

Literacy allows me to survive desperations of life. One of the recent scenarios happened like this:

In the dim light, I grabbed my phone for a quick glance: 10:15 pm. It was half an hour ago when I checked the time again. I had been sitting here waiting for the quietness to come, but not yet.

Accompanied by seemingly never-ending whines, my brain had raced to all reaches: no work done, not all chorus completed, no classes prepared, no income today, no friends talked, and even no chance for a rest or self-entertainments. A full day, I had given all my patience and energy to the 2 years old girl, and now she was complaining about too little time spent with me and refused to fall asleep.

Such a complaint! I wish I had the chance of it too! Only a bit of time for myself, was I asking too much? Tears were on the edge when my husband came up to me. Once he asked how I was doing, the howling inside was ceased. The next second, I slid away from him and headed to the bedroom. Estimating how much to do without scaring the exhausted girl, I swung the door close to claim my anger.

Yes! Anger! The howling had transformed into roaring. Oh, for good sake, how should I answer him? Was I even allowed to shout at him with all my frustrations and grievance? No! It was late and I felt guilty to add any member onto this mood sinking boat. Would he help just by taking more responsibilities onto himself? No! That could only made me feel weaker and worse. Instead of a gentle hand, I was seeking a plough to straighten my mind.

Once again, I switched on the lamp and pulled open my drawer. Here inside was a brown cover notebook, a stained happy face added in a plain red heart. Flipping through pages and colorful inks, I quickly found an empty page. Immediately, I let out my steams into texts on the page. This was a two-dimension cave for me, where inside alone, I could voice freely and safely. Sobbing or screaming in words, I was taken away solely by the flood of my mind. When the storm calmed down and waves came to ripples, my logic land started to merge in the crawls of texts.

Now I could think what was the trigger and what could I do? Bearing questions in mind, I picked up books themed in parenthood or self-enhancement. Contents varied from tips and strategies to experience sharing and reflections. With the major challenges and plans marked on the page, there at this moment, my confidence returned and life seemed back under control.

Standing in the silver moonlight in the quiet room, I told myself again, yes, I was not the only one and yes, I could do better.

That was how literacy had made my day one more time.