Doan had set himself up to sketch the crowd. There was a fair that day, and he wanted to depict a country scene.

Yet lately, Doan had felt disquiet and not even the joy of drawing could settle his soul.

These drawings are fine, but they aren’t true to life.

Seeing these people, their needy state is the same as when I was a child...

I escaped poverty because I was adopted by Madame Thuong...

While I have changed, life for the peasants stays the same. Can things ever change for them?

Doan returned home, where villagers had gathered to pay off debts to his family.

Quan Cu!

Madame Thuong saw Doan as he approached.

Be our accountant today. Our secretary had to go to the city.

Yes, Madame

Doan sat down and started going through the account book.

Initially, he was pleased to see how his family had helped so many. But as he studied the accounts received, a realization stunned him. His schooling had been paid for with the money of these peasants. He had known this before but never grasped the base truth of it until now.

Later, Doan went to his studio, hoping to find solace in his art.

Am I being foolish?

The poor will always toil and be needy... is that not the way of things?

And yet... can I accept a happy life built on the wants and needs of others?

Doan was reminded of a line from one of his new books...

You must constantly tell yourself that life can be more beautiful—your life and that of others.