

The King Is Tired

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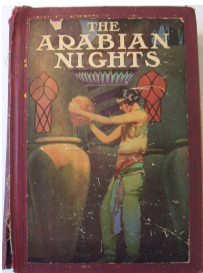
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Everyone may know that my little one, Terry, is rarely self-motivated to read a storybook. One night, he was doing his daily Kumon reading homework. It is a story about “One Thousand and One Nights”. In the story, for a thousand and one nights, a young woman named Scheherezade told stories to the King of Persia always stopped at the most exciting moment. Terry showed me this story with great curiosity. It immediately reminded me the oldest book I have in my house: “The Arabian Nights”, which was printed in the year of 1924, the book I put aside to enjoy with Terry when he is old enough.

I presented him the book, it was so amazing to him that Mom has the book at home, one thousand and one stories, he thought. He flipped the pages and the story “The Merchant and the Genie” caught his eyes because his is familiar with the word “genie”. We sat in a couch and enjoyed the story together. He pretended he was the king and I was the woman (not the wife, the king’s mom only). Armed with an English-Chinese dictionary and an English-English dictionary, we started our one thousand and one nights’ story sharing. We learnt lots of old style words such as repast for meal, to bid me adieu for to say bye-bye to me. He would read aloud two paragraphs and I read aloud two paragraphs, so on and so forward. After about two pages, he would yawn, and I would exclaim: “The king is tired, time for bed!” He would instantly say: “No, no, keep going, I am not tired.”

Remember when I was in China, I was crazed about Jinrong’s martial art books. Whenever I grabbed a book, I would forget about Jerry, I would not eat, drink, use bathroom, sleep, until I finish the whole book or until I was sick because of fatigue. Realized this was bad for my health and Jerry, I decided to put them aside and share the books with Jerry when he is old enough. It remains a dream today because Jerry doesn’t know any Chinese and he has no passion about Chinese Martial Art, except for Jackie Chen’s movies.

My dream has come true with this little one. Every night we would sit in the couch and enjoy “The Arabian Nights.” His Majesty is not tired yet. This morning, he told me that he would enjoy these one thousand and one stories with me until he is 15 years old.



The oldest book in our house