

ILLUSTRATED CLASSIC CHINESE TALES
Fable Stories

FISH IN A DRYING RUT

· 涸 辙 之 鱼 ·



中华传统经典故事绘本
附中文拼音



CHINA INTERCONTINENTAL PRESS

ILLUSTRATED CLASSIC CHINESE TALES
Fable Stories

FISH IN A DRYING RUT

· 涸 轍 之 魚 ·

Retold by Song Huaizhi
Translated by Liu Jun & Mark Ray



CHINA INTERCONTINENTAL PRESS

图书在版编目 (C I P) 数据

涸辙之鱼：汉英对照 / 宋怀芝主编；刘浚译. —北京：五洲传播出版社，2013.11

(中华传统经典故事绘本·寓言故事篇)

ISBN 978-7-5085-2668-3

I . ①涸… II . ①宋… ②刘… III . ①儿童文学—图画故事—中国—当代 IV . ① I287.8

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2013) 第 271290 号

策 划：荆孝敏 段仁国

编 写：宋怀芝

翻 译：刘 浚

特约译审：Mark Ray (澳大利亚)

绘 画：一片黄叶工作室

责任编辑：王 莉

装帧设计：李成龙 郭 宁



涸辙之鱼

出版发行：五洲传播出版社

社 址：北京市海淀区北三环中路 31 号凯奇大厦 B 座 7 层

邮政编码：100088

发行电话：010-82007837 010-82001477 010-82003137

制版单位：北京快乐共享文化发展有限公司

印 刷：北京画中画印刷有限公司

开 本：787mm × 1092mm 1/12

印 张：2

版 次：2014 年 2 月第 1 版 2014 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5085-2668-3

