

Heading for Moscow

(*Mosukuwa sashite*) (1928)

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I

“What’s wrong, Lee?”¹

“Huh?”

“Hey, you're limping, aren't you?”

“Yeah.”

It was 1919. Young Chô, who had just turned nineteen, and fifty-one year old Lee with a wrinkled forehead, hastened off shoulder-to-shoulder towards the Xing'an Range.²

¹ I will use the Japanized Romanization for the names of the two Korean protagonists because this is how they appear in the pronunciations listed over the Japanese characters in the original text [*rubi*], and indicates that this story serves as Nakano's personal understanding of the Korean independence movement. In the *zenshû*, their names follow the Korean pronunciation of Yi and Chang, possibly due to the greater postwar sensitivity towards ethnic Korean readers.

² Nakano is probably referring to the Da Xing'an Ling (Large Khingan Range), which runs from roughly north to south through present-day northeast Inner Mongolia. However, as most of the places mentioned are in Manchuria and Mongolia, and are now part of the People's Republic of China, I will adhere to the Pinyin Romanization if the traditional name is no longer in common usage and would thus be difficult to locate on a contemporary map.

Their path followed the China Eastern Railroad, passed over the Xing'an Range, entered Hulun Bair,³ went past Hailar, Manzhouli, and Chita, and continued on to faraway Moscow. Of course, nowadays since the completion of the railroad, no one chose this way anymore. If by chance anyone passed by, it was invariably some smuggler trying to slip past customs and profiteer illegally, or else it could only be a pack of mounted bandits coming and going like the wind, lying in wait for this smuggler back from business, aiming for his heavy bags of loot.

The grass grew in patches, and was blown about by the evening wind. There were neither groves of trees, nor houses. Beyond a lengthy ridge of hills, a vague forest appeared, and it could be said that what the two were walking on was a path only because the two were there; but otherwise, there was only the bare plain of desolate, Inner Mongolia. No doubt, even hale men who would not twitch in fear from frightening beasts, or cower from the shadows of cruel bandits, might tremble in the midst of these steppes.

Yet Chô, who had just turned nineteen, and fifty-one year old Lee with a wrinkled face, had now been walking along briskly for a while.

Why were they in such a hurry on this dangerous, lonely path?

There was a reason for this.

Since 1910 (the forty-third year of the Meiji period, or the year of the Japanese annexation of Korea), these people, known since then as “our Korean brothers,” were thrown into the midst of the colonial administration's⁴ hair-raising politics. At the bottom of this horrific crucible, they were pounded and pulverized flesh, bone, and blood into a muddy mixture. From the midst of this pounded, crushed mixture eventually appeared a single clear, crystalline body. It cried out:

“Hail the liberation of the KOREAN⁵ people!”

This was not a cry from the midst of a lantern parade passing by a commemorative gate⁶, but rather, screamed from between the ropes⁷ of the interrogation room. It gripped

³ Hulun Bair was part of a region that contained the ancestral temples of Kublai Khan.

⁴ Or, “the Governor General,” as commonly used in English-language scholarship.

⁵ A smaller, uppercase font will denote the place of *kanji* [Japanese characters] elided through the use of *fuseji* (X marks indicating censorship in Japanese publications).

⁶ In China, and other Confucian cultures such as Korea, during the early part of the twentieth century, the wealthy donated money to celebrate certain virtues or accomplishments by erecting gates in prominent places

the people's spines instantly. Always, those thrown into the midst of this horrific crucible were men, women, the elderly, children, babies, farmers, and workers. And so, this cry gripped the spines of all the workers, farmers, babies, children, the elderly, women, and men. The flame of a people's liberation movement in colonial⁸ Korea whirled over the entire 14,000 square kilometer⁹ peninsular country¹⁰ like a tornado.

But, of course, this work had to be set on an international scale. And so, one year, the people appointed a specific man, and this chosen comrade was entrusted to carry the whole report of their work, and take it to Moscow, where it was measured in terms of the international plan for movements in colonial territories; a new policy was decided upon and brought back, and in the bitter year that followed, brought to life. And now that one year had almost passed, the results of the year's work again had to be brought to Moscow. Once again, a comrade had to be selected, and a summary of their work was put in order. Who would be able to evade the collective net of eyes formed by Japan, Zhang Zuolin,¹¹ and the White Russian counter-revolutionaries, and deliver the report successfully to Moscow?!

The man taking it should be at least as cautious as he was bold, as swift as he was calm, and as able to adapt to any changing conditions, as he was able to change any condition himself. In a word, he should have class-consciousness from the whorl on his head to the tips of his toenails.

And so Lee and Chô were chosen.

of a town or city. There would be a ceremony held to dedicate the gate, which was usually a dignified affair in keeping with the social status of the person who sponsored it.

