

image not found or type unknown



Some people think that only strict rules and discipline can make a real person out of a child. Others believe that there is no need in being so rigid and demanding. I think that the situation in my family was somewhere in the middle between these two points of view.

My upbringing was quite lenient: my mum was also my good friend, stepping in my life only when I asked her. As I can remember, my dad worked hard when I was a child, so he was at work most of the time. My parents had some rules concerning my behaviour and household chores and that was all. I was allowed to do everything except something illegal or anything that might be considered like that. My mum taught me to read when I was five, and owing to her love of books I started reading and enjoying it that much.

Sweet and precious days were our vacation days. Every summer we used to go to the village. It is still located not far from the Ural mountains. There we were warmly welcomed by our relatives. My grandmother, grandfather and my uncle were always so happy to see us. I had to help them with some domestic chores, and the rest of the time was all mine. And I was reading. Comics, stories about war, reds and friendship, generosity and bravery were my favourites. I learned a lot about the real values in life thanks to reading books. I remember how we used to discuss those stories and novels and characters' behaviour with my mother and her brother – my uncle. Those days were the happiest days of my life!

My whole family took part in my upbringing. As far as I can remember all of them were not strict to me, but they were demanding and fair. I have wonderful memories and I can thank each of my relatives for their support. I'm also grateful to my family for my childhood, my independence and their trust in me.