

童年破壞

國文

第二冊

私立龜魚派
主編



未滿十八請勿購買
限制級



THERE ARE
MANY
LOVABLE
FLOWERS,
GRASSES
AND TREES
BOTH UPON
THE WATER
AND ON
THE LAND.

ONE:
LOVE
OF THE
LOTUS
FLOWER



PEOPLE
OF THE
WORLD
HAVE LOVED
THE PEONY
VERY MUCH.

SINCE
THE TANG
DYNASTY,

IN THE JIN
DYNASTY,
TAO
YUANMING
LOVED
ONLY THE
CHRYSAN-
THEMUM.



ITS CENTER
IS VOID,
THUS THE
LOTUS HAS
VACUITY;
IT GROWS
STRAIGHT
AND HAS
NO CREEPING
VINES AND
BRANCHES;



ESPECIALLY
LOVE THE
LOTUS,
WHICH GROWS
OUT OF
THE DIRTY
MUD YET
IS CLEAN,
CLEANSED
BY THE PURE
WATERS
BUT NOT
SEDUCTIVE.



ITS
FRAGRANCE
IS Milder
IN THE
DISTANCE,
ITS STEM
IS ERECT,
SLIM AND
CLEAN;



IT IS
TO BE
ENJOYED
FROM A
DISTANCE
BUT NOT
TOO
INTIMATELY.



WHILE
THE PEONY
IS LIKE A
PERSON
OF HIGH
POSITION
AND
WEALTH;



IS LIKE A
RECLUSE

I SAY THE
CHRYSAN-
THEMUM



AS FOR
THOSE WHO
LOVE THE
PEONY,
OF COURSE
THERE
ARE MANY!

WHERE
ARE THE
PEOPLE
WHO,
LIKE ME,
LOVE THE
LOTUS?



WHEREAS
THE LOTUS
(IS LIKE A
GENTLEMAN.



IS SELDOM
HEARD OF
EXCEPT
FOR TAO
YUANMING

ALAS!
THE LOVE
OF THE
CHRYSAN-
THEMUM



MOUNTAINS
COVER THE
WHITE SUN,

ONE:
AT
HERON
LODGE

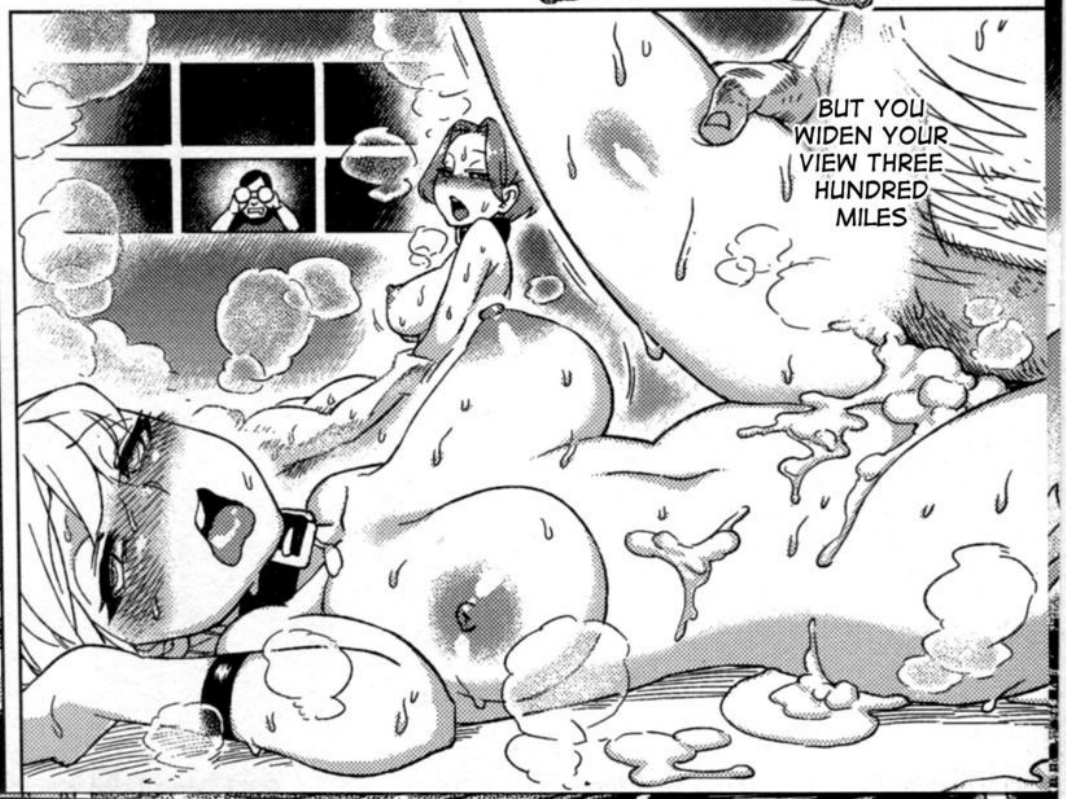
TWO:
EXCERPTS
FROM THE
300 TANG
POEMS.



