**Why has the fog come?**

**When will it leave?**

**Why doesn't anyone notice it?**

Set in the far and icy north, this is the mysterious and enchanting story of a sudden fog, a yellow warbler and a small human.

---

**“Whatever you dream of, I believe you can be from the stars in the sky to the fish in the sea you can crawl like a crab or with feathers fly high I’ll always be here, I’ll be near standing by, and you know that I’ll love you till the day that I die whatever you dream of, I believe you can be for you are my child, courageous and free.”**

---

**“With their actions, the fog began to lift a little. And the wind began to blow again until the world grew a little less ghostly… Slowly, slowly, the beautiful island brightened, and Warble and the human found time to rest under the stars, which they could not see. The moon drifted in the sky. And they began to sing. They sang to each other and to the moon and because they were happy to be together, sharing the clear night view.”**

---

He had scratched at his chin and looked me in the eye. “One day, Miramar,” he said, “you should write these stories from the side of the women. Make the world know how powerful they are. Like you.”

---

“Have you seen my yellow dot? It’s a bindi, not a spot. Why do you wear a bindi? You say. Why is it so special anyway? Well, my bindi is like a third eye Watching over me all the time Making sure I don’t hide Everything I am inside And everything that I can be.”

---

“O is for Doesn’t Matter. Like, it doesn’t matter where we came from or what body parts we have, we are beautiful. P is for Pride, which is what we feel when we can be who we are and not be afraid.”

---

“The captain cut the engine and they floated placid. Overhead, there was a chopping sound. Mahindan saw a helicopter, its blades slicing the sky, a red leaf painted on its belly. There were three boats now, all of them circling the ship, a welcome party. On the deck, people waved with both hands. The red-and-white flag snapped definitive. Mahindan gripped his son. Sellian shivered in his arms, from fear, from exhilaration, he couldn’t tell. Soon Mahindan was shaking too, armpits dampening. His teeth clattered. Their new life. It was just beginning.”

---

INNOVATIVE & INSPIRING ASIAN CANADIAN WRITERS
CELEBRATE DIVERSE IDENTITIES, RESISTANCE AND PRIDE