

alien

alien adj foreign; repugnant (to); from another world n
foreigner; being from another world

Is unbelievable, I arriving London, 'Heathlow Airport'.
Every single name very difficult remembering, because just
not 'London Airport' simple way like we simple way call
'Beijing Airport'. Everything very confuse way here,
passengers is separating in two queues.

Sign in front of queue say: ALIEN and NON ALIEN.

I am alien, like Hollywood film *Alien*, I live in another
planet, with funny looking and strange language.

I standing in most longly and slowly queue with all
aliens waiting for visa checking. I feel little criminal but I
doing nothing wrong so far. My English so bad. How to
do?

In my text book I study back China, it says English
peoples talk like this:

'How are you?'

'I am very well. How are you ?'

'I am very well.'

Question and answer exactly the same!

Old saying in China: 'Birds have their bird language, beasts have their beast talk' (鸟有鸟语, 兽有兽言). English they totally another species.

Immigration officer holding my passport behind his counter, my heart hanging on high sky. Finally he stamping on my visa. My heart touching down like air plane. Ah. Wo. Ho. Ha. Picking up my luggage, now I a legal foreigner. Because legal foreigner from Communism region, I must re-educate, must match this capitalism freedom and Western democracy.

All I know is: I not understanding what people say to me at all. From now on, I go with *Concise Chinese-English Dictionary* at all times. It is red cover, look just like *Little Red Book*. I carrying important book, even go to the toilet, in case I not knowing the words for some advanced machine and need checking out in dictionary. Dictionary is most important thing from China. *Concise* meaning simple and clean.

hostel

hostel n building providing accommodation at a low cost for a specific group of people such as students, travellers, homeless people, etc

First night in 'hostel'. Little *Concise Chinese-English Dictionary* hostel explaining: a place for 'people such as students, travellers and homeless people' to stay. Sometimes my dictionary absolute right. I am student and I am homeless looking for place to stay. How they knowing my situation *precisely*?

Thousands of additional words and phrases reflect scientific and technological innovations, as well as changes in politics, culture, and society. In particular, many new words and expressions as well as new usages and meanings which have entered the Chinese language as a result of China's open-door policy over the last decade have been included in the Chinese-English section of the dictionary.

That is sentence in *Preface*. All sentence in preface long like

vegetarian

vegetarian n person who eats no meat or fish adj suitable for a vegetarian

One problem between us and that is food.

Chop Chop, local Chinese restaurant in Hackney. I make you go there even though you say you never go Chinese restaurants.

Restaurant has very plain looking. White plastic table and plastic chairs and white fluorescent lamp. Just like normal government work unit in China. Waiter unhappy when cleans table, not looking anybody. Woman with pony tails behind counter she even more mean. A plastic panda-savings-tin sitting on top of counter. None of them can speak Mandarin.

'No. Sit there. No, no, not this table. Sit at that table.'

Waiter commands like we is his soldiers.

'What you want? . . . We don't have tap water, you have to order something from the menu . . . We don't do pots of green tea, only cups.'

I hate them. I swear I never been so rude Chinese

restaurant in my entirely life. Why Chinese people becoming so mean in the West? I feel bit guilty for horrible service. Because I bring you, and you maybe thinking my culture just like this. Maybe that why some English look down of our Chinese. I am shameful for being a Chinese here.

But we still have to eat. Especially me, starving like the Ghost of Hunger. I always hungry. Even after big meal, later by one or two hours I feel hungry again. My family always very poor until several years ago. We used eat very small, barely had meat. After my parents started shoes factory, and left the poor peasants background behind, changed. But still I think foods all the time.

You not know nothing about Chinese food so I quickly order: duck, pork, fried tofu with beefs.

Meal comes to table, and I digging fastly my chopsticks into dishes like having a snowstorm. But you don't have any action at all. You just look me, like looking a Beijing opera.

'Why you not eat?' I ask, busy chewing my pork in my mouth.

'I am not very hungry,' you say.

'You use chopsticks?' I think maybe that's the reason.

'Yes. Don't worry.' You raise your chopsticks and perform to me.

'But you waste the food. Not like Chinese food?'

'I am a *vegetarian*,' you say picking up little bit rice. 'This menu is a zoo.'

