Autumn Rain Essay, Research Paper

I awoke to the soft trickling of water outside my window. It took me a moment to realize that it is raining again; the tranquil sound of water dripping from the birch was as sweet as the silver bells ringing at Christmas. It was only six in the morning, but more than willingly I got up, put on a robe and opened my window. Almost immediately, the chilling November wind gushed in engulfing me with its icy fingers. I shuddered, but made no attempt to close the window as my eyes slowly came into focus. It is still pre-dawn outside, and in the ?first light? everything appeared to be transparently blue, as if a piece of beautiful stained glass had been put over my eyes. The late autumn rain fell endlessly in silky thin strands, sown together to make the most delicate curtain with red maple leaves embroided among the threads. The steady shower poured down every year around this time, as if it were trying to wash out all my memories. I took a deep breath, and as the scent of newly refreshed soil with the wilting leaves mixed in my lungs, I allowed the twirling autumn wind to lead me back to that same rainy morning, five years ago.

It was a common Saturday morning. The rain seeped steadily from the dark and depressing clouds hanging overhead from the pre-dawn sky. Most people were still asleep on this overshadowed morning, yet among the sea of darkness, I stood silently on my patio looking out to the obscurity beyond. This morning seemed to be filled with nothing but the weeping of rain and the sighs of wind. The sounds of water tapping gently on the roof and the swish of it running down the eves and fell to the darkness below was all one could hear. I extended my hand hesitantly out to touch the goddess? tears, yet the chill of it on my fingertips froze the deepest muscle in my heart. The Autumn rain came stepping softly on the multi-colored leaves. Rushing them to depart the safety of the branches and soaking them in the cold fluid until they are devoid of any color, and of any lingering memories. Gradually, the sun rose beyond the penetrating clouds, luminating everything around me.Yet I recoiled away from it, hiding myself in the darkest corner of the patio, loathing the light that will bring me back to the unbending reality.

Suddenly, I felt a warm hand on my shoulder. I turned around and my mother stood there, smiling at me. ?Ruolan, you have to finish packing,? my mother whispered, ?they will be here soon.? I nodded and took one last look at the rain before walking slowly back in our little apartment. Everything seemed out of place, piles of clothing lay on beds waiting to be packed, cabinets remained open, exposing its ugly wooden frames as if to remind me of this different morning. I stepped in my tiny room and sat on the bed, today was my last day in China before my immigration to U.S.A. Tomorrow at this time I would be on my way to a whole new world, a world where I knew no one, a world that is in every way, strange to me.

The door bell rang, my mother yelled at me to get it. Reluctantly, I opened the door to find my closest cousin, Furong standing there, smiling. I was shocked, we both knew that she had an important computer class in her college this morning. ?What are you doing here?? I gaped at her as I stood back to let her in. ?Some things are more important, Lanlan.? She beamed. My eyes burned as if lit on fire as I quickly walked away from the door, hoping she wouldn?t notice my uncontrollable tears. I lead her to my room and lay miserably on the bed, ?I don?t want to go?. There, I said the sentence that I kept in my aching heart for weeks. Bit by bit, I imparted my miseries of leaving China, of leaving everything I had known. My cousin was silent for a while, as she stared at the sky full of leaves outside my window. ?Beautiful rain isn?t it?? She said ?and look at those leaves… clinging desperately on to the trees…just like you.? She turned and stared into my eyes ?Lanlan, you are one of the luckiest that gets to go to America, to the land of the free, to a world with so many opportunities! You are one of the privileged that will make us proud, to make the world see differently of China!? She stopped to take a shuddering breath, and I, bewildered at her for siding with my mother and friends, gave her a hateful glare. Furong sighed, ?I know that you don?t want to go, I couldn?t bear to see you leave either but this is your fate, your destiny. You will have to face it, even if you don?t want to! I will be wishing for you Lanlan, and makes us proud!?. With that she stood up and left me lying alone in my room, suddenly I can not resist the urge of cry no longer. Of all of the punishments why do this has to happen to me? Like a baby I cried along with the rain outside until my voice was hoarse and my tears were dry. Gradually I fell into a dreamless sleep.

