

ILLUSTRATED CLASSIC CHINESE TALES
Fable Stories

ATTACK YOUR SHIELD WITH YOUR SPEAR

· 自相矛盾 ·



中华传统经典故事绘本
附中文拼音



CHINA INTERCONTINENTAL PRESS

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Retold by Song Huaizhi
Translated by Liu Jun & Mark Ray



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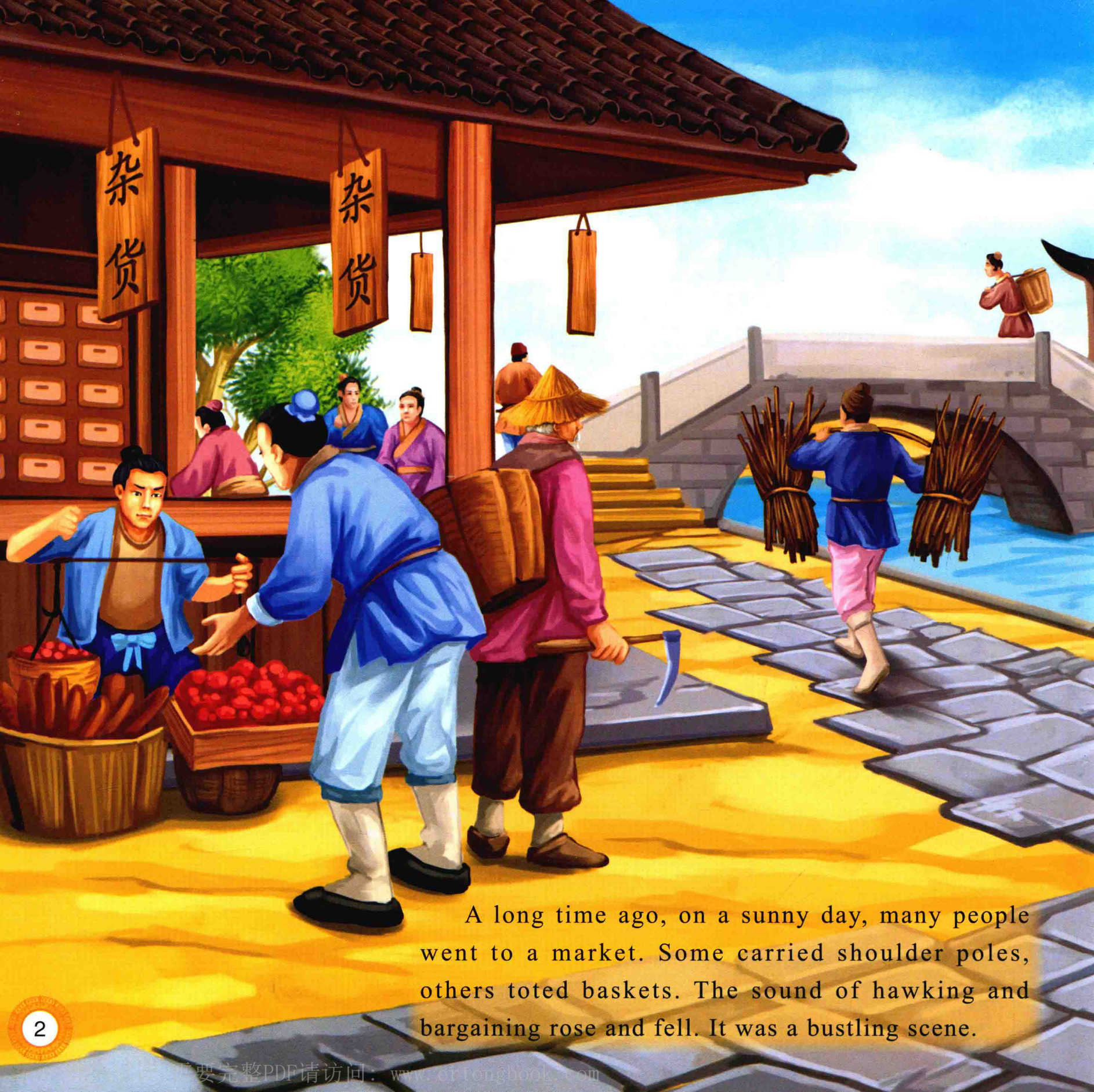
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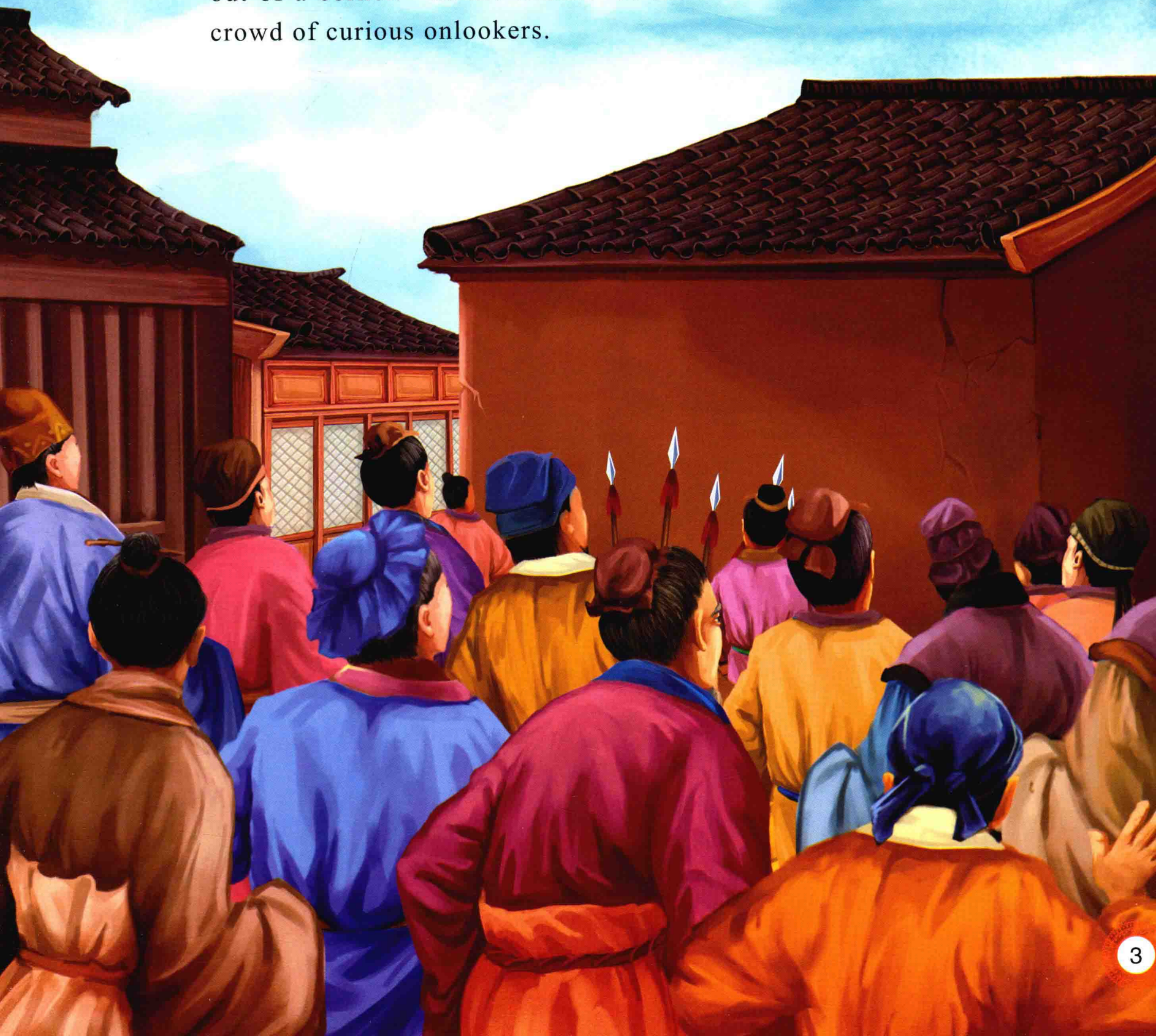


