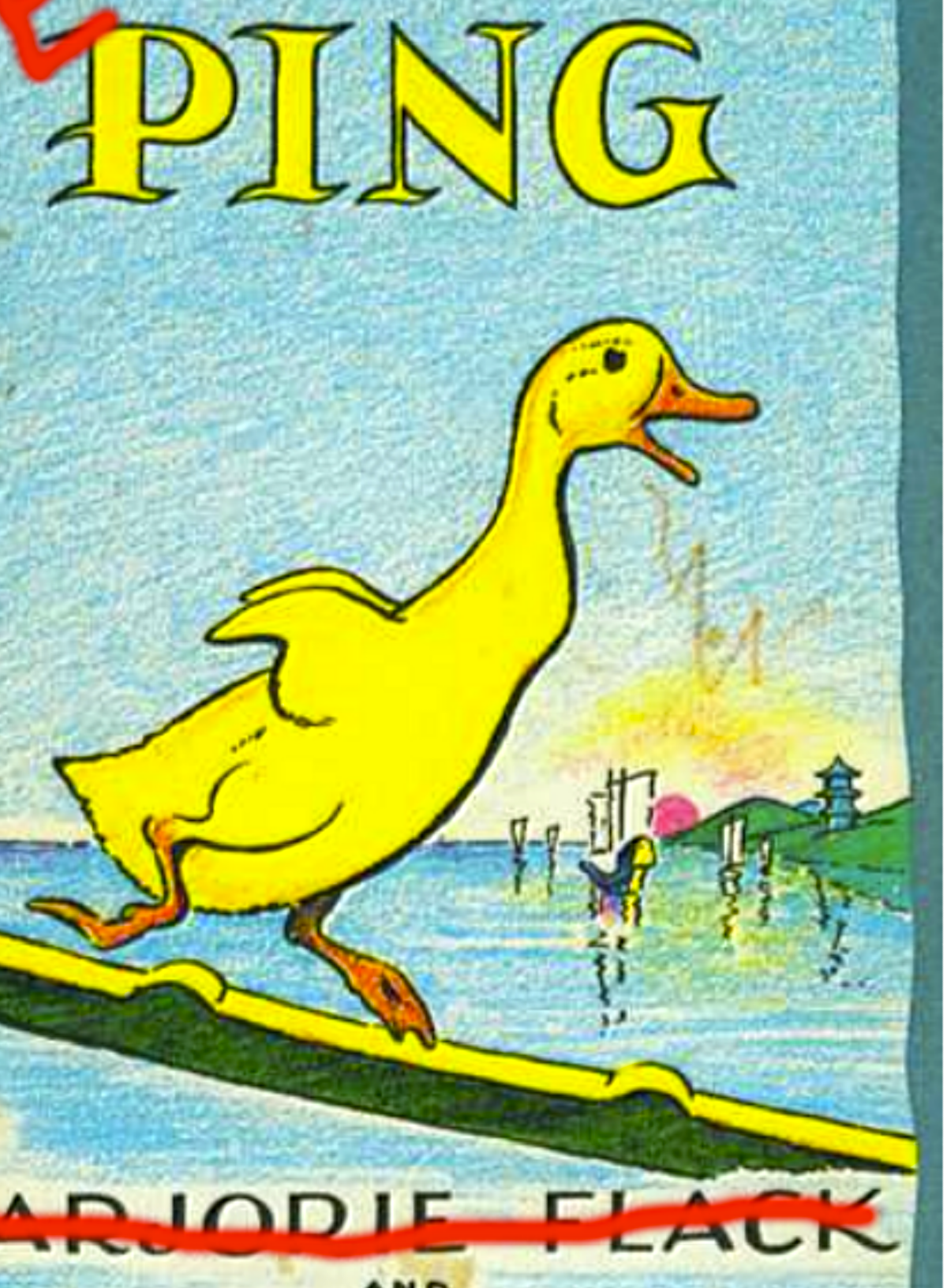
PING
MARJORIE FLACK

EPIC DUCK
IS NOT AMUSED

Dedication

This book is dedicated to no one.

Once upon a time there was a powerful duck named Beoping. Beoping lived with his mother and his father and two sisters and three brothers and eleven aunts and seven uncles and forty-two cousins and fourteen strong warriors.

Each morning as the sun rose from the east, Beoping and his mother and his father and two sisters and three brothers and eleven aunts and seven uncles and forty-two cousins and fourteen men all marched one by one, down a little bridge to the shore of the Yangtze River. All day they would hunt for snails and little fishes and other pleasant things to eat.

