

He spends his life in his mother's suitcase.

He doesn't know he has a father. Or I should say, he doesn't

know what the meaning of father is.

Sometimes mother tells him, I pluck a father on the road. He

pictures the father as a thing growing up on the road, staying

there and keeping silent. "Mother, what is pluck?" He asks,

"Pluck is to take a small part from a whole, such as pluck a

flower from a plant."

Mother answers.

"What is flower? What is plant?"

Even bigger, like his mother's bedroom (his mother never

walks out of the room). Mother only spends few seconds to

walk from this side to other side of the world.

The suitcase contains all of his understanding of the world.

The world is a small place, and has two things—him and his

mother, a plant and a flower. Every time the suitcase opens,

he sees his mother's smile. He doesn't know there is a word

called "sad" in the world.

When he is thirty-six years old, it is the first time he knew "word"

(His third birthday, his first one was when he was twelve years old.)

Mom gives him a pen as a birthday present.

He has no idea how to use it. " You must use it with word. We

apply different meaning to words, such as what we see or how

we feel."

"Is it a kind of toy?" "Almost the same, try it." The wall soon

fills with his own words.

"Mom, I need another empty suitcase." She gives him pieces

of paper. He writes down everything he sees,

He starts to face the mirror to write about himself,

his eyes, his nose, his hand, and his pen.. when he finishes all he

could write, he begins to take his words apart.

He uses the part of words to rebuild an empty suitcase

and breaks the words to rebuild a wood
factory, a forest, a tree, a seed, and soil..

He deconstructs everything he writes.
He deconstructs the drafts, which are as
high as a ceiling. He reduces the height
of them,

little by little,

to a piece of blank paper.

Now, He wants to write a story about
how people review an unwritten book and how it disappears.