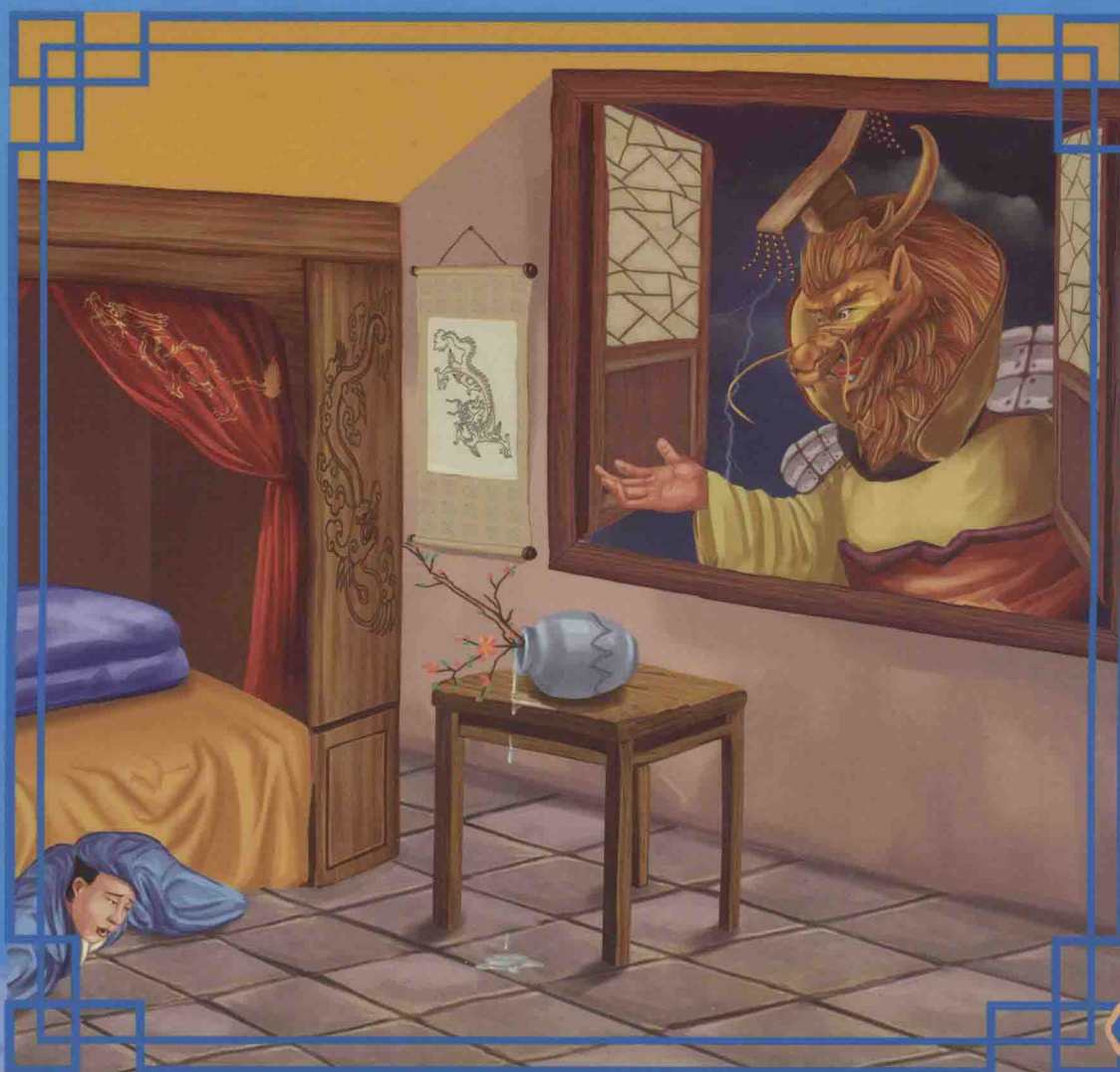


ILLUSTRATED CLASSIC CHINESE TALES
Idiom Stories

DRAGON-LOVER LORD YE

· 叶公好龙 ·



成语故事

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 & Bruce Humes



图书在版编目(CIP)数据

叶公好龙: 汉英对照 / 宋怀芝主编; 刘浚译. — 北京: 五洲传播出版社, 2016.3

(中华传统经典故事绘本·成语故事篇)