定 价：19.80 元

ILLUSTRATED CLASSIC CHINESE TALES
Fable Stories

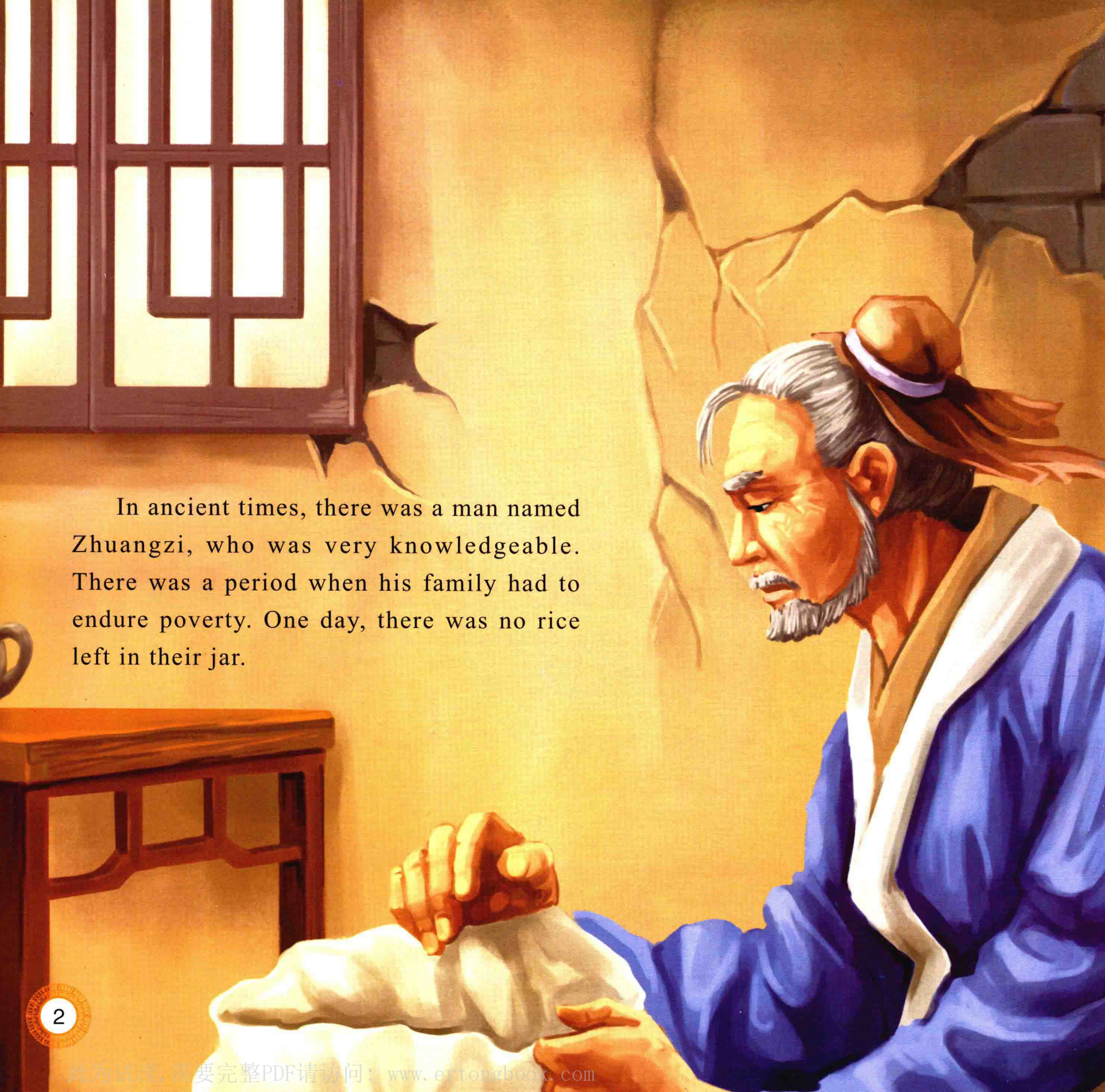
FISH IN A DRYING RUT

