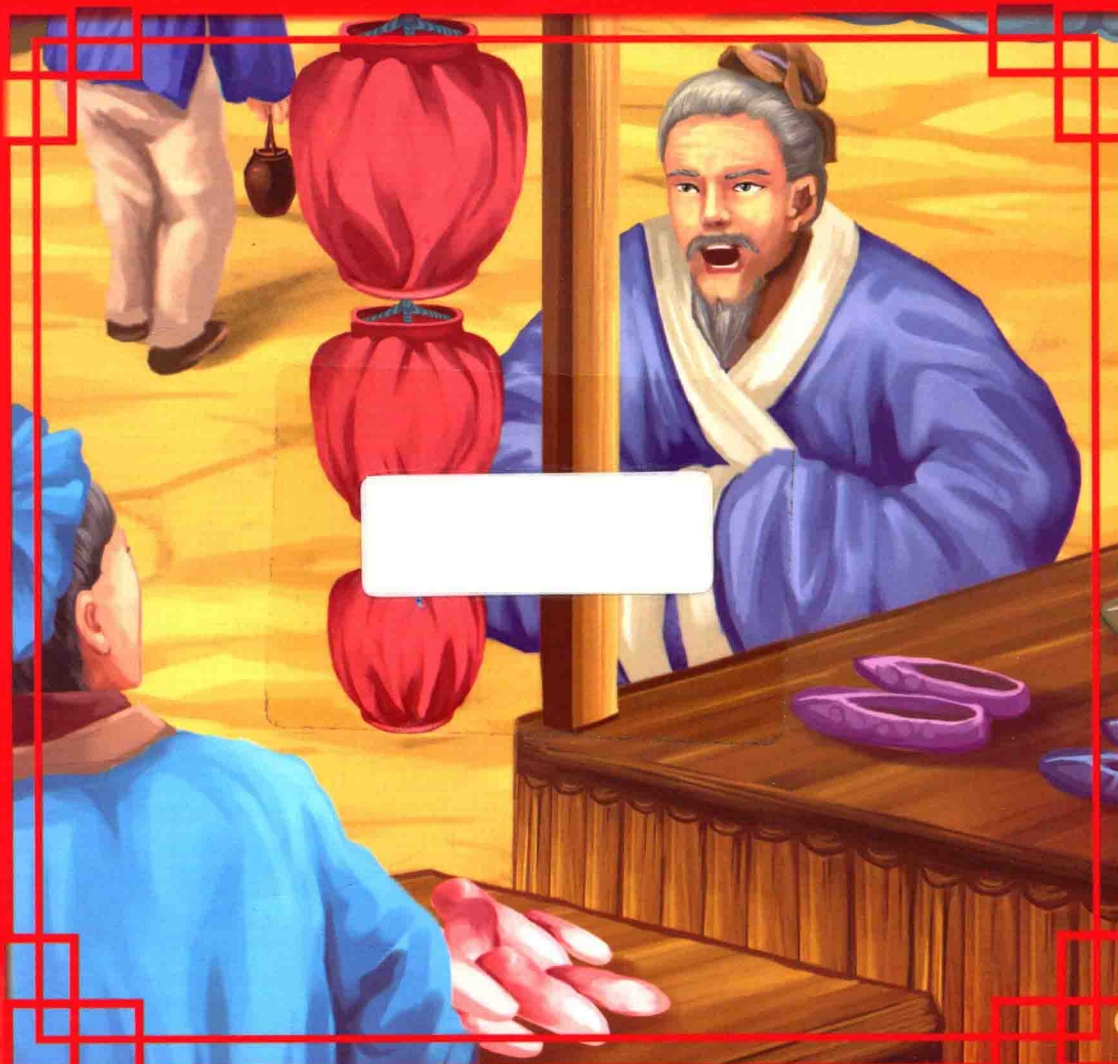


ILLUSTRATED CLASSIC CHINESE TALES  
Fable Stories

# A MAN FROM ZHENG GOES TO BUY SOME SHOES

· 郑人买履 ·



中华传统经典故事绘本  
附中文拼音



CHINA INTERCONTINENTAL PRESS

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In the Spring and Autumn Period more than 2,500 years ago, an elderly couple lived in a thatched cottage at the foot of a mountain in the Dukedom of Zheng. Their only son was a diligent young fellow.






Every morning, the old fisherman  
would take his son fishing. They returned  
home after sunset.