I am surprised. I try find my dictionary. Damn, is not with me this time. I remember film *English Patient* I watch on pirate DVD in China to education me about British people. 'What that word? Word describe a people fall asleep for long long time, like living dying?'

'You mean coma?' You are confused.

'Yes, that is the word! You are not like that, do you?'

You put chopsticks down. Maybe you angry now.

'I presume you are thinking of the *persistent vegetative state*,' you say. 'Vegetarian means you don't eat meat.'

'Oh, I am sorry,' I say, swallowing big mouthful tofus and beefs.

Now I understand why never buy piece of meat. I thought it is because you poor.

'Why don't eat meat? Meat very nutritious.'

'...' You have no comments.

'Also you be depression if you don't eating meat.'

'...' You still have no comments.

'My parents beaten me if I don't eating meat or any food on table in a meal. My parents curse me being picky and spoiled. Because others dying without any food to eat.'

'...' Still don't say anything.

'How come man is vegetarian? Unless he is monk,' I say.

Still no words from you, but laughing.

You watch me eating all of meal. I try finish the duck, and the tofu and the beefs. My stomach painful. There are still porks left, and I order to take them away.

While I eating, you write top ten favorite food on a napkin:

lettuce
broccoli
aubergine
spinach
lentils
avocado
pumpkin
asparagus
carrot
radish

But, is this list will be the menu in our kitchen for rest of life? Is terrible! What about my meatball, my mutton, my beefs in black bean sauce? Who will be in charge of kitchen?

'We will see.' You stop me, and take me into your arms.

'It's important to be able to live with uncertainty.'

intimate

intimate adj having a close personal relationship; personal or private; (of knowledge) extensive and detailed; (followed by *with*) *euphemistic* having a sexual relationship (with); having a friendly quiet atmosphere n close friend

How can *intimate* live with *privacy*?

We have lived together after first week we met. You said you never lived so closely with another person before. You always avoided intimate with the other person. You said to have your friends more important than your lovers. That's so different with my Chinese love – family means everything.

Maybe people here have problems being intimate with each other. People keep distance because they want independence, so lovers don't live with together, instead they only see each other at weekend or sleep together twice a week. A family doesn't live with together therefore the intimate inside of a family disappeared. Maybe that why Westerners much more separated, lonely, and have more Old People's House. Maybe also why newspapers always report cases of peterfiles and perverts.

We are in your old white van. You want to show me somewhere special called the Burnham Beach.

'Is it the British ocean?' I ask, excited to visit sea for first time. You are laughing.

'B-e-e-c-h, not b-e-a-c-h. In English, a beech is a type of tree, not an ocean. I'll take you to the sea another time.'

How I ever understand your complicated language – not even any change in accent like we have in Chinese. We have four intonations, so every tone means different word. Like:

mī in first tone means to close eyes.

mí in second tone means to fancy something.

mǐ in third tone means rice.

mì in fourth tone means honey.

Anyway, on the highway of M40, I have my dictionaries to check out what exactly that *beach/beece* is. *Collins* tells me that is a European tree, but when I look my little *Concise* dictionary, says it is a tree called 'Shan Mao Ju', which grows everywhere in China. We cut those trees for lighting fires in kitchen. We used to carry baskets and collect their nutty seeds when we were little.

The woods are dark, lush, and wet.

Trees are huge, tall, and solid.

The whole woods are growing silently and secretly. The whole woods are decay. On way to woods it was a beautiful day, but inside woods the climate is totally

different. Is chilly and rainy. Rain drops from those hundred-year-old greyish branches and leafs, and the rain fills the ponds stuffed by weeds.

In the muddy and greeny pond, lotus gently floats, and the dragonfly dashes. You hold me and caress me. We are in each other's arm. You lift my denim skirt, and you touch my garden. My garden is warm and moist. You stroke my hip, and I unzip your jean. We make love. We make love. We make love under the silent beech tree. So quiet, so quiet. We can hear children on the football field in the distance are yelling.

Only the rain drops, fall on our hair, our skin. Rain drops on the cowslip flower by our feet, without disturbing us.

being used by Chinese womans to express theys innermost feeling. The paper say because no womans practise that secret codes anymore, it marks that language died after her death.

