**The fallen leaves**
It has been a month, since my grandma passed away. Sometimes I could be such an eccentric person that my emotion comes slowly until it blends into my life thoroughly; when I first heard about the decease of my grandma, I didn't react the same way as my other family members. Crying, sobbing, cursing, none of that happened to me. It did not influence my routine; It did not change the fact that I have to go to school every day and suffer through hours and hours of lectures; It did not stop me from hanging out with my friends and gossiping about irrelevant events that everybody else would discuss over and over again; Yet It strikes my heart firmly that I can perceive something is vanishing gradually.
It was an ordinary day, the voiceless breeze floated through the front yard tree; the pallid leaves swayed on the branches for a few seconds, and then the fallen leaves returned to the roots. It was the beginning of fall, the yard was spread with dried-up lives.
While driving home from school, I was grumbling about the mountainous pile of homework which I had received from school. Suddenly my phone started to ring. I couldn't move my eyes to my phone, so that I fumble through the space for a while. Finally, I would be able to feel the rectangular shape on my hand without looking at it and I held it to my ear. At first I didn't realize who was calling. And then I recognized a sharp female tone. It was my mom. Before she could yell at me for not recognizing her voice, I told her that Kohl’s had 30%off sale. She wasn't as excited as I expected. She was usually thrilled about shopping with discount.

"What is wrong, mom?" I asked.

She sighed and kept silence for a moment. Then she started to talk.

“Your grandma died.” Mom said. She tried to calm her voice down, but her spasmodic sobs showed that she was upset.

“When did it happen?” I asked. My mind was empty for a moment, and then I started to realize that for all those years I had complained about things that happened to me, they were not important anymore. Like bubbles, we saw another world through them, and then we poked them gently. It was gone.
“Yesterday your aunt called us.” Her voice was not trembling as much as before, “She is gone…it happened all of a sudden, we all thought that she would have another year to live…” Then she stopped to sob.
The moment of silence made me wonder if the whole world had stopped operating. And then suddenly I realized that my grandma was gone, and I would not be able to see her until my soul reaches hers. I don't know how I got home. I opened the door and pushed it to walk in; the same setting of drawing room as always. The ligneous shelf has couple of framed pictures that show happy family. On the both side of the shelf, there are two mini glass door shelves that made the big shelf symmetrical. There are glasses of wines that line up inside of mini shelves, it has never changed in these years. I threw my bag on the side, and dumped myself on the leathery sofa. I started to sink myself into sofa, and I closed my eyes. My memory was flowing to my head like a tidal surge.
In a small island where I had been living for almost 15 years. Everything that I had left was placed in my hometown. My mind fall back to a few years ago. It was a summer, A few old people were sitting on the glossy stones swinging their sandalwood fans. The cicadas were tweeting on bark; the burning air formed airflow that had given surrounding people a sweating heat wave. The sparse strangers were had their straw head on, the white towels on their shoulder were permeated by the beads of sweat.
I was riding my mignon bicycle on the way home. My grandma was one of the people sitting on the stones. I stopped in front of my grandma, and she was smiling at me through half closed-eyes. I was sluggish for a second, and gave an embarrassed smile. I never called her or swayed hand with her before, but at that time I was sent to live with her for some reasons. She didn't talk too much, and she was always kind to me even when I was impolite to her. My new house was often dark and the only people who lived there were my grandparents. Sometimes when I went home, grandpa was sitting on a wooden chair and looked ahead blankly. Even though grandma was squatting at grandpa’s feet and robbing it, he didn't show any emotions on his face. This is the man whom my grandma had to take care of for the rest of her life. Grandma always took care of everyone in the house and still kept silence. I stared at grandpa for a moment and walked closer to him so that I could talk to him. Finally when I realized how impossible this could be, I turned my eyes to the dining table. I could see a bowl that has flowers ink on the side was placed on a round table, and it contained full of white rice. Couple dishes had been placed near the bowl. When I walk to the kitchen and tried to get a pair of chopsticks, I saw couple of dirty dishes that had been placed into the sink with yellowish soap on top of them. Grandma tuned her head around and told me that the dinner was on the table. I feel bad when I memorized this; she was waiting for me to come home, and I didn't even appreciate her kindness. I grabbed whatever I could get from table and threw the dirty dishes to sink after I finished. Grandma walk with her shaky steps toward sink, and I started to hear the flushing sound.
I opened my eyes, and I noticed that it had been an hour since I went home.

I never get a chance to see her face for the last time. The only thing that can probably remind me of her is the portrait that my dad had bought from China. In the picture, her hair was lustrous and thickset as she was still the vigorous person who could bent down to rob the massive miry clothes. Obviously they picked her most beautiful moment for her portrait of deceased, but I wonder that how happy she could be when she was alive.
For a few night, I dreamed about weird dreams that everyone was leaving me to the other world gradually. I was showing my grieving over people’s death which I haven’t shown to the outside during the endless dream. When I woke up, I could feel the sheet in my bed was moistened; my eyes were extremely sore and the glittering tear drops were still remained in my eyelid that I couldn’t even open them.
The long night had gone, and everything that was appeared in my dream is gone. My mom called me again, and I picked up my phone quickly as if I delayed to do so for a second, I would be slapped to the ground.
“Your grandma’s funeral starts today.” Mom said in a usual sharp voice.
“Oh…” I said. I wasn’t good at expressing my emotions, especially in oral communication.
“She had never had a happy moment in her remaining years…Why she has to go so quickly.” Then she stopped talking, a long silence was around us until she hung up on me.
Grandma is going to other world and she is not going to suffer anymore. Why should we feel sorry for her liberation?