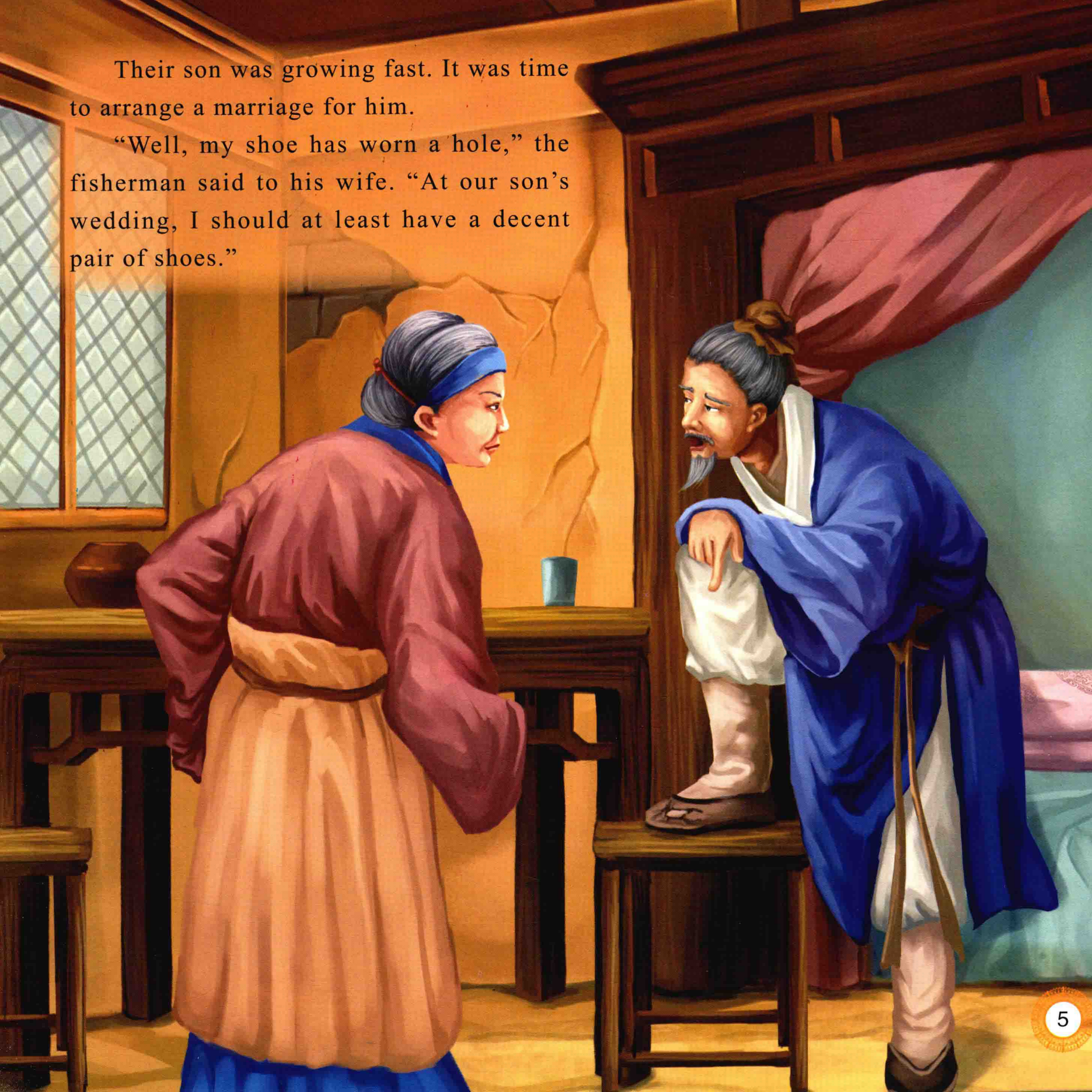
An illustration of an elderly woman with grey hair tied in a bun, wearing a blue headband and a pinkish-purple robe. She is seated and working on a large, wide-brimmed hat made of woven bamboo strips. The background is a warm, yellowish-orange wall with a wooden lattice window on the left. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the bamboo and the woman's hands.

The fisherman's wife stayed home making broad-brimmed hats with bamboo strips. She sold the hats at the local market every few days. They lived a very thrifty life.