· 涸 轍 之 魚 ·

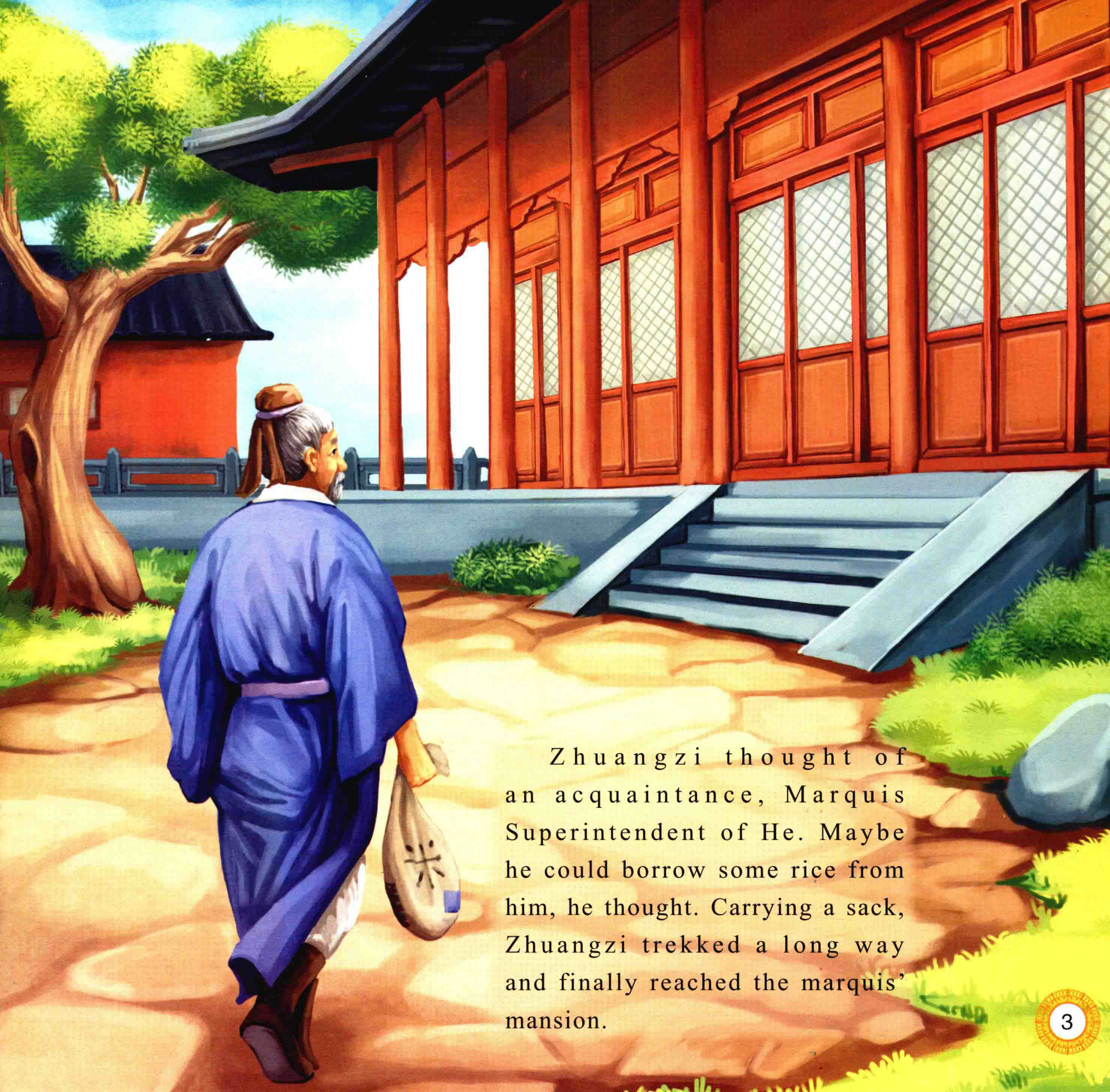
Retold by Song Huaizhi
Translated by Liu Jun & Mark Ray



