An old house

In the village there's a small *hiža* (house), in front of the old *hiža* there's an old lady sitting, and in her lap there's a kitty sleeping. Around the *hiža* there are plenty of fruit trees and flowers: lavender, sunflowers, pears, plums, quinces, but an apple too. Grandma gazes at it and says: "Oh, my beautiful apple, you are still so young... If only I were as youthful...", she sighs. I glance at the apple and see that Grandma is right. The apple reddens, and I've never seen it so flushed. Grandma notices me and invites me in.

In the *hiža* there are an old furnace, a hard wooden bed with a knitted blanket, a lit candle on a small wooden table with a red and blue tablecloth on top and two chairs around. And on the windowsill there's an old tulip, whose life is drawing to an end, just like my journey.

And now, my dear frined, you can fall asleep like the kitty in Grandma's lap.

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