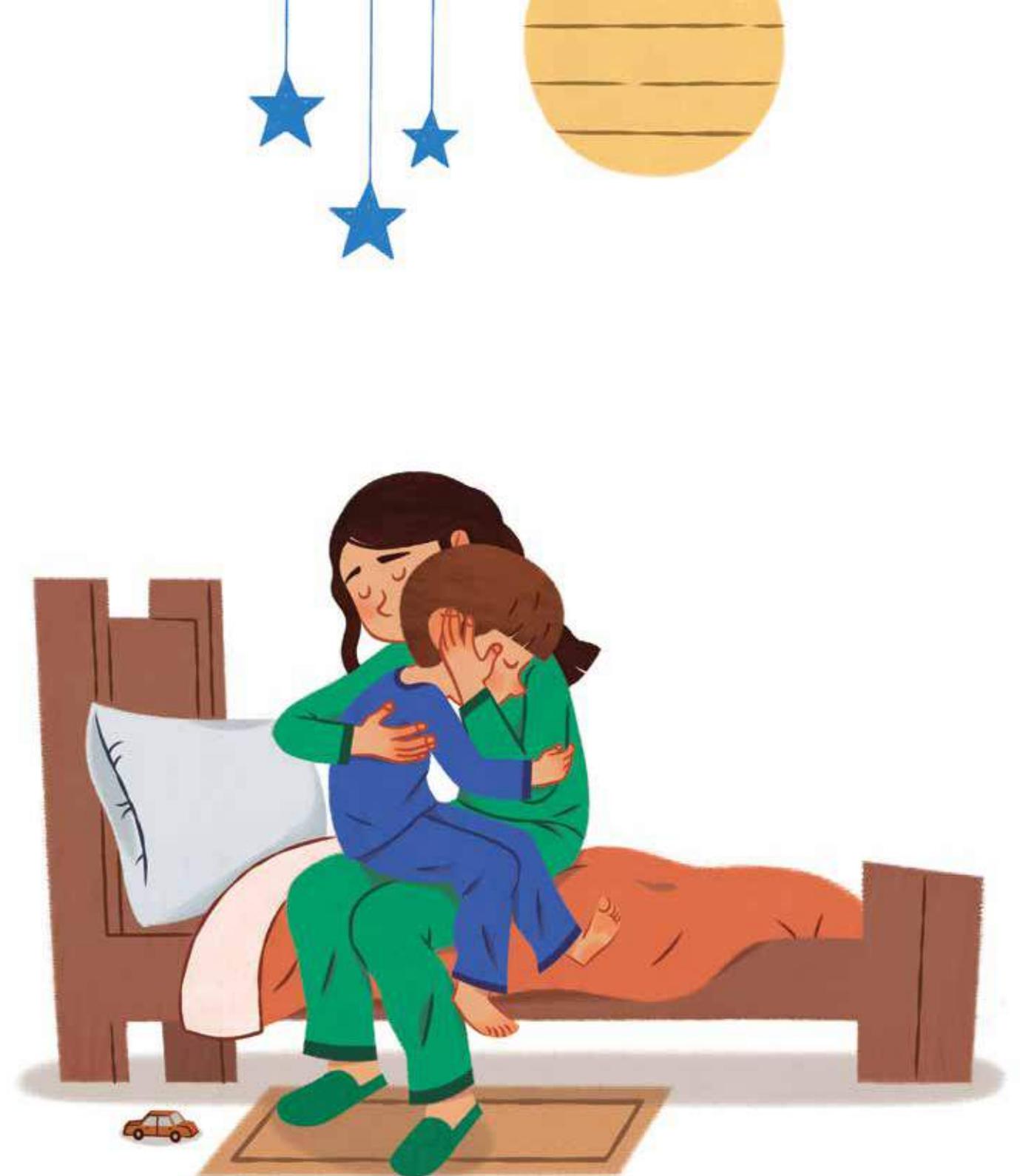
"Mom, Is it possible that grandpa might even maybe die?"

I asked and immediately I was sorry, because you shouldn't  
say about anyone alive that he could possibly die.



Mom started crying.  
I hate when she cries, it scares me.  
I said that I'm sorry for what I said,  
but Mom said that it's alright to say everything  
and words don't kill.

She stroked my head and I felt her hands shaking a little.  
"I hope Grandpa gets well, but he's not so young,  
you know Chickie."  
Mom always calls me Chickie when I'm sick or when I'm sad,  
so if she calls me Chickie it's not a very good sign.



Mom asked me if I want to visit my grandpa at the hospital.  
I was a little scared, but I said yes.  
I knew how happy he would be to see me. But Grandpa lay  
in the hospital bed and barely opened his eyes.



So I couldn't show him that I brought the box  
from China with me,  
and I just kept holding it tight in my hand,  
until it became as warm as Grandpa's hand.



On Tuesday, Uncle Moses came to fetch me from school, instead of Grandpa.

First I saw Morris's wet nose,

then Uncle Moses' high bald head his small belly.

Morris licked my face, Uncle Moses hugged me tightly,

but he did not have raisins in his pocket,

and we went home instead of to the sea.



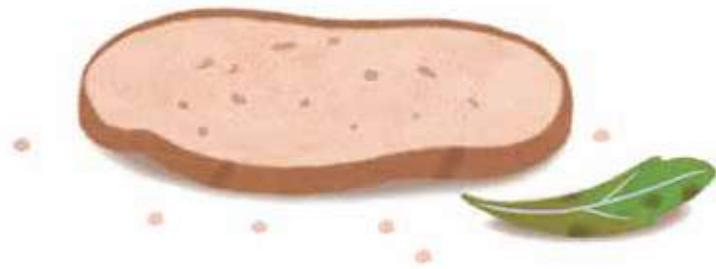
Uncle Moses was quiet and once in a while stroked my head.

I stroked Morris's head,

and I tried to make sure that we all took our strides at the same time.



In the evening Mom came home  
and we sat by the kitchen table.  
“Grandpa died this morning, my Chickie”,  
Mom said and tears ran down her cheeks.  
I held the box tightly in my pocket,  
and thought I would not have anyone to sail with,  
in the checkered sea every Tuesday.



I asked Mom if I could just bring Grandpa his box from China back before he dies completely. Mom said that to die is always completely, and Grandpa gave me the box from China forever, because there are things, like memories, that are left to us by loved ones, even after they die.



Morris stayed to live with us.  
I keep the box from China under my pillow.  
I lay my head on it and dream,  
how Grandpa and I are sailing,  
to faraway lands,  
and sometimes I have tears in my eyes.

Luckily, Morris sleeps in my bed with me.  
We play nose to nose,  
hug each other tight,  
and miss Grandpa together.

