

THE

# TAMAGO

STORIES

*Immerse yourself in 8 contemporary and dramatic stories that span from family drama, tragedy, inspirational, romantic comedy, crime and action, and even sci-fi. These stories feature a blend of Asian American characters from Chinese, Korean, Vietnamese, Taiwanese and Thai in a way to show them as heroes and heroines in simply astounding stories that will capture your laughs, gasps and hearts.*

## Ba-Ba

*~an excerpt*

“Hello there. What are you in the mood for tonight? A little party?” Maya said convincingly with a seductiveness that would turn most men into jello.

He simply stood his ground and looked at Maya up and down without any expression.

“A voyeur,” she thought. She had to speed along the transaction so she coyly smiled to disarm him and said, “Let me make you comfortable by taking your jacket...”

But as she took a step forward, he took a step backward and put his hand up nervously, warding her off. She stopped, taken aback by his gesture, and she coyly eased back.

“Sorry,” he uttered. But in that one word, a deep sense of shame could be felt. “I sorry to waste your time, you not her.” He placed his hand into the right front jacket pocket, and Maya instinctively placed her right hand on her earpiece and was prepared to utter something. A brown wallet came out, and he gently began to open it.

She pursed her lips, the momentary sense of caution washed away as she realized he was only getting his money ready. With his short sentence, she started to profile him. Chinese, she thought, English as a second language and not fluent. She could feel that the transaction was about to be done, and this would close the deal on what would happen next.

“You’re a man of few words, I see, but money can do the talking. What would you like, a massage?” she asked politely.

“Sorry, how much for your time?” he said quietly.

“How much time do you want? 30 minutes? 1 hour?” she answered.

“No, no time. You not her.”

A wave of confusion came over Maya. He was rejecting her, she realized. What the hell, she thought. Was she not seductively attractive to him? And what did he mean when he said, “You not her?” But she was quick on her feet, and she solicited him again, “I can be anyone you want me to be. Who do you want me to be?”

He looked at her with his sorrowful eyes as he placed a twenty-dollar bill on the dresser and simply said, “You not my daughter...”

Maya was stunned by his answer as he grabbed the doorknob. She froze for a moment until the voice in her earpiece stammered with urgency, “Is it a go?” Maya didn’t answer as the doorknob clicked and again the voice pierced through the earpiece, “Did he show any money? Do we bust him?” The door opened as the hallway light silhouetted the Asian man’s frame. She quickly placed her hand on her earpiece and said...

## Vision

*To use the power of fiction to portray  
Asian American men and women positively in the media.*



**For Book Signings & Events**

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