



TIAN,
HAVE I TOLD
YOU ABOUT MY
GRANDFATHER?

HE LIVED
TO 97 YEARS OLD.



GOOD LIFE,
RIGHT?

EXCEPT HIS
FAMILY WAS
JUST WAITING
FOR ONE
THING :
FOR HIM TO
DIE.

SO THEY
DIDN'T FEED
HIM.



EVERY TIME I
SPOKE TO HIM,
MY MOTHER
SCREAMED AT
ME :

"STOP IT! IF
NOBODY SPEAKS
TO HIM, HE'LL
FINALLY END UP
DYING."

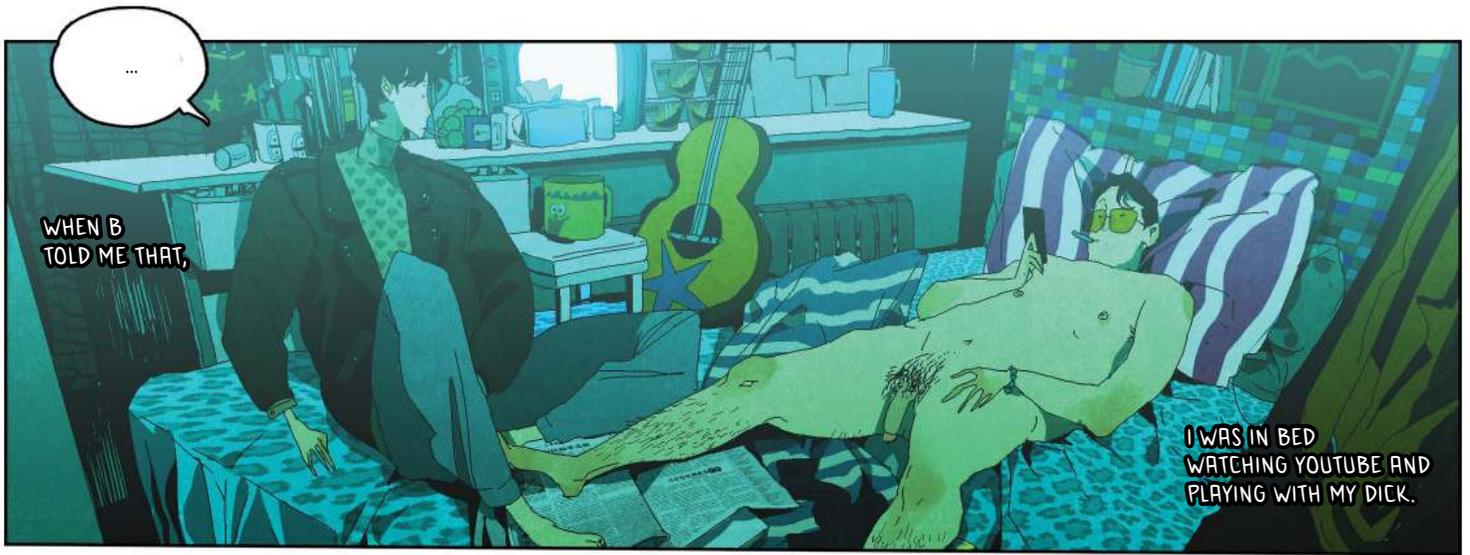
CRAZY...



THE OLD MAN
DIDN'T HAVE MANY
OPTIONS. HE SPEND
ALL DAY IN HIS BED
YELLING :
" I'M HUNGRY,
I'M HUNGRY!"

AND THEN,

LAST SPRING, HE
DIED OF HUNGER.





NO. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF CREATING?



STOP, I JUST NEED TO WAIT FOR MY MOMENT.

I'M AN ARTIST. THE NEXT ANG LEE.



AND CREATING AN ACCOUNT ON HUAJIRO.
YOU'LL BE A BIG HIT THERE.



PFFT, WHATEVER.
WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH WITH THAT?

GET A REAL JOB.



ANG LEE, YEAH RIGHT...
YOU'RE BETTER OFF GETTING A SEX CHANGE.



I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THOSE THINGS...

IT'S SIMPLE :
JUST FILM YOURSELF SINGING "PRAISE PUBES", YOU'LL DEFINITELY DO BETTER THAN THE HERPES' LEAD SINGER.



TO THINK THAT A FEW MONTHS AGO, RIGHT HERE, WE SLEPT TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME.

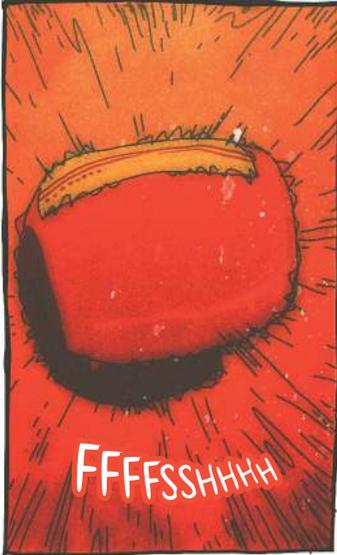


POW POW POW POW POW

WE WERE SO DRUNK THAT I ALMOST DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING.

I JUST REMEMBER THAT IT WAS INTENSE.

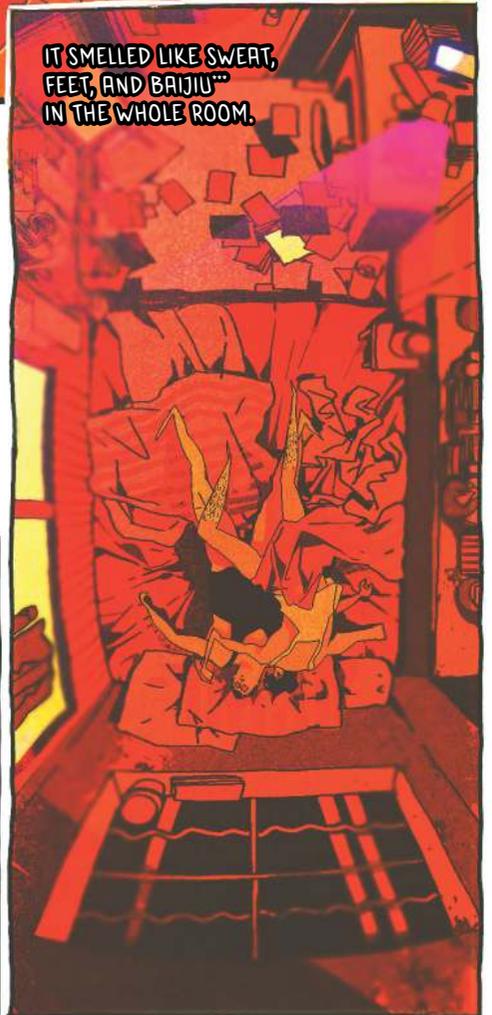
A BIT LIKE WE REPLAYED THE THE BEST WBO FIGHT EVER**.



FFFFSSHAAA



POW



IT SMELLED LIKE SWEAT, FEET, AND BAIJIU*** IN THE WHOLE ROOM.



WE FOUGHT WITH FURY, OUR BODIES INTERTWINED.

** WORLD BOXING ORGANIZATION.
*** CHINESE BRANDY.