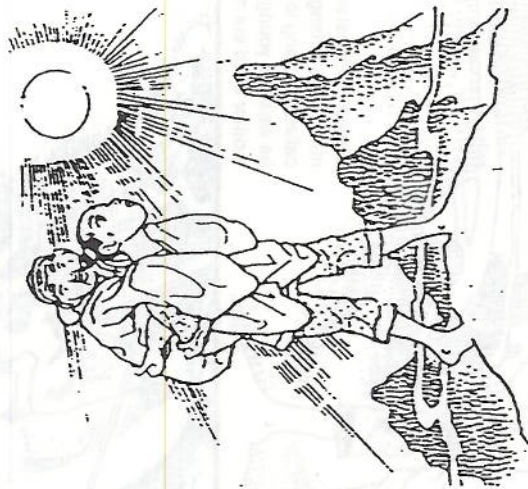


ASIAPAC COMIC SERIES

24 Stories of Filial Devotion 二十四孝的故事



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Working as a Hired Hand to Provide for Mother



During the Western Han Dynasty, a man named Jiang Go lived in a place called Qi. Jiang lost his father when he was still young. He and his mother eked out a meagre existence.



It was a time of unrest, there were incessant fighting among warlords. Life was extremely difficult for the common people.

Jiang Go wanted to take his mother to a safe place.

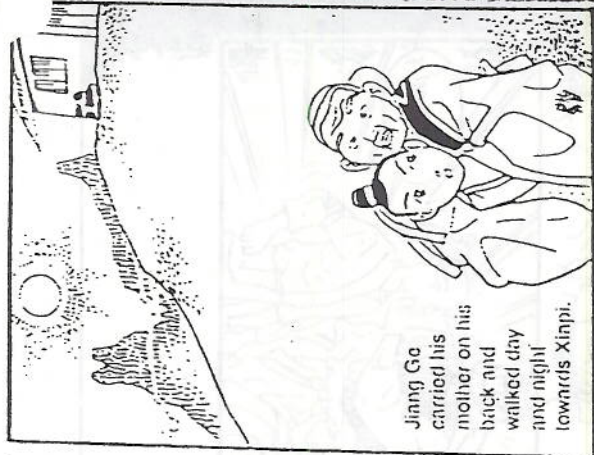
Mom, in these troubled times we'd better find shelter in a safer place.

You're right, but where can we go?





I learned that a cousin of ours lives in Xinpi, which is not affected by the virus. Why don't we go and seek refuge with him?



Jiang Go carried his mother on his back and walked day and night towards Xinpi.



Sit and rest here for a while, Mother. I'll go and gather some wild fruit for you to eat.



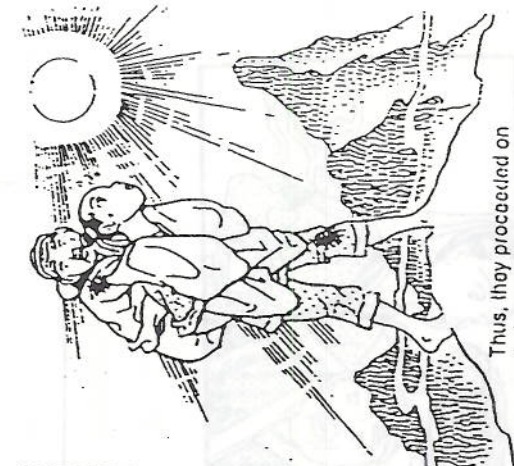
The birds are eating the fruit on that tree. That means the fruit are not poisonous.



So Jiang Go picked some fruit from the tree.



Eat some of these, mother.



Thus, they proceeded on their way. One day, ...