ISBN 978-7-5085-3356-8

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

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2016) 第 054526 号

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叶公好龙

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: 2016 年 3 月第 1 版 2016 年 3 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5085-3356-8

定 价: 19.80 元

DRAGON-LOVER

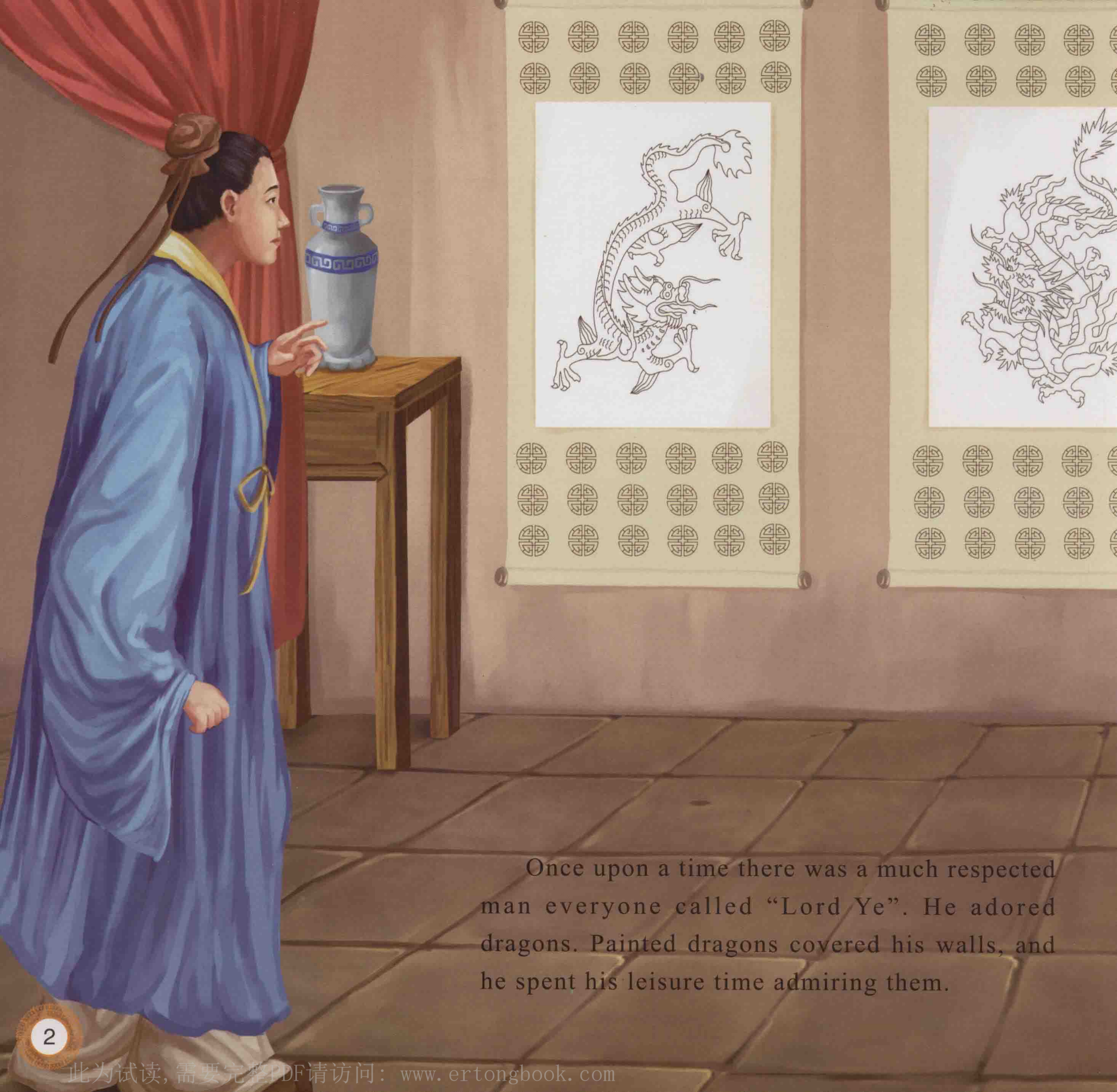
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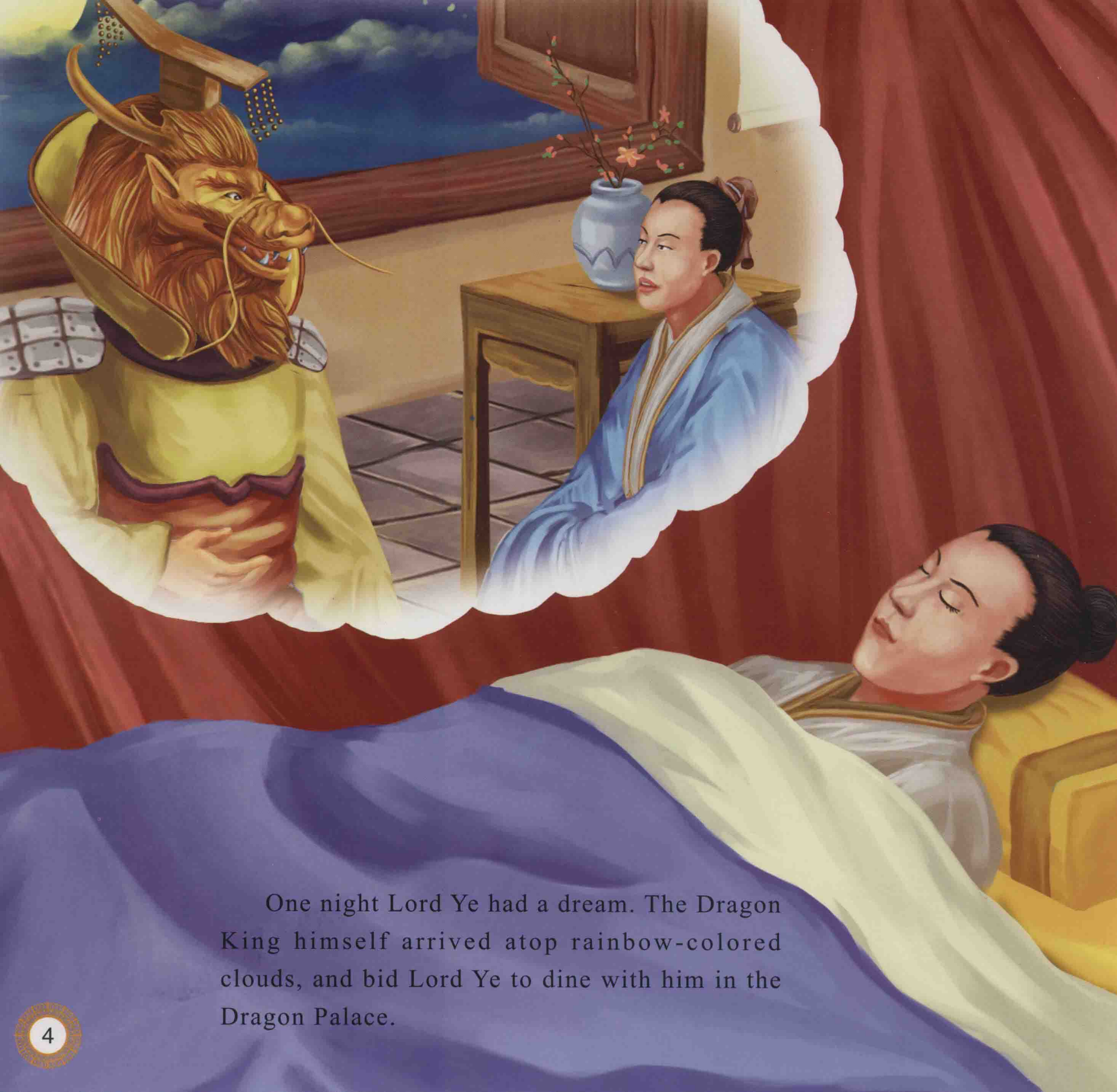
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Once upon a time there was a much respected man everyone called "Lord Ye". He adored dragons. Painted dragons covered his walls, and he spent his leisure time admiring them.

