

Grandma's daughter

The girl was too young to understand...

- Bye, daughter!

- Grandma, why my mother doesn't live here?

- She has her house.

The girl turned around, but she didn't understand and some time later, she asked again:

- Grandma, why my mother doesn't live with us?

- She likes to live in her own corner.

The girl didn't understand:

- Grandma, why I don't live with my mother?

- She works a lot, she doesn't have time to take care of you.

The questions came at any time:

- Grandma, why did my parents separate?

- They fought a lot, they weren't happy together.

Sometimes the grandmother could not answer:
- Grandma, why my father doesn't come to see me?

"He might come on Children's Day or, who knows, on your birthday..."

Sometimes the grandmother didn't want to answer.

But she was always there.
Feeding, educating, telling stories, caring.

Time passed and, one day, the questions stopped.

They were not important anymore.

The girl already knew the answer.

She was loved, had affection and attention.
She was grandma's daughter and was very happy about it!