

Spring festival memories



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Essay: Spring Festival memories Today is Chinese Lunar New Year. It is great to enjoy this important traditional holiday here in hometown, where I spent most time of my childhood and had the happiest and greatest memories in my earlier life. It is much more delightful later tonight that we will have a big reunion dinner, with my grandparents, parents, uncles & aunts, sisters & brothers, and so on. Some of them attend this even as first time, as nowadays in China, it is very common that you go to college in a place away from hometown, then work in another, and marry to someone from yet another different county.

As a result, after marriage, the place where they stay at most time is where they work. They almost live there, wives are pregnant, children are born and grown up, when time is right, they settle down. Maybe once a year, or once in three or five years, they counted whether to spend the annual new year in man™s or woman™s house. It is kind like math question, pity that there is no correct answer. For one of my cousin, Joe™s first visit, I am pretty sure it is the answer of another careful accurate calculation. I arrive to Joe™s house, who™s parents will surprisingly be the host of this big party, maybe his father want more to celebrate his honorable back, for he left alone and now fruitfully bring with a wife and a child. Speaking of his child, I hate to say but I don™t like him, not because we meet little, and talk less, just that I don™t feel like his behavior.

In fact, he is rather rude, no polite words, no respect to the old and most importantly, he is quite naughty. I have witnessed he pushed a little girl to the river, the one just half mile away from their yard. In this cold winter, temperature is low to minus 10 degree, people stay home instead of chilly outside, the frozen water can even kill that baby. This happened exactly that afternoon of the day when they arrived. In this new town, as a complete stranger, instead Joe looked awkward and uncomfortable, he felt easy and acted casually, pretty much enough to bully other kids.

I was so angry that i couldn™t help trembling, I should talk to him and say that was wrong, I told myself, and walked towards them. On seeing me, my cousin seemed not surprised at all, he said nothing, kept in silence, acting

like nothing has happened. I dragged the poor girl out. To my surprise, she was not crying. On seeing my facial expression, she even explained that she fell down herself, and they were just playing. Wow, she is indeed a lady, I thought, maybe she was afraid I would punish Joe, which I was intended to, but ended with yelling: Why would you do that? You pushed her, I saw it, and I am gonna tell your mother, I swear I will.

Now apologize. Joe curled his lips and shrugged his shoulders, saying indifferently, Whatever. I got blushed immediately, because of rage. That girl, who I nearly forgot, mildly interrupted with a soft voice: I am Sally, nice to meet you. Joe and I are friends. It was an accident, please don't be upset. Though it was true that he needed to know what he did wrong, then feel guilty, and learn his lesson, what came out next wasn't what I expected.

It happened that his dad passed by, and I poured the whole thing to him, hoping Joe would listen to his father and say sorry. Surely Joe's father was mad, however instead of speaking or listening to his son (although Joe shut his mouth and didn't ever try to explain), he rushed near, slapped and strapped Joe heavily, which scared Sally and me. I don't think I did wrong, but I truly felt sorry, wished that I have listened to Sally and letted it go.

And later it turned out Joe's bad manner was far more than that. For example, he never call me sister, or other relatives. There was once when he asked for something, he shouted to his grandma, Hey. You. Pass me that. All such these words and acts have made a big headache to Joe's mother, especially when there were others coming for visits.

Then she came up with a solution that every time Joe greeted grandma / grandpa, he could get one dollar paid. It did work at the beginning days, but this dollar effect didn't last long. Till then, guess she and all us almost give up hope of changing his impolite behaviors. I dont feel close to any of this host's family, so coming on time is what I have planned.

It is not surprised to see almost every relative has gathered around the table. Guess what I see? I close my eyes and open them, people and things don't change. Oh, little Joe is do the serving! At a glance of me, he greets politely, says: Please sit down, sister. That is not him, at least not the one I met days ago. That might be tricks, I think.

After all courses are done, Joe finally comes to the table, and only after grandpa says yes and smilingly nodded to us, does he start eating.

Unbelievable! I can feel his difference, but I am not so sure about it. After dinner, grandpa gives us lucky money, when it is Joe's turn, his clear gentle voice can be heard to everybody in present Thank you, grandpa. Wish you a good health. After dinner, we girls sit down and have some small talks.

It is great to see his change, exclaims my aunt, Joe's mother. It is easy to tell she feels much relieved, quite match to the new year atmosphere. Then she begins to share what happens to Joe last few days. It was second day after the riverside accident, and a girl named Sally came their home for visit. Joe was eating breakfast, and rudely asking his grandma for the source. After watching Joe finished his meal, Sally had a conversation to Joe. She pointed out that it was quite impolite and she explained that, it was his grandma, who was older and wiser, moreover, he was asking for help, and the correct suitable way should be Grandma, can you please help me pass that source then showed thanks to her for what she had done. It was a good start, aunt continued, cause he became more and more comfortable with the suitable way.

Early in the morning and later night before going to bed, he greets everyone home; at meals, he comes to table first while starts last, waiting for his grandma, grandpa, father and me; he uses polite words more frequently, like sorry thank you please so on and so forth. I am impressive, after so many things we have done, and despite all the effort we have made, it is quite easy for him to change the bad habits. Definitely there happened everywhere talks like how to ask for a favor between Sally and Joe. Sally, not like us, she uses much words and acts to explain how and why is certain behavior, which to our understanding, is everything but necessary. We recognize Joe™s act as wrong or right, justify him as a bad or good boy, just because it should be so. We tend to blame him for not being good enough, and till now, I realize that it was not only his problem, we might not react it well. Fist, yell, material rewards could never be the cure, it is important to give child reasons, which is no need to be quite formal, just it is sound enough for he or she to accept and distinguish in their own special ways.

This is a process, first, they feel which is right, then they know it, and finally they do it. Kids are native, it is rather to show than tell what and how they do. Sally is such a kid that can impact another with her powerful action and personality strength. This is where the phrase of peer influence comes out, the role of peer companion is quite important, and this peer influence exists everywhere. Children of same age stay and play together, it doesn™t matter whether they admit/notice or not, cooperation and competition are between one and another at any time.

Cooperation is something that makes them similar, when dealing with some problem, they are likely to answer the same, if not, that one can be rejected

by the group, and what faces he or she is endless loneliness and mocks, which could be terribly fearsome to a kid of young age that every of them trys whatever they can to avoid; Competition is something makes them different, one is good at tennis, another is good at swimming, they don™t have to be exactly unified, they can be equally excellent in different areas, while in case of certain things, which has no connection to interests or hobbies, but still so important to be graded to good, better and best. When one is defined as bad or not good enough, either he or she absorb that from other members, or he or she will try everything they can to catch up. New year dinner party is over, and it leaves not much time for Joe™s first trip in hometown. His experiences here is quite rewarding, as he find someone who never gives up on him and finally cures him. ?-Z?