AND
OCEANS
DRAIN
THE
GOLDEN
RIVER;



BY
GOING
UP ONE
FLIGHT
OF
STAIRS.



BUT YOU
WIDEN YOUR
VIEW THREE
HUNDRED
MILES

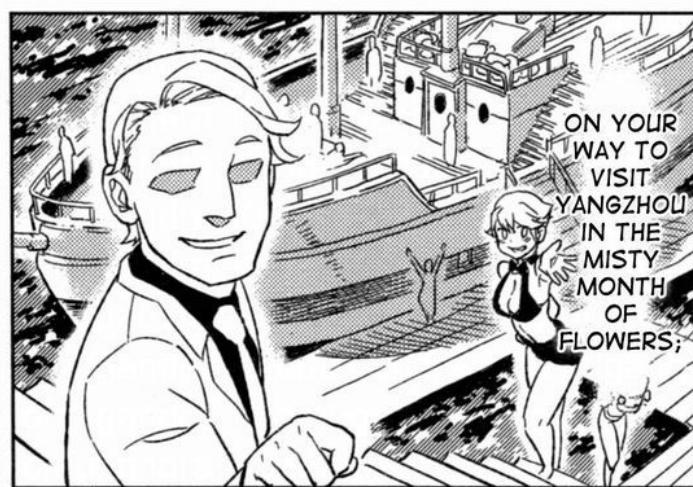


YOUR
SAIL,
A SINGLE
SHADOW,
BECOMES
ONE
WITH THE
BLUE
SKY,



YOU
HAVE
LEFT
ME
BEHIND,
OLD
FRIEND,
AT THE
YELLOW
CRANE
TERRACE,

TWO:
A FARE-
WELL TO
MENG
HAORAN
ON HIS
WAY TO
YANGZHOU



ON YOUR
WAY TO
VISIT
YANGZHOU
IN THE
MISTY
MONTH
OF
FLOWERS;



TILL NOW
I SEE
ONLY THE
RIVER,
ON ITS
WAY TO
HEAVEN.

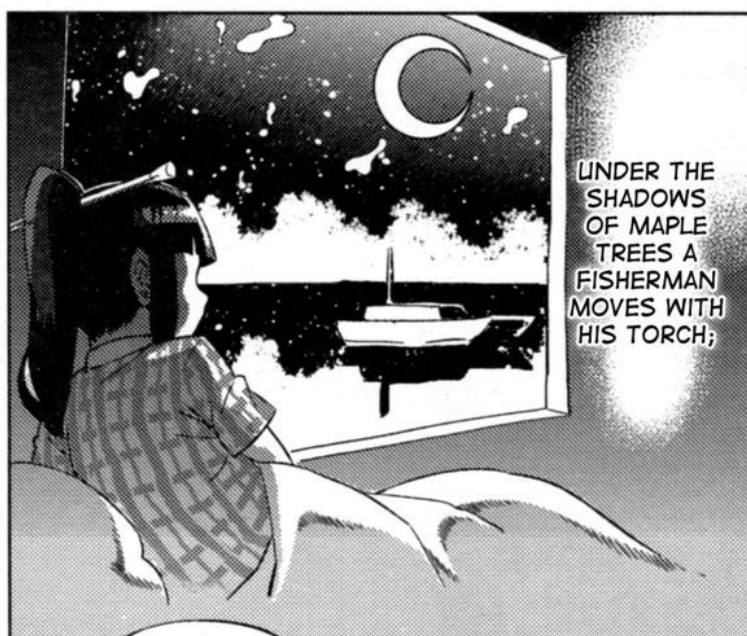


WHILE
I WATCH
THE MOON
GO DOWN,
A CROW
CAWS
THROUGH
THE
FROST;

THREE:
A NIGHT-
MOORING
NEAR
MAPLE
BRIDGE



AND
I HEAR,
FROM
BEYOND
SUZHOI,
FROM THE
TEMPLE ON
COLD
MOUNTAIN,



UNDER THE
SHADOWS
OF MAPLE
TREES A
FISHERMAN
MOVES WITH
HIS TORCH;



RINGING
FOR ME,
HERE IN
MY BOAT,
THE
MIDNIGHT
BELL.



THEY LOITER
AROUND
THE ROAD
QUIETLY,
WATCHING
OVER THE
STREETS AND
ITS ALLEYS.



