

### **A Different Type of Love**

Every night, just after 7 p.m., the woman's screaming and her husband's yelling would start. The couple's daughter shut the door to her room, hoping to shield herself from the bitter argument between her parents, but to no avail.

Growing up with parents with a broken marriage, she didn't find such a dispute unusual. Her mother was very controlling over her husband and daughter, sometimes smashing things just to get her own way. It was childlike, and yet her husband was still willing to put up with anything.

Tragedy came when her father finally had enough and committed suicide. The girl was sent to an orphanage while her mother had to face charges of child abuse. She was 13.

On the street, she would look at other children with their parents. She could only stare at them with envy, though. Watching all the other children play in the park, she wished she could join in too with her parents.

She was desperate to be loved, even just for once.

May Wong, a retired old woman, stared out of the window out of boredom. What else could she do? She remained single, and would never mind having any children to visit her. Her cat, Tiger, had somewhat become her only best

companion. She was supposed to be content with her life, but she wasn't.

Even though she did not have to worry about her finance, the feeling that she was missing something in her life was unbearable. Day by day, the loneliness was slowly getting to her. If she were to die, no one would remember her.

One day, May finally decided to put her wealth to good use. She went to the local orphanage and donated \$100,000. It was nothing to her, but it could mean a lot to the ones whom she cared.

While she was waiting for the donation process to complete, a little girl, covered in small, yellowish bruises, caught her eyes. She gazed at her, feeling sorry for her plight. The little girl looked right back but quickly averted her eyes elsewhere. May Wong held back, and said to herself, "Should I adopt a child?"

And so, this 'accidental interaction' began the story of May Wong and Wing Wong.

At first, Wing came off as being very rude the first time they met, saying things like "Leave me alone!", sometimes with profanities that were not supposed for a thirteen-year-old to say. May couldn't stand Wing either. She could do nothing but sighed every time when Wing was naughty.

Then one day, a week after Wing's adoption, the old lady noticed that Wing was patting Tiger. "Wow, he never lets anyone do this," Wing looked at her for a small while. "You want to see some pictures that I took of him?"

May proceeded to take out a huge, dusty album from the cabinet. She flipped it open, and pictures of Tiger as a kitten greeted their eyes.

"He's so cute in the picture," Wing mumbled, pointing at one taken when the kitten was first adopted. "Here, look at this! This is a picture of him I took when he was sleeping, and accidentally woke him up!" Much laughter ensued that day.

Since then, they had gotten used to knowing each other a bit more. May found out Wing's love for white roses and craze for literature. Wing also found out her potentials and learnt to use them well, with some help from May.

Eventually, their bonding was virtually unbreakable. Wing got used to being loved and cared, learnt how to do chores all by herself and soon old enough to become an aspiring writer at the age of 18. May was very proud of Wing's growth. She always talked about how Wing was the one who filled the hole in her heart, and how they both got happier since they met, even at her last moments.

On a gloomy, rainy day, a woman put white roses on the grave of May

Wong. "Rest in peace, Mum ... Come on, let's go." In silence, Wing was thanking her mother, who made her feel a different type of love, before leaving with her own adopted child.