

Revenge

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She's staring at the painting, and must have no idea of his staring at her.

The painting, from his perspective, has little aesthetic value. It is an ancient Chinese painting, depicting a court lady in sophisticated scarlet dress, who is raising a spear and about to lunge at a bear or something. The point which gives his deepest impression and thus makes him dislike it that much is, however, that the court lady is unbearably ugly. Her eyes are like lines and nose a hook, and the face is as flat as the Great Plains where horses can gallop as much as they like. *Typical Asian*. Dick slurs soundlessly in disapproval. But when he again turns to the young beauty in the front of the painting, he does not regret having had this uncomfortable perception of the painting because the contrast is so very pleasantly satisfying.

This young lady in her middle twenties is an angel in the dark, freezing museum exhibition hall. Dick can smell her perfume even in distance and it is like drops of morning dew tinseling flowers. She is, at least partly, an Asian, which Dick could tell from her skin color and little lovely figure. Nevertheless, he would love to admit this because she is definitely not a typical one. Her eyes, unlike the lady in the painting, are two pools of abysmal sea, full of secrets about mermaids. Thanks to her eye sockets that are not as hollow as those of westerners', her eyelids like double cake and long curly eyelashes are easily and clearly seen even there is an angle between the place that she faces and Dick's position. *One of the few advantages of an Asian face*. Dick comments again quietly. *Only if you have beautiful eyes*.

That nose is perfect too, not inferior at all to any masterpiece

by Rodin's magical hands. Slightly lower in the middle but elegantly cocked at the end, her nose gives the whole face a sense of ups and downs. And the lips are smooth and juicy and carefully colored by shiny pink. If you pick up a flower to represent her you'd pick a lotus, slim and graceful; if you pick up a fruit, then a mature apple, bright and attention-attracting. *What a face-judger am I!* Dick blames himself, but the guilty goes with wind within half a second.

It is already six o'clock in the afternoon. Dick hangs down his left forearm. At this time on a sunny day like today, the sunset glow must be burning wantonly, as phoenixes of vermeil and gold dancing on that kind of Chinese silk of the best quality. Honking car horns are shouting the anxiety of return, and in the ears of people in the same mood, those long sharp noise becomes extremely touching. Inside here, however, always only the dim museum-specified light coats everything with mercury, making the porcelains looks paler, the ancient paintings older, and people more like vampires. Now, all visitors except her have all flooded out like a rewind of the morning scene. This exhibition hall resembles a tomb. *Yes, a tomb exactly.* A cold air current snakes along Dick's spine. *Thank God she didn't see my trembling. Oh how beautiful. Great waves sweep away sand but leave a pearl.* Dick looks at her again to distract this inauspicious feeling.

A pearl. Especially left to me.

Half past six now. Dick can't help walking from one end to the other along the wall he usually stands by. *Now or never.* Dick knows it more clearly than anyone. He will be standing here tomorrow and may be at this day of the next year, but she is different. *Why she's still here? Perhaps she's moving to another town so she comes to say good bye to her favorite painting! Wired taste though, but she may have her own aesthetics. Isn't it an interesting topic?* Dick admires his talent of strike up conversations with girls. He is always that talented at this. But still,

he rubs his hands against uniform, and then rubs again.

Let it be! Forget about boss's poker face and the disappearance of bonus. Dick himself doesn't know how he suddenly appears to sit next to her.

Her body doesn't move, not even her eyesight. Dick's heart is going to explode.

"Hi." His voice circles around each and every of his teeth and then finally comes out. He surprisingly realizes that he can't find his past confidence in flirting anymore. *Take a look at me please!* He prays.

"Hi, Mr... Security?" she turns to him correspondingly, "You must be tired. It is reasonable to take a seat after a whole day's standing." She friendly grins, teeth like pearl shells and lips like silk ribbon decorating them.

A kind-hearted one. Easy to chase.

