

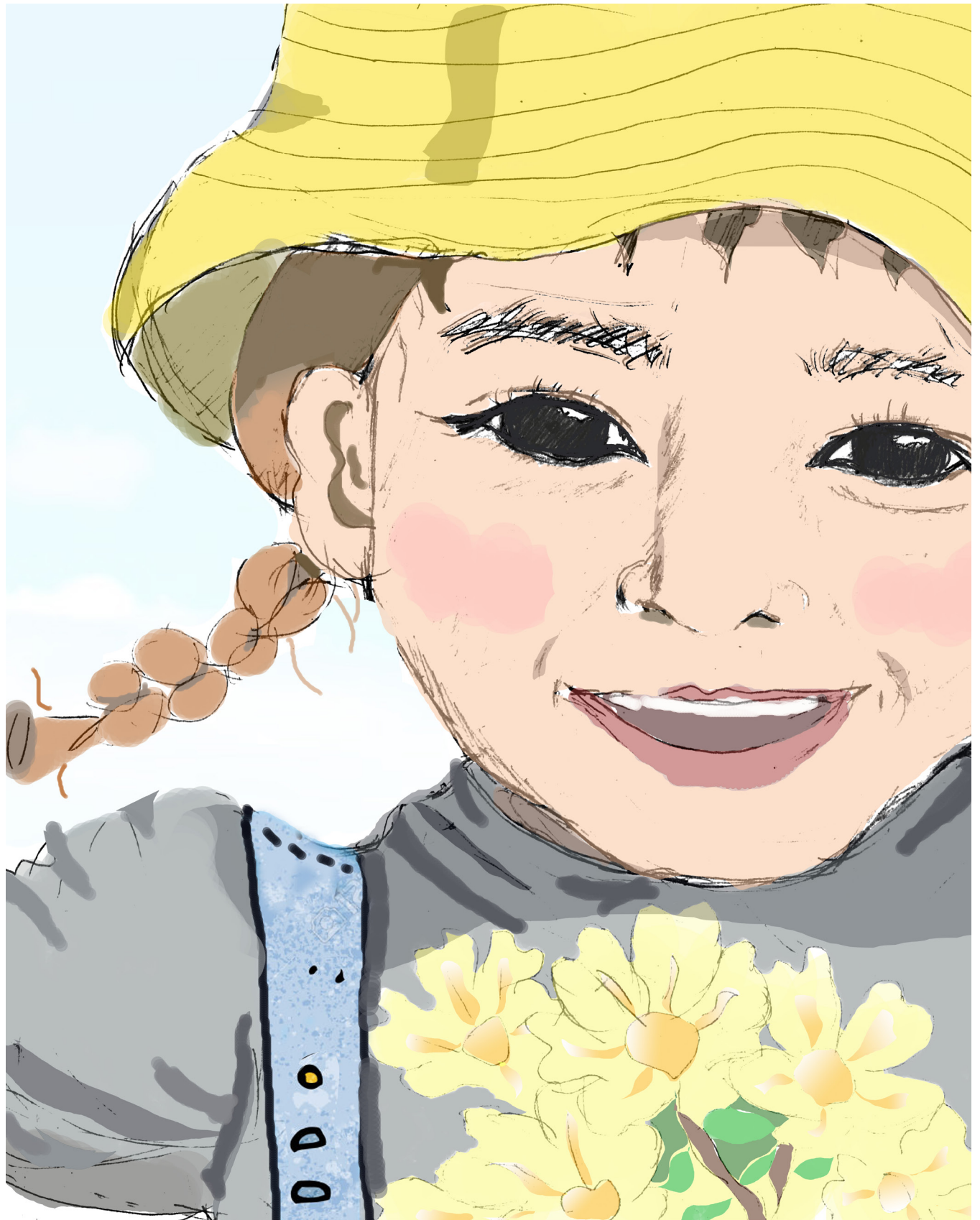


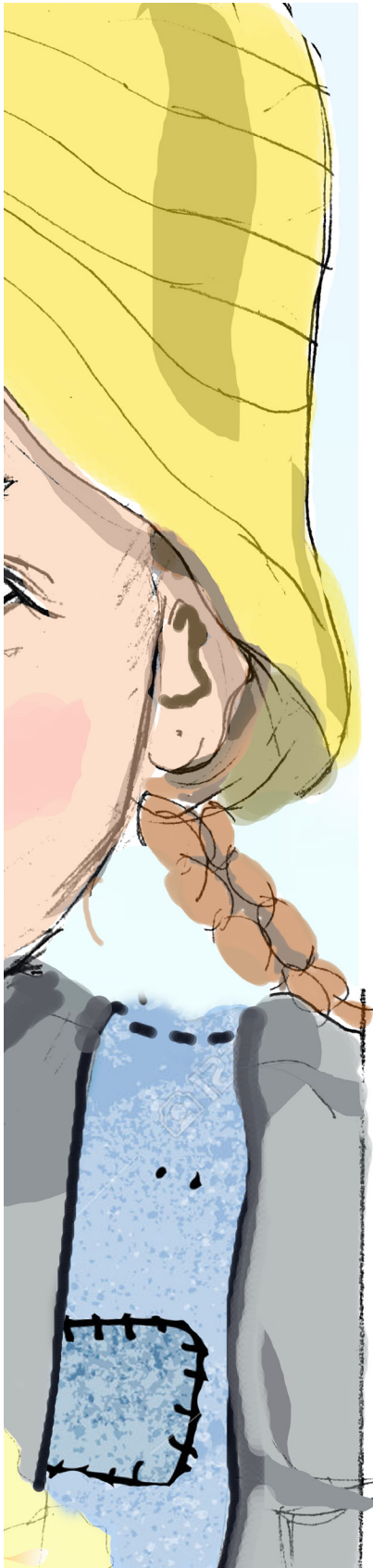
GROW UP

ANGER

A BOOK FOR ALL

By Amber Zhang

