Gramps just turned 75 years old, and the family was throwing a big party for him. They held it at Thrush Street Swim Club. Gramps had enjoyed swimming all his life. He had been on his school’s swimming squad as a boy. Now swimming still kept him fit and strong.

In the middle of his party, Gramps’s kids and grandkids sang “Happy Birthday.” Then they
looked on as Gramps went up to the top of the high-dive tower. Gramps was a splendid diver.

His grandkids knew which dive Gramps planned on, but the adults didn’t. His whole family sat by the deep end to see Gramps’s dive.

Gramps stood on a little square platform on top of the tower. He spread his arms out. One of the adults said, “I bet he does a half twist!”

Gramps’s grandkids yelled, “One! Two! Three! Go!”

Gramps threw himself off that high-dive tower, but he did not dive headfirst. He went feet first. As he dropped down to the pool, he yanked his knees up to his chest and wrapped his arms around them. He made himself into a big round ball rocketing into deep water below.

Gramps hit the pool water. SPLASH! Huge water streams sprayed all over his kids and grandkids!

His grandkids squealed with delight. They knew they were going to get wet! The adults yelled with delight, too. The spray felt good on this hot summer day.

As Gramps got out of the pool, his family clapped and shouted. Gramps was thrilled! He really didn’t feel 75.