

My Windows: mentor of my life

- Close the window, baby or you will catch cold!

- It's OK, Mum. I'm used to it.

Throwing myself in the bed, I looked out of my window. Darkness poured all over the sky and the ground, dotted with some sparkling stars. The guava tree planted right close to my window seemed to enjoy the weather now as it waved its greenish hands in the same rhythm with fresh breezes. The view was so peaceful and familiar.

When I was four, my family moved to a small house in the working class district of Hanoi, the capital of Vietnam. People there were mainly from other provinces, overflowing to Hanoi for work. When my parents were away for work, my grandmother became my only companion. But soon after, I found one real true friend. It was the window in my parents' bedroom. With that square untalkative pal, I discovered why Old Vu's dog loved the electricity pole so much, why the cat next-door often visited Aunt Hoa's kitchen, which was always filled with the smell of fried fish... One day, Hoang, a neighbor boy, came to my view. He was locked inside like me, playing with himself and the wooden car as his parents were burying their heads into work. I watched him carefully. The boy seemed much too deep in his own world with the car that he didn't notice my eyesight. His big black eyes were full with joy as he rolled it up and down the self-made obstacles and winding roads. A strange idea splashed in my head. I wanted to delve into his world to see if his was similar to mine. More appealingly, playing with a friend was always better than being alone. A true friend he

was. His family moved afterwards but his image remained forever with me-the image of a real friend.

Two years later, my family was on a move again. Although not as cavernous as previous ones, the window was much bigger. It looked out to my elementary school. From the window, I had the very first ideas about a school and its movements. I just could not wait until the day I could be part of the crowd of students. The day came when I became an elementary student. I raised my hands whenever I had an idea. I volunteered for the class president as I wanted to make my class a definitely funnier place. I didn't want anybody left alone like Hoang and I used to be... And when I was honored by the teachers, I always looked to the window, hoping that my family, especially my little unborn brother could see and be proud of me. I imagined the day when my brother would receive the same honor and I watched him from the same window. That window was the first one I learnt about school life.

My house is now a comfortable one in a middle-class district. I have a room for my own, one with a square shape window. Some bunches of the guava tree hang over it, drawing a much romantic scene to enjoy. In summer, the tree is covered with the dark green color, dotting with thousands of white blossoms. In fall, leaves turn into yellow and the leave veins become brownish yellow. Leaves fall, covering the garden. In winter, the tree becomes an old skinny woman, stretching herself in the gloomy sky. For the first time, I thought that the tree had already gone, leaving the faded remain for me. However, one morning, I was much surprised to see countless greenish tiny buds waking up from dead-alike scrubby bunches,

bathing in fresh morning dews. I realized that life never dies. The tree was like humans: there is always some potential life that waits for a chance to burst, even in the darkest situation.

Back to reality. Now I have grown up and my world is no longer limited in a room anymore. I do not just look; I join. I do not just imagine; I act. I have found many other marvels that color my life. From the Window of Mr. Bill Gates and the Internet, I learn that there is another world of knowledge in the US. I believe that it is not the world –out-of-my-reach. It is in, as long as I keep on my confidence, eagerness and consistence, like the window permanently open in my room.