



When You Don't Mind

A Full English translation is available.

如果不在意的話

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BFT2.0 Translator: Brian Hioe

In this imaginative and empathetic book, Ah-Hsiu—a melancholy, disheveled man of mysterious origins—moves daily between the realms of the living and the dead. Each day, he drifts between the worlds of humans and ghosts, seeking to understand the story behind every soul he encounters.

Through a series of supernatural cases entrusted to him, Ah-Hsiu gradually begins to understand what it truly means to live—and what gives life its meaning. At its heart, this is less a tale of horror than of humanity. Ghosts and haunted encounters serve as vessels, guiding readers to confront loneliness, loss, and the possibility of healing.



Author **Kurkurmanga** (Ko Chun-Chieh)

Kurkurmanga (Ko Chun-Chieh) studied biotechnology before turning to business design. He now works as a freelance designer and part-time comic artist.

The Tenderness of Horror: Trauma and Listening in *When You Don't Mind*

by Wen-Chien Hsu

When You Don't Mind is not a work that can be neatly categorized as “horror.” It borrows the genre’s familiar surface—ghosts, empty mansions, an air of dread—but soon reveals something deeper. Here, horror works less as the destination than as a veil. Behind it lies the story’s true heart: a meditation on loneliness and the possibility of healing. Horror is not the point in itself, but a medium, a vessel that guides us toward confronting the unspoken shadows of human existence.

That crucial medium in the story is Ah-Hsiu, the protagonist. He is neither a typical “hero” nor a solemn exorcist. His melancholy and disheveled appearance mark him as a figure abandoned by society. Through coarse, densely drawn lines, the artist renders this estrangement

visible: Ah-Hsiu does not belong among people, but lingers at the margins of civilization. His condition brings him closer to the spectral “Other” than to the living, and it is precisely this displacement that enables him to resonate with souls no longer of this world.

Fascinatingly, Ah-Hsiu’s interactions with ghosts are never about banishment, but about companionship. He does not seek to drive them away; rather, he allows them to stay, even lending them his body so they might momentarily taste what it means to be alive again. Such a premise subverts the conventions of horror. Here, ghosts are not threats but echoes of regret, prompting us to ask: what constitutes the “unfinished”? Is it unfulfilled desires, unspoken loves and

hatreds, or voices that were never heard?

One of the book’s most poignant moments comes in the story of the grandmother who lingers outside an abandoned warehouse. Her refusal to leave is not driven by vengeance, but by loneliness and grievance caused by social structures. When she returns to the figure of her childhood self and relives a life constrained by class and gender, the narrative opens into a collective memory of repression. It is the shared experience of countless women—forced to measure their worth through the achievements of their children and families, their own voices stifled and disregarded. In this way, the ghosts of *When You Don't Mind* acquire a sociological depth: they are not merely restless spirits but embodiments of lives historically silenced and marginalized.

