

童年破壞

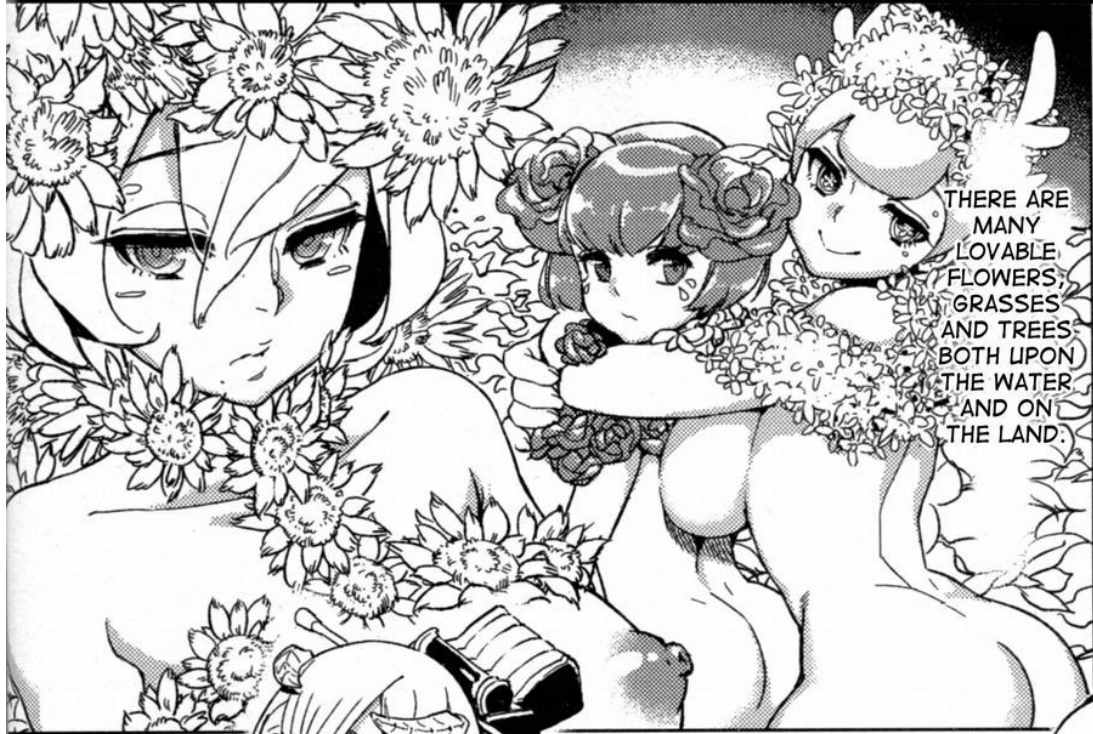
國文

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.

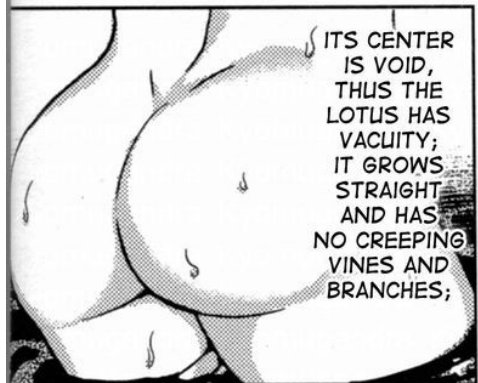
ONE:
LOVE
OF THE
LOTUS
FLOWER



PEOPLE OF THE WORLD HAVE LOVED THE PEONY VERY MUCH.

SINCE THE TANG DYNASTY,

IN THE JIN DYNASTY, TAO YUANMING LOVED ONLY THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.