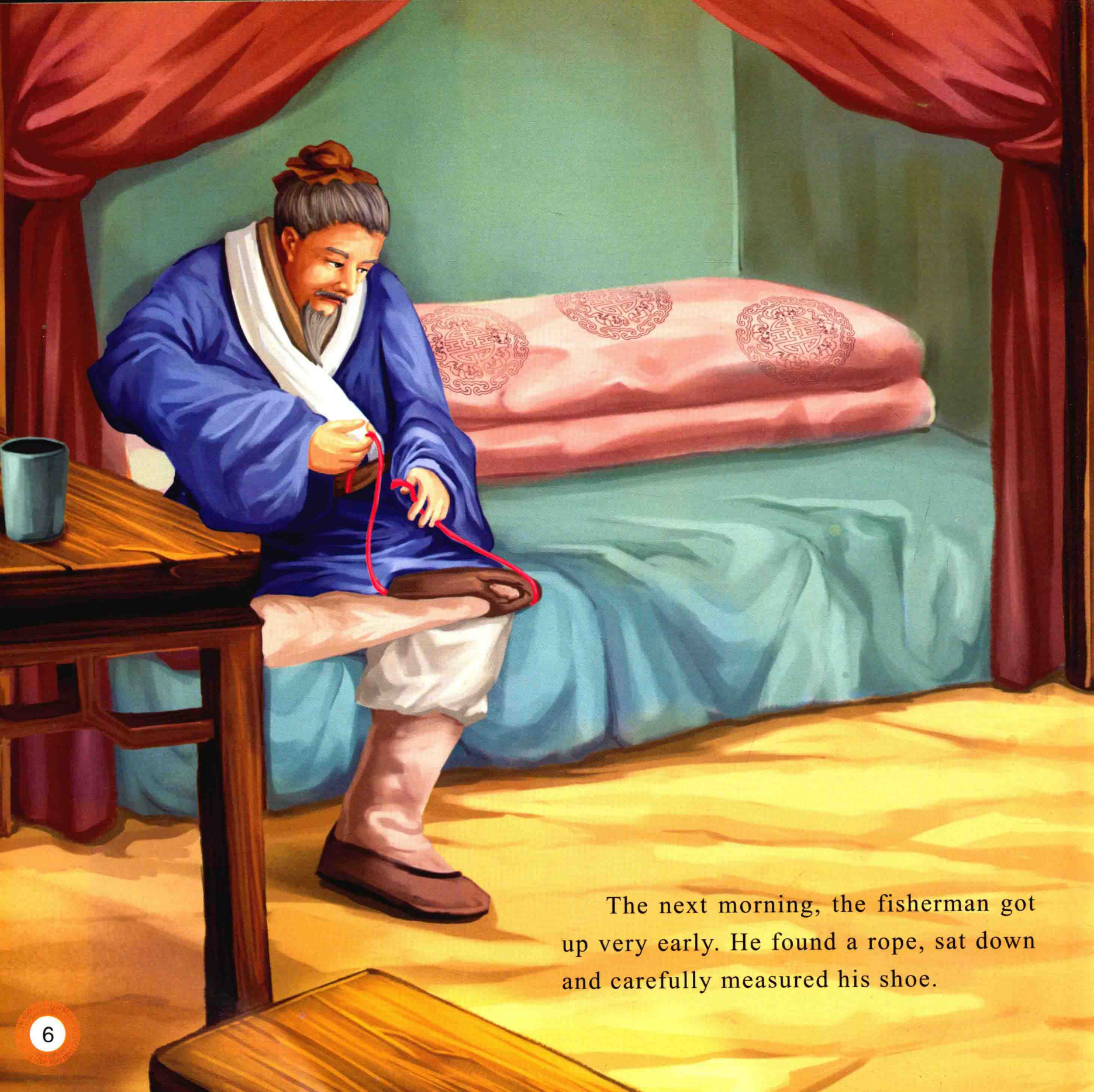


Their son was growing fast. It was time to arrange a marriage for him.

“Well, my shoe has worn a hole,” the fisherman said to his wife. “At our son’s wedding, I should at least have a decent pair of shoes.”







The next morning, the fisherman got up very early. He found a rope, sat down and carefully measured his shoe.

