

Jacob

As soon as I drive up their driveway memories pour in and I get the feeling I'm not alone. My grandparent s' house is full of warm memories. When I go there, I think, "What will I remember today?" A voice inside me says, "many, many, things."

I always remember autumn when it became really cold and windy, when the trees were bare and we had to bundle up in down coats, warm gloves, and a winter hat just to go outside. I helped my Grandpa rake leaves. Oh, the colors were enchanting and beautiful. There were bright red leaves, dark yellow ones, but orange was everywhere. We raked and pulled and shoveled. I used a small rake while Grandpa took to a huge giant one. We shoveled up piles and piles and piles of leaves. Somehow we never seemed to pick up all of them! We'd rake until our fingers were numb and our ears felt like ice, and we gave up and went inside for hot cocoa.

I remember the smell of warm cocoa filling the kitchen. I am amazed by the fact that Grandma and Grandpa don't like hot cocoa! Instead they had coffee and donuts to go with that... Entenmann's donuts. Oh, how they loved Entenmann's. Cookies, donut holes even coffee cake is enthralling to them!

I remember when I finished the hot cocoa! How sleep crept over me. How I stumbled up the stairs to my bedroom. Grandma turned on the heater while Grandpa read me *Higgly Piggly Pop!* I loved that story, especially because it was read the right way... by Grandpa. The story ended and I was ready for sleep. Grandma tucked me in and both Grandma and Grandpa said " Goodnight" and that was it. I fell asleep like a rock and I hopped on the dreamland express.

*Jacob's writing.*

Life at my grandparent's house is still the same. Except I have the big rake now and so does Grandpa. And we rake along side each other on cold fall days.

*Jacob's writing, p. 2.*