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, CLEANSSED 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 CHRYSANTHEMUM



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 CHRYSANTHEMUM



MOUNTAINS
COVER THE
WHITE SUN,

ONE:
AT
HERON
LODGE

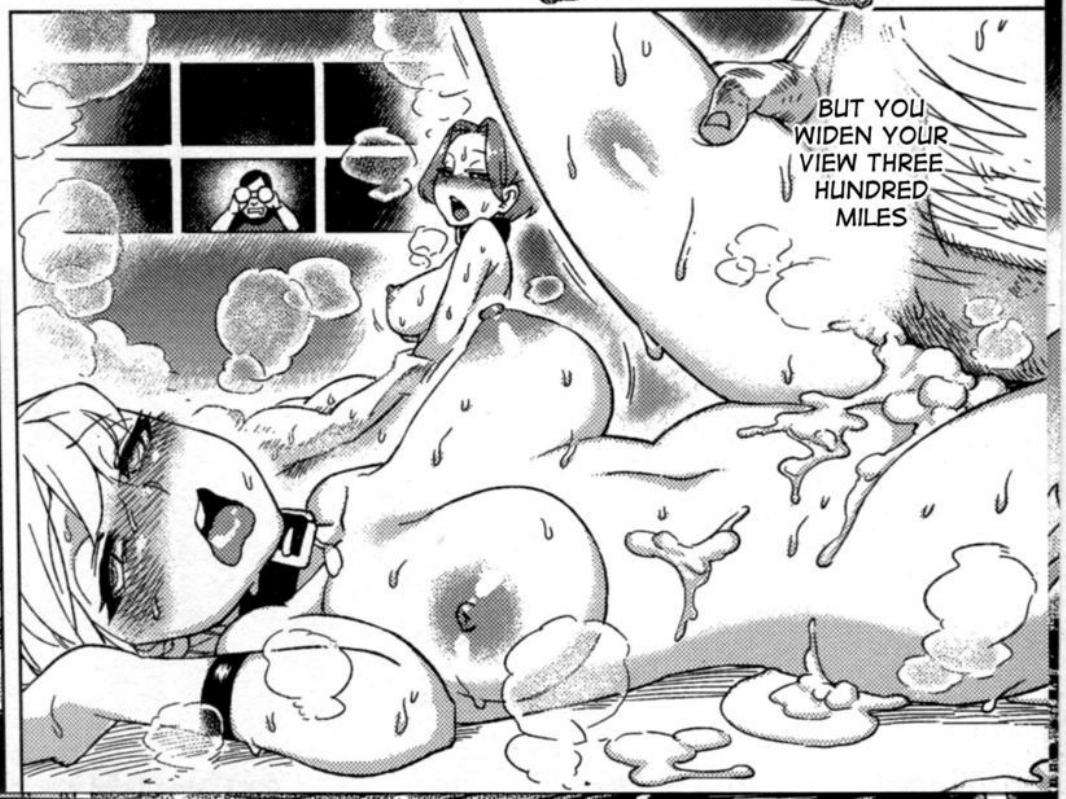
TWO:
EXCERPTS
FROM THE
300 TANG
POEMS.



AND
OCEANS
DRAIN
THE
GOLDEN
RIVER;



BY
GOING
UP ONE
FLIGHT
OF
STAIRS.



BUT YOU
WIDEN YOUR
VIEW THREE
HUNDRED
MILES

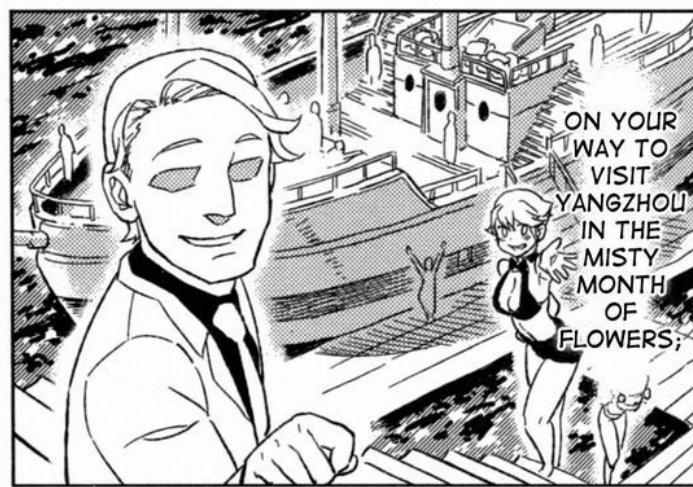


YOUR
SAIL,
A SINGLE
SHADOW,
BECOMES
ONE
WITH THE
BLUE
SKY,



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.

