

Grandad's Shop and My Great Eyes

A My Grandad story by Bill Lennox

My Grandad has a shop in town. He sells old books and other stuff, like rings and clocks and little ornaments. Sometimes he sells old tables and chairs, and big black records that play old music.

One day Grandad put a record on and turned the music up really loud and we had a dance right there in the shop. We didn't even stop when a lady came into the shop. Then she said she wanted to buy the record so we had to stop dancing. Grandad said we had to dance in the shop more often. I said that would be great, because it was fun.

Once he had a big fat chair that had stuffing coming out of it. The price ticket on it said \$200. I said that was far too much to pay for a scruffy old chair but Grandad said someone would give him \$200 for it one day. And one day someone did. My Grandad knows a lot about selling old things.

Grandad knows a lot about buying old things too. Most Saturday mornings, Grandad goes to Garage Sales at people's houses. He usually takes me with him. I thought it was funny at first because no-one was selling their garage. Most people sold stuff on their front lawn, not even in their garage.

Grandad is really fast when he looks at stuff in Garage Sales. He says it's Business, and he knows straight away what's a Bargain and what's Just Junk. Sometimes he talks to the people selling their stuff and pays less than they are asking for things. But he says he always pays a Fair Price.

Sometimes I get a bit bored looking at old books and ornaments at Garage Sales, so Grandad tells me to choose something to buy so he can sell it in the shop.

I must be a good chooser because Grandad always buys what I choose. He says I have a Great Eye. I tell him I have *two* Great Eyes and he laughs and says: "Even better then! We'll double the price."

Some weeks we go to The Auction. When you get to The Auction, you go round and look at the things that are for sale, but you don't buy them straight away. You have to sit on chairs and wave your hand when you want to buy something.

I think The Auction is a funny way to do Business but Grandad seems to like it. He gets really excited when he gets a Bargain. But he wasn't so pleased the day I put my hand up like he does. I was just practising but somehow we bought a wheelbarrow full of old tools. Grandad said it was alright, we'll probably be able to sell some of them in the shop.

A while ago I found a dark brown teddy bear at a Garage Sale. It looked like the brother of my old grey teddy bear at home. Grandad said it was Another Great Choice and he bought it. He paid \$3 for it.

The teddy bear had dark brown fur stuck that out all over his face. You had to brush the fur away to see the colour of his eyes. And he had a sneaky wee smile but you could hardly see it under his sticking-out fur. I felt like taking him home.

I played with the dark brown teddy bear all the way home in Grandad's truck. He looked great sitting on the dashboard. But when we got into heavy traffic I put him on the middle seat with the seatbelt round him.

I really wanted to take the dark brown teddy bear home to live with my old grey teddy bear but I know we were out to do Business, so we put him in the window of Grandad's shop. He looked happy enough because he could see all the cars and trucks driving past.

The next time I went to the shop, Grandad took the dark brown teddy bear out of the window and said I could play with him while I was there.

After a while I looked at the price ticket and it said \$100. I was amazed. I knew Grandad paid only \$3 for him.

"Grandad," I said, "how much is double \$3?"

He scratched his head and got out his calculator and tapped in some numbers. "That'd be \$6," he said.

"But you're selling the dark brown teddy bear for \$100," I said. "I thought you were going to *double* the price?"

"Well, he's a pretty special wee bear," said Grandad. "Someone will give me \$100 for it one day."

"Do you reckon?" I said.

"No hurry, eh?" said Grandad. "Until someone buys him, you can play with him when you come into the shop."

That sounded good to me because I don't think anyone will ever pay \$100 for a dark brown teddy bear. So I'll be able to play with him for ages.

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