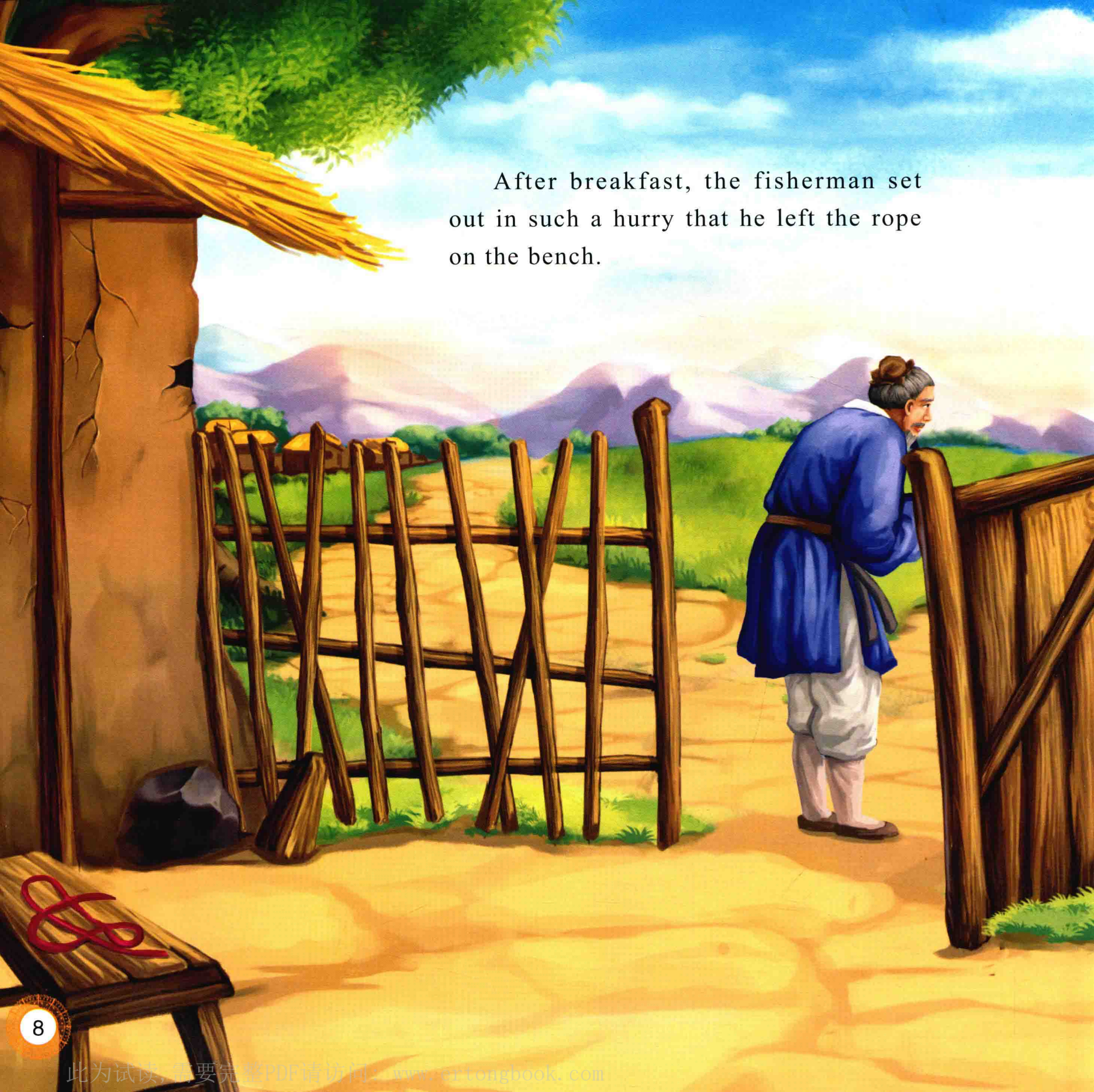


The young man saw this. "Father, what are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm measuring my shoe," the fisherman replied. "So I'll know which size to buy."