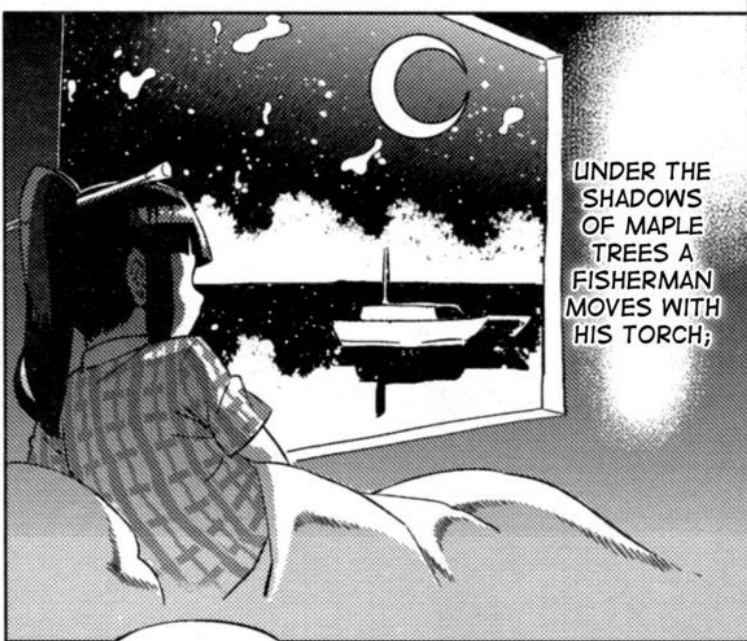


WHILE
I WATCH
THE MOON
GO DOWN,
A CROW
CAWS
THROUGH
THE
FROST;

THREE:
A NIGHT-
MOORING
NEAR
MAPLE
BRIDGE



AND
I HEAR,
FROM
BEYOND
SUZHOU,
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.

