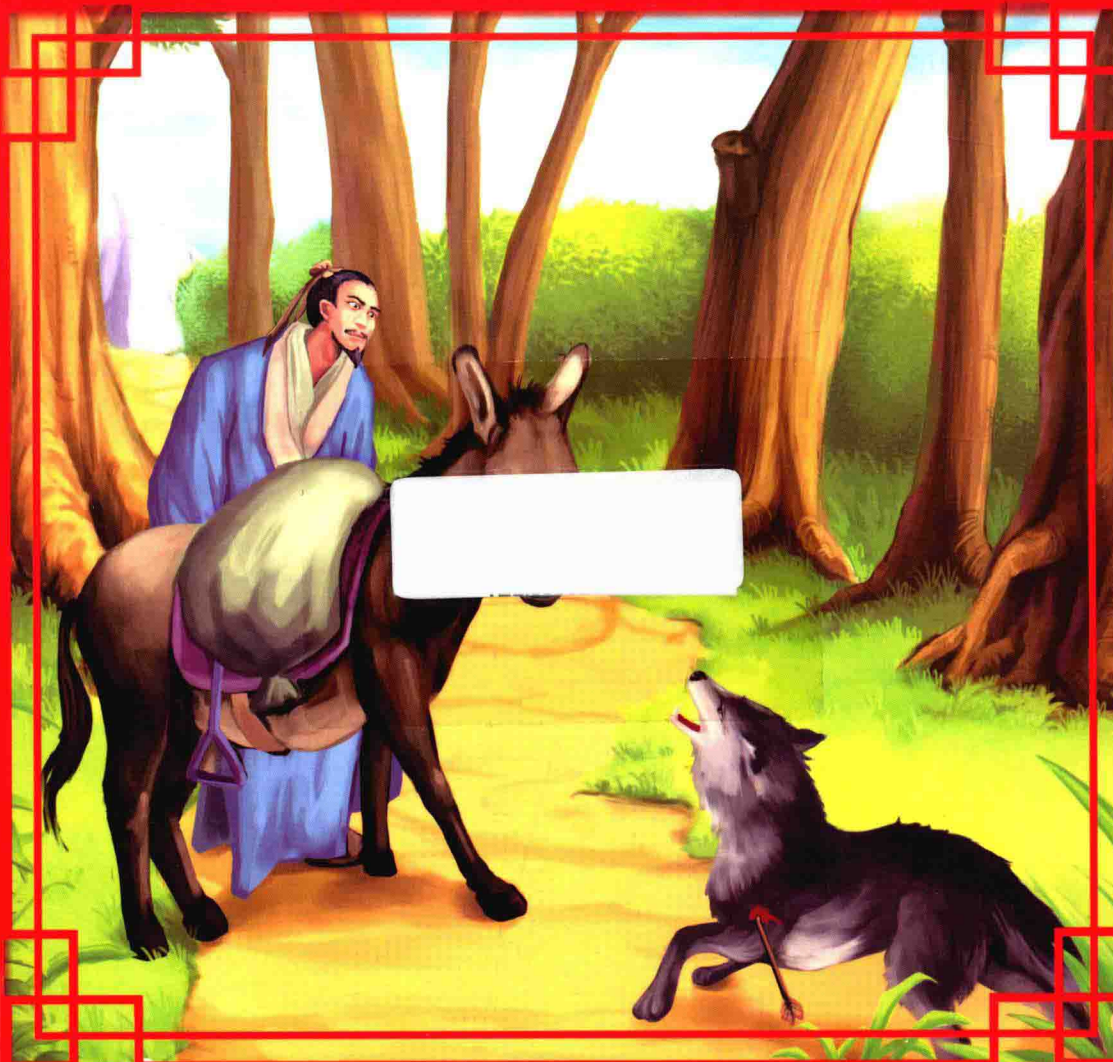


ILLUSTRATED CLASSIC CHINESE TALES
Fable Stories

MASTER DONGGUO

· 东郭先生 ·



寓言故事

中华传统经典故事绘本
附中文拼音



CHINA INTERCONTINENTAL PRESS

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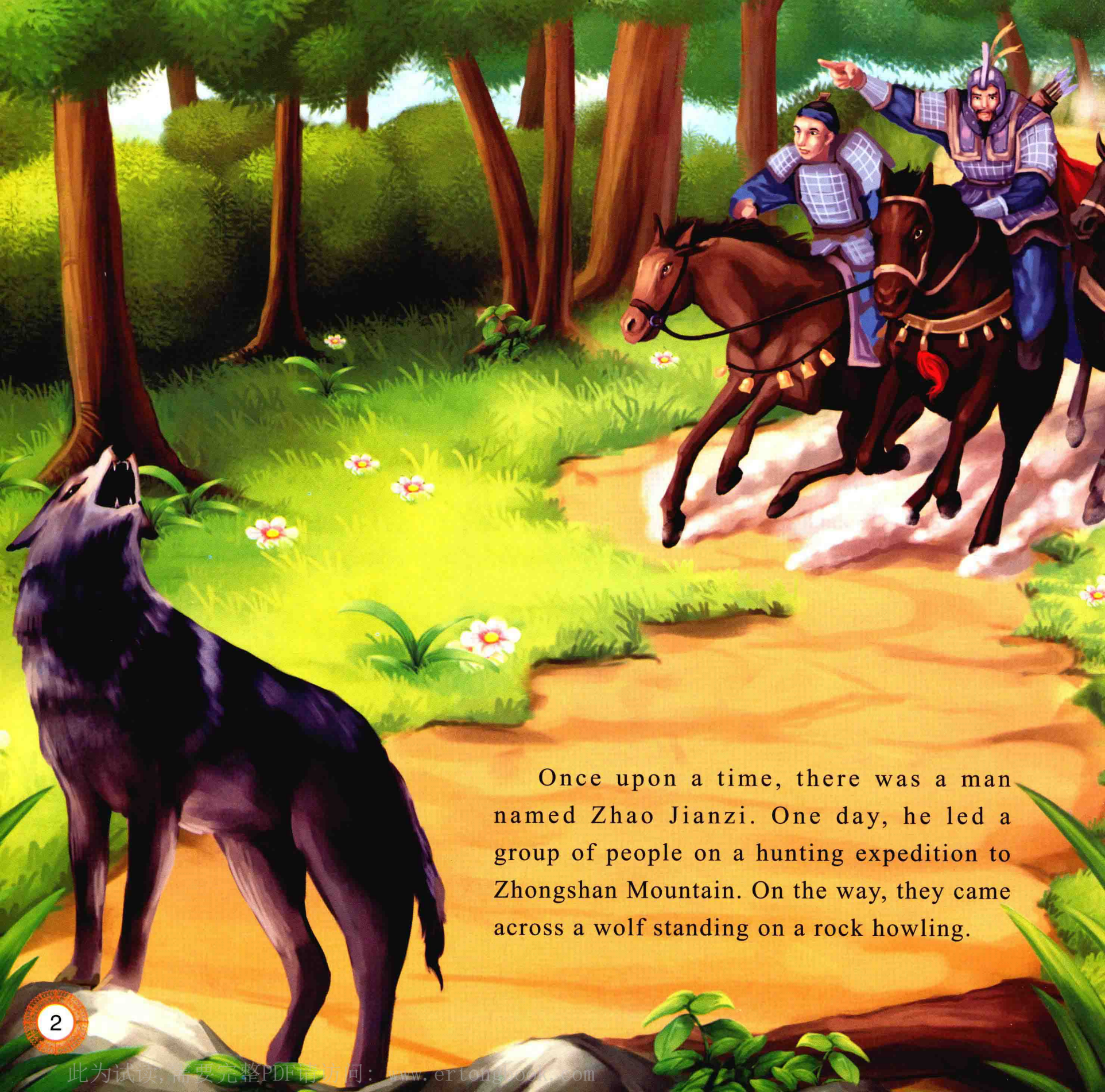
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Once upon a time, there was a man named Zhao Jianzi. One day, he led a group of people on a hunting expedition to Zhongshan Mountain. On the way, they came across a wolf standing on a rock howling.



Zhao drew his bow and shot at the wolf. The arrow hit the wolf's front leg. The wolf spun around and disappeared into the depths of the forest. Zhao urged his horse to chase after the wolf.



Deep in the forest, a scholar who hailed from Dongguo got off his donkey on a winding path in the forest and looked around. The donkey was carrying a big load of bamboo scrolls. Master Dongguo, as the scholar was known, had lost his way.

Before he worked out where he should go, a wolf suddenly appeared. The wolf was limping and seemed to be in terrible pain.