LIKE
SOLDIERS
GUARDING
THEIR
TERRITORY,

THREE:
THE
SILENT
BUNCH



THEY
WILL
MAKE
SURE TO
CLEAN
IT UP.



WHEN
GARBAGE
ARE
THROWN
INTO
THEIR
AREA,



FIVE
MIDDLE-AGED
WOMAN ARE
RESPONSIBLE
FOR CLEANING
THIS ROAD IN
FRONT OF
MY HOUSE
EVERY
MORNING.



THAT IS
HOW THE
STREETS
ALWAYS
MAINTAIN
ITS
CLEANLINESS.

THEY
ALWAYS
DRESS
LIGHTLY
WHEN THEY
WORK.



THERE'S ONE THING I'M SURE, THOUGH. THEY WORK FOR A RATHER LONG PERIOD.

THAT'S WHY I DO NOT KNOW FROM WHERE DO THEY START SWEEPING, NOR AT WHERE DO THEY STOP.



BUT I ALWAYS SEE THEM IN THE MIDST OF THEIR WORK WHEN I WAKE UP.

USUALLY, I WAKE UP RATHER EARLY.



EVEN THOUGH THE ROAD HAS ALREADY BEEN WASHED CLEAN BY THE WIND,

SOME-TIMES,



THEY JUST KEEP DUTIFULLY SWEEPING AWAY.

EVEN THOUGH THE STREETS ARE LONG AND WIDE,



WITH THEIR BROOM, THEY SWEEP EVERY INCH OF THE STREETS.

THEY ARE HARD WORKERS.



THEY ARE METICULOUS,

THEY WILL STILL CARRY OUT THEIR DUTY.



THEY
BECOME
REALLY
SERIOUS.

BUT
WHEN
FACED
WITH
GARBAGE
ON THE
STREETS,

THEY ARE
NATURALLY
GENTLE
AND
ELEGANT.



BUT OF
COURSE,
SINCE
THEY ARE
WOMEN,



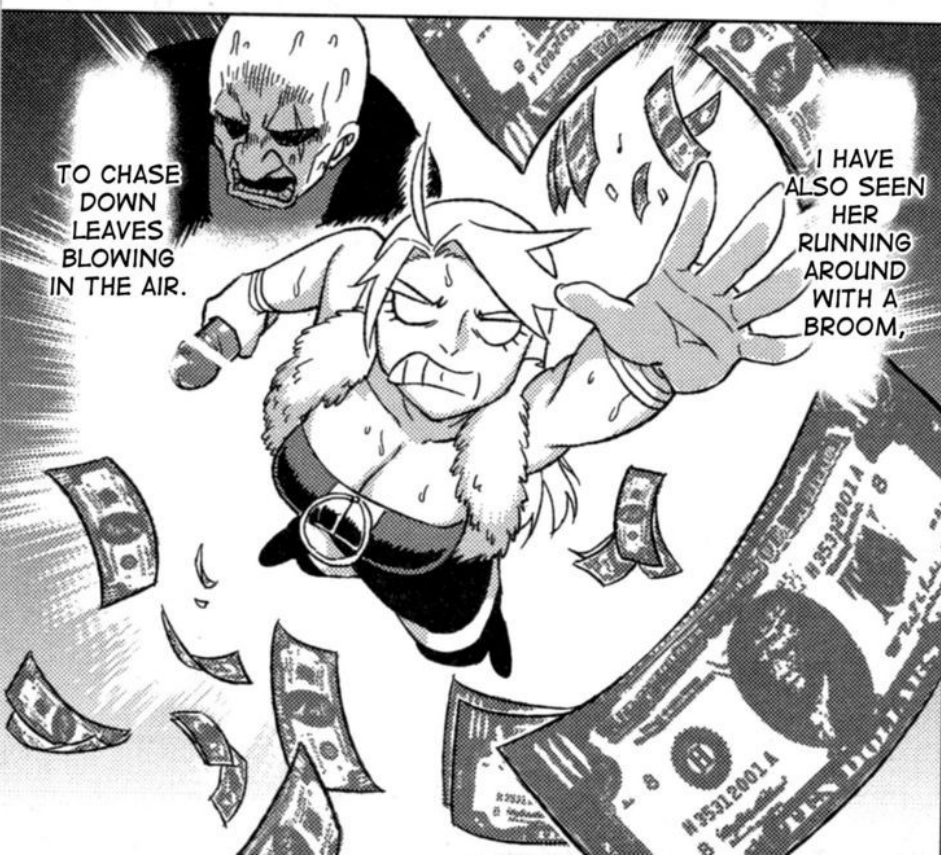
SHE
WAS
CHASING

AN EMPTY
PLASTIC
BAG THAT
WAS BLOWN
BY THE
WIND.



