

**O'ZBEKISTON RESPUBLIKASI
OLIV VA O'RTA MAXSUS TA'LIM VAZIRLIGI**

NAMANGAN DAVLAT UNIVERSITETI

FILOLOGIYA FAKULTETI

INGLIZ TILI VA ADABIYOTI KAFEDRASI

M.Alimova, Yo.Nazarova, R.Akbarova

***Folk Tales
from China***

**USLUBIY
QO'LLANMA**

NAMANGAN

Tuzuvchilar: Ingliz tili va adabiyoti kafedrası katta
o'qituvchilari Yo. Nazarova, M. Alimova,
R.Akbarova

Taqrizchilar: Ingliz tili va adabiyoti kafedrası,
f.f.n., dots. R.Karimov
Namangan davlat universiteti filologiya
fakulteti Nemis va fransuz tillari kafedrası,
f.f.n., dots. Z. Sodiqov

Ushbu uslubiy qo'llanma Ingliz tili va adabiyoti kafedrası
yig'ilishida muhokama qilingan. Bayonnoma № ___ "___"
_____2015 y.

Namangan davlat universiteti o'quv-uslubiy kengashining "___"
_____ 2015 yil № ___ - sonli qarori bilan tasdiqlangan.
Bayonnoma № ___ "___" _____ 2015 y.

Unit 1

DROLMAKYID THE FAIRY

Answer the following questions:

1. What are three important features of the characters in the picture?
2. What do you think the main characters do?



Drolmakyid the Fairy

(A Tibetan Story)

A long time ago, there lived in, a faraway, kingdom a mischievous young Prince, who, nevertheless, was good at heart.

One day, when he was slinging stones at birds, from one of the upper stories of the palace, he saw an old woman with a bucket of water on her back, making her way awkwardly down the embankment. The



spirit of mischief at once entered him. He raised his catapult and aimed at the water bucket. The stone shot out, knocked a hole in the bucket, and the water ran out all over the place.

The old woman was angry and sorry for her loss. She was just about to send forth a torrent of abuse, when she raised her head and saw who the culprit was. She bit back the words on the tip of her tongue. Feeling injured but not daring to speak up, she sank to the ground and wept softly, patting her broken bucket.

The young Prince looked down from above, and felt sorry for having done the old woman such a bad turn. He hurried down to the embankment to console her, got a chip of wood and helped her fix the bucket. He then ran to the river, fetched a bucketful of water, placed it on the old woman's back and supported her home.

The old woman's grief was turned to joy, and, as she looked up at the young Prince, her face was wreathed in smiles. She silently said her prayers wishing him happiness, and wishing that he would get a fairy as his, wife.

"My Young Prince," said she, "you're indeed very kind. I hope you will get Drolmakyid as your wife."

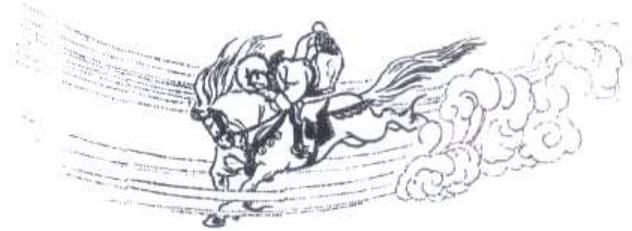
The Prince had never heard of Drolmakyid before, and was therefore most curious. "Grandma, who is Drolmakyid?" he asked. "Is she beautiful? Where does she live?"

"Drolmakyid is a very beautiful fairy, who lives far, far away," replied the old woman.

Having heard this, the young Prince determined to search for Drolmakyid and win her as his wife. He plied the old woman with

questions as how to find the fairy. Seeing that lie was in earnest, the old woman told him, “The place where Drolmakyid dwells is very far from here. If you ride on the swiftest horse, it will take ten days and ten nights to cover the distance. Before noon of the 10th day you will come across a dense forest of orange trees. In the midst of the forest there grows a tall leafy orange tree, and that is the home of Drolmakyid. Climb up the tree and you'll find an orange the size of an egg which emanates golden rays. Pick it and hide it in your bosom. Then ride away from the place as quickly as possible. But, remember, you mustn't peel the orange and peep into it on the way, or Drolmakyid will fly away.”

The Prince thanked her again and again. But as he was about to leave, the old woman called him back. "Before starting the journey you should have your fortune told and choose an auspicious day, else you'll come up against a windstorm or some other disaster," she advised him repeatedly.



When the Prince returned to the palace, he could no longer contain himself. He wished he could start off at once. He did not dare consult his father, lest the old man would prevent him from going. All by himself he paced up and down his room like ants on a hot griddle. At length the sun set beyond the hills, and everybody in the palace retired for the night. He was in too much of a hurry to think of any fortune-telling. He went to the stable and chose a white stallion. He sprang onto its back, and, riding out into the bright moonlit night, galloped off in the direction the old woman had pointed out to him.

Day and night the stallion raced across snowcapped mountains and glaciers, rivers and plains. On the morning of the 10th day there appeared a boundless stretch of green forest. The young Prince reined in his horse and, at a slackened pace, entered the woods. In the midst of the forest there was a tall, leafy orange tree, clustered abundantly with golden-coloured oranges. It towered above the other trees as if it were their king. The Prince then mused that this must be the tree! He swung round and dismounted. He climbed up the tree and, amidst the heavy clusters of fruits, began his search. Suddenly, through the thick foliage there flashed a golden light. The Prince went further up the branches,

and indeed, he discovered an orange the size of an egg, shining with golden rays. He almost shouted with joy. He hurriedly picked it and hid it in his bosom.

Just as the Prince had placed the orange, on, his bosom, a tornado



broke loose, sending clouds of dust and rocks flying wildly ah out. The sky darkened, and the earth spun madly round. The orange tree shook and trembled before the gale. The Prince then suddenly felt a pang of remorse that he had not listened to what the old woman had told him; in his haste he had come to this place

without waiting to have his fortune told. He tightly clasped the orange and waited for the storm to blow over. But who could have expected, the wind blew with even stronger force, sweeping the Prince down from the tree and hurling him to the ground unconscious. His hands, however, remained tightly clasped or his breast.

When he came to, he did not know how long he had lain there. The wind had lulled, and the white stallion was grazing silently nearby. He felt for the orange in his bosom. It lay safely there. Not daring to linger any longer, he jumped to his feet, vaulted onto the stallion and brought his whip down across its withers. The beast shook its long, white mane, reared up and darted off like an arrow out of the forest.

As the Prince galloped forth on his way, he mused, "What does Drolmakyid look like?" Several times he thought of pulling off a piece of the peel and peeping inside, but, remembering the old woman's advice, he restrained himself. Day after day he continued on his, way, and on the 10th the palace came in sight. "Ai last I've reached home," he thought, and, not being able to contain his curiosity, he took out the orange and pulled off a piece of its radiantly glistening golden peel. A dazzling golden ray shot out from within, and, amidst that golden splendour, there sat a beautiful girl. At this moment the tornado again broke loose from all directions. The Prince instantly replaced the piece of peel, and returned the orange to his bosom. Then tightly clasping his hand to his breast, he spurred on his stallion, dashed out of the storm and returned to the palace.

During all those days, both the old King and Queen were filled with anxiety on account of the Prince's disappearance. They dispatched

people to every part of the country to search for him. They also asked the lamas to read the Divine scriptures and pray to the gods to help them find out the whereabouts of the Prince. But not a word did they hear. When the Prince returned suddenly, the old couple were so happy .they could do nothing but gape. After-wards holding the Prince's hands, they endlessly plied him with questions. Seeing that his parents ' did not blame him for his behavior, the Prince gathered courage and told them from beginning to end exactly what had happened, and pleaded with them to allow him marry Drolmakyid.

Knowing that Drolmakyid was a fairy, the old couple gladly gave their consent. They agreed on an auspicious day for the young couple's wedding, and began to look around for a beautiful maid for their prospective daughter-in-law.

Every day, from all parts of the country, young girls of various description — tall ones, short ones, fat ones, thin ones, ungainly ones, pretty ones — came pouring into the palace to take part in the contest for the job. After much choosing, there was not a single one found fit for It. Drolmakyid was indeed too beautiful for any girl to match her. On the last day there came a girl who so resembled Drolmakyid in form, figure and appearance that, taken together, you would think they were twin sisters. When the old couple and the Prince saw her, they were deeply impressed, so they chose her to wait upon Drolmakyid. Who could have known that the girl was a witch and that she was overflowing with evil intentions?

After their marriage the young Prince and Drolmakyid developed a deep affection for each other and lived in great happiness. The maid, too, seemed to show great consideration towards them.

One day the Prince and Drolmakyid were out in the woods. He felt somewhat tired, and, resting on her bosom, fell asleep. The witch-maid was with them. On seeing the young Prince sleep, she bit her lip, as an limitation flitted through her mind. Facing Drolmakyid, she said, "Everybody says you're beautiful, but I think I'm prettier still. If you don't believe it, we can take advantage of the Prince's being asleep and have a look at our reflections in the lake. Let's then compare who after all is the prettier."

As Drolmakyid considered herself the prettiest of all girls, she certainly would not yield. "Very well," she said, "let us compare."

She lightly lifted the Prince's head off her bosom and, holding the witch's hand, went to the lake-side. There they saw the reflections of

two beautiful girls in the water. They looked like twin sisters. At a glance it was hard to differentiate, but on a closer look Drolmakyid was after all somewhat prettier than the witch. Her bearing was more elegant and graceful.

The witch, too, noticed that she could not match Drolmakyid, but that did not stop her.

"You are not more beautiful than I," she said. "It's your dress and ornaments that make all the difference. You see, in summer you're dressed up in expensive silks, in winter you have fine woolen clothes to put on, and as ornaments you have pearls and precious corals, while my things are all so drab. If you don't believe it, let me put on your dress and ornaments, and see if I don't look more beautiful than you."

Drolmakyid was entirely unsuspecting. "No matter what I put on I'm still prettier than you," she thought. So she exchanged dresses and ornaments with the witch.

"You see, you see," cried the witch, pointing to the two reflections. In the water, "who after all is more beautiful?"

Drolmakyid was so engrossed in gazing down at the water that she was taken utterly unawares when the witch with both hands gave her a strong push from behind. There was a splash, and bubbles rolled up to the surface.

Drolmakyid sank to the bottom of the lake. The witch snorted with malicious glee and returned to where the Prince lay. She lifted his head and, putting him into the same position as when he was with Drolmakyid, rested him on her bosom.

After a while the Prince woke up. He opened his eyes clouded with sleep and said incoherently, "Oh, I rested on your bosom and must have fallen asleep."

Imitating Drolmakyid's voice, the witch said, "My Prince, you've been sleeping for quite a while, let's go home now."

The Prince saw that the maid was missing and thought it was strange, because usually she never left Drolmakyid's side. "But where's the maid?" he asked the witch.

"I've sent her home long ago," she replied.

Then it dawned upon the Prince that there was something odd in his wife's behavior, though he could not say exactly what. He gazed at her with unblinking eyes. The witch's heart missed a beat when she saw him watching her. "Why do you keep on gazing at me?" she asked with an embarrassed smile.

"You seem to have changed. Your voice is different and you look different," the Prince replied hesitantly.

"As a fairy I'll naturally change after a certain period of life among mortals. Just watch, the change'll be greater still in the future," the witch replied slyly.

The Prince accepted this as the truth and did not probe any further. He was thus deceived by the witch.

After several days a golden lotus flower bloomed on the lake, gently bobbing and nodding in the breeze.

One day, as the horse-groom was grazing the horses by the lake, he saw a golden glimmer far out in the middle of the lake. On going closer he saw that it was a golden lotus flower. He hurried to the Prince to report his discovery.

Recently the Prince had felt depressed for no obvious reason. He noticed that his wife was gradually changing. She was no longer her former self, gentle and lovable. When he got the groom's report, he did not wait another second but ran to the banks of the lake. But strange to say, except for the wide expanse of water, there was not even a piece of duckweed to be seen, to say nothing of a golden lotus flower. But the Prince was not discouraged. Early at dawn on the next day he again ran to the place. As before, there was nothing to be seen except the green and silently rolling waves. This happened on three days in succession. The Prince began to think that the groom was suffering from illusions "or was deliberately making a fool out of him. When he questioned the groom, the latter swore that he had indeed seen a golden lotus flower. Finally the groom struck on an idea. "Your Honour," he said, "it may be that the' flower is shy of you and thus has hidden itself, Perhaps Your Honour would care to try again disguised as a horse-groom by wearing my clothes".

The Prince thought there was some sense in what the groom had said. So he exchanged clothes with him. He was so excited that he could not sleep the whole night. When the eastern sky began to turn pale, the Prince rode on his white stallion to the lakeside. This time he could see a golden lotus flower very clearly amidst the bluish green waves, bathed in the reddish hue of dawn, it was exceedingly beautiful. The more he looked at the flower, the fonder he became of it. He seemed to have seen the flower before. But where? Why couldn't he remember? He clasped his hands in silent prayer: "Oh Buddha, bestow

upon me happiness! If there is any affinity between the flower and me, please grant it to, me!"

After his prayer he plunged into the lake. He cut the clear blue waves with strong strokes and swam further out. The flower seemed to wave and nod at the Prince with each waft of the breeze as though they were acquainted. When he came close by, he reached out his hand, picked the flower and clasped it to his bosom.

When he returned to the palace he put the flower in a golden vase and placed it in his prayer hall. He never left the place for a single minute. He watched over the flower day and night and seemed to derive from it great consolation.

A witch is without doubt a very cunning creature. Nothing could be hidden from her wildly falling eyes. As soon as she saw the flower she realized that it was Drolmakyid in disguise. No wonder it was so sweet and attractive, no wonder the Prince loved it so much. She became simply mad with hatred and jealousy. It so happened that the Prince went out hunting one day. She seized the opportunity to steal the flower. She found a remote valley and made a bonfire of dry firewood and branches. With her own hands she threw the flower into the flames. In an instant it withered and blackened and soon turned into ash. The witch felt very pleased, and, with a triumphant smirk on her face, she returned to the palace.

Several days passed when, from the ashes of the bonfire, there came forth a green sprout. It grew under the caress of the breeze; it grew under the warm rays of the sun. It did not take years to grow, it simply grew by the hour, even by the second. Day and night it continued growing. After several days it had grown into a tall and big walnut tree, scores of feet high and with so thick a trunk that even two or three persons together could not form a ring with their arms around it. Its foliage was thick and luxuriant, clustered with green walnuts the size of an egg.

Since the witch had destroyed the flower, she had become very restless. She could neither rest nor sleep in peace. She was obsessed with strange anxieties. Several days passed, and again she went to the remote valley. She found a tall walnut tree, crowned with thick green leaves, standing firmly upright amid jagged rocks. At once she knew that it was again Drolmakyid who had transformed herself into a tree. Her face turned livid with anger. She rolled her eyes and again contrived a malicious scheme. Curbing her feelings, she returned to the

palace. When evening came, she said in feigned earnestness to the Prince, "Today when I was out hunting, I saw in the valley a tall and leafy walnut tree, covered with thousands of walnuts. I think of doing a good deed by granting the nuts to the people."