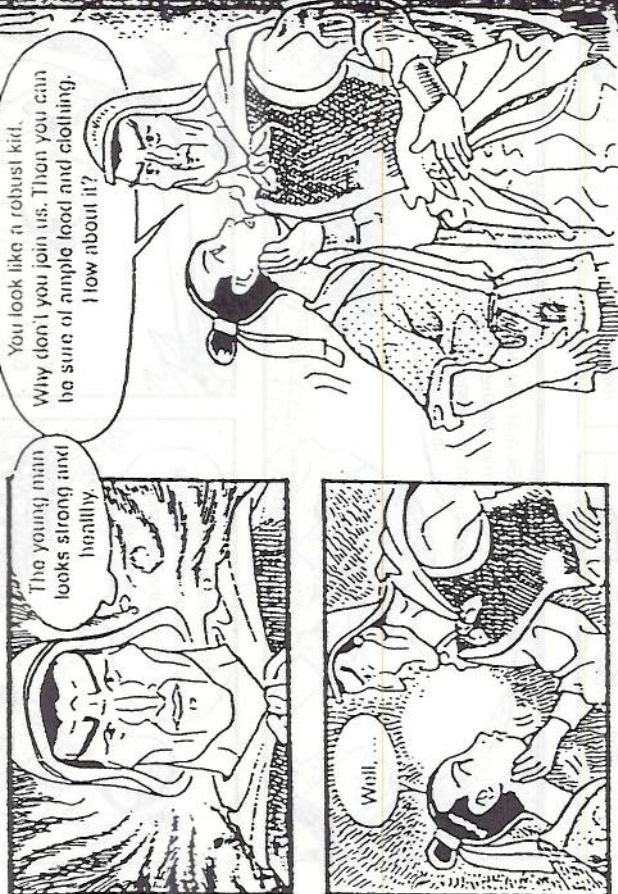
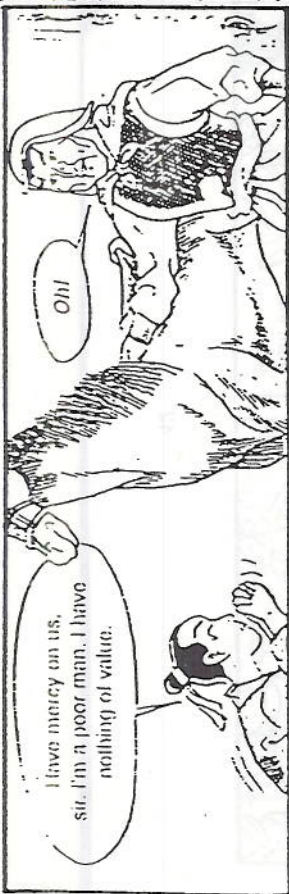
Don't move!



What do you want, sir? Please don't harm my mother!

Give us all your valuables!





Jiang Go and his mother reached Xinpi. Though the work was still difficult, the boy hired himself out and worked very hard.



Selling Self to Bury Father

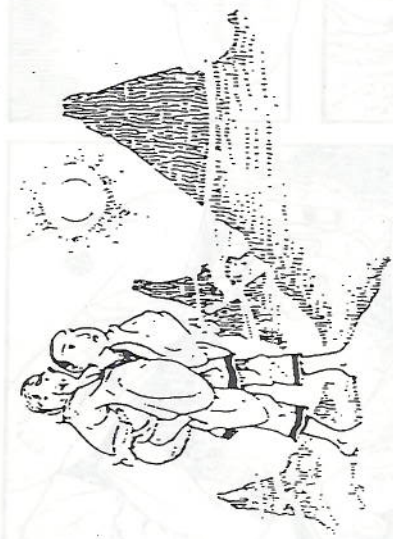
During the Eastern Han Dynasty a young man named Dong Yong lived in Qiancheng County. His mother died when he was young. Dong Yong was devoted to his father.

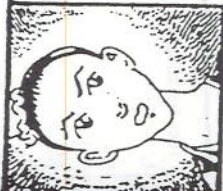
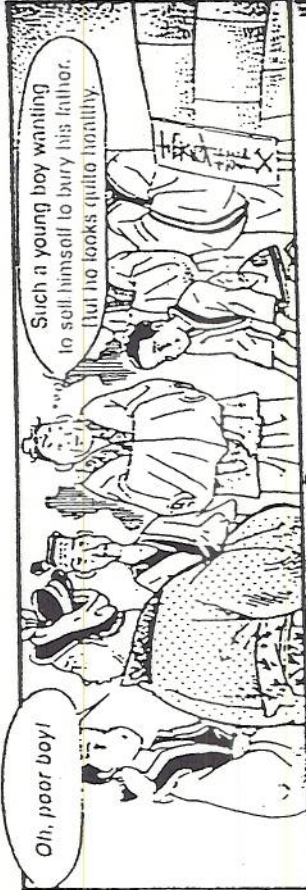


Then his father fell ill.