RUNNING
WITH A
LONG
BROOM
IN ONE
HAND.

ONE
DAY,
I SAW
THIS
WOMAN,



TO CHASE
DOWN
LEAVES
BLOWING
IN THE AIR.

I HAVE
ALSO SEEN
HER
RUNNING
AROUND
WITH A
BROOM,



UNTIL
SHE
FINALLY
CAUGHT
THE
PLASTIC
BAG.

SHE RAN
AND RAN
OVER A
FEW
BLOCKS,

THERE WERE CONSTRUCTION WORK GOING ON NEARBY.

JUST LIKE LAST MONTH,

THEY ARE ACCUSTOMED TO CLEANING ROUGH PLACES.

THE BRAVEST SOLDIERS AMONG THE CLEANING WOMEN WOULD OFTEN WALK TOWARDS THE MOST DANGEROUS AREAS.

THEY SWEEPED THE PLACE LIKE WHAT THEY ALWAYS DO.

BUT THESE FIVE BRAVE WOMEN PAID NO MIND TO IT.

THE ROAD WAS PAVED WITH FILTHY, YELLOW MUD.

GIVEN THE NATURE OF THE WORK,

ONCE EVERY MORNING,

THEY CLEANED THE PLACE 10 DAYS STRAIGHT.



AND WHEN
IT RAINS,
THE ROADS
WILL BE
COVERED IN
WET MUD.

BECAUSE
ON SUNNY
DAYS,
IT WILL
BE
DUSTY,



BUT
NOBODY
WANTS
TO SEE IT
ON THE
ROAD.

SOIL
IS A
GOOD
THING
FOR
HUMAN
SURVIVAL,



AS IF
THEIR
LIFE
DEPENDED
ON IT.

THEY
TRIED
THEIR
BEST
TO CLEAN
IT,



WHEN
FACED
WITH
THOSE
YELLOW
(MUD,

HOWEVER,
IT DOESN'T
BOTHER
THESE
WOMEN
AT ALL.



NOBODY
KNOWS THEIR
NAMES OR EVEN
ACKNOWLEDGE
THEIR
CONTRIBUTION,
BUT I RESPECT
THEM WITH
ALL MY HEART.

THIS IS TRULY
A GROUP OF
HONEST,
HARDWORKING
WOMEN WHO
WORK BEHIND
THE SCENES.



YUE FEI
ANSWERS
"YES,
I HAD TWO
HORSES."

THE
EMPEROR
ASKS
YUE FEI
"COURTIER,
DO YOU
EVER HAVE
A GOOD
HORSE?"

FOUR:
GOOD
HORSES



HOWEVER,
IF THE
FODDER
IS NOT
EXQUISITE
AND CLEAN,
THEY DO
NOT EAT.



AND DRINK
ABOUT
TEN UNITS
OF SPRING
WATER.

THEY EAT
ABOUT
SEVERAL
UNITS
OF DRY
FODDER
EVERY
DAY



BUT AFTER
THEY RUN
OVER 50
KILOMETERS,
THEY WILL
START
TO RUN
RAPIDLY.



WHEN
YOU RIDE
THEM,

THEY DO
NOT RUN
VERY FAST
AT FIRST.

FROM
NOON
TILL
DUSK.

THEY CAN
RUN FOR
MORE THAN
100
KILOMETERS

THEY
WERE
THE BEST
HORSES
I HAD.

IT IS AS
IF THEY
DON'T
FEEL
TIRED
AT ALL.

THEY
DO NOT
BREATHE
DEEPLY
OR
SWEAT.

AFTER THAT,
WHEN THE
SADDLES
ARE UNLOADED
FROM THEIR
BACKS,

THE HORSE
I RIDE NOW
EATS A
LOT LESS
FODDER.

UNFORTUNATELY
BOTH OF
THEM
HAVE DIED.



AFTER
RUNNING FOR
ONLY ABOUT
50 KILOMETERS,
IT WILL BECOME
COMPLETELY
EXHAUSTED,

IT WILL
PANT
LOUDLY,
LIKE IT
IS ABOUT
TO DIE.



