

## 九十八學年度英文創意寫作比賽

乙組第三名：四英一林稚沛

### Screen it, Observe it, and Think About it

Just imagine there would be a video-taper videotaping your every action, every facial expression, and every word that you mark. And, at the end of your every day, the record of your behavior is to be magnified and observed fraction by fraction. By looking back, do you actually do what you ask others to conform as well? Well, it may not be so.

This is how it goes. Last year, I was an exchange student to Michigan State for a year. Being a foreigner, unfamiliar to the different culture, and with language barrier, I was once lost. When confronting unfamiliarity, I chose to shut myself in my bedroom which my host family provided, running away from problems, being afraid and unwilling to figure them out. My host mom, Shelley, was worried about me, so she tried every mean to help me relax. She checked out some movies from the library and being considerate by letting me know that I was more than welcomed to watch those movies. She even taught me how to operate the DVD player. My mind was blank, though, while she tried to show me how to use it. I wasn't paying too much attention on it and I didn't even mind until I came out from my bedroom, willing to give it a try. Both Shelley and my host dad, Steve, were gone for work. I didn't know what to do. Just when I was about to give up and return to my bedroom, I noticed a little note with Shelley's phone number on it. I called up all my courage, picked up the phone, and dialed her number, cautiously. Here's Shelley on the phone.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Shelly. I, uh..... are you free to talk? Are you busy?"

"No. Go ahead, sweet heart."

"I am sorry, but, uh, could you please tell me how to make the DVD player work?"

"Oh, sweetie, you know what? Steve's gonna be home soon. I'll ask him to give you a hand."

"That sounds great. Thank you. Bye."

By and by, Steve was home. I was in my bedroom, wearing my headphones, listening to the music on my i-Pod. I was listening "Somewhere I Belong" from Linking Park. The music was so loud that I didn't even hear a sound when Steve came home. Little did I know, Steve had yelled my name for three times before he stroke my

bedroom door so loud that I couldn't but notice it. I rushed out, seeing his face filled with rage. He got so upset and angry that he raised his voice and yelled at me. I knew, at that moment, I was wrong for not answering him when he shouted my name and I knew it was rude. I apologized to him and explain to him over and over again, just trying to let him know I wasn't being rude and did not do it deliberately, but in vain. He wouldn't listen. What's worse, being too anxious and upset about him not giving me a chance to make myself clear, I yelled, too. Needless to say, he became more and more angry. He pointed his finger at me and yelled at me, saying, "I am the one who deserve respect and you should never ever yell at others!" I was overwhelmed by his voice. He was shouting louder than Senators. I was crying and felt wronged for being confused by why only he had the right to yell at others while giving out the order of forbidding others to do so.

The story I just shared was to some degree, sort of sarcastic. Why one may seal a horse while another may not look over the hedge? Wouldn't that be unreasonable? Doesn't it sound cynic? I don't know about you, but it does to me.