Seeing that her request was apparently reasonable, and made with good intentions, the Prince gave out his order: "The Prince grants the people a walnut each. They should gather the nuts themselves." When the order was passed around, it caused a great stir. Who did not want to receive a grant from the Prince? They all rushed to the valley, everyone wanting to be the first to reach the tree. The usual quiet of the valley was shattered as the people swarmed in. Some picked the nuts, others knocked them off with a rake. Before half a day was out the branches were bare and not one of the emerald green walnuts which formerly clustered the tree in such abundance was left. That evening, after the people had dispersed, the witch ordered soldiers to fell the tree and set it afire. The rolling flames blazed for three days and nights before they finally subsided.

At the time there lived at the back of the King's palace a poor family of two, a mother and a son. Every day the son grazed sheep in the mountains, while his mother stayed at home to cook, fetch the water, and so forth. They passed their days in semi-starvation; if they ate their fill at one meal, they went hungry at the next. That day, when everybody went to pick walnuts, the son had gone to tend sheep. When he returned it was already pitch dark. But on hearing the news he



hurriedly went to the valley, even forgetting to take his meal. He came too late, the people had already dispersed, and there was not a single nut left. He felt reluctant to return empty-handed, so he searched all over the valley for any left-over nuts. At last he found a big round green walnut in the crevice of a rock. Rather than eat it, he took it home to his mother, "Ting, "Ah-Ma, you eat it. It's a grant from the Prince."

With its perfect roundness, its emerald green colour, and sweet fragrance emanating from its shell, the walnut was indeed very unique. His mother also declined to eat it. "I will leave it for my son" she thought. Every day he rises early at dawn and goes to bed late at night. It must be very

hard for him". And she placed the nut on the window-sill.

On the following day, taking his bag of *tsamba*¹ with him, the son rose at dawn to graze sheep in the mountain, while his mother stayed at home doing her daily chores. At noon, when it was time to cook the gram, she set off to the pond with her bucket to fetch some water. Upon her return she discovered that the rice was already cooked, and a pot of fragrant buttered-tea stood boiling on the stove. She was very surprised. Who could have done this? She asked around among her neighbors, but no one had seen anybody go into her house. When her son returned it was already dark. She told him of what had happened. The son, too, found it very strange and could not get to the bottom of the mystery.

It happened for three days in succession. Both mother and son then became wary. Secretly they drew up-a plan to solve the mystery.

Early at dawn on the following day, without the slightest indication of anything untoward, the son set out as usual with his bag of *tsamba*. The mother, having ground some *chingko*, left the house, carrying her water-bucket. But they did not go far. They went half way, made an about-turn and ran home. The mother hid at the front door, while the son climbed upon the roof and looked through the sky-light. He peered down into the room, and saw a miracle - the round green walnut on the window-sill gaped open with a pop, a golden ray shot out from within its shell, and a beautiful girl came out of it. On reaching the ground she rolled up her sleeves and with quick and nimble fingers began to light the stove. Within a few minutes she had the rice cooked. The mother was simply dumbfounded. She continued to gaze into the room, while she tried to recollect, "Which family's pretty lass is she? I've never seen her before."

When the rice was ready and everything put to rights, the girl approached the window-sill. Just as she was about to disappear into the nut, the mother, unable to restrain herself, pushed open the door, strode into the house and caught the girl by the hand, saying, "Who are you? Are you a fairy or a witch?"

"I'm not a witch, I'm Drolmakyid, the fairy," the girl replied.

"You're a fairy then! No wonder you're so pretty," said the mother. "But how did you come to be living in a walnut?"

Drolmakyid heaved a sigh and told the mother from A to Z all that had happened and of the fate which had befallen her. After hearing her

¹ Bread made of chingko barley flour, a staple Tibetan food.

story, the mother was very moved. She repeatedly wiped away her tears. "I'm a poor woman," said she. "And I've only a son living with me. If you can put up with our poverty, why not live with us as my daughter?"

"That would be very nice," replied Drolmakyid. "If you'll promise to keep silent and tell nobody, I'll live with you as your daughter."

From then on Drolmakyid lived at the mother's house. Every day she helped with the household chores. But she refused to do any kind of outdoor work — fetching water, gathering wood and the like — for fear that somebody might see her.

Thus she passed her days safely for quite some time. One day the mother said to Drolmakyid, "It's a lovely sunny day, put some round tubers² onto the roof to dry."

Drolmakyid was reluctant to go, because the King's palace stood opposite their house. She was afraid that the witch might see her, and bring some disaster upon her. But she thought she should not refuse the mother's request, and, on the other hand, she hoped she might by chance catch a glimpse of the Prince, just a few secret glances. Oh! How she longed for him! So she agreed as what the mother asked.

She put on a wide-brimmed conical straw hat that hid her face. While putting the tubers to dry, she kept glancing furtively in the direction of the King's palace in the hope of seeing the Prince. But unfortunately, after lunch the witch strolled out onto the veranda to refresh herself. With a self-satisfied air she kept scanning the view around her.

At this moment a strong gust of wind sent Drolmakyid straw hat flying into the air. As Drolmakyid grabbed at it she involuntarily let out a cry "Ai-ya!"

The witch too recoiled and cowered when the gust of wind blew. But amidst the howl of the wind her ears caught Drolmakyid cry. Her heart missed a beat. "That's a very familiar voice!" she thought. When the wind had passed over, she looked out and around. "Oh! Isn't that Drolmakyid? How does she come to be still alive?" Her heart raced with fright, and the blood drained from her face. She turned round and scurried down the stairs.

The witch called together eight of the palace guards, four men and four women. "With the family that lives at the back of the palace there's

² A local tuber that Tibetans use for soup.

a very pretty girl," she told them. "She's a witch and is harmful to the safety of the King. I order you to tie her up with a rope, carry her to a faraway glade, build a bonfire, and, after burning her to death, strew her ashes around the glade. Then the King will be safe, and the harvest will be a good one."

Following the witch's orders, like a pack of hungry wolves "the eight guards rushed into the old mother's house and tied Drolmakyid up. The old mother put up a fight. Sobbing and cursing, she tried to bar them from touching Drolmakyid. Drolmakyid knew that H was another plot on the part of the witch. She did not say a word, she did not even resist, but, instead, let them do as they wished. At the same time she comforted the old mother, "Ah-Ma, never mind, don't worry. I'll be back safe and sound."

The eight guards pushed the old mother sprawling to the floor and carried Drolmakyid away.

At a faraway glade a previously prepared heap of firewood had been kindled. The tongues of its flames were licking and soaring. The witch, with a long-drawn face as cold as a slab of slate, stood at one side gesturing and signaling her orders. They threw Drolmakyid into the fire and a whiff of thick black smoke curled up into the clouds. There was only a heap of charred bones and ashes left. The witch supervised the eight guards in strewing Drolmakyid ashes to the last particle to all corners of the glade. Then she gnashed her teeth and mumbled, "Now, let's see what else can you do!"

Strangely enough, on the night of that very day, in that silent and deserted glade, on the area on which Drolmakyid's ashes had been strewn there arose from the ground a tall nine-storey palace with gold engraved pillars.

Ever since the witch had stolen and destroyed the golden lotus flower, the young Prince had lost his high spirits and vigor. With knitted brows, he roamed about in a depressed mood. What saddened him even more was the fact that his wife had become increasingly violent and vicious. No longer was she the gentle and gracious creature he had married. She had changed into another person. The longer the Prince stayed at home the more vexed he became. Thus he used to often take his horse-groom and roared about the neighboring places. That day he went out for a ride and aimlessly let his horse carry him where it pleased- Without noticing it, he struck upon the glade. The sight of the glade immediately attracted his attention. From afar he could see a

scene of golden splendors - veiled in haze stood a magnificent tall palace, competing in splendors with the towering snow-draped mountains.

The Prince thought it was perhaps an illusion. He turned to the horse-groom and asked, "Whose palace is that? It's so beautiful!"

The groom too wondered. "Oh, my Lord, only a few days ago ! came here to graze the horses, and the place was still a jumble of reeds and wild grass. I haven't been here since, and now a nine-storey palace has sprung up. It's beyond any human power, my Lord. There must have been some witchcraft" He talked and talked and became scared out of his wits. He tried to persuade the Prince to return home immediately. But the Prince dismounted from his horse and told his groom to wait for him by the glade. Alone he headed for the palace. As he drew nearer the palace, clusters of bright, multi-coloured blossoms sprang up before him. They gently nodded and waved in the breeze as if welcoming him.

In front of the palace gate sat two fierce-Tibetan hounds as big as a calf. Two pairs of eyes flashed and stared at the Prince. He wavered and did not dare move further, fearing that the hounds might fall upon him. For a while all was quiet "But the hounds did not show any hostility. Oh the contrary, they began to wag their tails. The Prince mustered his courage and, passing by the palace stairs.

Inside, all was empty and silent. There was not even a shadow of a human being to be seen. He followed the staircase up to the first storey. Still there was no one to be seen. He could not but feel strange. How could so grand a palace have nobody living in it? he wondered. He determined to get to the root of the matter. Up he went another storey, and so on till he reached the ninth storey.

In the prayer-hall on the topmost floor sat a beautiful fairy in complete composure. When she saw the Prince her lips seemed to quiver in an attempt to say something, but she did not utter a word. She lowered her head as if great spiritual pain. The Prince stopped dead in complete surprise, riveted to the ground. "I seemed to have seen this beautiful girl before," he thought. "Her face is so familiar. But why can't I remember who she is?"

A spell of silence reigned over the hall. The girl then spoke. "My Lord, don't you recognize me any more?" she asked.

The Prince found her voice extremely melodious and so very familiar and intimate. Suddenly, as though awakened from a dream, he remembered. "Goodness," isn't she Drolmakyid. Surely, this is Drolmakyid as she used to be!" he thought. But then he was beset with doubts. Drolmakyid was at home, so how could she be here? Could she be a witch in disguise?



When the girl saw him hesitate and keep silent, she spoke again. "Oh, my Prince, I am Drolmakyid, the former Drolmakyid."

The Prince became all the more confused and opened his eyes wide. "Are you really ...?" he said.

"I'm really Drolmakyid. . ." the girl replied without the slightest hesitation.

With tears flowing down her cheeks, she told the Prince from beginning to end all the evils which the witch had inflicted upon her. She wept as she spoke, and her tears rolled down like pearls from a broken string. When the Prince heard her story, he felt a stab in his heart and shed tears with her. Finally Drolmakyid said, "Our sorrow is now a thing of the past, and from now on happiness will be ours, and we will never have to part again."

The Prince then thought, "No wonder I have felt that my wife had changed into another person. She is not the real Drolmakyid, but a witch in disguise," Then the Prince's rage mounted and he felt his heart was all afire. He wanted to return to the palace immediately to deal with the witch and avenge Drolmakyid.

Drolmakyid on the contrary was very composed, "There is no need to go and find the witch, she will, by herself fall into the snare," she said. "She will soon meet her doom."

Now let us return to the horse-groom. When he had waited by the glade for the whole day and there was still no sign of the Prince, he became terribly nervous and did not dare remain there any longer. He mounted the white stallion and galloped off to the King's palace. He instantly went to the witch to report, "Oh, Your Highness, there's a palace over there that must have been built by witchcraft. The Prince

went inside and never came out again. Our Prince must have been gobbled up by a goblin."

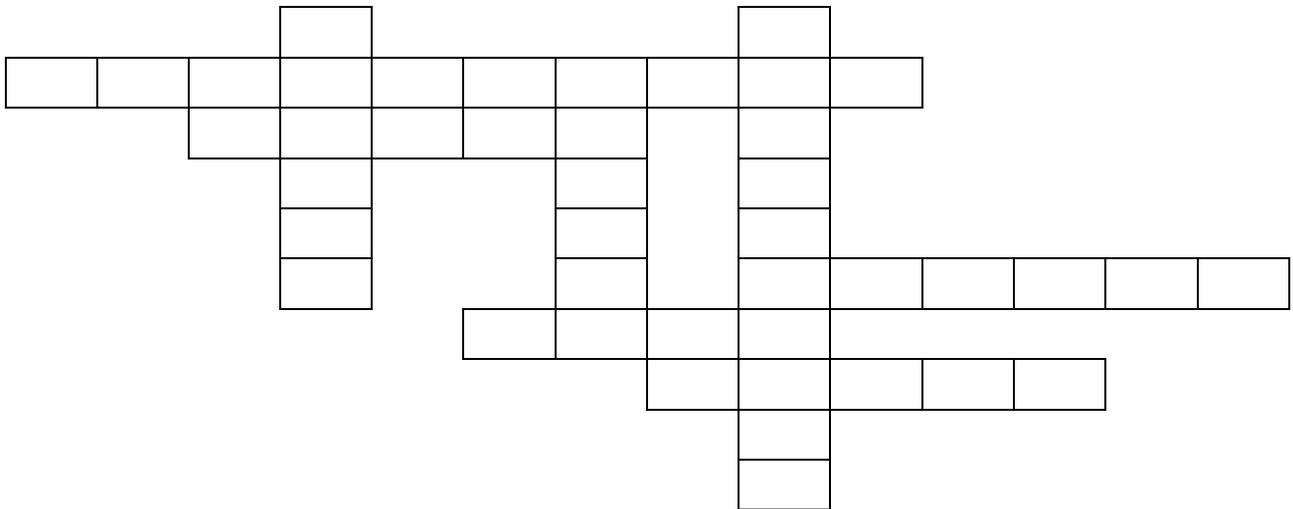
The witch after all could see things more clearly than the groom. After hearing his report she at once guessed that it must have been a magic spell worked out by Drolmakyid. Her fangs itched with hatred, and her hair bristled with malice. She pushed the groom aside and, like a whirlwind, rushed to the glade and into the palace. She scrambled from one storey to the other, from that to the next. Just as she had reached the ninth storey, she seemed to miss her footing and fall. From the height she fell straight to the ground and crashed on the floor. Drolmakyid had known beforehand that the witch would surely come to the palace. She thus cut an opening on the uppermost floor and let the witch run into the snare by herself. The Prince then called forth a group of men to stack firewood in the glade and burn the witch to ashes.

From then on the young Prince and Drolmakyid lived happily in that grand palace until their old age.

*Narrated by Gangchen
Recorded and arranged
by Chen Shih-chun
Illustrations by Yang
Yung-ching*

TASK 1 CROSSWORD

1. A person who saw an old woman with a bucket of water on her back.
2. A name of flower which bloomed on the lake.
3. A girl who was like Drolmakyid very much.
4. One of Prince's servants who told him about a golden lotus flower.
5. Bread made of chingko barley flour.
6. A poor family passed their days in semi-..... .
7. Drolmakyid put on a wide-brimmed conical that hid her face.
8. A group of men and women who went to carry Drolmakyid.



