



Selected Value: Filial Piety

## Red Spots of Gratitude

Red spots on your sole,  
Your footsteps I follow as a goal.  
Guiding me as I grow, your steps to and fro.  
Adjusting to my pace, with adoration you embrace.  
For I learnt to care, to cherish and to share.  
Your shell spotted and strong,  
Adolescence I reached, oh, how much growth I've come along.

Red spots on my side,  
Footsteps tapping as we stroll,  
Tis I who adjust to your pace,  
And with realization I embrace.  
The depth of your loving hand  
Constant presence, time transcend.  
As my gratitude I share,  
This food bowl and cabbage,  
Though none can compare.