

1✓  
2✓  
3✓  
4✓  
5✓  
6✓  
7✓  
8✓

→ When I go <sup>to</sup> see my grandparents, I always hug <sup>my</sup> grandpa first. He picks me up from the ground and before I know it, I'm on his shoulders. Then comes the kissing part. I don't like it when he hasn't shaved. His mustache tickles my cheeks and I get red marks everywhere. I hug him and I can smell the Marlboro cigarettes all over his brown coat. Grandpa is the one who tells the interesting stories of when he was younger. He used to work in an office in Libya working on typewriters. Since he was the manager, his job sent him all over the world. He traveled to Africa, Egypt, Turkey, India, Yugoslavia, and Kosovo. The best parts of his trips were the presents he brought back for me. From Africa, he brought me a doll with ribbons in her hair. From ~~Egypt~~ Egypt, I got an Egyptian doll that had 2 fake snakes that ~~popped~~ popped out when you squeezed her arm. From Kosovo, I got a tank top with a rock group's picture on it. His trip to Yugoslavia was short so I only got hotel matches and soap. My favorite present of all ~~of them~~ was the diamond ~~earrings~~ earrings, necklace, and ring from Kosovo.

6+  
55  
55  
44