

# My Grandparent's House

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## My Grandparent's House

It was another summer at my grandparent's house that I woke up to one sunny Saturday morning. The smell of eggs, bacon, and tortillas was a greeting to the home-cooked breakfast I could sense as I lie in the bedroom still lightly dreaming. I could hear my grandpa in the distance, chopping wood for the stove my grandma was cooking with. Very old fashioned my grandparents were, convincing me to become more independent, I always enjoyed their company. It was a summer where I would be taught the value of wisdom and of the people I love.

Though the past summer at my grandparent's place was pretty much the same, I didn't understand the words and talks my grandparents would have with me. At such a young age I wasn't able to account for everything they had said or appreciate what they had to say, but this particular summer was different.

My cousins were about the same age I was and had only live half a mile away from my grandparents. As I quickly did my chores, I could see three of my cousins walking down an old dirt road form their house. When they reached the porch I was just about finished

[packing](#) my water bottle along with my peanut [butter](#) and jelly sandwich. I opened the door finding my cousins outside replying “Hey Kev! How are you?” As we started our walk towards the creek behind my grandparent’s house, I looked back and saw my grandmother frowning, knowing that we were going to use the rest of the day to our own content. Becoming full of excitement, one of my cousins yelled “last one to the creek is a rotten egg!” as everyone dashed towards the wash.

As midsummer approached, our rendezvous at the creek became an even more popular event for more of [relatives](#) to join in on. At certain times, there were as many as 15 of us down at the creek laughing, running around, and splashing each other with the cold refreshing water containing a sweet scent from the near by willows. I still remember my grandma’s dogs barking and running after the little kids. I could feel the squishy sand between my toes and hear the trickling of the water brushing against the grass. We followed the creek and it led through a small pond where we swam in. We were having so much fun that we didn’t see that it was getting late as the sun sat gleaming, sinking beneath the horizon, giving one last wave bef...

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... the time spent with people you love and those who love you because life isn’t very long for anyone to not regret spending time with your loved ones.

Here's one of my favorite songs by the Smashing Pumpkins:

{rotten apples}

dirty your face with longing and grace, God-given

suffer her heart, and love her when your love goes unrequited

Where the cool winds blow, I must surely go

For my love calls me lo, drag her from the depths of my soul

When will I see her again?

The other side of friends

The darkened clouds of death

The empty-breathed desire

Dirty your face with longing and grace, God-given

Suffer her heart, and love her when your love goes unrequited

Restless in my speech  
And ruthless in my teach  
So vacant in my breach,  
I drive the dirt of her garden  
Sorrow  
She'll never listen again  
No other lovers to bend  
Just rotten apples to eat  
Slathered yellow distant scorn  
Dirty your face with longing and grace, God-given  
Suffer her heart and love her when your love goes unrequited  
Life just fades away  
Purity just begs  
Dust to dust we're wired into Sadness

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