



Chang-ming was delighted. He had been chosen to play on the school football team against their great rivals, Grove school, in a few weeks. He couldn't wait to tell his mum and dad.

But their faces fell.

'Chang-ming,' said his mother, Mei Li, 'we will be in China then, don't you remember?'



Chang-ming was going on his first ever visit to his grandma in China for the Chinese New Year.

‘No! I can’t go! I must play for the school.’

‘But we have the plane tickets. And Grandma is expecting us,’ said his dad, Tao.

Suddenly Chang-ming was the unhappiest boy around.

‘I won’t go to China!’ he said.

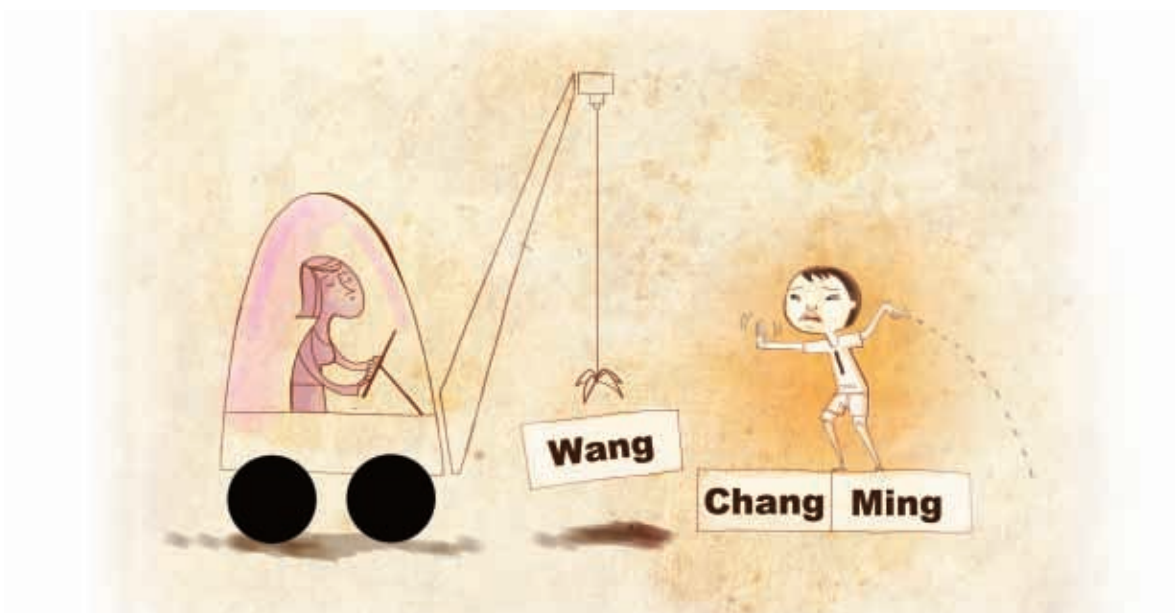


After that, Chang-ming decided he hated being Chinese.

'My name's silly,' he told his mother next day after school. 'Wang Chang-ming. What kind of a name is that?' he said. 'I *hate* when the teacher puts Wang first. That's my last name. It should *be* last!'

'But that's how it is in Chinese,' his mum sighed.

'I know. But the others don't have their second names coming first. It's stupid.'



Mei Li shook her head. She looked sad. She was very proud of being Chinese. She and Tao had moved to Ireland from China. When their little son was born, a full moon shone brightly in the night sky.

‘Look,’ said Tao, ‘our baby’s special moon.’

They called him Chang-ming because the name means ‘Forever Bright’.

‘Just like that beautiful moon,’ Mei Li said.





But Chang-ming didn't want to be called Forever Bright. He wanted to be called Conor or Barry or Jack – something *normal*.

'And I'm *not* going to talk to Grandma when she rings!' Chang-ming said. 'Even if she *is* calling all the way from China!'

