

A story about my mother

Literature



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Vu Lan celebration is coming, on websites there are many written works about mother. They are simple but meaningful and reminded me of my mother. Accordingly, I want to share with everyone my story-a long one to tell... When I was a child, I always imagined my mother as a serious and frightening woman. She was constantly forcing me to stay at home whereas my friend can freely go out and enjoy their childhood. That's not fair!!! There was a question that kept haunting my mind " Is she exactly my mother? " . I think that I found the answer after that story.

One time, being too passionate about games with my friends, I forgot to come back home, making my parents extremely worry and find me everywhere. Finding out me in the yard with my friends, she furiously shouted at me and hit me in front of all my friends including the boy that I liked. It is too ashamed! I did not have dinner and kept myself in my room on that day. During that night, instead of sleeping, I planned to revenge my mother in the next days. In the following day, as usual she went to work and left me alone at home .

However, this time I decided not to stay alone in that boring house. Fortunately, I came across a tiny hole in the window, which was small enough for my little friends to creep into. Being too happy, we play many games one by one. Suddenly, I had an accident while I was playing skipping with my mother's scraft, leading to my chin's bleeding. I was very afraid no matter how much my friends encouraged me. I cried so much my friends had to find the help of my neighbor. He immediately informed my mother. " This time surely my mother will hit me seriously" I thought that.

Especially when I heard the sound of her motorbike, my heart beat faster to wait my mother's punishment. Nevertheless, everything was totally unexpected. Right after the door had been opened, the scene I saw was not her furious eyes but her eyes with continuously dropping tears. My mother hurriedly ran to me and embraced me tightly. I could not forget those eye. I feel that my mother was also painful like me. That was the moment I realized her invaluable love for me. Until now I learned that mother's love is not just pampering but the strict as well and that mother is the one love us the most.