

Still life by Chihoi

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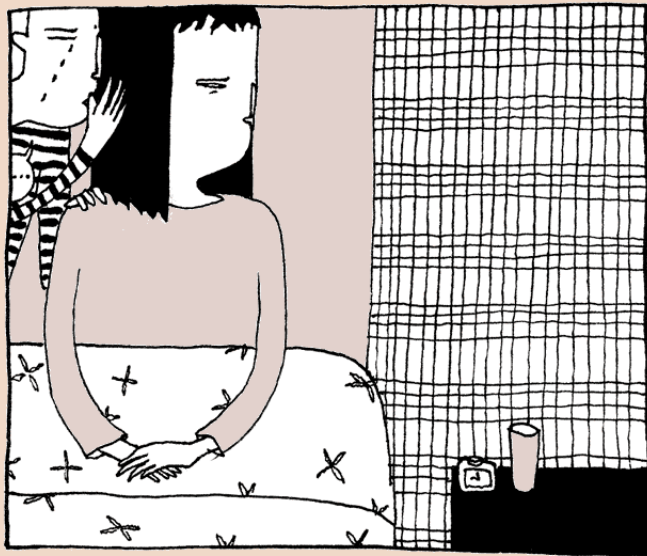


Turn over



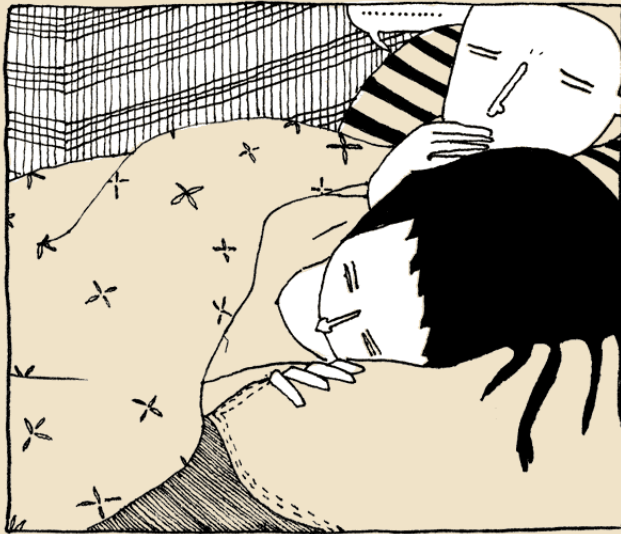
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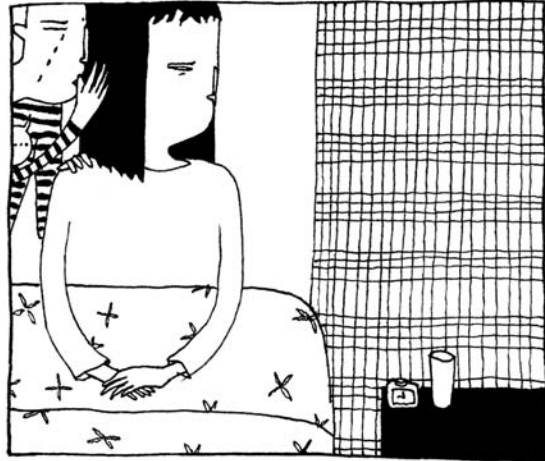
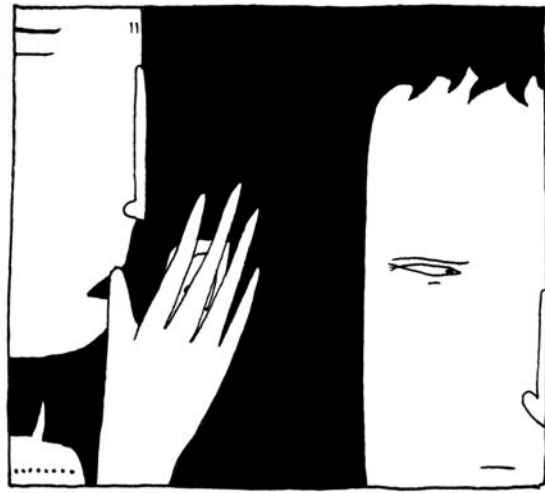
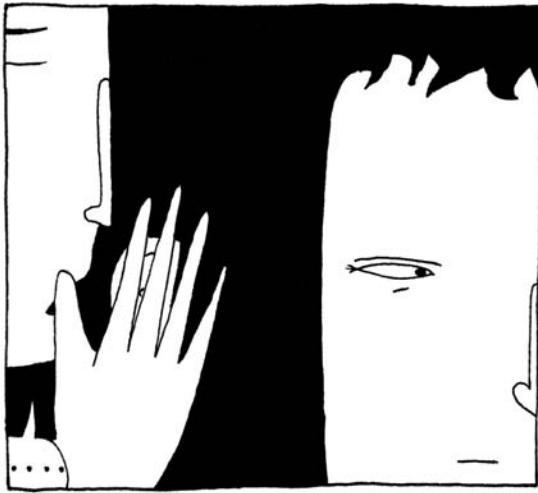
Still life written and illustrated by Chihoi

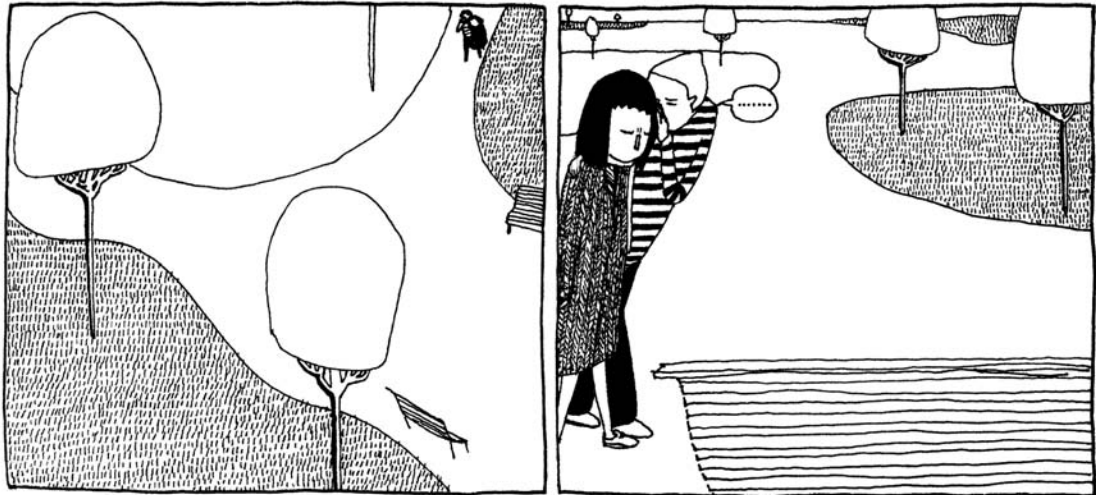
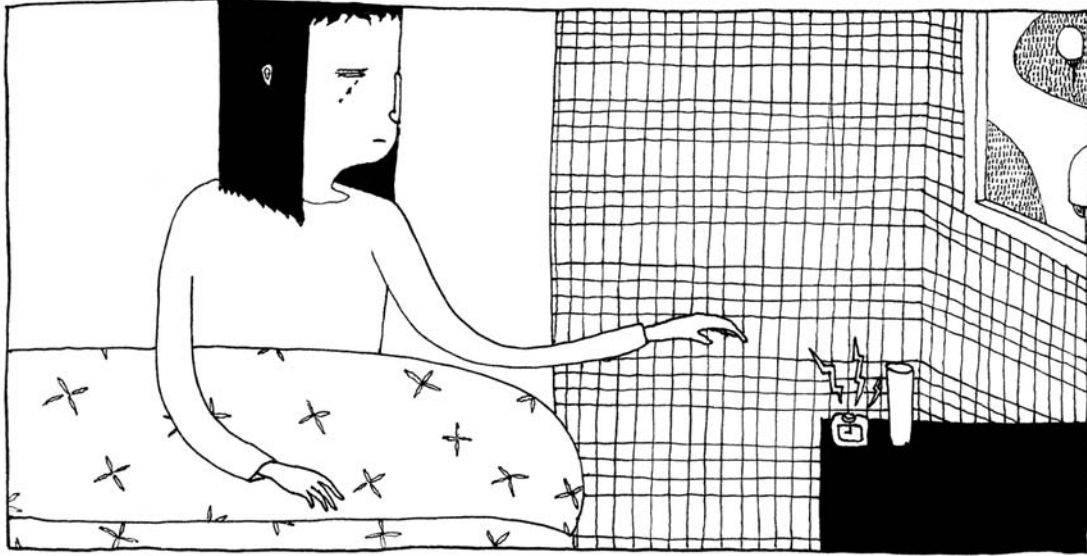


