

story

A group of people in long white robes walk past the tall wheat ears and stop in front of the stone monument. Weather dim, air smells fishy . The only child in the group followed the adults with confusion, the unfamiliar faces under the white robes scared the child , he start to cry in a low voice. The people around this child gradually turned into crows and flew away. The child turned into a seed of wheat and fell in front of the grave. Child woke up from his dream, it is his first day back hometown, the morning sky is gloomy, outside the window the crows fell on the low branches of the trees . It seemed going to rain.

Reflective writing

This story references the funeral culture of certain rural villages in China. Certain villages will retain traditions from the past, some good and some bad. I reference a funeral I attended as a child in my hometown, a rural village. I always use some Chinese to express some of my ideas when I start to write a story, and I get frustrated when I switch to English because I'm not sure I get my point across. I always tend to use metaphors to tell the story , try to connect the beginning of the story and the end, for example, the air smells fishy from the mud, I want to hint that the mud smells fishy because it just rained, so I mention at the end that it seems to be raining soon. But after outcome finish I didn't succeed in creating a clear narrative.