

Noble gas and mrs. wang essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Buck Old Mrs.

. Wang knew of course that there was a war. Everybody had known for a long time that there was a war going on and that Japanese were killing Chinese.

To Mrs.

. Wang, however, the war was not real and no more than rumor since none of the Wanes had been killed. Old Mrs..

Hang's clan village, the Village of Three Mile Wanes, on the flat banks of the Yellow River, had never even seen a Japanese person. Only After her supper, Mrs.. Wang had climbed the dike steps, as she did daily, to see how high the river had risen.

She was more afraid of the river than of the Japanese.

She knew what the river could do. One by one, the villagers had followed her up the dike. They stood staring down at the mischievous yellow water, which was curling along like a lot of snakes and biting at the high dike banks. " I never saw it as high as this so early," Mrs.

. Wang said. She sat down on a bamboo stool that her grandson, Little Pig, had brought for her, and spat into the water. " It's worse than the Japanese, this old devil of a river," Little Pig said recklessly. " Fool! " said Mrs..

Wang quickly. " The river god Nil hear you. Talk about something else.

So they had gone on talking about the Lebanese. How, for instance, asked Wang, the baker, would they Japanese when they saw them? Mrs..

Wang at this point said positively, manfully know them. I once saw a foreigner. He was taller than the roof of my house, and he had mud-colored hair and eyes the color of a fish's eyes. Anyone who does not look like us? that is Japanese.

" Everyone listened to her since she was the oldest woman in the village. Then Little Pig spoke up in his unsettling way, Mimi can't see them, Grandmother: They hide up in the sky in airplanes. " Mrs..

Wang did not answer immediately. Once, she would have said positively, " I shall not believe in an airplane until I see it. " But so many things had been true that she had not believed. So now, she merely stared quietly around the dike, where they all sat around her.

The evening was very pleasant and cool, and she felt that nothing mattered so long as the river did not rise to flood. " I don't believe in the Japanese," she said flatly. They laughed at her a little, but no one spoke. Someone lit her pipe. It was Little Pig's Knife, who was her favorite.

" Sing, Little Pig! " someone called.

So Little Pig began to sing an old song in a high, shaky voice, and Mrs.. Wang listened and forgot the Japanese. The evening was beautiful. And the sky was so clear and still that the willows overhanging the dike were reflected even in the muddy water.

Everything was at peace. The thirty-odd houses which made up the village were spread out along beneath the willow trees. Nothing could break this peace. After all, the Japanese were only human beings.

" I doubt those airplanes," she said mildly to Little Pig when he stopped singing. But without answering her, Little Pig went on to another song.

Year in and year out she had spent the summer evenings like this on the dike? ever since she had been seventeen and a bride. Her husband had shouted to come out of the house and up to the dike. She had come, blushing and twisting her hands together to hide among the women, while the men roared at her and made jokes about her. All the same, they had liked her.

" A pretty piece of meat in {Our bowl," they had said to her husband. " Her feet are a trifle big," he had answered, trying to make her seem less special. But she could see that he was pleased, and so, ritually, her shyness went away.

He, poor man, had been drowned in a flood when he was still young.

And it had taken her years to get him prayed out of Buddhist purgatory. Finally, she had grown tired of it, for she had the responsibilities of caring for a child and maintaining the land. So when the priest said persuasively, " Another ten pieces of silver and he'll be out entirely," she asked, " What does he have in there yet? " " Only his right hand," the priest said, encouraging her. Well then, her patience broke. Ten dollars! It would feed them for the winter. Besides, she had had to hire an hand, he can pull himself out," she said firmly.

She often wondered if he had, poor silly fellow. Like it or not, she often had thought gloomily in the night that he was still lying there, waiting for her to

do something about it. That was the sort of man he was. Well, someday, perhaps, when Little Pig's wife had had the first baby safely and she had a little extra money, she might go back to get him out of purgatory. There was no real hurry, though.

“ Grandmother, you must go in, “ Little Pig's wife's soft voice said. “ There is a mist rising from the river, now that the sun is gone. “