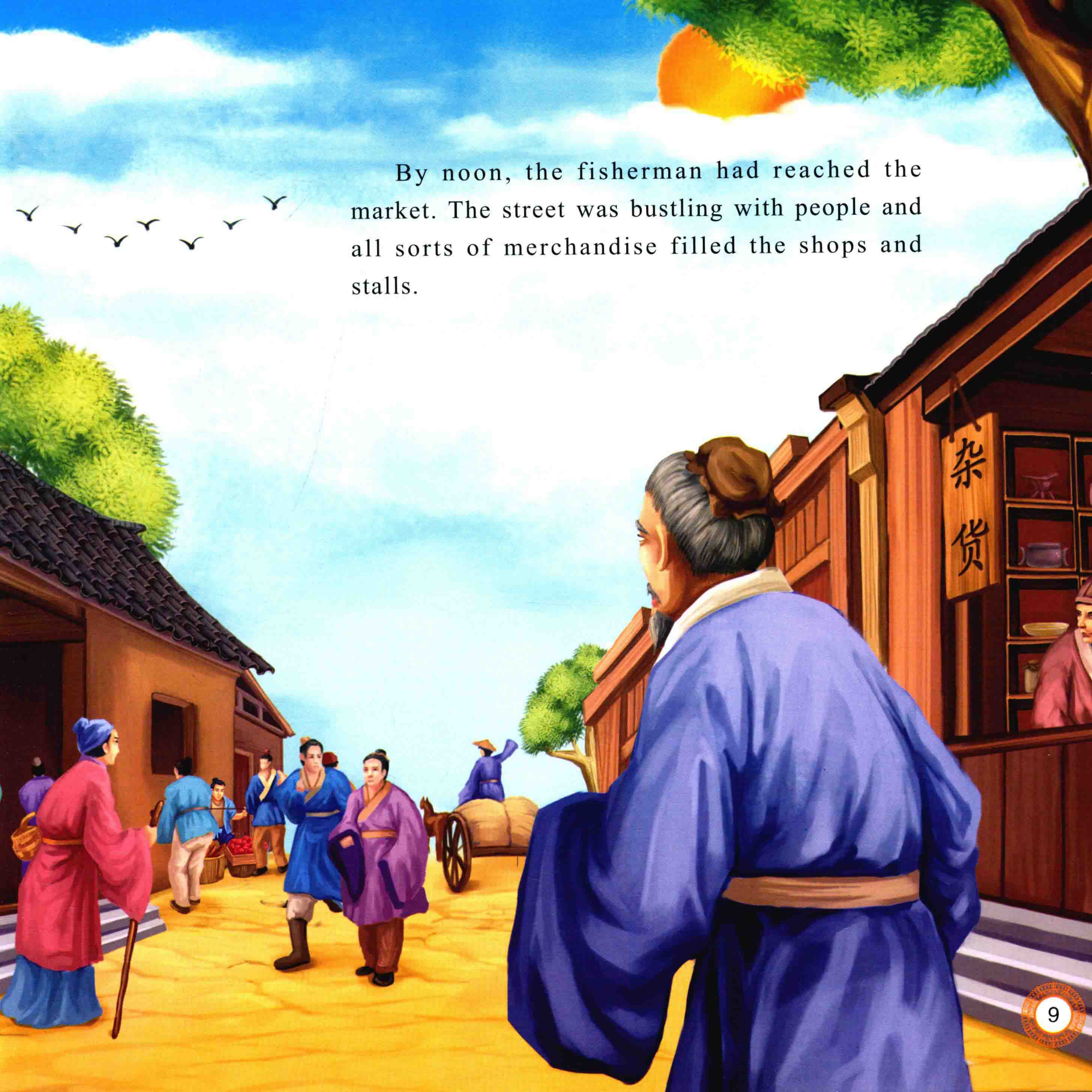






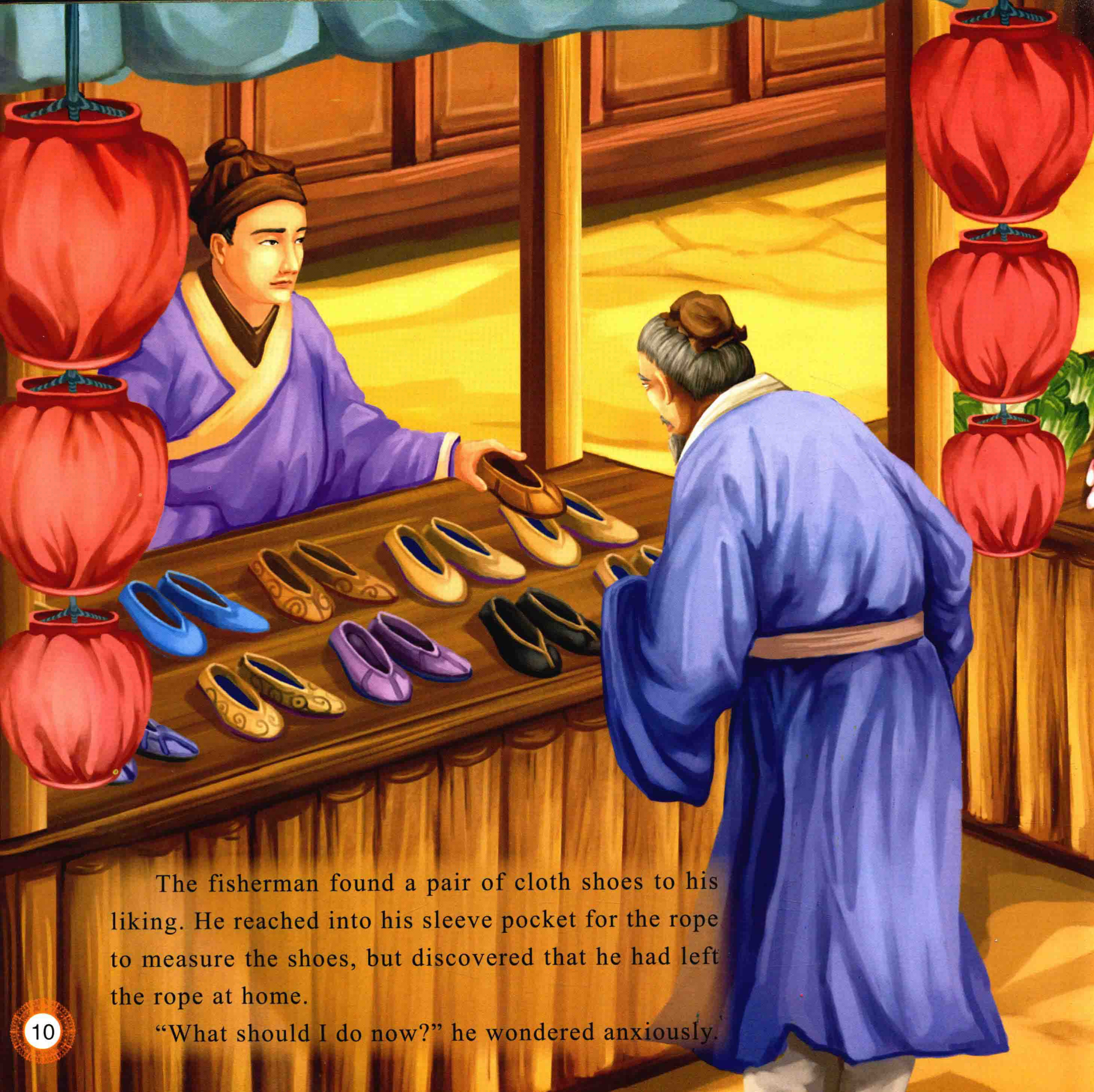
After breakfast, the fisherman set out in such a hurry that he left the rope on the bench.