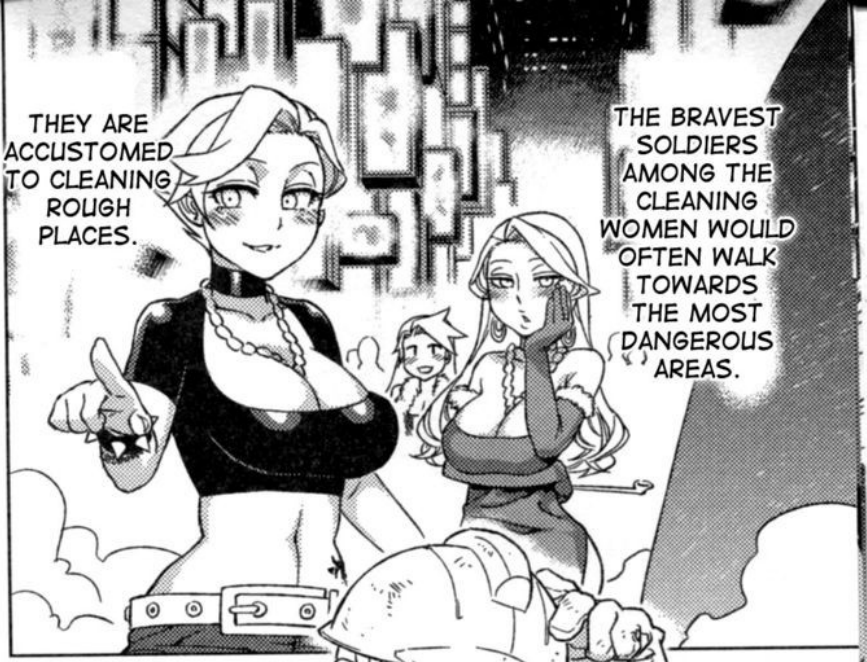
SHE RAN AND RAN OVER A FEW BLOCKS,

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,



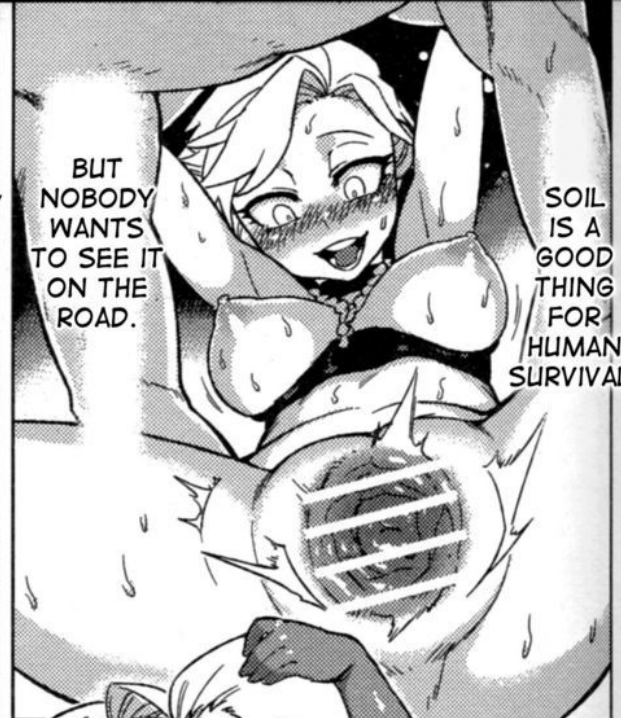
ONCE EVERY MORNING,

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



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.



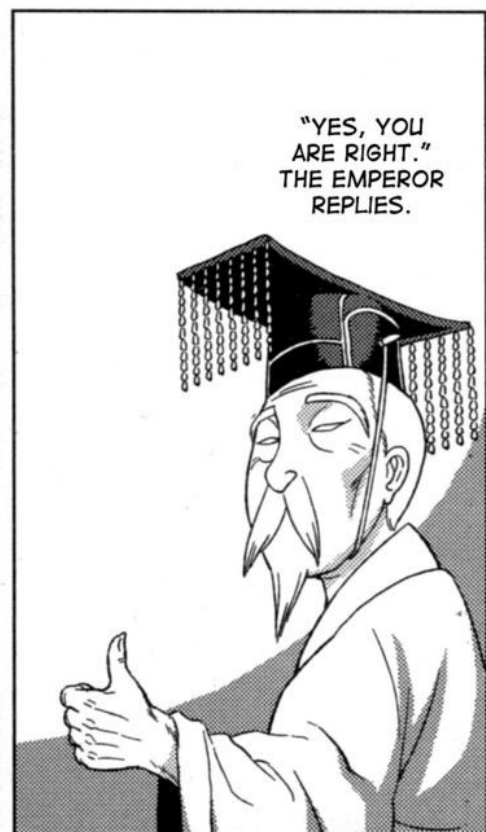
ITS FOOD AND WATER.

IT IS NOT PICKY ABOUT



THE HORSE WILL ALWAYS JUMP AROUND EXCITEDLY.

