

Brianne Gunderson

Tracy Helixon

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Christmas at My Grandparents

My grandparents' house on Christmas is my favorite place to be because of the love and peace that surrounds me. It all starts when I drive that long, curvy road to their farm. I look up, and a huge trail of smoke rises into the dark, starry sky from my grandparents' fire place, and that's how I know I'm getting close. I keep driving until I see their big, white house in the distance. It's getting dark, so I can see the lights through the windows of the house; I see my family watching for me to arrive. When I pull into the snowy driveway and park, I get out as quickly as possible to run up the hard, wooden steps to get out of the blistering cold that's stinging my cheeks. When I open the door, the first thing I see is Willow, a white and brown spotted terrier, greeting me with her little tail wagging uncontrollably. She is jumping up and down trying so hard to give me kisses. When I finally get her to calm down, I notice the wonderful smell of holiday food taking over my every breath. I look up and see my grandparents coming to greet me. Their love suffocates me, while the hugs and kisses are passed around. I walk down the small, narrow hallway and look to my left in the living room. My brother, dad, and uncle are watching "*The Christmas Story*," like they do every year. I laugh as I see my dad mouthing every word to the movie, and my uncle yells, "You'll shoot your eye out!" When I look to my right in the dining room and kitchen, I see my mom, sister, aunt, and both my cousins sitting at the dining room table. They are talking about everything that has happened since the

last time they've seen each other. I hear my aunt laugh when my mom tells her some dirt on someone they both know. In the kitchen, I see my grandma running between the oven, checking the ham and stirring the gravy and mashed potatoes, to the counter full of pots of delicious food, trying to get everything ready. I hear my grandpa give my grandma grief about being so rushed. At the ding of the timer, my dad, brother, and uncle come stampeding like horses out of the living room into the kitchen to get their food. They pile the plates to the max with the food and go sit back into the living room. After I have my full share of food, I go lie on the couch and close my eyes and relax until the craziness of opening presents comes. I have a lot of places I like to be, but my grandparents' house on Christmas is my favorite of all of them!