The Greediness of Humanity

Summer vacation should be fun and exciting. I can snap pictures, eat interesting food, and learn about other cultures. But that did not happen to me. Sometimes god gives me something, but he wants to take a back. 2016 was one of the most exciting year of my life because my parents and I traveled to three places in summer. The plan for our vacation was to going to Japan for one week, then return to Hong Kong to visit my grandparents for one month. After our fun trip in Hong Kong, we were going to San Francisco with my grandparents and aunt’s family for two weeks.

It is the summer of July 2016, and I am in Tokyo, Japan with my parents. We are so excited about our one-week vacation in this fascinating country. There are many first- time happenings in Japan for me, such as my first-time eating chicken sushi, and my first- time getting lost in the city. After a whole day of traveling, we finally make it to our hotel in Tokyo. We start google searching, what kind of food is close to us, how can we talk to the Japanese people because English is not the first language in Japan. After we walk around the crowded downtown, we realize most of the restaurants have English, Chinese, and Korean menu. In the first night in Tokyo, we feel kind of sleepy, so we don’t want to go far from the hotel, instead we go in to a fast food noodles house. This kind of restaurant is common in Japan. The food I order is udon noodles with miso broth. The white noodles are thick and chewy, the steaming broth is flavourful.

Three days later, we go Tsukiji (one-hour train ride away Tokyo), Tsukiji is the most famous fish market, most of the shops sell traditional Japanese food, such us sushi, sushi don and ramen. After a whole day sightseeing in town, our feet are almost about to fall off, we are hungry as horses, so we go to a special Japanese restaurant. This popular restaurant only sells sushi, but they don’t supply cutlery, so we need to use our hand to eat the sushi. We are sitting at the bar, so we can watch the sushi chef making sushi. The way they make sushi is not western style (they make all in once to put in a same plate), the chef makes the sushi one at a time, so we enjoy it. After we finish all the delicious sushi, I put my phone beside me, so it doesn’t bother me; that is the last time I touched my phone. As we walk out the restaurant to the train station, my mom asks me, “Can I borrow your phone for Google Map?” Then I realize I don’t have my phone on me, so we go back to the restaurant to try get my phone back. We ask the waiters “Have you see my phone?” The waiters quickly go in and can’t find it, so I sadly return to the hotel.

My dad asks “Don’t you think someone stole it from you, and you didn’t realize?” But for me, Japanese people are polite and honest. They ask us do we need any help every time when we go out. So I feel shocked about the Japanese people. I realize I should always keep my personal belongings on me and do not trust the place you do not know. Next time when I travel, I will always keep my personal belonging on me, I hope this happen will never happen again.