

My Sweetie



Ruby

October is a good month for me because my birthday is in October and the weather is good enough for traveling. I miss my grandmother more in this month because she died in October several years ago.

I used to live with my grandmother when I was small, so I was the apple in her eyes. She was so considerate that she always bought me small but nice gifts when I was unhappy. I thanked her and I would put those gifts in a box. She always bought what I needed. However, I thought they looked old-fashioned at that time. Now those little gifts are still in my house, I still feel the warmth in them.

My grandmother was an orphan and grew up in an orphanage. She had a difficult time in her early years and had to work very hard in order to raise a living for my mother and herself. Before her death, she lived alone in a small house with two bedrooms; even then, she kept the bigger bedroom for me and decorated it with nice furniture and pictures. Even I just went to stay in her house only when I needed to, may be once a month, she still kept it very neat, beautiful and tidy. Sometimes, I really felt guilty about that.

Like me, my grandmother was a talkative and outgoing person. She always had lots of stories to tell, and I liked those that she used when she was trying to put me to sleep.



Besides, she loved traveling. I went to China with her ten years ago. She never seemed to get tired; the only thing I saw on her face was excitement and enjoyment. She was always the first one to get up in the early morning. When I got up, she was ready and had packed her bags (her snacks, her hat and her umbrella). Though she wanted us to get up early, she never woke us up. Sometimes, my mother and I slept until afternoon; however, she was very caring and spoke to us: 'You must be very tired!' Her voice was so tender that I really felt ashamed.

My grandmother is a good cook. When I was a secondary student, she went to my house to cook for me. She bought fresh food in the market in the morning and spent the whole afternoon in preparing my dinner. However, for most of the time, I ate out with my friends, so she would be the only one in the house, eating alone. When I reached home, my favorite dishes 'Honey Chicken Wings' and 'Chicken Soup' would be on my dining-table and on them was my granny's words: 'My dear sweetie, eat well and enjoy!' When I read her notes, I always felt I had done something wrong.

Deep inside my heart, I loved my grandmother but I had never told her I loved her and had never expressed my love for her, not even in the few months before her death. At that time, she was suffering from cancer, so she was very weak and had a difficult time to walk. I visited her nearly every evening, but I had never told her I loved her. I thought that I was too shy for it. The first time I told her I loved her was a second after her last breath four years ago.

I am thinking of her now, I miss her voice! I miss her soup! I miss her stories! I miss her little gifts! I am still wearing the night-dress she bought me eight years ago, though it looks old, I can still feel the warmth in it. And if time could go back, I would have told her I loved her every day. I would also have told her that she was always my sweetie.