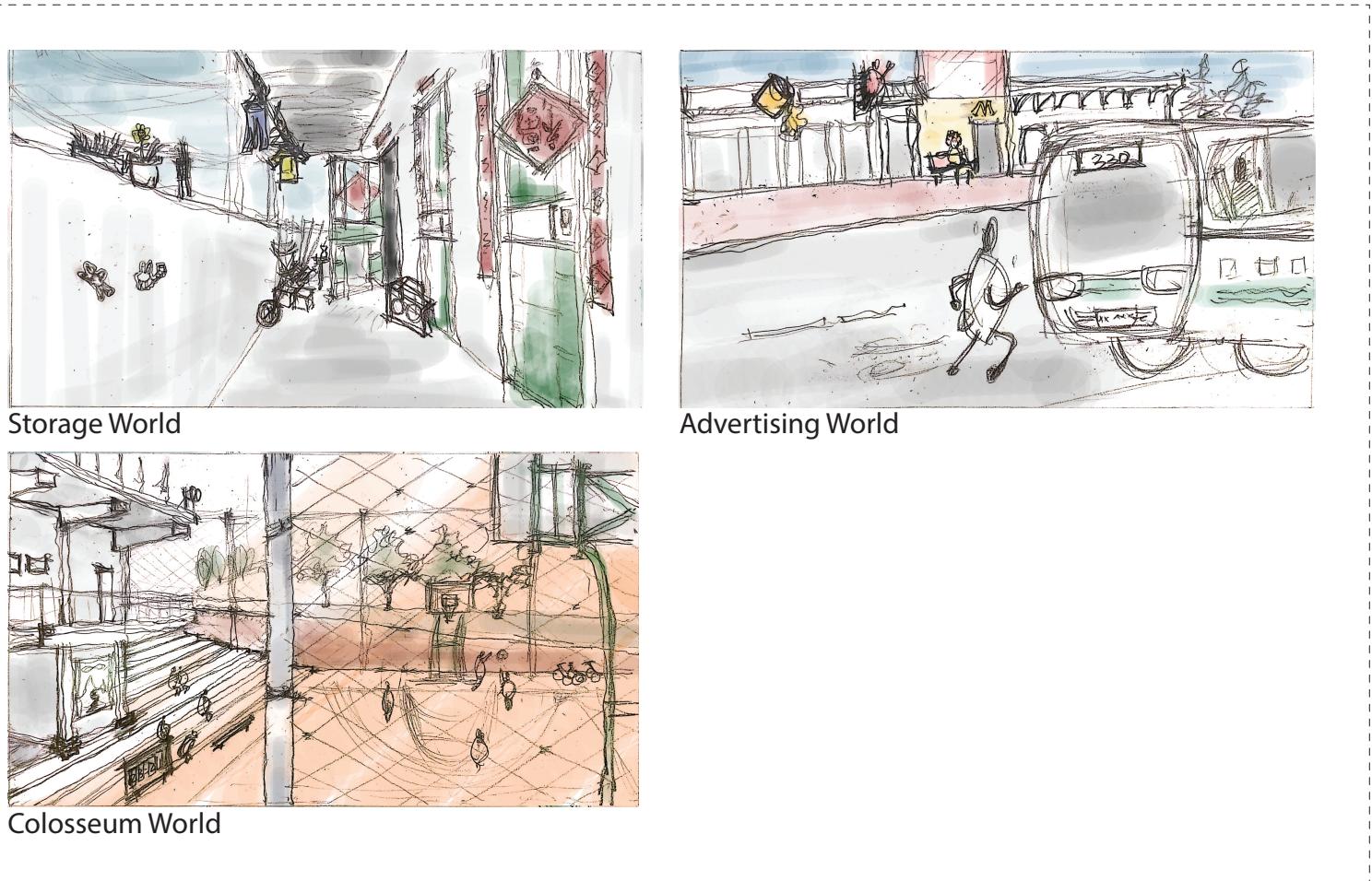


XITING CHEN

ASSIGNMENT 001.A NARRATIVE



001.A.a Adolescent Picture (moving through city)



001.A.d Adolescent Picture Memory Storyboard Sketch

001.A.e Adolescent Picture Memory/City Description Text

GroupName: Xiting Chen, ...

I was only two years old at the time, and this was the place where I most often played by myself - the corridor where a lot of clutters were piled up. Rooms for every family were only ten square meters big, so there were a lot of people living together on one floor. All the storage were huge for me, and it was my haven for adventure.

Grandma loves to take me to play in the small park next to the basketball court, the park is actually only a large tree at the center. I was afraid to get into the court area because adults were always running back and forth and throw the ball and the adults in that area seemed like yelling. I always spent the whole afternoon looking through the fence, and I wouldn't even leave when my grandmother called me to go home.

Every time I took the bus home, I wondered about the world outside the window. The billboards were much better looking when I was a kid than they are now, and the 3D ads let even the illiterate me know what the stores were trying to sell me. It would have been nice to have McDonald's fries at this time. But when I got out of the bus, my grandma's bag was cut by the thief, I got out of the bus but my grandma was still in the car arguing with the thief, I could only cry to tell my grandmother that I was still there. At that time, I think maybe that's what "absurd" means.



001.A.b Meaningful Childhood Object Picture