CHINA INTERCONTINENTAL PRESS

An illustration of an elderly man with a grey beard and hair, wearing a blue robe with a white collar and a brown headband. He is looking down at a white cloth or bag he is holding with both hands. The background shows a yellow wall with a large crack and a wooden window frame with a lattice pattern. The lighting is warm and golden.

In ancient times, there was a man named Zhuangzi, who was very knowledgeable. There was a period when his family had to endure poverty. One day, there was no rice left in their jar.



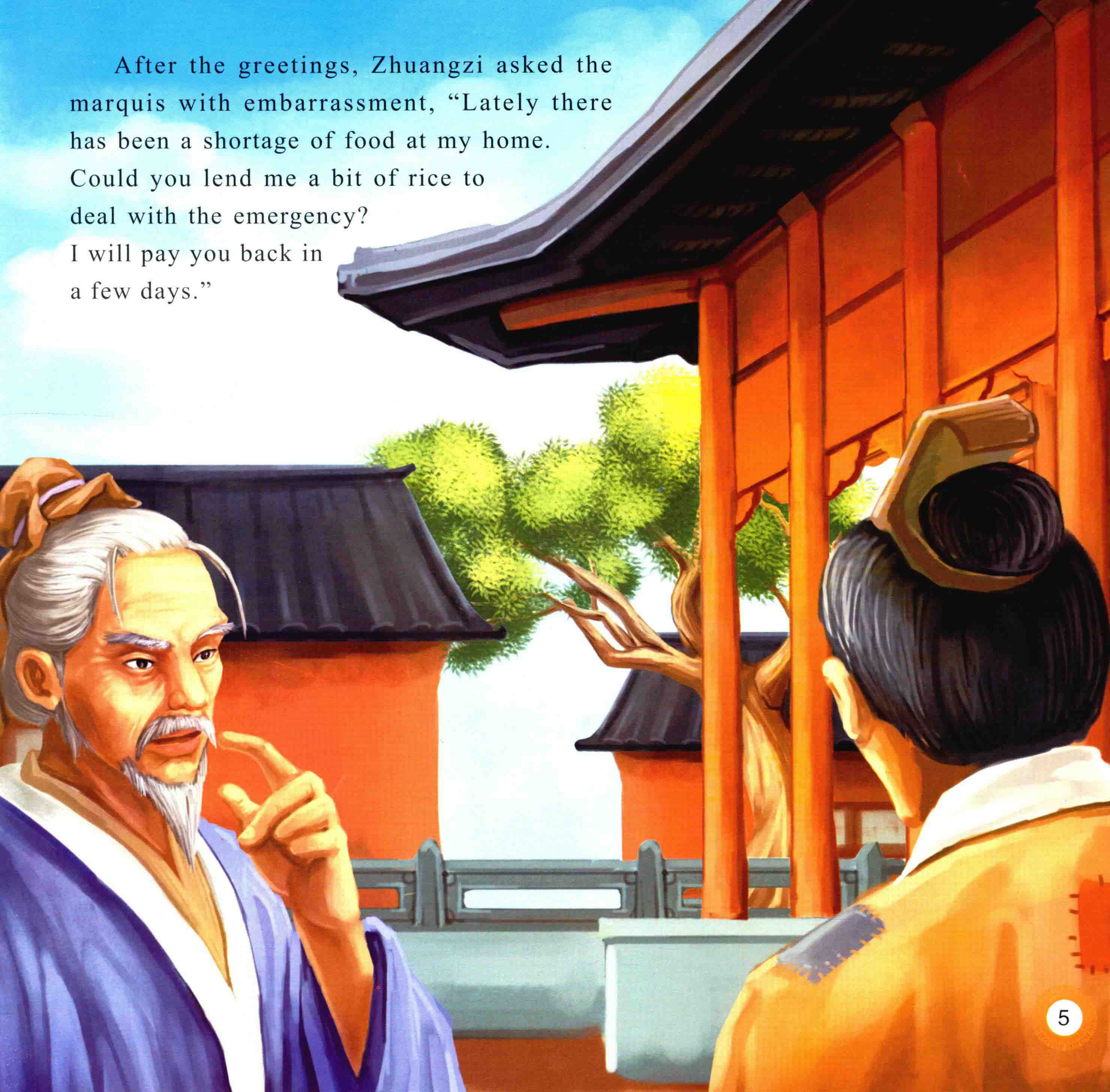
Zhuangzi thought of an acquaintance, Marquis Superintendent of He. Maybe he could borrow some rice from him, he thought. Carrying a sack, Zhuangzi trekked a long way and finally reached the marquis' mansion.

“Zhuangzi seems impoverished,” the marquise remarked. “He must have come to borrow from us.”

Her husband thought about it, then changed into a ragged robe and had the door opened.



After the greetings, Zhuangzi asked the marquis with embarrassment, “Lately there has been a shortage of food at my home. Could you lend me a bit of rice to deal with the emergency? I will pay you back in a few days.”



“Of course,” said the marquis promptly.
“But you’ll need to wait a few days, I’m afraid.
I will then lend you three hundred taels of
silver, and you can buy plenty of food.”