A man in a blue robe stands on a balcony, holding a small blue and white goblet. He is looking out over a landscape with a large green tree and a blue sky with clouds. The balcony has a wooden railing with a geometric pattern. The man's robe is blue with a white collar and a gold tie. He has a small blue and white goblet in his right hand. The background shows a large green tree and a blue sky with clouds. The balcony has a wooden railing with a geometric pattern. The man's robe is blue with a white collar and a gold tie. He has a small blue and white goblet in his right hand.

Dragons were carved on his tables, chairs and wooden bed frame. All his goblets and bowls featured the majestic creatures, and their portraits twisted and soared along the corridors of his home. Even his quilts and pillows were embroidered with outsized serpents. In a word, he was a dragon devotee.

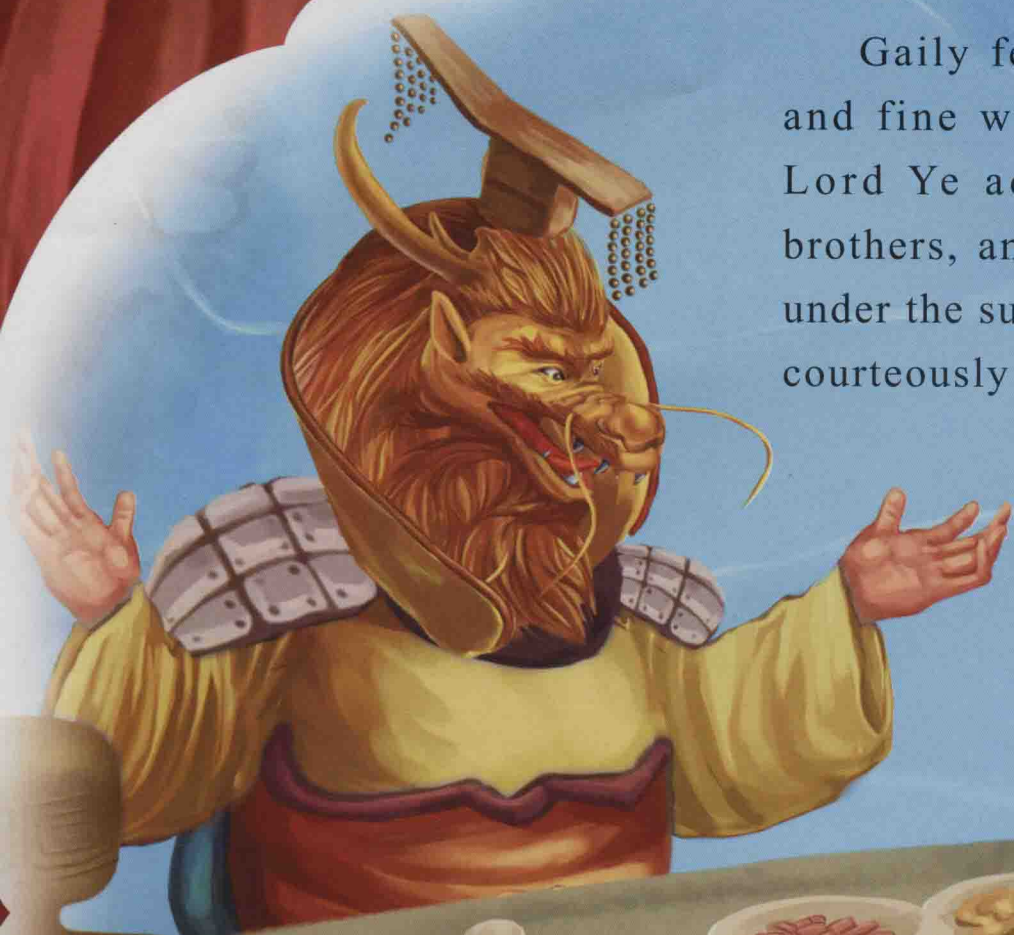


One night Lord Ye had a dream. The Dragon King himself arrived atop rainbow-colored clouds, and bid Lord Ye to dine with him in the Dragon Palace.



Overjoyed at the invitation, Lord Ye lost no time in seating himself on the back of the Dragon King. In the twinkling of an eye, they arrived at the palace.

Gaily feasting on the tasty dishes and fine wine, the Dragon King and Lord Ye addressed each other like brothers, and chatted about everything under the sun. Again and again, the host courteously toasted his human guest.





