

## Leaving My Homeland

As I sit quietly between my grandparents inside the noisy Shanghai Airport, I describe to them about how much I want to stay and how strange it will be to live in a completely different country. I tell them how horrible it will be to leave the place where I belong and am familiar with. They listen carefully to my painful and complaining words, but do not do anything to console me.

“It will be all right once you get there,” says grandma cheerfully. However, I don’t believe her. Nothing is going to be all right. I will never be happy again.

No one can change the dreadful fact that in just a few minutes I will be leaving China to go to the United States of America. Trying to avoid that unpleasant feeling of having to leave and ignoring my grandma, I squeeze my eyes shut, listening to the loud never-ending chatter, and smelling the scrumptious food in the airport. Minutes pass and my anxiety grows as I wait to board the large jet that will deliver my dad and me to the country that we will soon live in. All kinds of deep thoughts filled with sensation soar through my head as I just sit there wordlessly, nearly subconscious to the rest of the world. It will be awfully hard for me to depart this country in which I called home for the past six years of my life, with all my loving family. Of course, I will live with my parents in the United States, but it just won’t be the same. Another dilemma that troubles me greatly is the fact that I don’t know anything about my future home. I don’t know the language, the cultures, the way of life, nothing. A bad aching sets into my head as I wonder almost in despair about why I have to go, and what my “new” life will be like.

Suddenly, I feel an inextinguishable anger toward my parents and grandparents for forcing me to begin a different, secluded, and challenging life; to make me suffer.

Why did my life have to be completely changed and perhaps even ruined when I am already perfectly contented? As I reflect on these thoughts, a big, choking knot forms in my throat. I feel tears welling up in my big brown eyes, but I do not bother to wipe them away.

Then the dreaded moment comes; it is time to board the plane. I bid a tearful goodbye to my grandparents, sulking and weeping on their shoulders. Holding on tightly to my hand, dad pulls me away from them and almost drags me into the tunnel that leads to the plane. Everything is a blur as large droplets of salty tears filled with grief pour from my eyes uncontrollably and moisten the ground. My mind is full with fear, worry, sadness, and anguish. Never in my life so far have I had these strange mixed emotions. “How could this possibly be happening to me?” I wonder silently. The terrible pain inside my heart makes me want to jump off a tall building, and leave this world and all my difficulties behind. Holding my breath, I walk to the end of the tunnel feeling like it is impossible to go on with my life.

After going inside the aircraft, I plop down on my seat and stare expressionlessly out the window. Life just isn't fair. No one can feel the same pressing emotional pain I am in; I must move, unwillingly, to an entirely different country where I will, in all likelihood, pass my time like a lost wanderer. Furthermore, I doubt that anyone else around me has the sentiment I have of being forced to change my perfect lifestyle into something strange and unfamiliar; I have to leave all the people I care about in addition to all the places and things I am comfortable with. My brain and body seem to shake from all these awful, perplexing feelings.

Before I know it, the plane lifts off the ground, making my stomach flip and my heart shatter into a thousand prickly pieces. Looking down, I try to take in as much as the beautiful and soothing view into my head as possible. A feeling of gloomy weariness settles over me and I gradually drop down my heavy eyelids. While my body slowly dozes off, my spirit, deep inside my heart, tells me that I can somehow, in some way, survive at my new future home in America. Trusting my soul and transferring the warm thoughts of encouragement into my brain, I drift off into a fairly calming sleep.