TASK 2

PUZZLES

1. These things are very precious. Especially girls are interested in them. Because they think these things are necessary for them. Each girl wants to put on them. In this story the witch wanted those things to be for only herself. What are they?

(Ornaments)

2. A person who lives at the palace. He is a great person at the palace. He has his own servants. He always orders them to do something.

Because everybody tries to respect for him. In this story there is such kind of person. He is one of the main characters of this story.
(Prince)

3.She is a very malicious girl. In many stories, tales she was described as a negative character by author. Because she is one of the main characters of the stories. That's why if you read stories you will come across such kind of characters. In this story she didn't like Drolmakyid. That's why she tried to kill her. She was afraid of nothing for achieving her aim. Who is she?
(The witch)

4.They always work according to the somebody's order. They don't think what they are doing when someone orders them to do something. When they are doing somebody's order they look like hungry wolves. They have no their own mind. In this story the witch ordered them to kill Drolmakyid.
(Guards).

5.It is a place for horses. Many people build such kind of place for their horses. There are different horses in this place.In this story the Prince went there to choose a horse. Then he chose a white horse. It is
(A stable)

TASK 3

Answer the questions.

1. How did the Prince know about Drolmakyid?
2. How long did it take him to arrive at the forest?
3. What did the King and the Queen do to find the Prince?
4. Why did the witch come to the palace?
5. Who told the Prince about a golden lotus flower which bloomed on the lake?
6. Why did Drolmakyid and the witch go to the lake-side?
7. Who ordered soldiers to cut a tall and leafy walnut tree?
8. Why didn't Drolmakyid want to do any kind of outdoor works?
9. How many fierce Tibetan hounds sat in front of the palace gate?

10. Whom did the horse-groom go to report about Prince ?

TASK 4

Find the synonyms of the following words.

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1.maid | a) horse |
| 2.strong | b) malicious |
| 3.to destroy | c) brave |
| 4.to pick | d) church |
| 5.vexed | e) to define |
| 6.stallion | f) servant |
| 7.temple | g) to gather |
| 8.mischievous | h) to live |
| 9.to determine | i) to break |
| 10.to dwell | j) controversial |

TASK 5

Complete the following sentences.

1. “ My Prince, you are indeed very kind. I hope”
2. “ Everybody says you’re beautiful, but I think”
3. “ You seem to have changed. Your voice”
4. “ She is a witch and is harmful to the safety of the King. I order you to tie her up with a rope, carry”
5. “ There is no need to go and find the witch, she”
6. “ Oh, Your Highness, there’s a palace over there that must have been built by witchcraft. The Prince”
7. “ The Prince grants the people a walnut each. They should”
8. “Today when I was out hunting, I saw in the valley..... .”
9. “ Oh, my Lord, only a few days ago I came here to graze the horses, and”
10. “Our sorrow is now a thing of the past, and”

TASK 6

Underline the most suitable word in each sentence.

1." Drolmakyid is a very beautiful fairy, who *lived/lives* far, far away" replied the old woman.

2." As a fairy I *will/would* naturally change after a certain period of life among mortals." the witch replied.

3." I order you *to tie her/she up* with a rope, carry me/her to a far away glade" the witch told.

4."No wonder I have felt that my wife had changed into *another/other* person".

5."I seemed to have seen this beautiful girl *ago/before*".

6." There is a palace over there that must *have been built/build* by witchcraft".

Unit 2

The lion tamer

Look at the photo and discuss the situation.



The Lion Tamer

(A Tibetan Slay)

Long, long ago there lived a girl who married a King but was soon forsaken. She was driven out of the palace and exiled to a faraway place deep in the mountains. She was then expecting a child. The poor girl

lived in a deserted cave all by herself. She passed the days miserably in semi-starvation and cold, her only food the ginseng berries which she found in the mountains. All she lived for was to give birth safely and raise the child into a man. Thus she waited in great expectation for a whole year, but the baby was not born. Again she waited for another year, and still she did not give birth to the child. In the third year she bore a huge, plump and healthy baby with a scarlet head and a scarlet breast.

The baby was a miracle. He could speak on the day he was born, and his eyes sparkled with radiance.

He made such rapid growth that after three days he was as tall as a 15-year-old boy. Besides, he had the strength and agility till a young god. He just had to lift his loot and away he spurted. To the ether side of the mountain. And he could use a bow and arrow with ease. Thus from then on every day he went hunting deep into the mountains and forests to support his mother. Life grew gradually better for the mother and son.

One day the son went out hunting and returned when the sun had almost set behind the mountains, with a big, fat roe-deer slung across his shoulder. The mother was relieved and happy to see him, for she had begun to worry for his safety. She busied herself by helping him to cut up the deer, while she chatted with him about this and that.

Suddenly the son fixed his eyes upon his mother's face. "Ah-Ma," he said, "all deer have fathers, but why haven't I?"

His question hurt her to the quick. Her heart contracted with pain and her eyelids reddened as the tea rebelled up her eyes. Unwilling to show that she was hurt, she fought back her tears and said, "You're still very small, my son. Wait till you've grown up and become a real hunter. I'll tell you then." She then prattled about other things and thus turned his question aside.

Several days passed, and her son had grown into a robust and sturdy lad. By his appearance, he might be taken for twenty. One day he again brought home a kill, this time a striped, motley-coloured tiger. His mother was very happy when she saw this, for it showed that her son had indeed become a skilled hunter. He was both able and brave.

It was as the lad was skinning the tiger that he again remembered about his father.

"Ah-Ma, who is my father? And where does he live? I want to give him this beautiful tiger's skin. You know, I'm now a skilled hunter."

His mother still tried to turn aside his questions, but he was so insistent she could do nothing but yield. She told him everything from beginning to end. Her tears trickled down her cheeks as she said, "Your father is the present King. . . ." When she had finished her narration, the lad had still not recovered from his bewilderment. He deeply sympathized with his mother. He remained silent for a while, then said, "Ah-Ma, don't be sad. Tomorrow I'll go and claim my father. I'll ask him to take you back and you'll be reunited."

At crack of dawn on the following day the lad rolled up the tiger's skin, slung it across his shoulder and, dressing himself as a hunter, went to seek his father. The mother knew that the King was a rogue.

She repeatedly warned her son to be careful, and not to allow himself to be tricked by him. "Don't worry, Ah-Ma, am I not a skilful hunter now?" he said. After climbing mountains and crossing dales for days in succession, the lad arrived at the King's palace and asked to see him. He did not mention that he was the King's son, but only said that he was hunter from the interior mountain, and that would like to present the King with the skin of a Tibet- he-had just killed.

When the King received him, he scrutinized the lad from head to foot and silently appraised him. "I know all famous hunters," he thought, "but I haven't seen this red-headed and red-breasted boy before. He's a very skilful hunter to be able to kill a tiger. Where does he crone from? I should question him in detail." He thus asked the lad, "My boy, did you kill this tiger?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"What do you wish to get as your reward?"

"I don't wish any reward, Sir. I only wish to see my father."

"Oh, you came to look for your father, did you? Where is he? Tell me, and I'll certainly help your father and you to come together again."

The lad pointed to the King and said, "My father sits in front of me, Sir. My father is the King, you, Sir. . . ." Then he told the King all what his mother had told him.

The King was greatly shocked. "How could this young fellow come to claim me as hit father?" he thought, "He probably hopes to share my property. Besides, he has the skill to kill a tiger. If I were to keep him here, he'll certainly find some way of avenging his mother. I'd

better think up a way of killing him." Affecting a thankful expression, he addressed the lad, "Oh, I really thank Mighty Buddha, I now have a son who is a tiger hunter. But I still think of giving you another test, my boy. If you can kill a lion, I'll promise to claim you as my son and fetch your mother back."

When the lad left the King's palace he went deep into the mountains. He searched everywhere for a lion, but found none. As he walked further he came upon crossroads. Three paths forked ahead of him: one led up the mountain, another down the mountain, and yet another led along the mountain side-The lad hesitated, unable to decide which way to take to find a lion. Fortunately there was a white-haired old man sitting by the roadside. Opening his arms in a courteous gesture, the lad bowed to the old man and asked, "Grandad, may I ask you, which way should I take to find a lion?"

The old man appraised him from head to foot. "That's very fine, my lad, you're very brave," he said. "Take this road along the side of the mountain and at the end of it you'll find a lama temple with its gate tightly shut. Shout three times for the people inside to open the gate. If it's still shut, rap on it. There'll then appear a lama who'll give-you a good thrashing. You should endure it. Let him beat you and don't return the blows. He'll then tell you where to find the lion."

The lad thanked the old man and followed the path along the mountain side. The way became more and more rugged. At places it grew so precipitous and narrow, with jagged rocks strewn all over the path, he could hardly find a foothold. With clenched teeth he slowly inched his way forward on his hands and knees. He was exhausted and drenched with sweat when he finally passed this dangerous stretch and caught sight of the lama temple in a distance. Its gate was shut. He became so happy he forgot all about his weariness. In one breath he rushed to the temple and shouted at the top of his-voice, "Open the gate! Open the gate! Open the gate!"

He waited for a while but nothing stirred. He approached the heavy wooden door and, clenching his fists, wildly drummed on it with all his might.

With a sharp clatter the gate swung open, and a burly lama appeared. Without uttering a word he grabbed the lad and began to beat him. The lad remembered well what the old man had told him. He choked back his anger and let the lama strike him to his heart's content.

Having done his beating the lama looked at the lad and asked, "Who told you I was living here?"

The lad told him in detail of his meeting with the old man.

The lama laughed after he had heard the lad's story. He repeatedly praised him, saying, "You are very brave and strong-willed, my lad. I like you very much for this. I'll certainly help you to catch the lion."

Holding the lad's hand in his, he pointed to a winding and narrow path opposite the temple. "Follow this path till you come to its end," he said. "There you'll see the sea. On the beach there's a sandal-wood tree. There's a lion goes there every day to drink. Hide yourself up in the tree. You should get a sandalwood bough ready in hand and wait patiently. First birds will come to drink. You shouldn't scare them away. Then wild beasts will come and you shouldn't scare them away, either. After that the lion will come. Vault upon its back, rap its head with the sandalwood bough and, as you're doing it, ask it, 'Will you obey me or won't you?' Go on doing that till it nods its head in submission, then you may release it. From then on, whenever you need it, you just have to call aloud, and it will appear at your side."

The lad clasped his hands in thanks to the lama. With big strides he climbed the path opposite the temple. He climbed for a long time, from sunset till moonrise, from moonset till sunrise, and then he reached the mountain top and saw the sea. The emerald green water lay motionless like a big mirror. By the shore flowers of various colours bloomed in great abundance, and in their midst stood a leafy sandalwood tree. As he drew close he could smell its peculiar sweet scent. This must be the place mentioned by the lama, he thought and swung himself up into its branches, where he sat astride a limb, hiding himself behind the thick leaves. He chose a thick strong bough and held it ready in his hands. He then began his vigil.

After some time the sky darkened as flocks of birds of various kinds came flying in. Twittering and shaking their wings, they landed on the shore for their drink. After taking their fill, they again rose into the air with a great flapping of wings and flew off. The lad waited for a while, and a horde of wild beasts rushed from all directions to the place to have their drink. There were beasts of every description: horned ones, hornless ones, long-haired ones, and short-haired ones. The lad remained hiding in the tree. Fearing lest he would frighten the animals, he did not dare even to draw a deep breath. Then all of a sudden came the rumble of a roar from afar. The whole mountain summit shook, and,

trembling with fear, the horde of beasts ran helter-skelter into all corners of the mountains. In an instant there was neither a shadow nor a trace of them left. The roar was followed by the appearance of a lion, its long mane shaking majestically. It stopped under the sandalwood tree. The lad vaulted from the tree upon the lion's back. He gripped the beast's long mane and, beating its head thrice with the bough, asked, "Will you obey me or won't you?" The lion roared furiously. It shook its head, almost throwing the lad off its back. He then raised the bough and again sharply rapped the lion's head thrice. The beast was then subdued and stood meekly on the spot.

"Will you obey me or won't you?" demanded the lad.

The lion was on the point of shaking its head in refusal, but on seeing the bough in the lad's hand, it nodded in submission.

Having tamed the lion, the lad returned to the palace to see the King. The King was amazed. Had he really killed a lion? The King thought it was impossible.

"My lad, have you really killed a lion?" he asked.



"No Sir, but I have tamed one."

The King became all the more skeptical. How can a lion be tamed? he wondered.

"That's very fine," he said. "Show it to me then!" The lad stood in the middle of the palace hall. He raised his sandalwood bough and called aloud, "Oh, lion, come to me, quick!"

No sooner had he called than a gust of wind blew with a sudden force, raising clouds of dust and pebbles into the air. The palace shook and rocked like a ship foundering at sea. Amidst

the tumult a huge, motley-coloured lion sprang into the hall, roaring and snarling and treading its paws playfully. Trembling with fear the King hid behind the lad and begged breathlessly, "Send it away, quickly. I'll claim you as my son and I'll fetch your mother back. . . ."

But when the lad had driven the lion away, the King changed his mind. He regretted having made so rash a promise. How could he claim a hunter as his son, and how could he take back a woman he had forsaken? He rolled his eyes and an idea came to him.

"You're indeed worthy to be my son," said he. "But my son must have a beautiful woman as his wife. The most beautiful woman on earth is Satan's daughter. Do you think you can carry her off and take her to wife?"

"I can, Sir! I'll go immediately."

The lad left the palace and went deep into the mountains in search of Satan's abode. He walked and walked for nobody knew how many days. One day he came to the seashore. There he met with a tall and burly woman. She was using a wooden tub as a cup and was gulping the sea water one tubful after another. In a little while more than half of the sea had been drunk. The lad stood there dumbfounded. "Sister!" he exclaimed. "You are really marvelous to have been able to drink the sea half dry."

When she saw that it was a lad dressed as a hunter, she said, "Hunter, what's so marvelous about me. They say there's a man who can tame a lion. Now, there's someone to marvel at."

"I'm the hunter who tamed the lion," said the lad.

The burly woman sized him up and said incredulously, "You can't fool me, my boy. Call the lion here and I'll believe you."

The lad raised his sandalwood branch and made a loud call. Following a gust of wind was the appearance of the lion. It sprang upon the woman and gave out a blood-curdling roar.

Frightened out of her wits, the woman hid behind the lad and implored repeatedly, "Oh, please, drive stairway, and I'll be your servant."

The woman knew where Satan lived and, after she became the lad's servant, she said she would lead him to the Devil King's palace. The next day they climbed a very high mountain. As they were trudging their way over one peak after another, they saw a giant striding along, taking a whole mountain in each stride.

