

# August 4<sup>th</sup>

**By Huang Qian (080515xx)**

She turned and saw a boy standing behind. With a sketch book in his hand, he was about her age, thin and tall, wearing a pair of glasses on his pale face.

"Leave me alone!" she yelled at the boy with blank expression. "OK. Before I leave," he said, "I want my pen back." He pointed to her right shoe. Chi Hung realized and picked up the pen. As she was handing him the pen, the boy grabbed her arm and pulled her away from the brink. Frightened by the boy's series of unexpected actions, Chi Hung was scared.

"Why did you save me? I am a waste!" she roared hysterically, crushing up the report card. Her tears welled up in her eyes. "No matter how hard I tried, I failed in the CE! I can never go to University! I have no future! The whole world is laughing at me now!"

"I also failed in the CE," the boy interrupted her scream. "Then I repeated and passed the exam." He smiled, showing his white and even teeth.

The sun was spreading her last rays to the earth, dyeing the sky different colors. Every building in the distant was plated with golden lining.

"Many people feel sad about sunset because they regard it as an end," the boy said, pointing at this spectacular scenery, "but for me, it is the birthplace of the twinkling starry sky." Looking at the boy's lustrous eyes, Chi Hung felt a little surprised. School had never taught her to think in this way. A kind of mysterious feeling filled her body, driving off desperation. "Is it called hope?" She thought to herself.

August 4<sup>th</sup>, 2008 was a turning point in Chi Hung's life. It was so lucky for her to meet the boy, who called himself Lam and studied in the same school as Chi Hung. They spent the remaining days of August together, exploring all kinds of interesting places nearby.

"Look at those flowers!" she gave a sudden shout of surprise as they were visiting an old house which would soon be demolished by the government. "How can they blossom so beautifully in such barren place?" she stepped forward to stroke flakes of a flower. "Impossible is nothing, as long as you believe." he smiled. Lam was always like a sun, offering positive ideas. Yet Chi Hung could feel that he was hiding something. Worries and anxiety sometimes showed in his eyes.

Pleasant hours glided by. It was time for school. Supported by Lam, Chi Hung had made up her mind to repeat Form 5. The life of repeating was less difficult than she expected. But the failure in CE was still her tender spot. "What if I fail again?" Whenever she came up with this idea, the sunset, the flowers and the smile of Lam flashed back in her mind, offering her courage to go on.

But Chi Hung did not bump into Lam since school began, nor did he phone her. They had not met each other for the whole year. Every time Chi Hung was to phone him, she stopped before dialing the numbers. "Maybe he was busy with his A-level test." she consoled herself, but his disappearance struck a faint and worried chord in her mind.

August 4<sup>th</sup> 2009 came like a dream. She held her report card with her trembling hands. "Oh, dear! I passed!" She wanted to share her joy with those she knew, especially Lam. "I've got to phone him this time." She took a deep breath and dialed his number. However, no one answered.

Having a strong desire to tell him the news, she went to his house. Lam's house was located at the end of a small, filthy ally. After climbing up a long and tumbled-down steel stairway, Chi Hung got to Lam's house. She knocked at the door. A woman, with a wan, drawn face appeared.

"Who is it?"

"I want to find Lam, I am a friend of his."

The woman hesitated for a while and let Chi Hung in. It was a barely furnished small house, but it was very clean.

"Could you please tell me where Lam is? I have something important to tell him," said Chi Hung.

"He died two years ago. After failing in the CE, he jumped from the roof of school," said the woman, with her eyes gazing over.

"It is impossible! I met him last summer!" Chi Hung was astonished. All of a sudden, she saw Lam's photo on the table, in black and white, with a few burning incenses and fruits in front. She recalled what Lam had said,

"Impossible is nothing, as long as you believe."

August 4<sup>th</sup>, what a day.....