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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 favourite. After reading we used to discuss them with my mother and her brother - my uncle. Those days were the happiest days of my life! I'm grateful to my family for my childhood, for my independence and their trust in me.