

Have you ever felt thankful for someone? Well I have. I am thankful for my mom because she helps me, cooks for me, and most importantly, she takes care of me.

One reason I am thankful for my mom is because she helps me. For example, when I was having trouble with my homework, she tried to help me and solve the problem with me. Even when the question was hard, she still tried her best to help me and understand it. There were a lot of steps to solve it, but she kept on trying to help me understand how to solve it. Another example is, when I was having trouble with a project, she helped me get an idea. She found something on the internet that I could make. She said, "Why don't you make this? I think it would be good for your project." It was a box to hold trash bags in it. I made it and it was a great idea.

Another reason I am thankful for my mom is because she cooks for me. For example, when I wanted her to cook my favorite food, she did. For dinner, I wanted my mom to make seaweed soup. "Mom, can you make seaweed soup?" I asked. "Maybe tomorrow I will make it," she responded. "It takes a long time to cook it." The day after that, when I entered the kitchen, I smelled something. It smelled like seaweed soup. I wasn't very sure if it was the soup, so I asked my mom, "Are you making seaweed soup?" "Yes." she said. After she said that, I had a smile on my face. We ate the soup, and it was very delicious. Another example is, when she made rose milk for me and my sister. My mom told me to get off my bed because she made something. I got down from my bed and went to the dining table. When I saw what was on the table, I asked my mom, "What is that?" "It is rose milk, I think you will like it." she told me. I sat down at the table and took a sip of the milk, and it tasted wonderful. It tasted just like tea. "Is it good?" my mom asked. "It's good." I said. "Can you make it tomorrow too?" "Okay," she told me. The next day she also made it, and it tasted wonderful like before.

The last and most important reason is that she takes care of me. For example, when I got sick, I kept on throwing up, but my mom gave me medicine and I got better. One day, I told my mom that I didn't feel well and my throat was hurting. She got a thermometer and took my temperature, and it was really high. "You need to take some medicine," she said. "Your temperature is very high." She grabbed a pill bottle and poured out one pill. She put the pill in my hand and I swallowed it. After that, I went to sleep, but my temperature was rising overnight.

The next day I told my mom, "I still don't feel very well." "Let me check your temperature," She said, concerned. She pulled out her thermometer and my temperature was higher than before. "I will give you medicine later." A few hours later, my dad came home, but after he came home, I felt like my stomach was swirling. I ran to the bathroom and threw up. Afterwards, I came to my mom and said, "Mom, I threw up." "Okay, I will give you medicine," so she took out a stronger pill and gave it to me. I swallowed the pill and I went to sleep. Another few hours later, I woke up and my head was spinning, my stomach was swirling, and I knew I needed to throw up. I walked slowly to the bathroom and threw up. I also heard my dad say, "Vivian threw up again." When I was done, I slowly walked to my bed and sat on it. "Dinners ready!" my mom exclaimed. My mom put the dinner on the table. It was rice porridge. I went down from my bed and sat in my chair. "What about sis's food?" I asked. "She already ate." I took one bite of the porridge and I didn't want to eat it. "What's wrong?" my mom asked. "I don't want to eat it anymore." "Okay, that's fine." She took my bowl away and saw that there was medicine on the table. "Mom, do I drink the medicine?" "Yes," my mom yelled. I picked up the medicine and drank it. I immediately wanted to throw up, so I ran to the bathroom and threw up. Afterwards, I went to bed. The day after I felt better. I just had a little cough. A few days after that, I was okay.

In conclusion, I am extremely grateful for my mom because she helps me, she cooks for me, and most importantly, she takes care of me. I think everyone should be grateful for the people who love them and take care of them.