The lad watched him with admiration. "Hey, you the e, Elder Brother," he called out. "You're indeed a very able man. Fancy being able to take a mountain peak in a single stride."

The giant lowered his head and peered at the lad. "I can't be considered able," he boomed. "Somebody toll me there was a hunter who could tinier a lion. Now there's a man of great ability."

The lion-tamer is he, my master," put in the burly woman as she stood at one side listening to their convex action.

The lad again raised his sandalwood branch and called. Instantly following an abrupt windstorm the lion leaped in. The giant was so frightened he stood room end to the spot. He reached out and clutched the lad to his bosom.

"Oh please, drive it back to the mountains," he implored. "I'm willing to become your servant." Thus the three of them proceeded on their way to Satan's pal ice. On the third day of their journey they came actins a girl with a golden bow. She was scanning the sky as if in search of something.

The lad approached her and out of curiosity asked her what she was looking at.

"Five months ago I shot an arrow into the air," replied the girl. "But it hasn't yet dropped to earth. I'm still waiting for it."

"You're indeed very skilful to have shot an arrow such a distance," said the lad in an admiring tone.



"What am I compared with the man who can tame a lion? I was told there is such a man. That's what I'd call great skill," replied the girl.

"Master!" bellowed the giant. "Call the lion and let the girl see your skill." Raising his sandalwood bough, the lad called, and the lion instantly appeared in front- of them. Oh, how frightened the girl was! She dropped her golden bow in panic. "Please, send it away to the mountains. I'm willing to serve you all my life," she begged.

The lad now had three companions, and they all four gall any set off towards Satan's palace.

When they reached the palace, it was dusk, and the palace gates were bolted and barred. They had no alternative but to find some dark corner and lie in wait. The lad was restless and could not get to sleep. He kept wondering how he was to face Satan in combat on the following morning to get his daughter. But he had never seen Satan's daughter, how could he know which was the one? Suddenly he overheard a conversation between two crows on a tree top. He could understand bird's language, and heard every word they were saying.

It was the male crow speaking, "These four persons of skill are going to destroy pests for us. When Satan has been killed, we can then live in peace-"

"Aren't they going to carry off Satan's daughter besides?" asked his wife. "But how can they know what she looks like?"

"It's very easy to recognize her," the male crow replied. "She is the most beautiful of all girls. On her forehead is an imprint of the word 'Om' and on her breast the word Hum." She always goes out at dawn to fetch water."

The conversation between the two crows gave the lad some idea of how he should act. He could no longer lie and wait. He woke his three companions and gave them each an assignment. He himself hid by the reeds opposite the palace gate.

Dawn had just begun to flush the east, and the t pale-grey sky was growing light. With a creak the palace gates were flung open. Three or four maidens emerged with pitchers on their backs as though they were going to fetch water. The one in the rear was the youngest and most beautiful. The lad thought that: this was perhaps Satan's daughter. And indeed, as the girl approached the reeds he saw the imprint "Om" on her forehead and "Hum" on her breast. He let the other girls pass, then suddenly jumped out from his hiding place and grabbed the youngest one and carried her off. The girl was greatly alarmed, and she shrieked wildly. The other girls, not knowing what had happened, made ear-splitting cries and ran off pell-mell in all directions. The hubbub of screams and running feet aroused Satan. He dashed out from his palace to rescue his daughter. The girl arc-her, lying in wait in front of the gates, pulled her golden bow to its fullest extent and aimed at Satan. The arrow hit him on his breast. With a groan he staggered and fell dead on the ground. The burly woman stretched open her enormous mouth and in one gulp swallowed every single devil in the palace. The giant then bent his back and with a single swoop gathered into his arms the

lad and Satan's daughter, the big-bellied woman and the girl archer. He strode off in his giant strides over the mountain ranges, and soon reached the King's palace.

The King was terribly alarmed when he saw the lad return safely with his booty—Satan's daughter. He knew that all his tricks and schemes had come to naught, but he still was unwilling to claim the lad as his son and to fetch back the woman he had forsaken. He still tried to play the rascal by denying everything and postponing the issue. This time, the lad became really enraged. He instantly gave his order. The giant razed the palace by trampling upon it. The girl archer shot the King dead. The burly woman gulped down all the King's ministers and guards. Later the lad became King. He married Satan's daughter and fetched his mother back and from then on lived in great happiness.

*Narrated by
Hsiapachiungwang
Recorded and arranged by
Chen
Shih-chun
Illustrations by Yang
Yung-ching*

TASK 1

Match the words with their antonyms

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. to find | a) to shout |
| 2. to laugh | b) answer |
| 3. appearance | c) shanty |
| 4. loud | d) to cry |
| 5. palace | e) slow |
| 6. admiration | f) freedom |
| 7. to whisper | g) to lose |
| 8. question | h) abhorrence |
| 9. to remember | i) disappearance |
| 10. submission | j) to forget |

TASK 2

Who said each of the following words and to whom were they speaking?

- 1." Ah-Ma, who is my father?. And where does he live?"
- 2."What do you wish to get as your reward?"
- 3."You are very brave and strong-willed, my lad. I like you very much".
- 4." Send it away, quickly. I'll claim you as my son and I'll fetch your mother back".
- 5."Somebody told me there was a hunter who could tame a lion".
- 6."You can't fool me, my boy Call the lion here".
- 7."Five months ago I shot an arrow into the air".
- 8."These persons of skill are going to destroy pests for us".

TASK 3

Put the letters in order to make a word. Use the key words to help you.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. asowladond | 7. andergosu |
| 2. omcionpan | 8. petmel |
| 3. vasnetr | 9. alma |
| 4. gink | 10. olin |
| 5. tuhern | |
| 6. nationmu | |

Key words

Servant, hunter, lama, mountain, temple, sandalwood, lion, dangerous, king, companion

TASK 4

Match the translation of the following words:

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. scare | a) tovlamachi |
| 2. limb | b) so'qmoq |
| 3. rogue | c) ko'za |
| 4. peculiar | d) chidamoq |

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 5. gesture | e) zavq |
| 6. path | f) imo-ishora |
| 7. pitcher | g) shox-shabba |
| 8. endure | h) maxsus |
| 9. admiration | i) shoxcha |
| 10. bough | j) qo'rqitmoq |

TASK 5

Find nouns, adjectives and adverbs from the story.

Nouns	Adjectives	Adverbs

TASK 6

Put these sentences into reported speech

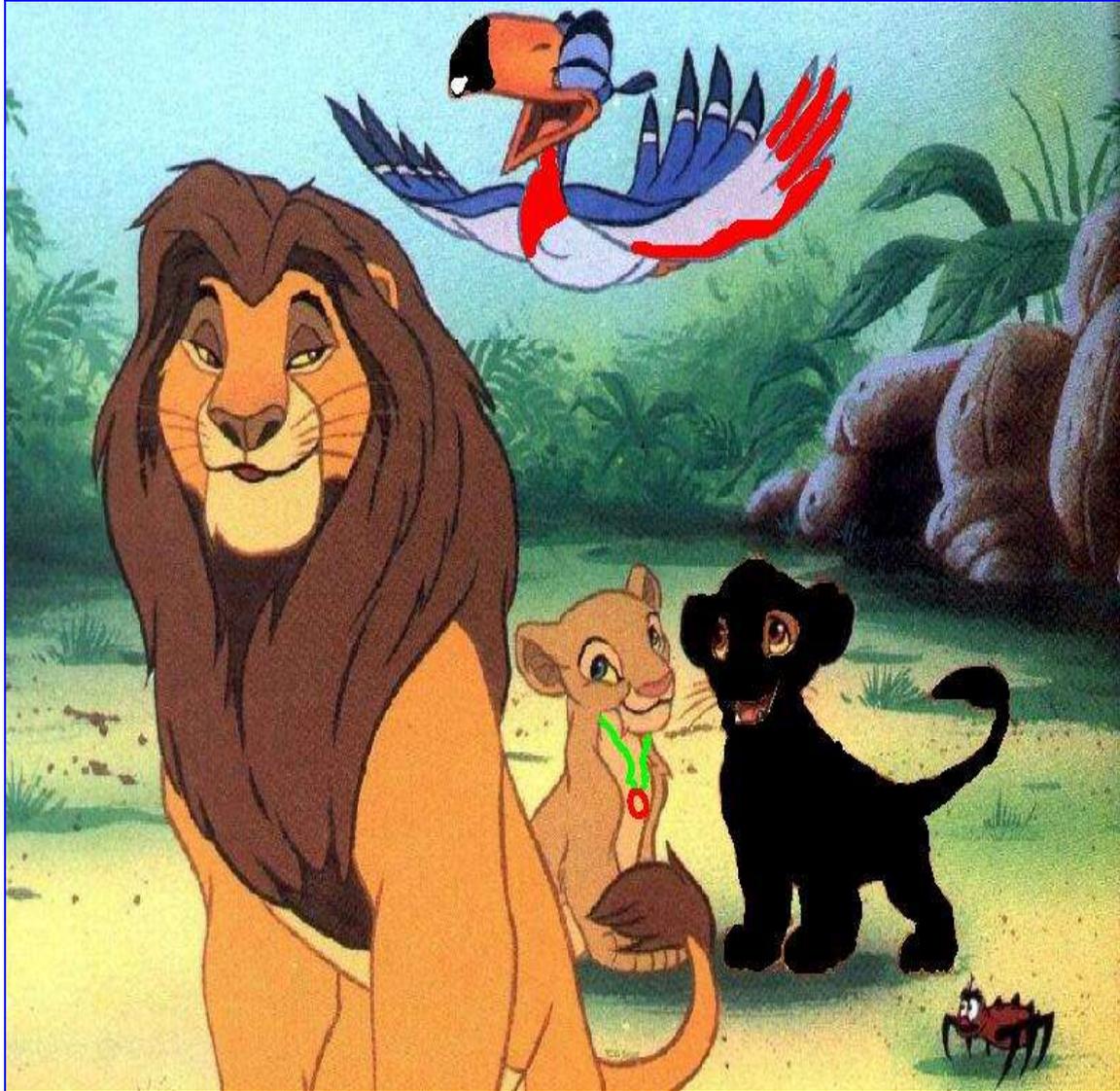
- 1."Follow this path till you come to its end," he said.
- 2." If you can kill a lion, I'll promise to claim you as my son." The king said.
- 3."I'm the hunter who tamed the lion," the lad said.
- 4."My lad, have you really killed a lion?" he asked.
- 5." What am I compared with the man who can tame a lion?" asked the girl.
- 6." Aren't they going to carry off Satan's daughter?" asked his wife.

Unit 3

The Tiger king's skin cloak

Answer the following questions:

1. What do you know about this animal?
2. Can you describe the place where this animal live?



The Tiger King's Skin Cloak

(A Mongolian Story)

Long, long ago there lived in the land of the Khans a poor Alad. His wife bore three children, but unfortunately they all died. No further children were born to the couple and they lived a solitary and wretched life.

Then unexpectedly one winter's day the Alad's wife gave birth to a boy. The couple were overjoyed, but they began to wonder how they were going to raise their child. Except for a cow and two goats they had nothing of any value. What were they to do?

Though distressed they nevertheless went outside their tent to milk the cow for the baby.

The child grew not by the day but by the hour. Before evening he had grown taller and sturdier than a man. Husband and wife were both astonished and delighted. They named their boy Kunan.

On the very first day Kunan ate up a whole goat. On the next day he ate up the other one. The old couple were filled with dismay. One more day, they thought, and even the cow will be done for! And then what will we have to live on?

On the third day Kunan said to his mother, "Ah-Ma, we are so poor and we have only a cow left. Let me go and find some work to do. I'm afraid I'll fall ill if I stay at home any longer."

She looked at her son's tall and robust figure and, taking his big hand in hers, said in a tearful voice, "My son, what work can you do? Hail! You may perhaps go to the Khan. He may have some work for you." Kunan pondered for a while, then agreed.

After taking leave of his parents, he fared forth on an empty stomach. Half way he met with a hungry wolf. As soon as it saw him it jumped on him, but Kunan immediately tackled it and killed it. He then skinned it and, making himself a bonfire, roasted the meat and ate it. Having done so, he continued on his way and at dusk reached the Khan's yurt.

The sly old Khan thought of testing Ku-nan's strength. He had a whole cow roasted and invited the lad to eat it. Kunan not only ate up all the meat, but gnawed the bones clean, too. The-, Khan then kept him in his yurt as his personal attendant and bodyguard.

Ku-nan often went with the Khan deep into the forest to hunt, and every time they came home with a full bag. One day, when the two of them, together with some of the Khan's servants, went hunting in the keep reaches of the forest, a huge tiger suddenly lead out upon them, the Khan was so frightened he broke into a cold sweat. Without a thought for Ku-nan's safety he whipped his horse into a gallop am tore off down the mountain. The Khan's servers fled helter-skelter, covering their heads with the hands. But Ku-nan did not stir. As the tiger spring upon him he calmly dodged to one side, grabbed one of its hind legs,

and swung the beast agilest a big tree. There was a crash, and the tree let's fluttered to the ground. The tiger lay motionless on the ground with its stomach ripped open. Ku-nan put the carcass on his back and strode off after the Khan.

When the Khan reached his yurt, he was still in such a state of fright he could- not dismount from his horse. Luckily his servants, who had taken to their heels when the tiger appeared, came to his aid and lift him off his horse. At this moment Ku-nan arrived. When the Khan saw the tiger on Ku-nan's back he panicked: He rushed into his yurt and barred the door. "Hurry! All of you," he bawled. "Defend the door! Don't let the tiger in!" Later, when he heard it was a dead tiger Ku-nan had brought, he mustered his courage and came out of his hiding place. Foaming with rage he cursed Ku-nan, using all the foul words he knew, and took the tiger's skin into his yurt.

Once Khan had the tiger's skin as a mattress, he decided he wanted a cloak made of the Tiger King's skin. Thus he commanded Kunan to catch the Tiger King within three days. If he were to fail in his mission the Khan would have him executed. Ku-nan felt very dejected. Where was he to find the Tiger King? It was said that the Tiger King lived in a remote cave in the Northern Mountains, and that there were lots of tigers there in the vicinity. But no one had even been known to reach the place.

The skies grew dark, and Ku-nan returned home feeling very unhappy. He told his parents of what had happened. The old couple were in a quandary, ff they were to prevent him from going, they were afraid the Khan would really put their son to death. But if they were to let him go, who could guarantee his safety?

Husband and wile sat facing each other and wept. They made such a to-do that Ku-nan found it hard to come to any decision. Suddenly an old Alad came into their shabby little cottage.

"My lad," he addressed Kunan, "don't be downcast. The Tiger King is afraid of a brave man. As Ion;; as you keep your native land and your dear ones in mind, you'll be able to overcome any hardship. Go. my lad. I'll give you a dappled pony to ride on. Good luck to you!" The old Alad lightly kissed Kunan on his forehead and disappeared. When Kunan went outside he saw a dappled pony neighing in his direction.

