

I love going to my grandmother's house, when I walk through the door, I feel the warmth wash over me. I have this feeling every time I arrive at my grandmother's house, because it is the place where I spent my childhood, and it is my second home. As I stand in front of the wooden door with its beautiful small glass window, I remember the times I passed through this gate and entered the warm house inside. The house is white and has two floors. There are several fruit trees in a small orchard next to the house's garden. My grandmother owns a small shop, which is where my grandmother likes to spend most of her time sewing clothes.