



...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.



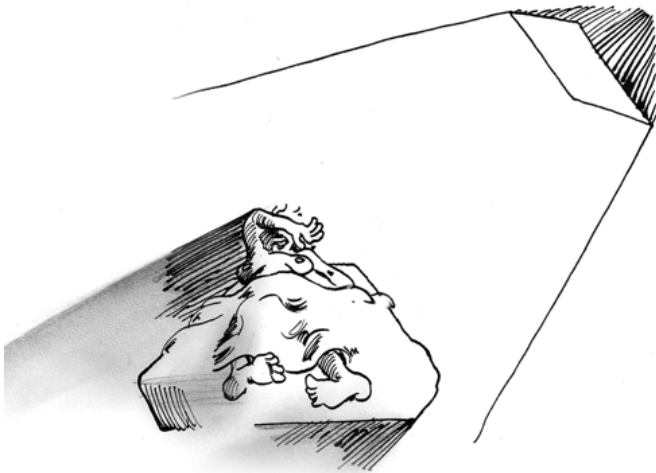
SHE SWORE SHE SAW
A HAND
REACHING TOWARDS
HER BED...



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...



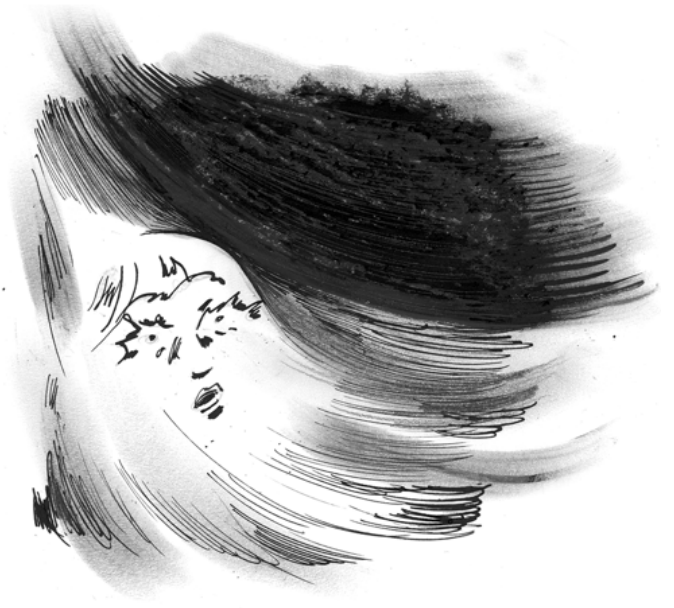
LET ME TELL YOU
SOME..



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.



P.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.