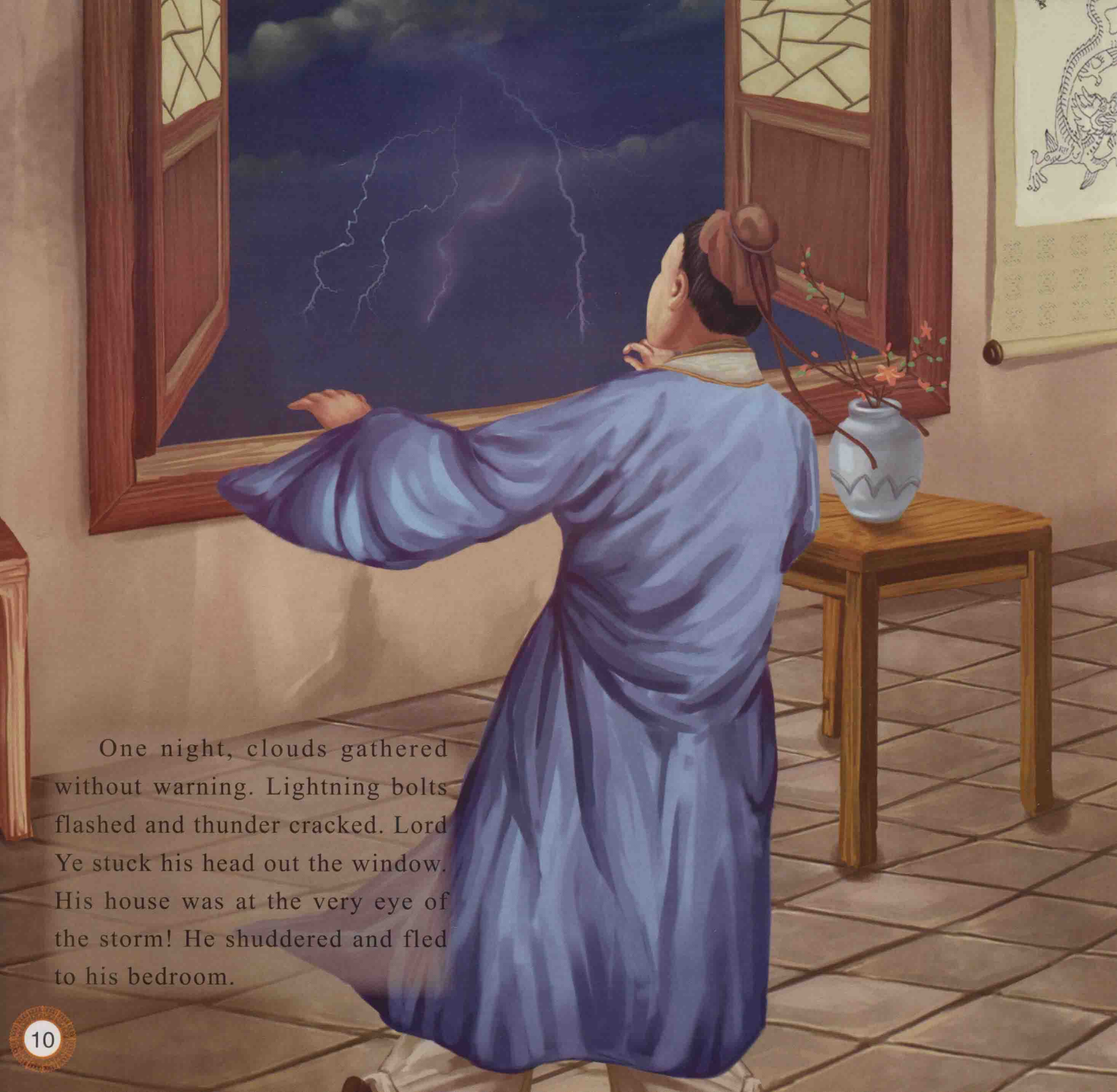
“Wo-wo-woo!” crowed a rooster suddenly, wrenching Lord Ye out of his wonderful fantasy. “You feathered fool! Don’t you know better than to wake me up? What a lovely dream...” muttered Lord Ye.

He dressed hastily and went out without even washing his face. "Guess what?" he asked a neighbor, with an air of great mystery. "I've just encountered the Dragon King himself..." His tale was the envy of all who learned of it.