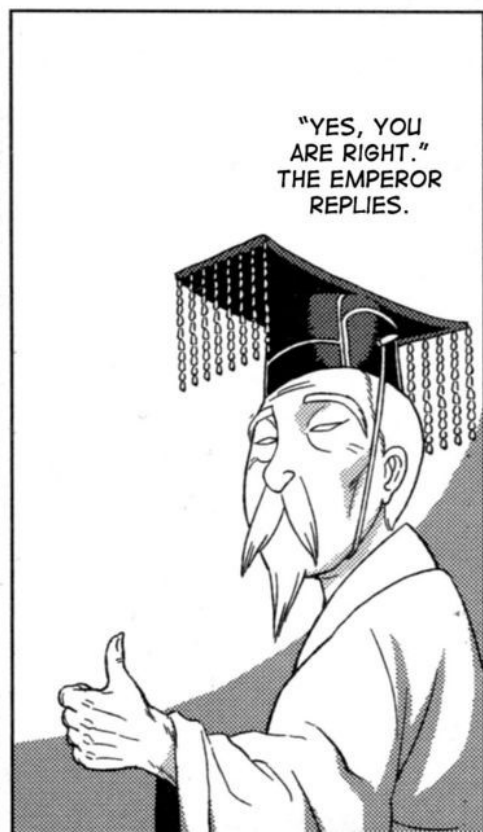
ITS
FOOD
AND
WATER.

IT IS
NOT
PICKY
ABOUT



THE
HORSE
WILL
ALWAYS
JUMP
AROUND
EXCITEDLY.

BEFORE
A HALTER
IS SET,



"YES, YOU
ARE RIGHT."
THE EMPEROR
REPLIES.



IT IS AN
INFERIOR
HORSE OF
LOW
ABILITY.

SO AS
YOU CAN
SEE,
IT IS A
HORSE THAT
IS EASILY
SATISFIED
AND LIKES
TO SHOW
OFF ITS
PHYSICAL
STRENGTH,
WASTING ITS
ENERGY.



THERE WAS A SKILLED ARCHER.

DURING THE NORTHERN SONG DYNASTY,

FIVE:
THE OLD OIL PEDDLER.



HE BECAME VERY PROUD OF HIS SKILL.

HE SHOT SO ACCURATELY THAT THE ON-LOOKERS CHEERED WITH EXCITEMENT!



ONE DAY HE DREW A BIG CROWD WHILE PRACTICING ON THE DRILL GROUND.



"CAN YOU DO THIS?" HE ASKED THE OLD OIL PEDDLER.



"NO, I CAN'T."



BUT AMONG THE CROWD AN OLD OIL PEDDLER ONLY NODDED HIS HEAD INDIFFERENTLY. THIS HURT HIS PRIDE.



COVERED
ITS MOUTH
WITH A
COPPER
COIN.



THE OLD
MAN SAID
NOTHING.
HE PUT A
GOURD
BOTTLE
ON THE
GROUND.



"JUST
OK, BUT
NOTHING
SPECIAL."
THE OLD
MAN
REPLIED.

"WHAT
CAN
YOU DO,
THEN?!"

"WHAT
DO YOU
THINK
OF MY
SKILL?!"



A FINE THREAD
OF OIL CAME
DOWN FROM
THE LADLE INTO
THE BOTTLE

JUST
THROUGH
THE TINY
HOLE ON
THE COIN.



AND
THEN



HELD IT
HIGH AND
BEGAN TO
POUR IT
INTO THE
BOTTLE.



HE FILLED
A LADLE
WITH OIL
FROM HIS
BIG JAR,



AND
WITH
THESE
WORDS,
HE LEFT.



"THIS IS
NOTHING
SPECIAL,
I CAN DO
THIS
BECAUSE
I HAVE
PRACTICED
IT A LOT."

IT IS
FAMOUS
SO LONG
AS THERE
IS A DEITY
ON IT.

A
MOUNTAIN
NEEDN'T
BE HIGH;

SIX: AN
EPIGRAPH
IN PRAISE
OF MY
HUMBLE
ABODE

BUT IT
ENJOYS
THE FAME
OF VIRTUE
SO LONG AS
I AM LIVING
IN IT.

MY
HOME
IS
HUMBLE,

IT HAS
SUPER-
NATURAL
POWER SO
LONG AS
THERE IS
A DRAGON
IN IT.

A LAKE
NEEDN'T
BE DEEP;

THE COLOR
OF THE GRASS
REFLECTED
THROUGH
THE BAMBOO
CURTAINS
TURNS THE
ROOM GREEN.

THE MOSS
CREEPING
ONTO THE
DOORSTEPS
TURNS THEM
GREEN.



IN THIS HUMBLE ROOM, I CAN ENJOY PLAYING MY PLAINLY DECORATED QIN, OR READ THE BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES QUIETLY,



ERUDITE SCHOLARS COME IN GOOD SPIRITS TO TALK WITH ME, AND AMONG MY GUESTS THERE IS NO UNLEARNED COMMON MAN.



OR THE PAVILION ZIYUN OF XISHU.

MY HUMBLE HOME IS LIKE THE THATCHED HUT OF ZHUGE LIANG OF NANYANG.



"HOW COULD WE CALL A ROOM HUMBLE AS LONG AS THERE IS A VIRTUOUS MAN IN IT?"

