WONG YONG & ZHU CHEN

with
more
new characters
coming
in this issue
BITTER MELON
See, you look rich… what do you want to eat? Here is the menu.
You want something spicy, oh, not too spicy... (you must love Cantonese food, shit, I like spicy things),
how about Longhorn Ribeye with Red Wine & Black Pepper Oil?
How much is that? Is that Chinese food? It’s a Chinese restaurant.
(So many questions...) 80oz before cooking. That a creation. Yes, it’s Shanghainese plus a little Sichuan food.
Oh... really? “Wui Wo” Pork Belly? I read it in a book. And I tried the recipe in my kitchen… See, the
video is on my phone... 4’36

(that’s interesting) Oh, you really know a lot about China. For one person, I recommend you the beef
as the chef recommended.
I’m not that hungry. And you know The Guardian, they said we British should cut our meat consumption.
And 14% of adults here thought they should eat less meat.
You know meat is not that expensive here. (really, how about lamb? People came to Papa Jones for
what? Meat!) You look rich...
I just want the Wui Wo pork belly.
That contains lots of oil, You know, we don’t use olive oil. We use soybean oil which is much cheaper.
Do you still want it as the fat of the pork and the stir frying also contribute to the fat of the whole dish?
Maybe some vegetables.
Bitter melon. Boiled in water and sauced with vinegar, sugar, soy sauce. That could balance the fat
dish.
Ok, what is bitter melon?
Not European vegetables. It’s a tropical veg largely consumed in Asia, containing nothing.
So I should pay nothing for that...
(shit.) Yes, Wui Wu pork belly, bitter melon. Your meal will be ready in 10 minutes.
(Why are you touching me?)
I see dust on your suit. Do you need dry cleaning? Very good and we could deliver your coat back
before you need it. And we now do half price. Oh, I’m so clumsy. Sorry sir, you must take off your coat
and let us clean it.
It’s that my fault or your fault...)
Oh, your Armani, let me help you to take it off and hang it on the hooks. Don’t make oil on your cloths,
here is the tissue which is two pounds.
Billy Yin

Billy Yin got very drunk after a dinner with some friends. They told him he could drink like the Tianchi, a glacier lake in Tianshan mountain. Actually, he was high after two shots, and couldn't sleep because of vomiting and stomach ache after five shots. Hours later, he found himself in the middle of desert and no one was around.

He needed a bottle of Sprite as it was in the ad. He wanted to jump into the sands like jumping into a swimming pool. No, he found himself the clearest moment in his life: he needed insurance and rescue service from a fortune 500 company, might called Allianz or something, French company.

He had nearly vomited all the things in his stomach and things he tried to eat to balance the alcohol. Grains could work but not more liquid. It was bitter, it was from his body. He doubted if he could pass this all by himself. It's the side effects of drinking that made him nearer to death, not the crime of throwing him into the middle of desert.

After hours of lying there communicating with stars, one after another, he managed to sit straight. He needed water. Then he needed a shelter. There was no water in the middle of Chile's south most mountain region. There were pumas around in daybreak. They were sleeping. He silently passed them without waking up them. Winds were dry. Horses were running. It's hard to tame them. He was not far from a road and with the road, there was a water tunnel like those you could see in Beijing from Miyun dam with signs 'no swimming'.

He dared not to get any closer as from his experience these tunnels could be deep and he could not swim. Houses were abandoned. He got into one but, the walls were damaged. Penguins moved into his sight, one, two, three, thousands of them. They rubbed their bellies with the sands.

Billy Yin was half robot so he thought he could survive without food and if the internet was still connected, he must have been located and known about his situations. So he chose to stay inside the damaged house with nothing for a while to see if someone would come. Silence, silence, still silence. With no tools he could see in Beijing from Miyun dam with signs 'no swimming'.

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He dared not to get any closer as from his experience these tunnels could be deep and he could not swim. He found a tap. He opened it and water was running. He then found his clothes were tore and he was dripping every second. His fingers were of no battery so both the keyboard one and the pen one could not move at all. He must have stayed without fuel for three days and that was the limit when his robot part began to not work well with his bio part. He might get exploded if the sun would keep being hot like that.

His bio part began to function by itself. He wanted to rub himself to make some sperm. It was very urgent. His fingers didn't work. He couldn't let it cool down itself. He began to cough and vomit again, which spoiled the fun and his penis looked small and weak like it should be being in a car chasing.

