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Boys who made me cry

By Haixia Liu

“ It’s never out-of-date to talk about love or who loves who, because the more we talk about it, the clearer it will be that which way we are going ”

---Haixia

Shanghai China

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Is not deleting all the romantic memories a stupid idea? Should not any one whose heart I

Cupid has ever aimed his arrow and struck right in, let alone those lovers who are enjoying their honeymoon, write down and share the impressive stories right away?

Here are my stories.

RPH was the first boy made me cry.

We were in the same classroom in my middle high school. From the very beginning when we came into that school, he kept staring at me in every single class and kept calling out my name when we were riding bike on the way home, which made me embarrassed. He suffered a lot after he was caught calling out my name by HY---who acted like a rogue with my name on his forearm. HY broke up RPH's bike tire with nails several times to warn him to back off but he didn't stop doing these and started to write letters with the same beginning "You are a nice girl" and put those pieces of paper into my gloves or clipped them on my bicycle's brake.

On my 14th birthday, when I stepped into classroom in the morning, I saw a pen-box inside my desk---it's the birthday gift that RPH gave to me. I loved the pen with special characters on it so much that I have not used it even for once. It'd been a whole afternoon that I didn't see him in the classroom until after school: he was holding his bike at the school gate with a huuuuuuuuuge doll taller than me which would say "BABA MAMA" when touched behind him. He said he was shamed recognizing my other big birthday gifts given by my other friends such as ship craft, music box... so he found this biggest doll for me. At that moment, I was feeling nothing but uncomfortable because everybody was gossiping on me.

It couldn't be more embarrassed for me on a special day that I couldn't manage my menstruation which hit my pants so strongly, like waterfall, that my pants were painted with blood. I had to go back home to change my pants. RPH put off his sweat shirt and fastened the sleeves around my waist to cover the blood spot...

What he did to me just made me felt: he was like chewing gum sticking on me and I grew to keep away from him and stop talking with him. Two years later, he was planning on transferring to a famous school in a big city---forced by his government official father. On the day he left, almost everyone in my classroom was crying, except me. They thumbed up to me: "you are such a cold-blood!" But, but, but, when I got home that day, I was crying so heavily that the tears were enough for you to take a shower and the tissue could fuel a camp of fire. I was so depressed after he left and I regretted to treat him with silence. Why most of the people always regret after losing something, after the milk spilt?



Why don't they cherish what they have?
That was the time when I was 16 and he was 15. That was a spring with sunshine shining and the campus radio was playing the song "Xiang yue Yijiujuba" again and again, so whenever I heard the song, it would remind me of him--the first boy made me cry.

YL was the second one.

We have the same tutor and we were in the same laboratory in college but I didn't mean to try to make him to crush on me until one day I was reading star signs saying Scorpio and Cancer are good couple and what I cared about most is those who are born under the sign of Cancer are "Compassionate and caring with friends, family and lovers"---I

can see these points on him during we were dating, especially when I was going to sleep he would tuck the covers around me and then he went on with his research or Warcraft...

On a quiet summer night in my second year of the postgraduate course which was the first year for him, he was sitting on a stone bench in our school yard and I was sitting on his legs with my arms and hands around his neck. We were staring at the stars and enjoying the big round moon and he proposed to me without any rose or ring and I nod my head without thinking twice. I felt like a winner in the battle---pretty, tall and with white skin Beijing girl VS plain, short with dark skin Jinzhou girl. He kissed me, I kissed him, we kissed. After a long and sweet tongue fighting, he said: There is a big secret that you don't know about me.

No matter how hard I tried to make him let it out, he just bit his tongue. OK, fine, whatever, who cares, as long as he loved me.

Life is so wonderful when you and your lover are together, isn't it? We wrote paper together, we developed software together and we played Warcraft together, we played chess together... You



can imagine how fun and gross it is to pass on a block of pudding from mouth to mouth.

Two years later I went abroad to work. It was the hardest time for me because I left my father at home alone although my relatives could take care of him, YL my roommate visited him once a week and we could meet online everyday through QQ, but I'd been missing him. Staying in another country was not so strange for me, I really enjoyed the time when I was having beef steak and Hawaii pizza in the traditional western restaurants and what impressed me most is the white guy was so nice that he would cut the steak into small pieces for you before he started to eat. I grew to like white guy from then on and I started to imagine what if I had a kid with mixed blood. I just stopped thinking about that when I realized I already had my love.

