The guy hasn’t attended the memorial days for eight consequent years, so his uncle demanded him to come to this year’s grandfather’s Memorial Day. After the guy got off the plane, he had mixed feelings about his return. He thought that he shouldn’t have come at some point, that he should have taken a train, and then overnight ferry. His home was nothing but a dark place to him, haunted by sandy winds. However, as his journey to his hometown, West Village continued, his mind shifted from bad to good phase. He started recalling moments of his life in village; each time he remembered a dialect, he leaped of happiness.

There were two households where two separate memorials took place – one at Older Tangsuk’s place for Great Aunt and then united family memorial at Older Uncle’s place. He was very happy to meet his cousin Kil-su. He prepared money envelopes and apologies for missing out on so many events of his family, yet he was prepared to endure the mocking comments and tease. Nevertheless, afterwards, they could establish a proper conversation, where he remembered of his aunt Suni Samchon, towards whom he and his cousin Kil-su have developed a great affection since early childhood.

He asks Kil-su about Suni Samch`on and finds out that she was dead. The entire room remained silent for a while. Then Older Uncle went on telling the story that no one knows of the exact death date.

“She was living all alone, after her daughter married and moved away. Her neighbors were not aware of her situation as well. They noticed, however, that Suni hasn’t opened her door in days, and without giving it much thought, they concluded that she was away at her daughter’s or nephew’s. However, I was alarmed because she usually told us when she was about to leave the village, therefore, I called her daughter. The daughter and son in law hurried here and started looking for her everywhere. Soon, they found her near the school ”