



























of not blinking for minutes on end and displaying remarkable confidence before the camera. That woman was not me.

Suddenly I had a hunch that upon finding my mother's body, a wreck in a pool of blood, my brother had been no less impressed to find her face still intact. The dozen years building his career in Sài Gòn had given him ample opportunities to put various scripts into production (of which the elevator inauguration was on the modest side) and turned him into a shrewd director. He must have cast aside whatever emotion in his heart and immediately sketched in his head a script worthy of the opportunity presented to him. How promptly and exactly he must have acted, to commission a large glass coffin and have it shipped all the way from Singapore to Sài Gòn. And all in seven days, surely a record.

**SAMPLE**