He found a tap. He opened it and water was running. He then found his clothes were tore and dirty. Mosquitos and insects were all around. He took off all his clothes and soaked them in a cooking pot with water.

A police stopped by. He asked all the things and found him clean clothes. Then he called Billy's landlord who was on a vacation to an island. Free Chilean food cooked by the police's wife.

Billy Yin was still having the hope he could be repaired. He tried all the stores for the energy he needed to restart his machine part. He couldn't breath and the steel, plastic, metal things full of wires and chips were not nice to carry if they were like bricks. He had passed the three days limitation of no fuel. His machine part could not be restarted. He phoned Dr Wong from Siemens. Dr Wong said, think, no panic. If half of you are not functioning, you still have another half. Your brain is off, you still have a heart. As long as it beats, you could not die. Vampires slept during day and eat humans during nights. You could be a night comer instead of a day traveler. You chose yourself again as you had wished to be a robot last time. Pray, hope, wish for it harder and it will come true.

I want to be an Iron man. Billy Yin said. I don't want a heart. I want an energy source that would not die.

No, you can't. You need a human brain to manage a body like that. Your little miserable life will end and eternality will come to you. While, not all people could bear the limitations of living in the dark. Your weakest point will be noon time. You have to sleep with soil in a coffin. Do you really want to go against the nature again? It is cursed.

What's the difference? I had always been sleepless and lonely in one morning after another. Oh… when I went back to China you need to ask for night shifts and stick with only night shifts. You need to kill yourself to announce your physical death and stopped using your ID. There are professional people hunting vampires, so you can't be caught. You will be chased till the end of you day, which would be an endless narrow road. Long life for centuries would be very lonely. You will like pandas watching humans born and die. We will look like insects and flies in your eyes.

Give me salty water. Leave me if you can. Radios were playing songs by anonymous singers. A home high on the mountains…

Billy Yin suddenly noticed that when he woke up in the middle of the dessert, he communicated with stars which were at times covered by clouds pushed by harsh winds, like a shuttle bus with light off moving in a midnight airport with orange lights, passing one street lights and another when it moved on highway between terminals. Life is short. We kill ourselves in thousands of ways. Watching so many lives passing by in our life is sometimes like walking through the valley of death, a long narrow path. Only me could live forever. Billy Yin thought like this when he jumped from the highest tower in Shanghai and hallucinating that his dead mother was around. Vampires could jump, run, and fake death. He slept for another few hours in the hospital. Dr Wong picked him up. From the time he decided to be affected and share blood with a bunch of AIDS patients, he had months left. Back to China, he bought a life insurance and left a letter suing his company for inhuman use of employees. He then technically killed himself. Dr Wong, with a cloth that covered himself fully, burnt Billy Yin in his lab. Siemens destroyed Billy Yin to hide a failure in its experiment.
In Kaiping, Ken Hom and his family are cooking together to celebrate his homecoming. Ken joins his cousin in the kitchen to make his signature dish; sweet and sour goose, and prepares a bitter melon and black bean sauce. The final feast is enjoyed by all the family!

Bitter melon has two famous versions in movies. One is in Words of gardens when the boy cooked bitter melon, tomato and noodles. The other one might be quite familiar with Chinese audience when Taiwanese singer and song writer cooked in his first directed movie.

I don’t know how to make cool dishes. While, for vegetables like this, which requires to take the seeds off with a spoon, I could do pumpkins.

Salted duck egg yolk with pumpkins

Mr Muffin Tin got the Swedish passport years ago. Every popular music was from Sweden. Mr Muffin Tin was in Air and auto. He liked pop music himself when he was prostituting, he always turned pop music on while in his daily life, he always sang main stream Chinese songs.

He got along with prostitutes quite well. People with great ability in science always have a big appetite. People think like this. Rumors spread like this. While for Mr Muffin Tin, he was very cautious with his private life as during the Cultural Revolution, he could be hardly treated well as his father was a KMT officer who fled to Taiwan.

He got the job in public restaurants with a very good luck. Or else he could not pass the days of being angry towards by other people just by staying at home. Then he shut himself in research and a very careful life as people in academic are easier to be get angry with by other people.

Miss Lin was an IELTS teacher in Beijing. She was not a teacher but an assistant to the examiners. After five years in the position, she received a call one day which told her that she had been chosen by Kent University to be a librarian. She was cooking in her kitchen black beans, peppers and bitter melon to for her high school sister. She had never been abroad. She studied French in a Beijing school and never though she could talk to a real French in her life.