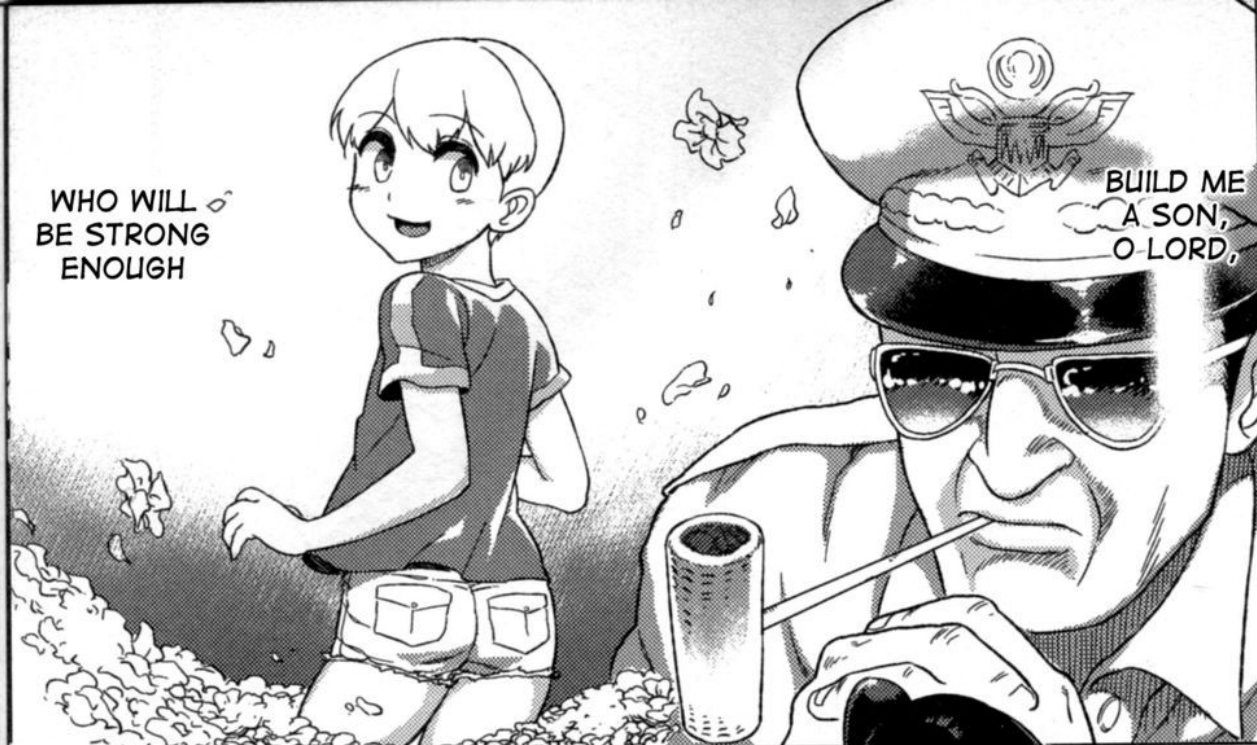
CONFUCIUS ONCE SAID:



OR THE SOLEMN BURDEN OF READING OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

WITHOUT THE DISTURBANCE OF THE NOISY THAT JAR ON THE EARS,

WHO WILL
BE STRONG
ENOUGH



BUILD ME
A SON,
O LORD,

SEVEN:
DOUGLAS
MAC-
ARTHUR'S
PRAYER
FOR HIS
SON

WHEN
HE IS
AFRAID;



AND
BRAVE
ENOUGH
TO FACE
HIMSELF



TO
KNOW
WHEN
HE IS
WEAK,

IN
VICTORY.



AND
HUMBLE
AND
GENTLE

IN
HONEST
DEFEAT,

ONE WHO
WILL BE
PROUD
AND
UNBENDING

AND THAT
TO KNOW
HIMSELF...

A SON
WHO
WILL
KNOW
THEE

WHOSE
WISHBONE
WILL
NOT BE
WHERE HIS
BACKBONE
SHOULD
BE;

BUILD
ME A
SON

NOT IN
THE PATH
OF EASE
AND
COMFORT,

LEAD
HIM,
I PRAY,

IS THE
FOUNDATION
STONE OF
KNOWLEDGE.

HERE
LET HIM
LEARN
COMPASSION
FOR THOSE
WHO FAIL.

HERE
LET HIM
LEARN
TO
STAND
UP IN
THE
STORM;

BUT
UNDER
THE
STRESS
AND
SPUR OF
DIFFICULTIES
AND
CHALLENGE.