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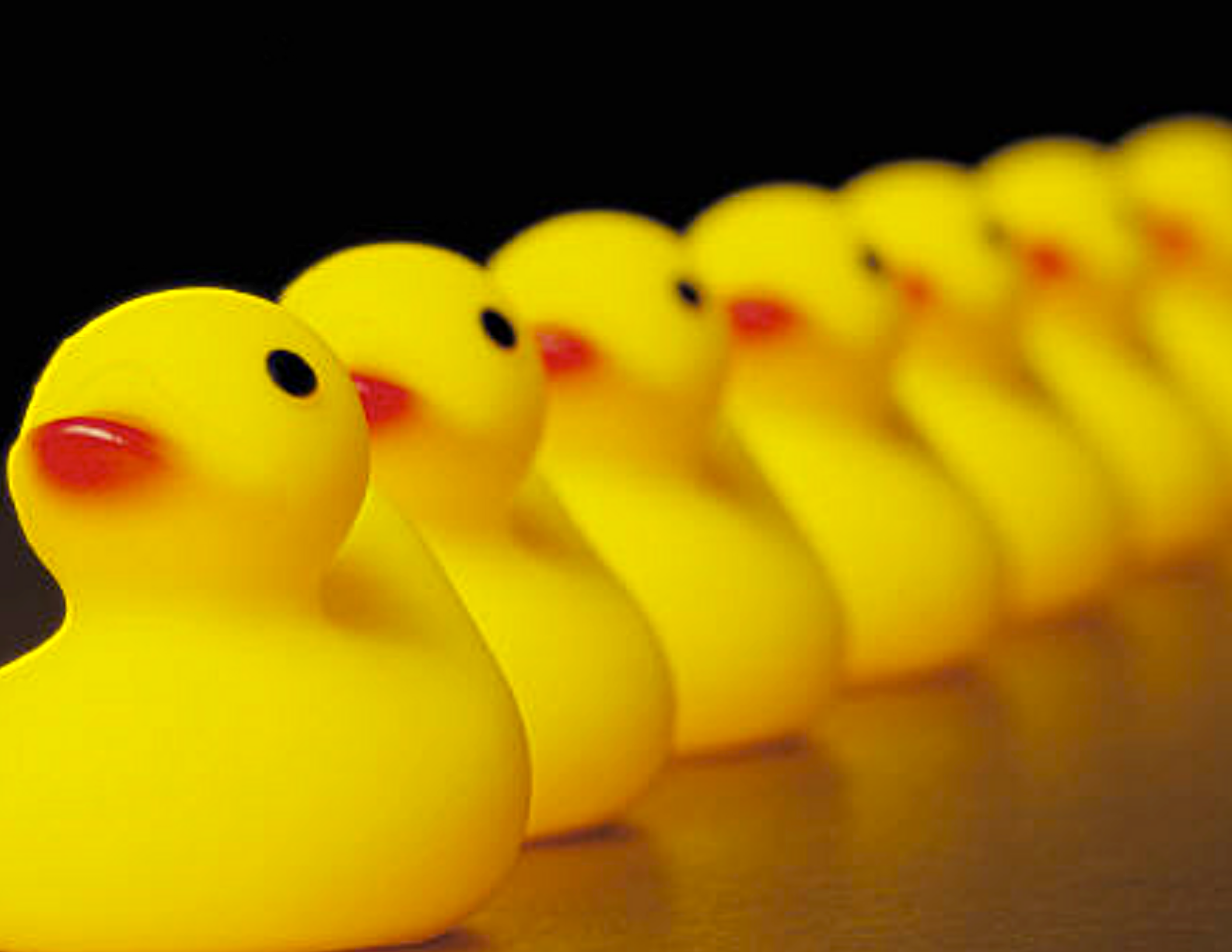
© grundle48



But in the evening as the sun set in the west, “La-la-la-la-lei!” would call the Master of the boat, Hrothgarsongisuburu. Quickly Beoping and all his many family would come scurrying, quickly they would march, one by one, up over the little bridge and on to the wise-eyed boat which was their home on the Yangtze River.

Beoping was always careful, very-very careful not to be the last, because the last duck to cross the bridge always got a spank on the back. Beoping knew he would be the last, the very last duck if he crossed the bridge. Beoping did not want to be spanked.