Dad, drink this medicine while it's still warm.







Dong Yang had no suspicion about the woman, so he asked her to go along with him.



Please inform your master that Dong Yang is here to see him.



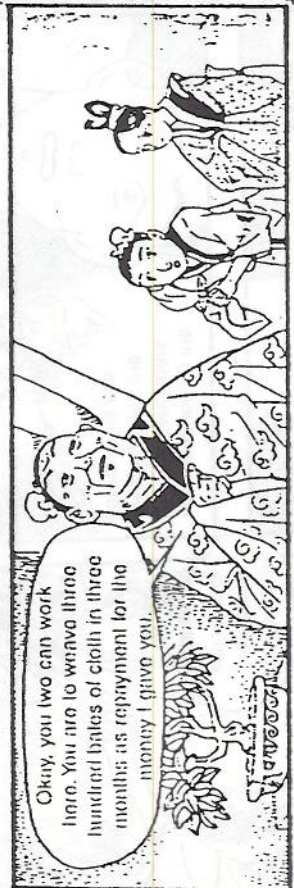
The master was surprised, but as they had fulfilled their task he let them leave.



Now we're free, my dear.



I think... Why! ... Swoosh!



Okay, you two can work here. You are to weave three hundred bales of cloth in three months as repayment for the money I gave you.



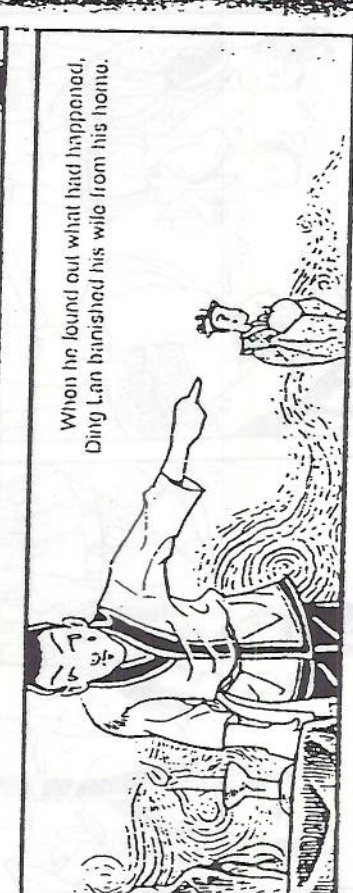
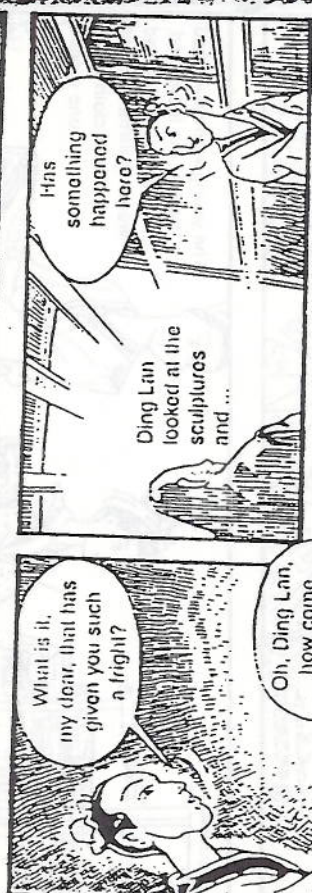
I am actually the Weaving Girl in heaven. The girls were moved by your filial devotion, they sent me down to help you repay your debt. Now that the task has been completed, it's time for me to bid you farewell.



Swishi!

