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One day during the summer holidays, my parents and I went to visit relatives in the village. They have their own house and a very large garden where many different trees, shrubs and flowers grow. In summer, the garden is full of fruits and berries. Most of all, we liked to communicate while relaxing in the garden. We felt close to nature, Enjoyed the fresh air and inhaled the fragrance of flowers. We enjoyed the gifts of the garden: we ate fragrant apples, sweet currants, raspberries, gooseberries.

My two cousins live in the village. My aunt also came to visit with her children. We met immediately and spent all our days playing together.

But one day, as we were sitting in the garden as usual, telling stories, my aunt came up to us and asked if we would like to help her a little. To be honest, we agreed without much enthusiasm, because it was inconvenient to refuse.

So we had to work in the garden. It was necessary to weed several beds, pull out the weeds around the flowers, water the shrubs and pluck the ripe berries. We decided to distribute the responsibilities. The boys were instructed to gather up a pile of torn grass, carry buckets full of berries to the house, and water the bushes. The girls cast lots: who to pick berries, who to weed the beds, and who to rid the flowers of uninvited guests-weeds. All set to work. The garden was filled with laughter, jokes, and conversation. To our surprise, we did not notice how much we were getting involved in our work. We even wanted to sing, and we began to hum various popular songs. It even seems to have accelerated our work. The time flew by unnoticed.

When we were done, we looked around. The garden was slightly transformed: now part of it was drawn in straight lines of beds, the flowers gratefully spread their petals, which became even a little brighter. After watering, the shrubby plants were refreshed. We were proud of the work we had done. I felt a little tired, but it did not upset us at all. We were in a cheerful mood, ready for new labor feats. But our task was completed, and we hurried to the shower to clean up. Carried away by the work, they did not notice how dirty they were.

When we arrived clean and rested on the verandah, we saw that there was a ruddy fruit pie on the table, and a delicious aroma wafted throughout the house. It turns out that while we were working, my mother and aunt baked us a treat. Only now did we feel how hungry we were, and fell upon the food with avidity. In the evening, when the garden was

enveloped in lilac twilight, and it was filled with the smell of night violets, we sat on a bench and remembered our working day. It turns out that work can bring not only benefits, but also pleasure. to give joy, to lighten the mood. charge with cheerfulness and energy.