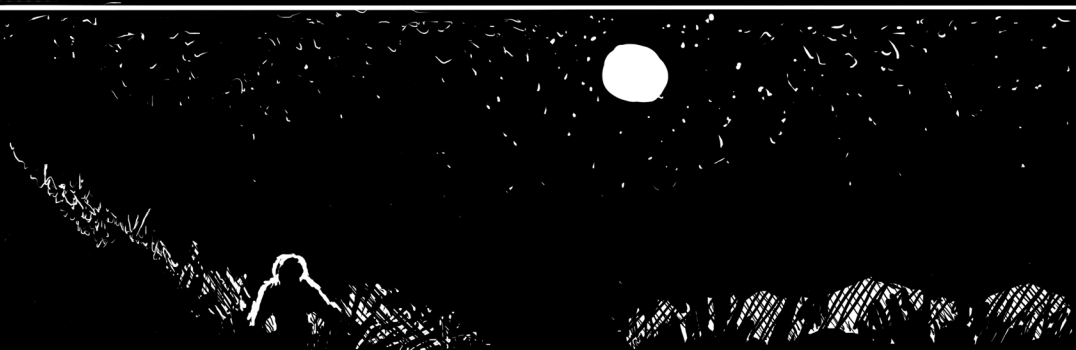
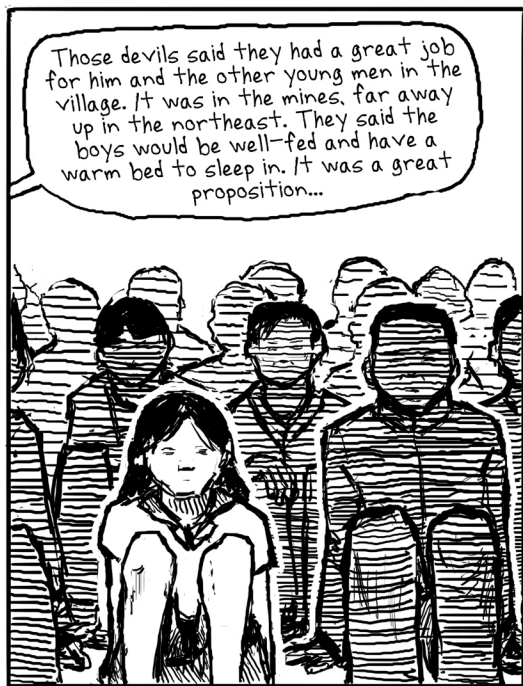


What Haunts Us

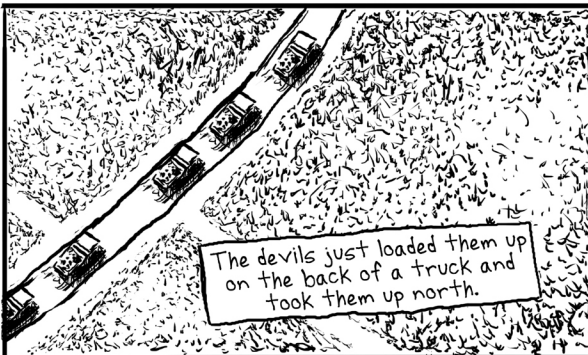
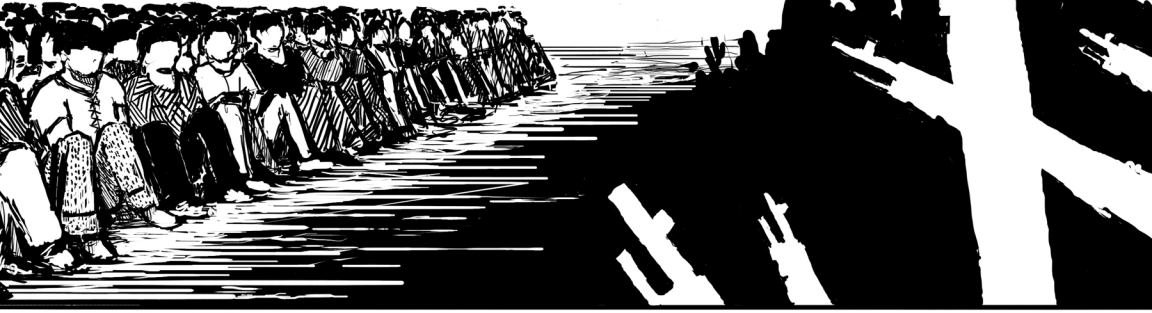
Written by Julia Wang
Illustrated by Erik Thurman





...and they'd shoot anyone that refused it.

They rounded up so many of our young men. Didn't matter if we needed those boys on the farms.



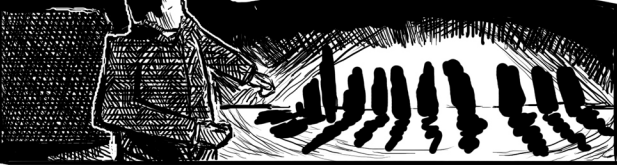
The devils just loaded them up on the back of a truck and took them up north.



Your uncle was a smart man, though quick-thinking and fast, and he can be as quiet as a ghost.



At night time, while the devils drank...



...he ducked into the fields and ran away.



He said there were other people
with him in that house.

Thousands and millions of people.

There were also demons watching them, tearing
children out of mothers' stomachs.

Leaving families broken
without their sons.

I'm sorry. I shouldn't tell you these
things. It might give you nightmares.





These fever dreams went on even after your uncle made it home. The village doctor gave him many herbs, but he still died.



It was the house. The curse that got him.



But Grandma, you know curses can't kill anybody. Chairman Mao tells us that curses and ghosts and things aren't real!

I know what the Party says, and maybe they're right.

It doesn't matter much either way.



My Xiao-Er is not coming back.

Grandma?

Yes?



What else happened to big uncle?

END