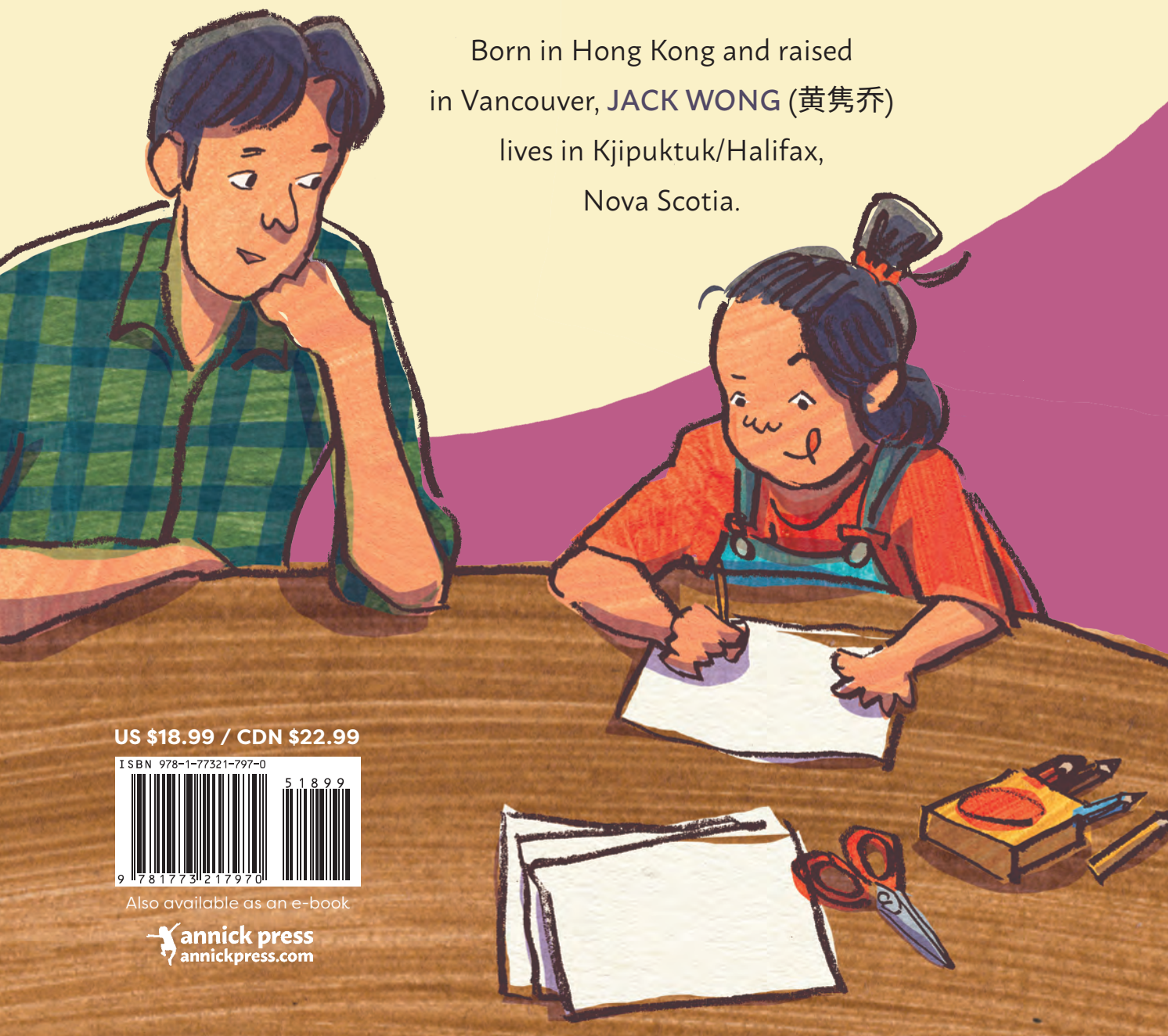


Angie is used to translating between English and Cantonese for her dad. Helping him even inspires her to start her own business, offering her translation skills to others in her neighborhood. It's a brilliant plan . . . until one of her new customers complains. To Angie's surprise, a solution is found in the most unexpected of places.

“A gift—honoring multitudes of identities, languages, and power.”

—Dane Liu, author of *Friends Are Friends, Forever*

Born in Hong Kong and raised in Vancouver, JACK WONG (黄隽乔) lives in Kijipuktuk/Halifax, Nova Scotia.



