

Julie and I took our
nearly four year old
granddaughter to

round for three

SNAPPY DRAGON *for lunch.*

We sat at the six seat dumpling counter, where Livia drew with crayons on the Snappy Dragon place mat. "What are you drawing, Livia?" Julie asked.

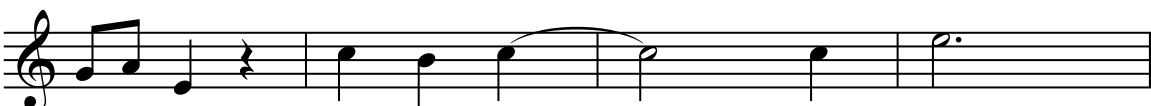
"Diamonds
in the sky."



Dia - monds in the sky, shin - y dia - monds in the sky.




Dump - lings on my plate, steam - y dump - lings made by ___ Fu - Ma! Dia - monds



in the sky, dia - monds in _____ the sky!

At her work station across the counter from us, Judy Fu labored nonstop, tearing tiny pieces from a hill of dumpling dough. Her fingers flitted like knitting needles as she wrapped each dumpling around its filling and dropped the finished morsel in a bin for later steaming.


Judy's grown son, David, asked Livia her name and age. Then we were all easy friends.



Thank you, xie _____ xie, fa - bled Ju - dy Fu of food.
(shiy _____ shiy)



"O - ver four mil - lion made." Bat - tered shrimp - taste _____ one. Yum! Dump - lings



in the sky. Shrimp for ev' - - - ry one!

When our dumplings arrived, Julie and I dug in, and Livia, after a glance at the pillows and their dipping sauce, announced that she didn't like dumplings. She agreed to give one a try, but held firm to her opinion.

Five minutes later, David Fu handed a plate to his mother, who set in front of Livia a half dozen steaming breaded shrimp.

"For you!" said Judy.

David Mahler
Seattle, 12-31-14