

Descriptive about a person essay

Literature



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Zarja G. ESSAY #: About a person They say you will never forget the person you first laid your eyes on. A tinny glimpse, which you probably do not remember, although it somehow stayed in your heart. Not the picture but the feeling you had when you saw him/her. The feeling of warmth, safety and joy. Without them you feel lost not really yourself. Somehow they are a part of you, a part of your world, your heart. For me that is my mother. Her voice calms me down.

After moving to Vienna I was a bit homesick, but my mom would call me and everything would get better in a second. Just the sound of her voice is what I need from time to time. She is very good with words and almost knows what you want to hear when you are sad. Being a journalist and a writer explains her love of books and literature in general. She loves telling stories and is really good at it. She puts her heart and soul in what she writes. She never talks about her feelings, but in stories and short stories she always does.

Writing somehow makes her feel better. It makes her emotions be heard without a voice just by the words on a white paper. The picture of my mother will never ever disappear from my mind. Her curly brown hair with a ribbon in them so they do not hide her face, her dark brown eyes and the smile which lights up my world. She is not that tall probably the same height as me. Her style for clothing is a bit different from other mothers, but I love that. She never wears heels and her favorite shoes are converse Allstars. My mother is a fantastic cook.

Whatever she prepares is absolutely delicious. Even our neighbors tell us that after my parents moved to Klagenfurt even they miss the smell of her gingerbread cookies. For me it is a smell of Christmas. You can smell

cinnamon and honey and you can almost immediately feel your mouth water. Right after the cookies were done in our family they quite quickly disappeared. She is the one who is always there for me. If I am in trouble or just sad I know I can always count on her. She would walk to my room close the door and slowly sit next to me.

Without even asking she would know I am not okay. Her presence made me always feel better even though I was broken inside. Her hand would slowly rub my back and she would whisper in my ear: " I am here everything will be okay. " And it always was. I could say my mother is my best friend which will never disappear from my life. Her personality and charisma makes me want to be just like her when I grow up. We are kind of inseparable. I am always there for her as well as she is there for me. I love my mom.