My dear mummy!

My mummy always helps me

When I am ill or sad,

She trusts me and believes me,

Supports me if I feel bad.

When I was young, she always

Read poems and tales,

I still remember the stories

She read me day by day.

I also remember

When I was four of three,

We went to winter forest

And walked between fur-trees.

But now I ‘m fourteen,

And like a normal teen,

Sometimes I can be naughty,

Annoyed by my routine.

My mummy understands me

And also forgives,

I thank her for the patience

And everything she gives!

I wish I had a million –

But not a coins’ sum:

A million happy years

For dear-dear mum!!!

*Svetlana Antsiferova, 9th form*