⁷ In the colonial period in Korea, Japan, and in many parts of China, suspected criminals were tied up with ropes when the police arrested them. A rope served the same purpose as handcuffs, and the prisoners would remain tied up during interrogation.

⁸ In the original, this word appears ambiguously as *minchi* (literally: people's territory, land). However, it was changed to the clearer word *shokuminchi* (literally: colonial territory) in the author's collected works.

⁹ Nakano uses the old Sino-Korean unit of measure (also used in Japan), or the *li*, in this story. Its standard length varies, but can be estimated as roughly a half kilometer to a kilometer.

¹⁰ In the author's version in his collected works, the word *zenkoku* (entire...country) in the original appears as *zen'en* (entire...circle).

¹¹ The warlord Zhang Zuolin (1875-1928) ruled Manchuria until his assassination by the machinations of the Japanese Kantô Army. In 1928, part of the railroad track was blown up near Mukden (modern-day Shenyang) as Zhang's train passed over it. This story occurs during the height of Zhang's power.

Fifty-one-year-old Lee was silent like the thick black forest that rimmed the Long White Mountain¹² range. The golden tiger roaming through the whole territory was nineteen-year-old Chô. The following words aptly referred to the thick forest and the tiger:

“For me,
One rope won’t do.
For you
Even two ropes won’t do.”¹³

The pair who couldn’t be held back by however many ropes were seen off one day by their comrades as they set out from Jiandao,¹⁴ going down into Jilin¹⁵ province from the Long White Mountain range, skirting wide the area around Harbin, crossing the Nen River¹⁶ far south of Qiqihar, and hastily rushing through that lonely region.

Why were they in such a hurry? Hanging over them was the hour when the train would pass through Chita Station on a certain day.¹⁷ No matter how many thousands of kilometers the journey, even a minute’s tardiness from the appointed time could not be forgiven. That was because they were party members who maintained *their discipline*. In

¹² This is the Changbaishan (Long White Mountain) range that runs southwest to northeast, along the northern border of present-day North Korea and China near the Yalu River.

¹³ Nakano plays on the Japanese idiom *Hitosuji nawa de wa ikanai*. It implies that no ordinary method will do, or that something cannot be accomplished by ordinary means.

¹⁴ Labeled Kantô in Japanese, this refers to the Jiandao region (formerly Jiandao Province) in the watershed of the Doumanjiang (Tumen River) that divides China’s Jilin Province from (North) Korea. In contemporary China, it corresponds to the Korean ethnic autonomous district of Yanbian, near the city of Yanji. It appears that our comrades are Korean settlers from the border region of China (Manchuria) and colonial Korea. Around 1919, suppression of revolutionary activities was lax in Manchuria because of its ambiguous political status as a region controlled by Chinese warlords and foreign business interests. As immigrants to China, Lee and Chô would be able to carry out their plans with relative ease in Manchuria, while passing back and forth into the more dangerous region of colonial Korea characterized by repressive surveillance.

¹⁵ This does not correspond to modern-day Jilin Province, which is part of three provinces that make up China’s Dongbei (the Northeast). Prior to unification in 1949 under Communist rule, Manchuria was composed of nineteen provinces and one state (Kantô at the tip of the Liaodong Peninsula).

¹⁶ The Nen River runs north to south, flowing from the Nanweng River at the northern border of Inner Mongolia and into the western edge of Heilongjiang Province near Qiqihar. The fact that Nakano knew of such detailed geographic markers is notable. This points to the possibility of an “underground railroad” leading to Moscow, for Korean and Chinese communists who began their activities in colonial self-determination movements in the wake of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917.

¹⁷ At Chita, Chô and Lee needed to catch a train belonging to the Trans-Siberian Railways that would take them directly to Moscow.

addition, due to all kinds of problems, their departure had been delayed, so that now, they barely had enough time.

Meanwhile, strong Lee's feet had been dragging more and more. Just when Chô was about to ask if something was wrong, Lee opened his mouth first.

"Today was the twenty-first, wasn't it?"

"That's right."

"The moon didn't come out tonight, did it?"

"That's right."

With that, Chô completely forgot to ask about Lee's foot. Yet, in the span of thirty minutes, everything became clear.

"Hey, you're limping, aren't you?"

"Yeah."

Before he had time to wonder if he had heard "Yeah," Lee sank to his knees.

II

"What's wrong?"

Startled, Chô put his hand on the shoulder of Lee, who had slumped down to sit. Before he could abruptly brush away Chô's hand, Lee bent over, curled up, and groaned.

"It hurts!"

His voice was extremely soft, but its tone was horrifying enough to make a person jump. Chô actually did jump aback.