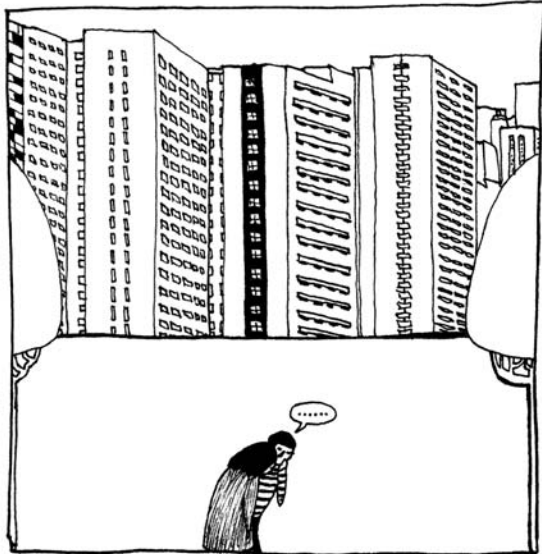
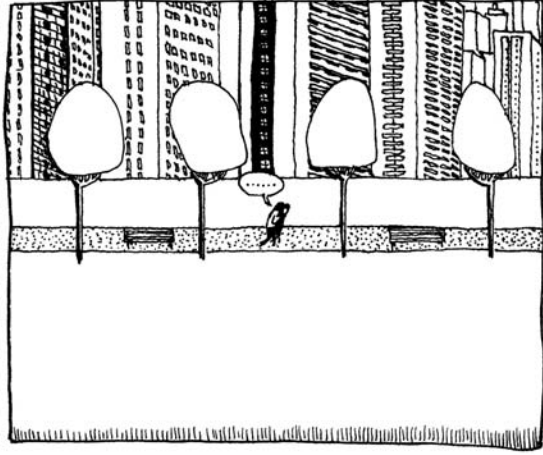
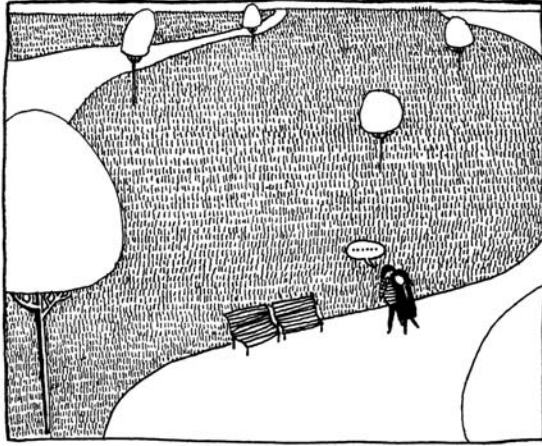
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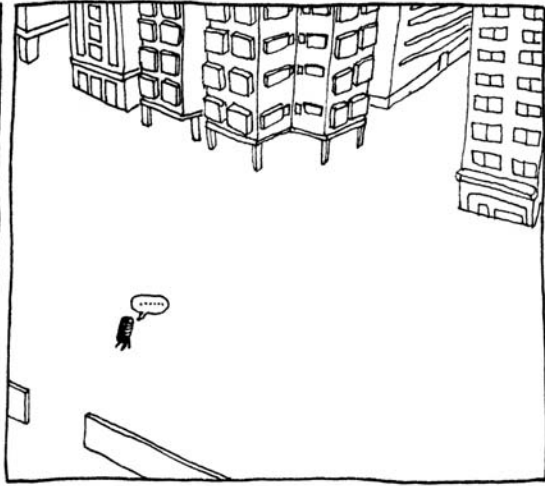
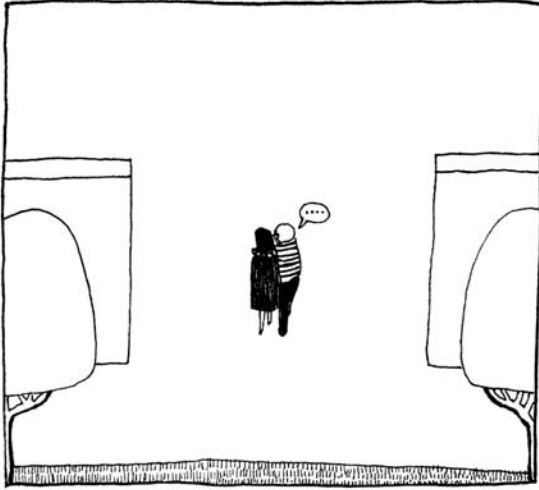
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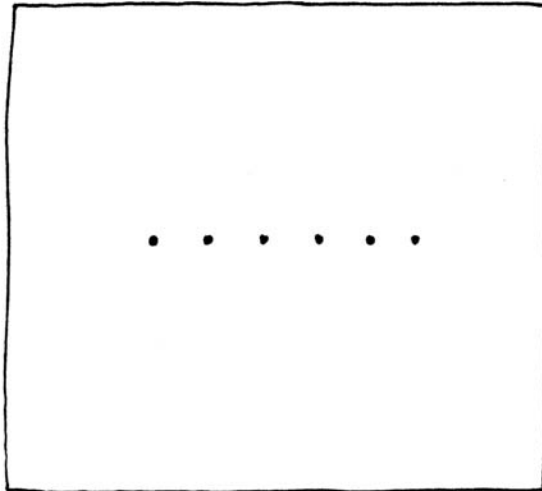


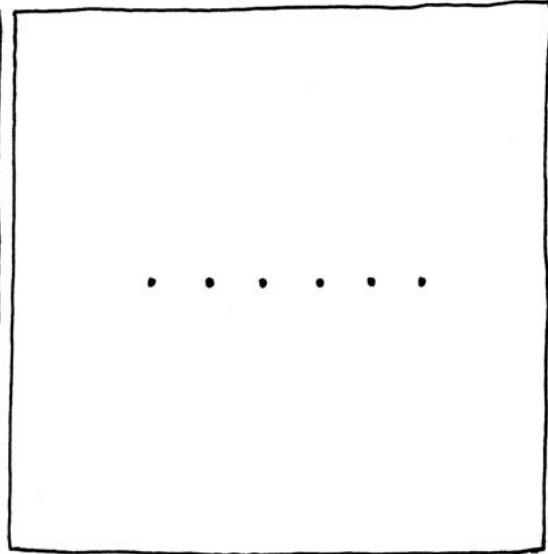






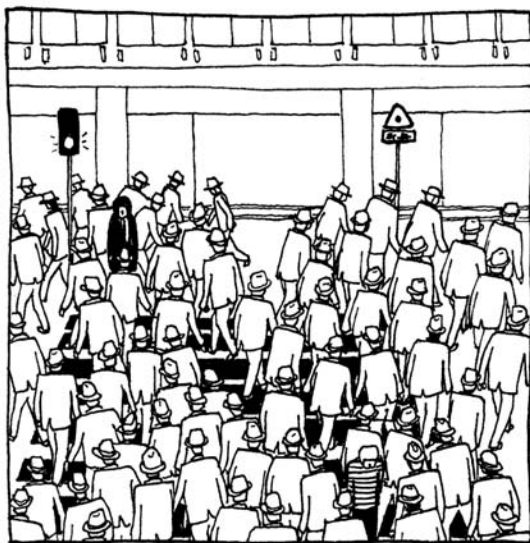








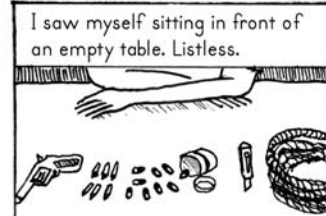




Contemplate



Tell me, what did you see?
What did you see in your dream?

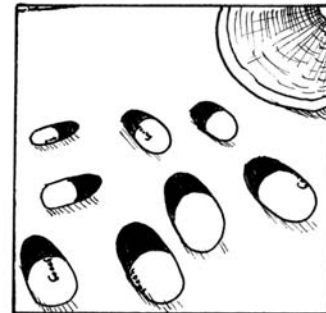


I saw myself sitting in front of
an empty table. Listless.

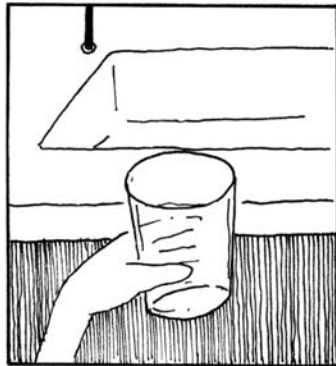
Why?

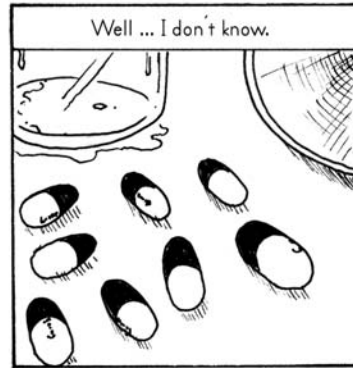
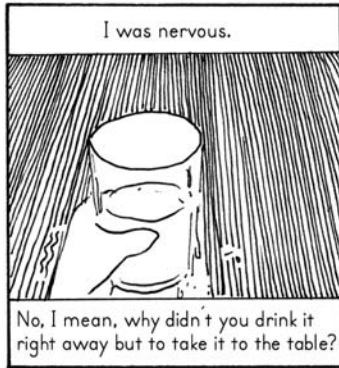


I don't know ... I'm not shure ...

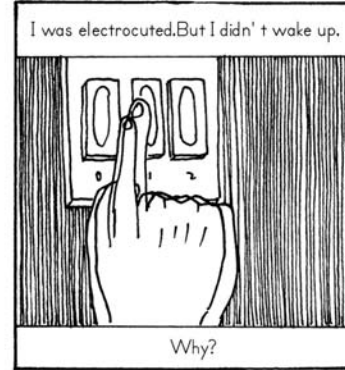
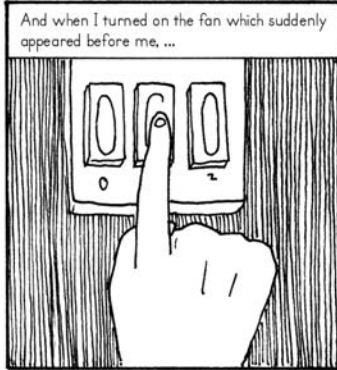


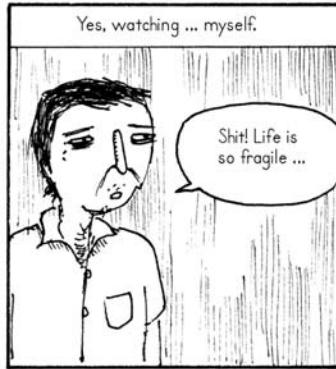
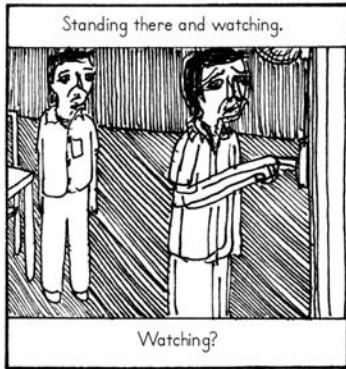
And then?

