

The Day I Became a Father

I am British, and my wife is Vietnamese. It was a spring morning, and the Hanoi sky was cold with light rain. I walked into the operating room, took my wife's warm hand, and waited for our angel boy to be born with a sense of suspense and anxiety. When I heard the birth cry of my son, I cried in happiness. I had become 'Dad'.

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I held my angel boy in my arms, his tiny little hand in mine. I watched him for a long time, feeling like time had stopped. He had huge, dark brown eyes that gazed around him, at his new world, and at me. His small mouth was beautiful and the bridge of his nose high. A mix of the two blood lines, he had jet-black hair and a pale, delicate face. My little boy slept, his tiny little hand in mine, his little feet stirring, looking like an angel. Being a dad is the best thing in my life.

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Where was my son born?

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When was my son born?

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What colour are his eyes?