

"Thank you honey. This ring is perfect", Mma Ramotswe said with a sweet voice.

"You should have chosen a bigger one, you know, I could have afforded it."

"It seems like you don't want to understand. A ring is just an object. I don't need a big diamond or a huge house, or millions of dollars. I've got your love, and everything is alright."

Mr Maketoni smiled and kissed his fiancée.

"I would like to buy you everything you want, you're such an admirable woman."

"And this jeweler would have liked it too. He absolutely wanted you to buy me an enormous engagement ring... but you're lucky I'm stronger than him!" the future bride added.

(120 words)

I don't attach a lot of importance to appearances. I show myself just as I am, I don't try to hide my defects.

In the same way, my friends are not chosen for their style or their popularity, but only for what they are within themselves.

I don't care at all about people's opinion. I am the only master of myself and my life; and nobody can change the way I live but me.

For example, a few years ago, I had a particular style: I had a Gothic style. Everyday I was given bad looks or even insulted, but I didn't pay attention. I felt good and I didn't want to change.

Now, I've changed, but I'm still too proud to care about people's opinion about me.

(128 words)