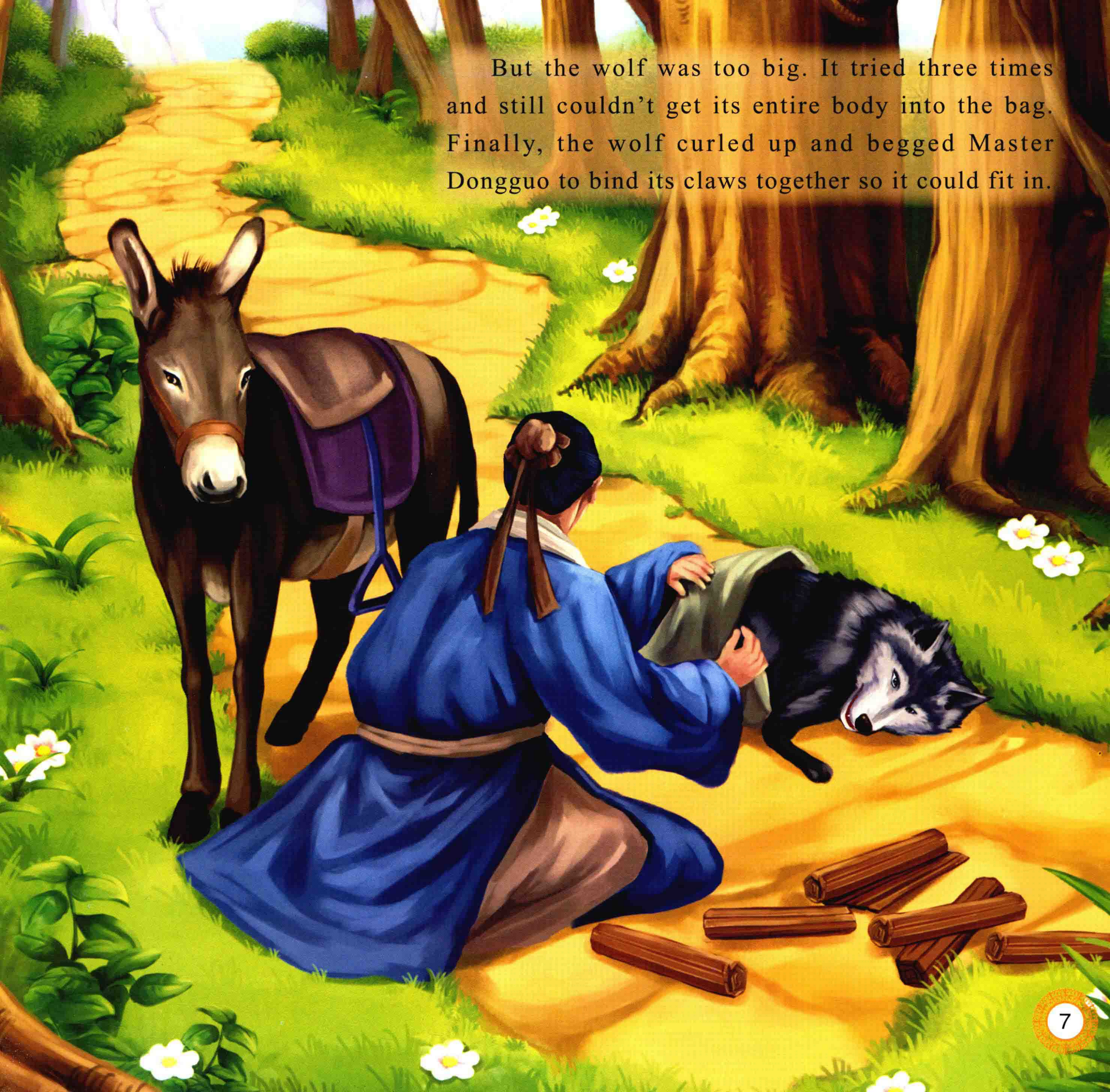
“Sir,” the wolf said. “Someone’s hunting me down. Please show some mercy and save my skin. You shall have my gratitude forever.”

