"I think we should stop right now and put all this in our diaries," said Mao. "This is very important."

We stopped to write and when we had finished, it was nearly noon. We were beginning to feel hungry, too. We had so much to talk about after our visit to the Wei Shan and so much to write about in our diaries, that we had lost the rhythm of our long walks. Now we thought only of sitting still to talk. We decided to have our lunch in the teashop and then to take to the road.

Mao Tse-tung asked the woman owner if she sold rice. She did, but she had nothing to go with it: no fish, no meat, not even an egg—just some vegetables. We decided that was enough, since now we were accustomed to a frugal vegetarian diet. But did we have any money?

Mao was sure we still had some money in our bundles and suggested we spend all of it to satisfy ourselves with rice and vegetables. "Then we'll see what the future has in store for us," he said, and I agreed that it was an excellent idea.

After eating lunch, it seemed so hot that we could not resist the temptation to waste a bit more time by taking a nap in the shade of the teashop. When we eventually set off slowly along the road, it must have been four o'clock in the afternoon.

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A Night on the Sandbank

Not far from the teashop the road passed around the foot of a high mountain. Though we did not know the name of the mountain, we did know that now we were in the Anhwa District.

This mountain harbored two industries. Anhwa was famous for its tea, and the slopes were dotted with tea plantations. Also an important industry in fir bark for roofing and other purposes had been developed, and thousands of fir trees with the bark stripped off stood white and strange in their nudity.

We were successful in begging a very satisfactory supper from a little farmhouse, after which we wandered slowly along the bank
to themselves. It is generally some little trifling thing which no one would notice if the parents themselves did not call attention to it. I do not understand how anyone can bring themselves to own they are offended. Can you understand saying to anyone in the world, "You did not listen when I spoke to you just now, you are very rude indeed, and I am very offended with you." I simply could not bring myself to be so ridiculous. I think the last thing you ought to do with your children is to be always telling them to treat you with respect. No parent ought to ask their children for either love or respect. Teach them to be respectful to other people, and they will learn of their own accord to give you all the respect and love you can wish for. I think the rule you have so often given me ought to be kept in every relation of life. Be what you ought to be in yourself and you will always find people to love and respect you. I always feel that if I married a man who snubbed me, I would never accuse him of it, or reproach him with it in any way. I am convinced that almost every man who had any good in him would come back to you in time, if you were not always nagging at him and reproaching him. However hurt or offended I might be with anyone, my pride alone would prevent my showing it. I could not be always asking people for love and respect as some people do.

Booton Rectory, July 1

I had your letter describing your visit this morning, all greatly to my mind, except that I cannot approve of your conduct to the trout. The celebrated Lord Erskine was a man extremely pitiful to animals, and when he was Lord Chancellor the Lord Mayor presented him with a sturgeon that had been caught in the Thames. This big rarity reached him alive, and he had it immediately put into a water tank and kept till night, when he conveyed it in a cart under cover of darkness back to the Thames. The secrecy was to keep the Lord Mayor in ignorance of the shocking use which had been made of his present. Lord Erskine in your place would have been clumsy enough to drop the caught trout into the stream.
A Blessed Girl