BEFORE A HALTER IS SET,

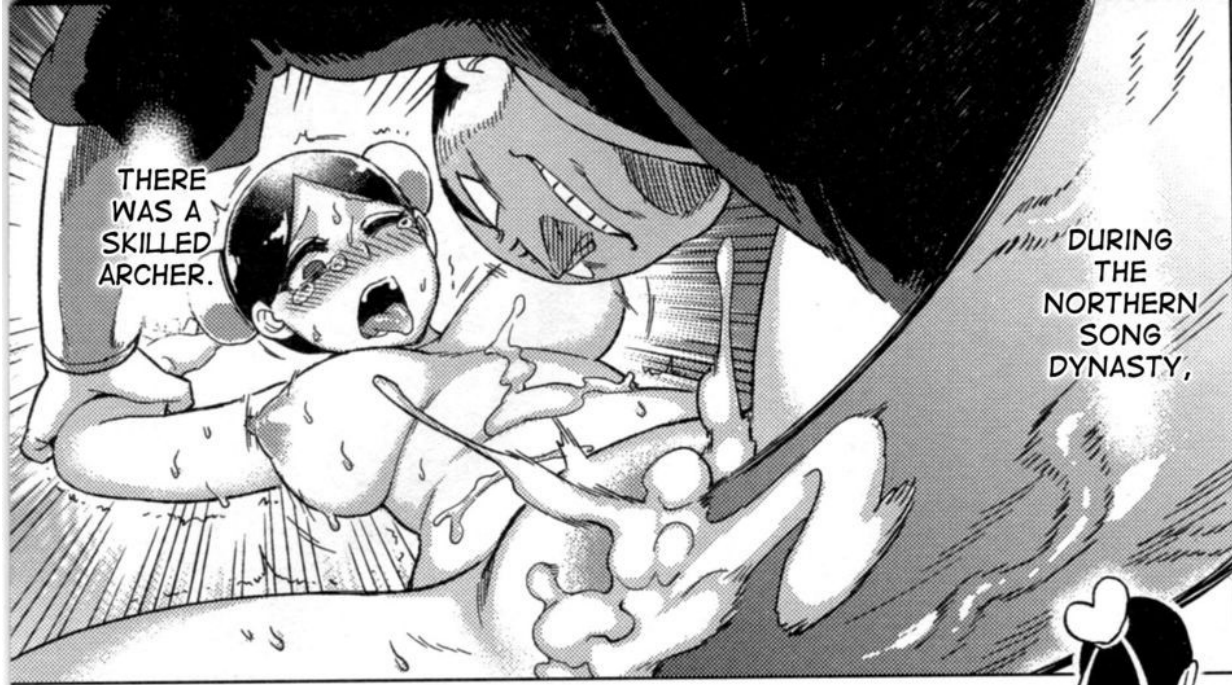


"YES, YOU ARE RIGHT." THE EMPEROR REPLIES.



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.



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



"NO, I CAN'T."





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;



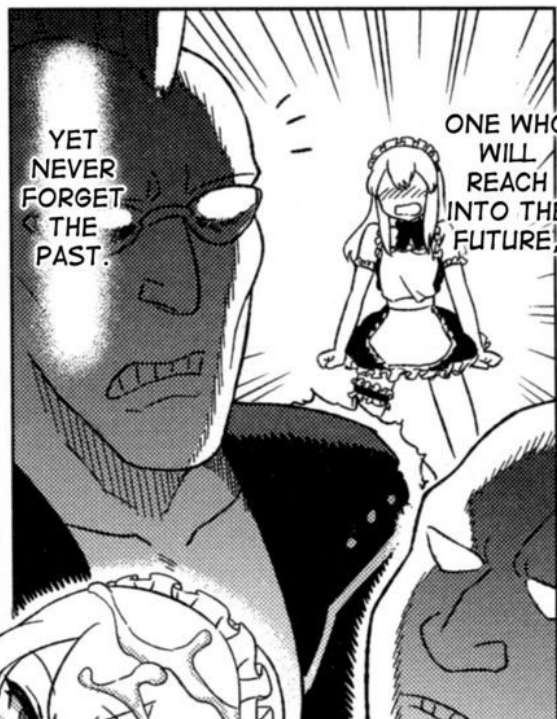
WHOSE HEART WILL BE CLEAN, WHOSE GOAL WILL BE HIGH;

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.