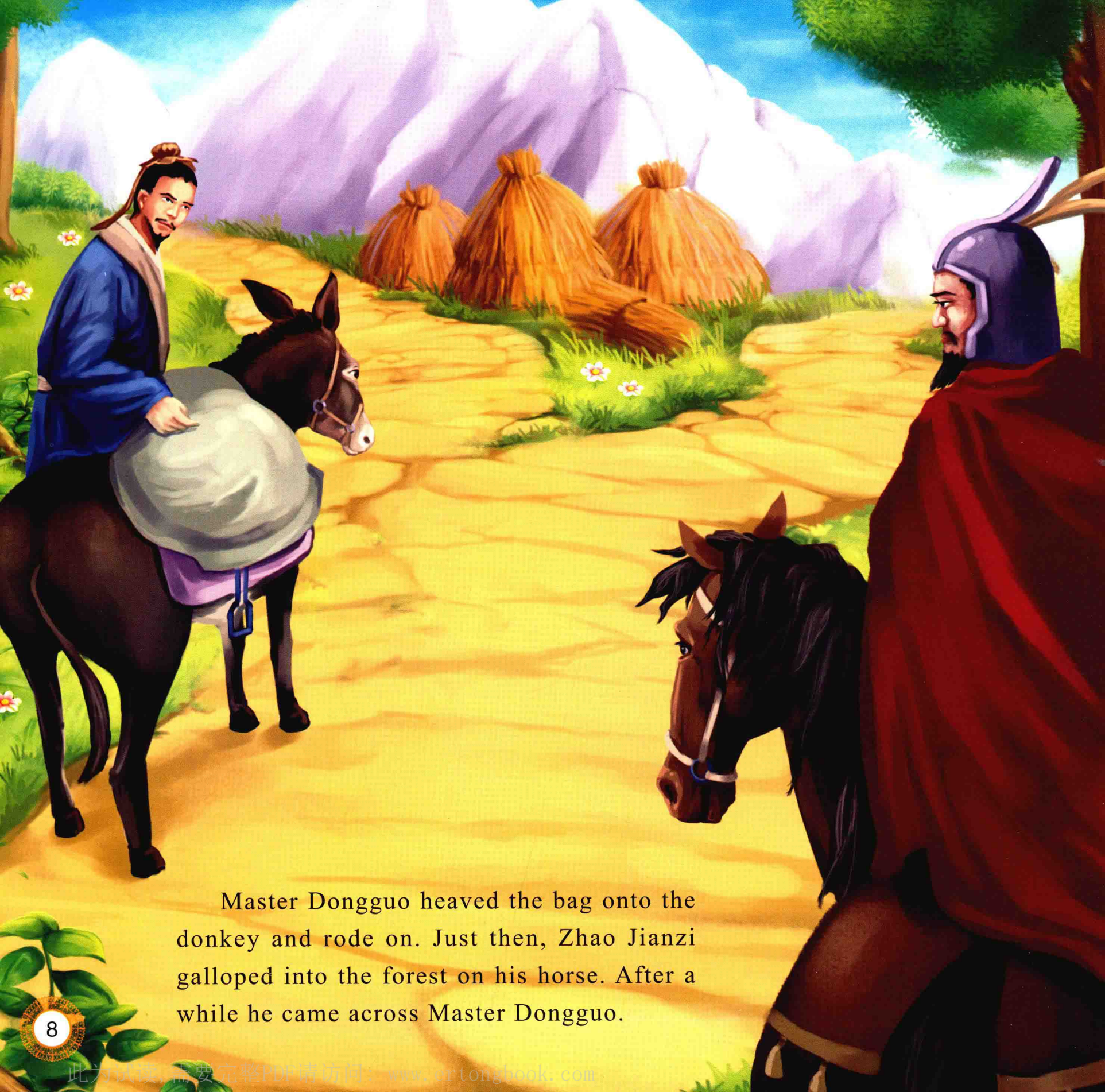


Master Dongguo took pity on the wolf. He thought a while and said, "You can take shelter in my bag." Saying that, he took the bamboo scrolls out of the bag.


A colorful illustration of a scene from a story. In the center, a man with a beard and a blue robe is kneeling on a dirt path, holding a large, light-colored bag open. To his left, a grey and black wolf is standing, looking into the bag. To the right, a brown donkey with a purple saddle is standing and looking towards the man. The background is a lush forest with large trees and green grass. In the bottom left corner, there is a small circular logo with the number 6 inside.

But the wolf was too big. It tried three times and still couldn't get its entire body into the bag. Finally, the wolf curled up and begged Master Dongguo to bind its claws together so it could fit in.






Master Dongguo heaved the bag onto the donkey and rode on. Just then, Zhao Jianzi galloped into the forest on his horse. After a while he came across Master Dongguo.



