

My father said his life begins at his thirties birthday, he decided to leave China and go to German for further study. Everyone was surprised because it seemed that there was no reason for him to do so, he was a worker in a local factory which was praised by mayor, the salary was not too much but was enough for the family and I was only three years old at that time. But my father said he could see the rest of his life, go to work, drink beer with his friends, talking about cars and house, day after day, unless he make some change. Nothing can be more despair than the life that you can see the end.

My father knew nothing about German, even his English was not very fluently, so before he left China, he first went to Shanghai to learn the elementary Germany for a year and then he began his long journey.

His school is located on the top of a mountain, is the highest area in the middle of Germany. The traffic there was extremely inconvenient, it would take 5 to 6 hours to get there by bus from Frankfurt Airport. And because of its special location, although it was in September, my father found it was hard to bear the cold with short sleeve shirt. What's more, there was no train there, so he had to change buses one by one, he did not even know he could he did that, he just followed a little paper. Finally, he reached a little town with confusion ----Golsar (it is amazing that people call it Imperial capital) Luckily, he caught the last bus to his school, it was 10 p.m. When my father asked the driver when could they reach the destination, he said maybe it would be midnight.

At first, there was only a few people on the bus, but then people got on the bus one after another, someone told my father that bus was the only line in that mountainous area. After a period of time, a man got on the bus with a dog, my father was shocked

because dogs are not allowed to take the public transportation in China. The car climbed the twisting mountain road, it was so steep that my father thought even the Mount Huang or Mount Taishan can compare with it. And it was already 12p.m , they reached the terminal station.

My father got off the bus and had no idea about what to do, there was no one, like a ghost city. He remember a friend of him used to tell him that because of the inconvenient traffic in this town, many people choose to stay overnight at the bus station. However , the station was just a small house and no one in there. He found a place and sit down, but he could not fall into sleep maybe because of the time difference. After a long time waiting, it was 6 a.m. the school opened and the sun rises, there were some people on the street. My father followed the map, and he felt he was like a foolish walking on the road. He finally found the office and officially became a member of that university.

The town was tiny and beautiful, the sky was blue and cloudless. The roads in this town were not asphalt but made by bricks, his luggage made a loud noisy, like a small tank. Everyone was staring at him but he could do nothing, he was too tired to lift it. He got his room key and he was like “Oh my God, finally I can lie in the bed, hahahahaha.” He opened the door and he was shocked, there was only a wooden bed without mattress. It was totally different from what he dreamed about the student residence because in China, school will offer everything, from bedding to thermos.”Whatever, at least I have money,” he thought, and when he decided to go out to buy mattress, someone told him it was Sunday so the shop would not open, and my father asked him where he can buy mattress, the man said the bedding shop in whole Germany would not open on Sunday. There was no internet no TV there, and

my father had to sleep on a hardwood board, he can not sleep, not only because of the time difference but also because he was so excited, although he was already 32.

The culture shock to my father's generation must influenced more than our generation. At that time, there was no internet in China, my family owned the first TV in the village and everyday , after dinner, the whole village would come to my home to watch the TV. The rest of world was like a story in book. Until now, ten years past, my father still remember every detail of the first day he came to Germany.

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