

## A Special Memory about a Special Person

There is a person in my life who is very special to me. This person is someone I admire, enjoy the company of and love more than anyone in this world.

What makes someone special? Is it their ability to put others first? Is it their bravery? I believe it is someone who goes above and beyond for the protection of those who they love, a person who puts their own life at risk in order to save someone else. What makes someone special is when they know what matters in life and doesn't let it slip through their fingers. Someone who is determined to do the right thing and make sure others are doing the same. My mother does all of those things.

She gives up time as a chauffeur for the family. She has the patience of a saint, she waits for me to finish my music lesson and encourages me to keep going when something is hard. She instructs me to be a good person.

Swoosh! I was deafened by the roller-coaster zooming over my head. I was 10 years old. This was every 10 year old's dream: Universal Studios, Orlando Florida. My family stood in the centre of this theme park, which was dripping with wealth. Thousands of people pass in and out of that park every day. I gazed around at all the colours and rides. Not quite believing my eyes.

Swoosh! There it went again. "The Incredible Hulk Ride". Deafening me each time I passed over my head. Shrieks came from the people and my two brothers gawked at the multi-coloured carriages. The intimidating ride gawked back at them. I caught a glimpse of their fear in their eyes as they both stepped back from the entrance in sync, clutching on to my dad's waist. I however, was a different story. The more I looked at it, the more I wanted to go on it. The excitement and adrenaline filled my small body, but I needed a guardian to accompany me. I turned to mother. "Please Mum", I begged and "pretty pleased" as much as I could until she struggled to let the word "Yes" come out of her mouth. I could see she pursed her lips together. She was not too enthusiastic but agreed nevertheless. She clutched my hand tightly as we walked up to the steps to the roller-coaster. Still holding hands, she looked down at me and said, "You are a brave little girl". We were next. As we were guided to our carriage on the roller-coaster we were given our seats in the front row. There were two seats per row.

Before the ride took off, my mother looked at me with her warming smile. Her beautiful smile always makes me feel safe and makes unexpected warmth rush through me. The roller-coaster took off. We were now the ones deafening the people below us with splitting screams of excitement. We came to a sudden halt at the top of an enormous hill. As my mother and I were in the front, we could see the whole of Universal Studios. The view was spectacular. My mother and I looked at each other and laughed as we both soaked up every ounce of excitement. It was truly an exhilarating moment. I felt like we were on top of the world. Swoosh! The roller-coaster took off again. My mum gripped the handle to her side and squinted, then closed her eyes. Her entire body tensed.

When my mum and I came off the ride I looked up at her. She was the brave one. We laughed and joked about that roller-coaster ride to my brothers and my dad over a meal together at the restaurant afterwards. I realised how special all of these people were to me, but my mum, that's who I want to be like. A brave, good natured, kind hearted, loving mother and friend.

The special person in my life. She is my mother. She is my hero.

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