

Into a Pinyin Sunrise

Nick winced as some sun went reflecting off the billboards on lower Broadway. He inexplicably feared that the wholesale dumpling house might go unseen, and he clung more tightly to the moistened business card with which his father had sent him off.

So this was the promised land? he thought. Bustling island enterprise mirrored within the lakes and riverbeds of Fujian?

“...*zh ròu tuán*. Only pork, he say. What he think – got nothin’ else to do?”

He discarded the card at once, spun dauntlessly and headed uptown. No particular course heartened Nick, at last.

Pinyin Sunrise

Nick winced as some sun went reflecting off the billboards on lower Broadway. He inexplicably feared that the address might go unfound, and he clung more tightly to the moistened piece of paper in his left hand.

So this was the promised land? he thought. Bustling island enterprise mirrored within the lakes and riverbeds of Fujian?

“...*zh ròu tuán*. Just one dumpling. What he think – got nothin’ else to do?”

He discarded the paper at once, spun dauntlessly and headed uptown. No particular course heartened Nick, at last.