"Tonight I sleep the round

She is the wind of human life. "

In this life, someone did not grow up in mother's arms, was heard Matthew bid ru

sweet deal, a pharmacist who would not dream of sinking into the win

d, her hand fan

every sultry summer afternoon. And in this life, one love by his mother, one for life

because I like her, someone ready to share with her as her sweet fleshy.

For me too, she is most interested in me and who I loved and the most indebted i

n

the world. I used to think my mother was not beautiful. Not because there is a beautiful

white skin, round face recovery or sparkling eyes ... but her face just skinny, tanned, high

forehead, the wrinkles of the age of 40, of how anxiety in life in the u

pper corner of her

eye. But my father told her more beautiful than other women in the intellectual beauty.

Yes, my mother was smart, agile, very resourceful. On the position of a leader, who

thinks his mother is cold, harsh. there are times when I thought

so. but when his mother

sat, her hands caressing my hair, everyone thought it all disappear. I have the sensation

lightheadedness, anxiety hard to describe, feeling like I have never received so much

love. It looks like a strong dotted line passed through

her hands deep my heart, eye, lips

tenderly, the sweet smile, ... through all of the parents. just love it when people close to

her long before you feel all right. From small to large, I received the infinite love of the

mother as a gift, a natural thing.

In the eyes of a child, she was born to care for children. I never ask the question:

Why do parents accept unconditional sacrifice for me? . Good mother, very good to me

but sometimes I think parents are so worthy, so ... evil. How many times, she yelled

at

me, I cried. Cry for depression depression, where rather than weep bitterly regret. Then

for a time ... I came home from school, my mother read her diary stolen. I was

immediately very, immediately pulling the diary from her hand and shouted: "Why the

m

other too much! This is the secret of the child, the mother can not work on. Mother very

ill, I do not need her anymore! "Just thought I would eat a slap hurt. But not just silence

the mother, pale cheeks, healthier eyes brimming. There is something that I

did not dare

look into her eyes.

I rushed into the room, locked the door despite the announcement on outside sales

calls. I cried, cried so much, a small pillow was wet. As the late night, I awake, awake.

There is a feeling of absence, which I do not how

shortfalls avoided. I was wondering

how I console myself by living in a world with no mother, not educated, will be very

happy. But that's where the pharmacist to fill gaps in my head. Should I feel remorse?

Was I hungry for love? ...

Free man do I think

gradually fell asleep. In the dream film, I felt a warm hand,

lightly touching my hair, pulled my blanket. Yeah I'm looking forward to the feeling, the

feeling of sweet loving. I sunk in moments of tenderness, she closed his eyes for fear if

you open your

eyes, feeling it would fly away, away forever into nothingness and the

immediate space is just a reality. The next morning I woke up, I felt the house so that

sadness that. There is something missing. That morning, I had to eat bread, no white rice

every

day. I rated violence, had asked her father to see where it goes. My father said, his

mother is ill, hospitalized a week. Feeling sad I have to cover my little brain. Mother in

hospital and who would cook, who wash, who confided to me? I'm sorry too, becau

se of

anger over that has shattered the happiness of this little house. In my sick mother. All

week, I was very sad. Housing shortage so that her smile so lonely. Every meal I have to

eat outside, no parents, then get one I like cooking. Oh I remember that

the boiled

vegetables, casseroles's mother always.

After a week, she returned home, I was the first to welcome her. I've seen, she ran

to hug me. Mother cried, saying: "I am sorry, she should not be secret child. Con ... I

forgive her, listen to me. "Emo

tion I choked, tears poured wet. I just wanted to say:

"Mommy errors in children, at the damage, all in children only. ". But why these words

hard to say so. I hugged her, cried a lot. Alas! After a week I saw her was important to

give any. Every day, pare

nts busy with work that has stars like magic. Early in the

morning, when he was dark, she was worried meals for your father. Then at the mother

how to cook delicious dishes Oh. The food topping that does not nothing. The popular

meal is only a belief but a

matter of infinite love like mother. My father as the young

birds pick each drop of sweet loving mother. The meal does not have mom, dad my

whole dating process server to work together. Mother is washing, stripping the house ...

the scan always hard at al

l. Mother took me all but I do not repay anything for her. Even

words of love I'm not saying never. How many times have I toss and turn, the courage to

tell her but then only, just wanted to say: Mom, now I grow it, I see love her, need her to

know how. I

have to love, listen to her. When children make mistakes, strict mother

reminded, I do not even angry anymore, I just get error bowed and promised never again

commit. When happy or sad, I will tell her to clap her hands to share with tenderness,

gentle eye

s. Mother's mother is not just that you, as you ... all of you. To grow and then

find myself very happy to have her in the shape reminds. There mother was washing

clothes, cleaning the house, cooking for the family.

Mother, mother sacrificed so much for c

hildren that have never demanded the

return of his mother. her mother is the best, highest, greatest. Take life by the mother who

has what. Is anyone willing to shield me from time to time. Oh I love the children! Had

the courage to speak three languages:

"I love you! "Be alone. The pain brave, I just fine

-

but what was first commissioned as her mother was strict. Con wrote these words, the

mother would understand this more than my heart. Mother do not think when I opposed

because I do not like her mother. C

on forever love you, happy mother, sad to see her bad

luck. Mother is the life of me so I just wanted her life to love you forever, child care,

comfort you, protect the children and for children to be interested in her, loved her life.

Motherhood is the mo

st sacred feelings in the world. Love how he has nurtured the

adults, to teach how people get older. Government mother who brings her emotional

middle child. So, I always loved her, would grow to be taking care of her. And I wanted

to tell her that: "The m

other is still big. Take life in the womb is human.