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THE VIET CONG

A Thesis presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in the Department of English The University of Mississippi

By

DAVID C. TRAN

May 2016

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ABSTRACT

After the loss of his father, Eddie Nguyen – an English teacher – travels to Vietnam to fulfill his father's dying wish, which is to have his remains returned to his village of origin, but the problem is that Eddie can't seem to locate it. In an attempt to generate funds and solicit more information about the whereabouts of the mysterious village, Eddie tries to find work as an English teacher in Saigon, but he quickly discovers no school will hire him based off his Vietnamese heritage. Frustrated, Eddie goes to a local bar and befriends a bartender named Nykky, who then passes his information to a "friend" named Tony who might be able to help him. Instead of a face-to-face meeting, Tony – a gangster – tests Eddie's English skills by sending him on an errand with his hired muscle, Big Baby, to collect an outstanding debt from an American expat. After the frightening ordeal, Eddie meets Tony in his club. Tony, impressed with the results, offers him a job – the details he withholds until Eddie agrees to his terms – and the payment being the location of mysterious village and the sum of three million dollars.

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THE VIET CONG

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What are you talking about? Everyone must listen to you. Look how big you are?

No, he said, snapping on his sunglasses. People are afraid of me, but that thing back there. That was different. That was respect. I saw it in his eyes. I want that. Can you teach me that?

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Inside the rickety cargo elevator, the fragrance of Big Baby's expensive cologne overpowered the permeating sour beer smell. Our shoes stuck to the grimy tile floor. Big Baby practiced saying the words "business dealings" over and over. His glistening orange tan reminiscent of my Guido friends. He adjusted the thick gold band on his meaty finger, and on his white cuff, the American's blood splatter had dried into a dark brown that looked like barbeque sauce. I checked my own sleeve, and found the man's sauce on me too.

Where did you learn your English? Big Baby asked. Business dealings. Business. Dealings. Business. Deal. Ings. Even your voice changes, he said. How do you do that -- sound

like them? He massaged his throat hoping that it'd help his pronunciation. Schools teach you that? he said. Maybe you can teach me? Graffiti was spray painted on the walls. I couldn't read the Vietnamese.

Why do you want to learn English? I asked.

See how that man back there talked to you? Big Baby said. He took off his sunglasses, and for the first time I could see all of his face, including all of the old bruises, his swollen right eye, and the stitches above it. He talked to you like a man -- like an equal, he said. He hung on your every word. He listened to you. He was obedient.

What are you talking about? Everyone must listen to you. Look how big you are?

No, he said, snapping on his sunglasses. People are afraid of me, but that thing back there. That was different. That was respect. I saw it in his eyes. I want that. Can you teach me that?

I don't know, but I'll do my best.

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VITA

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EDUCATION

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TEACHING EXPERIENCE

Instructor, 2015 University of Mississippi Course: Beginning Fiction Workshop

Teaching Assistant, 2013 – 2015 University of Mississippi Courses: Survey of British Literature to the 18th Century, Survey of American Literature to the Civil War, Survey of American Literature since the Civil War

HONORS and FELLOWSHIPS

English Teaching Fellowship, 2016 – present Elvis Meets Einstein Prose Winner, 2016 Elvis Meets Einstein Poetry Winner, 2016 Bondurant Award Prose Winner, 2016 The Jeff Stayton "Bubba" Fiction Winner, 2016 Elvis Meets Einstein Prose Winner, 2015 The Jeff Stayton "Bubba" Creative Nonfiction Winner, 2015 Elvis Meets Einstein Prose Winner, 2014 Bondurant Award Prose Winner, 2014