



REC



ARTWORK BY THE S5 CLASS – WITH AN INTERPRETATION OF THE ABSTRACT IMAGERY:

- 1 The hedgehog, because in Korean culture this represents parents' love since they protect their children even if their spikes may hurt them from time to time.
- 2 The chicken nuggets, a combination of "mother hen" and birth (eggs).
- 3 The Santa hat, representing family gatherings and generosity.
- 4 The beach, since it represents children's views of the world and wanting to know about the unknown, beyond the horizon.
- 5 The recording feature, showing the way parents are constantly watching their children, even while we're sitting in class!
- 6 The birthday cake, which in English culture represents the imaginary world and dreams of the child celebrating a birthday.
- 7 The monkey, because in some Asian countries, monkeys represent mother's love and birth.
- 8 The safety helmet since it represents the constant protection of parents
- 9 The candy floss representing childhood memories and amusement parks
- 10 The moon, because in Chinese culture it symbolizes family reunion and solidarity – a very precious moment since it is celebrated only once a year.
- 11 The hands, because this represents trust and the hand prints, the appreciation of a child for a parent.
- 12 The French Revolution, because it represents the rebellious nature of children and the conflict that often goes hand in hand with it.
- 13 The camera, because parents constantly take pictures and videos of their children to preserve precious moments, even to the point of annoying them.
- 14 The personal diary, because it represents the secret garden children wish to cherish...

15 ... the Binoculars, because parents want to know everything about their children and find it tricky to “stay away”;

16 The hand holding a plant to represent life, the life of a child and love that goes with it;;;

Grandma and me, and "him"

"He was my everything", my grandma said.

She had a warm heart
with a lovely smile,
and I loved it.
Now, I still
feel the warmth,
but I feel something
so cold
from her.

She always has tears inside. Her warm heart
isn't here
since he left.
It's gone.
But her hug is
still as warm as a stove.
She hugs me like
a little boy with his teddy.

She always talks about him and at the end
she surely says that
no one can never love someone enough.
When she tells me that,
I see a deep sadness
on her face,
I can also see it
when she drives as well.

I want her
to smile as before.
I don't want to see
her eyes
with a lifeless look
anymore.
I'm mad
at "him"
because "he"
made her so.

She is lost
in the darkness of loss.
I need to pull her

back from there,
by giving her
a lot of warm hugs
like she does.

My mother

She can make the impossible possible.

My mother!

She is the purest soul I ever met.

She is my stars and my sun,

She is my energy.

She is my first teacher.

She taught me every life lesson and life skill,
and she will continue to do so.

She is very devoted and taught me to praise God
For all the blessings.

She is certainly my best friend forever;

I can share anything with her freely.

Our bond is stronger than any chemical bond.

I don't know any weakness of her;

she is the strongest woman I know.

She works with 50 hands and 20 brains in the mornings.

She is Omnipotent!

She manages all her work like an angel.

She loves taking care of us

and always makes sure our tummy is full.

I surely appreciate her efforts

because she has turned a nasty toddler into a better teenager.

My Father

One day, I will be like my father!
His life is a dynamic adventure.

He is not afraid to try something new, does his best, and enjoys the whole process.
Learning English and French, moving to France at a late age, finishing a full course marathon...
These are very few episodes of his adventure.

All of his actions are a strong motivation to me. He always finishes what he starts.
He never gives up, always works hard and eventually achieves his goal.

He is a person who can read a million-page book without getting distracted.
Whenever I feel pressured by his emphasis on persistence, he encourages me like a cheerleading tiger.

He is my best friend.
Now I look at him and try my best to become a man like him.
I hope he will be proud of me when I become an adult

M.O.M-Mother Of Mine

Who is the person you love the most in your family?

Is it your parents?

Grandparents?

Or even your little house company

Who leaps at you when you come home?

If I heard that question, I would probably answer:

My mother.

My mom paints like a chaotic, small

Dog holding a brush in her mouth,

But cooks like a small chef.

She might seem vexed

But might be just thinking.

She isn't big

But knows how to stand big.

My mother was the one

Who taught me

The sweetest feelings ever.

If I were to be a car, she would fuel me with love.

If I were to be a patient, she would look right inside me

And caress my pains

To alleviate them.

Now,

I fill her with love every day;

One gaze in the morning,

Two sentences in the afternoon,

Three hearts in the evening.

There is a colorful, vigorous bond

Between us;
A bond which can never be
Smashed, shattered, splintered.

AM I ALLOWED

I owe most of what I've
inherited to
my mother

I wouldn't be able to count the many times
I've been told how much
I look like them.
The many times I've
confused
their childhood pictures
with my own.

Their
bright blond hair,
deeply hooded eyes,
short stature,
I even received their
collapsing arches at the feet.

It was also my mother who taught me
how to stand up for myself.

"If she treats you this way,
why are you still friends with her?"

That was the first time
I'd ever thought about it.

It

baffled me
at the time, those words coming from
my mother,
who'd always told me to be
kind,
to be
friends with the
people who needed it.