US \$18.99 / CDN \$22.99



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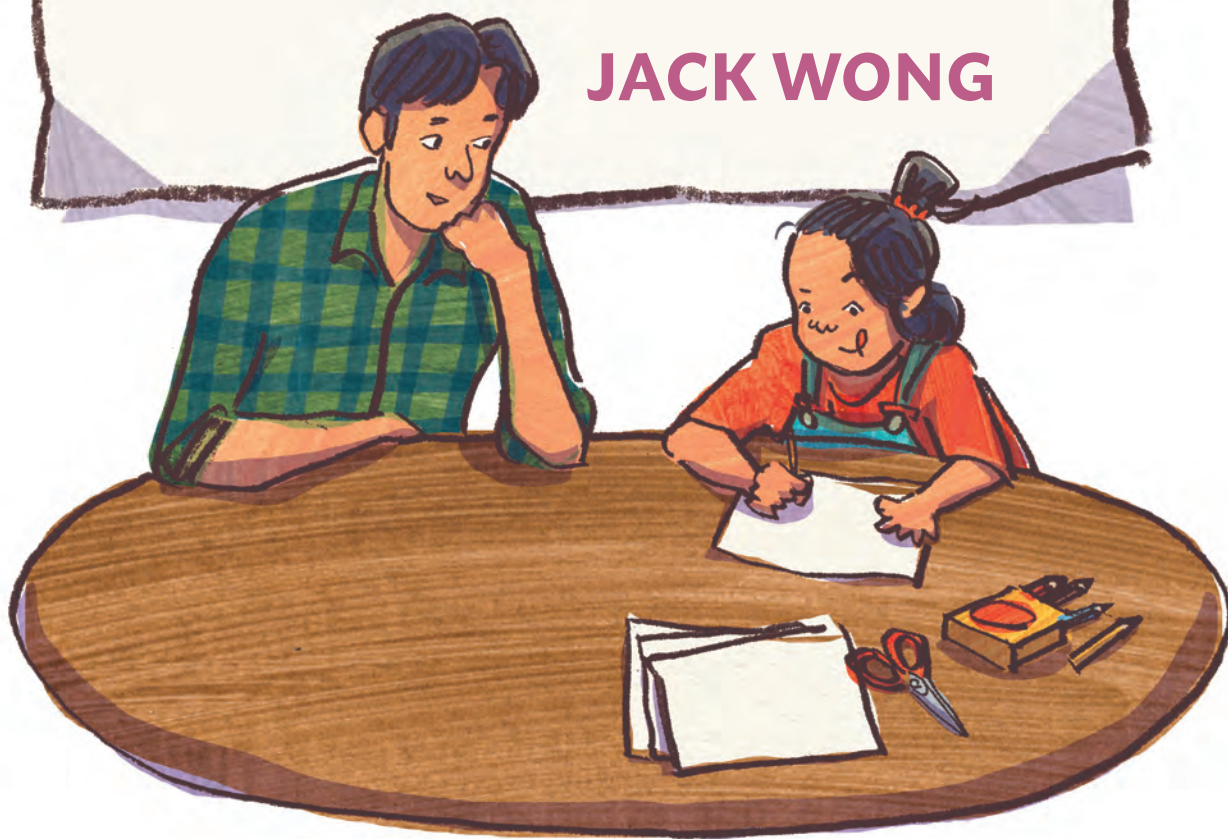
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安儿!

Angie!



“Package for Mr. Tang?”



“Yep, that’s us!”

A lot of the time, when someone’s at the door, Dad needs my help to speak to them.




Just like when we go out to eat,
and Dad asks me to choose his meal
from the menu. (Which means I also
get to pick dessert!)



Or when we're at the store, and I have to
double-check the labels to make sure he doesn't buy
pet shampoo by mistake, like that one time.





安儿, 谢谢你啦。

Thank you, Angie.

Dad still speaks only in Cantonese. We both knew just a tiny bit of English when we first moved to Canada, but I've learned lots at school since. That's why I help him out sometimes.

MART-O-RA

A lot of things are harder for Dad here in our new country. He had trouble finding work too, until he found a job as a janitor. He didn't need to read or write for that—at first.





Then one evening after supper,
Dad lays out paper and markers
on the kitchen table.
Art time!

Not quite, he says—he's been given a
new task at work, making some special
notices around his building. He wants
to tell me in Cantonese what the signs
are supposed to say and have me
write them out in English for him.

"I thought we were going to
draw pictures," I want to say, but
I can see Dad needs help.

At least Dad tries to make it fun.



These are brilliant—you're a pro! Dad says, beaming at me.

"Hey, I bet there are plenty of other people who need things written in English for them. Like signs for their store," I tell Dad. "I could start a business!"

If they should be so lucky! he says.