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The best day of my life

To begin with, I would like to clarify that I had so many days that I can never forget. If I had to choose one of them, I would choose the day I was born. It was the 25th of February 2001, I saw the world for the first time. I know people don’t usually remember the days when they were born, yet it’s not important, the thing is it made the world happy for a moment. Also, my parents, my brother and the whole family became the happiest family in the world when I was born, and I can assure that they did cry out of happiness.

I was a quiet kid with no eagerness to eat or drink. My mom was always with me, and I’m thankful that she was so supportive throughout the whole way I have since now. My dad had a busy job which led him to miss my and my brother's childhood, well at least most of it. My brother was 2 years old when I was born, he needed care maybe more than me? But I doubt he got one, especially from my dad.

My family always paid more attention to me than my brother, because I was the youngest one in the family at that time. I wonder how many families do this every time another baby is born. However, it does not mean that older brothers are cold-hearted because of less care in their childhood. My brother cared about me and he still does, we have the most extraordinary support for each other, I would say.

In the end, I want to mention that I’m grateful for coming to this world, full of opportunities and the day I leave this world, hopefully, will be another best day of my life.