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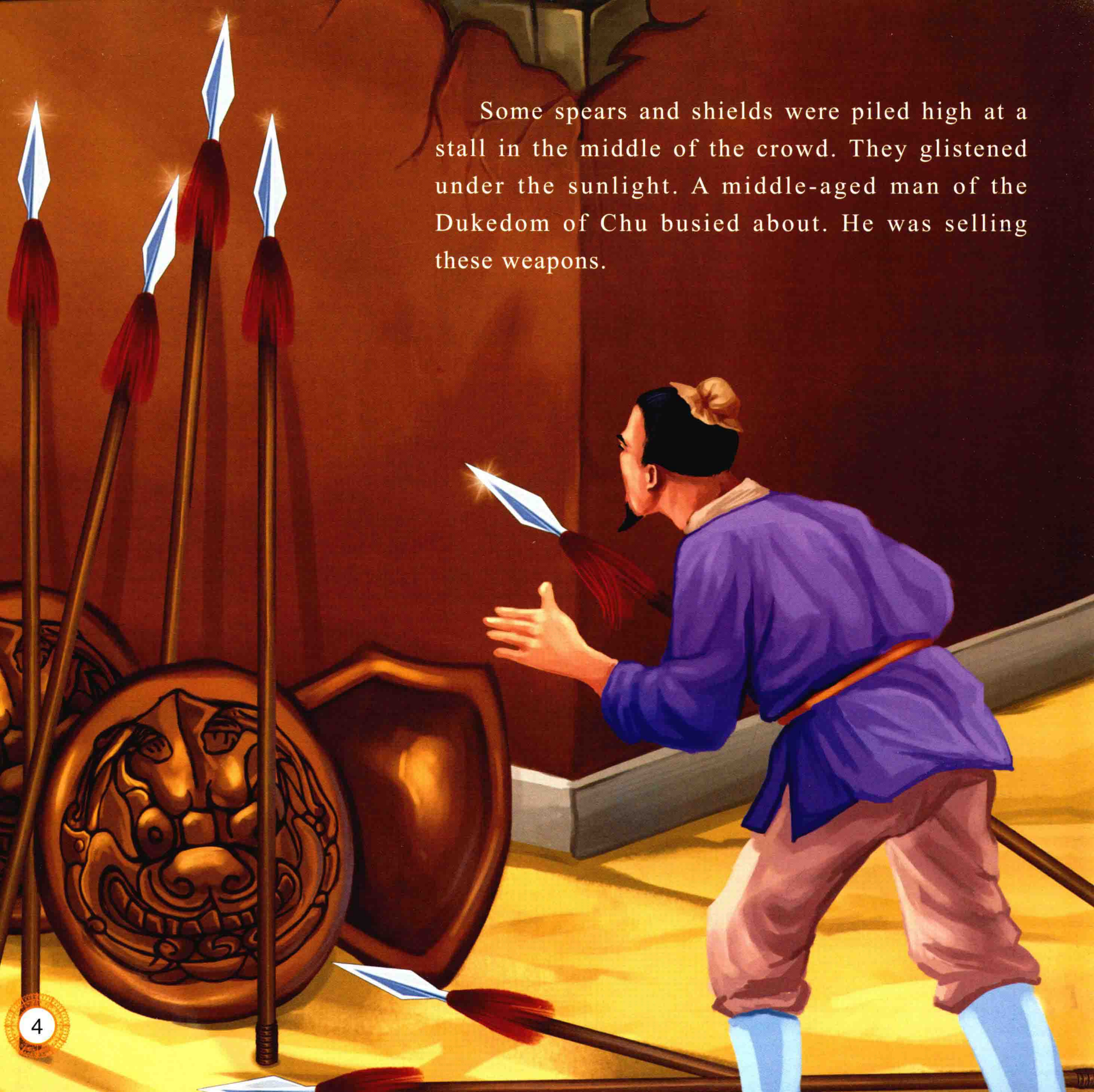