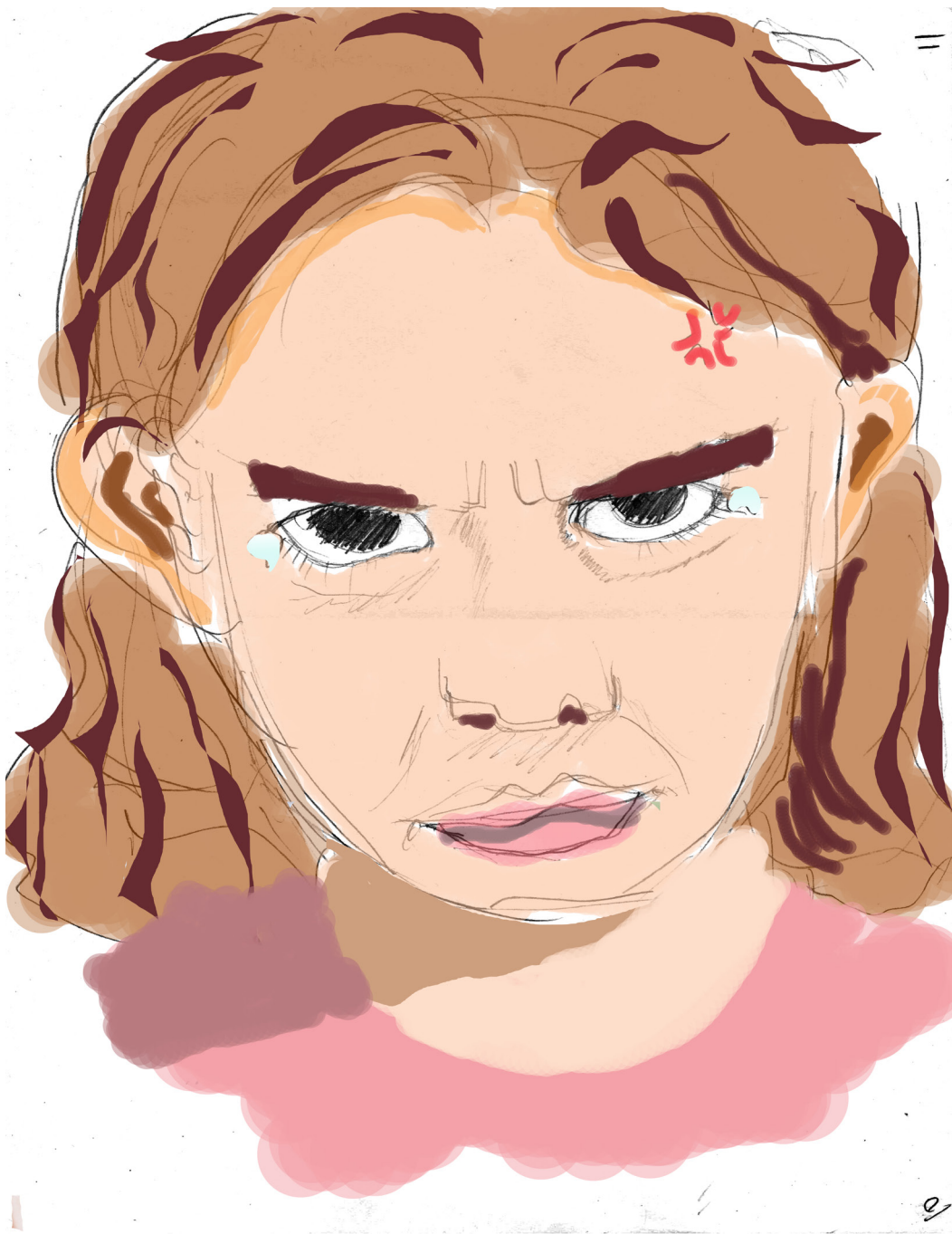




Do you  
remember  
when you  
were young?



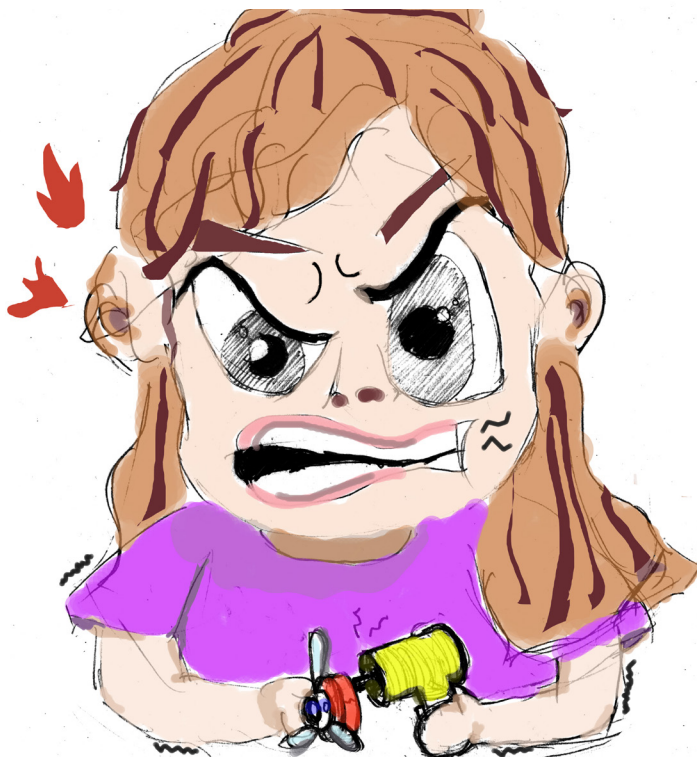
When Irene stands in front of her apartment door, she is heasitated to get in because she knows she won't be happy once she enters. She stands there and memo-ry flashes back....