The skies gradually grew light, and Kunan bade his parents goodbye. Taking his bow, arrow-bag and dagger, he mounted his charger and set off on his mission. At first the pony trotted along at a

normal pace, but later it broke into a canter, and then a gallop. Faster and faster it went, so fast that Kunan could only see the yurts along the road in a blur. After a while the beast slackened its speed. Just then Kunan saw near a yurt a wolf just about to attack a little girl. In the nick of time he slipped an arrow into his bow, and let fly. The wolf instantly fell dead on the ground with the arrow in its head.

An old woman ran out from the yurt. When she realized that Kunan had saved her grand-daughter's life, she invited him in for a bowl of milk-tea. Before his departure she gave him a sheep-bone and said,

"Take it, lad, it'll be of some use to you in the future." With her gift in hand, Ku-nan vaulted upon his pony and continued his way northwards. As he trotted along the road he found his way blocked by a broad river. Suddenly the water rose and formed great billows. A huge turtle emerged and swam to the river bank. "My lad," it croaked, "you had better turn back. You'll never get across this river."

"Oh, surely," replied Ku-nan. "All difficulties can be overcome."

"Oh, well then, brave lad," the turtle said, "please help me. My left eye aches so badly, I want to have it taken out and replaced with a new one. Please help me, take it out for me."

"All right, I'll help you."

As soon as Ku-nan took out its eye, the turtle turned into a dragon and flew into the air.

"Thank you, thank you my good lad!" it said. "Take that eye, it'll be of some use to you in the future. The creature then took to flight"

Ku-nan looked in his hands. The eye had turned into a pearl! A glowing, flawless precious pearl. After looking at it Ku-nan's eyesight became very sharp, he could even see a group of yurts in the far distance. Ku-nan then remounted his pony. As though understanding its master's intention, the beast plunged into the water. What a miracle! No sooner had the water touched the precious pearl than it divided to form a transparent wall on either side, leaving a dry path through the centre. Ku-nan rode across to the opposite bank of the river without further difficulty. The water then flowed its usual course as if nothing had ever happened.

Ku-nan soon reached the yurts he had seen in the distance. An old shepherd was softly weeping there. He was a pitiful sight. Having dismounted from his pony, Ku-nan addressed him. "Grandpa, what

makes you so sad?" he asked. "Please tell me, perhaps I can be of some help to you."

The old shepherd wiped his eyes and sighed. "Young man, even if I tell you, I'm afraid you won't be able to help me. Yesterday my only daughter was carried off by the Tiger King. I don't know whether she's alive or dead now, ..." The old man again broke into heart-rending sobs.

"Grandpa, don't lose heart," Ku-nan consoled him. "I'm sure your daughter isn't dead. I'm looking for that Tiger King. I'll go there and rescue her."

The old shepherd cheered up. He invited Ku-nan into his tent to have some tea. After his tea, Ku-nan thanked the old man and left.

Before dark Ku-nan arrived at the place where the Tiger King lived. From afar he could see a stone cave up on the mountain. At the entrance were more than ten tigers on guard. As Ku-nan neared the cave, he fished the sheep-bone out of his pocket and threw it to the tigers. He then entered and found the shepherd's daughter. She told him



that the Tiger King had been out since early morning, and that he had not yet returned, but probably would soon. She thought of hiding Ku-nan, but he refused, suggesting that he first rescue her and take her home. She agreed, and the two of them rode the dappled pony out, of

the cave. The tigers outside were still fighting over the bone. Ku-nan flourished his whip, and the pony dashed down the mountain like a whirlwind.

Suddenly a gust of wild wind blew from the north. Riding on a yellow cloud, an ogre with the head of a tiger and the body of a man, all covered with golden hair, came chasing down. Ku-nan turned round and left fly an arrow, which pierced the ogre's left eye. The Tiger King roared furiously. He reached out a huge paw and yanked Ku-nan off his charger. Then with a single blow he drove him waist-deep into the group. Ku-nan instantly wriggled out. With one stroke he smote the ogre neck-deep into the ground, and without waiting for him to free himself, he swiftly unsheathed his dagger and thrust the blade deep into the ogre's pate. Ku-nan thus ended the Tiger King's life.

He pulled the carcass out of the ground and, dragging it by one leg, caught up with his pony. He and the girl then returned to hip home. When the old shepherd law that Ku-nan had rescued his daughter, he was very hippy; and save him her hind in marriage.

Ku-nan stayed night 'in their yurt and, when day grew light, again get oil with bit wife on their pony. But just as the were preparing to leave they heard a howling approaching from the north, Ku-nan turned to look and saw ten or so tigers coming in hot pursuit They were those he had left fighting over the sheep-bone the day before. Ku-nan hurriedly sent his wife into the yurt. He Shot an arrow and killed the tiger in the lead. Then he unsheathed his dagger and strode forward to meet them. A furious combat ensued. In one breath he slew seven or eight of them, but the remaining three attacked him with even redoubled fierceness. Ku-nan felt himself utterly exhausted. Just as he was on the point of collapse, the old shepherd, at the head of about ten young lads, rushed to the rescue. They brought with them poles for breaking in horses. They helped Ku-nan catch the three tigers and thus relieved him from danger. He thanked them for their help and gave them all the tigers he had slain. Taking his wife he remounted his pony and proceeded home.

When the Khan saw that Ku-nan had slain the Tiger King and had brought home a beautiful wife besides,- he felt very happy and at the same time envious. He ordered Ku-nan's wife to make him a cloak out of the Tiger King's skin, and not to miss a single hair of the Pell. Ku-nan's wife did as the Khan bade her and let her husband take the cloak to him.

When the Khan saw the cloak he was extremely pleased. He thought of showing himself off in his domain in all his majesty. He wanted everybody to know that he, the Khan, possessed a precious cloak made of the Tiger King's skin.

A platform was erected in front of the Khan's yurt. He invited the officials from all over the land of the Khans to eat and drink and carouse. A little way across stood a great multitude of people who had come from every corner of the land to see the Khan's Tiger King cloak.

After a while amidst the blare of music the Khan ambled across the platform with a self-satisfied air. He made a sweeping gesture with his hand, and a well-dressed servant climbed up, bearing a yellow bundle. He opened it up and took out the glistening golden coloured cloak made of the Tiger King's skin. He paraded it for everyone to see, then helped the Khan to put it on. No sooner had the Khan put on the cloak than he turned into a fierce motley-coloured tiger. It made a deafening roar and bounded off the platform and attacked the throng, biting and wounding many people. The officials were so scared they leaped onto their horses and made off for all they were worth.

At that moment Ku-nan fortunately arrived on the scene. When he saw a tiger chasing people and mauling them, he was horrified. He thought of shooting the beast with his arrow, but unluckily he had left his arrow-bag at home; even the dagger was not at his girdle. As he was fumbling helplessly, the tiger suddenly charged in his direction. He stood his ground and waited till the beast had come within reach. Then with the swiftness of an eagle he grabbed its tail, jerked it into the air and in a single breath smote it ten times upon the ground. The tiger lay bruised, maimed and bleeding and soon died. Because the beast was formerly the Khan, people went to bury it.

Prom then on Ku-nan went out hunting every day, riding his dapple pony, and on his return he would share his kill with poor Alads around the neighborhood. Besides, he often cured the poor of their eye diseases with his precious pearl: as soon as old people looked at it, their dim sight would become clear; as soon as the blind roiled it round the orbit of their eyes, they would be able to see. Thanks to his help the poor Alads began to sing their joyful songs again and their lives became very pleasant.

*Recorded by Sai Yen
Illustration by Yao Yu-to*

TASK 1

Match the definitions of these words.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1. carcass | a) to build something |
| 2. dagger | b) to chase or to follow someone |
| 3. precious | c) happening or moving very quickly |
| 4. shepherd | d) the body of a dead animal |
| 5. blur | e) to swell like a sail because of the wind |
| 6. to ensue | f) to happen after something often as a result of it |
| 7. swiftly | g) a short pointed knife used as a weapon |
| 8. to pursuit | h) something that you can't see clearly |
| 9. to erect | i) someone whose job is to take care of sheep |
| 10. to billow | j) valuable because of being rare or expensive |

TASK 2

Answer the following questions

1. How many goats did Alad and his wife have?
2. Why did Kunan want to go to find some work?
3. Who kept Kunan in his yurt as his personal attendant and bodyguard?
4. What did Khan order Kunan to do?
5. Where did the Tiger King live?
7. How did he find the Tiger King?
8. Whom did Khan order to make him a cloak?

TASK 3

Choose the appropriate adjectives to fill the blanks

1. We are so ... and we have only a cow left.
 2. Suddenly an old Alad came into their cottage.
 3. The Tiger King was afraid of a ... man.
 4. After looking at Kunan's eyesight became very
 5. He reached out a ... paw and yanked Kunan off his charger.
 6. He often cured the poor of their eye diseases with his ... pearl.
- Key words: precious, brave, little, shabby, poor, sharp, huge

TASK 4

Complete the following sentences.

1. Kunan often went with the Khan deep into the forest to hunt, and
2. The skies gradually grew light, and Kunan bade.....
3. When the Khan reached his yurt, he was still in such a state ...
4. Kunan stayed night in their yurt and, when day grew ...
5. From then on Kunan went out hunting every day, riding ...
6. When the Khan saw that Kunan had slain the Tiger King and had brought...

TASK 5

Choose the right form of the verb.

1. On the first day Kunan had *eaten/ate* up a whole goat.
2. Khan had *commanded/command* Kunan to catch the Tiger King.
3. When she realized that Kunan *had saved/would save* her granddaughter's life.
4. From afar he *could see/saw* a stone cave up on the mountain.
5. When the old man saw that Kunan had *rescued/rescued* his daughter.
6. "The Tiger King *is/was* afraid of a brave man.
7. When Kunan *had gone/went* outside he saw a dappled pony.
8. The ten lads helped Kunan *to catch/catch* the three tigers.

TASK 6

Fill in prepositions.

1. Kunan put the carcass ... his back and strode ... after the Khan.
2. Khan wanted a cloak made ... the Tiger King's skin.
3. Suddenly a gust ... wild wind blew ... the north.
4. A platform was erected in front ... the Khan's yurt.
5. Before dark Kunan arrived ... the place where the Tiger King lived.
6. At that moment Kunan fortunately arrived ... the stone.
7. After looking ... it Kunan's eyesight became very sharp.
8. She thought ... hiding Kunan, but he refused.

Unit 4

The Immortal Mountains

Answer the following questions:

1. What qualities do the Princes have?
2. What do you imagine when you see the title of the story?



The Immortal Mountains

(A Mangolian Story)

Long years ago, there flowed on the plains of Mongolia a river whose water was 'swift and clear.

It was wide and shallow. The peoples on the river-bed could be seen, very distinctly. On the western bank lived a pretty maiden by the name of Shula. She and her mother led a quiet and peaceful life. On the eastern bank there dwelt the Prince and his lackeys.

At the Prince's "mansion worked a herds boy who had been born into a family of poor herdsmen. While still very small, he was left an orphan. He had no name of his wry but, because he had been tending horses s for to Prince since he was small, everybody council him Super herd Boy.

Shepherd Boy led a very hard life. Every day he left home at early dawn and returned late in the evening. He always seemed to be hungry and cold.

To make matters worse, he often felt the lash of the master's whip about his shoulders.

In one year when days grew warmer with the advent of spring and flowers began to bloom, he discovered that when ever the passed near the river bank there was a pretty girl on the western side looking in his direction with a smile. And when he returned home in the evening, as though she had known of his coming, she again stood at the place.

At first Shepherd Boy did not take much notice of her, but later on because every time he passed he saw the girl standing on the opposite bank smiling at him he gradually came to love her.

One evening as Shepherd Boy was passing the river bank on his way home, he saw the girl swing her arm, and something flew across from the western bank and landed on the ground. He hopped down from his horse and picked the thing up. It was a piece of cheese with a purse tied to it. The homemade purse had an embroidered pink fating and a red bottom, shepherd Boy looked at the opposite bank, and his heart leaped - she was smiling across at him!

From then on Shepherd Boy often went to the western bank and had gay chats with the girl. He learned that her name was Shula.

With the passing days Shepherd Boy and Shula became more and more intimate and were simply in separable from each other. Every time

Shepherd Boy went to tend horses he would be bound to take ox his precious purse and would look at it lovingly time and again. At night when he went to bed he would carefully place under his pillow.

One day, s the-Prince was riding by, he caught sight of Shula washing clothes by the river side. He remed his horse and gazed at her covetously. Pointing. with his whip he commanded his lackeys to catch her and take her to his palace "I like the It k of her," he said, roaring with lewd laughter and riding away, leaving his lackeys behind.

That night Shula was taken to the Prince's mansion. They tried to force her to become his concubine. Shula was enraged. She vented a torrent of abuse u on the Prince." She censured him in such a way that his pudgy dark face turned purple with anger. With a swishing sound the Prince drew out sharp digger and roared "Shut your mouth! Just watch out, or I'll hack your skull off! Come, lock her up!".

Deep in the night when all was quiet in the palace, Shula sat weeping alone in a dingy little room. She was overflowing with, hatred as she thought of the injustice the vicious Prince had done her. Her thought's kept turning to her shepherd boy and she wished from the bottom of her heart she could just fly away from the prison cell.

When Shepherd Boy heard what had happened he was outraged. He made up his mind to rescue Shula.

After midnight, Shepherd Boy stealthily entered into Selma's the nose of the dozing lack-skinned' eunuch, Hurry, Shula! Let's go!" he whispered, taking her hand.

They leaped onto the Horse and prepared to flee. Just at that moment the Price's hounds, awakened by the noise, came dashing out like a whirlwind,

Shepherd Boy brought down his whip and the horse darted off into the darkness of the night.

The black eunuch who stood guard over Shula awoke with a start. He was horrified lo see his prisoner had gone and immediately ran to report to the Prince frijol hearing the news the Prince became very angry. He instantly dispatched a great number of men in pursuit.

As day was breaking Shepherd Boy and Shula surrounded and taken back to the palace.

When" the Prince set eyes on Shepherd Boy he glared at him. "Fie! You wretched devil!" he thundered. "Who told you to release her? You eyen dare to escape with her, h'm? But Shepherd Boy was not afraid. All the hatred and fury he had so long held. In his heart boiled

over. He jumped up and, wagging his finger, in front of the Prince's nose, said, "Is it right for you to abduct somebody's daughter? Answer me, you, what's wrong in rescuing a person?" These words stung the Prince to the marrow. He gaped stupidly and remained speechless.

The Prince's shame soon gave way to fury. Gesturing wildly he shouted a frenzy, "Come, guards! Tie this wretched fellow to the halter-post and let dogs devour him!"

Shula rushed to the herdsboy's side and, clinging to the lapels of his jack, composed the Prince "You . . . you can't do this.... No, you can't. . . ."