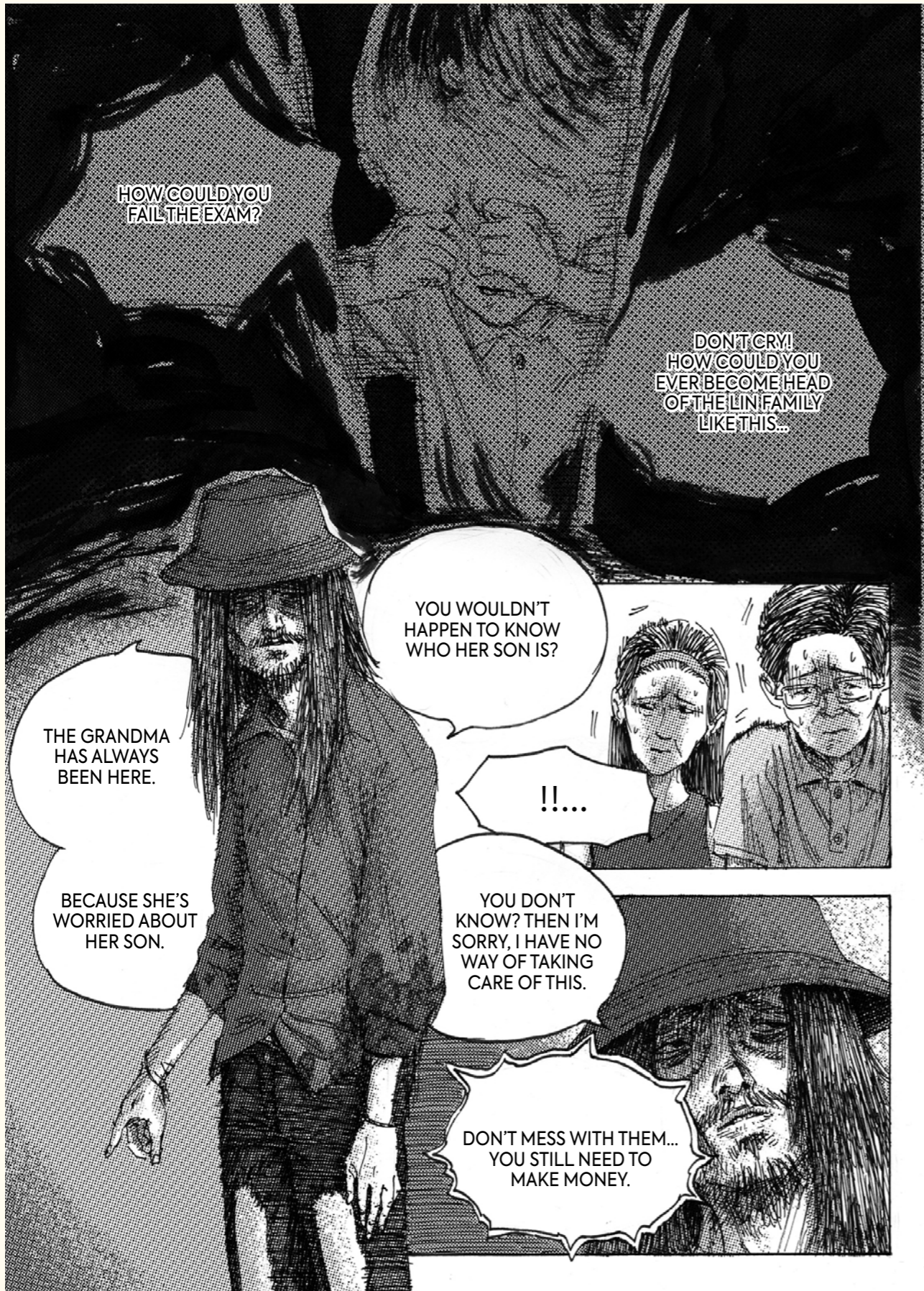
Seen in this light, *When You Don't Mind* is a profoundly modern work. It does not attempt to explain death through religion or esoteric ritual; instead, it adopts the language of psychological healing, transforming horror into a dialogue of souls. Ah-Hsiu’s exchanges with the spirits resemble sessions of therapy—through listening and presence, trauma is gradually rendered narratable. This approach redirects horror comics onto a new path: one where fear is no

longer the sole destination, but a vessel that carries human emotion and historical wounds.

Ah-Hsiu himself is deeply allegorical. Branded a “failure,” detached from his own body and life, he paradoxically becomes a source of support for others. His transparency, his indifference, is precisely his strength. In other words, Ah-Hsiu is both human and ghost. His brokenness and incompleteness make him the mirror through which the living and the dead reflect one another, symbolizing their shared fragility and yearning.

By the end of *When You Don't Mind*, the old maxim—“humans are more terrifying than ghosts”—rings hollow. For within these pages, ghosts are merely another form of the human, and humans merely another state of the ghost. Both are souls lingering in loneliness, searching for resonance amid silence. In this balance of horror and tenderness, the work transcends its genre.

Wen-Chien Hsu possesses a free-spirited soul. She has worked at LGBTQ+ organizations, the 113 Domestic Violence Hotline, and works as an editor of Books from Taiwan 2.0. She is dedicated to bringing Taiwanese comics and picture books to a global audience.



HOW COULD YOU FAIL THE EXAM?

DONT CRY!
HOW COULD YOU EVER BECOME HEAD OF THE LIN FAMILY LIKE THIS...

YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW WHO HER SON IS?