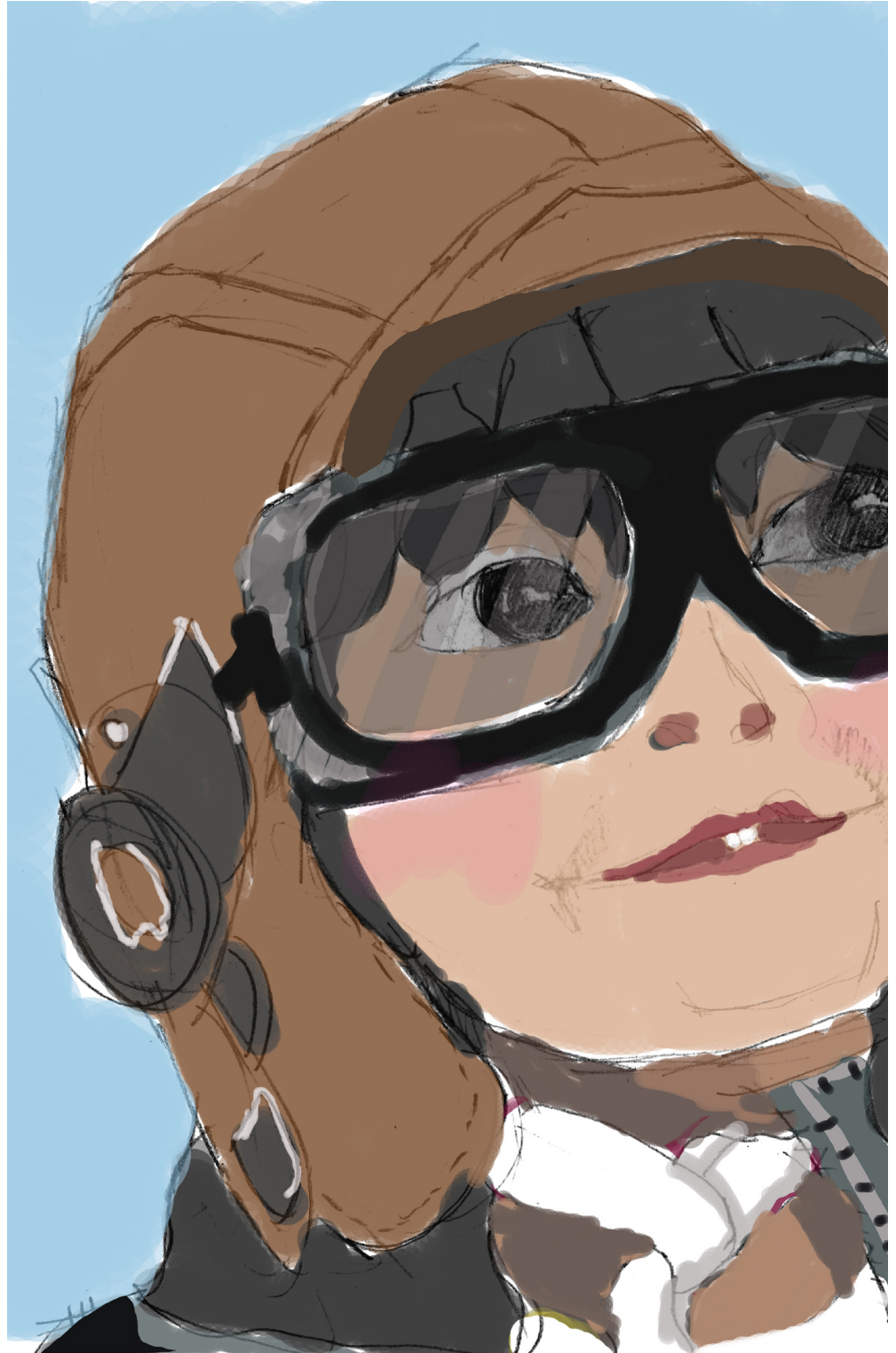
When she was a kid, she was easily to get mad.



However, whenever she started crying, somebody handed her a candy, and she would be happy all of a sudden. When she was young, anger never lasted for more than two seconds.



The first time she tried to build a spaceship, she was angry when she messed up all the pieces, and failed before she made it to the half way.



But she never lost the trust on herself in becoming an astronaut. 8





When she was young, anger never held her confidence back. 9



But, as Irene grew up, she started to bottle up her anger. Till now, she stands here in this cold, shivery breeze, her face is so calm, but her heart is burning with an unidentified fire - the anger that has been accumulated for a long time. She is hiding, and she is pretending that she is smiling.

Back then, anger was just like a gloomy day for Irene. It came, but the next day, when the sun came up, it naturally faded away . Everything was bright and fresh again.







She sits down on her tiny soft, and she just let herself lay there. She doesn't want to do anything. She just lays there.

She starts to recall where her doctor told her this afternoon. All what happened seems like a dream, seems so unreal...

“we are sorry. You are diagnosed with cancer.”

“we are sorry..”

“Sorry.....”





She knew they were NOT SORRY.

When Irene moves her body again, a white envelope gets her attention. It's on the top of her book shelf. She opens it and doesn't expect of anything special or encouraging.

