The best mother

I can remember thinking to myself that my mother was a horrible mother. She asked me to do piles of things every day, like cleaning my room, eating vegetables, and studying. Now I know that it’s not true, because I met the worst mother in the world last summer. Her name is Carmen, and she is one of the most selfish people I have ever seen.

 First of all, she had her children at a very young age. Sometimes this could work out wonderfully, but not in her case. She had no medical care during pregnancy. Also, she smoked and drank up until she had a child.

Her children are allowed to do anything they want to do. It seems to be good; however, it is not. For example, her children do not have a bedtime. They stay up late watching TV, so they get up late for school. Their mother doesn’t help them get ready, either. If they miss the school bus, they stay home―and often by themselves.

 My mother is a responsible mother. She puts family at the first place all the time. She takes good care of me and my younger brothers. Also, she reminds us to be nice people. I don’t think I could cook every day for twelve years, but my mother did.

My mother said to me, “Love well, whip well. I love you, and that is the reason why I spend so much time teaching and correcting you.” Sometimes I think badly about my mother, and I always remember the story of Carmen. How lucky I am! I have the best mother in the world.

The mother’s day is coming. On this special day, I want to say “mother, thank you so much for everything you have done for me. I love you.”