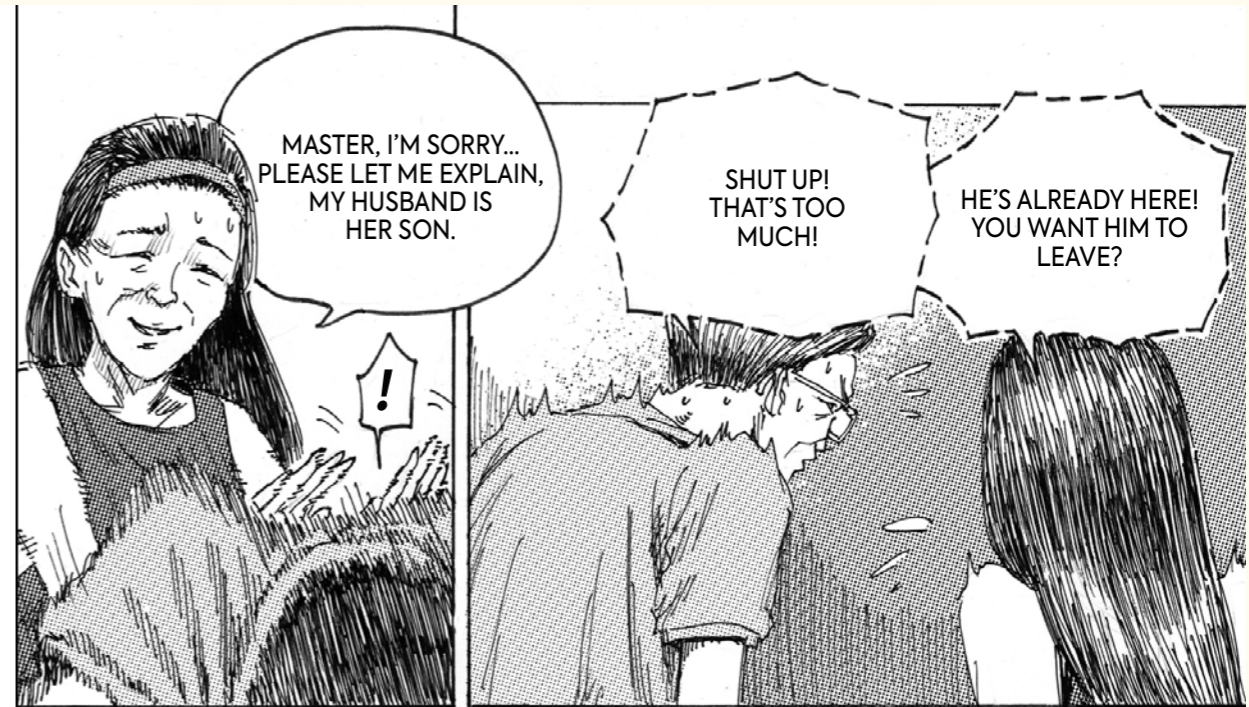
THE GRANDMA HAS ALWAYS BEEN HERE.

!!....

BECAUSE SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT HER SON.

YOU DONT KNOW? THEN I'M SORRY, I HAVE NO WAY OF TAKING CARE OF THIS.

DON'T MESS WITH THEM... YOU STILL NEED TO MAKE MONEY.



MASTER, I'M SORRY... PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN, MY HUSBAND IS HER SON.

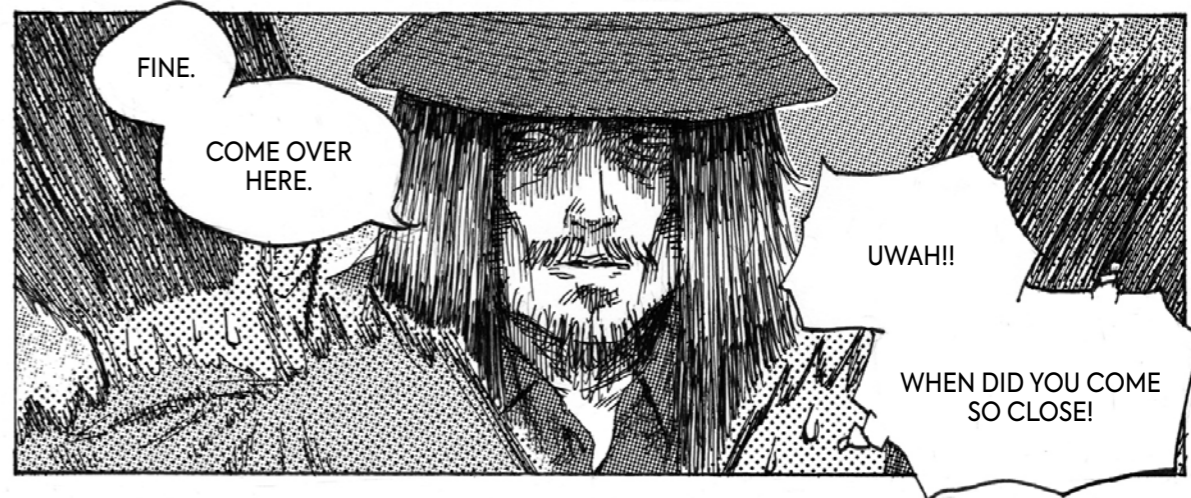
SHUT UP! THAT'S TOO MUCH!

HE'S ALREADY HERE! YOU WANT HIM TO LEAVE?



HOW COULD A SON BE SO USELESS...

...



FINE.

COME OVER HERE.

UWAH!!

WHEN DID YOU COME SO CLOSE!



HM?...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ARE YOU AFRAID?