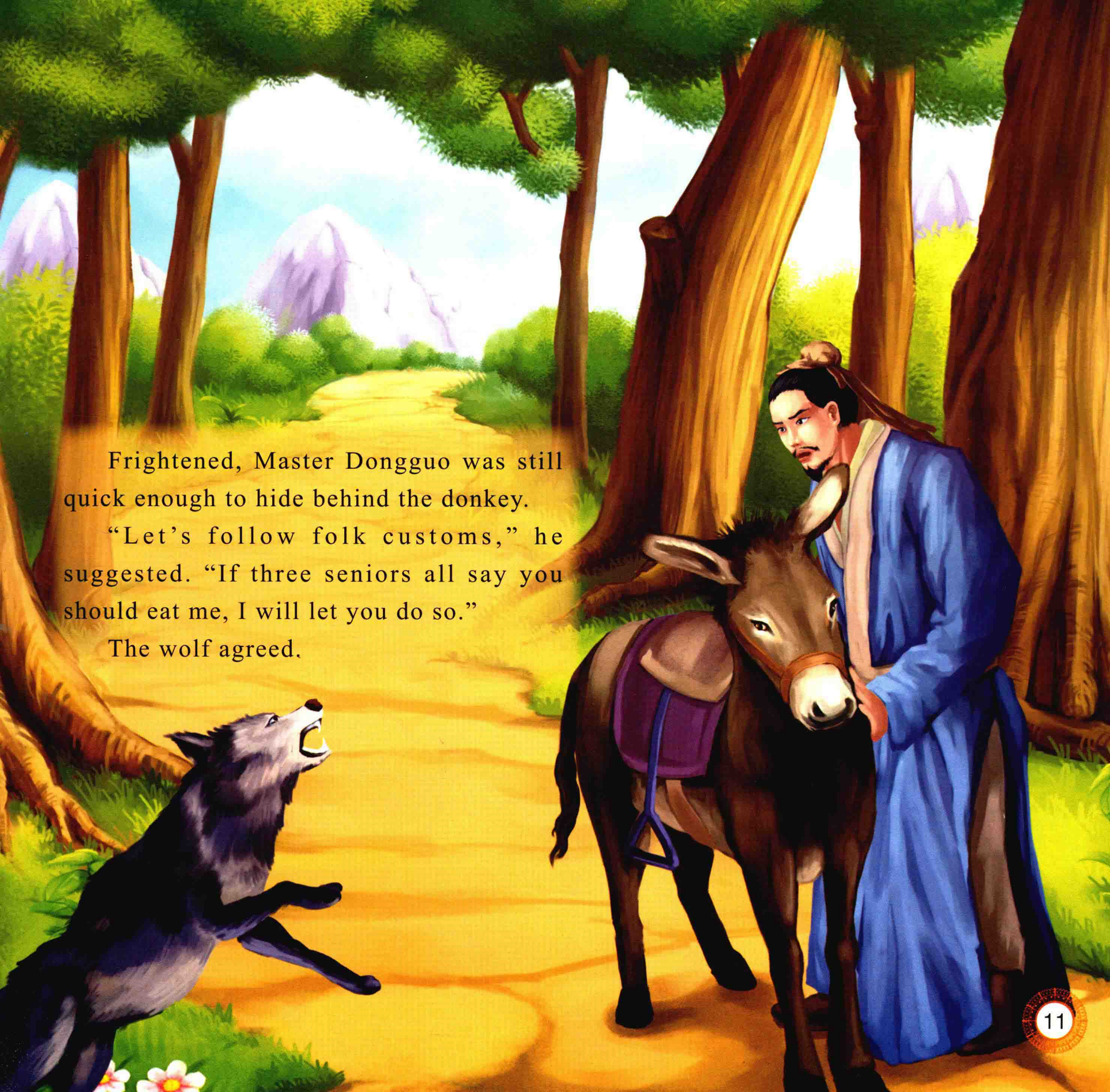
“Have you seen
a wounded wolf?”
he asked.

“I am lost, but I do know
what a wolf looks like,” said
Master Dongguo earnestly. “I
haven’t see a wolf here.”



After Zhao left, Master Dongguo set the wolf free.