I want create my own 'Nushu'. Maybe this notebook which I use for putting new English vocabularies is a 'Nushu'. Then I have my own *privacy*. You know my body, my everyday's life, but you not know my 'Nushu'.

home

home n place where one lives; institution for the care of the elderly, orphans, etc adj of one's home, birthplace, or native country; sport played on one's own ground

'I am going to go to see a family nearby, do you want to come?' you ask me.

'Family? What kind of family? Not your family?'

'No. They are Bengalis.'

Is not very normal you want see other family. Because you not really like family concept. You say family against community. You say family is a selfish product.

It seems that you like other's family more than you like your own. In this Bengali family, you know those kids for many years, since you worked as youth worker. In a house, between Brick Lane and Bethnal Green Road, old Bengali mother raises ten children. Is big three-floor house with ten little rooms. Five childrens are from same mother, and another five childrens are from another woman but with the same man. The father, a Bengali married man, came to London twenty-five years ago and remarried to this mother in London. He ran some business between

England and Bangladesh. Then he died, left one family in London, one family in Bangladesh. But the five Bangladesh-living children want come to London, so they were brought here living with this London mother. These kids are from three to twenty-four. The youngest one was born in 2000. How strange a child born of that year! He only can say 'bye-bye' in English. The oldest one just graduated from the Gold Smith College. He studied Politics and he wants become lawyer.

'I not understand how mother can raise ten children without a husband,' I say in little voice. 'And she doesn't have any job either!'

'That's why I like this family. They just get on with their life without making any fuss. They have a small business making earrings and necklaces from home.'

'And two groups of children from different mother, they don't fight at all?'

'No. They enjoy sharing life together, not like other families. I wish my family was like this.'

'Do you hate your family?' I ask.

'Well, I don't like them. They are sad people. I broke away from them many years ago.'

You go into silent.

I can't imagine what like to break up with my family. Even though my mother very bad temper and make me pain, my life relies on them, and I can't survive without them.

'Do you want have family with me?' I ask.

'Aren't we a family now?' you say.

'No, a real family.'

'What is a real family?'

'House, husband and wife, then have some children, then cooking dinner together, then travel together . . .'

'I thought the Chinese were supposed to be Communists.'

You seem like making fun. What you mean?

We look at each other, no more discussion on this.

You say *salaam malai coom* to the old mother. The mother, she is covered in old green Sari. Her skin is deep brown and lots of wrinkles on her face. She never any education and never speak one word English. She always smiles and very little talking. When her children talks in English loudly in TV room and watching BBC she just sit there, peacefully watching, like she understand they say. Bathroom flush doesn't work and shower doesn't work. There is not money to fix house. But it seem fine for them. It seem their life is not messy at all. They use cold-water-shower once a week, and they don't use toilet paper because they always use water to clean then tip bucket down loo.

There are drug dealers doing business outside of their windows, and many drunkens pass by with bottles clunking every night, but the family not get any harm.

In Chinese, it is the same word '家' (jia) for 'home' and 'family' and sometimes including 'house'. To us, family is

same thing as house, and this house is their only home too. '家', a roof on top, then some legs and arms inside. When you write this character down, you can feel those legs and arms move around underneath the roof. Home, is a dwelling house for the family to live.

But English, it's different. In *Roget's Thesaurus*, 'Family' related to: *subdivision, greed, genealogy, parental, posterity, community, nobility.*

It seems like that 'family' doesn't mean a place. Maybe in West people just move round from one house to another house? Always looking for a house, maybe that's the lifelong job for Westerners.

I keep telling you I need a home. Your face look gloomy, and seem disappointed that you cannot make me happy.

'But I am your home,' you say.

'Yes, but you always move around, and you don't want live in this house.'

'You're right. I'm tired of living in the city.' Then you add, 'I can't see myself getting married either.'

'But I like city and like to have marriage. So that mean we can't have a home together,' I confirm.

'No, I didn't say that,' you say.

You look distant to me.

Love mean home. Or, home mean love?

The fear of without home. Maybe that why I love you?
The simple fear?

I am building the Great Wall around you and me because I am too scared to lose the home. I been living in that big fear since my childhood.

You barely ask my childhood. To you it a blind zone. When I look back my childhood I realise how violence of my emotional world was.

