

Alex

My Favorite Place

I walk into my grandparent's house and they treat me like I 'm first class. They give my cat a coach greeting. As soon as we get into the four-floor house, the cats are wrestling around and nestled in a dark corner downstairs. My brother, cousin and I are playing baseball outside. My uncle, dad and grandpa are talking business and my dad is telling one of his funny stories from a week ago. My mom, aunt and two grandmas are cooking and trading old recipes from long ago.

On Saturday morning the whole family goes to the famous German butcher, the only place that sells homemade soft, creamy pretzels. After that we go to the Mall and I look in the Sports Den, a store in the Mall and go into the simulator. I look at some hockey cards and magazines about skateboarding.

Whenever I get back to the Big Apple I always think about the place where you can get fresh chopped wood, smell of the fresh grass and the taste of the juicy red meat hot off the grill.

Alex's writing.

All of these cherished moments will be locked up in that house.

Whenever I wake up at night, I can hear them talking about my grandparent s moving to another place. Right there and then I feel scared and lonely in a way that makes me want to cry.

Will there be room to play a nice big game of po. ker? Will there be space to play baseball, or will the kitchen be big enough? Will there be a nice holiday turkey with creamy soft mashed potatoes? Will there be fresh chopped wood? Will there be room to let the cat s play and nestle in a dark corner?

I probably won't fit in the new place that they might move into and won't make a lot of friends either. I hope they won't sell the house.

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