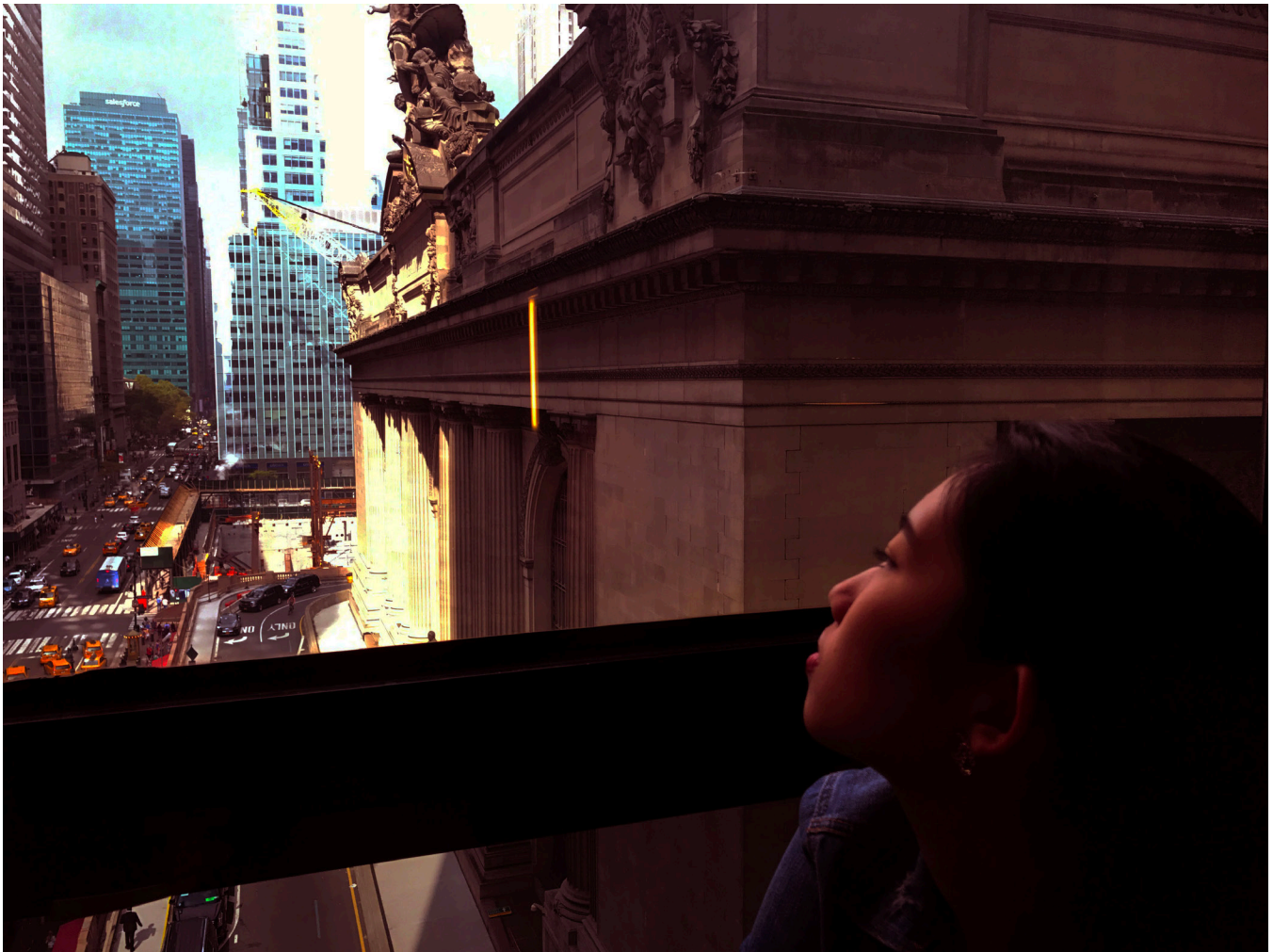
She starts reading it, it is a letter she wrote when she was 18 to herself 10 years later.



“Don’t give up on yourself!”

“Don’t give up!”

“Don’t.....”



The voice echoes in the air. It's her voice, from ten years ago, so free, so bright, and so energetic, like there won't be fear at all.

