



# DIFFERENT ROOMS

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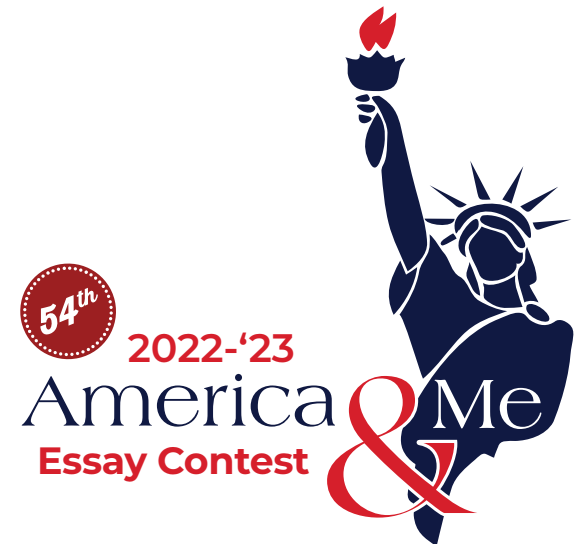
I don't remember my mother. I don't remember her laugh, her voice, her sense of humor, her death, and that's something I've learned to accept. In many ways, I would consider my mom my hero. Without her, I wouldn't be the person I am today. I used to really struggle with her death, used to resent other children who had their mothers in their life, used to hate hearing stories about her because I'll never be able to tell my own stories about her. My mother is my hero because she made me who I am while also leaving behind a little bit of her.

I talk to my mom sometimes. I know my mother is gone, and I've fully accepted that she'll never be back. I still feel like she is with me. During some of the hardest times, I talked to my mother. I don't know if she's actually with me, but the thought of her being with me gives me comfort. My mom is my hero because I can talk to her.

My mother gave me some of my favorite features about myself. I have her hair, smile, nose, and I'm sure she helped with my awesome personality! Knowing I'm a little bit of my mother gives me peace. I used to hate it. I used to hate the conversations about how much I'm like my mother, how my hair is just like hers or how my smile reminds everyone so much of her. Now I like it when people point out something my mother used to do. My mother is my hero because I'm a little bit of her.

I know my mother wasn't perfect. I know she had flaws. I know there are people out there who probably didn't like her. I know I'm also not perfect. I have flaws. There are people who don't like me. Not only that, but I know my mother gave me some parts of her she probably considered a flaw of hers. Maybe I think it's one of my flaws, yet I like the fact my mother made me imperfect. I wouldn't be the person I am if I were perfect. No one is perfect. My hero is like a flower. She wasn't perfect, but always stood out and shined.

One of my biggest regrets was trying to forget about my mom's death when I was younger. I would often make jokes or brush it off whenever people said they were sorry. I didn't write this for people to feel sorry for me. I wrote this because my mother is my hero just like your mother might be yours, even though she is gone I know she's with me. "We never lose our loved ones. They accompany us; they don't disappear from our lives. We are merely in different rooms." -Paulo Coelho, *The Alchemist*. My hero, my mother left this small town in Michigan while also leaving a little bit of her behind.



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