Everything was changed when I came back. I'd never been so hopeless and helpless when I got the truth which everybody had been hiding before I came back that my father passed away. I had no emotion to cry, just stood still and hummed a tune. "It's not true but just a dream"--- How I wished I was just dreaming. When I woke up I saw a big familiar face blurring above my head and the intravenous drip was dripping from a bottle hanging on a shelf and then, so many familiar faces were immerging but I still couldn't find my dad. All of my schoolmates and my tutor were standing around my bed, tears on their face, a big hand on my head, a needle in my blood vessel ---I realized I was in a hospital and finally, I burst into tears. They asked me to figure out their names to make sure I didn't get any mental disease and I made it. YL was touching my head and took a long breath---He thought I would be demented or mad or insane after the stroke. Actually I was, for some time. I chopped the wall and the chair with a knife and I tore my shirt into stripes, I talked to myself in the middle of the night, my hands were shaking when having meal and my weight was getting down and down as the same speed that my IQ was going down and down---He assumed I got a disease called hyperthyreosis and he was right after the chemical examination. He started to treat me like a baby. He prepared breakfast for me, did laundry for me, took me to roller skating, took me to swim and played Ping-pang with me. Since I was getting better, the smile came back on my face. But I lost my smile again on the way to his home to visit his family. He told me the secret that he mentioned on the day he proposed to me.

"It's OK but why don't you just keep it inside forever?"

"Thank you" he said.

"For what?" I asked.

"You didn't kill me."

And I have to say thank you to you too, for not asking what the secret is.

He was so surprised that I was not mad at him but he didn't know it meant things were getting worse when I kept calm. I did care about the secret and after I knew the truth, I started to doubt the world: "Is there anyone that I can trust on 100%?"---From that time, there was no kiss, no touch, no hand in hand and even no talk between YL and me. Finally, he couldn't stand for the silence; he threw away my socks out of the window--- that was not the typical action Cancer takes. This time, I proposed to him, to break up and he nod without thinking twice because he was so scared that he would be killed by me or by the silence on purpose or by accident. OK, fine, thanks YL for giving me a chance to look for my WHITE guy. We started to draft BREAKING UP paper.

On 9th July 2009, he got his ticket to leave school on 17th and I was supposed to stay in school for longer time to help a European software company to set up a branch in China... I never thought it could be so hard for me to accept the truth that we would be separated not only by hundreds and thousands of miles, but by endless minutes and hours and days and years and decades for which we could not meet each other according to the paper (But both of us didn't abide by the agreement)... I couldn't hold up the tears even in front of him. I was just crying and crying. He was crying too and he changed his ticket from 17th to 19th just wanted to stay another two more days with me... Things couldn't get worse---on 12th we got a call from our tutor that there was a swine flu case in my school and we had to leave school immediately. So we left school on 15th. I was heading south while he was struggling north...

Do you think I should have NOT start this love story after you know the end? But I want to say, don't hesitate to start a story even if you know the ending is not happy. Just take the courage to experience more!

JH was the third one.

JH --- a white guy from San Francisco. When I first met him online, all I knew about him was: non-smoker, non-drinker, a student learning animation and can sing Chinese songs. When I found out he was a programmer I was like "my Mr right turns up???" Isn't it exciting when a computer noob met a computer jerk. But 7 days later, when I came back from Chinese new year festive, I got his message from MSN "I met someone else, I don't know it is a good news or bad news for you"---Bad, for sure. If I





didn't expect to know him more, I would not be so sad after I heard that... I cried, anyway, not because I like him or miss him but because I felt I was such a fool tricked by him or by the website.

Thanks to Facebook which made me

reconnect with him again. He was trying to know something insight from Chinese people's point of view---actually, culture difference doesn't work for LOVE or HATE... Love is love, no matter you are in Roma or New York; Affection is affection, no matter you are Chinese or European ... Just follow your feeling. I gave him my understanding from Human view but not just Chinese view.

