

A New Home

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Photograph from Ruofan Hang, Zhuhai, Apr., 2018

Summer faded away on the day when the summer vacation ended. In that summer, the three years when I raced with time in the high school ended as well. I am finally going to a new stage of my life. Surprise, curiosity, tension, fear, all these complex feelings filled my heart. "What are you thinking about? You are going to the university in a few days. Are you happy?" Mom's voice pulled me back to real life. "In fact, I'm more scared." I am a person who has a hard time integrating into a group in a short time; however, I can not endure the loneliness as well. My best and only friend now is my neighbor, whom we have been good friends since kindergarten age. Although she is an outgoing and lovely person who is popular among the peers, for me, she is always the only one around

me. But this time she was unable to accompany me, I was going to school in the south of China, and she was admitted to a school in the north. Of course, my mother also understood what I meant, and answered, "You should try to be brave and get along with others. I know you are timid and introverted, but if you do not speak, no one will know what you want to get."

On the starting day of school, It took me five hours to go to school by air. The new campus has not been fully constructed yet. Freshmen lived in the old dormitory area which is far away from the teaching area. The buildings looked very old, and almost every wall had large black stains on it. The golden and shining sunlight which shone on the wall seemed to be blackened as well, so that the sun didn't look so warm any more. The facilities of the dormitory building were also not very good; there was no elevator, and I was unfortunately assigned to a room on the fourth floor which was the highest floor. I slowly climbed with a luggage as heavy as a rock. The sun was too blinding, and the sweat kept falling from my forehead into my clothes. All these made me no longer expect where I would live in the future, and I could not imagine how terrible the "new life" would be. As if a century had passed, I walked close to the door of my dormitory. When I opened the door, I saw a girl with long hair got up from the bed quickly and greeted me with a smile, "I'm glad to meet you. My name is Christina." "Hi, I'm Kelsey." After a few words, the atmosphere in the room became awkward. I could even hear the sound of a needle fall on the ground. I also pretended to be indifferent and began to look around the room carefully. Although the room was small, it was very warm and completely different from the exterior appearance of the building. This gave me a little comfort.

I opened the suitcase and started to





Source: <https://unsplash.com>

sort my clothes. "I'm going to have lunch with my friends, do you want to go with me?" I stopped what I was doing and quickly turned to answer her, "No, thank you." "Well, bye." A brief conversation ended again, with me alone in the room. Actually, I had been hungry when I deplaned, and I really wanted to accept her invitation, but ... how could I describe the feeling she made me? The tone of her voice and the way she spoke were very cold, which made me feel distant and even a little scared. Then it should be impossible for me to become a good friend of her. I shook my head and continued to keep packing. Time passed minute by minute, and the outside quickly became dark. Christina was back, and to my surprise, she had a bag in her hand, which contained a cute little cake. "I bought you dessert on my way." Another short sentence, I took it and said, "Thank you."

For the next few hours, I still didn't have the courage to talk to her, even if some nonsense I still could not open my mouth. She didn't, either.

At night, I tossed and rolled in a strange bed for half an hour without falling asleep. When I turned around for the umpteenth time, I heard sobbing sounds coming from the bed opposite mine. I hurriedly turned on the light, lifted Christina's quilt, and asked what was wrong with her. To my shock, she suddenly hugged me tightly and burst into tears, "I have never slept alone, my mother and grandma have never left me, and always take good care of me. I really miss them." Her words also made me feel homesick. But facing her fragileness, I did not shed tears, "I miss my parents, too. I believe they miss me as well. All we can do is to live happily every day and then we can go back to see them. It's okay, let's sleep." I touched her hair, trying to comfort her bad mood. She raised her head, looked at me with tears in her eyes

and asked softly, “Can you sleep with me?”

She held me all night without letting me go. The distance between us gradually became closer.

Since then, almost every day, she stuck to me like a kitten. We ate together, went to class together, decorated the dormitory together, and chatted until midnight. It turned out she wasn’t as cool as she seemed; she was not difficult to get along with at all. I also knew the truth later that on the first day we met, because she didn’t know how to invite me, she was actually eating alone. The small cake was also brought to me specially, because she was worried that what if I had no time to eat. She also said she didn’t dare to speak to me because I looked indifferent. Until that night, when she felt lonely and afraid, she could not help crying and wanted to depend

on me. That is who she really is, friendly, cute, and need someone to accompany her. It also turned out that we were both pretending to be indifferent to protect ourselves.

Now we are both juniors, Christina and I have moved into a new dormitory for a long time. The new dormitory area is beautiful with a sense of design. Everything is different from the old one; however, our relationship has not changed. I still remember the note I left her after waking up that day: Don’t worry. We will live together every day in four years, and I will take good care of you.

Photograph from Baomu Song, Germany, Jul., 2018