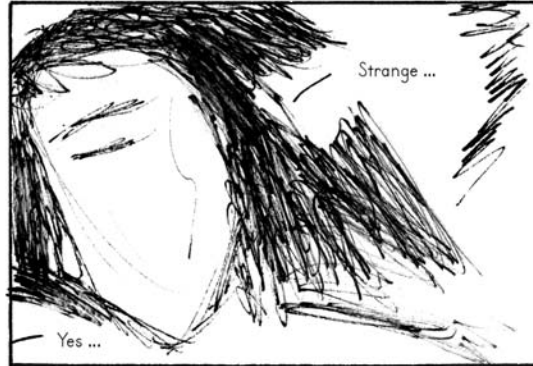


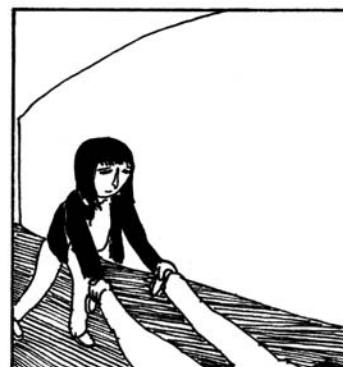
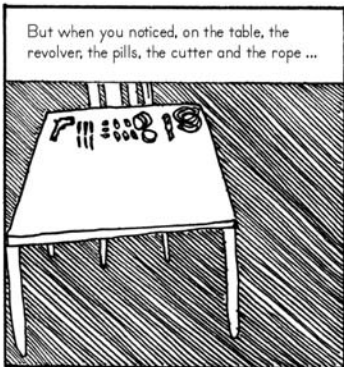










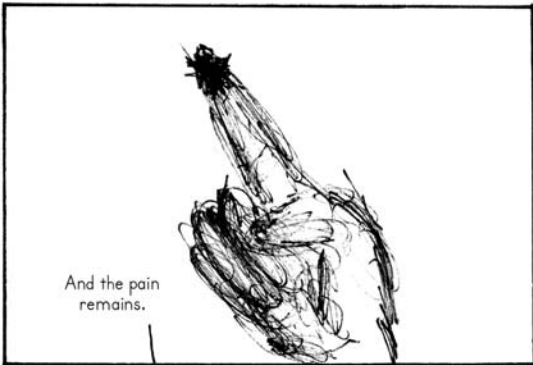


"Why?" You asked,
"if this is so, you don't
deserve to be here!"



"Now you've seen it all,
all that you wanted to see:
calm, serene, and detached,"
you said, dragging your body.







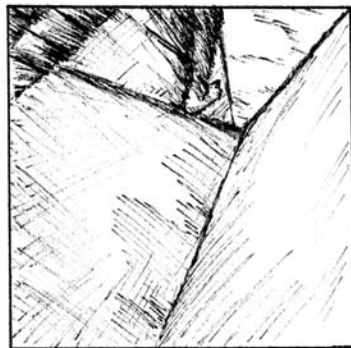
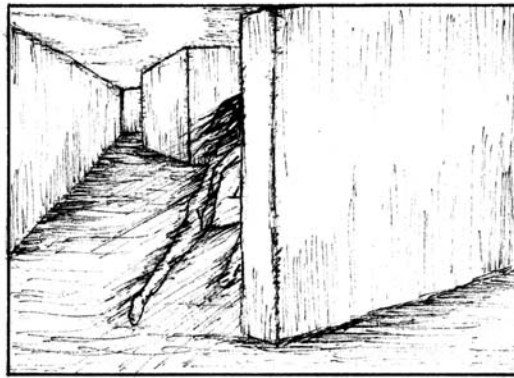
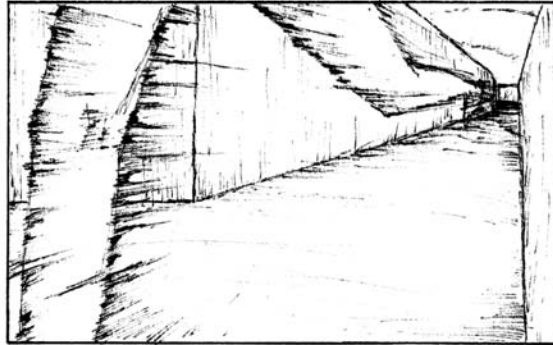
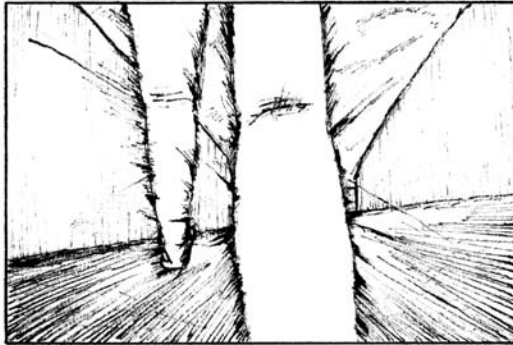
Uh?

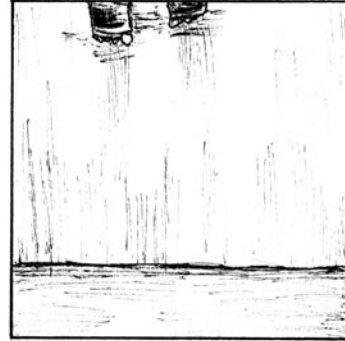
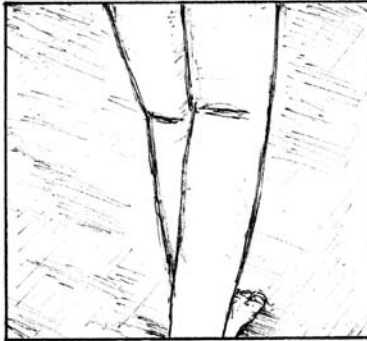
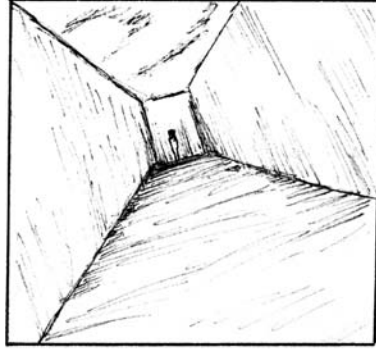
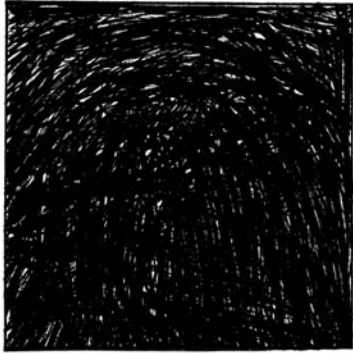


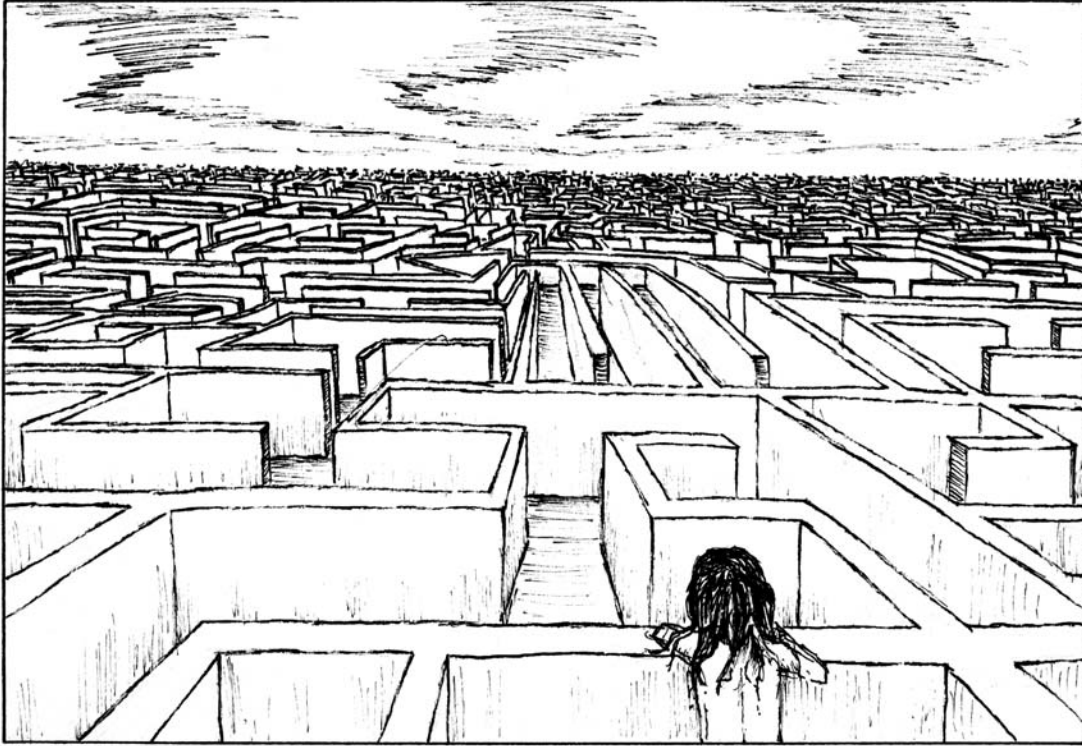
You're still up, no?