By noon, the fisherman had reached the market. The street was bustling with people and all sorts of merchandise filled the shops and stalls.

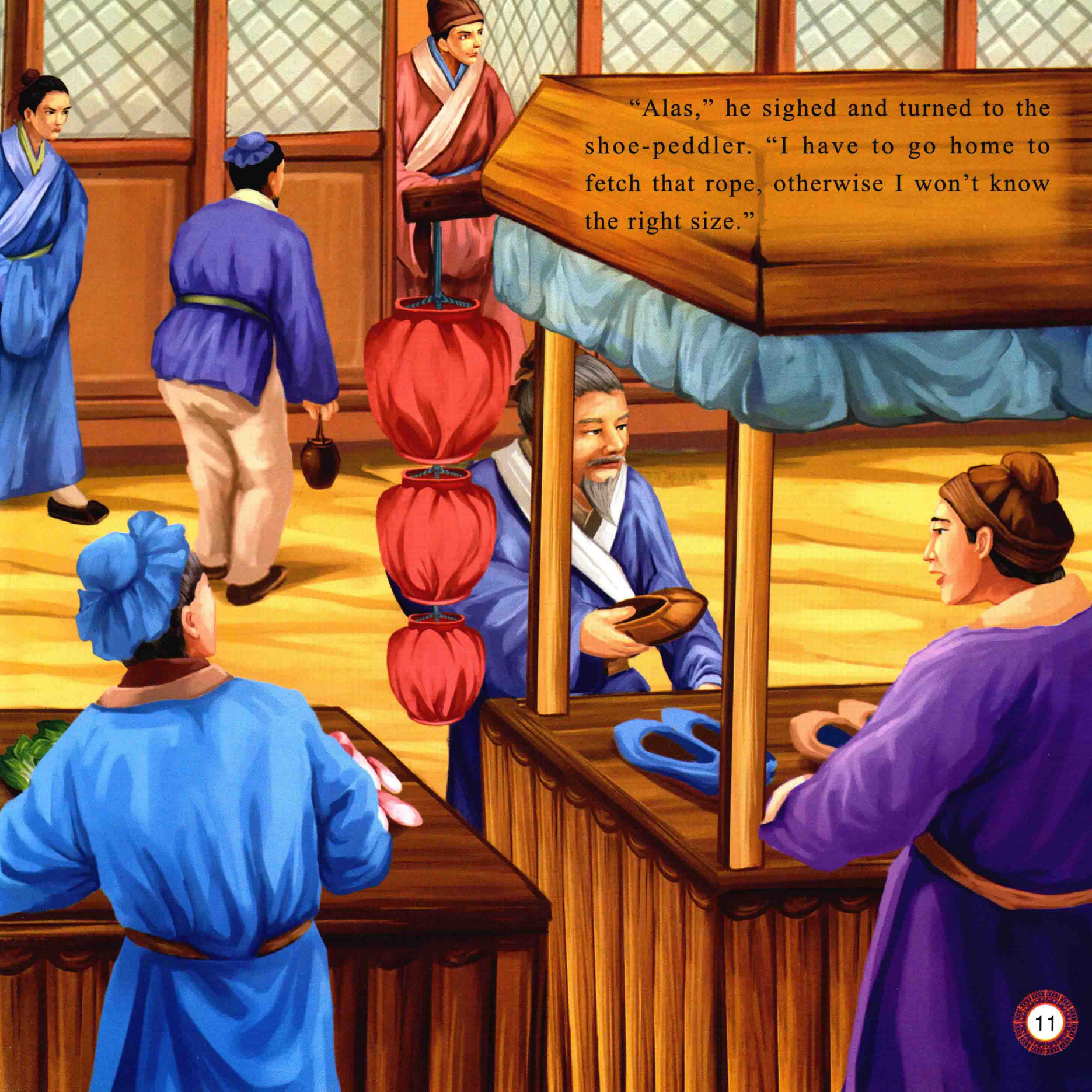




The fisherman found a pair of cloth shoes