



A FAMILY PHOTO STORY

THE BLUE TABLE SUNDAYS

FLOUR, STEAM, AND THE THINGS WE KEEP
A BOOKBIND SAMPLE



SUNDAY • 10:17 A.M.

The first pleat

Nǎinai never counted the folds. Her fingers remembered the shape, and mine learned by following hers across the old blue table.



SUNDAY • 6:42 P.M.

The last dumpling

By evening, three generations had left their fingerprints in the flour.
We ate the crooked ones first and saved the best one for Nǎinai.



SUNDAY • 8:06 P.M.

What stays

The bowls were empty, the child was asleep, and one dumpling remained. Nǎinai touched the blue table. “This is how a story remembers us.”