He was planning to spend his summer in China and I would like to meet him so we made it to meet each other in Sanya where I took my seminar. Sanya is nothing for me, but J, J, J! I was kind of like this SF guy. He likes Chinese culture, he had been learning Chinese, he could say "Wo yao bing shui, bu yao yang cong" without any western accent, he loves Chinese red lanterns, and he was a little bit weird because he was curious about almost everything even about bugs fighting---like a child---whose world is fresh and new and beautiful, full of wonder and excitement, which is dimmed for NORMAL us. His fired work with Maya made me getting more and more interest in him.

5 days later, he was flying to Guangxi and I was back to SH. Thank god! He didn't come with me or he would definitely sweep me off my feet.

I couldn't stop thinking about to meet him in SH until one day he told me he was in love with A. It was a romantic story between J and A---J was crying, A



was crying; A was running after the bus that took J away...My tears was running too--- touched by their story. Remember, A and “else” were not the same one, so, Yeah, I became a loser, again, so what? Honestly, I hate to be loser but I couldn’t change it so I changed the way I thought about it: What if I were to keep talking with him during the 7 days holiday after I just met him online? What if J were staying with me for a month not with A? Then I could probably be the winner and even though I became a failure, I didn’t give up because I believe: defeat is as educational as victory and is not the end of the world.

So many friends were coming and leaving this summer which made me so emotional. Although some of them were not special for me but for the Shanghai Expo, I was missing them after they left and finally I got my last summer visitor--- JH.

J came to SH but it was not I expected because I was worried that on one hand my heart would be up and down if I expect more from him after we meet, on the other if I find something serious negative on him, the image I had of him would be changed to the lowest position in my mind and I would be regret to treat him as my best friend.

I helped him with the accommodation---so Lucky and so unlucky that there was one but only one apartment available in my community. It guaranteed J with the shortest distance from me, and at the same time, J got a broken Air condition for free!

He was staying in SH for 15 days among which there was 1/5 time we were together. I learned how to be a happy and healthy person from him. He told me not to worry so much until it happened; Try to love yourself; Ty to be confident, Try to avoid coffee...I learned how to photograph night view using a huge heavy camera... We were enjoying Mongo Ice in 85 C, We were standing in a ridiculous long line to get movie tickets which he’d never seen in SF, we were staring at a couple outside the window of a restaurant and we were squeezing into the crow just to take a picture with the tower... but I ‘m pretty sure what we did together was not as impressive as A taught him the Chinese sentence “Zhen de ma?” The image I had

of him was almost the same as last time I met him in Sanya--- he was smart, considering, curious all the time, cheerful, affectionate and there’s so much ridiculous hair around his arms and legs... except the tattoo. I imagined if J and I have chance to be boyfriend and girl friend, the first thing I have to do is to tattoo an English name given by





another white guy on my neck on my 30th birthday---then it's fair !

Before he left, I told him that there was a secret about me he didn't know. He said:"What secret? You have VD or STD or STI or something? " If he was not joking, I can't get it how he could relate these kind of disease to a virgin? The secret is, the guy he met on the first day he arrived in SH was my last

boyfriend. I didn't tell him because he said he was smart that he always connected some elements together and made a conclusion and I wanted to test whether he was smart enough to figure it out. Maybe it's not a secret for him as he already knew that.

I was planning to accompany him to the airport to spend more hours with him, but he refused and I accepted. What else but sadness, with none of the hope to get together again rather than say good bye forever, would hit me if I do so anyway? I just went back to his room to get the articles he left---A dead room with no sound but just my slow heartbeat. I was holding and smelling his pillow---stink with perspiration, tears!!! I said to myself:"Come on, J is still alive, OK?" Thank god, again, J didn't leave me any gift or I would be crying all night long by holding a doll with his name on it.

I didn't tell him I was crying three times because of him, otherwise he would misunderstand that I was falling in love with him. Maybe I was, for a day or a moment, I don't know.

To give each other one more chance to know each other more time is not bad, what do you think?

The results?

Like Mitch Albom told us:

"It might seem strange to start a story with an ending. But all endings are also beginnings. We just don't know it at the time."

The End