

Peter Ho Davies: *The Fortunes*

1. “Ling was always adding to his modest (if also profane) vocabulary picked up around the flower boat’s customers....Ling wasn’t so sure; his English seemed good to him only for understanding the epithets hurled at him by indolent boys—*Chink, heathen, Celestial, slant-eyed son of a bitch, pigtailed bastard*” (20).
2. “[When] forced to practice his English when on errands, he winced to hear other Chinese with their accented *Engrish* and *Melican*” (45); “[Ling] remembered how Uncle Ng dealt with untoward customers, giving no indication of understanding, smiling and chattering away in Chinese—insults mostly—until they threw up their hands. Ling regretted it was too late for him to take the same tack” (46).
3. “Tell him we don’t work to make him fatter!” another man, face shadowed under the brim of his hat, yelled in Chinese, to flickering applause.
 “I can’t tell him that,” Ling hissed.
 The man pushed his conical bamboo hat back off his forehead, his face opening wide like an eye beneath a lid. Ignoring Ling, he pressed on in accented but dogged English.
 “We no work for make you fat! We work for make we rich. We use mine gold, now we mine nothing. That’s what is tunnel: no-thing! We mine air only. *You* must give gold. No gold. No work.” (73-74)
4. ““I gathered up all those pinches and drifts of color until those boys were *picked clean!*’ He delivered the pun in English with a toothy grimace, and sat back teasing the hair from his mole as if to confirm his luck” (23); “Once, on the stump, Stanford had called the Chinese ‘a degraded race’ and ‘the dregs of Asia’ (Uncle Ng had liked to quote the phrase whenever they emptied their laundry tubs)...” (42).
5. “Please to convey my sincerest apologies to them, sir” (86).

Ruth Ozeki: *A Tale for the Time Being*

1. "...I don't have any memory of Japan from when I was a baby. As far as I'm concerned, my whole life started and ended in Sunnyvale, which makes me American" (43); "But we hugged and kissed because we were American, at least in our hearts" (47); "In my heart, I'm American, and I believe I have a free will and can take charge of my own destiny" (131).
2. "The letter appeared to be written in Japanese.... Ruth flipped through the letters, trying to make out the characters that were written in faded blue ink" (10); "The handwriting's old and cursive. Beautiful, but I can't read a word of it" (10).
3. "Ruth was a novelist, and novelists, Oliver asserted, should have cats and books" (11).
4. "The old homestead, one of the most beautiful places on the island, had once belonged to a Japanese family, who were forced to sell when they were interned during the war....Once Ruth heard the nickname, she stubbornly persisted in using it. As a person of Japanese ancestry, she said, she had the right, and it was important not to let New Age correctness erase the history of the island" (32).
5. "...the young Japanese wife of an oyster farmer who lived on the island" (34); "She said the handwriting's hard even for her to read, and besides her English isn't so good" (34).
6. "Okuma City wasn't very special...but it was our hometown. Now nobody can live there. Our friends, family, everybody had to evacuate. Walk out of their homes. Leave everything behind. Not even time to wash the dishes. We invited our relatives to come here. We told them Canada is safe. No guns. But they don't want to come. For them, this is not home" (233-4).
7. "She was talking in Japanese, but she used the English word, *superpower*, only when she said it, it sounded like supah-pawah. Really fast. *Supapawa*. Or more like *SUPAPAWA—!*" (176).

Jenny Zhang: *Sour Heart*

1. “What makes you happy makes Mommy happy,” she would always say to me, sometimes in Chinese, which I wasn’t so good at, but I tried for her and for my father, and when I couldn’t, I would answer them in English, which I also wasn’t so good at, but it was understood that while I could still improve in either language, my parents could not, they were on a road to nowhere, the wall was right up against them, so it was up to me to get really good, it was up to me to shine and that scared me because I wanted to stay behind with them, I didn’t want to go any further than they could go. (6-7)
2. ...my dad yelled out, “Why don’t you wipe your own assholes somewhere else because no one lives here anymore?” and my mom said, “Go eat a couple dicks for breakfast, you assmunchers,” and I said, “And wash it down with some of your own liquified shit, you specks of crap,” as if we were reading from a script. No one bothered to ask where the others had learned to talk like that. It was obvious and we knew that one day we would forget those words and only know words like, “Would you pass the caviar?” or “Could I have another bottle of that \$200 wine and yes, it’s okay to waste,” only it would be more refined, more natural, a manner of speaking we had not yet conceived and so could only crudely imagine. (31-32)
3. “...I decided to try to do the thing my parents had been pushing for all along: be less attached to them...You’ll have to harden your heart against us, my mother used to say to me. Whether you like it or not, there’ll come a time when you’ll just have to do it” (281).
4. ““You mom means the old days,”” my father said, explaining the only part of my mother’s reminiscence that was in English. I didn’t blame my mother for her verbal mishaps—she only learned English when she was thirty, and my father liked to say that she wouldn’t have learned it at all if she wasn’t born beautiful and meant to stay that way for the rest of her life” (267-8).
5. “It’s even worse over there, my father had said. It’s all reversed because their suburbs are our Brooklyn. Dou shi hei ren he a la bo ren. You won’t see many French kids in your classes, I’m guessing” (271); “I had been offended by his insinuation. They’re all French over there. It’s *France*” (271).

Alexander Chee: *How to Write an Autobiographical Novel*

1. “Twenty-two, HIV-negative, Amerasian, college-educated, and from another part of the country” (78); “Slowly I became aware that for me, a young gay writers who wanted to write...this time in the warehouse was an education I could never replicate” (100).
2. “I know this freedom looks ordinary to many, but I also know all too well that it is rare when the children of Korean immigrants are given this kind of latitude from their families to pursue the arts” (178).
3. “In 1997, when I began working for the Buckleys, I was the picture of a New York cater-waiter: five foot ten, 165 pounds, twenty-nine years old, clean-cut” (121); “The single clue that I had any future as a gardener was the long hours I spent in the woods alone, so much so that my neighborhood nickname was Nature Boy” (148).
4. “I was still discovering that this identity—any identity, really—was unreliable precisely because it was self-made” (203).