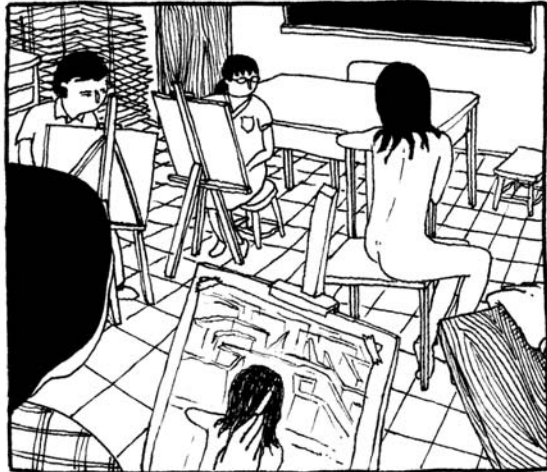
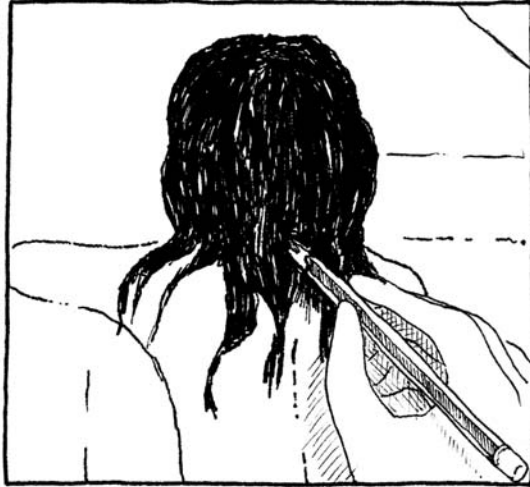


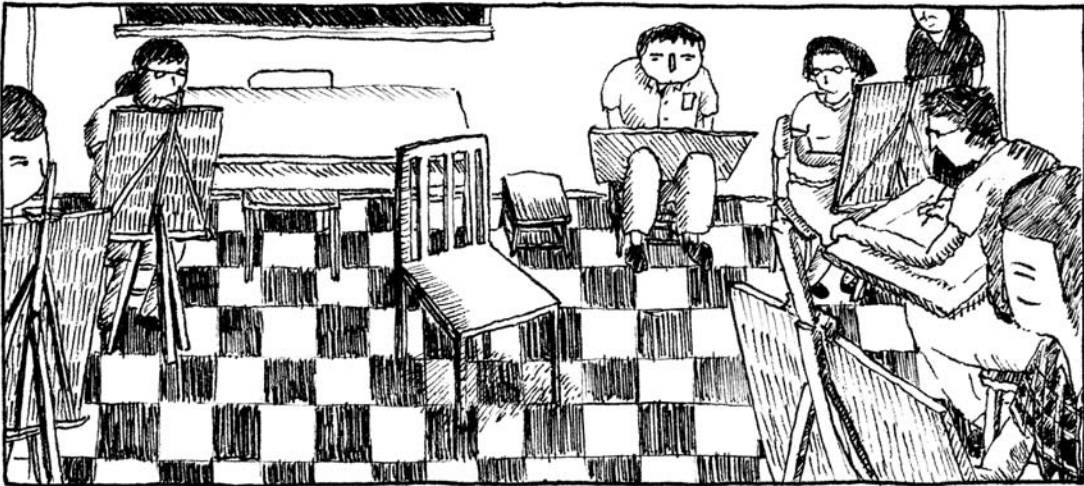
Summer

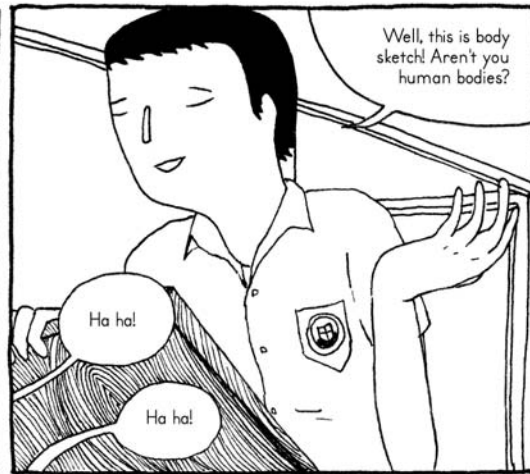


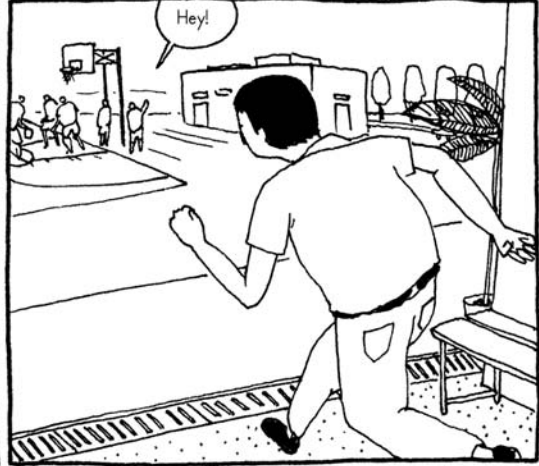
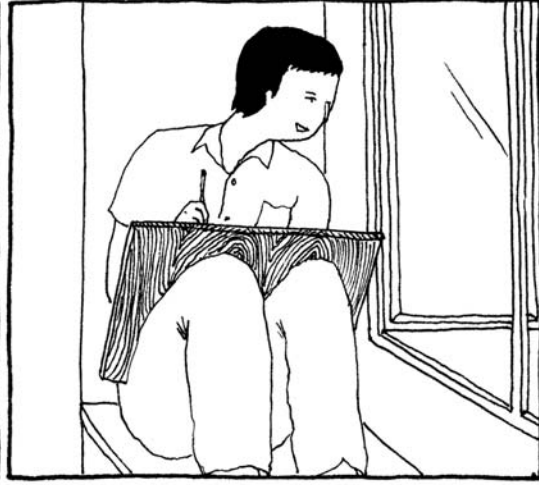
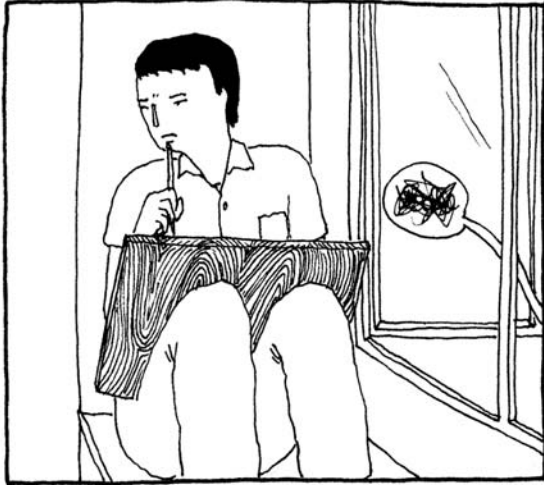


