

MY PARENTS' HOUSE.

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For a long time it was the house where I grew up, I lived unique moments, I cried, I laughed and above all I saw my parents leave.

I'll tell you a little about her...

Being in front of it is large and with two floors, it has past with different colors and two types of doors, one made of wood and the one now made of metal, upon entering the house there is a huge corridor where three rooms are located on the right side that years ago they were, about my parents, two rooms. Upon entering the second room you find the stairs where it takes you to the rooms, 5 to be exact; that of each brother including mine and a bathroom, next to a small office.



One of the rooms has a window where you go out to a patio where clothes are hung, which also has a staircase where you go down to a backyard that was called a place where my dad worked in the carpentry shop and I used to play with the wood in That same patio there are many fruit trees, avocado, nisoero, jocote, lemon, lime and grapefruit. I have the kitchen right there where my mom prepared the most delicious meals where we all sat in the big dining room that my dad made for all of us, that is my parents' house the house of family memories the house that today It is the most beautiful but now empty for each child I take a different course but the best memories remain.