

The Reunion

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I am sitting in a fancy restaurant in our town with my best friend, Rosie. We are waiting for those who are trying to find the suitable seats for themselves and those who are still on the road. Today is my class reunion after I've graduated from high school for 20 years. Time flies, actually; everyone does change a lot. While I am still sentimentally soaked in the past, the words of today's hostess suddenly burst into my ear. "Long time no see, everybody! Thank you all for coming today....." Then she starts to say some polite formulas with her shrill voice. Oh God, what a torture. I am not a devoted Christian, but sometimes I really believe that Lord can hear my wishes, just like this time He sends me an angel wearing a uniform to save me from falling into the boring hell. "Excuse me. Can I take your orders now?"

Actually, my high school life was not that interesting and memorable. I was not an enthusiastic participant of class activities; I entered no school club, and I didn't study as hard as those who always sat at the first row. The only thing worth to mention is that I became the class leader one semester when I was in my third grade. However, while one semester was not a long period, I still made a mess of it. I lost a Kraft paper bag with all classmates' tuition inside of it. You might not consider how terrible this event could be for a senior high school student, and I didn't either. So the only thing I could do was turning to my teacher and my mother for help.

All of these things seem to have happened somewhere in the last century, although for some other people, for example, Rosie, it is not exactly. "I can still remember that you once lost the whole classes' money! Oh! It happened just like yesterday!" This seems to be the only thing she could remember when we have a reunion, and every year she must mention it or she won't sleep well at night. "And do you know what? Our class leader also put her love letter into the same Kraft paper bag! So she also lost the chance having a romance with Michael! Such a pity! Ha-ha....." Then Rosie would pat on my back and everyone would laugh happily, although I don't think it's really a funny story.

Nevertheless, today the most popular topic is not about me, but about Judy, who became a legislator after she graduated from college. "She appears on TV almost every day. Do you watch the news this morning? She yelled at the mayor again!" One of my classmates says so. "She was the one who always wanted to be in the limelight before, so I'm not surprised that she became a legislator in the end," another classmate says. At this time I truly, deeply consider that I should contribute to this topic; after all, the famous Judy is the only one who can bring me out of other people's mind. So I show my opinion without thinking too much, "But sometimes I think the words she said

one day are totally different from the other day.” Suddenly everyone bursts into laughter, and all of them say to me with one voice, “Don’t you know what a politician is?”

Just at this moment, the automatic door of the restaurant opens, and a lady wearing a heavy make-up as well as one pair of showy sunglasses walks in. Here comes the famous somebody. “Good evening everyone. I’m so sorry for being late because I have many works to do. And there is too much traffic in this city. I think the government really should learn how to listen to the people’s voice. Any way, do I miss anything interesting? Oh, speaking of interesting things, I just heard a joke from my colleague. Just let me told you. One day.....” Oh dear God, why do you let me fall to the hell again.

I’m not sure how long her speech is because I don’t really pay attention to it, and when I start to be in a trance, a name comes into my mind unexpectedly. That is Michael, the most handsome boy of our school. If I hadn’t lost that love letter, would I have any chance with him? From the first word “hello” to my signature at the end, I used the whole three years to finish that letter. That is the only masterpiece I’ve created in my life, I believe. Anyway, those things just have gone with the wind; my memory, the letter, and of course, a lot of money.

“Excuse me, Miss. Can I take your order?” The waiter’s voice pulls me back to reality. “Can’t you see that I’m talking with my friends? Please don’t cut into my conversation. If I want to order any meal I’ll call you,” Judy said impatiently. When the waiter gets away from our tables, Judy starts to talk about her opinion toward service industry. “How rude that waiter is! That kind of behavior really pissed me off. By the way, as a legislator, I’m also a member of service industry. I am always a service provider as well as a loyal servant of our people in this country. A legislator should always be honest, humble and gentle just like me. So, if you have any problems about the policy, please tell me. I’ll try my best to solve all the problems for you because as a legislator, all of you are my bosses. Hey, I forget to tell you something.....” I bet all the people present want to stick her mouth with something on hand, but no one really has the courage to do so. “That’s awesome! Have I told you the joke I heard from my colleague yet? One day.....” Not until Judy finishes her words, our hero Rosie stops her with one soft but firm look. “I believe you’ve already told us that joke, Judy.” Judy’s face becomes a little drawn. “Have I? Oops, sorry I totally forget. But as you know, I have many public affairs to cope with, so I become a little forgetful recently.”

At this moment, the clock hanging on the wall dings nine times, and it reminds me something. “It’s about nine o’clock. I’ve promised my son to get home earlier, so just let me excuse myself. It’s really nice to see you guys again, really.” I say so when I get ready to leave my seat. “Wait! Wait!” Judy suddenly pulls my sleeve, yelling and searching something in her big bag. “I

almost forget that I have something to give you..." I'm totally confused because I have no idea what that "something" could be. Then she takes out an old Kraft paper bag which really surprises me. "The other day when I was cleaning my house, I found this bag in my drawer. I just cannot remember where I got this bag, but I think there should be some useful things inside of it in the past. Um...well, I am too forgetful to remember that, ha-ha. Anyway, I found your love letter for Michael in this bag. I am not sure why your love letter appears in my drawer, but I think I should turn it back to you."

Some strange feelings strongly catch my heart. I believe that Rosie also feels the same way because she gives me a thoughtful glance, and then she looks at Judy, intending to ask something. Nevertheless, Judy continues her speech without giving Rosie any chance to say a word. "I have to apologize for reading your private letter but I have no choice. As a legislator, this is my duty to be honest and tell the truth, so I have to confess my fault to you." That's not the point, I think. "Judy," I ask as calm as I could, "do you remember that I once lost some money in the third grade?" I see Judy freeze at my words as if something hits her head suddenly, and then she smiles artificially, which distorts her face seriously. "I...I don't remember that. Why do you mention it? As you know, I am very busy and forgetful recently, so how could I remember that someone stole the tuition from you 20 years ago?" In order to avoid any contact with my eyes, Judy looks around busily. "I...I feel hungry now. Where is the waiter?"

Everyone falls into silence at this moment. It seems that no one knows how to do or what to say next. Then the waiter comes with his professional smile on face, which is like a mock to me. I stand up and leave the restaurant quietly, and now I think I really understand what characteristics a politician should have—honest, humble, and a little bit forgetful.