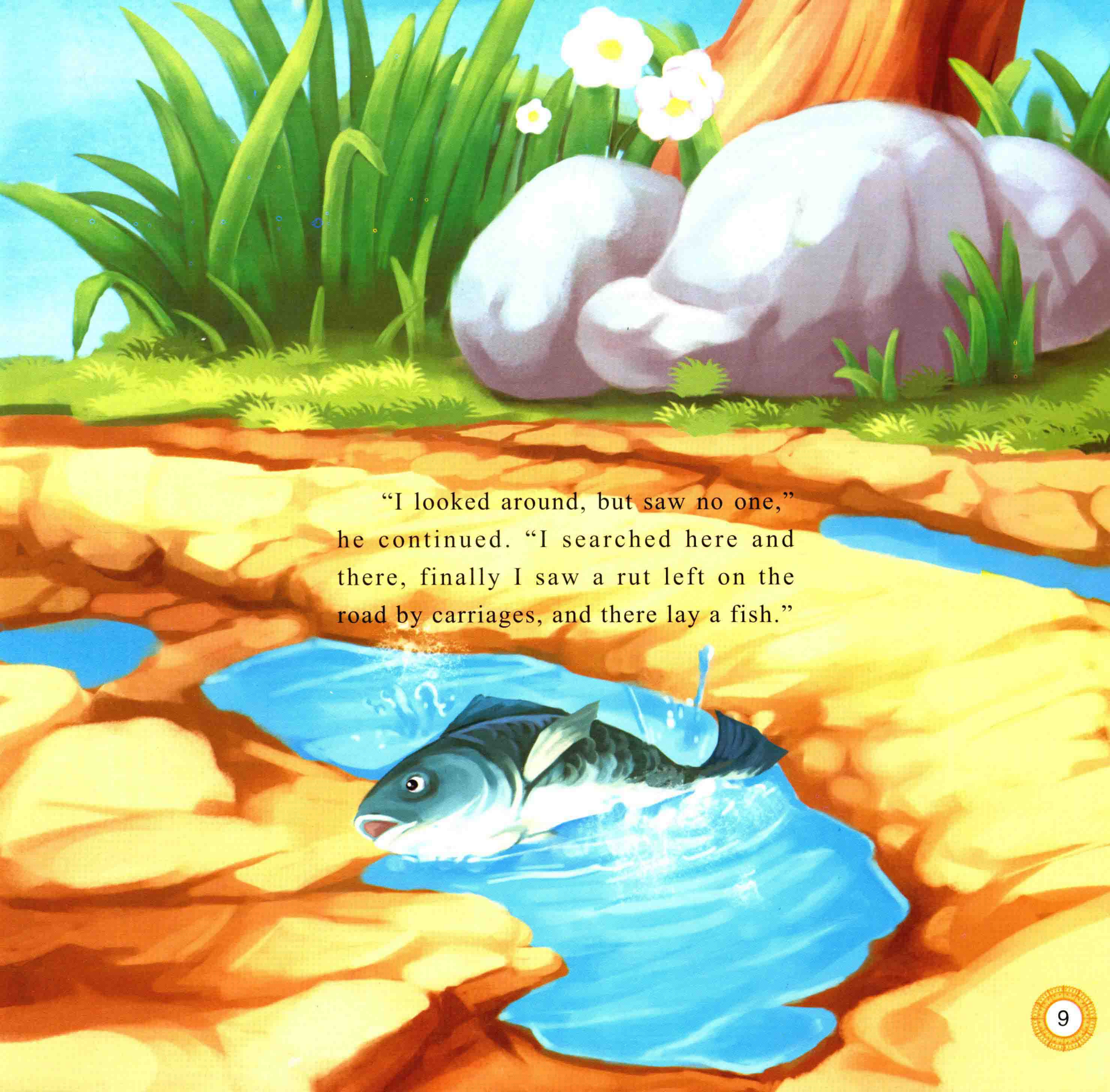
Zhuangzi flushed with rage. But he thought a while and said,
“Please allow me to tell you a story.”

“Great idea,” said the marquis with renewed interest. He invited
Zhuangzi to enter the house and sit down properly as a guest.




“Yesterday, on my way to see you,”
Zhuangzi said, “I passed by some lowland.
Suddenly, I heard someone crying, ‘Help!’”



