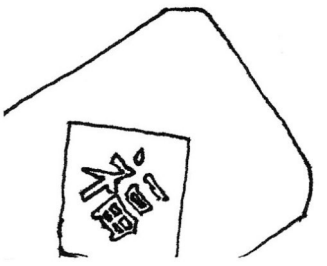


Dinner was at a restaurant. There were fourteen of us in a private room. Four generations. There was char siu, roast pork, duck, shrimp, scallops, lobster, fish maw soup (who knew maw didn't mean mouth in this case?), drumpy white mushroom, fried rice, lettuce wraps, and more. Red bean soup and the second tier of Aunt A's birthday cake from 85°C for dessert. R. and her aunt kept putting morsels on my plate.



Back at the house, I got to hold 4-month-old baby A. ☺



E. Do you like Asian guys or white guys better?

...

No. me

E. Are you dating anyone in LA?

In the kitchen...

I present the mandarins and surnames to R.'s mother. Delighted exclamations. I give Aunt A. her birthday card, and she shows everyone what I wrote in Chinese. R. tells everyone "She speaks 國語!" I keep saying my Mandarin is pretty bad, but they keep saying stuff I understand, so I don't know if they believe me.

Look how well she writes!
生日快樂!
萬事如意!

The cousins-in-law live in a house across the street from the Huntington. There's a marble staircase in the foyer. I am immediately pried with food. Aunt A. brought a suitcase of 粽子 from Minnesota. R.'s family slices them and fries them in egg.

The radish cake is very good. Have this small piece.
*not small Aunt A.

Try a little piece of 年糕!
年糕!
R's mother



Chinese New Year with the

Cousins-in-law
Vol. 2
新年快樂
余愛蓮

Happy Year of the Dog!

