Memories of Zoige

Outline:

* [done] Memories, wanna return
* [done] Research its environment and intro a bit
* Search thru my journals (ref by yearly summaries) and add to this outline
* Food
  + Maoniurou
    - Lamb
  + suyoucha
* Horseback riding
  + My childhood memories
  + Local zang ppl
* It’s probably my fav type of natual scenary, 心胸开阔,freedom
  + Poems about it

Zoige, zoige… As I started this writing, I was thinking of all the good memories I had when I visited there, and wanted to sound melancholy, but it caught my eyes when I searched its English name on Google and Google told me it’s Zoige. Not Ruoergai – how it is spelled in the Chinese Pinyin, but Zoige, and it’s Zong. I had this weird feeling that Zoige is not mine, solely mine anymore, and it belongs to so many more. Maybe that will be the good reason here for me to introduce it to the English readers.

It has been years since I visited there. Many many years. But last year when I started packing my soon-to-be-finished life in the states, I thought about going there once again for a gap time (I eventually did not take the chance, still). I bet things have changed a lot, but I will just write about what I remember. I don’t know when I can really return to breath its cold yet warm air, it has become another place back in China - together with my other memories - that I probably can never return to.

Zoige is a rather big grassland in the northern part of Szechuan province (where I come from). It’s very north, north enough to reach the southern part of Gansu province. The county is called Zoige too. Now thinking about it, when I was that little, there were no such things as “counties”, there was just “big grassland”. (I now grow. I grew up to know enough about online searching and found out maybe I should use “prairie” here to replace “big grassland”. But I did not.) So not thinking about it in the province or county concepts, the land is just the land, famous and eccentric enough for Sichuan people (born to have an explorative nature) and explorers from other places (all around the world). And it’s a Zong-dominant land. Who can resist Zong, westerners?