



ming

Ming is the son of my mother's good friend. We grew up together and went to the same kindergarten and primary school. He is only half a year younger but he was placed a grade below me. When he was a child, he was like a younger brother of mine. He had a bad temper, but he dared not speak out. He was often bullied by me. Now, he is more like my older brother. He would be taking me to various places every time I go back to china.

I remember there was one time we were standing at the door of the kindergarten when both of our parents didn't show up to the parent - teacher conference due to work.



Aunt Huang is Ming's mother.  
She has been very kind to me since  
childhood. Aunt Huang, My mother,  
Ming, and I always hung out when  
I was a child.





S: why are there more strawberries in your cake?

M: It is randoms.

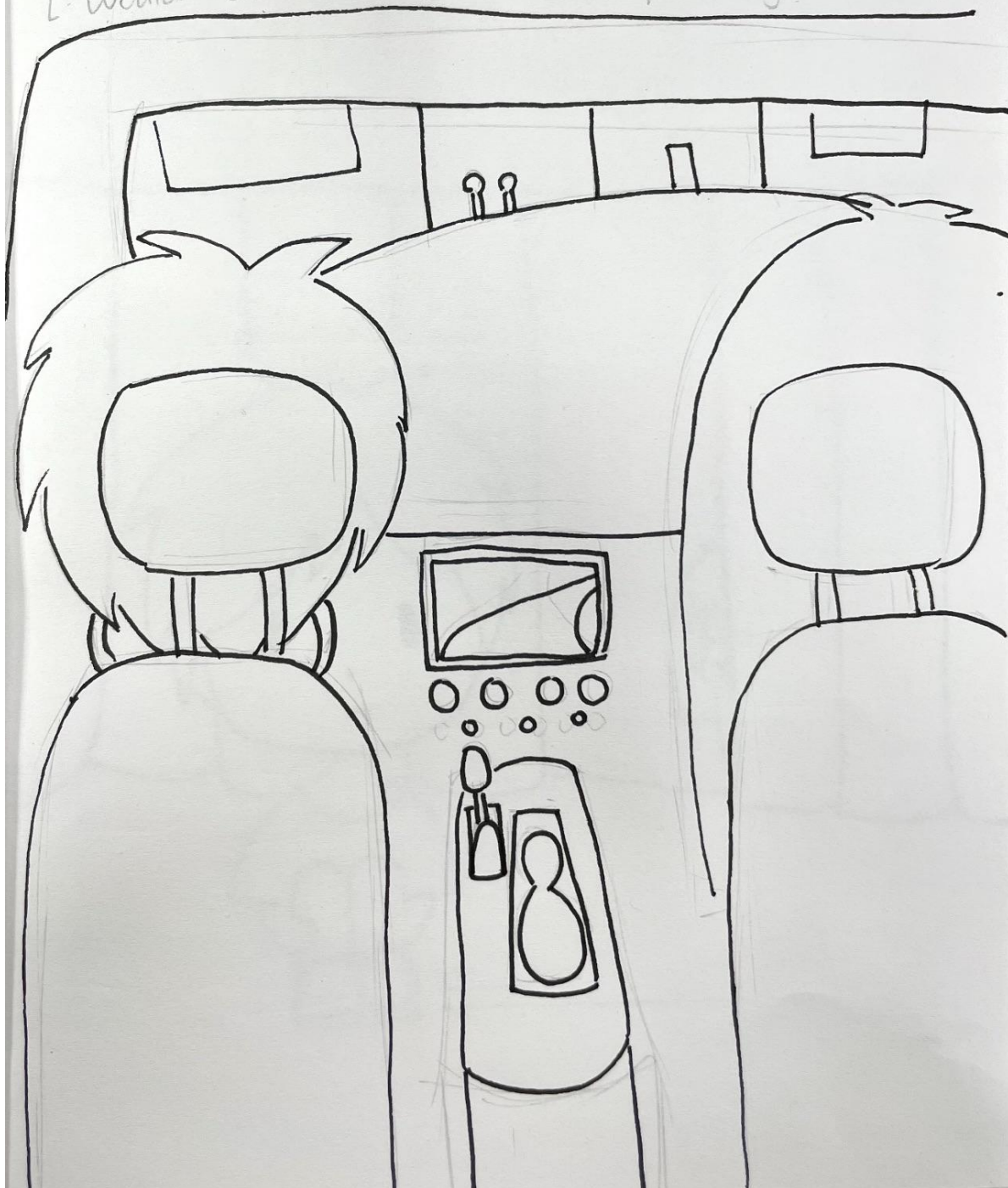
S: I don't care. I am eating yours.

