

WHEN WE UNDERSTAND

Anson, 8 years old, had quitted school at the beginning of 2nd grade. Every day he followed his mother to work. Every day when they passed by a shop selling electronics, he always stopped for a long time, sometimes he looked inside the shop with passion, even when his mother had gone away, he still didn't recognize. The television hanging in the shop was strange also, it broadcasted only the clip recorded a drumming performance of America's Got Talent show. He stood there, while avidly listening to the music. The frenzy of the audience attracted him completely. His mother had gone away a bit then she remembered him and returned, walked toward him. She saw the way his son passionately watched the TV and just stood there leaning against the doorframe of the shop, watching Anson with her heart in her eyes. When the boy looked up, they smiled at each other and walked away.

The mother and his son went to a scrap yard, greeted the security guard with a smile. The guard smiled and rubbed Anson's head, nodded for they walked in. They went to a huge pile of scrap metal. Anson put his book down, bent down to help his mother dig up some valuable things, but the mother had stopped him. She shook her head, slipped off his gloves and put it into his book. Anson sat quietly reading next to the pile of scrap whose his mother was working. He didn't either resist or show any attitude. He was different from kids at the same age.

A bunch of kids were painstakingly searching in a cluttered scrap heap beside Anson. He had mused and said: "Hey dud, do you have dreams?" The kids simultaneously stopped digging and looked at Anson. His mother wiped the sweat and watched the kids. A gangly boy, seemed to be the oldest kid, quietly smirked and replied: "Our dreams, huh? It's a day to find a lot of valuable things from this scrap yard". The kids laughed then returned to the rubbish collection. Anson was dazed by that answer. The mother took off her gauze mask: "Hey kids, young as you are but without dreams, it's really sad". Anson gave her a wide-eyed surprise and grinned. He thought his mother would never bother about thing named dream. Since he could perceive and remember, he had only seen her working hard, having no time for watching anything happening around them. Initially he had thought, her life had to be extremely boring. He had feared a life like that. But then Anson understood that days without foods were the most frightening days because his mother always got angry powerlessly. She would be around all day in the landfill, act like a crazy person if she found only useless things. He was afraid of that resilient woman who became desperate.

Anson held up his book and a burlap sack, went around the scrap yard. Perhaps he wanted to support his mother, but he just kept going around, the eyes constantly looked for something. However he passed through so many valuable things could be found in the scrap yard. Suddenly Anson picked up an inox lid, showed extremely excited, then he started digging from this scrap heap to that scrap heap. In the late afternoon, the mother carried sacks containing things had dug up on her back. Anson walked beside her, also carried his sack and smiled at his mother. Their black shadows stretched across the road in the sunset...

In front of a poor house, Anson's mother tied the sacks which she brought home to her bike. Before leaving she was curious to look inside the house, because since returning from the scrap yard, Anson was still doing something with old lids, aluminum pots and broken trays which were gathered at the scrap yard. He cut holes in the lids, tied it to a pole, insert bricks under that thing to keep it standing. He was making up a drum kit from the waste materials. A few moments later,

the mother was opening the door and suddenly she heard BOOM... BOOM... BANG... BANG... SMASH... That noise was emitted when someone knocked on aluminum pots. Exactly what it sounded like. Soon there was an agitated crowd of neighbor kids gathering at her doorstep. The kids covered their ears wryly. Some adults also came to see what had happened. They switched from surprise to displeasure. A woman stared at Anson trying to knock on his handmade drums for a while, and she sighed: "What was that weird thing? What the hell is he doing? How earsplitting it is!" A little girl among the kids briskly said: "He said he want to become a drummer performing on TV." The woman waved her hand: "Oh dear, such an illusory thing! He should use time and effort to earn his living at the scrap yard!" Afterwards, when the mother entered the house, the crowd slowly dispersed. The mother looked at Anson, he looked at her with a worried look, but she just smiled and said to those around him: "Come on, he is just doing what he likes to do." The neighbor woman talked back: "He can do whatever he wants, but don't make noise annoying us!", then she mumbled and returned home.

That night, at dinner time, Anson did not eat anything and seemed very upset. "You really want to do that?" his mother asked. The question regained his attention, he looked up to the mother, eagerly awaited. The mother raised an eyebrow, she was waiting for an answer from Anson. "I will certainly become a good drummer, mom." he said. The mother smiled...

... Under the opaque street lights, the mother was helping her little son bring his instrument to the scrap yard. After she said something to the security guard, the guard nodded with a smile. Anson and his mother went to an empty lot next to a pile of scrap metal. The mother was burying the pole into the ground tightly while Anson was mounting the old lids, the broken pots perforated on that pole. When they had done, they looked on the bizarre drum kit with satisfaction. The mother nodded at Anson and sat down on the empty lot. Anson held two small handmade sticks, headed for the scrap drums and started practicing. His mother was classifying sacks carrying scrap while watching Anson awkwardly playing his first beat. Sometimes she gave him cheerful applause. The guard watched them from afar and smiled. Every day after work, although they were very tired, but the mother and her son regularly came to the scrap yard when it was about midnight. She even brought a flashlight to move easier in the scrap yard. They stood in front of the drums which had added some small broken trays. Anson was seriously showing parts of the drum kit to his mother. Then he started to play each beat, each beat...

Around that time, the neighbors were even more curious about Anson and his mother, those who always went out when it was late. As they were locking the door before leaving, people watched them. Waiting until they go away, people gathered: "No idea what they do late at night!" Once their neighbors decided to follow them to the scrap yard. There, the mother was sitting, swaying her body to Anson's drumbeat. They were very passionate and immersed in the melody. The neighbors who stood from the far side, were quietly listening. When the drum performance ended, everybody clapped in unison. Anson and his mother broke down after that surprise. Anson gasped behind the drums, he suddenly smiled widely.

Now... In the scrap yard, while everyone was working hard, Anson was practicing passionately. They sometimes swayed to the music coming from the drum beats. Those drum beats, someone had helped it fly away, up to where there were people who could make Anson shine. Anson's neighbors raised money for him, finally they were able to buy him a real drum kit. They brought him to a drumming contest. There, he blew up the stage by his performance.