

I remember

I REMEMBER - ELLEN YANG

~~I could remember everything~~

I remember walking across the streets in Seoul at 1 am with hanna, people looked at us cause we used our phone to play loud music and laughed stupidly.  
I remember the smell of dirt and grass in the backyard after raining.

I remember every time I asked my mom if I can get a dog and every time she rejected me. (the same conversation repeated for 18 years.)

I remember drawing ugly images of our primary school teacher.  
I remember copying the math homework then found out by our math teacher.

I remember listening to Yellow again and again. "Look at the stars, look how they shine for you." I can't help singing with Christ Martin.

I remember my rabbits died one day after I bought them.

I remember how pain it is to wake up at 6 am for school.

I remember fragrances of Narcissu in my home during spring festival.

I remember jumping and singing loud in those concerts, it feels like a club where ten thousand people are dancing together, it also feels like that moment will never end.

I remember watching Queer as Folk in the summer holiday of 2014.

I remember the mint smell of Marlboro when smoking on 5th floor of my school with Fiona (but...)

the smile of my grandmother after she looked

I remember ~~grandmother after she looked at us~~ so many dishes that could fit all our ~~stomachs~~ like plates of the table she ~~set~~ <sup>then</sup> set before she ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~generally~~ <sup>generally</sup> and watched us eat.

I remember watching Harry Potter when eating tomato flavors potato chips.

I remember watching Chungking express on my phone at school with Fiona, the two male actors are more attractive than the story.

I remember the smile of my grandmother when she sits beside of the whole family and watch us eating the meals she cooked.

I remember playing OW with my friends in classroom.

~~mom~~ <sup>mom</sup> always starving after school, and every time I enter my home I can smell the dishes my mom cooked.

I remember the countless mornings at the subway, plugged my earphone and listening to the list of my favorite songs, It feels like the only moment I can 'escape' from the real world. All of a sudden I began to miss those days (and the subways in China, especially when comparing with the ones in NYC.)

I remember the tickets of Lana del ray's NYC concert had sold out.  
Hearing the news that

I remember the day my grandma died, I heard mom said that dad cried in the funeral.

I remember that I wanted to become a advertising planner after watching Queer as Folk like Brian in Queer as Folk.

I remember the excitement of waiting a spicy hotpot delivery.

I remember how sleepy I was in the Chinese literature classes that my head kept nodding and the notes became weird drawings.

I remember eating homemade hotpot with my family, I love using my hands to touch the steam. (my mom got mad about it)

I remember the last time I ~~had~~ eat hotpot with my mom + dad in NYC.

~~I remember waiting for the Korean episode which updates twice a week~~

I remember staying up late doing my work, sometimes drawing, and listen to Lana del ray singing with her desperate yet beautiful voice.

I remember chatting with my friend at the midnight that explosion happened in my city. He was only 1 street away from the spot. "I thought I'm gonna die" he said.

I remember skipping Toefle classes and do the snow fighting with my classmates. My hands were aching so badly after touching snow without gloves.

I remember stay up for the whole night thinking how to write my Parsons challenge essay then submit it one hour before the deadline.

I remember the how mean our homeroom teacher (a 70-year-old granny) is. She hated me ~~for being late~~ <sup>because I dyed my hair</sup> and being late for school, and other girls in my class. She ~~criticized~~ <sup>talked to</sup> us in such a sarcastic way, sometimes my friend even cried, I never did.

I remember the heavy haze and smell of gasoline in Tianjin during winter. That made me sick, literally, sick.

I remember winning trophies in debate competition. ~~Sometimes I just wonder if quietest people really have the loudest minds.~~ <sup>my teacher commented</sup> "quiet people has the loudest mind" my teacher commented

I remember the night before I came to New York I can't fall asleep.



Ellen Yang