But one afternoon as the shadows grew long, Beoping did not hear the call because at that moment Beoping was wrong side up trying to catch a little fish.By the time Beoping was right side up his mother and his father and his aunts were already marching, one by one, up over the bridge. By the time Beoping neared the shore, his uncles and his cousins and his warriors were marching over, and by the time Beoping reached the shore the last of his forty-two cousins and fourteen warriors had crossed the bridge. So he hid.

There was no father or mother, no sisters or brothers, no aunts or uncles, no forty-two cousins, and no fourteen warriors to go fishing with Beoping, so Beoping started to find them, swimming down the yellow waters of the Yangtze River.

As the sun rose higher in the sky, boats came. Big boats and little boats, fishing boats and beggar’s boats, house boats and raft boats, and all these boats had eyes to see with, but nowhere could Beoping see the wise-eyed boat which was his home.

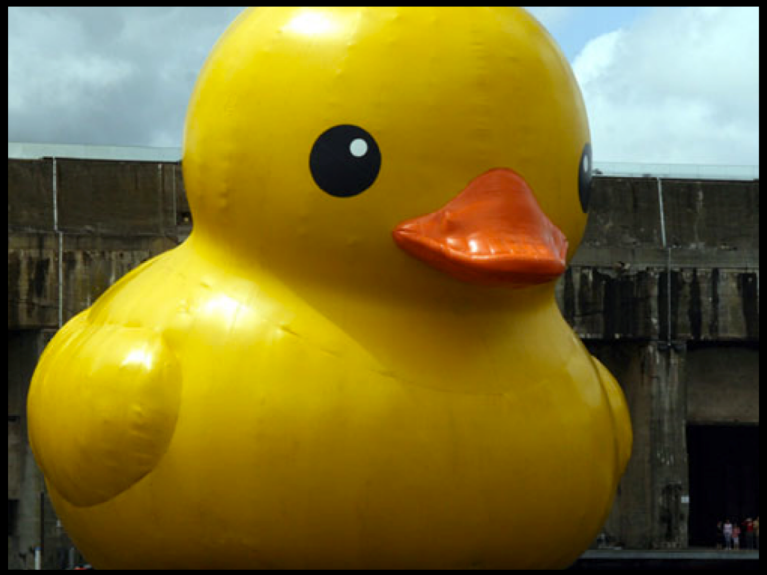
He came nearer and nearer a house boat, then —SPLASH! There in the water was monster! A little monster, named Grendelson with a barrel on his back which was tied to a rope from the boat just as all boat boys on the Yangtze River are tied to their boats. In Grendelson hand was a rice cake. “Oh owwwwoooo!” cried Grendelson, and up dashed Beoping and snatched at the rice cake. Quickly Grendelson grabbed Beoping and held him tight.

Beoping and Grendelson made such a splashing and such a noise that Grendelson's mother came running and she looked over the edge of the boat at Beoping and Grendelson splashing in the water of the Yangtze River. Then Grendelson's mother pulled at the rope which was tied to the barrel on the little Grendelson's back. She pulled and she pulled and up came Beoping and Grendelson on to the house boat."Ah, a duck dinner has come to us!" said Grendelson's mother. "I will cook him with rice at sunset tonight," she said.

Then down came a cage all over Beoping. Beoping spent all night in that cage. Beoping woke up in the morning and heard footsteps coming near to him.The cage was quickly lifted, and the little Grendelson's hands were holding Beoping. Beoping struggled and bit Grendelson. Then, Grendelson threw Beoping over the side of the boat and Beoping slipped into the water, the beautiful water of the Yangtze River.

Then Beoping heard his call, “La-la-la-la-lei!” Beoping looked and there near the bank of the river was the wise-eyed boat which was Beoping’s home, and Beoping was his mother and his father and his aunts, all marching, one by one, up over the little bridge. Swiftly Beoping turned and swam, paddling toward the shore. Now Beoping could see his uncles marching, one by one. Paddle, paddle, Beoping hurried toward the shore. Beoping saw his cousins, marching one by one. Paddle, paddle, Beoping neared the shore, but –As Beoping reached the shore the last of Beoping’s forty two cousins and fourteen warriors marched over the bridge and Beoping knew that he was LATE again!
But up marched Beoping, up over the little bridge and SPANK came the spank on Ping’s back! Hrothgarsongisuburu spanked Beoping!

Then at last Beoping was back with his mother and his father and two sisters and three brothers and eleven aunts and seven uncles and forty-two cousins and fourteen warriors. Home again on the wise-eyed boat on the Yangtze River.

The End

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