

## Introduction

The idea had been in my mind since the 1<sup>st</sup> May of 2014, my grandma's 99<sup>th</sup> birthday. My grandparents' Hundredth Anniversary will be coming on 2015. My parents and my twin brother Maung Yit have encouraged me, and helped me since I am writing through this book start from the beginning. With their encouragement, and their help and their patience, the book will come out in time. Hundreds of photos I have used in this book, and thousand of information historic or non-historic had been digged out from their trash or their old memories, will be worth reading to my dear readers. Here is an introduction to my grandparents in which you will find the way my grandparents impress me.

Grandpa, U Khin Maung Latt was an English teacher, already looked like a teacher in my eyes. On his face there was something, which reminds one of Sherlock Holmes. If he wore a long coat with a cherrywood pipe in his mouth, he would be a living image of Sherlock Holmes. I never saw him smoke, but he had once a habit of smoking cigar. I know because I saw him smoking in the photograph. But I was told that he gave up smoking when we were born. He did not wish my twin brother to follow his smoking habit.



(Grandpa with a Traditional Burmese clothes in 1965, and grandpa smoking in the photograph.)

Grandpa was a tall man in figure with a height of 5 feet 10. His smiling lips showed his kindness and sympathy. He worked as a chief editor of *The Working*

*People's Daily* between 1963 and 1968, and later he chose his work as an English teacher for his profession. He wrote an Introduction for my grandma's translation of the novel, *Confessions of a Princess* (Unknown Author), under the pseudonym 'Min Kaung'.

My proud grandmother, Khin Myo Chit was a writer and journalist. Her earlier books, *The 13 Carat Diamond and Other Stories* (1969), *Anawrahta of Burma* (1970), *Colourful Burma* (1976), *Burmese Scene and Sketches* (1977), *Flowers and Festivals round the Burmese Year* (1980), *A Wonderland of Burmese Legends* (1984) a universal appeal to all the readers around the world. Her serialized articles of 'Quest for Peace' in *The Working People's Daily* in 1958 to 1960 as Sunday supplement in English related to the Buddhist culture and thought as accepted and practiced by the Burmese people in their daily life.

With a tall, slim and rather weak body, but her stern face, sharp eyes, and a firm voice showed her strong mind and her stubborn spirit. She always wore Burmese traditional clothes, and I saw she often was seated in the chair, and was reading a book or writing something.



Grandma used to recite aloud some Shakespeare's plays or poetry with proud and smart voice. She also had a good memory of remembering some famous quotations of U Pon Nya (Old Burmese Scholar and poet). She was good at memorizing what she learnt since in her younger days.

They two were born in 1915, the same year. They met in the wartime, and passed through a hard and poor life - even selling the slippers on the platform of Rangoon city during the Japanese regime, witnessed the country's hard times and had the wartime experience, and met several people including writers, poets, journalists,

politicians, even the communists. Although they had friends in important positions, they chose the teaching and writing profession, and had a peaceful, and quite life.

I made my preparation to write the old history of my grandparents - hope to catch something of their thoughts by closing my eyes (just a little bit!), and reimagined the past over and over again or hope to meet them in my dream to find the information what they would love to add - as my grandma did while she was preparing for her 'Anawrahta of Burma' by meditating under a chosen tree, hoping to meet ghosts of her heroes of old Burma, which she did not according to her own admission.

I believe my grandparents are now meeting in heaven or celestial region according to the Buddhist tradition, and I do hope they both see my works, and they might be proud of their stupid granddaughter for digging out their old rubbish memories not knowing which one is to be kept as secret, or which is to be disclosed. Whether they agreed or not, their old memories are now brought to public. As for me I would be quite satisfied for having a chance to be born their granddaughter and presenting their life as I see it.

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