A long time ago, on a sunny day, many people went to a market. Some carried shoulder poles, others toted baskets. The sound of hawking and bargaining rose and fell. It was a bustling scene.

Amid all the noise, a distinctive sound rose out of a corner. "Click! Clank!" It soon drew a crowd of curious onlookers.

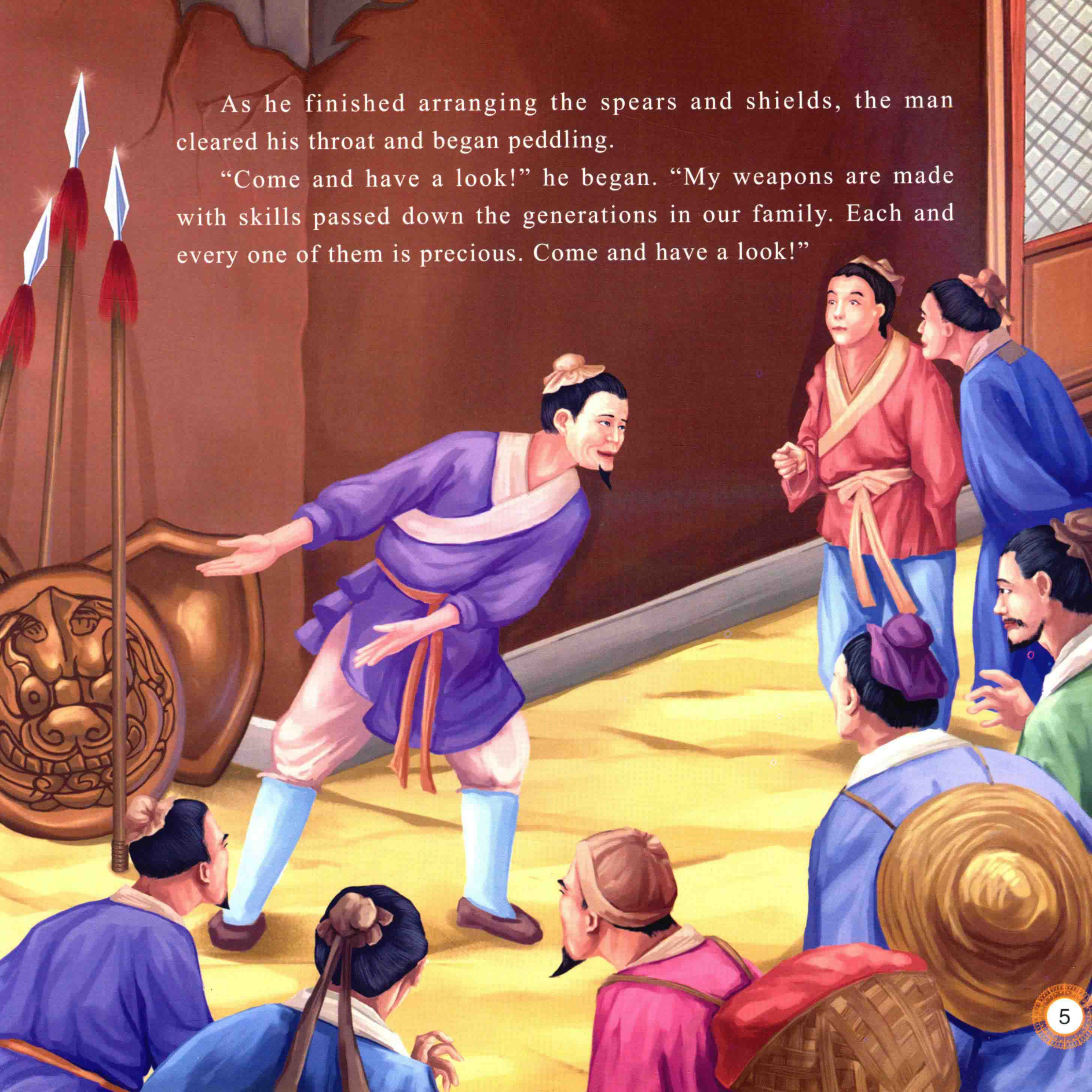


Some spears and shields were piled high at a stall in the middle of the crowd. They glistened under the sunlight. A middle-aged man of the Dukedom of Chu busied about. He was selling these weapons.




As he finished arranging the spears and shields, the man cleared his throat and began peddling.

“Come and have a look!” he began. “My weapons are made with skills passed down the generations in our family. Each and every one of them is precious. Come and have a look!”

