

Reading



Respect your Parents

On a spring morning, an old woman was sitting on the sofa in her house. Her young son was reading a newspaper. Suddenly a pigeon sat on the window.

The mother asked her son quietly, “What is this?” The son replied: “It is a pigeon”. After a few minutes, she asked her son for the second time, “What is this?” The son said, “Mom, I have just told you, “It is a pigeon, a pigeon”. After a little while, the old mother asked her son for the third time, “What is this?” This time the son shouted at his mother, “Why do you keep asking me the same question again and again? Are you hard of hearing?”

A little later, the mother went to her room and came back with an old diary. She said, “My dear son, I bought this diary when you were born”. Then, she opened a page and kindly asked her son to read that page. The son looked at the page, paused and started reading it aloud:

Today my little son was sitting on my lap, when a pigeon sat on the window. My son asked me what it was 15 times, and I replied to him all 15 times that it was a pigeon. I hugged him lovingly

each time when he asked me the same question again and again. I did not feel angry at all. I was actually feeling happy for my lovely child.