"Get away!" The Prince kicked Shula to the ground and followed the guards out.

Lying in semi-consciousness on the ground Shula heard the fierce howls of the hounds, and subsequent a piteous scream. ... A shudder ran down her spine! Regardless of the danger she rushed out. The sight she saw was so horrifying, she uttered a mournful cry and fainted.

Soon after Shepherd Boy's death, the Prince forced Shula to marry him. But she was resolved not to yield. She yearned for her shepherd boy and refused to take so much as a drop of water for days. Not long afterwards she too left this world.

To make it impossible for the lovers to reunite even after their death, the Prince ordered that Shula be buried on the east side of the river and that the lad's corpse be thrown to the west side, and this was done.

On the morning of that same day a little mound appeared on the west bank of the river. A kind-hearted old herdsman had found Shepherd Boy's body and buried him there.

Three days after Shula's death the Prince dreamed he saw Shepherd Boy and Shula descend to earth from heaven. They pointed at his face, and said severely, "You devil! We'll never be parted unless you turn into a turtle!"

At daybreak two mountains arose from the graves on either side of the river. Their peaks met and merged into one mass of solid rock. It looked as though a huge stone bridge had been thrown, over the river.

The news soon reached the Prince's ears. Haste to the river bank, he saw the two mountains and he knew that Shepherd Boy and Shula had transformed themselves. He snorted and called together a number of masons, ordering them to cleave the mountain peaks asunder.

The masons worked furiously throughout the day, but the more they hacked the closer the peaks merged. No matter how much energy they spent the rock remained impregnable. The Prince simply foamed with rage. He called the masons from all over the country and ordered them to work there day and night.

Several days passed, and the masons became so exhausted, they could not even raise their arms. But still the peaks were unyielding. The Prince flew into a passion. He climbed up one of the mountains and, standing on the rocks where the two peaks met, roared at the top of his



lungs with a fury that shook the Heavens, "You pack of good-for-nothings! You'll hack them apart today, or lose your heads tomorrow!" No sooner had his voice subsided than the mountains began to shake. With a thunderous clap the peaks cracked asunder. The Prince lost his foothold and hurtled head over heels straight down into the river below.

When everybody rushed to look into the water, there was only a huge turtle stirring in the depths. Later it became completely motionless. It had turned to stone.

From that day on the mountain peaks remained separated. Till this very day they tower grandly on either side of the river, and people call them "The Immortal Mountains."

And what about the Prince who turned into a stone turtle? Well, as the years went by, the stone was gradually worn away by the water. It became smaller and smaller, and finally disappeared altogether.

*Recorded by Sai Yeh
Illustration by Yao Yu-to*

Task 1

1. Whom do these phrases belong to?

- 1) Shut your mouth! Just watch out or I'll back your skull off! Come, lack her up!
- 2) "You devil! We'll never be parted unless you turn into a turtle!"
- 3) "You pack of good-for nothing! You'll back them apart today ,or lose your heads tomorrow"
- 4) "Fie! You wretched devil!"
- 5) "Who told you to release her? You even dare to escape with him?"
- 6) "Come, guards! Tie this wretched fellow to the halter-post and let dogs devour him!"
- 7) "YouYou can't do this.....No, you can't....."
- 8) "Get away!"

Task 2

Finish the sentences and see whether you remember the idea of the questions.

1. At the prince mansion worked at a herds boy who had been
2. Shepherd boy led a very hard life. Every day he.....
3. One evening as Shepherd. Boy was passing the river bank on his way home he saw the girl swing her arm and.....
4. From then on Shepherd Boy often went to the western bank and.....

5. One day the Prince was riding by he caught sight of.....
6. When Shepherd Boy heard what had happened.....
7. Shepherd Boy brought down his whip and
8. As day was breaking Shepherd Boy and Shula surrounded and.....
9. Shula rushed to the herdsboy's side and aligning to the lapels of his jack composed the prince....
10. Soon after shepherd Boy's death , the Prince forced.....

Task 3

Answer the questions.

1. Where did Shula live?
2. With whom did Shula live?
3. How did Shula live in her life?
4. Where did the prince live?
5. Whom did the prince hire to work?
6. Whose house did the poor boy's work?
7. Whom did the shepherd boy see when he was passing the river bank on his way home?
8. What appeared on the west bank of the river?
9. What was there when everybody rushed to look into the water?
10. What did the people name it?

Unit 5

Text Orphan Yen Jan

Answer the following questions:

1. What can you see in the photos?
2. How do you think they are connected with each other?



The Orphan Yen Jan

(A Kawa Story)

Some people said Yen Jan was just like a tree: When he was a fragile sprout which had just popped out of Mother Earth, fratricidal strife robbed him of his father. And when he had just begun to spread young green leaves, disease and hunger brought his mother to her death. Then he embarked upon the road of life and without anybody to depend upon tramped from place to place.

Oh, the life of an orphan! There was where misery dwelt.

After his parents' death Yen Jan lived no better than the watch-dog which slept by the staircase door; a watch-dog had a master to feed it, but Yen Jan had nobody to provide for him. A watch-dog could still hear praises from its master when he was in a happy mood, but Yen Jan had never known affection from anyone. Curses, beatings and hunger pressed him in such a way, he found it impose lie to remain in the village. He had no choice but to go and live in the forest.

Here there were poisonous snakes and wild beats. The trees grew densely overhead, casting dark and gloomy shadows, so that not a single ray of sunlight could be seen the whole day. At midnight tigers could be heard roaring, and wolves hawing. But Yen Jan preferred to remain in the forest, for all its horrors, rather than go back to the village. Here at least there was nobody to point at him and shout, "You stinking swine!" Here there was nobody to beat him. In the village he had come in for far more beatings than the number of days he had lived.

He felt it better to eat wild berries than to ferry on crumbs the rich had swept from their tables.

At night it was much more comfortable to sleep on damp leaves than under the eaves of a rich man's house.

Though by living in the forest he could at any time be devoured by wild beasts, he knew that in the village too he could be beaten to death by the rich or bitten to death by the rich man's dogs. In comparison he would rather live in the forest- because here he would have more freedom.

Darkness always hovered over the damp forest. Both by day and by night he was bitten by swarms of mosquitoes. His face, arms and legs were covered with red and purple patches. One day, when the irritation was unbearable, he casually picked up a leaf and put it on his face for coolness. When he removed the leaf, he found the bites had disappeared! He then rubbed his arms and legs with the leaf, and the bites there disappeared too! He took the leaf in his hands and toyed with it. Then he rubbed it playfully against his lips. Suddenly his lips grew long! They were more hideous than the snout of a pig. He instantly threw the leaf away and flung himself on the ground, sobbing bitterly.

The happy occasions when he was with his parents flitted through his mind t trust, came the thought of the misery of his life sine his parents had died. He thought of how, from the time he was forced into the forest, he had been longing to grow up and become a man in order to be

able to return to the village. But now, he had changed into neither man nor ghost. Which village would be willing to have him living there? As he pondered over these things he cried even more heart-enderly. His tears ran down his snout. Absent-mindedly he picked up a leaf and wiped off the dirt around, his protruding lips. His fare immediately turned into its former self! He looked at the leaf and discovered that it was the one he had just thrown away.



One day he came across a dead crow. He rubbed the leaf against it and it came to life!

"In the future I'll surely protect you," cawed the crow in gratitude.

Yen Jan walked some way, and this time he came upon a dead tiger. He again rubbed the leaf against the carcass, and it too came to life. It looked quite formidable.

"Ai-ya, you have saved me, my kind-

hearted little friend," the tiger said. "I'll never forget your kindness. Whenever you're in trouble I'll surely come to help you."

Later Yen Jan in the same way went about healing and bringing back to life the peacock, bear, leopard and many other inhabitants of the forest. He knew that the leaf was a precious' possession, and therefore always Wok it along with him. He went from village to village healing and helping people like himself, those in trouble and misery.

One day as he came to a village he found himself hungry and thirsty. He went to a house and asked for water to quench his thirst. A very pretty maiden appeared. When she saw Yen Jan so grimy and filthy, she took pity on him and warmly invited him to stay in her home, Yen Jan consented. It never occurred to him that the maiden was the second daughter of the Prince.

"I can see you're an orphan. You must have been without food for quite a long time. Don't go away. I'll go and fetch water to cook you some rice." The maiden gazed at him with big dark eyes.

Yen Jan had never met with such hospitality before. He was so moved, his tears trickled down his cheeks.

Just as the maiden had left, a fierce-looking Individual came into the cottage.

"Who are you? What are you doing in my house?" he roared.

Yen Jan was frightened out of his wits. Could this be the Prince? At one side of his girdle hung a long sword, at the other a hoe.

"I come to boy for quarters, Your Highness," Yen Jan faltered.

"Who asked a stinker, like you to come into my house? Get out of hen!"

Yen Jan left the place bubbling with rage. As he was leaving the village lie saw an old woman, and on coming closer he discovered that she was blind.

"Madam, let me stay the night at your house," Yen Jan pleaded.

"If you don't mind dirt, then come along and stay at my place."

When the old woman reached home she took out her only bowl of rice to prepare him a meal.

Yen Jan hurriedly went forward to stop her, "If you give this to me to eat, what are you going to eat?"

"Don't bother about me, child. I know you're an orphan, or else you wouldn't be looking for quarters at my place. Hai! We poor folk know the miseries of orphans and widows."

Yen Jan was deeply moved. This indeed was true maternal love. He tightly clasped her hands and said, "I lost my parents when I was small, and you have no son. For Heaven's sake, keep me as your son."

"Oh no, everybody in the village looks down upon me. If you were to be my son, they'd treat you in the same way. My good child, you'd better find someone who has her eyesight to be your foster-mother," she said sadly.

"No, you're even kinder than my own mother. Your heart is purer than the dew-drops at morn, brighter than the moon in the sky. Please let me stay with you." As he spoke, Yen Jan knelt down on the ground and flung his arms around the old woman's legs.

"My good child! Very well, then, I'll be your mother. Get up, let me feel your face. . . ." With trembling hands she took Yen Jan into her embrace

That night Yen Jan slept soundly. In the morning when he had got up he found his foster-mother sitting beside the chicken-coop weeping.

"Why, what's the matter, Mother?"

"Child, our chickens have all been killed by a weasel ..." she sobbed.

"Don't cry, Mother. I can bring them back to life."

"You're a big boy, how can you talk such nonsense? Once a thing is dead how can it be brought back to life?"

"I can not only bring the chickens back to life, but can also bring back your eyesight." Yen Jan then fished out his wonder leaf and rubbed it several times against the old woman's eyes. Indeed, she could see again! He then brought the chickens back to life.

From then on, owing to Yen Jan's industriousness, and the fact that his foster-mother could now take good care of him, their lives gradually turned for the better.

Once as Yen Jan was on his way home from the fields he heard the sound of weeping and lamentation. His mother told him that the Prince's second daughter had died.

"If he is willing to give me her hand in marriage, I can bring her back to life," said Yen Jan.

"You must restore her to life. She isn't like her father or her sister. During the last famine she saved my life by giving me gram. She even found time to come here and help me. No matter how, you must rescue her." So saying the old woman put down her work and hurried off to the Prince's abode.

"My Lord," she said to the Prince, "if you're willing to give the young lady's hand in marriage to my son, he will restore her to life."

"That can easily be arranged. You hurry and call your son here!" When the Prince heard that his daughter could be brought back to life, he did not bother even to look at the newcomer, he simply gave his assent. Yen Jan arrived at the Prince's house. He touched the Princess' face several times with his magic leaf, and she at once opened her eyes. It was as though she had just awakened from an endless dream, she looked so extraordinarily fresh and full of spirit. Yen Jan then recognized her as the kind-hearted maiden who had given him water to drink.

She was very grateful to him and willingly agreed to be his wife.

But the Prince was so reluctant to marry his daughter off to an orphan, he concocted a malicious idea. He called forth all the village

lads and instigated them, "Such a common fellow can get so beautiful a wife. What is wrong with you all, you just sit back and do nothing? Does it mean that you don't want to marry a beautiful wife? Does it mean that you'll let him grab her under your very noses?"

"We'll kill him!" the lads cried out.

They found Yen Jan and tried to provoke fight with him, but he evaded them and went to the Princess. "You came from a royal family but I'm just an orphan" he said. "All the lads of the village are up in arms over the master. There are plenty of other girls in the world I can find, and there are also lots of other lads on this earth you can choose." So saying, Yen Jan strode out of the house.

The young lady rushed out and clung to him. "Ah, Yen Jan," she pleaded, "I'm heart and could devoted to you, but you do cruelly want came. There not single on in the village who can win my favour. I love only you!"

By then the village lads had came. They crowded and pressed around the door. The Princess ran forward and barred heir way. When Yen Jan saw how faithfully she tried to protect him, he climbed up on the roof and called: "Oh, crow! Oh, peacock! Come and help me! Come, oh tiger! Come leopard all! Come to me rescue!"

All those whom Yen Jan had helped in the past came to his aid and brought their friends with them.

Shooting gut fire from their beaks flocks of crows flew down from the skies. The peacocks came flying in from on high and spread their tail to protect the Princess. Tigers and leopards dashed into the village giving out blood-curdling roars.

The village lads took to their heels in great confusion.

The Prince too was terribly frightened and implored Yen Jan to spare his life. He promised he would let his daughter marry Yen Jan and he would never dare to play another trick.

On that same day the couple were married. Far from harboring any grudge, against the village folk on account of the incident, Yen Jan got along with them as if they were of one family. Whenever somebody fell ill he would instantly go and heal him. They, too, looked upon him in a different light, and he was respected by all.

The Princess was very considerate towards her husband, and Yen Jan took very great care of his wife. Thus as an industrious husband was matched with a thrifty 'Wife, their days passed fairly comfortably.

When the bride's elder sister saw how happy they were, she was positively green with envy. "If only I could lay hands on that panacea,



wouldn't I be as happy as they are?" she thought. She then made up her mind to cheat her sister of the precious leaf. "Oh, my good sister," she said to her, "I haven't seen you for so long. How I've been longing for you. You know, your brother-in-law has been ill and lie hasn't touched anything the whole day. Will you please lend me your husband's panacea for Just a while? I'll soon return it to you."

The Princess knew her sister well, so she found an excuse. "It can't be done, oh my sister. I'm afraid my husband will scold me."

"Oh, because you're afraid your husband will reprove you, you'll just let' your brother-in-law die, is that it? I tell you, sister, you're very, very cruel!" The elder sister then set up a great lamentation.

The younger sister was taken in. She gave the precious leaf to her sister. When the moon saw what had happened she came down and snatched the panacea away.

The village folk grew very angry when they learned that the elder sister had lost the elixir. They drove the covetous woman out of the village.

Yen Jan and his wife were terribly grieved when they learned of the loss of their magic leaf. The thought of climbing up the sky get to it back, it was too high. They wept in exasperation day after day. When they saw someone fall ill in the village, and they had no means of curing them and had to watch them die miserably under their eyes, they wept even more bitterly than the deceased.

