Begrudgingly, Tony strapped himself into the back seat of the car. He was disappointed- Dad had promised him an afternoon together to visit the local museum and travel there via the subway system transportation, which fascinated him.

He stared out of the window grumpily, counting the lampposts they passed until they arrived. It wasn’t that he didn’t like Grandpa Nono, he just found him fairly dull, except for his impressive collection of treasures in the garage.

“Tony, I’m sorry but Daddies don’t always get to have fun. Maybe Grandpa Nono will take you to the park, he knows how to have fun too…well he used to,” mumbled Dad, half-distracted by his phone. Tony hugged his teddy bear tighter.

“Nono only knows how to do grown up stuff,” replied Tony with a sigh. The car came to a halt as they pulled up on Grandpa’s driveway. Tony could see him tinkering with his lawn mower inside the dusty garage.

“Hey Dad!” shouted Tony’s father cheerfully. Standing up and stretching his back, Grandpa walked towards them both.

“How are you doing, son?” he asked.

“Thanks for watching Tony on such short notice,” Dad said gratefully.

Grandpa beamed down at him, “Well you know I’m always happy to spend time with my Grandson.”

 As Grandpa meticulously mowed the lawn into parallel lines, Tony glanced up at the crowded shelves- row upon row of boxes and memories, stacked precariously on top of each other. Then he noticed a photograph at the top. He used an old wagon underneath a sheet to climb on to reach it, but misjudged the distance and fell to the ground with a crash…