I don?t know how long I slept but it was the sound of a lot voices mingling with the tap-tap of rain that awoke me. The sounds pierced through my restful haven and dragged me from my soft cocoon into reality. Rain is still weeping outside my window and the voices in the next room seemed to have come from hundreds of human beings. I heard the booming cheers of men, the crackling speech of grandpas. The gentle tone of women and the chattering sound of kids. I slowly sat up and opened the door. In front of me was our messy livingroom crowded with at least twenty people who all seemed to be standing on tip-toes because of the little amount of space. Some are my mother?s closest friends, others I had never seen before. Some shouting tips of traveling, of packing and of socialization in America to my mother, who is nowhere in sight. Glancing at the clock, I realized that it is only seven O?clock in the morning, why were all those people doing in here? Dazed and confused I pushed past the wall of people to the master bedroom where my mother is packing. She smiled after she heard my question and replied saying that they were all here to see us off. I learned later that among the crowd are my mother?s elementary, middle, highschool and college friends, some came from cities two hundred miles away just to say goodbye. I felt a lump rising in my throat and the usual sourness in my nose. During the way back to my room, I was constantly patted on the shoulder by people I don?t know, some saying how lucky I was, some wishing me the best luck in U.S.A., some seeing the doubt in my eyes gave me encouragement and the rest told me to be careful. My grandma pulled me outside to the patio and told me try to be organized and do well on my studies, my aunts and uncles counted on me to be strong-willed and persistent.

The morning passed very quickly, before everyone realized it, the clock was quietly announcing nine a.m. the time dreaded in my heart, the time to go. All suitcases were packed, all errands taken care of. One by one, all of us followed each other?s footsteps downstairs and into the lobby of the apartment. Along with my mother, the two of us went around to each of my mother?s friends and thanked them for coming and for helping. All around, wishes and good lucks were whispered along with warnings of being cautious . Tears flowed from my grandma?s tired eyes are we hugged each other for the last time. There were three vans parked in the narrow ally in front. Two of my uncles were loading suitcases already and I ignored my aunt?s demand of using an umbrella and stepped outside into the rain. It was piercing cold outside, the low temperature made my breath came in gasps. Yet Without looking back, I ran through puddles and on the slippery ground to one of the vans, and locked myself in its safe barriers, keeping myself from the unending sorrows of goodbye. Finally, all of the things were loaded and my mom got into the seat next to me. The engine started with a roar against the quiet morning and as we pulled away slowly from the only home I ever knew, I turned and gazed out the back window of the car. Leaves danced across the sky along with the rippling gray curtain of rain, only one or two umbrellas were opened in the small crowd, the rest seemed to have forgotten the shower standing there and waving their arms. The scene seemed all together, a beautiful painting, blurring slowly by my tears and by the rain.

The trip to the airport was a long one, I purposely averted my eyes to the roads outside the window while pinching myself from crying. Suddenly, a hand has put over mine and gently unknotted my two tense hands. It was my mother, with understanding eyes and soothing voice she held me in her arms and told me it was alright to cry. I sobbed the whole way while she patiently told me that we all had to leave our shelter one day or another, a bird cannot learn to fly without leaving the safety of the branches, a ship cannot learn to sail without departing the assurance of the harbor. With a gentle voice she told me changes aren?t always a bad thing, it all depends on what you make of it. For our family and all of the unfulfilled dreams of friends and people at home, I should try with all my heart. So, with the vans splashing through the streets, I fell asleep on my mother?s lap and dreamt of the new world that we entering, and for the first time in many more to come, I dreamt of the many hopes, dreams and wishes bestowed upon me from my unconditional family and friends.

For nearly six years now, I have kept that special day in a delicate glass bottle in my heart. As soon as I feel lost and heart-broken, I would take it out and sniff its rich scent. Along with the refreshing fragrance of that autumn morning, the unforgettable events of that heart-breaking day would urge me on. For nearly six years now, whenever there is a fall rainy morning, my memories precipitates with the shower. Whenever there is a fall rainy morning, my heart drifts back to that special day in my life, and my mind floats with the leaves to my homeland far far away.

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