



Третий международный конкурс детского творчества «Сказки Красивого Сердца»

True Heroes: Who Are They?

When talking about heroes, you might think of an army commander, or a president. But heroes aren't recognized mainly by their decisions, but also by their actions. Heroes are the ones who make sacrifices to change the outcome of the world, risking their lives for the sake of their loved ones.

For me, my parents are true heroes, because they made my life be a miracle. Marvelous accomplishments done by them just for me, countless sacrifices, and many wonderful presents that can't be described in life.

Parents are the biggest blessings in my life. I might not realize it now, but for sure I can't just compare them with anyone else. They have done lots of sacrifices just for me and only me, they spent and still spend lots of money on me, and not just that, they always want to see me happy. Whenever I am feeling down or worried, they are always there for me trying to comfort me and making me feel a lot better, I don't feel down all the time or most of the time, thanks to my parents and the support they give me.

Under any circumstances, parents should receive the highest respect. Not just because they cheer me up or always make me feel happy, but take a mother for example. My mom carried me inside her for nine months; that's two hundred and seventy (270) days!, It must have been very difficult for her to do so; she had to follow specific rules for nine months, eat certain type of food, was not able to go wherever she wants to go. And all that is just the beginning - not to mention when she started feeding me when I was a baby, when I was helpless. She always thought about me and always wanted to make me giggle. There is nothing more that could have been done, and my mom is still trying to do a lot more for me, although at times I might have shown some disrespect or done some random wrong things, still she forgives me and looks for solutions to solve my problems. She should receive the highest respect possible.

My father, day and night working hard for his family, for his career, whenever he has the chance to have a break, he spends it with the family. My dad is my mentor in life, always there to teach me things I never do or things I have done wrong. He helps me through life, through my struggles. He is my light during my dark days, he has



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taught me a lot, he is always helping me, supporting me, teaching me. I just can't think of anyone who would want a bright future for me except for my dad. He is my everything, he always wants to find a breakthrough to make me smile. He never asked me to do anything for him, nothing at all! Except for one thing. To make him proud and happy. And that's by only succeeding in my work, that's all he asked me to do. Its not a tough task at all comparing what I am doing to what he is doing; I start my day by waking up early in the morning, going to my school, and starting my lessons and finishing during the day, doing my homework during the evening and sleeping afterwards. That's nothing compared to what my dad does! He does triple of such work. When I am about to go to sleep and enjoy my night, this is when he comes in, and still he gives me a bright smile, greets me, and asks me how am I doing. Words are just not enough to describe my dad.

For me, parents shouldn't just be respected but also shown loyalty, I should support them and help them, the way they did me, show them enthusiasm, boost their morale if needed, make lots of sacrifices whenever needed.

Nevertheless, I have seen a few kids and teenagers who disrespect their parents; they are just the biggest losers in life. Parents always come first when it comes to respect and behaving, and I just wished I could talk some sense into them, but I couldn't.

These heroes have done all they could and are still trying to offer more. Doing so requires lots of hard and dedicated work, doing so must be tiring, but its just a normal duty for them; they don't ask for anything in return, they are the most wonderful people you could ever know!

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