

My grandmother – my hero



A lot of people probably find it strange that I have not chosen a famous person as my hero. My grandmother is an ordinary person like many of us. I still think that all of the things she has done for me is a deed of valour. It's because, she saved me. She rescued me from abandonment, living without love.

I was only a few months old when my parents divorced and my mother sent me to an orphanage. When my grandparents heard it they did everything to take me out from there and bring me up as their own child. I was surrounded with a loving family and I looked at my grandparents as my parents. They were there when my first tooth came out, when I made my first steps, and said my first words. They told me good night tales, and they took care of me when I was ill. I lived through the excitement of trips or happiness of birthdays and Christmases with them.

But soon the fairy tale came to an end. My grandfather became sick and died. If we had not been there for each other with my grandmother, we would not have been able to deal with his loss.

I am very proud of my grandmother, because she has had a hard life. Despite all the difficulties of her life, she has never broken down. She always shows me how to be strong, tenacious and responsible. She knows how to cheer me up, how to make me happy. She constantly stands by me, supports me with her smile and promising words. Though, sometimes it is very hard to get on well with me, I know.

Furthermore, I also look up to my grandmother, because she preserved her youth, and we both have the same interests. For instance, she likes rock music! She cooks and bakes well, but do not imagine her as a classical grandmother who bustles in the kitchen all day.

I know she works hard to be able to give me everything. One of the best things about her is when we get together in my room in the evenings and discuss the events of our day. She is like my best friend. I can tell her everything, my deepest thoughts, feelings and even my secrets.

Anybody else could say that most of the mothers do the same things for their children. Unfortunately, I could not experience it, because my mother left me behind and there is no room for me in my father's new family either.

After all, you can understand why I am so thankful to my grandmother. She ensures me a safe and normal life.

I do not care about my past anymore. I live the everyday life of teenagers, which is sometimes boring, sometimes hysterical and other times it is quiet and peaceful. But for me the most important thing is that I have a safe shelter where always love and understanding surround me.

Written by Barbara Magyari
a 14-year-old girl