In my family, the person bring up me and I love the most is my mother. My mom is fifty-nine years old this year. She is a trader in market. Mom is not very tall, about one point five meters. She has a tan and long hair. Because nature of the work, my mom rarely came home, about once every two weeks. Every time mom came home, she cook a nice meal for me and take rest before she go to work. Time gone so fast, I’m growing up and my mother is getting older so I always promised myself to try hard study well and so at not to disappoint my mom.