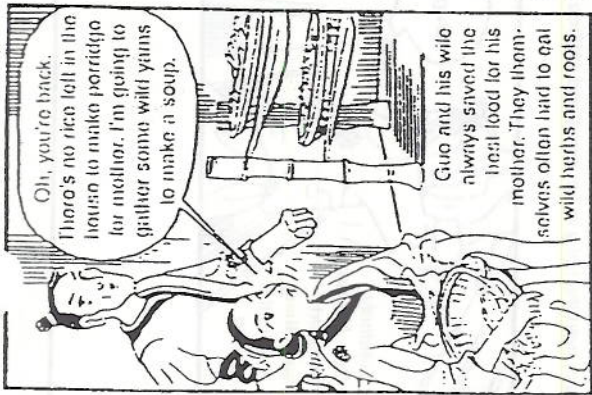


The young woman worked hard at the loom, and, miraculously, finished weaving three hundred bales of cloth within one month.



Burying Son to Save Mother





Oh, you're back. There's no rice left in the house to make porridge for mother. I'm going to gather some wild yams to make a soup.

Guo and his wife always saved the best food for his mother. They themselves often had to eat wild herbs and roots.



Wo young people can bear hunger. You'd better keep the rest of the yams to cook for mother. I'll go and see if I can find some roots.



...



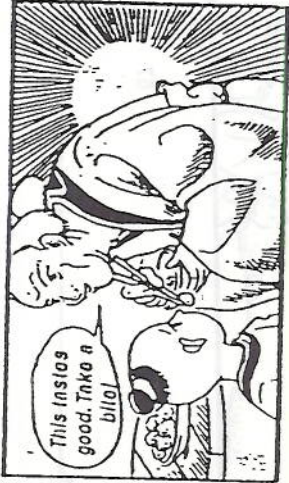
Mother, food is ready. Will you come and eat?

Come on, my dear grandson, let's go home for dinner.

Yes, Grandma.



Guo Ju's mother loved her grandson. She always saved the best food for him.



This tastes good. Take a bite!



Guo Ju and his wife often suffered hunger, but they did not want their mother to suffer as they did. Seeing the old lady getting thinner day by day as she shared the scanty food they had with her grandson, Guo Ju's heart ached. So he consulted with his wife ...



As it is, we don't have enough food to feed mother. If we do nothing, she's going to starve to death.



The only way out, I think, is to bury the boy alive. We can have another child but not another mother.



Hearing this, Guo's wife cried, but she had to agree with her husband. During the night, the couple carried the sleeping boy to the countryside.



They cried sorrowfully as they walked.



Oh-h-h, my son, I'm very very sorry ...



Oh-h-h, how can I let you go, my darling!



Good heavens! What's this?

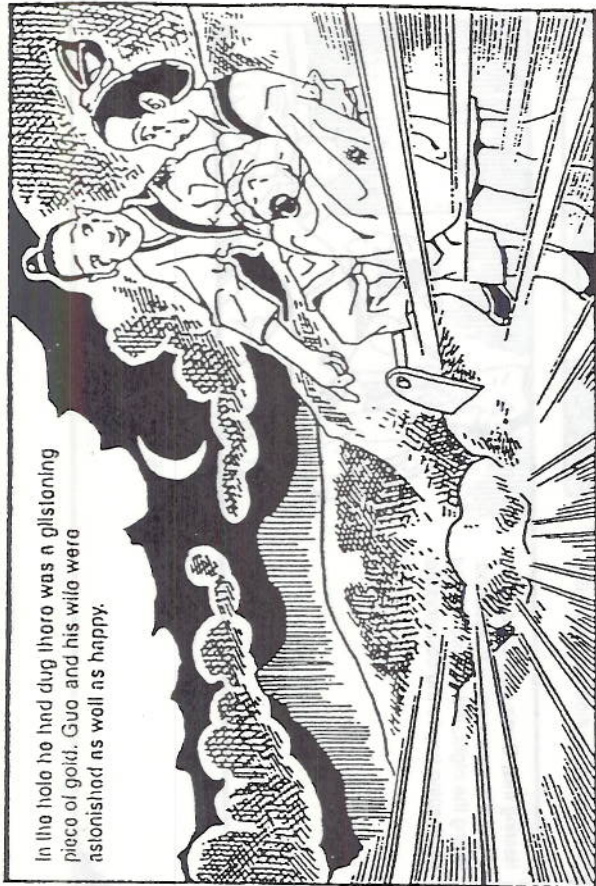
Eh!



