

My Happiest Day

NORMAN K.M. WONG

In 1938, the Japanese army conquered Hong Kong, where I was born that year. I was afraid to be killed by making any errors of order from Japanese soldiers who kept traffic order, and was afraid that bombs would come down from the plane that was flying above my head while I was peeing in the backyard.

Consequently, my family moved to a village. I walked to town on a big road. Sometimes there were several corpses on the roadside and sometimes there were people starving to death.

Sometime the Japanese planes flew very low above me, so I hid behind the mud and my soul was a little gone. When the plane left, I was thinking, I can fight the past. If I had a gun I would have shot at the plane.

Sometimes some villagers fled to the hill for their lives, because the Japanese could do whatever they liked. Sometimes I heard a gun fired and saw a man running from a soldier for a long distance. The bullets of artillery flew over the sky.

In 1944, the beautiful American planes appeared, instead of Japanese planes.

One day I walked into the town. The ground was all covered with red firecracker papers. People were joyfully jumping. I knew my country was victorious in war. My hatred and fear of facing death were gone. At that moment, I was happier than if I'd won the lottery.