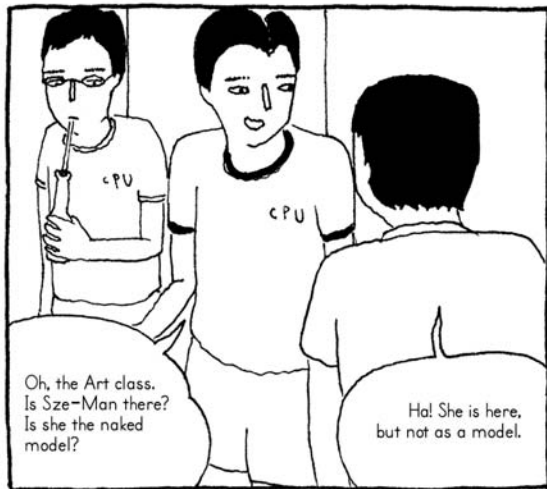






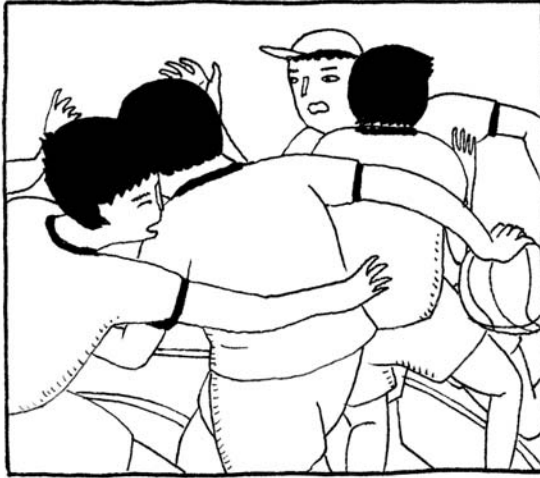


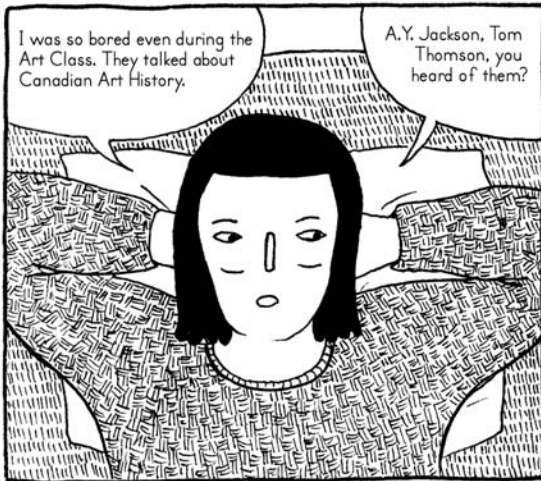
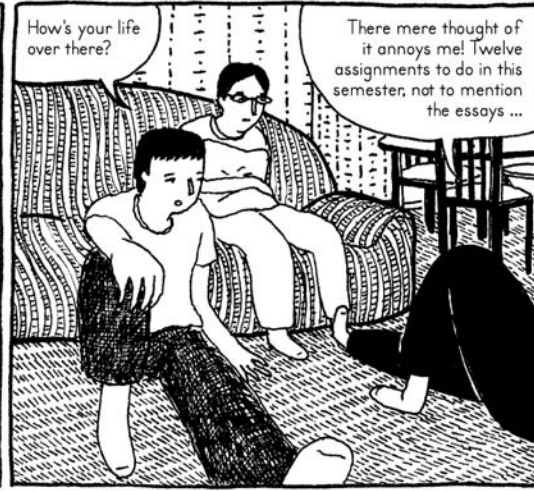


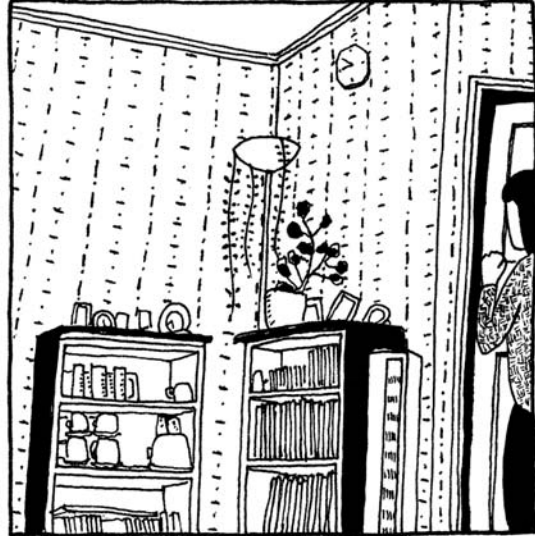
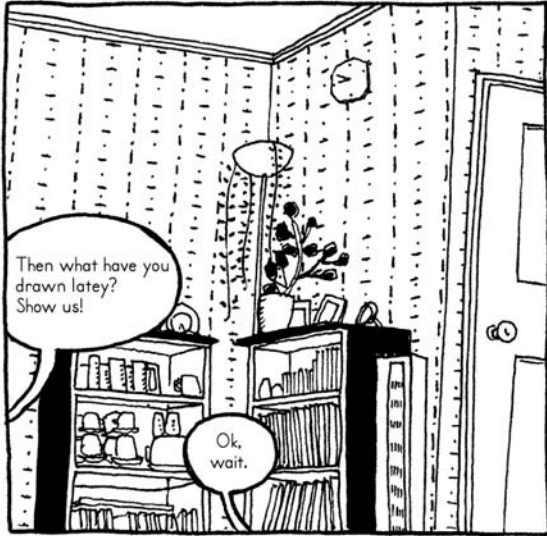






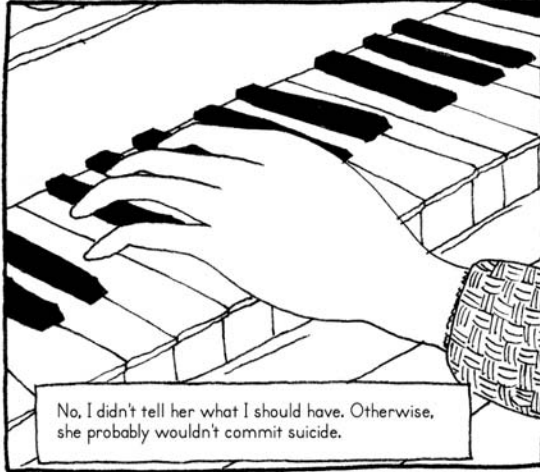




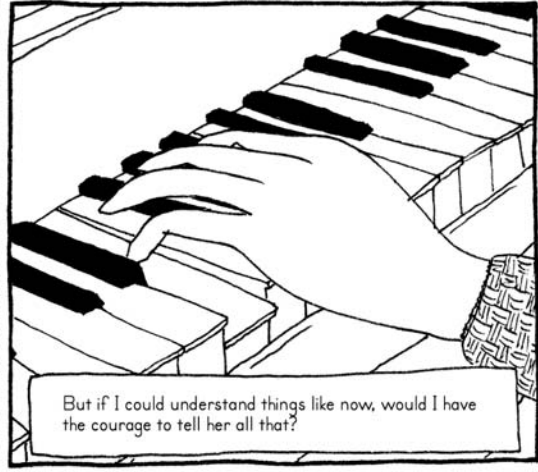




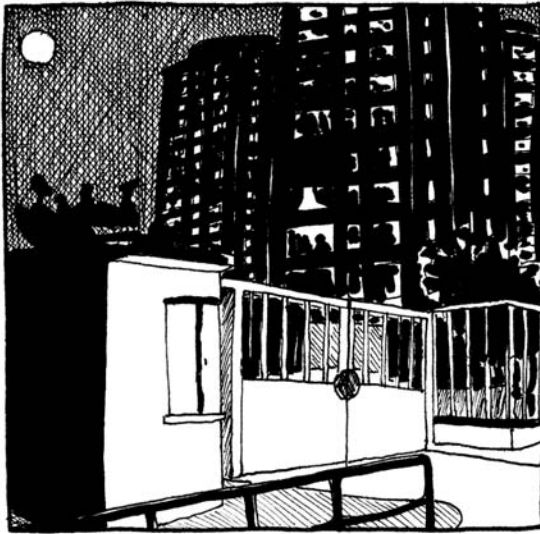




No, I didn't tell her what I should have. Otherwise, she probably wouldn't commit suicide.



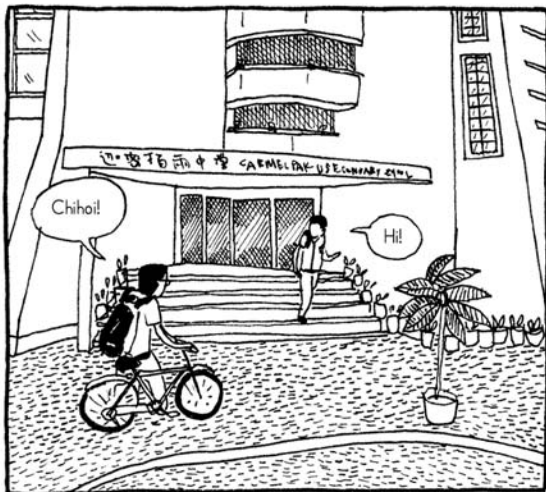
But if I could understand things like now, would I have the courage to tell her all that?

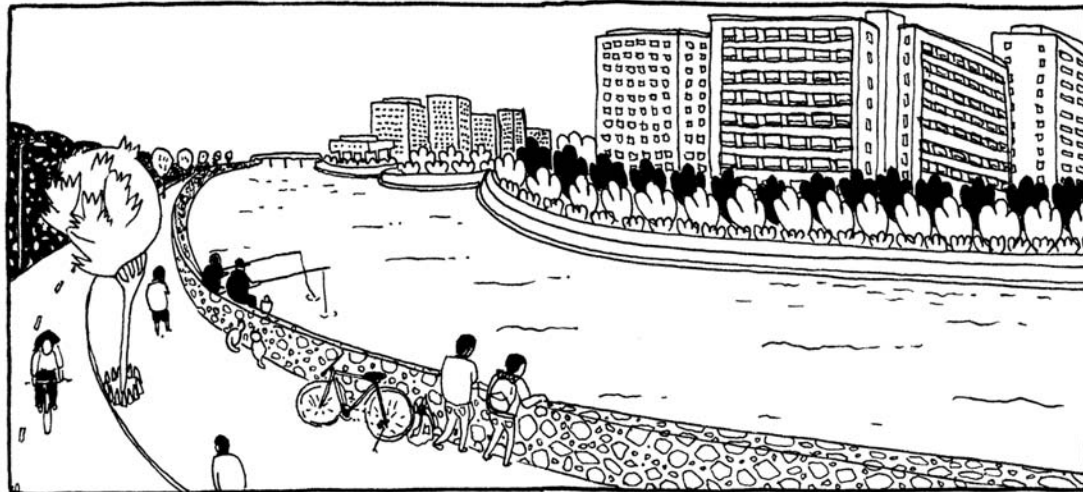
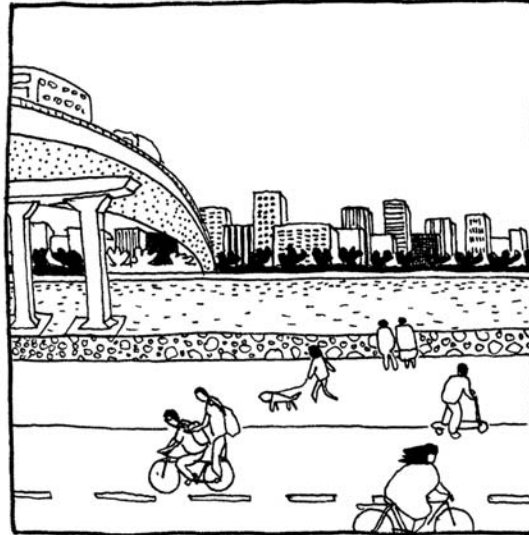
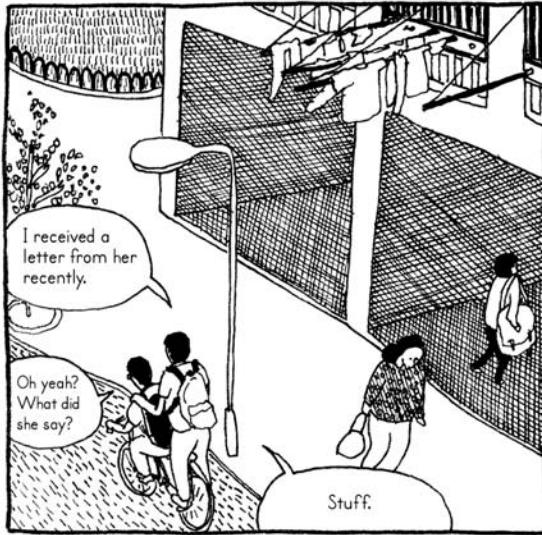


She went back to Canada a few days later, by then I received her letters from time to time.