I'd never thought that maybe
I deserved better,
maybe
I

was
allowed
to not want someone's
friendship,
to not want to be
stuck
in this
predictable cycle of
giving
without receiving.

I'm not sure what kind of
Person
I'd be today if I hadn't
learned
that
lesson

To my mother

Do you remember?

When I was around eight, you wanted to control me.

No cell phone, no sweets ever. My life was being moved by you.

You were a tigress to my little self.

But as I get older, I can finally perceive and interpret you.

You climbed up the steep mountain wearing a wedding dress.

What I know about you, is someone who cooks with your heart.

What I know about you, is someone who listens to my story and gives me sincere advice.

You taught me how to smile and cry at the same time.

You encouraged me to become an upright woman like you.

You guided me to be on the right path.

So, no depression, no unappreciation anymore. My life cannot move without you.

I love you desperately, my best friend.

Choosing someone

The chances of accepting
a child you didn't expect
are low ,
however I never imagined
finding such a sunny place
in his arms.

Ever since I can remember,
he's been there,
we would burst out laughing
over the most insignificant things.
He taught me
to always look
at the bright side of things
and hold my hand during the storms.
Today,
I am no longer afraid of the weather.

To me ,
he isn't my dad,
he is just Marco.

Each time we fought,
we would be like two ducks swimming in a stew,
both of us waiting for the other to give up
ending up saying words
that would slash like daggers
and
that we knew we would regret.

Since the beginning,

he's been a very determined person.

I was taught
to stand tall
even when everyone else gave up
and pull myself higher.

As a child ,
I understood that family isn't about blood
but about people who you choose
and who decide to stay.

So, if you hear this,
thank you for staying
and choosing me
as your daughter.

Like a reverie

Like a reverie,
through her undulating voices,
Mr. Mole and Ms. Badger,
dancing waltz under the moonlight,
become my friends on my nightly journey.

Like a magician,
She enchants spells in her chores.
She's my chef, teacher and gardener;
Cooking, meditating, sowing-
I have learned, all from her.

Like a fairy godmother,
Wherever,
Whenever I need her,
Beholding, supporting, guiding me,
She's there by my side.

Like an Argus,
She looks over our household.
She's a lion, a star, and a pier.
Roaring, glistening, harboring,
She is almighty. She is my MOTHER.

God is a woman

She has small limbs but a big heart
Doesn't wish for attention but likes to be heard
She is extremely grateful for even the littlest things

Workaholic you may say
But wait till you see her on a good day

She always says to
Not think of the work and just do it to be satisfied
And don't think about tomorrow because today is always perfect

Manners are priority in my house
Respect is the key to happiness and wealth

Some people know where they want be in 5 years
She knows that right now, she wants to go shopping

She is that one drop of water that will never drip
And the glass will never tip over

If she wanted to she could
Pogo stick across the Atlantic on a tightrope

To be more precise
My God is My Mom

Strength of a mother

I always feel my mother's love.
She is my guardian angel.
Whenever I am in trouble,
she is there to help me.
She protects me
from danger and
teaches me
how to protect myself.

I always feel my mother's love.
Her support is as strong as steel:
When I am tired of my daily confrontations,
she recharges me and puts me back in shape.
Nothing can destroy my mother's help.

I always feel my mother's love.
She is my life coach
who constantly shows me how to
improve my future;
though difficult, self-restrictions
seem to be the secret to success.
Having the key in my hand,
I now need to reach for the door.

I always feel my mother's love.
Her love is the seasoning of her food.
Her food is an energizer and a remedy.
No matter the moment,
I am full physically and mentally.
I wish that I could be her remedy
when she needs it.

I always feel my mother's love.
She is my model.
She provides me with
love and attention.
Her expectation grows and grows
as I get older;
It does not burden me,
for it is my goal.

It was my Nonno,

who taught me to appreciate;
the endless azure.

He was there,
when I was brought into this earth,
holding his hand out;
waiting to guide me through the world.

When I was only but a child,
he spoke of stories about my ancestors. Those legends and tales,
were all I could think about,
until the drowse came.

The warm colours surrounded me,
helping me drift off,
to a field;
where I would meet the heroes of his stories.

Though his childhood years,
were precarious and tedious times;
he made mine feel;
as if I could reach the sky.

“Work hard my dear,
and good things will come”,
his good words embellished themselves in my head.

He juggled his life,
left and right,
like a circus act.
However, family
was always the number one thing,

on his mind.

I now reach for those memories,
wishing I could hold them, one more time, and relive those thoughts.

Though life is not everlasting,
I know for a fact, that;
his anima will live on,
in my heart, and soul, forever.

Widow with Heart

Losing her husband,
at the age of 43,
she has raised
four children
all alone over 30 years.
Never wastes anything,
she uses things over and over again
until we can no longer
recognize what they were.

With a few shots down,
she talks about her husband.
Her stories make me miss him,
even though I have never met him.
Whenever she is home alone,
she calls everyone
in an empty, hushed, forlorn house.

She could seem cold-hearted,
but she is actually
the sweetest person in the world.
“I hate animals,” she once said
while feeding a stray cat.
For the ones she loves,
she is Santa Claus:
her bag is over-loaded with boxes,
yet not a single one for her.

