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## The Interlude

I sat blankly in the dark-red leather sofa, my mind at a loss. I wanted to scream but my throat was dry. For a moment I stared at the document in my trembling hand, tears welling up in my eyes. A complex of desperation, furiousness, pain and many other feelings was burning in my heart. Then a voice cut in, misty and distant, as if coming from another world.

“Are you OK?”

I looked up only to see the young man working in the 4S store, who handed me the car-repairing record. Forcing a weak smile, I stood up, finally making up my mind.

Around 5 weeks ago, I landed in Beijing for my two-month study tour organized by my university in Hong Kong, looking forward to beginning an exciting and fruitful summer. I was extraordinarily thrilled about this trip because this was the very city where Father was born. Actually, he himself was more excited and even promised me a visit during my stay here.

One week or so after my study in a local university started, I was walking out of one schoolroom during a class break. There I saw him, a tall bright gorgeous boy, talking cheerfully with the lecturer by the doorway. He was wearing an unbuttoned navy-blue plaid shirt with a casual long-sleeve T-shirt underneath, neat and proper. His silky black hair lay lazily on his forehead, and his eyes were sparkled like stars in the night sky—when they finally met my stare, I suddenly felt a flutter in my heart and my blood was racing. He gave me a slight smile from the corner of his finely curved lips as I walked through the door nodding with a shy “Hi”.

Soon I discovered that Presley and I shared many classes together; we would even run into each other all the time. Before long we were holding hands walking on the campus. I felt particularly blessed by the city and was so grateful that I finally found my Mr. Right. Presley was smart, enthusiastic and humorous; as a native Beijinger, he showed me how brilliant and energetic the city was. Normally we would go out in Presley’s car; barely receiving his driving license, he was still in fresh excitement.

Thus an unforgettable month passed. Soon, Father’s call came informing me of his arrival. Having decided to throw both of them a surprise, I told them separately to meet me at 7 o’clock in a nearby restaurant on one Friday.

I arrived early, excited about their first meeting. Father was the only relative I had after Mother’s death, and Presley was the boy I had always dreamed to have as a boyfriend. “The meeting of the two most important men in my life,” I chuckled secretly, “How wonderful that will be!”

Yet their meeting was far beyond my imagination. When the clock struck 6:50, I suddenly heard a harsh brake followed by screams and the noise of a car speeding up.

A bad presentiment crashed over me and I hurried out of the restaurant, only to spot a familiar figure lying across the road. There was blood flooding in sheets, burning my eyes like the fire from hell.

Father.

I left the 4S store and was stumbling towards the police station. The copy of Presley's car-repairing record was almost wet by sweat in my hand, which matched perfectly with the descriptions given by the police. I had struggled so hard to persuade myself that it wasn't his car that hit Father before running away, but I couldn't convince myself because I had lost touch with him ever since. Now that I eventually managed to get his car-repairing record, I just couldn't lie to myself any longer.

"We may face difficulties," said Presley once in a firm voice, "but love conquers all. Whatever happens in the future, I will stand by your side. I promise."

"I will do the same for you."

As I stepped into the police station, our pledge of love appeared again in my mind, but I knew we no longer had a future. Everything was over the moment Presley abandoned my father on the street. All of a sudden I realized I could never forgive Presley though Father was salvaged, and I ultimately found out how naïve I was to believe in the power of love.

Fully determined to turn Presley in, I went straight to the nearest policeman.

It's time to make my farewells to the past.