

Viviane's

Quarter of a Century

Biography



At age 3 in Cambodia, Pre-school



Present as of 2008

The life of Tuyet Ly, also known as Viviane started on January 02, 1983. Even though she is inherited Chinese and Vietnamese ethnicities, but she was born in Siem Reap, Cambodia. She learned that has 4 older brothers and no sisters. She is the only girl in the family but she is not spoiled or treated differently.

Her family escaped from the Communist during the Vietnam War around 1973 and fled to Laos, then Cambodia, which is near Vietnam. Her parents worked hard in all kinds of weather and condition to gain a living. Each day her parents hope that they will find a better place to prosper and earn a decent living style. After raising Viviane for 5 years in Cambodia, they had a chance to go to the Philippines. This is where her little brother was born. Finally the chance of a better life has approached and her family got sponsored by a Christian Church to go to America.

In 1988, the whole family resided in Houston, Texas, living in a small apartment down in the Southwest area of Houston. The mother and father try to find jobs to support the living cost in America. They stated, "It is a different kind of living." Times were hard, so every dime and nickel was hard earn money.

As a child, Viviane never had to worry about the food she eats, the clothes she wears, and the education that America provided. She graduated from high school in 2002 from Elsik High, and now attending University of Houston for a Bachelor of Science degree.

Family Members

My Strict Father

Truong Ly passed away on March 11, 1993. It has been a long time, but I still have his face engraved in my head for the rest of my life, because he was a hard-working father that wanted his kids to have a bright future. So he sacrificed a lot of things that he loves to provide for his family. Thank you for all things you have done, I miss you.



My Nagging Mother

Van Pham is a supportive mom that sometimes do not understand what her kids want. Like a typical mother, she would nag and nag about finishing school and have a career on hand, eating your three meals, and cleaning up your room. I am glad that she is still here with us in life. You can only have one mom, so cherish yours because I am appreciating mine.



My Superstar Brother

Viet Ly, the “genius” of the family because he contained so much knowledge about everything and anything. Either it is life or learning about from the books, he is the guy to call on. He is one handy guy that can fix anything around the house. Therefore, when I date someone, they have to carry some qualities like my brother.

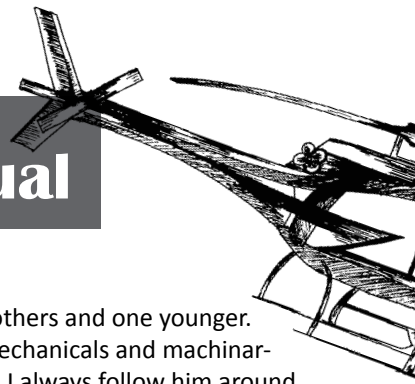


My Runt Brother

An Ly is one lucky little guy. He was born in the Philippines. Right after he was born we got sponsored by a Christian Church to come to America. Therefore he is considered the “lucky charm.” As of now, he a big boy at age 20, studying at University of Austin, in communication advertising, because he loves to talk his mouth off.



Sneaky Manual



Growing up with all boys, I have four older brothers and one younger. The eldest, he was always on the dot about mechanicals and machinar-ies objects, like cars and electronics. As a child I always follow him around because I thought that he was a person that I can look up and learn. In addition, The things that he is interested in, I am also engaged. When I was about 13 years old, I asked him to teach me how to drive a manual versus driving an automatic. I thought growing up, it would be more entertaining to watch a person shift the gears rather seeing my mother drive her auto-matic car. Automatic cars are so boring and not very challenging.

My brother once said, "If you can drive a stick-shift car, you can drive any kind of car or truck." In a household of all boys and I was the only girl, I wanted to hang with the big boys and be included in their activities from playing basketball to fixing cars.

At first he did not want to teach me because my mother will throw a tan-trum and will yell at him for teaching me such things. She believed that I am a girl and I should stick with girl's things, like dolls and dresses. I always hated dolls and wearing dresses, even 'til this day I still do not like to wear dresses. I would wear it for special occassions like weddings or anything that is formal wearing required.

I kept nagging and begging about it, he finally gave in, and we snuck around my mother, so she will not see what we were doing. We would both drive to an emptied parking lot and he would teach me.

In the beginning my first gear was very shaky, but I did not stall. I took me a couple of tries and getting yelled at by my brother, I finally got the hold of the first gear shift. Once that was in, the other gears were easy. The car that my brother was using to teach me was a turboed car, so therefore he was a little scared that I will blow up the turbo. Turbos are expensive to replace.

This experience was one of the greatest that I ever experienced as a teenager. If I could roll back time, I would re-do this again. I sure miss the younger days.

Aerodynamic



I was a curious child. I lived in fantasy world half the time, and the other half i lived in a real fantasy world, the noisy streets of the lower southwest side Houston, Texas.

It was almost like some kind of half-autism. The part of me that acknowledges and appreciates the importance of the world around me only kicked in when i was maybe 11 or 12 years old. until then, I framed and filled the boring parts of the world with my imagination, and I think occasionally I'd forget the boundary between where my imagination ended and where the real world began.

I never went home after school, but instead my parents paid this strange lady to take care of me. She had a kid of her own, I don't even remember the kid's name or what he looks like now, which is odd. I have all these visual memories but in each of them there's pretty much a grey spot in place of him.

After watching "Back to the Future" the night before, I convinced this kid that I'd read scientific research stating that if you spun batteries at 88 miles per hour, and they would flash and disappear back into time. We pulled batteries out of everything we could find and spun them as quickly as we could. When that didn't work, we taped batteries to his plastic toys, like cars, boats, action heros, even this great big plastic Apache helicopter that he had. We then carried all these time-machine equipped toys to the edge of his fifth floor apartment window, propped the window open.

These toys would arc so gracefully through the air, and in my head I could see them spinning faster and faster, until they spun into a blur, flashed hot white, and disappeared mid-air. Instead, I had to resolve this with what my eyes were telling me – that there were lots of toy parts strewn across the sidewalk, with baffled pedestrians looking up as they passed. As we picked up his prized Apache helicopter, I told the kid, "Don't worry, this one is sure to work. It's aerodynamic." The word seemed to impress some kind of authority, he nodded, and we heaved the helicopter out the window.

Bowling

The art of bowling contains one weighted ball hitting 10 pins that forms a triangle at the other end of the lane. It is amazing how you can manipulate the speed and how you throw the ball to knock down the pins. My average as of today is 145.

Billiard Pool

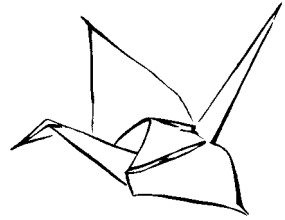
Billiard Pool is also amazing. You can adjust your English on the cue ball and using a weighted stick to hit the ball, force reaction on the color ball into the desired pocket. This game is more about planning ahead and learning how to control the ball using angles and force.

Martial Arts

Martial arts are forms of discipline. There are many forms of martial arts, from Kung-fu to Taekwondo. Each one has their own styles and focuses. Kung-fu concentrates on the speed and accuracy but still maintain the visibility to strength and power. Taekwondo's focus is on the leg power that emphasizes the control and self-defense.

the Crane

the meaning of the Crane



For **thousands** of years
the **Japanese** culture has
treasured the **crane** as a symbol of
honor and *loyalty*.

The **crane** symbol is used on many
Japanese *heraldic devices* and is a
theme in many famous works of **art**.

The crane is a **majestic** bird which
mates for **life** and is extremely **loyal**
to its partner. The bird is **strong**,
graceful and **beautiful**.

All I have to say,
crane = me!