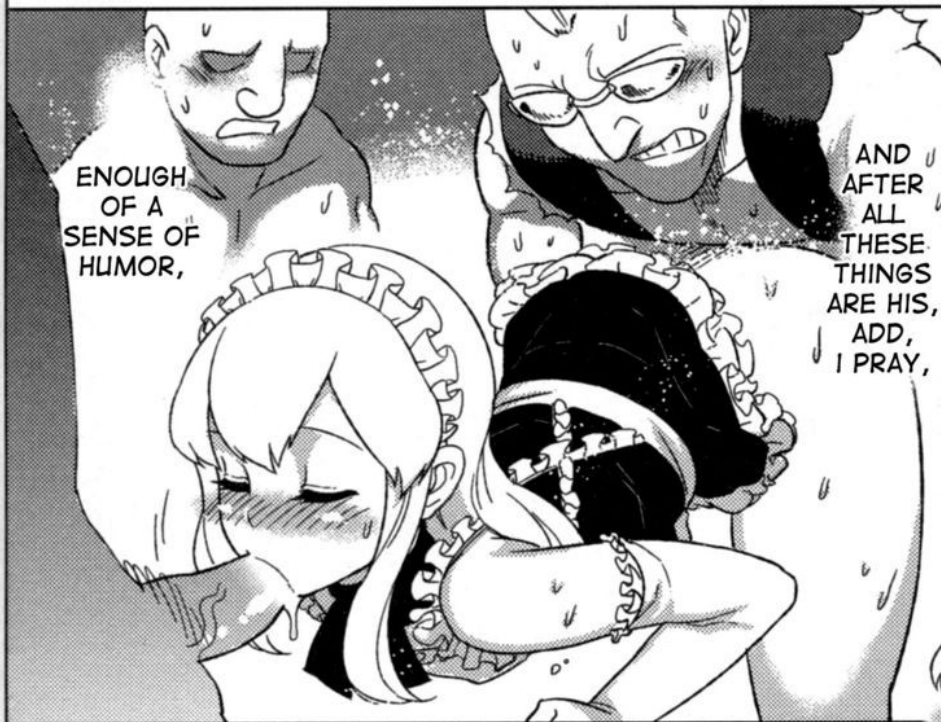
A SON
WHO WILL
MASTER
HIMSELF

BEFORE
HE
SEEKS TO
MASTER
OTHER
MEN;



WHOSE
HEART
WILL BE
CLEAN,
WHOSE
GOAL
WILL BE
HIGH;

BUILD
ME A
SON



ENOUGH
OF A
SENSE OF
HUMOR,

AND
AFTER
ALL
THESE
THINGS
ARE HIS,
ADD,
I PRAY,



YET
NEVER
FORGET
THE
PAST.

ONE WHO
WILL
REACH
INTO THE
FUTURE!



YET
NEVER
TAKE
HIMSELF
TOO
SERIOUSLY.



SO THAT
HE MAY
ALWAYS BE
SERIOUS,



THE
MEEKNESS
OF TRUE
STRENGTH.