M: .....

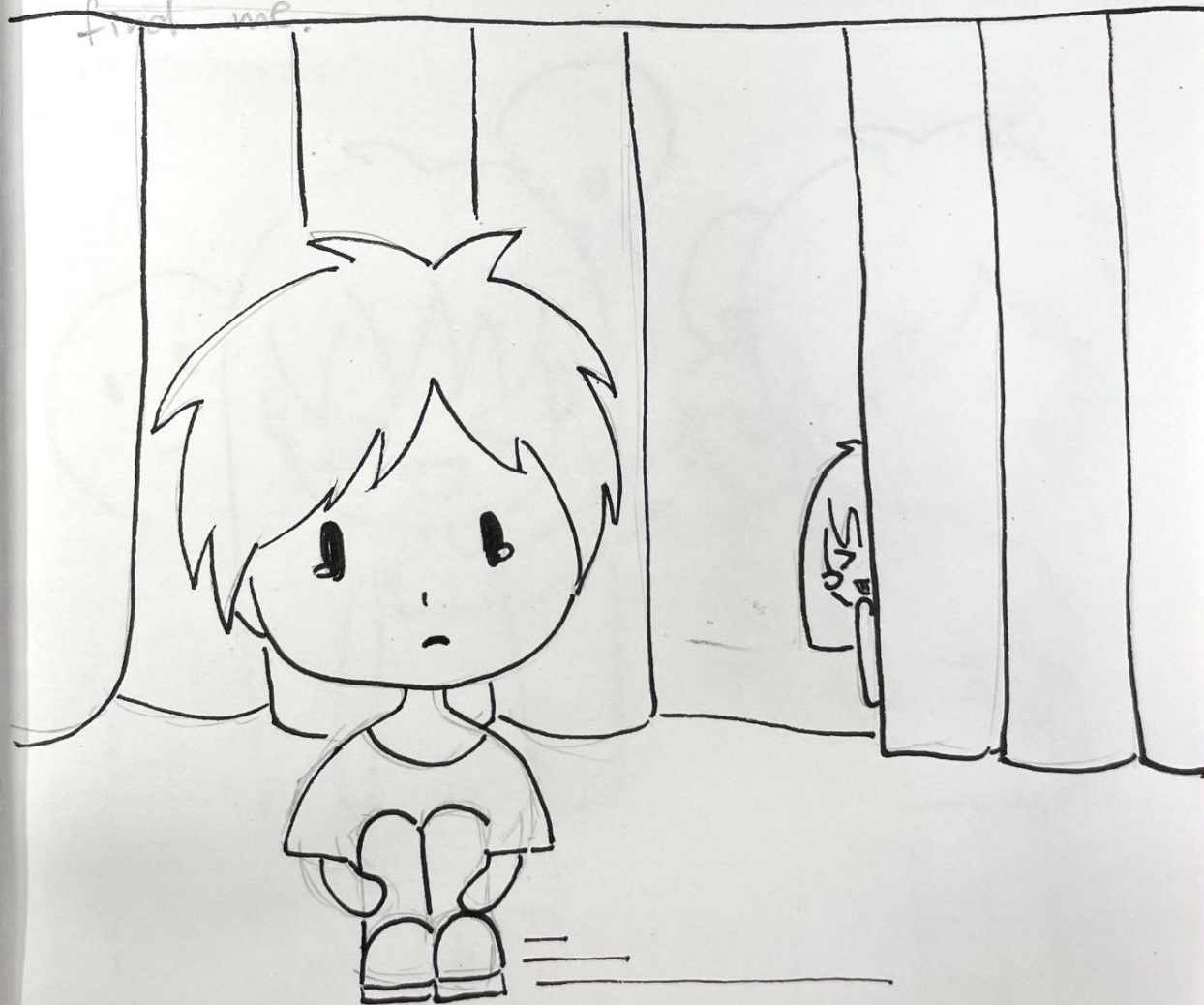
He is no longer who he was when  
he was a child. He is in the  
office every day and working hard  
and conscientiously. He is a grown  
man now.



I felt very tired because I was working on my homework until very late at night and ended up only sleeping for 4 hours. I thought of him when I was driving today because I wouldn't need to drive if he was here. I would be resting in the passenger seat.



We went on a trip together when we were very young. I forgot where our parents went. We were alone in a hotel room playing hide and seek. I remember that I hid behind the curtains and he cried anxiously because he couldn't find me.





The last time we met was when  
I went back to China last summer.  
We went to a bar with a bunch  
of friends and he drove me home  
afterwards.





ms

