

A job well done

[Linguistics](#), [English](#)



Your Full Your A Job Well Done I have familiarized myself with my mother's everyday routine, from preparing breakfast, all the way to taking care of the dishes after dinner and even attending to my younger siblings. The everyday tasks seem to be a routine but it is more than just that - it seems that there should not be a day where my mom has to say, " I don't want to do this".

I remember during summer vacation, my mother got a really bad flu. She had a high fever and was too weak to get up. In other words, I had to handle all the stuff around the house until she felt better. She did not tell me to do this or that; she just let me do things on my own. One of the toughest things to do was getting out of bed early to prepare breakfast. My younger siblings had to make do with cereals and milk for breakfast because I am not so comfortable working at the kitchen. I brought my mother something to eat in her room, a sandwich and some warm milk, went back to the kitchen because I also had to clean the table afterwards and put everything in the dishwasher. That time I felt like it was the longest morning in my life. I got used to going out of my room when breakfast is ready then go back to my room after eating.

After doing the morning chores, I checked our refrigerator to see what I can prepare for lunch. I had no idea what to cook so I just stared blankly on the vegetables and meat that was in the refrigerator. I kept thinking I have to prepare a decent meal for my mom so she can gain back her strength and get better right away. It's a good thing that we are so equipped with technology that the internet can give you all the small details in cooking - just like a guide for dummies. I ended up making some pasta for me and my siblings and a soup for my mother. It was my first time to cook pasta just by

myself. Even if I had the convenience of canned spaghetti sauce and ready to cook pasta, it was still a tough job to do because I had to make sure that I will be able to cook something worth eating. The soup I made was a recipe from the internet, and again, I felt relieved that I can watch the actual demonstration while I was preparing it myself. The vegetable soup was good enough for my mom and I felt proud of myself for accomplishing that task. Dinner came and I just had to microwave all that was left during lunch. I reheated the soup and brought it to my mom's room together with her medicine. I tidied up the kitchen and sat on the couch for a few minutes because I was starting to feel really tired. It felt really good to sit after spending almost the entire day walking and standing, doing everything that needs to be done for that day. I did not realize that I dozed off to sleep on the couch.

The following morning, my mom woke me and I jolted up because I realized that it was already past breakfast time and I thought everyone was already hungry. My mom smiled at me and pacified me by telling that she woke me up because breakfast was ready. She squeezed my shoulders and I knew she was already fine. During breakfast my mom's smiles spoke everything. She did not have to say anything for me to know that she appreciated all the efforts I made the previous day. It was a great feeling. I knew I did something good and that nobody asked me to do it. I was proud of myself because I have proven to myself that I can do things on my own even at a young age, with some realizations too. I felt satisfied because for one day I was able to do things that a mother does, and it was no easy job. But from that day on, I learned that a tough task or job becomes easy when love is your motivation.

When you have the passion in what you do, the material reward just comes in second.