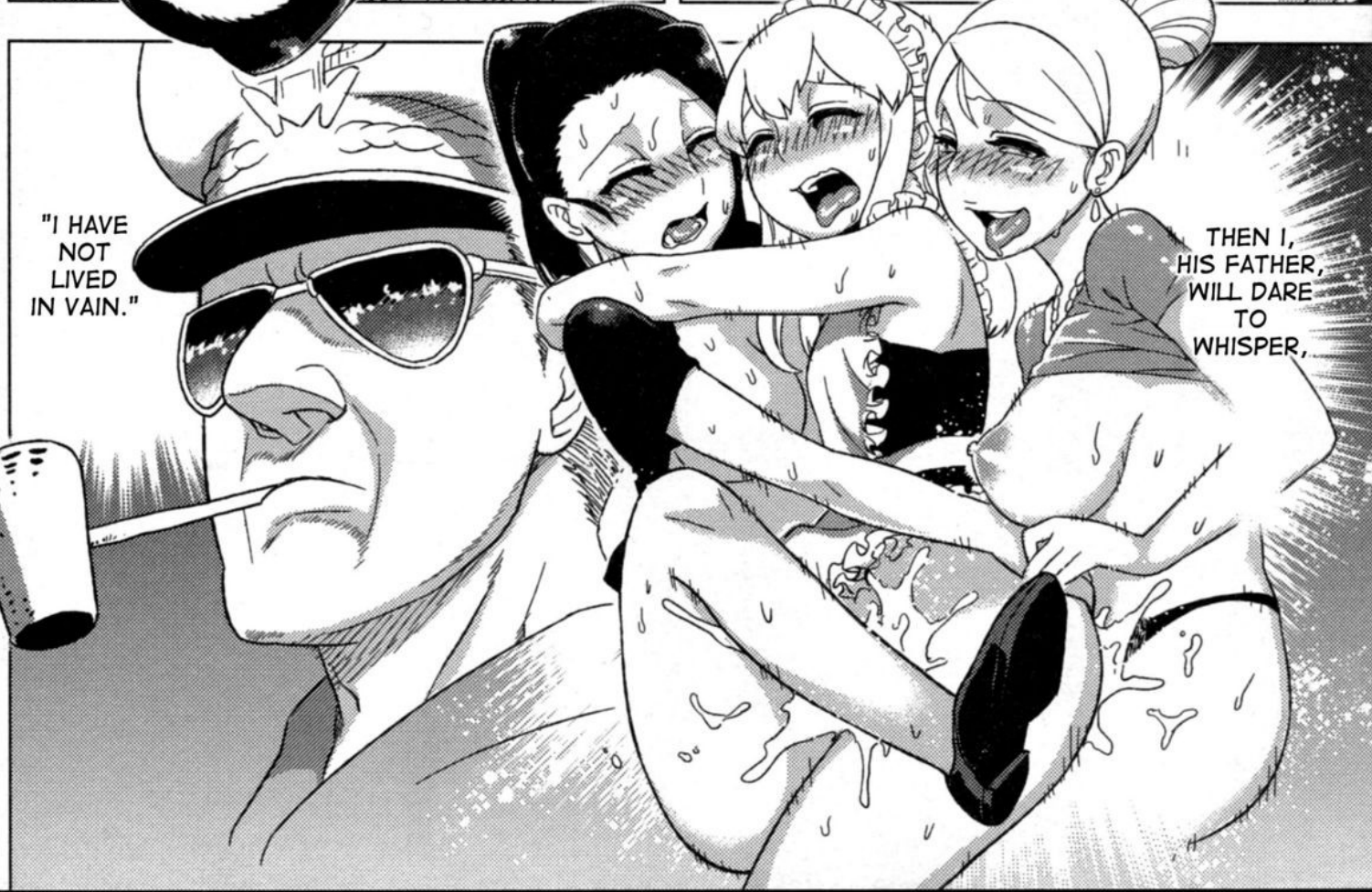


SO THAT
HE MAY
ALWAYS
REMEMBER
THE
SIMPLICITY
OF
GREATNESS,

GIVE
HIM
HUMILITY,



THE OPEN
MIND OF
TRUE
WISDOM,



"I HAVE
NOT
LIVED
IN VAIN."

THEN I,
HIS FATHER,
WILL DARE
TO
WHISPER,



HI THERE. I'M ABI KAMESENNIN.

WHILE IT WAS SCORCHING HOT DURING THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS, MY HANDS WERE SHAKING THE WHOLE TIME WHILE MAKING THIS BOOK, BECAUSE I DREW IT DURING WINTER BREAK.

ANYWAY, HERE'S THE SECOND BOOK OF THE NATIONAL TEXT BOOK.

IT FELT A LITTLE AWKWARD WHEN I WAS DRAWING THE FIRST ISSUE, BECAUSE I WASN'T SURE HOW THE READERS WOULD REACT.

I MADE IT ANYWAY, BECAUSE IT SEEMED LIKE FUN.

THANKFULLY, IT WAS WELL RECEIVED, THAT IS WHY I AM ABLE TO PRODUCE A CONTINUATION OF IT. THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT, EVERYONE!

I'D LIKE TO THANK MR. FAT TURTLE FOR HIS HELP.

HE CORRECTED MY ANATOMY AND HELPED COMPOSE THE COVER ART FOR ME, IN ADDITION TO HELP ME ADVERTISE AND GOT THE BOOK MASS PRINTED.

IF NOT FOR HIM, THIS BOOK WOULD PROBABLY NEVER EXIST.

I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO SAY THANKS TO HAN DAO ZHU (韩岛主).

HE WAS THE ONE WHO ENCOURAGED ME TO GET INTO THIS FIELD.

IF NOT FOR HIM, I PROBABLY WOULD'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF DRAWING MANGA SERIOUSLY, AND WOULD MOST LIKELY BE WORKING IN A LOCAL CONVENIENCE STORE RIGHT NOW.

ONCE AGAIN, THANK YOU ALL FOR SUPPORTING MY HUMBLE WORK.

NOW THAT WE'RE STILL ALIVE EVEN AFTER THE 2012 DOOMSDAY,

OUR CIRCLE WILL BE PRODUCING MORE DOUJINS FOR THIS WONDERFUL NEW YEAR. LET US MEET AGAIN.



Turtle.Fish.Paint

t-f-pie.blogspot.com

阿鼻龜仙人

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Jan2013

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