To retrieve in magic leaf the villagers built a sky ladder. A dog bravely volunteered to climb up to the sky.

But when it had reached the sky, white ants ate through the timber of the sky-ladder at the foot. It came crashing down the ground, and the dog could neither return to earth nor communicate with the people below.

As it could not get back to earth it went to argue with the moon. And because the moon could not get the better of it in the argument, she let the dog eat her son that's why whenever the moon become round, the dog bites off a part of her. This phenomenon remains to this very day.

At that time Yen Jan's foster-mother fell suddenly ill and died. To save her and the other villagers, Yen Jan and his wife again went into the forest In search of a panacea. But they never came back again.

According to hearsay whenever somebody, in order to save a life, goes to the forest and calls, "Orphan Yen Jan!" Yen Jan will come out and help.

*Recorded and arranged by
Kung Tien (Kawa
Minority)
Illustrations by Li Hua-
chi*

Task 1

Answer the questions.

1. What did Yen Jan like?
2. Did Yen Jan have his parents or was he an orphan?
3. Why did Yen Jan leave the village?
4. Why didn't Yen Jan prefer to live in a village?
5. Why were Yen Jan's face, arms and legs covered with red and purple patches?
6. How did the bites on Yen Jan's face disappear?
7. Why did his lips grow long?
8. Why did Yen Jan sob bitterly?
9. How did the dead crow come to life?
10. Which animals did Yen Jan cure by the help of leaf?
11. Where did Yen Jan go asking for water?
12. Who was Yen Jan's foster-mother?
13. Why was the Prince so reluctant to marry his daughter off to an orphan?
14. How did Yen Jan fight with village lads? Who helped him?
15. How was the leaf disappeared?
16. Which animal reached the sky to retrieve in magic leaf?

Task 2

Which characters are described in the following sentences?

1. He was just like a tree: When he was a fragile sprout which had just popped out of Mother Earth.
1. After his parents' death, he lived no better than the watch-dog, which slept by the staircase door.
2. Here there were poisonous snakes and wild beasts. The trees grew densely overhead, casting dark and gloomy shadows.
3. His face, arms and legs were covered with red and purple patches.
4. When she saw Yen Jan so grimy and filthy, she took pity on him and warmly invited him to stay in her home.
5. At one side of his girdle hung a long sword, at the other a hoe.
6. She was blind but was very kind.
7. She isn't like her father or her sister. During the last famine she saved blond woman's life by giving her grain.

8. They are birds. They came flying in from on high and spread their tail to protect the Princess.
9. He was terribly frightened and implored Yen Jan to spare his life.

Task 3

Find the word according its definition given.

1. Great unhappiness or lack of comfort; suffering.
2. Things you have heard another person or other people say which may or may not be true.
3. Careful not to upset people; thinking of others;
4. A girl or unmarried woman;
5. To feel sadness, especially about the death of somebody you love;
6. Not able to walk properly because of an injury to the leg;
7. A piece of equipment that is used for climbing up something; it consists of two long piece of metal, wood or rope with steps fixed between them;
8. To allow somebody to use something for a short time or to give somebody money that must be paid back after a certain period of time;
9. one of the thin, flat parts of a plant or tree; they are usually green and grow from a branch;

Task 4

Do the multiple choice tests

1. With what thing did Yen Jan rub against his lips?
A) leaf b) fruit c) carcass d) apple
2. what animals did he help to come to life?
A) crow b) tiger c) peacock d) a, b, c
3. Who was the pretty madam invited Yen Jon to her home?
a) witch b) the second daughter of prince c) an old woman
4. From Whom did Yen Jan ask to let him stay at her house?
a) witch b) the second daughter of Prince c) old woman
5. What did an old woman offer him?
a) a bowl of rice b) hot dog c) milk
6. What did Yen Jan ask in return to bring Princes daughter to life?

a) to give him her hand in marriage b) to give a lot of money c) to give a beautiful horse

6. Why did the king want to kill Yen Jan?

a) he didn't want to give him to poor guy

b) he hated Yen Jan

c) a) and b)

Task 5

Find the translations of these words.

1. embarked –

2. to quench –

3. bubbling –

4. carcass –

5. panacea-

6. covetous –

7. exasperation –

8. phenomenon –

9. timber –

10. clung –

Task 6

Find the mistakes in each sentence.

1. Here there were poisonous snake and wild beasts.

2. He hadn't no choice but to go and live in the forest.

3. One day as Yen Jan came to a village he found himself happy and lucky.

4. That night Yen Jan slept badly. In the morning when he had got up he found his wife sitting beside the chicken-coop weeping.

5. Once as Yen Jan was on his way home from palace he heard the sound of laughing and lamentation.

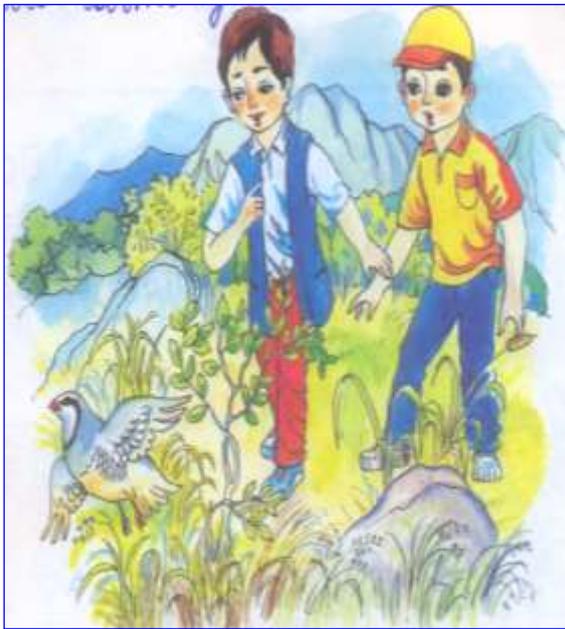
6. One day he came across a turtle.

Unit 6

Chaochou Bridge

Answer the following questions:

1. What can you say about the picture?
2. What problems are mentioned in the text?



Chaochou Bridge

(A Han Stay)

There were two stone bridges in the town of Chaochou, one to the south and the other to the west. The one near the southern gate—the big bridge—was built by Lu Pan, while the smaller one to the west was built by his sister Lu Chiang.

Lu Pan and his sister had been travelling the country far and wide, and one day arrived at Chaochou. At a distance they could see the bright brick-yellow city-wall, and on coming closer they saw a river glittering in the sunlight barring their way. Many people crowded at the river bank by the crossing: grain-merchants, straw-peddlers, salt porters, date sellers, those delivering cotton to the mill, doth sellers bound for the temple-fair, some carrying baskets on shoulder-poles, some leading donkeys, and others pushing wheelbarrows. They all milled together in a hubbub, bickering with one another to be first in crossing the river to enter the town. The current was swift, and there were only two small ferries going to and fro, spending hours and yet taking over on, a few people at a time. Some people became third of the endless waiting and began to curse. When Lu Pan saw the situation he asked those around him, "Why don't you people build a bridge across the river?" He asked several of them, but they all replied:

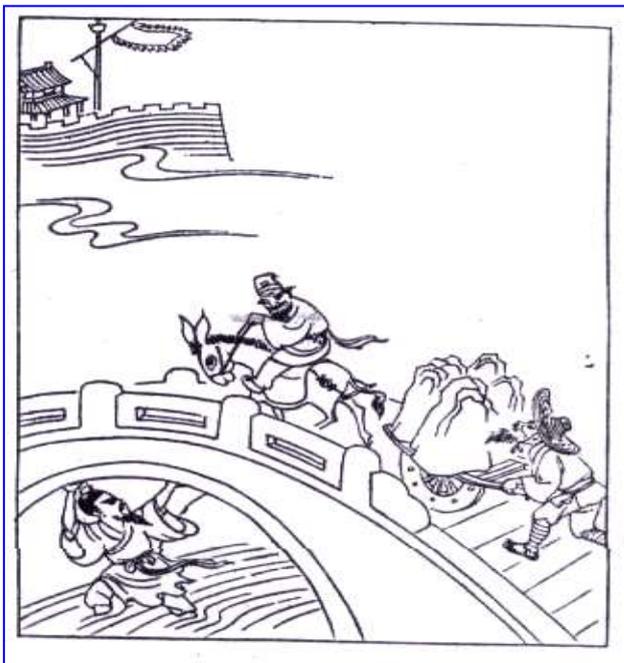
*Ten li wide, the waters flow,
With quicksand spread all around.
Novices a lot we know.
But no master can be found*

Li Pan and Lu Chiang then studied the lay of the land and decided to build two bridges for the people of Chochou.

Everywhere Lu Chiang went she constantly heard pi pie praising the great skill of her brother. She felt she could not accept that, and decided to challenge her brother. Each of them would build a bridge and see who would finish first. They would begin their work as soon as dusk fell and stop at cock's crow. Whoever had not finished by then would be the loser. Thus each went his own way to make some preparations. Lu Pan would build his bridge to the south of the town, while Lu Chiang would build hers to the west.

As soon as Lu Chiang arrived at the appointed place she began to collect the needed material and hurriedly started with her work. Before midnight the bridge was ready. "This time I'll surely outstrip my brother," she thought to herself. Then her curiosity if getting the better of her, she stately went to the southern part of the town to see how her brother was faring. To her surprise, she found the river just as before and the water too just as before. There was no sign of any bridge-building nor was Lu Pan to be seen at the river bank. "Where has the devil had he gone to," she wondered. As she stood there feeling perplexed she suddenly caught sight of a man far in the south coming

down from the Taihang Mountain with a drove of sheep. They rolled and tumbled towards her. When the man came closer she discovered that he was none other than her brother, and the flock he was driving was not sheep at all, but slabs of marble, white as snow and with extremely fine grains. When Lu Chiang saw this her heart contracted. It was indeed very good marble. If this was to be used to build a bridge how strong and beautiful it would be. Compared to this how could the bridge she had built be superior? She should find some other means to surpass him, she thought. She hurriedly ran back and engraved the balustrades of her bridge with delicate flower patterns. After a while her bridge was covered with beautiful carvings: the Cowherd and the Weaving Maid, a phoenix in its flight to the sun, and a countless number of blossoms and plants of wondrous beauty. . . . Lu Chiang looked over her work and found it satisfying. Her curiosity then again got the better of her, and she went to the south to see Lu Pan. By this time Lu Pan too had almost completed his bridge. There remained only two cavities at one end which had not been filled with marble slabs. When Lu Chiang saw this she became very excited. She cleared her throat and imitated a cock's crow. At her call all the cocks in the village were roused from their sleep and feign to crow. When Lu Pan heard the sound he hurriedly threw two slabs into the cavities, and the bridge was thus more or less completed. Of the two bridges one was big and the



other small. The one built by Lu Pan was straight and plain, grand and imposing. It was called the Big Stone Bridge. The one constructed by Lu Chiang was skillfully and delicately engraved, and looked very lively and elegant. And it was called the Little Stone Bridge. Even, nowadays around Chaochou when girls want to embroider pillow-cases or sandal-facings their mothers will tell them, "Go to the Little Stone Bridge by the

West Gats and copy some pretty flower patterns."

The news that in one single night a big stone bridge had been built at Chaochou, and a strong and beautiful one at that, caused a great

sensation in towns and districts far and near. It even reached the ears of the Eight Immortals¹ at their dwelling caves at Fairy Island. Among the saints there was one called Chang Kuo Lao who was a busybody. When he heard the news he immediately went to Chaochou leading his donkey whose head was clouded with a shock of black mane. The left side of the saddle-bag on his donkey's back contained the sun, and the right side contained the moon. The old man also invited King Chai who pushed a wheelbarrow with a golden hood and silver handlebars. Inside the barrow were the four great mountains. Thus the two gallivanted to the place. When they arrived at the bridge Chang Kuo Lao raised his voice and asked, "Who built this bridge?" Lu Pan who was then inspecting the balustrades and spans replied, "I'm the one who built the bridge. Why? Is there something wrong with it?"

Pointing to his donkey and the wheelbarrow Chang Kuo Lao said, "We thought of crossing, the bridge. Do you think it'll hold?"

Lu Pan roared with laughter. "Whole cavalcades of mules and horses have been passing over it. Do you think it won't stand just this single donkey and a wheelbarrow? There's nothing wrong with it, go ahead, please!" Chang Kuo Lao and King Chai cast each other a knowing smile and proceeded on their way across the bridge with their donkey and barrow. As soon as they stepped upon the bridge it began to rack as though on the point of collapsing. Lu Pan gave a start and hurriedly ran under the bridge to support it. The bridge not only held, but became even more firmly consolidated through the pressure. The southern end of it, however, was knocked ten feet out of alignment. The traces of this incident may even be seen today in the form of some hoof-prints on the bridge left by Chang-Kuo Lao's donkey, a rut three feet in length left by King Chai's wheelbarrow. There are also two handprints under the bridge where Lu Pan supported it. At one time people could even buy New Year pictures showing Master Lu Pan supporting the bridge.

To come back to the story, when Chang Kuo-Lao had crossed the bridge he turned round and cast a glance at Lu Pan. "How pitiable are those eyes of yours," he sighed. Lu Pan then realized that his eyes had failed to recognize the great. The mere thought of it, the more ashamed he became. Thus he gouged out one of his eyes, placed it beside the bridge and silently walked away. It was said that later when the Horse King was crossing the bridge he picked up the eye and placed it on his "own forehead. Lu Pan was the predecessor of master carpenters, that's why nowadays when a carpenter is at work in adjusting a

horizontal line he uses only one eye. On the other hand, we should note that in later days people always engraved the image of the Horse King with three eyes.

The memory of Lu Pan as the one who built the Big Stone Bridge for the people of Chaochou was always held in gratitude and remembered by later generations. Even today we can still hear buffalo boys singing these lines:

Who built the stone bridge at Chaochou,?

Who rode across there on on ass.

And knocked its end off to the west?

Who shoved a borrow with a strut

Across the bridge and left a rut?

The bridge was built by one Lu Pan,

And Chang Kuo Lao rode on the ass,

And knocked its end off to the west.

King Chai shoved with a strut

The tart, and left behind a rut.

**Recorded and arranged by Ping
Shut,**

**Hsu Teh-piao, Pu Hung-chieh,
Chen Cheng-kang**

Illustration by Kao Ma-teh

TASK1

Who said each of the following words and to whom were they speaking?

1. "How pitiable are those eyes of yours"
2. "I'm the one who built the bridge. Why? Is there something wrong with it?"
3. "We thought of crossing, the bridge. Do you think it'll hold?"
4. "Why don't you people build a bridge across the river?"
5. "Whole cavalcades of mules and horses have been passing over it. Do you think it won't stand just this single donkey and a wheelbarrow?"
6. "Go to the Little Stone Bridge by the West Gates and copy some pretty flower patterns"

TASK2

Answer the questions

1. Where were there two stone bridges?
2. Why did Lu Pan and Lu Chang decide to build two bridges?
3. Where did Lu Pan begin to build his bridge?
4. Who built the Big Stone Bridge?
5. Why did Chang Kuo Lao immediately go to Chaochou?
6. How many handprints were there under the bridge where Lu Pan supported it?

