

Change

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In a comfortable afternoon, a girl was looking for something in her mother's chifforobe. But there were many old things there, including an old neckerchief, old gloves, old clothes, old silk stockings, an old leather belt, and an old heavy book in between which a letter was placed. She took the letter and opened it. The words jumped into her eyes and looked very familiar. She must have seen these words in some place. Yes, these were her own handwriting even though they were written long ago in her ignorant and innocent age.



That day was a sunny day. Sunshine shed on earth, on roads, on trees, and on her. It was like a melodious song chanting everywhere for such a lovely day. Seeming to be infected with the sunshine, she was in a great mood all the day. She felt that the entire world belonged to her, and she was so elated. After school, she rode her bicycle home, meanwhile, enjoying the wonderful sunshine. However, there was no one downstairs when she arrived home. So she skipped up to stairs, opened the door of her room, and then saw her father standing and her mother sitting there sobbing. She had no idea at that time until she saw the letter in her mother's hands. She recalled the letter. It was written a few days ago or maybe several weeks ago. Anyway, it was written after a violent quarrel between her and her mother. She wrote down her resentment in the letter. The letter was written to her best friend to complain about her mother. In the letter, she said how she hoped that "that woman" was not her mother at all, and she didn't want a mother who was mean and didn't know what she wanted. After finishing the letter, she did not send out the letter. She was not a girl who would take time and energy to huggermugger a letter. Therefore, she hid it randomly under her pillow. The next day, she totally forgot the letter under her pillow. And she never knew that there would be a storm being formed under her pillow. Maybe she thought that the letter was not a big deal since it was written in a rage. But she never expected that the letter would bring her such a catastrophe.

She called to mind the letter in her mother's hands. She did not know what to say, but just standing still. Bitterly her mother was weeping for the letter. Her mother was crying fiercely as if she was abandoned by the whole world and lost all. Her mother questioned her, "What discontent do you have in the world? I raised you hardily and let you have education. But what do you do in return for me?" Nevertheless, she just stood still and waited, not knowing what to answer. The letter was a real truth spreading out there. She did not have any standpoint to contravene, and she even had no standpoint to comfort her

mother. She felt like to soothe her mother for she did not mean to hurt her mother by the letter. If she could, she wouldn't hide it under the pillow or she wouldn't write the letter. Thanks to her father, there was still someone who could console her poor sad mother.



"It is just the kid's callowness. Don't think too much," her father said. Then her father clasped her mother, who held the letter tightly and cried violently, and left along with her mother. They walked downstairs together.

People always reflect on themselves when the quiet comes after the bustle. People only feel forlorn and helpless when the whole world is as silent as the grave. Though she could hear her mother crying from downstairs, and she knew she was not alone for this crying accompanied her, she did feel helpless and bushed. At one moment she was in a chaos, but at the next moment she was in deep thought, thinking about the letter and what her mother only just said. Nothing, nothing, she could think of nothing. Standing by the window and blankly looking at the sight outside, she was pondering long and deeply over the letter. Still nothing, she could think of nothing still. She only knew that she really did not mean to hurt her mother by writing the letter. But the harm had been done. There was her mother's crying like a grievous song haunting beside her ears on such a good day. All of a sudden, she took a deep breath. Outside the window, the sun was covered with dark clouds. The shine did not shed on earth, on roads, on trees, and on her. And then she shed tears. *Does the sun refuse to offer me warmth because of this letter? Won't mother give love to me any more? Do I lose the most precious thing in this world? Am I alone now? Am I deserted?* Her tears were triggered due to her mother's crying. Hot tears spilled from her eyes constantly, rolled down her cheeks, and fell on the cold floor. She could not but to daresay that her mother's love was perhaps frozen because of the letter. She kept seeing the sunshine disappearing bit by bit and the sky getting darker and darker. Finally, the dark night enveloped the whole world as well as her world. She felt that she was completely abandoned and was devoured by a world without love.

A middle-aged woman stands by the window and thinks of this memory about the letter she wrote, holding a letter in her hands. It is a bright day today. The sun is showing its glamour outside, and the sunshine is shedding on earth, on roads, on trees, and maybe on her little girl. Nevertheless, there are some dark clouds encircling the mountains far. The woman loses herself in meditation for a moment, and after a while begins to realize how much sorrow and heartbreak the swollen eyes of her old mother had concealed long ago. The woman stops her sad tears timely, dries her eyes, walks to her room, opens the chifforobe, and places the letter in between a heavy book. She still loves her little girl just like her old mother still loves her. The middle-aged woman approaches the window again, and she is pondering on the ways she

should treat her little girl and the measures she should take. But she assures herself that one thing should be done. That is, a change. She needs to change.