Voiceover:

Ntawm no kuv lub npe hu ua Mos Lis no. Hu ua Mos tam sib hu ua raws kuv lub xeem, hu ua Mos Lis no. Es no, kuv niam thiab kuv txiv yug kuv rau nplog teb. Ces kuv tuaj xyoo xyacaum yib.

Es no, kuv, thaum peb txiv mus ua rog, thaum lub hauv paum nws mus kwv phom puag tom Laj Huab. Xub xub thawj nws mus kwv lawv cov phom peb thej rau Laj Huab los. Tom qab no ces Fabkis—Meskas tuaj ces nws los mus ua tham hav rau meskas ntawm ces nws mus xyoo ua niam no raucaum ntawm.

Hais no rau nes es, peb khiav khiav, ces nws khiav khiav ces niam no nyab laj caum caum caum caum ces nyab laj muas nws tua tuag lawm. Ntawm kuv tus txiv thiab kuv cov me nyuam ua kuv yug kiag, yog niam no, ib tug ntxhais thiab niam no, ib tug-ob tug tub.

Ib tug tus xeeb ntxwv ces yog tus ua puag ib tshuag nyhuv es meskas mus thaiib los es los pwv ntawm lub viav vias es niam no puag ib tshuag nyhuv ntawm es ib chim tuag ntawm los yog nyab laj tua. Tus tub ntawm txiv los yog nyab laj tua, los peb txiv los yog nyab laj tua ntawm kuv lub xub ntiag.

Ntawm kuv tus txiv los mus rau kuv cov me nyuam, lawv plau tug txiv tub, thiab yog ib tug yog tus vauv ces xam tus vauv nrog thiab no ces yog lawv tsib tug txiv tub lawm naws.

Tus no, lub ris no tws yog tus me nyuam puag ib tshuag hnyuv lub. Yog kuv tus me xeeb ntxwv.

Es, hais no rau sawv daws, kuv nco nco txog kuv cov txiv tub tim sib.

Subtitles:

My name is Mor Lee. And I was born in Laos. I arrived in the United States in 1978.

When my husband first joined the Secret War, he started out by transferring weapons from the village of Laj Huab. When the Americans arrived, he enlisted for combat in 1960.

We fled together but the communists followed us and killed him. Our children fled with us; our daughter and two sons. One of their sons, my grandson, was killed and later photographed beside a swing where he died. He was killed by the communists too, just like his father and my husband who died in my arms.
My husband and my children, all four of them, and even my son-in-law. All five of them have passed away.

This pair of pants belonged to the poor child who died, my grandson.

I want people to know how much I miss my family.