"Today, I successfully made my first decent meal. Rice (freshly-steamed from the cooker), stir-fried celery with chicken and sausages, pork chops with baked beans and sausages. Um, yummy. But I'm going to make them several portions - I can't spend too much time on cooking, as I am preparing for the exams.

And there're assignments to hand in after the exams. It bothers me when I think of it. I am writing an essay on William Wordsworth and I will have to read his poems in class, but I know nothing about him. What am I to do?"

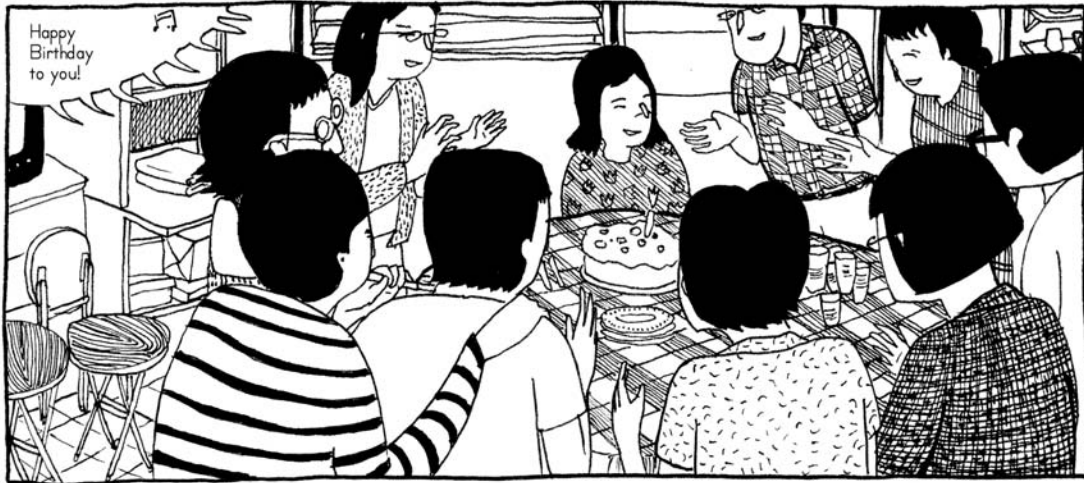


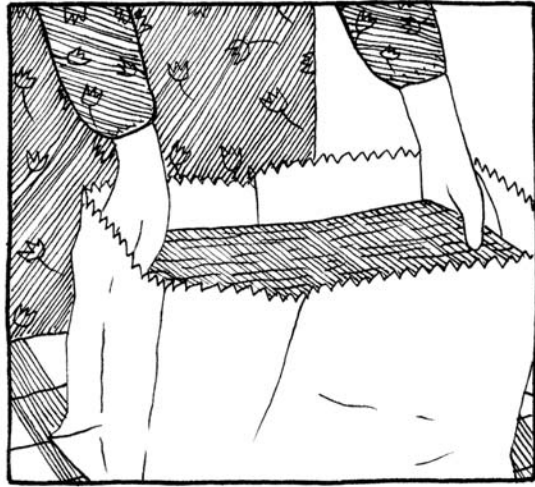
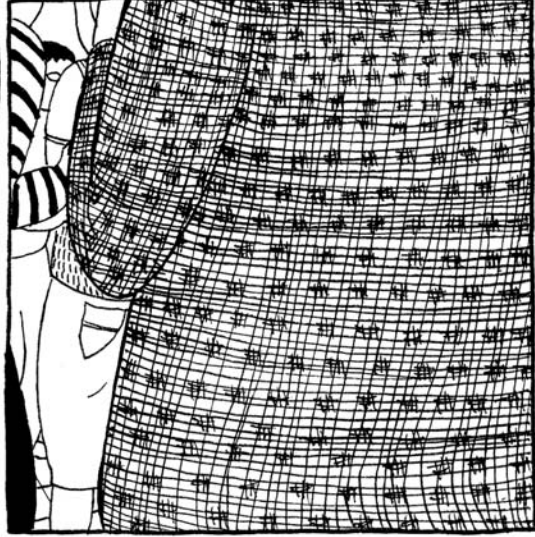
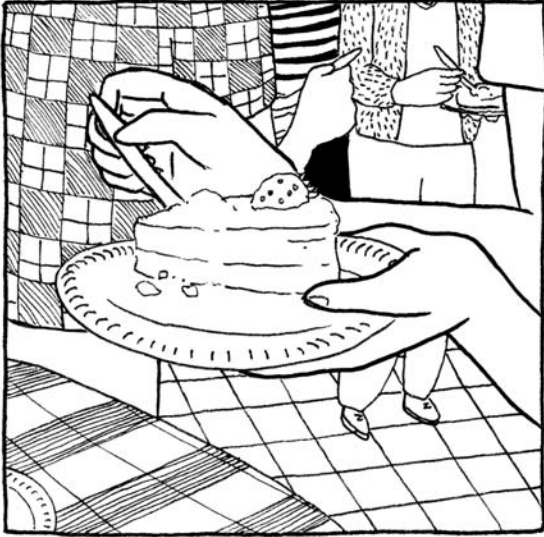




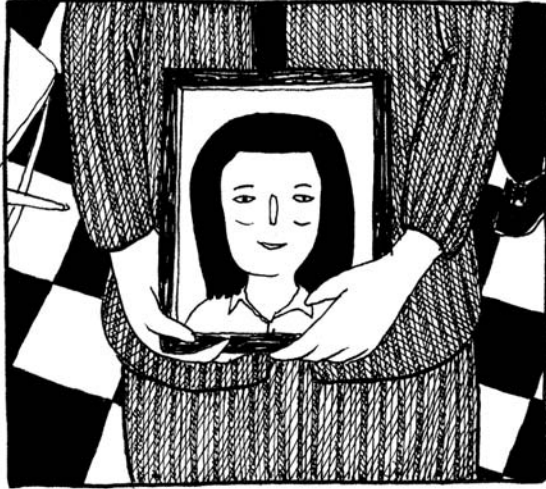
"My cousin hasn't been home for dinner lately. I make dinner for myself. I feel comfortable, happy and free, rather than lonely. Everyday after school, I cook, I eat, I shower, and then I go back to my own room and do my own things. The place might be small but I feel much at home. I don't need to see people, and the other people can't see me.

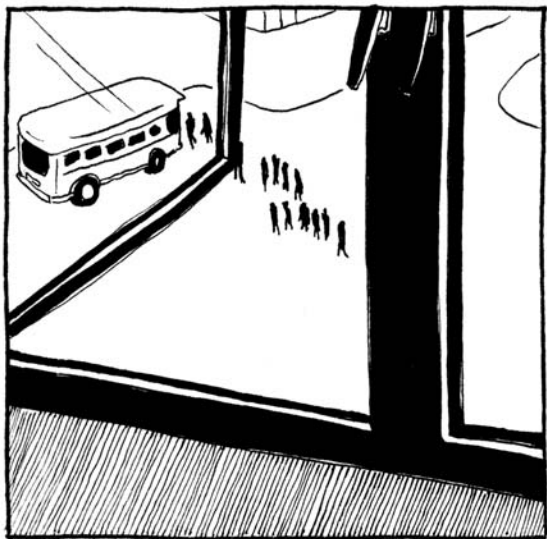
I'm performing on Monday night. I'm very nervous, I feel like I'm representing Hong Kong to perform in front of the foreigners. It's been more than six months since I last practised. I've been practising it for seven weeks, but it still doesn't sound right and it worries me. I'm afraid I can only strike the keys accurately, without relating to the piece. There's only sound, but no involvement. Impossible, impossible!"