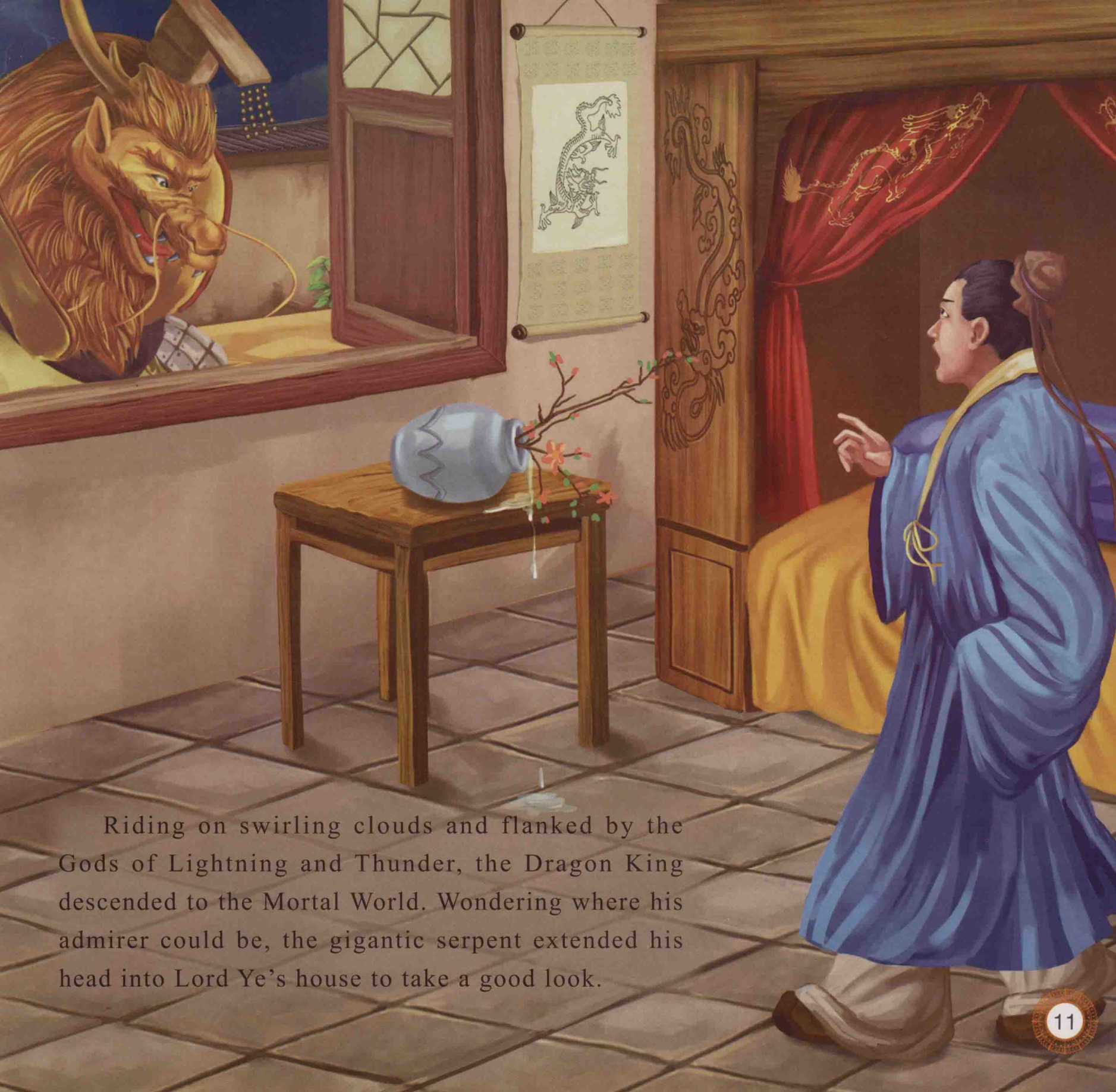


Lord Ye's preoccupation with dragons made such a good story that it spread like wildfire until it finally reached the ears of the sovereign himself. "A devoted human worshiper deserves recognition," thought the Dragon King. "I shall honor him with a visit."