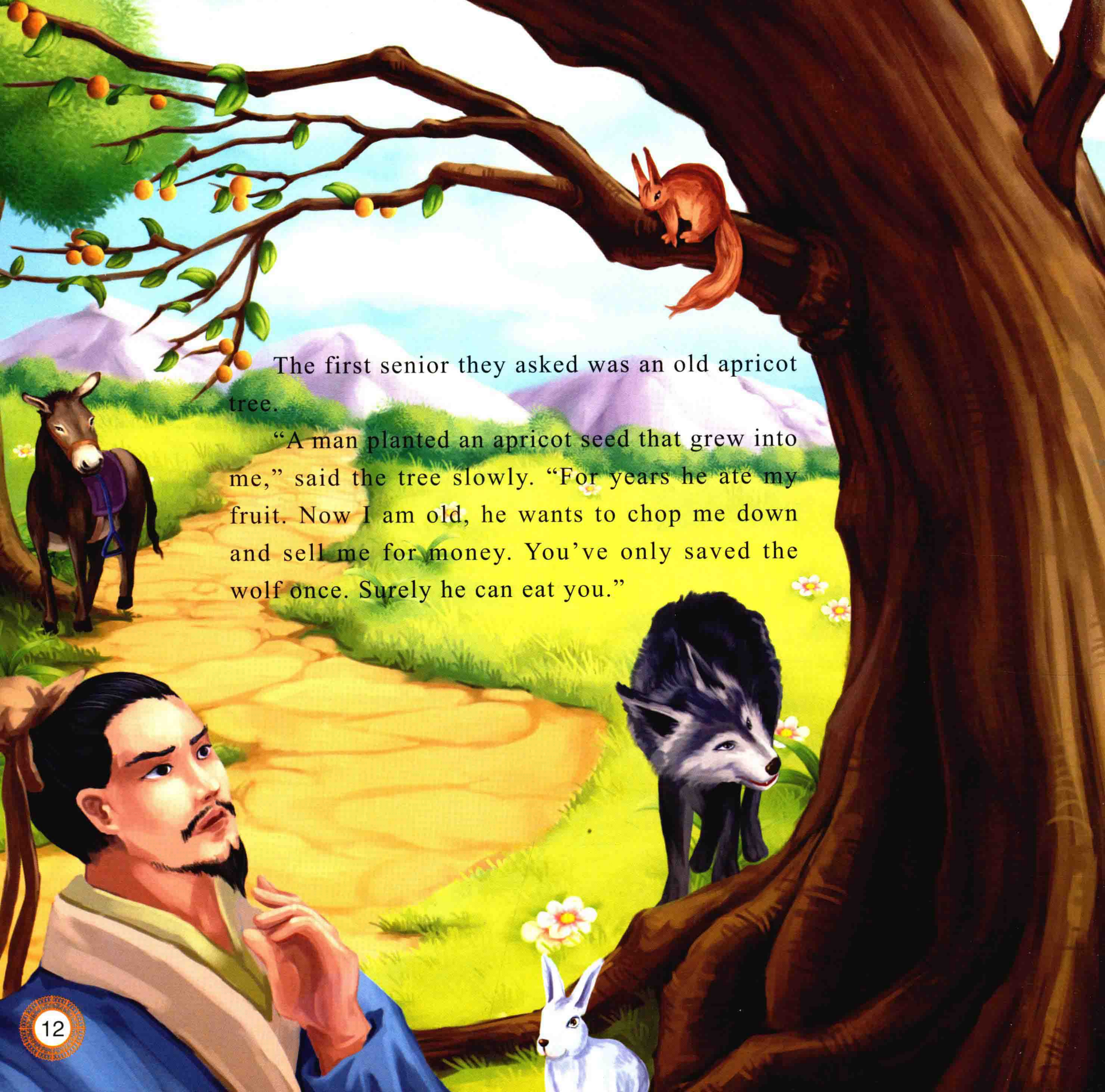
“Thank you so much for saving me,” said the wolf. “But I am starving. Why not save me again by being my dinner?” Saying that, the wolf bared his fangs and lunged at Master Dongguo.



Frightened, Master Dongguo was still quick enough to hide behind the donkey.

“Let’s follow folk customs,” he suggested. “If three seniors all say you should eat me, I will let you do so.”

The wolf agreed.

