

## MORNING MOURNING

by Allison Lui

The woman looked out of her bedroom window, at the autumn trees waving their branches in the gentle breeze. Bright yellow and orange leaves drifted slowly to the ground, forming lazy patterns in the air.

Outside, the birds sang a lovely tune, pouring out their happiness and contentment of the beautiful morning. White, fluffy clouds floated in the clear blue sky, peacefully watching over a wakening world.

The woman fondly smoothed out the worn yellow handkerchief in her lap. The name *Anna Bella Cambrie* was embroidered with blue thread in one corner.

She used to be called Annabelle. She had been named after her mother, Anna. The similarities were obvious; they shared the same blue eyes and brown hair. But her mother had left before her hair had a chance to turn white, as Anna's was now.

She quickly pushed the thought out of her mind.

As Anna grew up, she refused to have the same name as anyone else. She hated it whenever people connected her with her mother. She wanted to be separate, not the same person. She was *Bella*, not Anna. She had refused to answer to anything apart from that name.

Her parents, especially her mother, were hurt. They felt that by refusing the name given to her by her parents, she was pushing away their love, their care. *If only they were here now, Anna thought. I would kneel at their feet and clasp my hands and beg, beg for their forgiveness. I would tear my clothes into rags and refuse to eat anything but bread and water for three years. Anything. Anything to show them how much they meant to me.*

Of course, Anna had changed her name. Her grief-stricken soul held on to the only remaining gift from her parents, the cause of three broken hearts.

*Anna, Mother, Father!*

*It takes so long for people to realize how beautiful the world truly is, Anna thought. Some people never do.* A wave of sadness washed over her as the painful memory of her parents again came to mind.

She had argued with them. Hurt their feelings on purpose, never thinking of the result, never caring about anyone but herself. She could remember every awful word she had thrown at them, her loving, caring parents who had never done her harm. She could still see the hurt on her father's face, hear the garage door close and her parents' car backing out of the driveway.

And she could still feel the sides of the plastic waiting room chair she had clutched so tightly when the doctor told her the heart-breaking news of the crash.

But this time, her sadness was replaced by joy.

There would be more mornings, Anna knew. The sun would rise for her sons and daughters, as it had for her mother and father. There would be more days, more happiness, more joy.

The woman smiled, remembering all the happy days in the past. It had been a good life, she thought. She closed her eyes, her lips forming a smile as her weary heart finally rested after ninety-three years of hard work.

"Mother, Father. I'm coming."

Warm rays of sunlight washed over the peaceful figure of the once young woman lying on the white bed. Her blue blanket enveloped her, shielding her against the early morning cold. As the sun gradually rose, the patch of sunlight grew brighter and lit up the whole room. Outside,

the birds sang a lovely tune, pouring out their happiness and contentment of the beautiful morning. White, fluffy clouds floated in the clear blue sky, peacefully watching over a wakening world.