44 Elm Park Gardens, July 4

We had a most amusing day at Dover on Saturday. The weather was glorious and very hot. Even at the sea there was hardly a breath of wind. Neville was very pleased to have us, and yet very ashamed and afraid we should disgrace him. Being very hungry I asked him if I might eat a hearty lunch, to which he answered, "You may eat moderately, but whatever you do, don't eat too much." I begged him to tell me when I had eaten enough, and he said, "You may have two helpings of everything if you like, but mind you don't have more." I thought this very generous of him. Con said she was sure to get the giggles as she always did on these occasions. Poor Neville was in a terror at this, and begged that she would on no account do that, as he did not know what he should do. Happily we got a corner of the table, and I sat behind a big flower pot, so our doings were not so much seen. Neville very kindly told me what to eat and how much, and after I had drunk two glasses of claret cup, he said to me, "Knowing your habits I should advise you to drink no more." This sounds bad for me, doesn't it? What he meant by my habits I don't quite know. As he had hurt his ankle with a cricket ball he was not allowed to run and so sat by us all day until it was his turn to play, and then he very grandly batted and got someone to run for him. He is Captain of the Eleven now and very proud of himself, and tells me he is very severe with the boys and rows them awfully when they miss a catch, which he says makes them more careful another time. Con was very anxious to sit on the grass in the shade, but Neville would not hear of this and made us sit up on a bench as everyone else was doing. It is wonderful how polite boys are at school. Neville flew about during teatime handing cakes and strawberries to everyone but himself and treated us with the greatest respect while his schoolmaster's eye was on him. He drove back to the station with us and several other boys and their people. This particular match is called the Fathers' Match, and is a great day, for generally a great number of parents come down, and all the fathers who know anything about cricket are made to play. This year on account of the
After he had passed, it occurred to me that if we both slept here beside the road, our bundles would hang in the tree by the side of the road in the bright moonlight, and who could say what sort of individuals might pass by before we wakened in the morning. Our possessions had been reduced to the barest essential and we could take no risk of their being stolen. I decided it would be wiser to move over to some other sandbank farther away from the road where we would not be so conspicuous and where our bundles would be safe. I went to waken Mao Tse-tung.

Mao was so sound asleep that he seemed almost dead and shaking him and calling to him made not the slightest impression. I even slapped his face several times until he finally opened his eyes. I quickly explained what I had decided to do and urged him to move. In a sleepy, far-away voice he said, "Don't worry about thieves. Stay here...." Immediately he closed his eyes again and was dead to this world. I thought it would be even more difficult to waken him a second time, and he would probably still refuse to move; but I knew I would be most uneasy if I tried to sleep there.

I thought the problem over and decided to move to another bank alone. I took both bundles and umbrellas and moved to a similar spot about forty meters away. This second bank was sheltered by a group of young trees and it was well away from the road. I prepared my bed and quickly fell asleep.

Some time during the night Mao wakened and missed me. When he saw that the bundles and umbrellas had disappeared from the tree, he got up and called my name at the top of his voice several times, but he got no answer. But this time, I was sound asleep and heard nothing. Mao could not guess where I was because there were dozens of sandbanks along the dry river bed with many groups of trees whose shadows made it impossible to see what lay beneath. He called several times, but when I did not answer, he concluded that I had taken the umbrellas and bundles with me and that all was safe; so he lay down and went to sleep again. Next morning he said, "I thought you must be sound asleep somewhere on the other side of the river. You'd hardly have decided to walk ahead on your own."

Although I had heard nothing of Mao's calls, I had slept but
to me debased and unprincipled to a degree which is hardly credible. He does not even go through the pretence of having any principles, but tells the most awful and wicked lies, and tries to stir up all the differences between all classes simply to get in himself. I cannot imagine how any man with a single right feeling in him is not revolted. Besides this I think Gladstone's speeches are very dull and very bad. They seem to me endless words and arguments patched up together, with no sense or force about them. I should say they were wretched stuff from beginning to end, even if there were nothing worse, which there is. Arthur Balfour's speeches I think are very good. Very clear, very amusing, and very well put together. I also read Lord Salisbury's manifesto, which I thought splendid. It is especially grand by the side of Gladstone's wicked lies. I am getting quite political, ain't I? Thursday, the day of Gerald's election, will be awfully exciting. We hope to hear about midnight the result. Have you seen in the Daily Graphic the picture of Lord Salisbury and Gladstone climbing up two ladders. I think it is most delicious, and as Con says, they seem to have caught the characteristics of each so well. Con laughs each time she looks at it.

I think I might get quite interested in the history of my own day, although it is so dull, if I knew anything at all about it, but I feel that it would take me a lifetime to learn all that I need to learn before being able properly to understand what is happening now, and as each day something fresh is happening, there never seems time to pick up the past.