Five years after the call, she bought a house in Manchester and was a waitress or hostess or associator in a restaurant in Kent’s countryside.

In the second call of the job interview, the school that they thought she had done a great job for British Council and they asked how much money she had saved. She answered 50000. They said that would not be enough. So they offered her a loan and said the job’s pay would be 5000 GBP per month which could give her a comfortable life and pay back the loan in three months.

Then in the next part, she got all the documents she needed and went on to a five year long contact with Kent University in Kent, leaving her sister and mother and dad.

Mr Fu was in politics as they said. He arrived in Switzerland safely after a scandal. He got no money and no friend. He went in to a hostel in Alps. Mr Muffin Tin just had gay sex with a French man. Mr Muffin Tin had a 50 year old son stuck in China on a big commercial building project.

He felt empowered and excited as a brand new car. He had been afraid all his life. He should not be afraid any longer. The hotel was just a block away from the hostel. It was Christmas. Mr Fu was calling everyone he knew in the country to help him. No one would answer him. A Spanish roommate just from street the night before was to touch him. Mr Fu was shy about this sort of thing. But he was also curious. So he asked the Spanish for a smoke and a night out together in a club where he got his hands all on the Spanish. Then on the second day, they rented a house and split the bills.

The French man was naked on the sofa. Mr Muffin Tin got out to buy some milk before local supermarket was closed. He would be an invited lecture in Kent University in spring. So he decided to learn French well with this French boy who was 19 years old till Spring comes. He would carry him around Switzerland where he had been to several times. He would mate him when he was willing or not. He picked the man from Paris’s street and could actually treat him as a slave, but he had other intentions.

Hopefully in Spring the young French would have been pregnant and bring the young kids by
He was driving on the highway. There was news saying that Russia was closing pipe line again to Wales. People owning a gas heater at home said they would run out of gas. He got really drunk. Mum always said, men, they had to work to feed us. When he waved his fists to his father, he was drunk. Mum always said, men, they had to work to feed us. When he waved his fists to his father, he was drunk.

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Mr Muffin was in Ningbo to attend church and find a club called Sanctuary, a place where foreigners in the city gathered for music and drinks. Sanctuary was not an open club and didn't have seats outside. He found that despite low payment as law that 3000 renminbi per month, foreign teachers were still willing to work here. To build Tantara, something in the hell, he had to invite something holy. While, he found that a big whole in this country he had been in for nearly 50 years. People in Ningbo like a few sculptures in their buildings. He asked to make one of Jesus's and one of Mary's. He got the two and prepared to transport them to the sites far away in central China's mountain regions. The sculptures were not that good. They actually looked like anyone on the street. When the UPS guy asked him what were these as laws said this and that, he answered he was student in art school and these are his works. After a night's transportation, they were damaged when arrived. Mr Muffin ordered two from Italy online. He used UPS again and the shipping guy was the Welsh man. With UPS, he had a lot of stories to share in return. He told him that UPS guy was the Welsh man. He took him a month to ensure he slept with them as Mr Muffin requested. Then when he arrived the border control near Pudong airport, got into another trunk with the goods, he was told he needed a local driving license. Mr Muffin gave him a fake one.

He could get the Chinese girl's genitals out of his head. He opened and closed, opened and closed, it opened and closed, it opened and closed, it opened and closed. Mr Muffin was in Ningbo to attend church and find a club called Sanctuary, a place where foreigners in the city gathered for music and drinks. Sanctuary was not an open club and didn't have seats outside. He found that despite low payment as law that 3000 renminbi per month, foreign teachers were still willing to work here. To build Tantara, something in the hell, he had to invite something holy. While, he found that a big whole in this country he had been in for nearly 50 years. People in Ningbo like a few sculptures in their buildings. He asked to make one of Jesus's and one of Mary's. He got the two and prepared to transport them to the sites far away in central China's mountain regions. The sculptures were not that good. They actually looked like anyone on the street. When the UPS guy asked him what were these as laws said this and that, he answered he was student in art school and these are his works. After a night's transportation, they were damaged when arrived. Mr Muffin ordered two from Italy online. He used UPS again and the shipping guy was the Welsh man. With UPS, he had a lot of stories to share in return. He told him that UPS guy was the Welsh man. He took him a month to ensure he slept with them as Mr Muffin requested. Then when he arrived the border control near Pudong airport, got into another trunk with the goods, he was told he needed a local driving license. Mr Muffin gave him a fake one.

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