

**Daddy! I love you 3000 times!**

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I’m an only child. I don’t live with my father. In fact, I barely see him around these days. He and my mom got divorced when I was 6. I hardly had any clue then. I immersed myself in all of the magical action figures and teddy bears with the hazy background of those two arguing over something. “You couldn’t even spend a nickel on our son” shouted my mom. And that’s when I got to lay my eyes on my father for the last time before we are separated for a lengthy period of time. From that moment on, I was brought up without a father by my side. I’ve never quite come to notice it, all the vague memories with my father that I carried with me growing up are just the magical stories that I’d begged him to make up for me. Now I can see in retrospect, those stories were the fundament of the person I am today - creative, weird, reckless, and most importantly, a dreamer and a believer in no boundaries. Then, recently out of nowhere, I have started to meet my father more often. My mom usually calls him to come and pick me up for school and from school if she’s every busy. Through observations, I can hardly tell if there’s any discomfort between those two. My mom yet can sometimes have a little attitude towards my father, but his way of talking and behavior seems to always be full of love, like he’s trying to make up for some sort of huge mistakes that he has made. But the moment that messed up my head the most was when my mom got so sick that she had to stay in hospital for days for the painful treatment. My father was the one who spent most of his every day to stay side by side with my mom during that overwhelming process. His gestures and the way he rushed to get my mom everything she needed really made my heart melt. And throughout my present life, he would sometimes drop by to give me some allowances. It’s usually not that much but it’s always the right amount at the right time. And every time he drives me to school, he would tell me all the funny and informative stories in his daily life so plainly as if we’ve been best friends for ages. Growing up, I myself have been through some bitter relationships, so I partly know how hard it is to do the things he does for me and my mom today. In the end, I guess what I’m trying to say is I’m really not the type of person that shows my love to my family despite appreciating each and every one of them, and I’m not sure if you’re gonna be able to read this or not because I’m not gonna share it with you...but Dad, I always cherish every moment I still have you in this world. So please Dad, live well!

