



... I REMEMBER A TIME  
WHERE I DOUBTED SOME  
OF THEM STORIES.

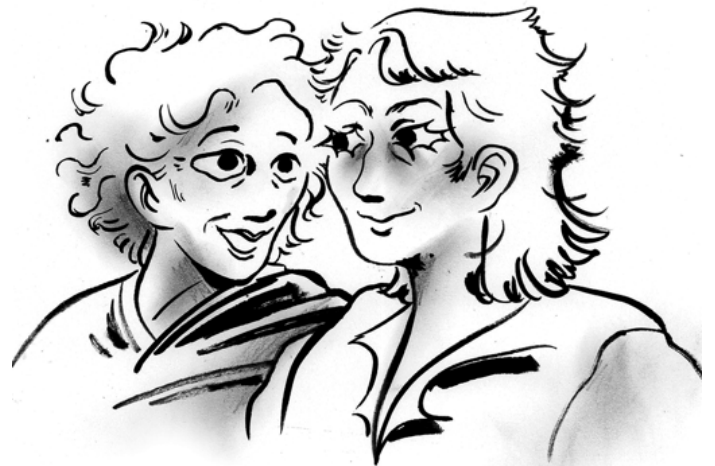
NOT BECAUSE I,  
MYSELF, DIDN'T  
BELIEVED IN THEM...



MY MUM USED TO  
TELL ME STORIES.



...



AFTER ALL,  
MAYBE IT WASN'T  
SO DIFFERENT FROM THE  
STORIES OF MY MOTHER.



THEY WERE NOT  
THE SAME AS MY  
FATHER'S



LIKE THE TIME SHE MARRIED  
A RANDOM VIETNAMESE  
GUY SO HE COULD GET PAPERS.

OR THE TIME SHE DROVE A  
CAMPING CAR FULL OF DRUGS  
ACROSS THE CITY TO PREVENT  
A FRIEND FROM GETTING BUSTED...



EXCEPT HERS WEREN'T  
FANTASY STORIES. THEY  
WERE REAL STORIES.  
HER STORIES.



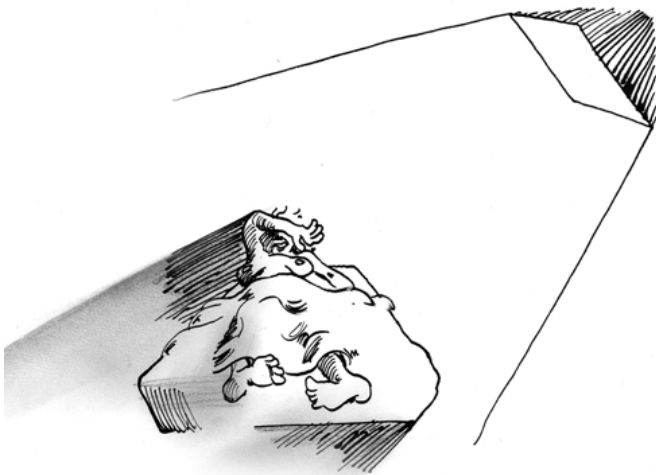
SHE SWORE SHE SAW  
A HAND  
REACHING TOWARDS  
HER BED...



AND THE MORE I WAS  
GROWING, THE MORE  
SHE COULD TELL ME ABOUT  
THE ONES I WOULD HAVE  
BEEN TOO YOUNG  
TO UNDERSTAND.



HE WAS READING  
ME FANTASY STORIES.  
LIKE "THE NEVERENDING  
STORY"



LIKE THAT NIGHT  
IN VIETNAM. SHE HAD  
A BAD FEVER, AND  
COULDN'T SLEEP.



MOST OF 'EM WERE  
TRAVELLING STORIES.



ABOUT A BOY WHO  
TRAVELLED ACROSS  
SOME KIND OF  
WONDERLAND.



AND THOSE WERE  
ONLY SOME! SHE  
HAD SO MUCH MORE  
STORIES...



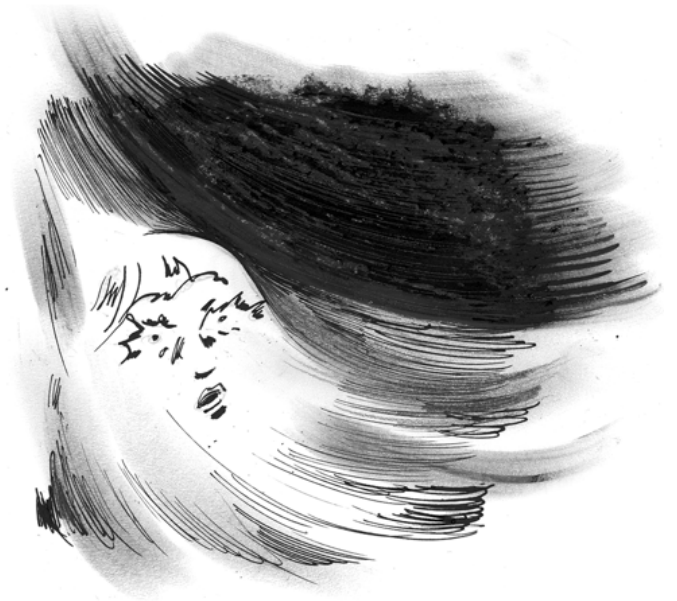
LET ME TELL YOU  
SOME..



SHE ALSO HAD  
SCARY ONES!



THE OWNER OF THE PLACE,  
A STRANGE LITTLE MAN,  
GAVE HER  
A WEIRD LOOK.



A WONDERLAND THAT  
WAS SLOWLY GETTING  
EATEN BY THE VIL AND  
THAT HE HAD TO SAVE.



CHASING MY MOM  
AND HER FRIEND,  
FOR SOME OF  
THEIR FRUITS.



AS SHE HAD  
FUNNY ONES.



A WONDERLAND THAT WAS ALSO FULL OF STRANGE CREATURES, SOMETIMES SWEET, SOMETIMES TERRIFYING. SOMETIMES BOTH.



SHE WAS UNSURE: WAS IT A DREAM?

THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN SHE LEAVED THE HOTEL, SHE FOUND A PILE OF BOXES RIGHT UNDER THE OUTSIDE OF HER WINDOW.



LIKE THE TIME SHE SAW A MONKEY PINCHING A TOURIST ASS ON A BEACH IN THAILAND.



HE CAME BACK LATER ON THAT DAY WITH A FEW OF HIS CONGENERS.