

Who's Your Hero? By: Amire Miller 8th grade

Hero-a person who is admired or idealized for courage, outstanding achievements, or noble qualities. A hero is a title that is earned. A hero doesn't always have to have superpowers. A hero is someone who has helped many people in need, and doing things just because. Everyone I know has a hero.

My hero is my mother. My mother wasn't the typical mom. She tried her hardest to make sure her family got everything they deserved. My mom gave birth to me at the age of 18. She had help from my father at all times. She had two other children, my younger sister and brother. My mother was the strongest person I knew. She and my father got a divorce when I was young. She did her best to take care of my siblings and I. My mother was a cosmetologist. She was so happy when she saved up enough money to move out of her mother's house and into her own. We were such a happy family. Until, it all went down hill. My mother was diagnosed with cervical cancer.

My mother, my hero was in pain for years. She got up everyday and got my siblings and I ready for school, went to work everyday, and made dinner every night. She made sure we had the best days of our lives. My mother was a fighter. She even drove us to Disney World when she wasn't at her best with her health. She did this because she loved her family, and knew she might not make it.

My mother died on February 28, 2014. I was just 10 years old. Right before she passed she threw me the best birthday party that I would never forget. She made sure that we were happy, that's all she cared about. She was the most selfless person I ever met. I love my mom, and I knew for sure that she loved me too. The day that she passed I talked to her on the phone. She told me she loved me. She said she was doing fine, and was about to take a nap. My family

told me that when she woke up the signs of her making it weren't the best. But, I did get to say goodbye. I had no clue that, that would be our last conversation.

My mother, Shari Mayes-Miller. Never gave up on any task, she persevered through things that stood in the way of success. The one thing I learned from this experience is that the little moments do matter. My hero didn't have to save anyone from falling off a building, or flying with super strength to catch a plane falling out the sky, or have everything and give back. My hero had to live in a community where she knew she was going to struggle. But, gave the effort to get back on her feet and do something with her life the 28 years that she had it. She was a fighter, she is my hero.

I would love to be like my mother, and ne day work hard like she did. I want to pass this down throughout my family, when I get older. I know a dream cost nothing, but the hustle cost so much. This is some children don't learn at my age. This is important because if I want to have the same work ethic as my mother. I have to work hard and hustle for it. Not just think one day it going to just come to me because I'm her daughter.