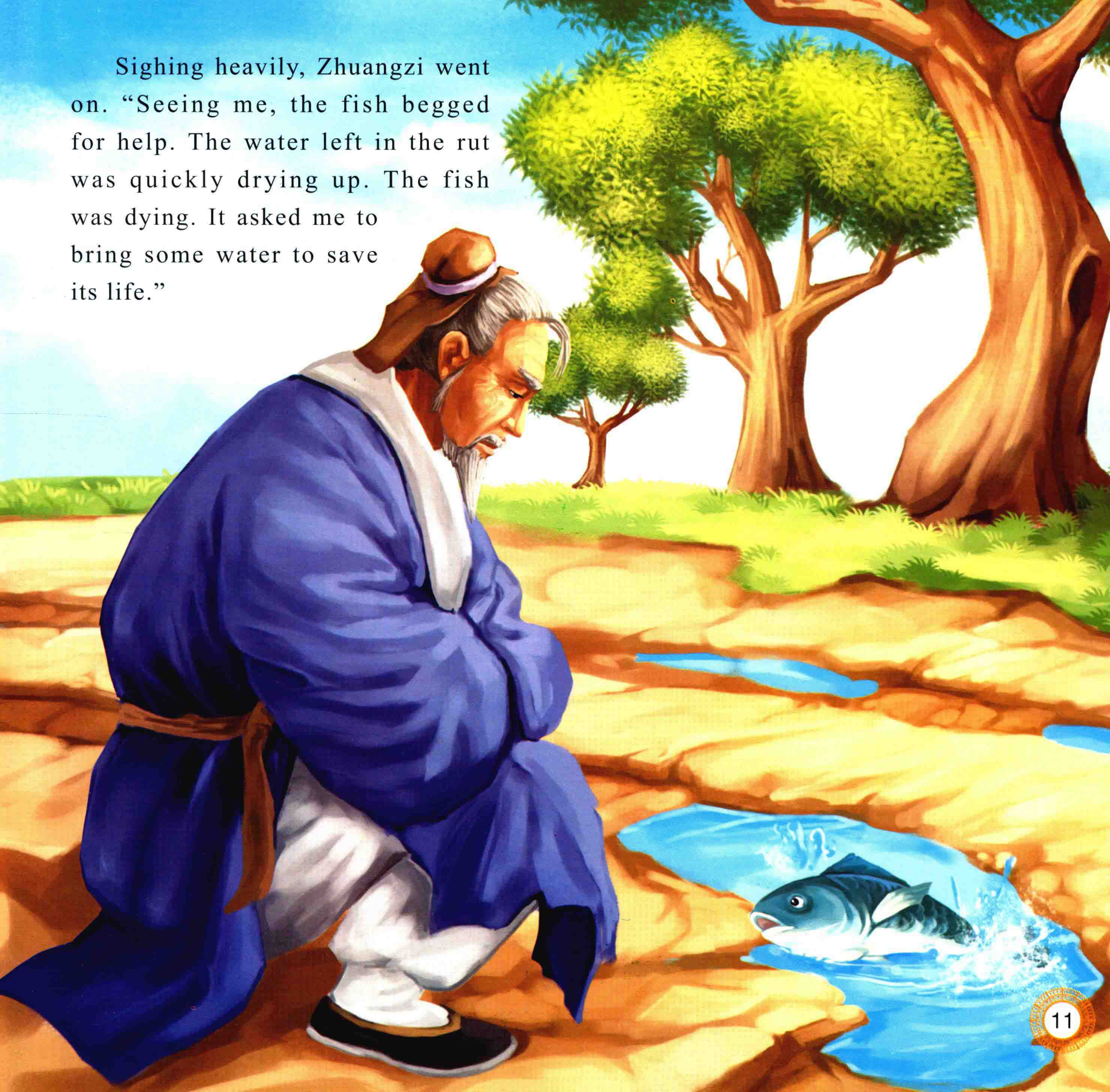


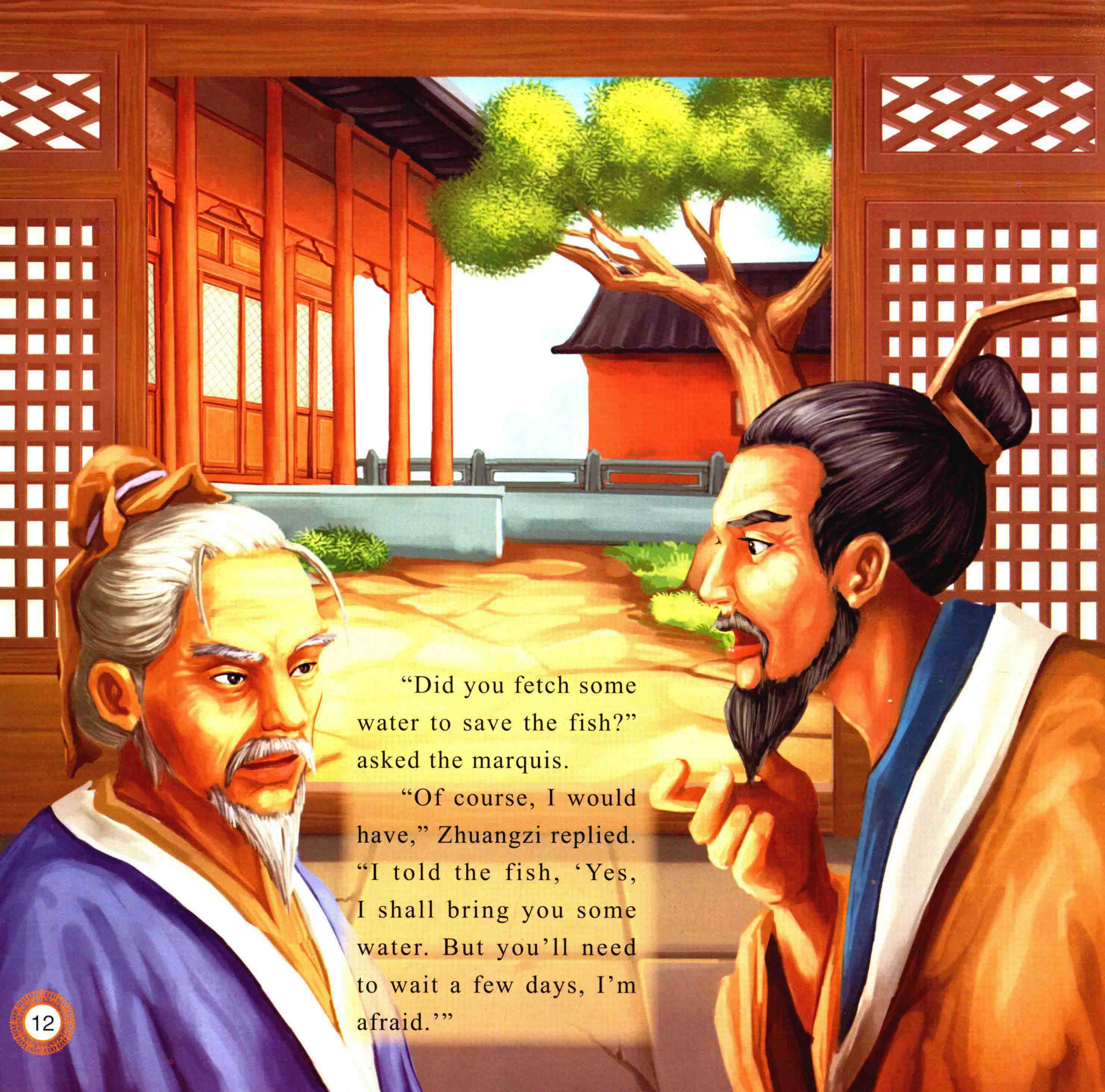
“I looked around, but saw no one,”
he continued. “I searched here and
there, finally I saw a rut left on the
road by carriages, and there lay a fish.”



“The fish told me, it used to live in the Eastern Sea. The rising tides brought it to the rut. When the tides ebbed, it couldn’t go back and was stuck in the rut.”