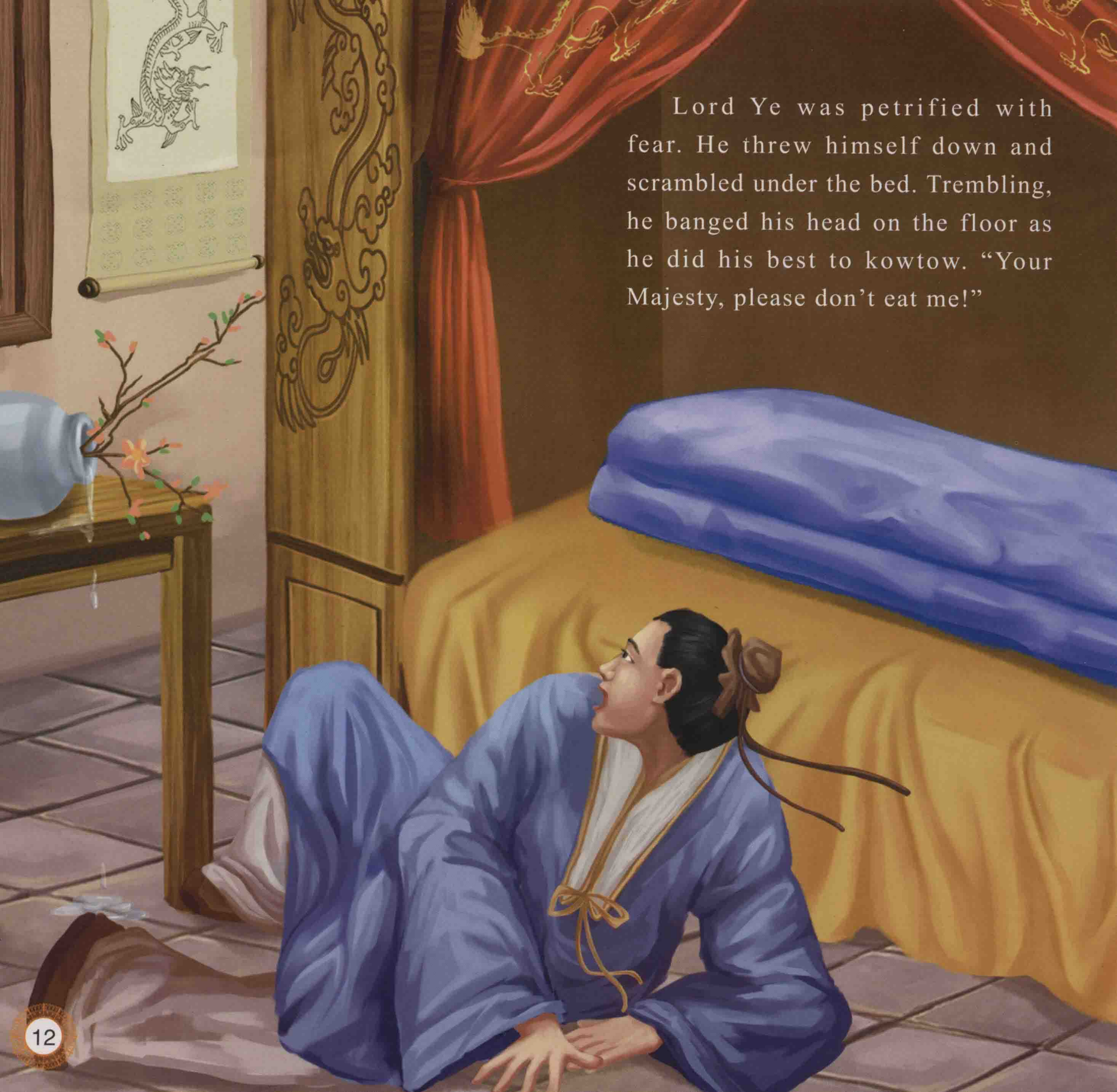


A man in a blue robe is looking out a window at a storm. The room has a tiled floor, a small table with a vase of flowers, and a scroll on the wall. The man is standing with his back to the viewer, looking out the window. The window is open, and the man's head is sticking out. The sky outside is dark with lightning bolts. The man is wearing a blue robe and a brown hat. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from the window. The floor is made of square tiles. There is a small table with a vase of flowers on it. A scroll is hanging on the wall. The man is looking out the window with a concerned expression.

One night, clouds gathered without warning. Lightning bolts flashed and thunder cracked. Lord Ye stuck his head out the window. His house was at the very eye of the storm! He shuddered and fled to his bedroom.



