

A Person I Adore

She might not be my ~~real~~ biological mother, but I regard her as my second one. My aunt always looks at me with affection, hugging me tightly and patting my head so tenderly that I wish time could stop right there. One time, she came to visit us, my grandfather, my father, brother and me, around 10 o'clock in the morning. I ~~encountered~~ noted a smile on her wrinkled face. "Hi, have you and your brother eaten yet? If you're hungry I could cook for you." said my aunt with a smooth tune. "It would be lovely." I briefly replied. She then went to the kitchen, opened the fridge, and searched the ingredients for the upcoming meal. She's a vegetarian., the dishes she makes are mostly vegetable related. However, she will not impose the idea of stopping eating meat on me or any other person she meets. My aunt knows the fact that people are entitled to decide the food they consume. About an hour passed, she called out for us to enjoy the steamy lunch. My aunt squeezed my shoulders as a reminder of settling down. Stir-fried cabbages and carrots, over-eggs "over-easy eggs"?, fish and a pot of pork meat soup were presented on the dining table. The sink, where the dirty pans and spatula were, was already clean and empty. After everyone finished their meal, my aunt collected all the greasy plates. Washing them quickly, she then neatly arranged everything. How quick and organized. I looked at her with astonishment, and hugged as an appreciation "as a sign of appreciation" or "to show my appreciation". So tight that I wish she could always be there.

1. Well-focused
2. Few mistakes, but still, try to improve your sentences.
3. Your aunt wins more pity than admiration from me.