**Foolish Child**

**Zhu Ti**

You, here again.

You foolish child, hesitating in your footsteps, stepping into the colors of dusk, you came.

You come in front of me, you are heavier and speechless.

Ah, you are speechless, with your head down from the start!

I look at you and you hide your head aside, in shame.

Another minute and dusk slips away, night is coming quickly. After all, why have you come here in front of me? You stupidly stand still for a long time, standing for the whole dusk. Enough already, what are you still thinking about?

You should speak frankly in front of me. You should have no fear and don’t whitewash either.

You foolish child, listening to my interrogation, you will cry like rain when you mull it over.

I am just interrogating warmly, what can you do if you only cry?

Ah, you can listen and speak up.

You have not yet opened your mouth. First, wipe your eyes and nose with your ragged shirt. Start gradually telling me, you still haven’t eaten. And you don’t even have an autumn coat.

Pitiful you, foolish child. The red-lacquered doors of wealthy homes have wasting wine and meat. Why don’t you go from door to door begging for food or money? Yet you stubbornly endure hunger’s sneak attacks on you. You stand with us facing each other, ready for battle and you pretend that you don’t know.

Ah, that is not shameful! Food is a gift from God to you, his subject - their leftovers are yours.

You foolish child, if you continue to be so persistent, I worry that one day hunger will haul you away.

Take this paper money, to fill your empty stomach! Take it, you! Why are you refusing it again?

No, you have misspoken.

If the far corners of the earth are next to each other, how about me and you? As long as you can eat a filling meal, I just figure that I have not wasted the paper money, my sweat, my strength. All things considered, I liberated you one step.

You, take it! Pick something delicious to eat!

Oh! I forgot you said you have no lined jacket. I can take off my old clothes to give to you. This jacket, it is too tattered and there is no way to mend it, I give it to you, and you will wear it!

Don’t say anything about it being unfit!

You, foolish child - don’t talk about you, where to go to buy a new one? This old clothing, take it to a pawnshop and exchange for eight or seven, with three percent interest to expire in December.

Wear it and it can block you from the wind and rain.

Your thanks, what you are thanking for! I can’t take your thanks. Foolish child, I am not some great good person, there is no special distance between my poverty and you.

I cannot but help you out. To help you out, is just the same as to help me out. Eh, who knows how the wind will blow tomorrow!

Tomorrow, we might meet on another road. At that time, you might be sitting in a big carriage, you might not pay a bit of attention to me, and with such arrogance run away right from in front of me.

Perhaps, you would curse me, this thing with nothing.

It doesn’t matter. Today, me and you met here, you came to me again. I can’t tell what is making mischief, ordering me to rescue you.

You, foolish child, go! Don’t stay here with me anymore!

Before dusk, you should fill your stomach, you can put on my old clothes. Can anyone point out that you have been a beggar?

You, foolish child, will you stay speechless forever?

Don’t look at these too seriously!

I present this gift: a piece of paper money, a piece of torn clothing. I give it to you to take!

When someone asks you, you can stretch out your chest and say this is your own earnings.

Ah, you also have hands, you also have strength!

You, foolish child, roll over, rub your palms, give it a try. Take a look and see that you are betraying yourself!

“Yuchun de haizi” (Foolish Child)

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