She could seem frail,
but she is
the strongest woman I know.

Listening to her life story,
I have learned to
Never
Give up;
that is how she learned to read
despite parental objections.
Stubborn like a mule,
but that's how she survived and
guarded her family.

Story of my mother

She used to be gorgeous.
Even nowadays
she would jokingly complain
about the sacrifices of bearing me.
Every time she mentions it,
one can spot a tiny sign of nostalgia
in her deep, curvy eyes.

I somehow manage
to distinguish her footsteps from the others
no matter which shoes she is wearing.
This odd ability is sometimes greatly helpful,
for I can tell when the scrumptious dinner is waving at me,
or when I should hide my phone
that I was secretly scrolling.

She taught me resilience.
She encourages me to make mistakes
and signed me up for karate
even though I am not very fond of it.
Never allows me to miss one session,
ruthless as a stranger.

She saves interesting posts on Facebook to
share with me.
We watch cartoons together, too.
She adores simple comedies like an old child.
Together we laugh so hard
as if the world is nothing but a stage of fools.

I can't tell if she is a strict parent or a best friend.

My father

My father loves Facebook,
something about obsessing
over other people's lives
through a screen
fascinates him.

Having grown up in a large family,
he cherishes his personal space and is like a social bear,
there but not quite fitting in.

However, unlike a bear
he has a passionate love for karaoke.
Sometimes I wonder what he loves more, me
or singing Frank Sinatra.

Being an only child, he passed down the skills of playing soccer and making
foul, an Egyptian cuisine,
at a young age.

I once asked him how to make this bean concoction for a school project. He got so
excited that he immediately whipped up a batch of foul in less than 10 minutes. Thus,
leaving me to rapidly write down the ingredients
and instructions all while randomly guessing the measurements
although I highly doubt there were any.

Even though
he might seem tough on the outside,
he still makes the same jokes as he did 7 years ago
and
still thinks they are funny.

He never cries

however, if his mother is mentioned,
it is as if someone flooded the house.

Lost... like the leaves after a windy day.

One day she was there, the other nowhere.

I can still remember her laugh when I was joking.

But now, only silence...

I'm walking around the empty apartment, ready to say my goodbyes.

Every room though empty reminds me of a memory.

Here the kitchen, where I would help her cook,

Or the living room where we would sit and play extremely complicated games.

Yes, I remember, she kept complaining because I kept making her play games too complicated for her mind.

She would say... No... I can't think of it, I can't...

God, that silence.

Leaving me alone with the Grief.

Oh the Grief, is there nothing else in this world other than grief?

It burns like a firing flame. It consumes me, and I cannot breathe.

I never got to tell her I loved her. She would always tell me she loved me,

Not by saying it, but by asking if I was alright, if I needed anything. By taking care of me.

Oh, I love you, I LOVE YOU!!!! I hope you can hear it now.

And still, the silence...

I'm going to tell you a story,

the story of my mother.

The Kaiserin,

I call her, the head of the house.

She plans everything

- from holidays and work to dinner and clothes - .

Every morning, she wakes up an hour early "to think"

with a cup of tea in her hand, made by my father.

She is so dependent on this that, if my father isn't available, she finds someone else to make tea for her.

With all of this preparing, her head reaches a point where it is full, like a glass on the breach of spilling.

For instance,

her phone and computer are always overflowing with tabs, notifications and thumbnails.

She doesn't have hobbies.

Although, I believe that she is so obsessed with efficiency that that *is* her hobby.

On the dinner table, the pile of catalogues sits in a glowing obnoxious commercial pile of special offers, just waiting to be consulted.

She taught me not to waste money buying expensive images on products but rather to search for the nifty discounts hidden in the labyrinth.

The perks and quirks of having a parent who cannot lie.

My father is afflicted by

a rare and unusual condition

“he is quite incapable telling slightest falsehood”.

Unhappily or not

I do not suffer from this affliction

and am quite capable of telling a lie to save my life,

, but even if I have no compunction in telling white lies (or just lies)

my face has never agreed with me on this point and

always betrays me with the shifty look of a sheepish kleptomaniac

This implies that I could and would run circles round my father

but I won't and didn't.

His inability to lie seems to make him

incapable of backing down from an argument and

he will defend his point for ever

with unwavering and dogged persistence until

you accept his views,

I share this trait

but I do not share the mania of

persisting in preaching his opinion long after you have accepted his viewpoint.

I have a special mum

Why is my mum special?
She might be a grown adult
but it certainly doesn't stop her from acting like a little girl.

My friends call her "cute"
and anyone would agree.

She has a little pink net that she bought down at the beach,
she uses it to save insects who might have fallen in our swimming pool, it's the first
thing she does in the morning
and the last when she goes to bed
with her glass of milk and smarties.

She taught me to follow my dreams
and to never depend on a man,
"they are a bonus to your life, not the base".

She once told me that I was her diamond
because she finally got what she wanted
after so much disappointment and pain.

When I see her cry,
I feel like a father to her,
when it's time to gossip a sister
and in my heart the beautiful strong woman
who I am proud to call my mum.