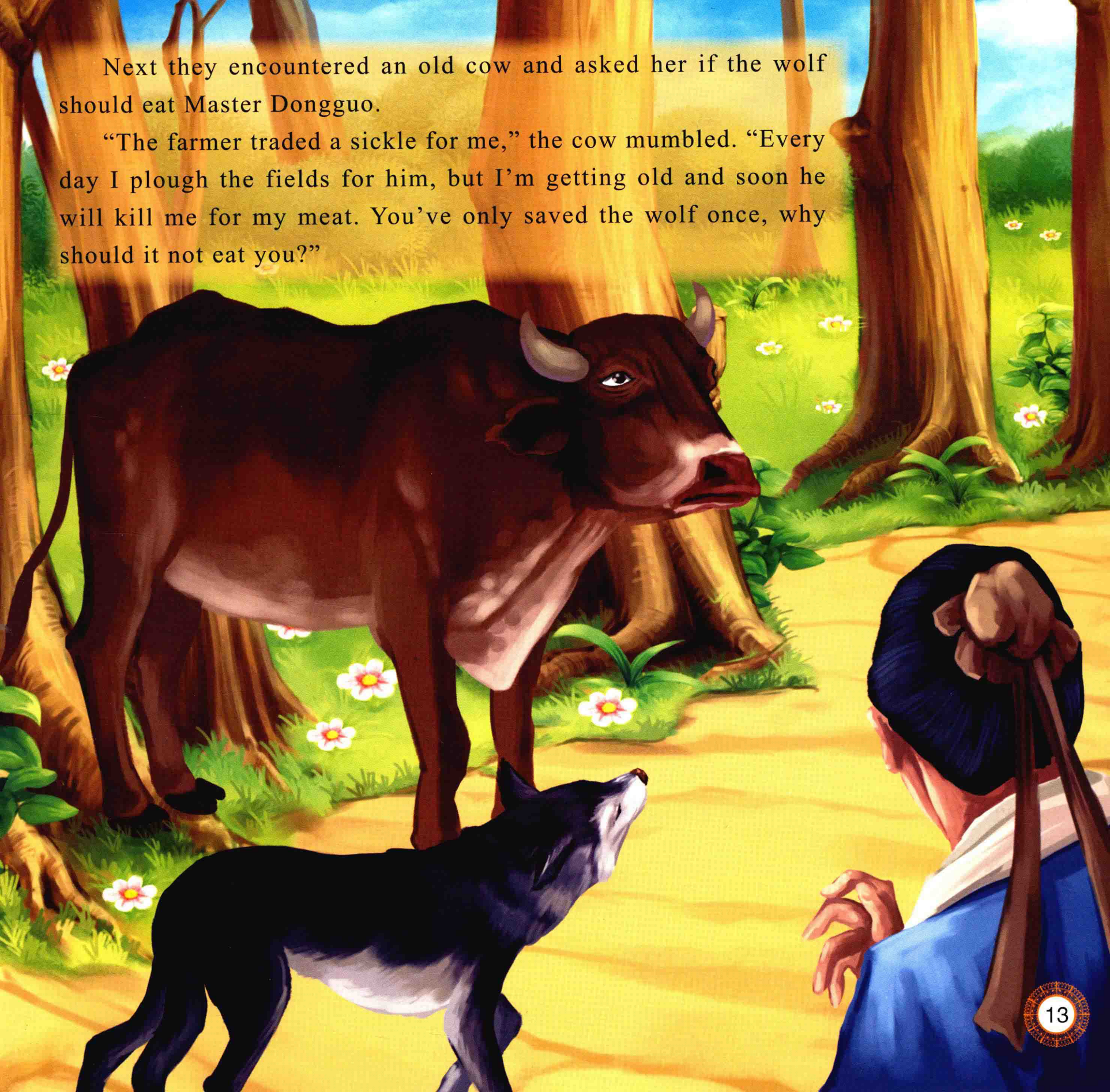


The first senior they asked was an old apricot tree.

“A man planted an apricot seed that grew into me,” said the tree slowly. “For years he ate my fruit. Now I am old, he wants to chop me down and sell me for money. You’ve only saved the wolf once. Surely he can eat you.”

Next they encountered an old cow and asked her if the wolf should eat Master Dongguo.

“The farmer traded a sickle for me,” the cow mumbled. “Every day I plough the fields for him, but I’m getting old and soon he will kill me for my meat. You’ve only saved the wolf once, why should it not eat you?”



Master Dongguo fidgeted with anxiety. An old man with a walking stick happened to pass by.

“He bound me with a rope,” related the wolf. “Obviously he was trying to suffocate me in his bag. Why can’t I eat a man like this?”

