

### 3 BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

Two small figures sat on a couch in a house eleven miles outside of Boston. The tiny Cambodian woman wiped a tear off her cheek with a shaky hand. The little girl with a mass of red curls took the woman's other hand. "Don't be scared, Kim! I'll protect you. You'll feel better tomorrow. Remember when Fluffy was hanging from the tree?" The child lifted her right arm in the air and dropped her tongue out of the side of her mouth to illustrate her point.

Kim nodded.

Isabella continued, "You told me I'd feel better tomorrow, and I did. I was still sad but not so scared."

They sat in silence staring at a TV screen. The small woman grabbed the little redhead's hand again as *The Bride* used her sword to slice off the arm of *O-Ren's* lawyer. Blood gushed from the gaping hole, and *The Bride* moved on to slay and maim the *Crazy Eighty-Eight Army*. "This is Lucy Liu," Kim said softly.

The child nodded as they watched their favorite part:

*The Bride confronts O-Ren and O-Ren says 'Silly rabbit.'*

*The Bride answers, 'Trix are for—'*

*O-Ren finishes, 'kids'.*

Isabella giggled and Kim smiled. Then they watched the screen mesmerized as the warriors had a fight to the death.

No one paid attention to a vehicle that stopped in front of their house on this isolated road. As the car slowly drove away, the woman and little girl sat transfixed on the couch surrounded by moving crates and boxes with a large bag of potato chips, a tub of French onion dip and two juice boxes sitting between them—the breakfast of champions.