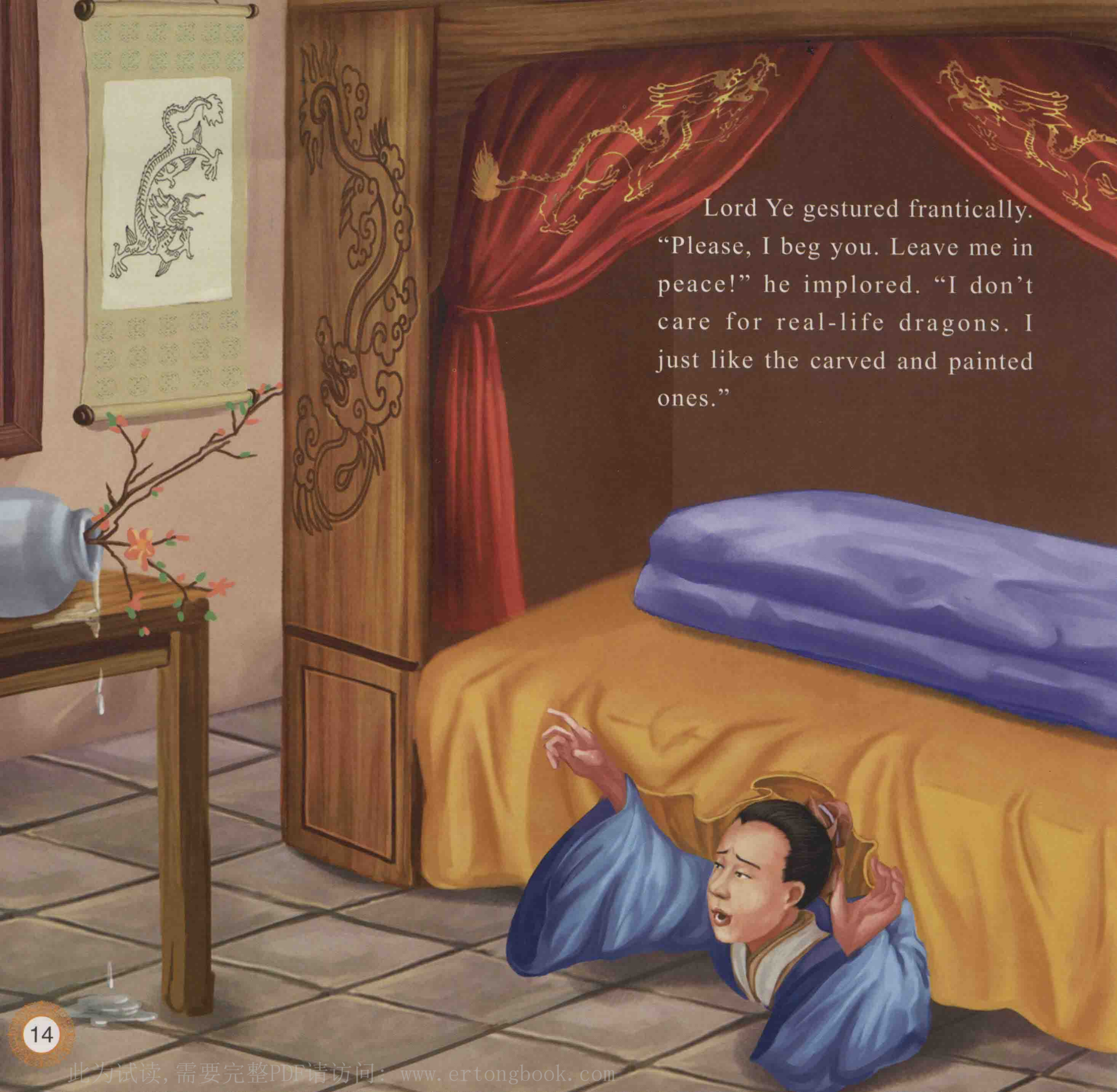
Riding on swirling clouds and flanked by the Gods of Lightning and Thunder, the Dragon King descended to the Mortal World. Wondering where his admirer could be, the gigantic serpent extended his head into Lord Ye's house to take a good look.

A man in a blue robe is cowering on the floor, looking up with a fearful expression. He is in a room with a bed covered in a yellow sheet and a blue blanket. A red curtain hangs behind the bed. To the left, a wooden table holds a blue vase with a branch of orange flowers. A scroll with a dragon illustration hangs on the wall. The floor is made of grey tiles.

Lord Ye was petrified with fear. He threw himself down and scrambled under the bed. Trembling, he banged his head on the floor as he did his best to kowtow. "Your Majesty, please don't eat me!"



“Why would I dine on you?” laughed the Dragon King. “I’ve come to invite you to my palace!”



Lord Ye gestured frantically. "Please, I beg you. Leave me in peace!" he implored. "I don't care for real-life dragons. I just like the carved and painted ones."