This is a short story of the precious times I spent with a man who meant everything to me.
The Best Papaw Ever
By: Montanna Carpenter

The bumpy road of the school bus was very uncomfortable as I tousled in my seat trying to get situated. I leaned my head over on the school bus window when I saw the bus driver pointing his wrinkly old finger at a teen who was causing trouble. But the bus driver wasn’t just any old driver he was my papaw, Omer “Buck” Buckler. He had been taking children to and from school for a very long time. He was the best papaw anyone could ask for.

In the summer me and my brother Colton, would always stay at his house drinking his delicious sweet tea. Every morning he always had a yummy breakfast waiting just for us. We always started the day off with some donuts and coffee. My favorite part was sitting in his lap, playing with his watch and admiring the pretty blue light shining brightly.

When the holidays would come we always ate his tasty food. Instead of feeling the warm mash potatoes melting in my mouth I felt depression, realizing that papaw wasn’t himself anymore. My mother took him to the doctor and he was diagnosed with lung cancer. The doctor said to start chemo therapy right away. The therapy made him very sick and weak.

As the months marched on I tried to spend as much time with papaw as I could. I followed papaw around as much as my dog, Shadow did me. We usually didn’t expect breakfast when we visited because we wanted to let him get some rest. While papaw was resting I usually went outside to write stories or read. Sometimes I caught frogs in the pond. Other times went up to the milk barn and looked around. The dirty smell of cow poop made me want to puke. I could see papaw with his shiny cowboy boots milking the cows and attaching each utter to the machines. I had a sharp pain in my heart when I realized that papaw wouldn’t be doing the same things he did before; like milking the cows and fixing breakfast.

Papaw often had dizzy spells and the chemo stole his strength. The doctor was worried that he would have dizzy spells while driving. So they told him that it would be a good choice for him to stop driving the bus. Papaw was very sad at this decision since he had become so close to his children on his route. But he loved them dearly and he wanted them to be safe so he quit with great sadness on his heart.

One day Mom had to take some photographs for her part time job, so she left me with papaw as usual. While I was there I noticed that papaw was not feeling well since he kept falling over and could barely stand up. I tried to help him but there was nothing I could do. I was getting very worried so I called mom she came to check on us. Papaw said he was okay but, he felt a little dizzy. Mom felt that it would be best for me to go with her. I gave papaw a hug and kiss I never knew that was the last kiss and hug I would ever give him.

The bumpy road was very uncomfortable as a tear ran down my cheek when I saw papaws casket in the school bus being loaded to the cemetery. Nobody knew that this would happen. I keep a picture of him in my memory chest. When I look at the picture I see a good man, the best school bus driver, and the best sweet tea maker. I can’t even explain how much he loved me. He was truly the best papaw ever.