

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.

Perfect Match

~an excerpt

It dazzled. The fleeting glances of angled blues, reds, and yellows radiated each time it passed under a highway light. Michelle couldn't but look at it with spellbound awe, and her smile was unyielding. Happiness enveloped her, as she knew whom she would be spending the rest of her life with: Michael. She peeked up at him as he drove, admiring his clear jaw line and how his black hair gently swooped over his right ear. His hands were steady on the steering wheel, as she nestled into the leather seat. He was gently humming, exuding the same sense of happiness he showed when she said "yes." She smiled again and looked down at the diamond ring, when the entire windshield became engulfed in a white light. She felt the car swerve. Michael's arm came across her chest as she let out a scream, before everything went black.

Beep. This was followed by another faint beep.

A blurry pinhole of light pierced the darkness that muffled any sound, but only for a moment. Then a sliver of light crept in, and faint, audible voices clumsily tumbled through the dark void, and the beep echoed within. There was something beyond the sliver of light. "Michelle," she thought she heard. She needed to see. There was something to see, and she tried harder. Beyond the blurriness, she saw the movement of ghostly silhouettes. A few struggled blinks were enough to begin to ward off the blurriness, but the light hurt her eyes. Slowly, she could make out the images of her parents on her right and a couple of other people on her left. She wanted to say something, but found that she couldn't. She blinked a few more times and could hear her parents calling out her name. She turned to their familiar voices. She blinked a few more times until finally, her eyes adjusted to the light. She felt tightness across her chest as she struggled to take a deeper breath. "What's going on?" she thought.

Someone clasped her right hand.

"Mom? Dad?" she finally mumbled.

"Yes, yes! Michelle, we're here," said her mother soothingly.

She tried to pull herself up but the soreness across her chest held her at bay and she relented as her body fell back into the bed. "Where... am... I?" she asked as her mind was still in a fog.

"You're in the hospital, Michelle. Doctor, how is she?" she heard her father say.

An unfamiliar man's voice came from her left, and she strained toward that direction while she gently felt her bed being inclined.

She pursed her lips and tried to clear her parched throat.

"Hello Michelle. I'm Doctor Murphy. I'm sure you must have a lot of questions..."

"Michael?" asked Michelle suddenly as she felt a panic in her heart.

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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