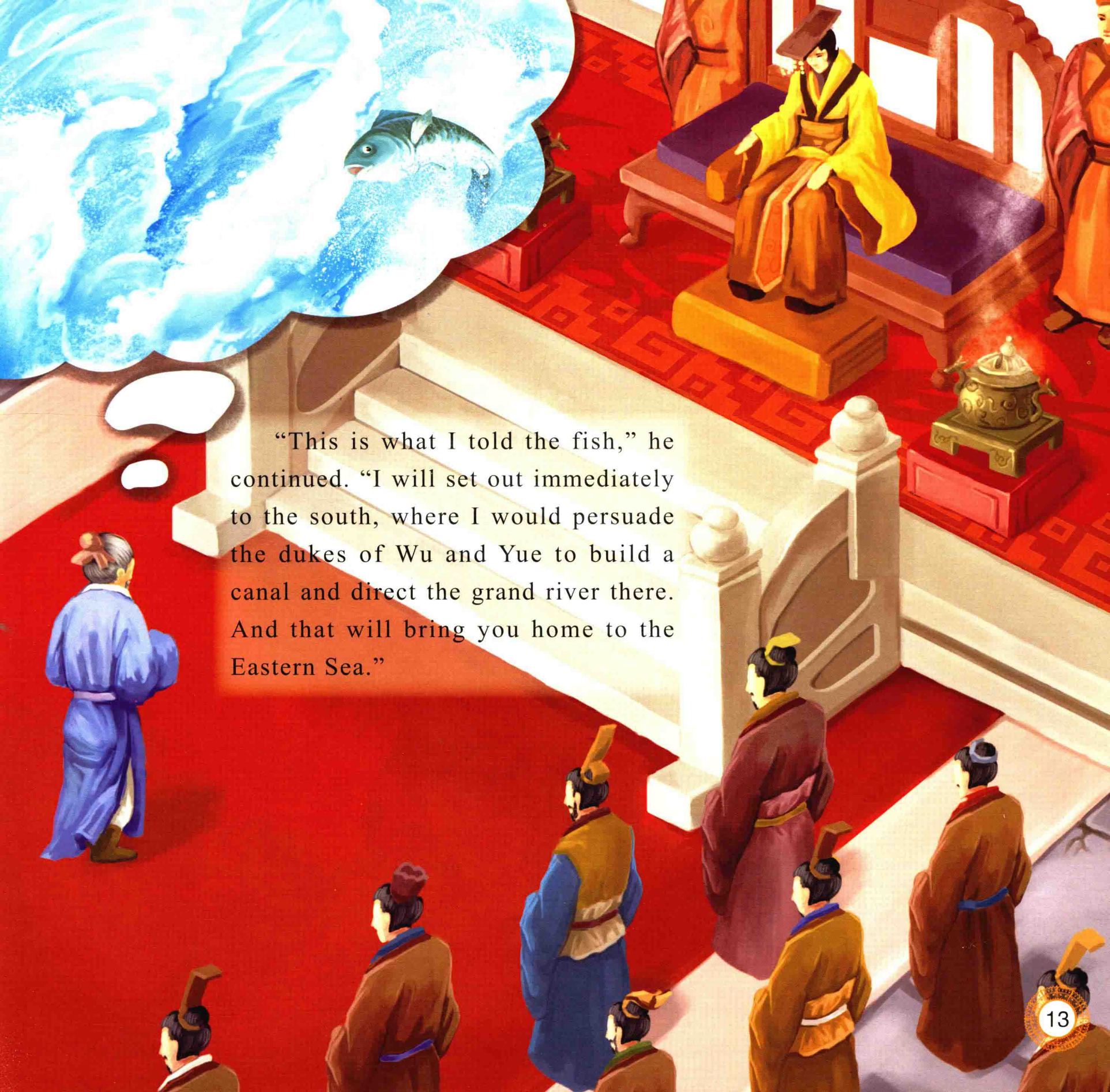
Sighing heavily, Zhuangzi went on. "Seeing me, the fish begged for help. The water left in the rut was quickly drying up. The fish was dying. It asked me to bring some water to save its life."



An illustration of two men in traditional Chinese attire. On the left, an older man with white hair and a beard, wearing a blue robe, looks towards the right. On the right, a younger man with dark hair and a beard, wearing an orange robe, is gesturing with his hand while speaking. They are standing in a courtyard with a red building and a large tree in the background.

“Did you fetch some water to save the fish?” asked the marquis.

“Of course, I would have,” Zhuangzi replied. “I told the fish, ‘Yes, I shall bring you some water. But you’ll need to wait a few days, I’m afraid.’”



"This is what I told the fish," he continued. "I will set out immediately to the south, where I would persuade the dukes of Wu and Yue to build a canal and direct the grand river there. And that will bring you home to the Eastern Sea."



Upon hearing Zhuangzi's story, the marquis broke out laughing – he found the method rather ridiculous. “Ha, ha, ha! How would that work? By the time you directed the river there, the fish would have died.”