

In a Rainstorm





In a Rainstorm

Illustrations by
Wei Chiang-fan, Wu Yen-hsiu and Chou Szu-tung

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS
PEKING 1974



后

韦江凡
吴衍休
周思聪

外文出版社出版(北京)
1974年(20开)第一版
编号:(英)8050-1346
00046
88-E-116P

IN A RAINSTORM

Illustrations by: Wei Chiang-fan, Wu Yen-hsiu and
Chou Szu-tung

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS PEKING 1974

Printed in the People's Republic of China

Printed in the People's Republic of China



1

A BOUT ten o'clock in the morning, my horse cart is climbing the river dyke. Not a breeze blows on the plain, and it is steamy hot with the summer sun overhead.



2

*T*HE CART is loaded with urgently needed supplies and I must get them back the same day. Cracking the whip, I urge the sweating horses on.



3

SUDDENLY I hear a shout from behind me. A girl is calling as though with an important message. I stop the cart.



4

*H*ER FACE is flushed and she is panting from running. I ask her if she wants a lift, but she only shakes her head and smiles.



5

SILENTLY studying the load on the cart, she asks abruptly:
"Are you heading for Yilin, comrade?"



6

*W*HEN I nod “yes,” she asks if I have my waterproof with me. “Waterproof? Isn’t that it over there?” I retort. But she frowns, saying it is too small to keep off much rain.



7

I LOOK UP at the sky, but before I can say anything she explains:
“The ten o’clock weather forecast warns of a thunderstorm
around noon.”



8

ONLY THEN do I notice the scarlet characters on her straw hat: Red Banner Commune Weather Station. Not far beyond her stands a weather vane. So, she's the weather observer!



9

“It is a hundred *li* to Yilin,” she says seriously. “And half of the way is by an irrigation canal dyke where villages are far apart. What will you do if it rains?”



10

*T*HE GIRL suggests I stop here, feed the horses and go on after the rain. But, thinking of the urgency of my errand, I gratefully decline, "No time to lose. Two hours means 30 *li* to me."



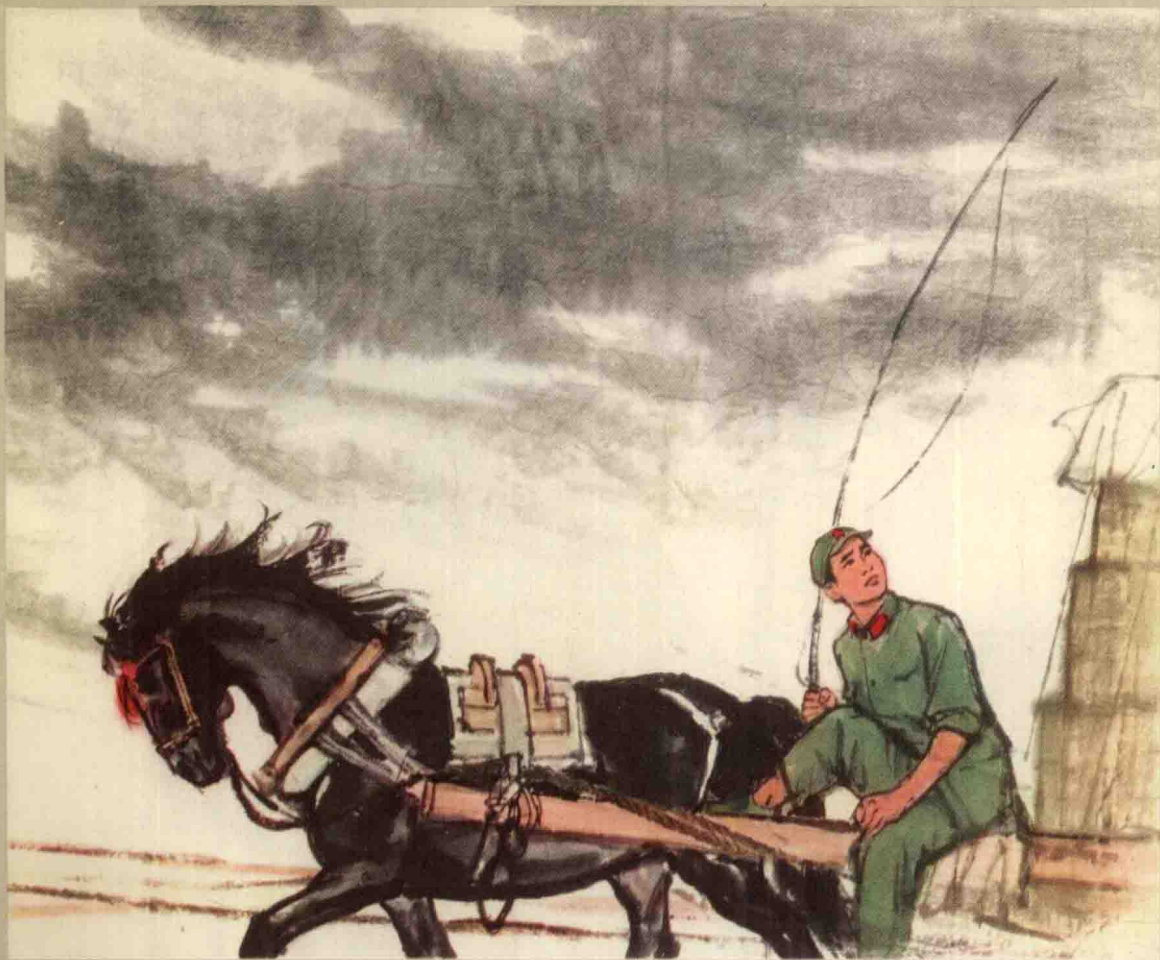
11

SHE THINKS a minute. "You People's Liberation Army men certainly make every second count! All right then, you'd better hurry." Thanking her for her concern, I jump on the cart and drive off.



12

I REACH the dyke in an hour, thinking all the way how conscientious the girl is.



13

*T*HE WEATHER forecast is accurate. After about 28 *li*, thunder begins to roll and dust swirls in the air while dark clouds gather overhead. I begin to regret not taking the girl's advice.



14

*B*UT JUST THEN a lad of about twenty appears, stops my horses and shouts: "Comrade, come to the village before it rains!"