

Things about childs

When my father was a child, approximately in 1960, he used to walk home from school. He finished his classes at 18:30 every day except Fridays. On Fridays he arrived home at 21 :30 because he had been punished and he had to do maths exercises until the custodian left the school. He had been punished by a teacher, who was a priest, two years ago because one Sunday he hadn' t gone to church. The following Monday the teacher said to my father : " You will be punished for the entire time. You will never forget that day " .And it' s true, nowadays my father still tells me about the day when he was punished on account of not going to church that Sunday.

One day during winter my father was walking home after an exhausting Friday . It was dark because he lived in a village where there weren' t street lights. The path route that he had to take to arrived borne was narrow, with lots of trees and it was frightening.

He was near home when he began to hear strange noises. Suddenly he saw something white at the end of the path, something was moving and my father got a fright. He returned , running, using a different route path which was longer than the first .

When he arrived at home he didn' t say anything to his mother, but, since that day he never went home from school using the shortest route because he thought that the white thing was a ghost. One day he was in the field with his family when he saw the white thing moving in the distance. He ran towards his mother shouting : "There is a ghost! " .His mother calmed him down and she said that this thing was Pepe' s white donkey. My father was ashamed and since that day he hates donkeys.

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