

Bridge 3

Fiction 【East Village】

“This must be what called falling,” Anna thinks.

The endless darkness surrounding her makes her unable to feel time. She cannot feel anything, except the winds, which slowly runs with a whisper through the darkness. The winds are talking about falling. Winds had looked on falling coldly for thousands of years, but they still don't know.

“Will people be afraid when they fall?”

“Will they think of everything that happened in their entire life?”

“Will they be lost to their memory?”

Anna hears that and smiles.

“Yes, they will. Yes, they will. Yes, they will.”

“I'm falling now. I can tell the real feeling.”

Thousands of memories pass by her and carry all the words Anna wants to say into the darkness. The winds must listen.

Anna falls to the ground, and she feels a little bit of familiar to the surrounding.

Anna stands in a great wheat field. This must be an evening in late summer. Orange and purple silk interweaving with yellow cotton across the sky. Wild ducks fly away from her sight. A young little girl with two braids hanging turns her head and smiles at Anna. The breeze swishes her white dress with dense flower pattern.

“That is me,” Anna thinks, and she knows that her Dad must be somewhere nearby like he always is—letting Anna play by herself and doing his works around her.

Everything looks like it is real happening now, but Anna knows that this is only her memory. The eyes that little Anna has are so innocent, just like the lake near her family’s house which has the water so clear that you can easily see the bottom. The virgin of Anna knows nothing about the future, but the real Anna knows. Anna looks at her eyes and thinks, “this little girl needs to know nothing; all her job is to stay here, smell the aroma of wheat.”

The lake in her eyes drags her into falling again.

The feeling of feet on the ground dazes Anna for a second. However, she does not have time to consider where and when she, because her father, a tall man in a blue T-shirt, comes out from their beautiful villa and walks through their garden, which is full of tuberoses. He holds two huge boxes and walks to the truck.

“Where are you going, Dad?” she wants to ask, but she can’t speak out.

Then she sees a young girl, around 12 years old holding a pink toy rabbit come out reluctantly.

“That’s me. I’m still in my memory now,” Anna realizes.

Then she realizes that this is the time when her entire family moved from the countryside to New York City, from their beautiful villa to a crowded old apartment.

“She must think that this is a temporary farewell, but I know it’s not,” Anna stares at that little girl, who must still sad from parting with her friends.

“It’s forever.”

Anna closes her eyes, like she does every time when she thinks of this scene.

She falls into the darkness.

The stink and noise make Anna open her eyes.

She begins to miss the aroma of wheat.

“Where am I now,” she looks around and wonders, but the crowd obstructs her sight.

Then she sees herself, the girl who looks like she doesn't belong among those people that walk around her. Those people are all neatly dressed in fashionable clothes. They are so different from her.

She holds a Metro Card, tries to swipe it again and again, but fails again and again. Her face turns red in embarrassment. No one in the crowd that walks into the subway station says anything to her. She knows that is not because they are kind to her, a countryside girl who gets lost in the big city. It happens because just they are indifferent, because they do not care.

Anna sees that little girl leave, lonely and helpless. She knows that she's going to walk all the way back to her family's tiny apartment. She wants to catch her, but the crowd immediately conceals that little girl. The crowd, like the thousands of skyscrapers on New York City's streets, pushes her into the endless darkness again.

She's falling again.

She stretches out her hand but cannot touch anything.

Anna suddenly opens her eyes.

Although her alarm is singing her favorite song now, she just wants to turn it off.

The sunshine in white streams into her room through the crack of a curtain. Even though it is the early morning, it's already started to be noisy outside.

It's just a dream.

Now Anna must get up without waking up her family members.

She only has time for breakfast on the subway. There is no extra time for her to enjoy the beginning of the day. She has to rush. The whole city does so, how could she be an exception?

She is going to take the R train and then change to the L train to get to the place where she works for, a pharmacy on 3rd Ave.

She can now draw a subway map in her mind, but still, she gets lost in this big city.