to his liking. He reached into his sleeve pocket for the rope to measure the shoes, but discovered that he had left the rope at home.

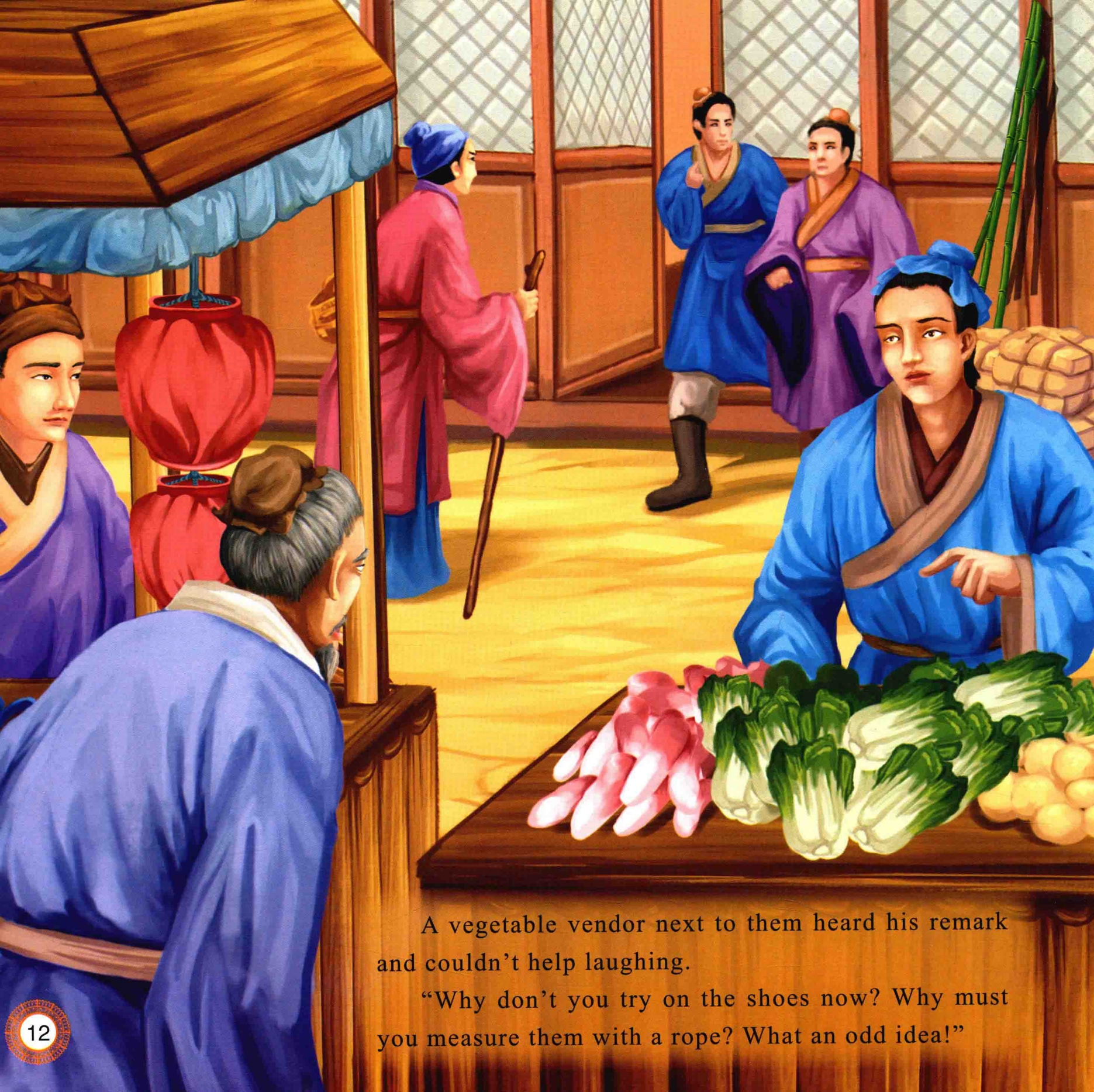
“What should I do now?” he wondered anxiously.





