**She is in the other world of enjoyment**                                         
    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 the decease of my grandma, I wasn't reacting the same way as my other family members; It did not change the fact that I have to go to school every day and suffer in hours and hours of lectures; It did not stop me from hanging out with my  friends and talking about irrelevant gossips that everybody else would circulate over and over until next generation ; It would never influence my routine even just a drib; 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 return to the roots. It was the beginning of fall, the yard was spread with dried-up lives.

     While I was driving home, I was grumbling about the mountainous homework which I have gotten from school. Suddenly the ring tone rang gradually, the mighty vibrate had given me a shock. My eyes couldn't shoot a glance at my phone, so that I fumble through the space for a while. Finally, I grabbed my phone and hold it to my ear. I was so concentrating on driving that I didn’t have an eye to peek who was calling. And then I recognized this sharp tone female voice. It was my mom, and before she yelled at me by not recognizing her, I tried to grab her attention away by telling her that xxx market has a huge reduction sale. It went pretty successfully.  
  
 “Your grandma died.” Mom said. She tried to calm her voice down, but her spasmodic sobs had sold her out.  
  
“When did it happen?” My mind was empty for a moment, and then I started to realize that for all those years I had wandered through the rugged mountain road, it has been desolated since long ago.   
“Yesterday, your aunt called us.” Her voice was not as shivering as before, “She is gone…it comes in a sudden, we all thought that she would insist to next year… ...” Then she stopped to sob.  
 The moment of silence had made me wonder that the whole world stopped operating. And then suddenly I was enlightened that something has gone, and it might be in the other world that we could never reach until our soul is assimilated. I didn't know how I got home. I opened the door and pushed the door to walk in, the same setting of drawing room had mapped into my eyes. 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, and it still stays the way it is.  
   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 elder who sat on the stones. I stopped in front of my grandma, she was smiling at me through half closed-eyes. I was sluggish for a second, and gave an embarrassed smile. This was my grandma, the women who I never had any close contact before, and because of the domestic calamity on my mom's side, I was distributed to live with grandma. She didn't talk too much, and she was always showing solicitude for me because of my reckless childhood. My new house was often dark and there were only two elders who lived in this commodious house. Sometimes when I went home, grandpa was sitting on the wooden chair and looked ahead blankly. He forgot about everything including my grandma, and this is the man whom my grandma had to take care of in the rest of her life. 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. They had eaten already, and they left most of the side dishes to me as usual. I wasn’t thinking sensitively when the time I was ignorant, and I didn’t appreciate anything that my grandma had done for me quietly.

She believes Buddha through her whole life, and she never doubted it. Every time when I looked at the Buddha that was placed in a dark room with couple of dark red light on the side, I was horrified as if something in the dark would appear and drag me to hell. I had never appreciated about her faith until unexpected reality became truth that she went away peacefully.

I never get a chance to see her face in reality for the last time. The only thing that can probably remind me of her appearance is her portrait of deceased 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 grieve 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?