We were peasants. My parents worked in rice fields. They not making shoes until I graduated from high school. After they understood they never earn money from their fields, they sold fields cheaply, and start making small business. I always being beaten up by big girls. In village people show their emotion by hitting and shouting to each other. My father hit me sometimes, also my mother. That was normal.

We were poor. The food was not enough. We had little meat. I was frightened to eat more than my mother expected in every meal. Occasionally there was some fried porks on the table, and it smelled like heaven. But I dared not to reach my chopsticks to the meat, which prepared only for my father. Man needs meat and man is more important than woman, of course. I looked at pork and my heart was squeezed by the desire. I give away anything for could bite one piece fried pork! My mother always watched out on the table. I hated her, but also frightened by her. She would beat my chopsticks if I reached that pork.

I was hungry all the time, because I never can have something I really wanted eat, like meat, any kind meat. That hunger still remains in my stomach until today.

My mother had very bad temper. Maybe she hated me because I was an useless girl. She cannot have the second children because we have one child policy. Maybe that's why she beat me up. For her disappointment. Life to her was unfair too. She was beat up by her mother for marrying my father. She was deprive everything which belonged to her since she married him.

When I grow up from teenage, I couldn't trust anything and anybody. Maybe I even don't have concept of 'trust' at all. It not existing in my dictionary. First, I couldn't trust my country. We told that we are proud of thousands of years history but next day we saw beautiful old temples being demolished into ruins. All old things have to be demolished and to be cleaned up. Does that mean our past value nothing anymore?

I need make my own home, a home with my lover. But I don't know how keep that home, all the time, for rest of my life. I'm scared I will lose that love. The fear is like poison in the every corner in my heart. That what you dislike.

'You should trust me. I'm not going to fall in love with somebody else,' you say.

'But who knows? I can trust you, but I don't trust when you are seduced by someone,' I say.

'But you have to trust me,' you insist.

'Yes, but that doesn't mean you not fall in love with new person. You can trust me, but perhaps I fall in love with the new person. So what is trust really?'

'Well, If we fall in love with a new person, then that's fine. That's not something we can control.' You look bit cool.

'What you mean that's fine? What you mean we can't control? We can, if we want!' I say, as strong as woman warrior.

So we change subject. We know we can't go anywhere. Anything else we can talk under one same roof? Apart from the lovely tea, salad, and learning new vocabularies?

'When is your national day?' I ask.

'Why on earth do you want to know that?'

'Not important day for you?'

'Not particularly. We call it St George's Day. It is some time in April or May, I can't remember.'

I don't know who is St George. Or maybe he is someone like Chairman Mao. I don't want bother myself to know all these dead people.

So we are speechless again.

'So, when is your birthday?' you ask me.

'July 23, but that's not my real birthday. My mother only know my birthday in Chinese moon calendar date and when Western calendar system introduced into our society she forgot.'

'Seriously?' Your face is lighted.

'Yes, we never had birthday cake in our family for ceremony so why you need the date of birth? Only because the official registration,' I say.

'But what about your passport? What date is written on your passport?'

'I wrote any Western date I think of and authority just print it on my passport.' How exciting to you, this subject.

I carry on: 'My father doesn't know his birthday, because his parents died when he was little child. My mother know her birthday is on the fifteenth day of seventh moon, is the day of Hungry Ghost Festival. So all her life is about keeping away from that hungry day.'

colony

colony n group of people who settle in a new country but remain under the rule of their homeland; territory occupied by a colony; group of people or animals of the same kind living together

The way you make love with me, is totally new experience in my life. Is sex suppose be like this? Penetrating is way for you to enter into my soul. You are so strong. And your strength is overwhelming. For you, I am unprepared. You crush me and press me into your body. Love making is a torture. Love making is a battle. Then I get used it, and I am addicted by it. The way you hold my body is like holding small object, an apple, or a little animal. The force from your arms and your legs and your hip is like force from huge creature living in jungle. The vibrate from your muscle shakes my skins, the beating of your heart also beating my heart.

You are the commander.

You kiss my lips, my eyes, my cheek, my ears, my neck, and my silver necklace. It is like my necklace having a special magic on you. And that magic force you devote yourself to my body. Then you kiss my breasts and you