“Alas,” he sighed and turned to the shoe-peddler. “I have to go home to fetch that rope, otherwise I won’t know the right size.”

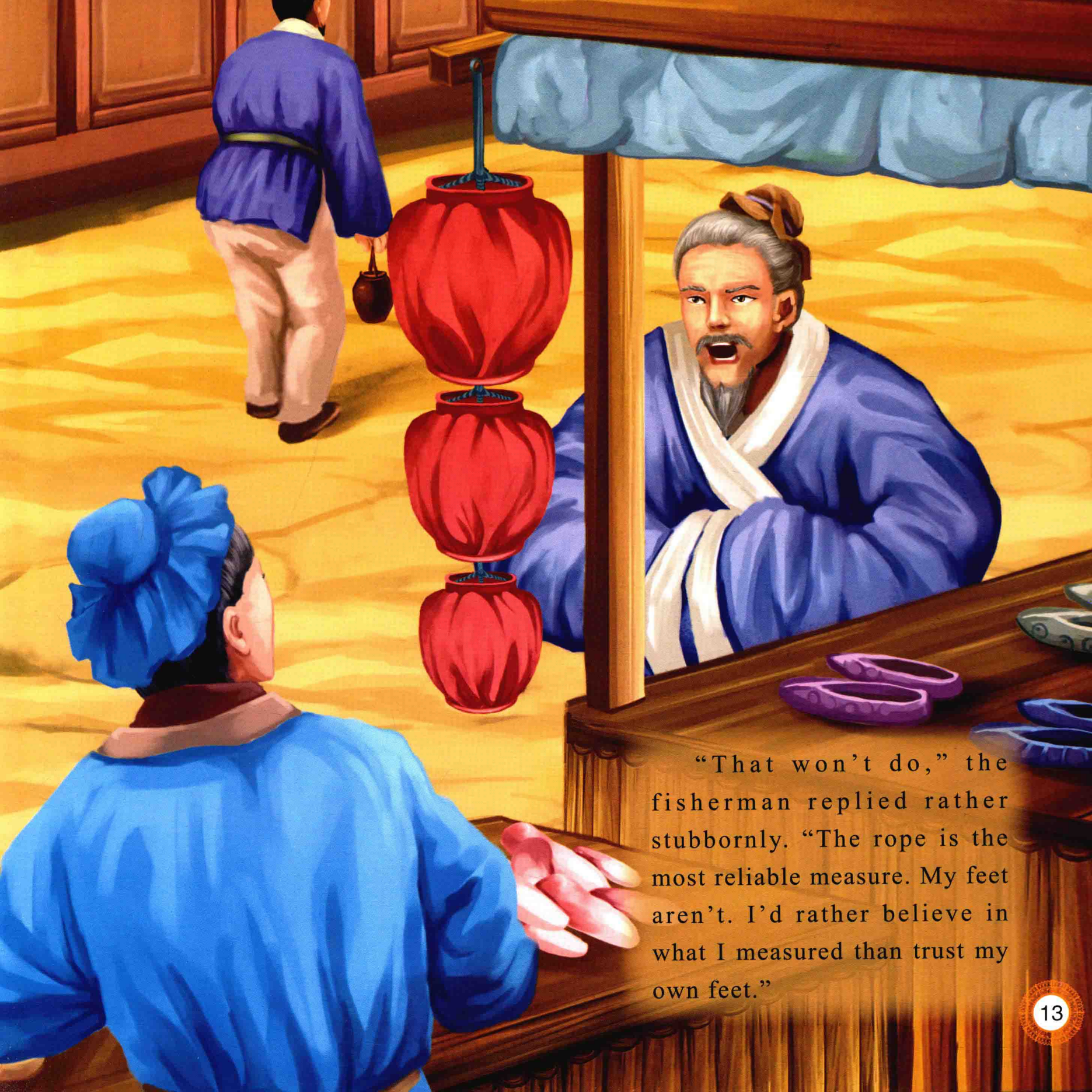




A vegetable vendor next to them heard his remark and couldn't help laughing.

"Why don't you try on the shoes now? Why must you measure them with a rope? What an odd idea!"





“That won’t do,” the fisherman replied rather stubbornly. “The rope is the most reliable measure. My feet aren’t. I’d rather believe in what I measured than trust my own feet.”



With that, he hurried home. The sun was setting towards the nearby mountains when he finally reached his house. He grabbed the rope and, panting heavily, immediately headed back to the market.