Suddenly, Guo Ju's foot touched something hard in the ground.

Ough!

When they came to a deserted spot, Guo Ju started to dig a hole in the ground, while his wife held the baby in her arms and sobbed.



In the hole he had dug there was a glistening piece of gold. Guo and his wife were astonished as well as happy.



They picked up the gold and found the following words carved on it: "Bestowed by God on the dutiful son Guo Ju. No one else is to take it from him, neither officials nor ordinary people." It turned out that God had been moved by the filial devotion of Guo Ju and decided to bless him with the gold. Guo and his wife were immensely grateful to God for rewarding them so handsomely.



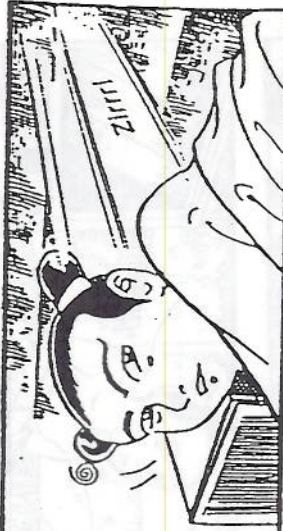
From then on, the family lived happily and comfortably. The story of Guo Ju wanting to bury his own son in order to save his mother was told from mouth to mouth and from generation to generation among the Chinese people.

Feeding Mosquitoes to Spare Parents

A little boy named Wu Meng lived during the Jin Dynasty. Though he was only eight years old, the boy showed deep love for his parents.



His family was very poor. They couldn't afford to buy mosquito nets, so in summer they were pestered by mosquitoes and Wu Meng's parents could not sleep at night.



There are so many mosquitoes at night. I could hardly sleep.

Well, what can we do about them? We can only wish that the summer would pass more quickly.



Dad and Mom are up swatting mosquitoes again.

Son, my son Wang Pou...

Eh, that's Mother's voice.



Oh! Mother! Father!

Son!

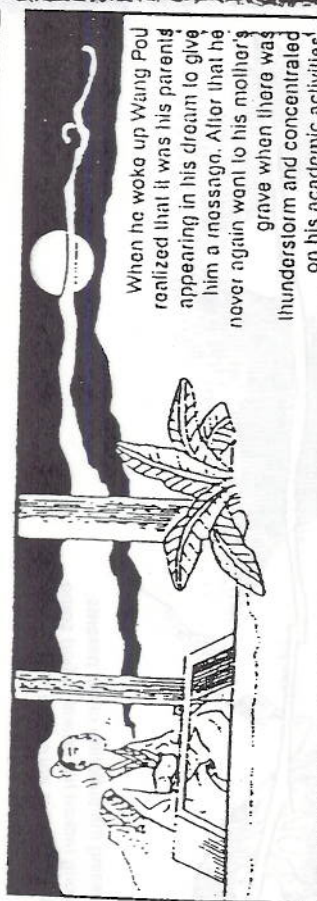


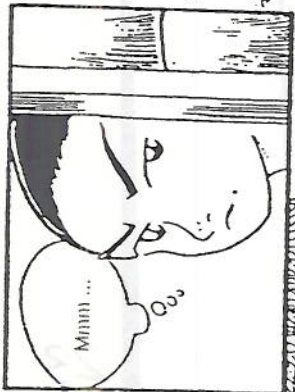
My son, your Dad and I are now together in heaven. With him beside me I'm not afraid of thunder any more. You don't need to come to my grave on rainy days in future.

Mom! Dad!

