

# [My favorite place essay sample](https://assignbuster.com/my-favorite-place-essay-sample/)

[Food & Diet](https://assignbuster.com/essay-subjects/food-n-diet/), [Coffee](https://assignbuster.com/essay-subjects/food-n-diet/coffee/)

My favorate place has always been Grandma’s house. My grandma’s house has and always will have a very special place in my heart. I spent many summers with my grandmother when I was younger through my early teen years. Her house seemed to have something special about it that set it apart from all the rest. It is just the little things that make Grandma’s house so special to me. My grandma’s house is a place of family gatherings. On holidays it is always full of laughter and cheers. Uncle Jack can be heard from miles around with his deep, signature laugh. Aunt Beth never passes the opportunity to joke about his laughter. Everyone sitting down at the holiday dinners can be seen making jokes about on . . .

My grandmother is a person I can talk to, and whenever I decided to talk to her about something important, she says,” Let’s both go to the porch”. The back porch is a place for everyone to sit and relax in the warm sunny breeze and just get out whatever they need to. This is where she reads her daily newspaper and drinks her hot black coffee with no sugar and no cream, the old fashion way she calls it. I can remember many conversations being held on the back porch, even when I was as young as six years old. She sometimes sits in her living room for hours upon end watching the birds swoop down to the bird feeder placed next to the window. It is hysterical always listening to her stories about what the bird or the squirrel did that day.

She always describes them like people with their own different personalities. However, when I see it, it reminds me of all the adventures I had there as a kid. It is just the little things that make Grandma’s house so special to me. I think of catching fire flies on a cool summer night and having water balloon wars that left welts all over my back as a kid. To most people, whenever they look at my grandma’s house, they see a run down old house. She never misses the opportunity to gaze at the squirrels whenever possible. e another or telling the newest joke he heard. In the cool summer days Grandma and whoever happens to be at the house will sit out on the back porch for hours and talk about anything and everything imaginable; she is known as the neighborhood gossip queen.