TCH!



OOOOHHHH!



WHY DID SHE STAY TO SCARE US...



WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING...

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT... WHY BLAME US?



COME!

KNEEL BEFORE YOUR MOTHER.

HUH?!!!



KNEEL!

COUGH! COUGH!

?

GRANDPA, BE QUIET.





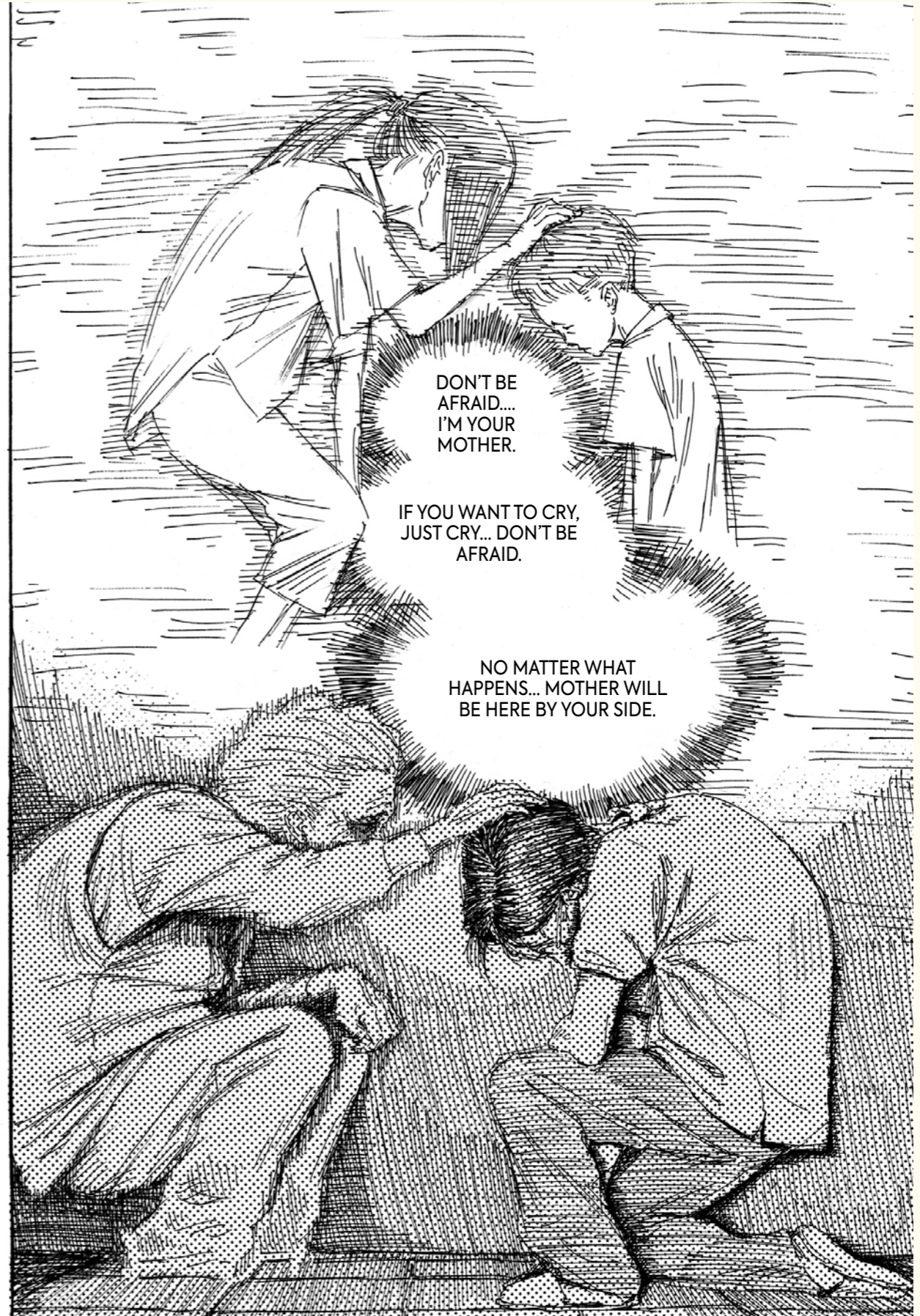
...



PLEASE GO!
DON'T DISTURB US...

I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO
IT ON PURPOSE!

WHO WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT YOU WOULD TRIP
AND DIE IN THAT ROOM?



DON'T BE
AFRAID...
I'M YOUR
MOTHER.

IF YOU WANT TO CRY,
JUST CRY... DON'T BE
AFRAID.

NO MATTER WHAT
HAPPENS... MOTHER WILL
BE HERE BY YOUR SIDE.