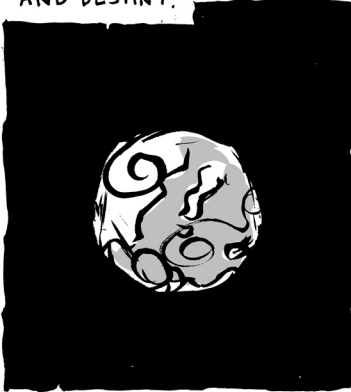


IF HUNDRED YEARS—IN
THIS LIFE SPAN ON EARTH
HOW APT TO CLASH, TALENT
AND DESTINY!



MEN'S FORTUNES CHANGE
EVEN AS NATURE SHIFTS—
THE SEA NOW ROLLS WHERE
MULBERRY FIELDS GREW.



ONE WATCHES THINGS THAT
MAKE ONE SICK AT HEART,



THIS IS THE LAW; NO
GAIN WITHOUT A LOSS,
AND HEAVEN HURTS FAIR
WOMEN FOR SHEER SPITE.



The Tale of Kieu

BY NGUYEN DU
TRANSLATED BY HUYNH
SANH THONG, ADAPTED FOR
COMICS BY JONATHAN HILL

IN THE VUONG CLAN
THERE WAS AN ALDERMAN
OF MODEST WEALTH AND
STATION IN THE WORLD.



HE HAD A LAST-BORN SON,
VUONG QUAN—HIS HOPE
TO CARRY ON A LINE OF
LEARNED FOLK.



TWO GIRLS, BOTH BEAUTIFUL,
HAD COME BEFORE:
THUY KIEU, THE ELDER,
THE YOUNGER THUY VAN.



IN DIGNITY, VAN WAS BEYOND
COMPARE—



HER FACE A MOON, HER
EYEBROWS TWO FULL CURVES,
HER SMILE A FLOWER, HER
VOICE THE SOUND OF JADE,
HER HAIR THE SHEEN OF
CLOUDS, HER SKIN LIKE SNOW.



YET KIEU POSSESSED A
KEENER, DEEPER CHARM—
SHE EXCELLED VAN IN
TALENT AND IN LOOKS.



HER EYES WERE AUTUMN
STREAMS, HER BROWS
SPRING HILLS. THE FLOWERS
AND WILLOWS ENVIED
HER FRESH HUE.



A GLANCE OR TWO FROM
HER, AND CITIES ROCKED!



SUPREME IN LOVELINESS,
SHE HAD FEW PEERS, IN
SKILL AND ARTS. BY HEAVEN
GRACED WITH WIT, SHE
LEARNED TO RHYME AND
PAINT, AND SHE COULD SING.



SHE COMPOSED A TUNE
CALLED 'CRUEL FATE'
TO MOURN ALL WOMEN IN
SOUL-RENDING STRAINS.



NO GIRL OF GENTLE
BIRTH COULD RIVAL KIEU.