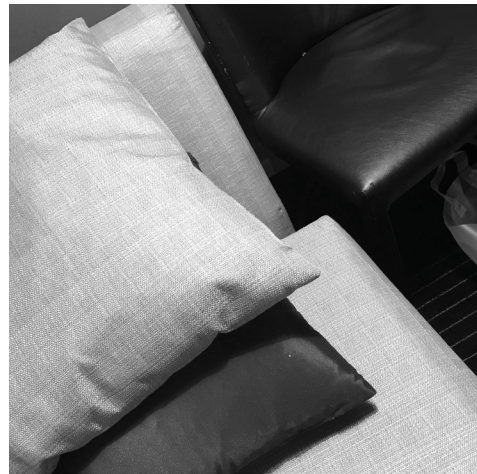
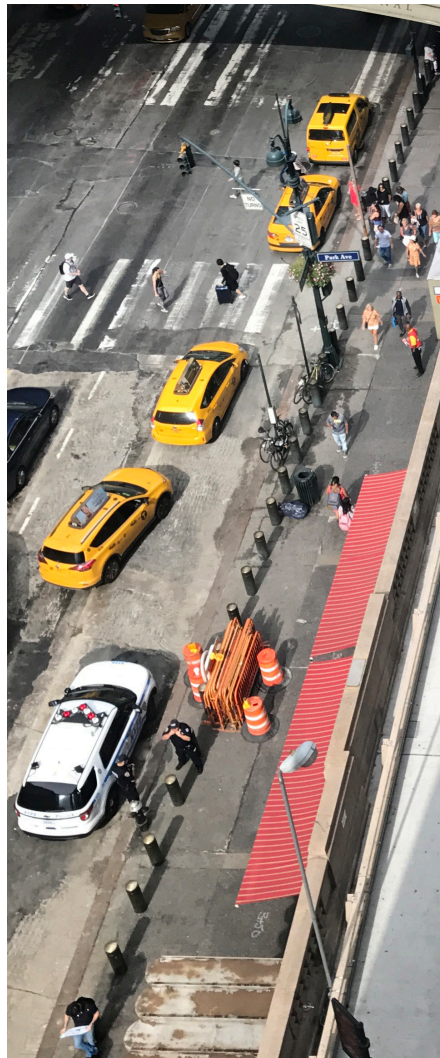


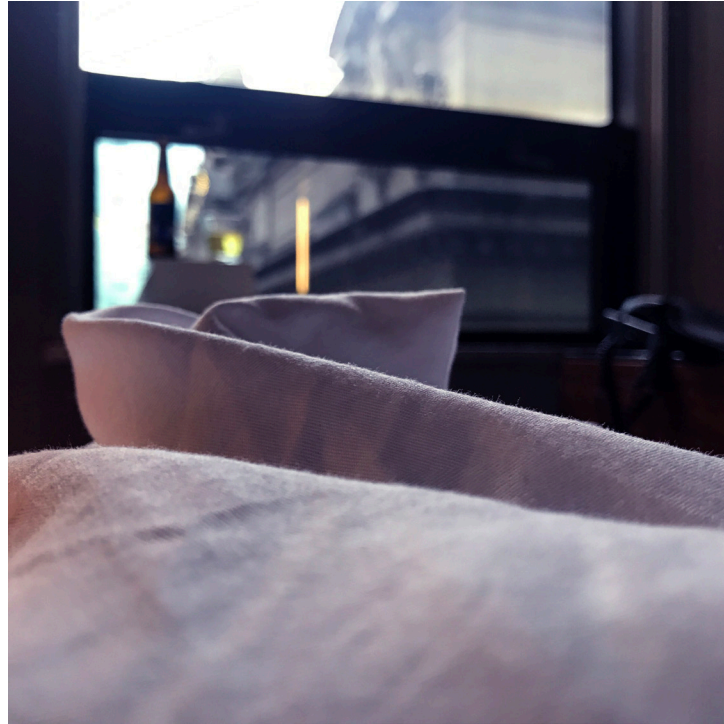
That night, she sleeps well.  
She feels the anger in her heart is  
fading away.





The next morning, when the sunshine  
shines through the window and lands on  
her face,





she wakes up with a smile, and she thinks,  
“wow, it’s so good to be alive”



DON'T  
FORGET  
TO SMILTE



The end.