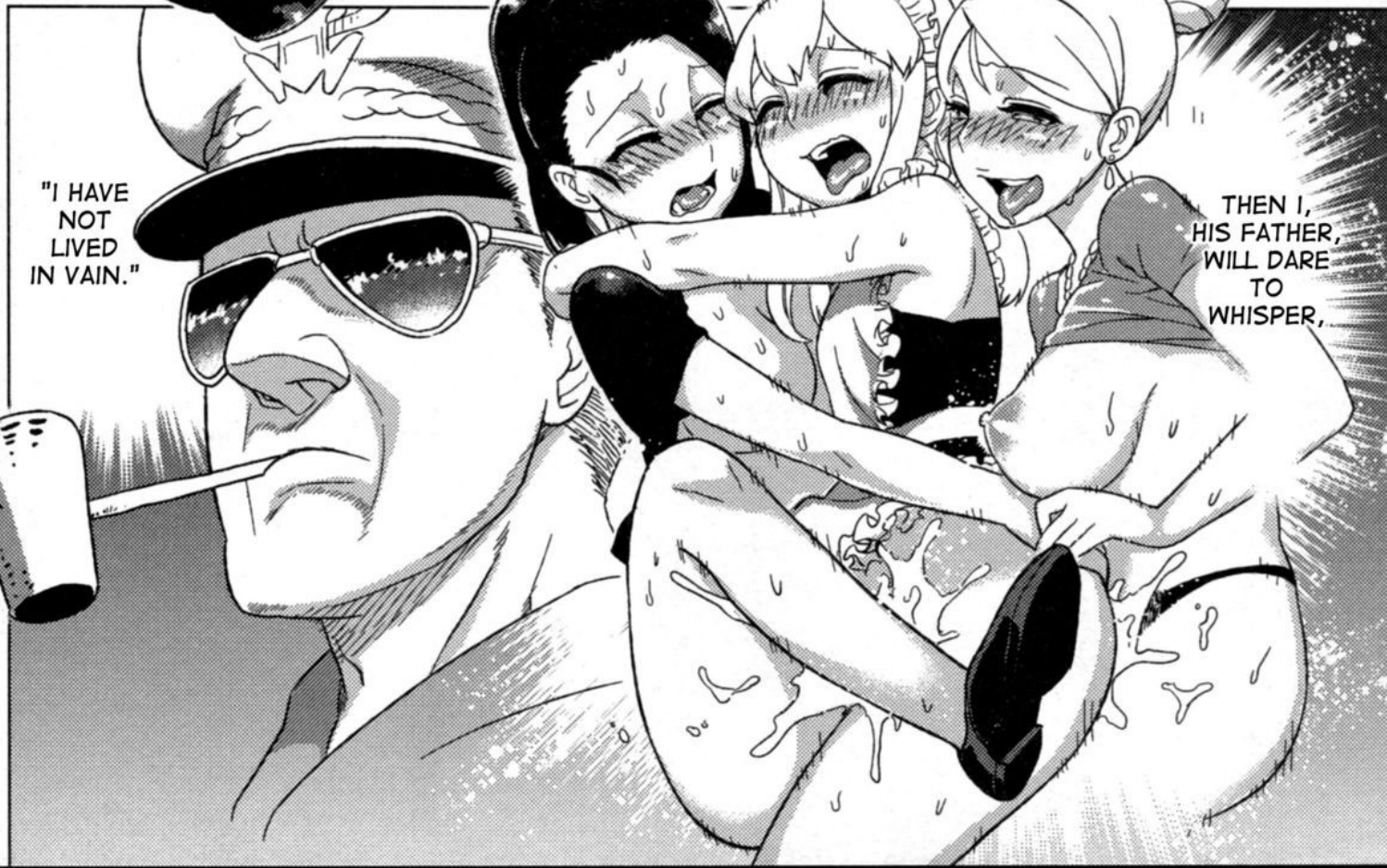


SO THAT
HE MAY
ALWAYS
REMEMBER
THE
SIMPLICITY
OF
GREATNESS,

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

www.plurk.com/young10251

Jan2013

上校印刷



Turtle.Fish.Paint