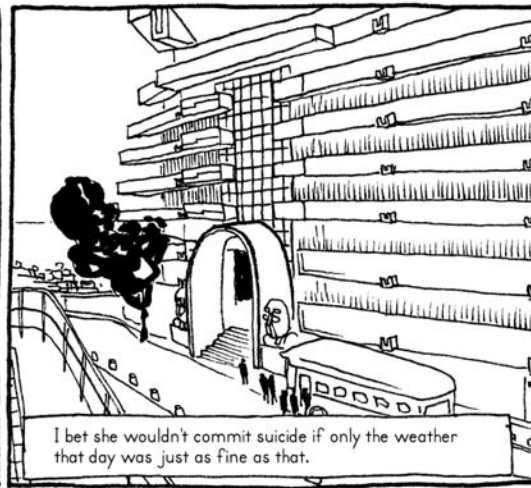




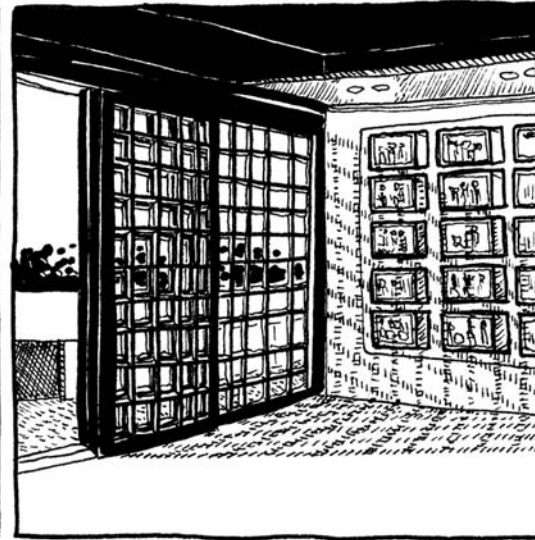
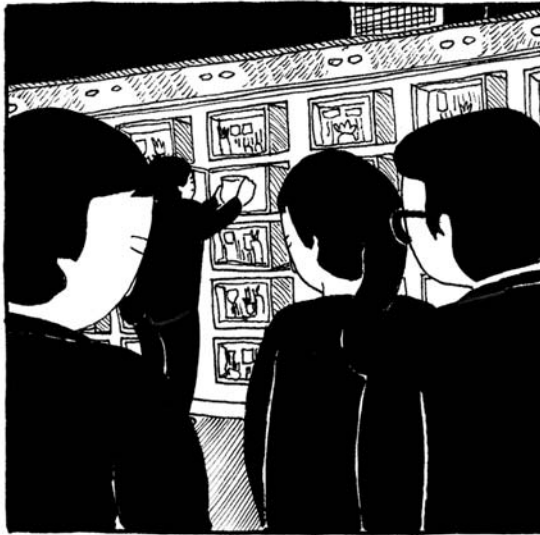
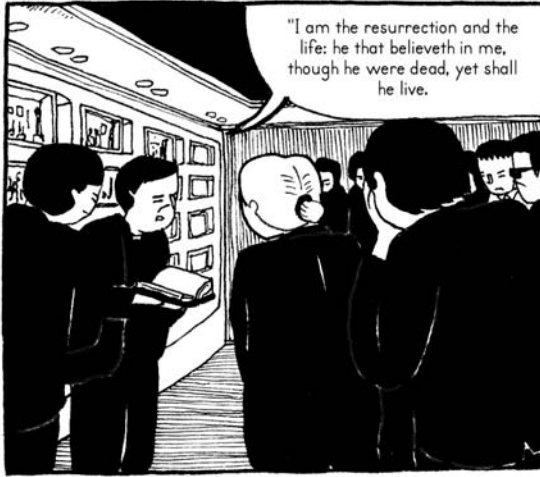


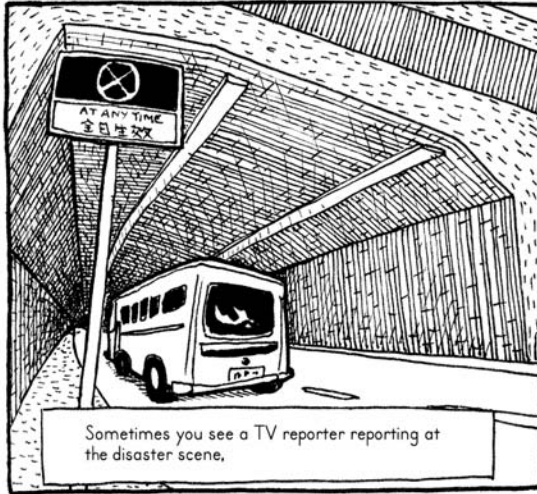


The weather during Sze-Man's burial was so fine that it made everyone uncomfortable.

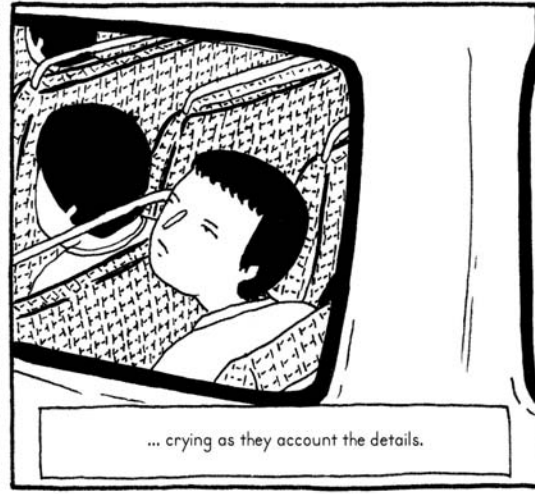


I bet she wouldn't commit suicide if only the weather that day was just as fine as that.

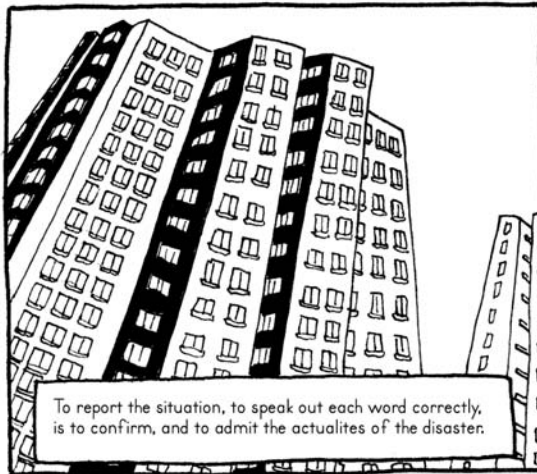




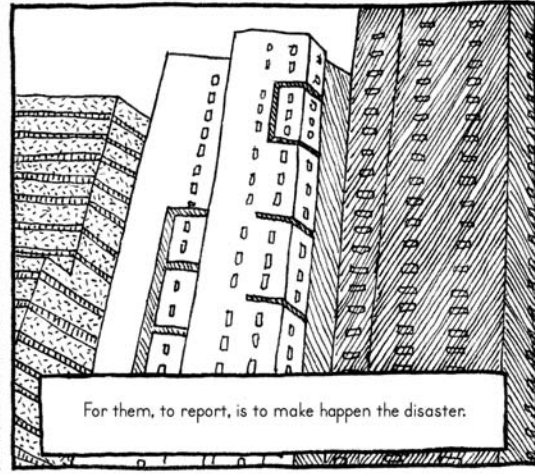
Sometimes you see a TV reporter reporting at the disaster scene,



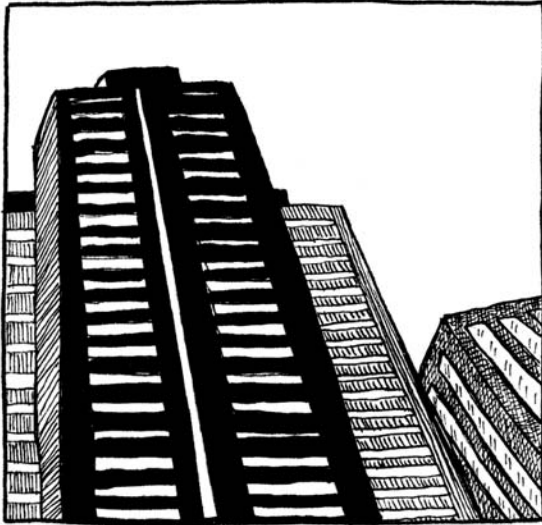
... crying as they account the details.



To report the situation, to speak out each word correctly, is to confirm, and to admit the actualities of the disaster.

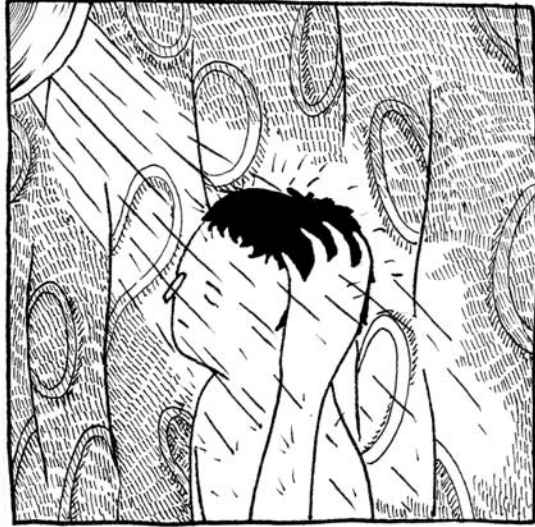
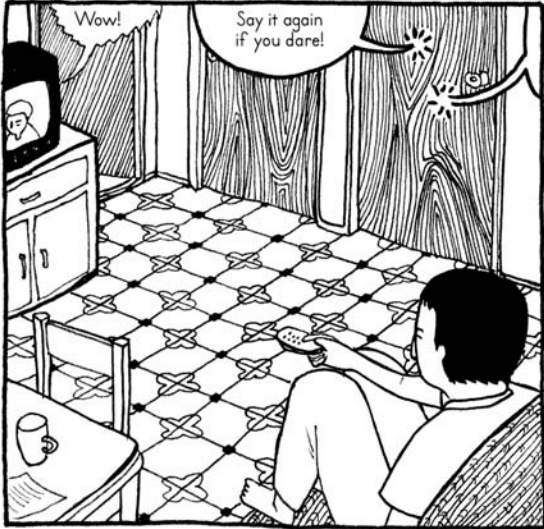


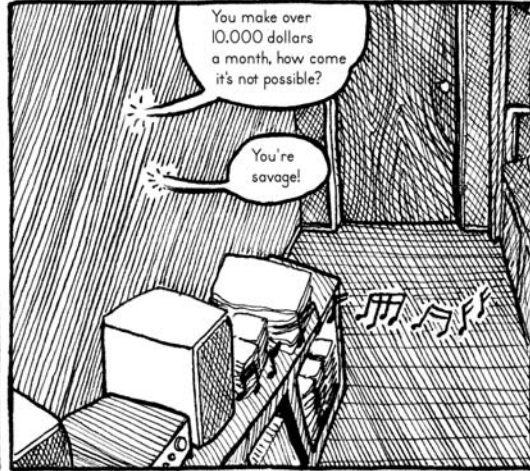
For them, to report, is to make happen the disaster.



