

yanbinchronicles

Before I moved down to my friend's place in Mulberry street I asked one of my nephews, an electrical engineer, to fill up the holes in the walls, which had been occupied for the past many years by the most sneaky and annoying animals- the rats. My nephew bought a sheet of galvanized zinc to patch up the walls after filling the holes with plaster of paris. Yes, plaster of paris. What a material? I told myself that plaster of paris should be used by the sculptors for making the famous men's heads or the slender figures of the beautiful women. I also imagined that ^{"Z"}plaster of paris had ever had any feeling at all it would have protested against its misuse.

" Well, uncle," said my nephew looking at his finished work, " I hope you can live here in peace."

" Peace? " I answered dubiously, " I don't know yet. These animals are quite smart. They might find a way out;"

My nephew laughed, " That's your worry! " ~~xxxxxx~~

Surely, that was my worry. ~~When I read the Chinese poets~~
~~had said about the qualities of a lonely woman, it goes something~~
~~like this: " No one wished to share her worries except that the~~
swallows building their nests on the red beam under the roof of her house looked down at her with sad eyes." I wondered why the birds had tender feelings towards people.

On the day I moved my earthly possessions to Mulberry street I put tags on everyone as if I were going far away. I did not follow the truckman for I had met him before, but when I paid him ^I casually mentioned that I had been out of position for many months, and for this, he surprised me by taking two dollars less than his quoted price. Kind-hearted fellow he was- just a common man.