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Vuong Anh Ngo

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A Splendid Moment in The Living Room

Waking up to the distant sound of birds singing, I quickly ran to the living room, where my family always gathered around a large table in the morning. For me, those moments were the most enjoyable parts of my childhood summer. It was a sunny morning at my family's farm in Suoi Rau, Vietnam. As soon as I stepped inside the room, my face was suddenly bathed in brilliant sunshine, my pounding heart overflowing with happiness, and my feet rooted to the ground by bursts of laughter from my siblings, Nhung, Khuyen, and Thien, and the intense sunlight pouring in through the window. The golden columns of sunlight that passed through the checkered glass window shone on my father Trung's back and painted his shoulders and hair with golden brushstrokes. Those brushstrokes made him appear radiant in my eyes, even if his face was just hazy. The sunshine then cascaded onto the surface of the big table, which had a transparent glass panel that reflected the sunlight into every corner of the living room. Even when my siblings sat behind the sunbeam to my father's right, the sunshine from the table still illuminated their smiling faces. My mother, Pham, who stood on the same side as my siblings with a few black curls of hair falling into the sunbeam, was serving aromatic freshly baked hot chicken dishes. The steam rising from the plates was clearly visible in the sunlight. On the left side of my father's chair, a cabinet filled with dusty books, like old friends waiting to be revisited, was also illuminated by the sunshine, causing the glass cups to shimmer and sparkle. Finally, the sunlight shone directly onto my face, causing me to smile and feel the warmth of the sunbeam. After an exhilarating run and then being surrounded by my family and by the stunning atmosphere, my heart became boisterous and beat faster and faster. At that moment, I wanted to jump immediately in front of the table, but because of the wonderful things in front of me, time seemed to stand still, and my legs felt invisible. At that moment, in the living room, there was only me, all my senses, and the beautiful things surrounding me.