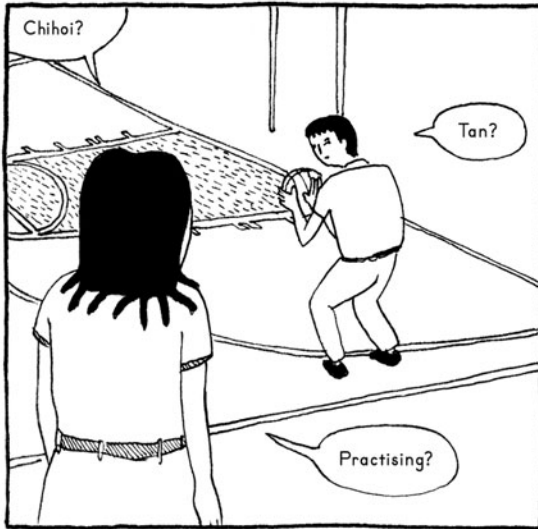


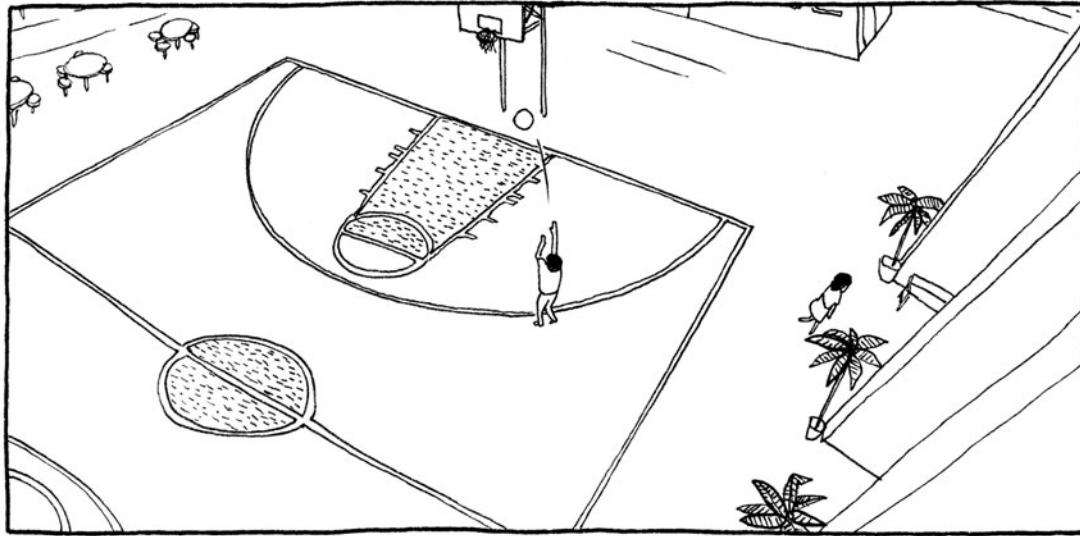
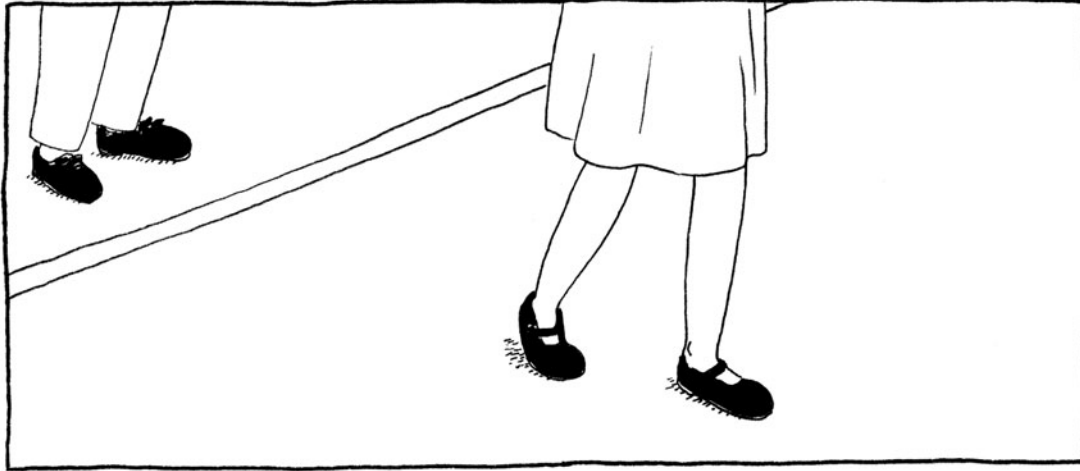


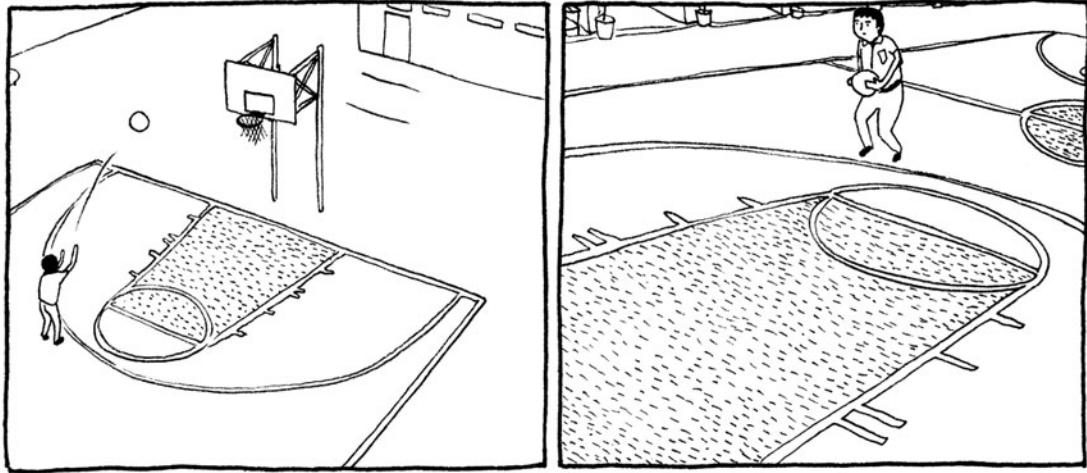
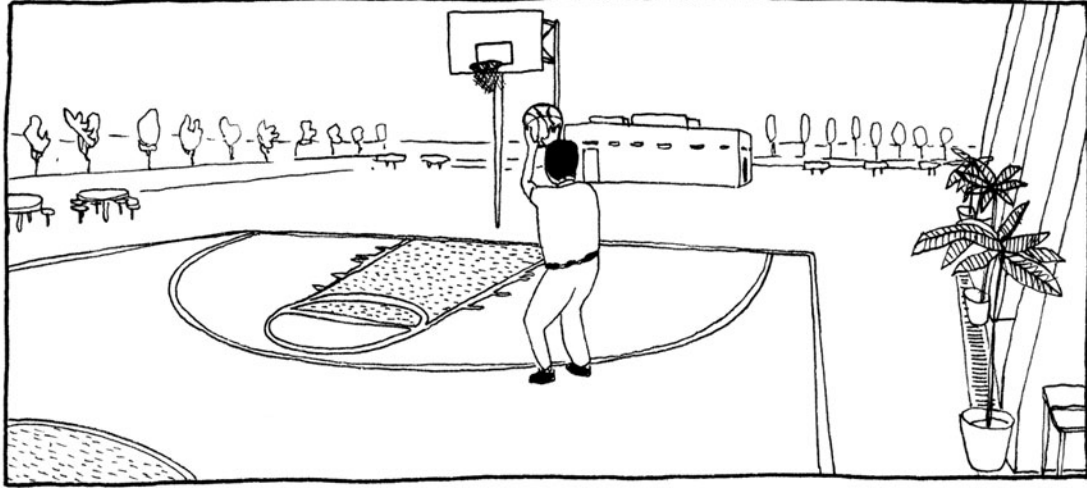




"It's already mid-night when I got home. The moment I quieted down I started to cry. My head's aching, I took a couple of tablets. They're all asleep. I couldn't cry out loud but hear my own weep. I turned on the lamp, and saw my ugly face in the mirror. I miss my family. I miss him. I miss you all. If I were the only child, I would be able to stay in Hong Kong. If I were the only child, I could go back to Hong Kong anytime I want. If I were the only child, I could do anything and no one would say a word. If I were the only child, I would ... but this is out of question."







Translation: Yuanna Hui, Chihoi Lee

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