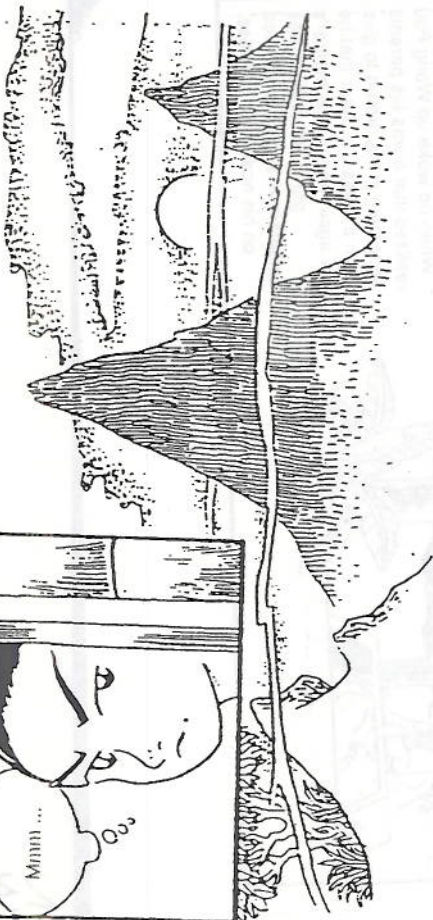


When he woke up Wang Pou realized that it was his parents appearing in his dream to give him a message. After that he never again went to his mother's grave when there was thunderstorm and concentrated on his academic activities.





Witnessing the suffering of his parents, Wu Meng racked his brains to find some way to enable his parents to sleep better.

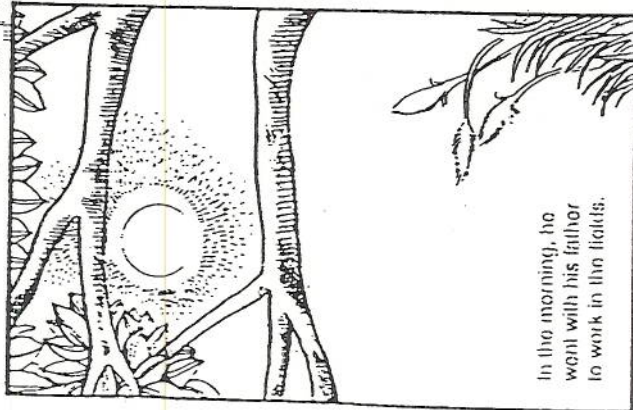
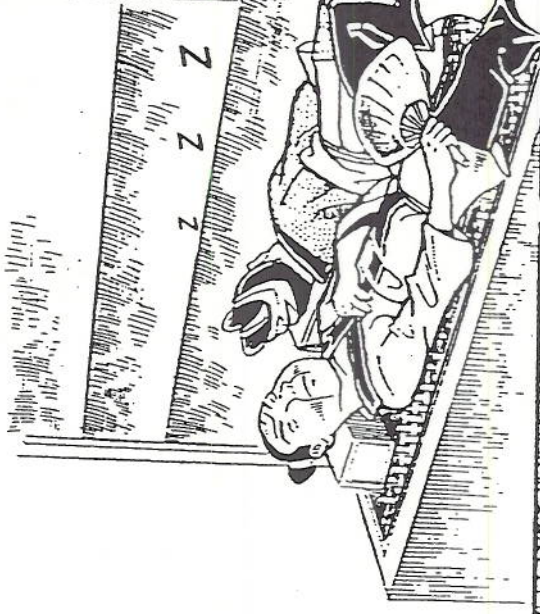


After dinner, Wu Meng took a fan and went to his parents' room to drive away the mosquitoes.

But as soon as some mosquitoes were driven away, more of them came back. Wu Meng got angrier and angrier with the nasty little insects.



The morning turned out to be uneventful. Little Wu Meng was very happy when he saw his parents sleeping peacefully all night.



In the morning, he went with his father to work in the fields.



As he had a good night's sleep, Wu's father was in good spirits.



Oh, Wu Meng!



Yes, Dad, what is it?



Wu Meng continued to feed the mosquitoes with his own blood every night. When his father asked about the red spots on his body, he stilled him off with some vague answer.



Later, local officials heard the story, they gave the boy a mosquito net as a reward for his good deed. After that, Wu Meng did not need to worry about his parents being postured by the insects any more.