From a 12th grader in Yu She High School, Shanxi Province, We supported her since 10th grade.

Dear Professor Yang,

I am glad to write you again! Today is Middle Autumn Festival! Wish you a happy holiday!

I don’t know what to say. The break started yesterday. I rode a bike along the mountain path. The falling leaves on the path indicate that autumn is already here. Trees alongside the road turn from green to yellow. Corn leaves also become withered and yellow. This reminds me of my childhood time: my brother and I followed my parents to the cornfield; we picked the maize, put them in a bag, loaded the platform wagon and pulled it home; then we bound up the corns with straw rope and put them on the wall. At that time, I naively thought everything would stay the same and I would remain in my mountainous hometown and always be my parents’ youngest child. Having grown up, I realize that this is merely a dream. At that time, in the autumn, I either spent time with my friends picking up jujubes and walnuts or with my brother picking up apples. Those days are the happiest time during my life. Professor Yang, you may not understand my feelings.

It is Middle Autumn Festival again; however my brother can not return to us. Sitting at the threshold, looking at the mountains, corns and millets in the field and the big red jujubes, I feel peaceful again. I haven’t felt peaceful for a long time. The chirping of birds and insects and the fragrance of my hometown’s soil make me temporarily not think of all the burdens of my life. I am writing this letter to you under the 100-year -old locust tree in my grandpa’s yard. Sometimes the locust tree leaves fell off on the paper. I am wondering how nice it would be if my gratitude towards you can travel as far as the leaves with the wind. I am wondering whether you can receive and read my letter. I am wondering whether you believe me when I say I would like to repay my country and repay the society when I grow up. Anyway, I can promise you that I will try my best to help those in need around me when I grow up.

I have already said too much. But I have no idea what I should tell you. I don’t know the outside world. I have no idea whether you have a nice life or not. In all, thanks for your support and help.

Best wishes!

Xiaoying Wu

Sept 19, 2013.