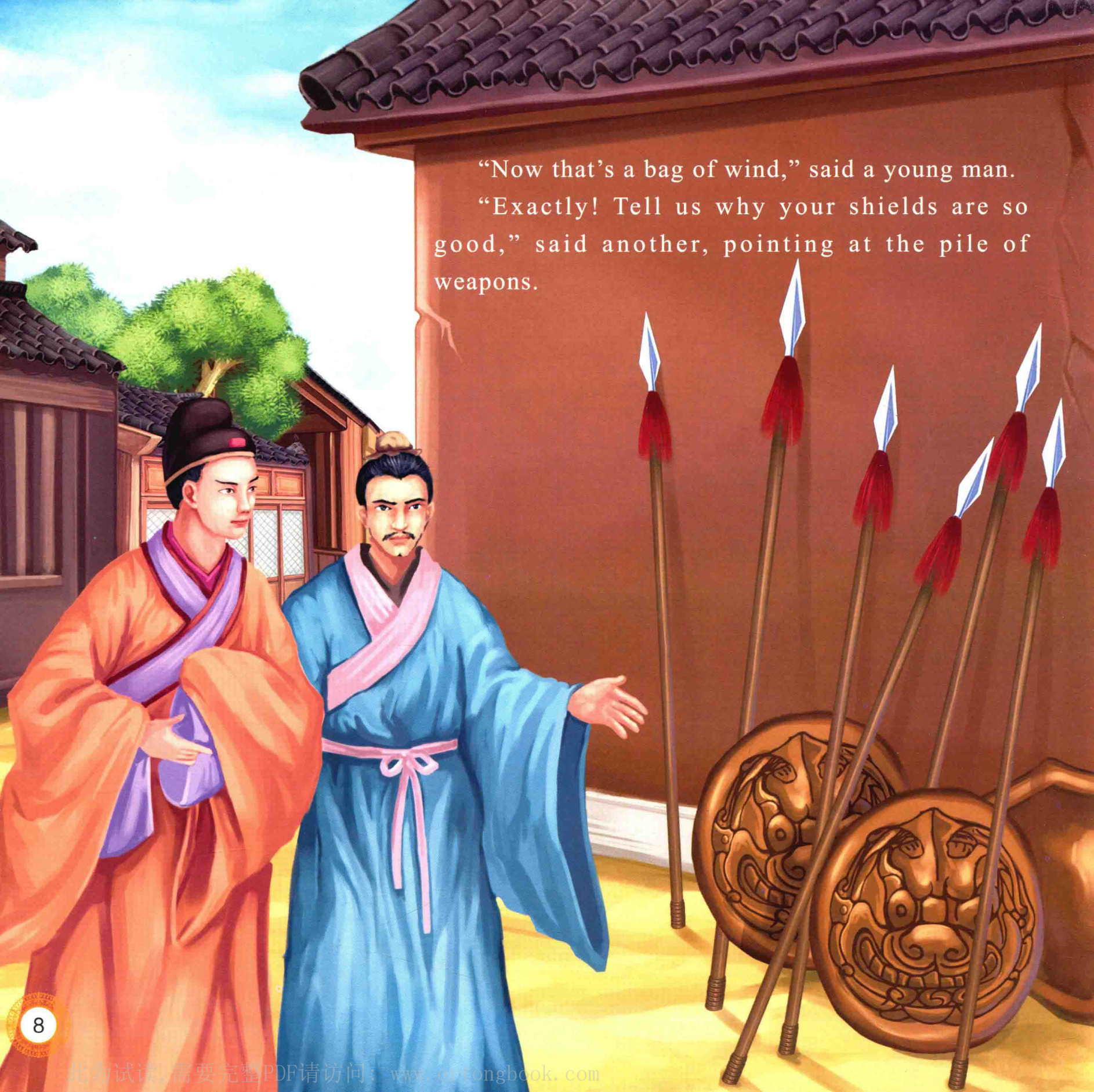




More people gathered to catch a glimpse of these weapons. Some picked up a spear, others favoured a shield. They inspected the weapons carefully.



“Take a look,” the weapon dealer urged a couple standing nearby. “My spears are the best. My shields are unrivalled. If one of them isn’t good enough, I’ll give it to you for free!”



“Now that’s a bag of wind,” said a young man.


“Exactly! Tell us why your shields are so good,” said another, pointing at the pile of weapons.

“My shields are tougher than iron and steel,” the dealer held up a shield and spoke vividly. “Knives and swords – even much sharper weapons – cannot crack my shields.”






“How about your spears?” asked a young man in a hat who had just fought his way through the crowd. “What makes yours different from other people’s spears?”



“My spears are even better,” the dealer picked up a spear and beamed with pride. “Each of them is sharp beyond description. They can pierce anything tough and strong.”



“Ha, ha, ha,” a stout man in the crowd suddenly broke into laughter.

“What are you laughing at?” retorted the dealer, eyes glaring with anger. “I am busy with my business. Entertain yourself somewhere else.”

“You said your shields were tough and no weapon could crack them,” said the stout man, smiling. “And you also said your spears were sharp enough to pierce anything. What if we used your spear against your shield? What would happen then?”



“Yes, exactly, what would happen?” more people asked. The entire crowd started laughing. “You are not trying to fool us, are you? Ha, ha, ha!”