It is raining hard and I am happy in the thought of staying in and being lazy. Mother is wild to go out for a walk. It really seems like a kind of madness with her. In heat and cold and rain her one object is to go out for a walk. My object is generally to stay in unless it is warm enough to sit out of doors. Mother never seems to get enough walking to satisfy her. I always get too much. People are always complaining of the changeable weather, but it would be dreadful if it were always the same, I think.

1 Gerald was standing for one of the divisions of Leeds, and was elected.
I to get away? I did not dare to move, but lay there watching the tiger out of the corner of my eye.

I must have remained there tense and stiff for ten minutes or more. The tiger had not stirred and I began to wonder, hopefully, if he had really seen me. Perhaps he had taken me for a tree trunk lying on the ground; or perhaps even for the shadow cast by the trees. He might be resting in that spot just by coincidence. However, if I moved, he would surely see me and would spring down upon me in a flash. I lay there still as death, hardly daring to breathe.

Then, all of a sudden, it occurred to me that Mao Tse-tung was asleep and was unaware of the danger. If he woke up and moved or shouted, the tiger would most certainly attack him. I began to imagine that he would awaken at any moment and I wondered desperately what I could do to save him.

It was, I decided, my responsibility to go and warn him and I must take whatever risk was necessary immediately. I must crawl over to where he lay. I reasoned that if I moved very, very slowly, the tiger might not perceive my movements. I started off, an inch at a time, creeping along, or rather dragging myself, at the pace of a snail. At this rate, it took more than a minute to move the first meter and I patiently spent an hour or more getting behind a bunch of trees which finally gave me cover. From this new position I peered back through the branches toward the mound. The tiger had not moved and I felt that my patience had been rewarded. I was safe!

I still had to cover a long stretch of open ground or make a wide detour, and it must have taken another hour to work myself completely out of the animal's view. Then I got up quickly and ran with all speed down to Mao Tse-tung's side. He was in a profound sleep with his mouth open and the saliva running down from the corner. I dared not make a noise even yet. I could not call him and I was afraid that even if I did wake him, he might begin to talk in a loud voice, which would surely bring the tiger down upon us in an instant.

I lay down quietly beside him and tried to sleep. With that nervous tension, that was of course quite useless. Soon the farmers began to appear in the fields and several people passed by on the road quite near to us. Then Mao wakened. With the coming of the new day
and with the people moving about, the danger was now almost past and without waiting to tell Mao of the awful fate that we had so narrowly escaped, I ran back to the trees to fetch our bundles and umbrellas. There was now little fear of attack.

I grabbed our things and, ready to run at top speed, I turned quickly to look where the tiger had sat crouched so menacingly. The big black tiger was still there. It had not moved and I looked more carefully in the clearer light. My fierce big black tiger was a natural formation of black rock!

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After Leaving the Sandbank

Leaving our night's resting place we decided to continue along the bank of the stream, since this river path seemed to be the only road to Anhwa.

Just as we were taking up our bundles to set off for the day, a huge green snake suddenly came out from the grass along the lower bank only a few yards from where Mao had been sleeping a few minutes before. I got quite a scare because this vicious-looking reptile could not have been very far away during the night. If it had seen Mao, would it have bitten him? Had it crossed over to the trees, I also would have been in danger. The tiger had turned out to be the creation of my own too-vivid imagination, but there was no doubt about the reality of this snake. I recalled how people said if you were bitten by a snake, the poisonous venom entered the bloodstream and quickly poisoned the whole body. In this out-of-the-way place it would have been very dangerous to get a snake bite because it would be impossible to find a doctor or to obtain any treatment. I told Mao what I had been thinking and we decided that we would sleep no more out in the open.

Our walk was monotonous and the river seemed to be interminable. Along the bank at frequent intervals were low straight trees which made one think of a line of soldiers standing at attention as we