TASK 3

Find the translations of these words.

1. carpenter
2. wheelbarrow
3. cavalcade
4. predecessor
5. marble
6. imposing
7. embroider
8. mule

TASK 4

Find the antonyms of these words

- | | |
|-------------|----------------|
| 1. build | 9. sky |
| 2. single | 10. fill |
| 3. lose | 11. beautiful |
| 4. collect | 12. catch |
| 5. remember | 13. generation |
| 6. before | 14. finish |
| 7. near | 15. sleep |
| 8. come | 16. west |

TASK 5

Translate these sentences into Uzbek.

1. They all milled together in a hubbub, bickering with one another to be first in crossing the river to enter the town.
2. As soon as Lu Chiang arrived at the appointed place she began to collect the needed material and hurriedly started with her work.
3. As she stood there feeling perplexed she suddenly caught sight of a man far in the south coming down from the Taihang Mountain with a drove of sheep.
4. Nowadays around Chaochou when girls want to embroider pillow-cases or sandal-facings their mothers will tell them, "Go to the Little Stone Bridge by the West Gats and copy some pretty flower patterns".
5. The traces this incident may even be seen today in the form of same hoof-prints on the bridge left by Chang KuoLao's donkey, a rut three feet in length left King Chai's wheelbarrow.
6. Lu Pan was the predecessor of master carpenters, that's why nowadays when a carpenter at work in adjusting a horizontal line he uses only one eye.

TASK 6

Fill in prepositions

1. Lu Pan and his sister had been traveling the country far and wide, and one day arrived ... Chaochou.
2. There remained only two cavities ... one end which had not been filled ... marble slabs.
3. To come back ... the story, when Chang Kuo Lao had crossed the bridge he turned round and cast a glance ... Lu Pan.
4. Chanf Kuo Lao and King Chai cast each other a knowing smile and proceeded ... their way across the bridge ... their donkey and barrow.
5. There are also two handprints ... the bridge where Lu Pan supported it.
6. The memory ... Lu Pan as the one who built the Big Stone Bridge ... the people.
7. Thus he gauged ... one ... his eyes, placed it beside the bridge and silently walked
8. ... the other hand, we should note that ... later days people always engraved the image ... the Horse King ... three eyes.

Unit 7

The phoenix fairy flower

Answer the following questions:

1. Look at the photo and discuss the situation.
2. What do you think the main characters do?



THE PHOENIX FAIRY FLOWER

(A Han Story)

Long, long ago, in a poor dilapidated-village in a mountainous region there lived a girl who was exceptionally clever with her hands. No matter whether it was in weaving or embroidery nobody could

match her. She was pretty, too, as beautiful as a flower. And she had the virtue of dressing simply and being thrifty. She had no name of her own, but because she had such clever hands people just called her Clever Girl.

Opposite the girl's cottage lived a poor young man called Manchang. Ever since they were quite small the two of them had played together. As they grew up, as the one was known for her thriftiness, and the other for having great skill in his work, the pair became closer friends than ever. Their parents noticed this, and arranged their betrothal.

Manchang's family was very poor. As a betrothal, gift, they could only give a sheaf of lobules-eared corn, a big cabbage, a handful of violet peas with stride a bunch of fresh red chilli. But to Clever Girl, these were the most beautiful gifts in the world. She carefully placed them on the window-sill and used to gaze at them morning and night. She felt so happy, her heart - jaundiced.

In the spring of the second year the two families discussed their children's wedding and agreed to hold the marriage in .the autumn. The girl's parents sold all odds and ends the house to buy a new dress for their daughter. But she told them that she wanted nothing.

"I don't want you to buy a wedding dress," she said, "I have my own pair of hands, why should we worry about buying clothes?" Meanwhile. Manchang was racking his brains on how to buy his bride some cloth, for, indeed, it was beyond his means. He pooled all his resources and managed to buy her a few catties of raw cotton.

Among Clever Girl's neighbors there was a girl called Golden Flower. She had been betrothed as a child to a son of a wealthy family in town. She too would be .married that year. Several months before the wedding the grove parents had sent to the bride two bearers laden with expensive gifts: intrusively engraved bracelets, richly encased ornaments, beautiful brocade jackets, dazzlingly embroidered satin robes. Everything was in great abundance. Golden Flower tried on this and that. She fluttered between the well and the river bank to gaze at her reflection. All day long she kept changing" her dress and making herself up. Often she would go out of heft way to show off her splendor.

But Clever Girl did not so much as cast her a glance. She spun the cotton into yarn, and wove the yarn into cloth arid made it into a jacket. She then painstakingly embroidered it with patterns of the ear of corn and the cabbage. The corn looked as if it was of gold, the cabbage like

emerald, the chili like red coral and the violet peas like a dragon's gall. One on the left, one on the right, and the more she embroidered the more intricate the patterns became,, and the. more beautiful they looked. Day after day she continued with her embroidery, stitching busily from morning till evening, from evening till dawn. Sometimes she would prick her finger with the needle and a spot of blood would drip onto the jacket, and there she would embroider a red flower. Sometimes she became tired and drops of sweat would fall on the embroidery. Here she would embroider butterflies.

Thus she toiled for three whole months, and at last the jacket was finished.

It was really very beautiful, more beautiful than the changing clouds in the sky or the colourful Morning Glory and, In fact, than any flower you could name. As it happened, on that day Golden Flower appeared at her door. When she saw the jacket her eyes turned green with envy.

"Clever Girl," she said, "I'll make you an exchange. I'll give you ten embroidered coats and six skirts of the Hundred Plaits for your jacket."

"No," Clever Girl replied, "I won't exchange it. Nothing can compare with this homespun jacket of mine,"

Golden Flower became angry. She came and quickly snatched up the jacket. "I'll wear it for n day, then I'll return it to you," she said as she walked out.

Clever Girl could not agree to that. Golden Flower ran off with Clever Girl in chase. The chase went on from the house to the yard. Suddenly the wily Golden Flower jessed the jacket onto t. wall. Clever Girl hurriedly looked around for a bamboo stick to fetch the thing down when out of the blue a flock of magpies swooped down and whisked the jacket away."

Clever Girl ^tamped, herl feet and shouted and cried in her anxiety, but the magpies, as if bearing away a colourful phoenix, soared up higher and higher and finally disappeared into the clouds.

Clever Girl was so angry she could have cried. Golden Flower then put up a show of compensating Clever Girl by offering her a silk dress, but Clever Girl flatly refused. "Nobody wants your rich man's hide!" she said indignantly. They continued quarrelling for some time, and Golden Flower eventually found an excuse to get away without recompensing Clever Girl was angry with Golden Flower and with the

magpies too. She decided to make a big net from the main she had left over, and trap the magpies to get back her lovely jacket. Thus without pausing for a rest she began weaving her net. She worked on end on. Two days before her wedding day, the net was done.

At daybreak on the following day a group of magpies flew over. They perched on Clever Gill's rooftop and collared incessantly. Clever Girl immediately rhea to the garden. spread her net and threw a handful of grain under it. On seeing food all the magpies. How down to peck at It when with a pull of the rope all of them, numbering between eighty and a hundred, were caught in the net.

In anger the girl tightened the rope. But as she was just reaching out her hands to catch them the magpies suddenly flapped their wings and flew off, lifting the net together with Clever Girl into the skies. They soared high up in the direction of the rising sun, and flew at a very high speed. All Clever Girl could hear was the signing of the wind. Rice fields appeared as patches of red and green, disappearing into the distance. They flew on and on until they reached the .peak of a high mountain when they finally came to land. On the mountain top was a stretch of beautiful, emerald-green woods, where birds of diverse kinds were hopping from branch to branch: dove at larks, golden orioles, partridges peacocks, parrots, golden pheasants. Their number was so great, it was hard either to distinguish one from the other or to count them. The magpies tore the net monkeys to .release themselves and joined their fellow-birds on the tree tops. Suddenly the birds began to sing merrily, as a fairy, dressed in a beautifully embroidered jacket, appeared from the woods. When Clever Girl looked at the jacket she found it was indeed hers which had been taken away by the magpies. Feeling rather muzzled, she stepped forward to question her hostess, when the fairy in a gentle voice addressed her, "Clever Girl, the jacket "you've embroidered is really beautiful, but I have another even more beautiful. Will you agree to exchange them?"

"I'm sorry," Clever Girl replied, "I won't exchange it, because I'm soon to be married, and this is my wedding jacket I've sewn myself."

"Oh, I see," said the fairy. "Then I'll return it to you at once." And hitching up her sleeves she extended her smooth rosy bonds, undid her waistband, took off the jacket and handed it to Clever Girl. "Thank you very much," she said. "May you both live in harmony and have a rich, full life, and may your family be granted happiness." Having said so she turned and disappeared.

As Clever Girl stood there feeling astonished she saw flying out from the woods a dazzlingly coloured phoenix. The birds around instantly spread their wings and grew animated. They trailed behind their Queen and merrily flew away.

"It must've been a phoenix turned fairy," thought Clever Girl to herself. Then taking with her embroidered jacket she happily tripped



down the mountain towards home. Half way down she met Manchang. Early that morning as Manchang was working in the fields he saw in the skies a flock of magpies carrying a net with Clever Girl dangling from it. He immediately gave chase from behind, but the birds flew far too fast, leaving him way behind. He was beside himself with worry when they unexpectedly had that joyful meeting. Clever Girl

told of all she had gone through in finding her jacket. Manchang then related some good news to her. Their bridal-chamber had been cleanly whitewashed, and the window-panes newly pasted. All was ready for the happy occasion. The next day, dressed in the beautifully embroidered jacket she had made with her own hands, Clever Girl became bride.

After her marriage she was even more industrious and thrifty. At break of day, at the call of the chattering magpies, she would don her embroidered jacket and go to work in the fields. Whenever she felt too warm she would take it off and carefully place it on the ground. The magpies would then, usually appear and circle overhead on the look-out "in case some bad character might steal the jacket.

One day while helping Manchang with the harvest, Clever Girl took off her jacket and put it on a ridge. Just at that moment Golden Flower was returning to her parents from town. As she walked along the ridge she saw the embroidered jacket lying there. She stealthily snatched it up and flung it across her shoulders. But just as she was thrusting her hands into the sleeves, a flock of magpies swooped down from the skies. Giving loud caws they encircled the thief and scratched and pecked her at random. Golden Flower tried to hide herself but she was soon spotted. She tried to run away, but her pursuers were

persistent. She howled for nil she was worth, while the magpies outlet their shrill war-cry. In all the confusion the embroidered jacket was torn to shreds, but Golden Flower's face too was gashed and torn all over. When her wounds healed, her face was covered with ugly scars. Some time later she was driven out from her in-law's house.

The vari-colored shreds of cloth looked like thousands of beautiful flowers as they wafted and danced in the breeze, chased by butterflies. They drifted further and further away, and then gradually fluttered to the ground, strewn all over fields and newly upturned soil.

In the spring of the following year clusters of tender plants appeared over fields and dales. Whenever Clever Girl saw these plants she felt a pang in her heart, for they reminded her of her lost jacket. She dug up the plants one by one and planted them in her garden. Between summer and autumn the plants had become full-grown with reddish brown roots and greenish leaves- Their flowers had petals as red as a flame and resembled a colourful phoenix with outstretched wings in its flight to the sun. That's why people now call this flower the Phoenix Fairy Flower.

*Recorded and
arranged by
Wang Wan-shu
Illustration by Kao
Ma-teh*

TASK 1

True/ False. Find out whether given statement is true or false. Fill in the answer chart.

1. Among Clever Girl's neighbors there was a girl called Lotus flower.
2. Several months before the wedding the grove parents had sent to the bride 2 bearers laden
3. with expensive gifts.
4. Suddenly the girls began to sing merrily , as a fairy , dressed in a beautifully embroidered jacket , appeared from the woods.
5. One day while helping Manchang with the harvest , Golden flower took off her jacket and put it on a ridge .
6. Now people call this flower the Phoenix Fairy Flower.
7. Between spring and summer the plants had become full-grown with reddish brown roots and greenish leaves.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7

TASK 2

Choose the correct form of adjective in each sentence.

1. Several months before the wedding the grove parents had sent to the bride 2 bearers laden
1. with expensive gifts: intrusively *engraved/engraving* bracelets.
2. Sometimes she became *tired/tiring* and drops of sweat would fall on the embroidery.
3. It was really *very beautiful, more beautiful* than the changing clouds in the sky or the *colourless/colourful* Morning Glorly .
4. "I'll give you ten *embroidered/embroidery* coats and six skirts of the Hundred Plaits for your jacket."
5. As Clever Girl stood there feeling *astonished/astonishing* she was flying out from the woods a dazzlingly *coloured/colouring* phoenix.
6. Golden Flower's face too was *gashed/gashing* and torn all over .

TASK 3

What is wrong in each sentence? Give the right variant.

1. Long, long ago in a poor dilapidated-village in a mountainous region there lived a girl who was exceptionally cleverly with her hands.
2. She had not name of her own, but because she had such clever hands.
3. Opposite the girl's cottage lived a poor young man calling Manchang.
4. She had been betrothing as a child to a son of a wealthy family in town.
5. Sometimes she would prick her finger with the needle and a spot of blood would drip into the jacket.
6. She came and quickly snatched in the jacket.

TASK 4

Choose the correct verb form.

1. No matter whether it was in weaving or embroidery nobody *couldn't match* her.
2. She carefully placed them on the window-sill and used *to be gaze* at them morning and night.
3. She told them that she would want nothing.
4. Manchang was racking his brains on how *buying* his bride some cloth, it was beyond his means.
5. Thus she toiled far three whole months, and at last the jacket *was finishing*.
6. Clever Girl was so angry she *could into cry* and green
7. Rice fields *appeared* as patches of red, disappearing the distance.
8. They trailed behind their Queen and merrily *fly* away.

TASK 5

Put the letters in a correct way and make up words. Match the words with definitions.

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. cajtek | a) magpies |
| 2. malmitledy | b) embroider |
| 3. stapch | c) mountain |
| 4. esamgpi | d) immediately |
| 5. utinanmo | e) patch |
| 6. bordermie | f) jacket |

TASK6

Complete the sentences

1. In the spring of the second year the two families discussed their children's wedding and
2. Clever Girl could not agree that. Golden Flower ran off with
3. Their bridal-chamber had been cleanly whitewashed, and the
4. When Clever Girl looked at the jacket she found
5. At break of day, at the call of the chattering magpies,
6. The vary-colored shreds of cloth looked like thousands of beautiful flowers as