"Dick, you could call me Dick, if you would." He sees himself in the two pools of deep sea and feels like his former confidence rises from feet to the top of his head and even breaks it through.

"It's a special painting, isn't it?" Dick continues. He carefully selected his vocabulary but still didn't know which to use to describe the painting. But he is smart enough that he knows an ambiguous one can effectively avoid displeasure.

She takes a glance at the painting and then comes back to him, smiling like a little girl, "To some extent, it surely is." She reaches her dress, looking like to smooth out the folds but actually there isn't any. "I'm sure you don't understand it although you see it every day. Ancient Chinese paintings are difficult, but I love them, especially this one."

"By the way, I'm Jenny, and I," she pauses, winking mischievously, "happen to be a Chinese."

Fresh smell of drops of morning dew on flowers becomes richer. Dick can't help moving closer insensibly.

“Tell me something,” Dick swallows, “about this painting.” He is hardly so straightforward, especially when facing a pretty lady whom he first meets. *Am I captivated?* Dick wants to slap himself as soon as he finishes this odd sentence.

Luckily, it seems that she didn’t hear it, or she did hear it, but responds in an unordinary way.

“Have you ever done something for someone you love? I mean, you keep doing so and do not care what you receive?” Jenny looks at him straightly in the eyes. Her eyes are whirlpools now while her voice is as silvery as the sound of pearls falling on a plate of jade.

“I don’t think so,” he smiles in relax, recalling his pride gained from girls in his adolescence and feeling a bit out of being captivated. “They did for me.”

“I’m not surprised,” at one second she becomes melancholy, but at the next second her voice gains its liveliness again, which makes Dick tends to think what he just felt is simply delusion. “You are handsome, really.” From her face there is nothing can be inferred except pure honesty.

“This court lady,” she points to her with an elongated finger with fingernail in natural pink, “is called Lady Feng, one of the concubines of the emperor at that time. One day, a bear escaped from the cave. It was a close call, and it was she, a physically weak woman, who came forward to protect her husband from danger.”

“Worth to be recorded, right?”

She begins to respond to his words, while Dick keeps looking at her. Deep eyes, delicate nose, plump lips. Nothing goes wrong with her. However, he is aware of something happening inside him whereas he is not able to find what exactly it is even though he is trying so hard. *Jenny, Jenny*. He repeats and repeats and repeats. A beast is shouting something behind an invisible wall in his mind, so he cannot hear.

Have we ever met somewhere? Dick thinks he said it dumbly but he actually made the voice. He sees her lips moving but he hears nothing, and he thinks it is a yes.

And her voice is like spring.

“Love is magical. It makes whoever in it brave. It is indeed ridiculous and pitiful. You know what you will receive is rejection, mock, even death, you still do it, for the only one, for a long, long time.”

Her breasts, ripe and firm, are fluctuating under her restraint. Yet Dick even cannot force himself to pay attention to her sex appeal. *I'm not gonna stay here. It's a tomb. A tomb exactly.* But something glues him to the seat. His hands are icy and lips purple.

Jenny keeps talking, most of whose content Dick does not recognize. The wall inside him is becoming thinner and thinner, finally all at once the beast runs out, roaring like crazy. Janet. I'm Janet. You finally remember me?

The dim museum-specified light coated them both with mercury. Jenny's face is more like a mature apple than ever because of excitement, while Dick sees himself once again in her deep eyes but this time it is twisted and pale as the face of a real vampire. *Janet, it's her.* That introverted new immigrant, a class-recognized ugly duckling, his classmate. Throwing boxes of chocolate to her face, laughing at her acnes with nabs in corridor, tearing love notes..... Memory is as clear as it was just happened yesterday. He finally finds out the root of the reason why he disgusts Asian appearance that much. A face-judger, really. But who should to be blamed? He was the prince in school and he only felt ashamed because of her affection of him.

Her high-heels are moving away. However, it seems that her last sentence travels a long distance to reach his mind.

“I'm going back to China, and I'll never see you later.”

And today the night falls earlier.