

# A weekend with my grandparents

[Family](#)



Last weekend was one of the most enjoyable weekends I have ever had. I spent it with my grandparents not their farm. I have often stayed on the farm before but this was a special occasion. It was my first visit during the middle of the fruit season. My grandparents have a huge orchard full of fruit trees such as durians, lychees and mangosteens. The fruits in the orchard are deliciously sweet and tasty, as I have often tasted. When I arrived early on Saturday morning, my grandmother told me that grandfather was at the orchard.

I immediately set off on my bicycle to the orchard that was only five kilometers away. It was a pleasant ride because it was cool and the air smelt clean and fresh, quite different from the air in the city where I live. Soon, I reached the orchard and went looking for my grandfather. He was of course thrilled to see his only grandchild. When I offered to help, my grandfather gave me a basket and told me to pick up the ripe mangosteens. He also gave me a long stick with a knife attached to one end.

This was to help me reach the fruit that were high up on the tree. There were several other men who helped to pick the fruit. These were the workers who had been hired for this specific job. By lunchtime, I had already filled many baskets and put the fruits into large containers. We had a brief stop when the women brought food for all of us. We sat under the shade of the trees while my grandfather told me stories of the days gone by. Then we continued plucking the mangosteens.

By evening, all the mangosteens had been plucked before the fruit seller arrived. He weighed the mangosteens and then put them onto his lorry. When we went home that evening I was tired but happy. My grandfather told me I

had done a good job although I had eaten quite a lot of the fruit that I had picked. The next morning, we again set off to the orchard. This time we were supposed to gather the durians and the mangosteens. Since I had no experience, I was not allowed to gather the durians. I just helped with the mangosteens.

There were not that many trees so we finished by lunchtime. After lunch, my grandfather, who knew how much I loved durians, opened a few of the durians for us to eat. The flesh was smooth and creamy and tasted delicious. After the fruit seller had loaded up the fruit, my grandfather and I went back home. I spent the evening talking with my grandparents who had many interesting stories to tell. Then, my parents arrived and we all had dinner and it was finally time to go home. My weekend had been extremely tiring it was thoroughly enjoyable.