"Eh, where does it hurt?"

"Ahhh....."

It was hard for Lee to bear the pain, and he didn't respond for a moment, but shortly, Lee moved his body hesitantly, and stretched his right leg out in front of Chô.

“I’m going to have a look, so stay still.”

“I’ll keep still, so take off my shoe. Better take your time. Hurts a bit.”

While Chô aimed at not repeating his blunder of carelessly putting his hand on Lee’s shoulder, Lee similarly prepared to not let out an ineffectual scream a second time; and as Cho rolled up the hem of his pants and slowly untied Lee’s shoe, his hand began to shake, and his face suddenly paled, while the sweat began to run down in beads along the many wrinkles lining Lee’s face, as he endured it, his hips half lifted. And so, when the shoe was taken off before long, and Lee’s bare foot appeared, Cho involuntarily gave out a sigh:

“Whoa!”

It was cracked open like an overripe cherry. The surface of this crack had turned purple like the ripe fruit of a fig tree. And festering flesh, flowing blood, and oozing pus clung to this pitiful, large gaping wound.

This was Lee’s foot.

This was one of the four feet that had to transport their mountain of work!

And why was the work that these four feet had to carry like a great mountain range? It was a mountain range in its loftiness and grandeur and weight, and in its ability to nourish countless comrades like expansive mountain peaks reaching out in all eight directions; and it was like the water flowing between the mountains and the plains that we need for our very life; and in the aim of our struggle, in the methods of our struggle, and in the passion and courage and fortitude that it gives to our attack against the enemy, it is truly like a great vast mountain range.

This foot was now injured. However, how had this foot, or rather, Lee’s foot, been injured?

Chô’s and Lee’s comrades’ did not have feet that would chafe or bleed from trifling causes: their feet were as tough as their resolve. Once, a comrade who loved jokes went so far as to say the following:

“It’s true. Their determination is as hard as their heels!”

Of course, even with them, their feet were not hardened from birth. But, for instance, when a task required them to go somewhere, what were they able to do?

It could be said that the transportation networks of northern Korea and the peninsular region where they did most of their work, hardly amounted to anything. Yet, had there even been a modicum of transportation facilities, the road crossings, the foot of bridges, and the train stations were all guarded by the Japanese MILITARY POLICE.¹⁸ Therefore, they took upon themselves their task, leaving behind the one small phrase “Stand tall” as they departed, and headed toward the place they were aiming at by *walking* five *li*, ten *li*, or even fifty *li*. The blood began to flow from their feet. However, before long, they became hardened. Their resolve for REVOLUTION became like iron within their blood, and their feet also became iron through blood. And so, Lee’s feet in his long years and months of activity, became iron in the very same way, through blood.

While Chô took out antiseptic, salve, bandages, and folding scissors from a small pack, he asked:

“What could have happened, eh? It hurts.”

“It happened only two days ago!” And then, as the hint of an apology drifted before his eyes for causing Chô unthinkable trouble, Lee added:

“I got us in a fix, didn’t I ...”

III

“Since two days ago?”

As he said this, Chô began to treat the wound with skillful hands.

“It wasn’t a big deal, at first. Considering that over these many years this foot had never gotten a single scratch, though, just the fact that it was injured might mean that it’s kind of a big deal. Nevertheless, I kept silent because I didn’t think it warranted causing you

¹⁸ These are the dreaded military police, or *Kempeitai* [literally “Constitutional Soldiers”], who served in a network of intelligence gathering and policing to stop internal dissent in the colonies of imperial Japan. After the 1932 establishment of Manchukuo, they arrested and imprisoned suspected subversives and guerillas without trial.

any concern. From this morning on, it started to throb and ache. However, I was still able to bear it somehow. By the way, at suppertime, I suppose you didn't know because you were preparing the meal, but you accidentally kicked my injured foot really hard. It hurt!"

No doubt, the pain must have been considerable, for Lee stopped speaking and let out a single sigh. Perhaps it was the pain that went along with the treatment.

"Not to exaggerate, but it's so bad I'm about to faint. Really, it even took my breath away. At the same time, I remembered something. It was that—yeah—wasn't it? I suppose even you know about the riot incident at Jinzhou. This happened at the time when landlords were using false measurements to construct their warehouses.¹⁹ Even now, this practice still has not yet declined, but during this time, if you went with me, you would have seen how energetic I was. At that time, my foot was beaten. It was beaten so it looked like cracks of ice running from my sole to my heel. And yet, because I was beaten by a Japanese elementary school principal who unsheathed his SWORD,²⁰ I couldn't say that it irritated me. Even while being treated, I don't remember how many times this thought came up. Somehow, the tissues stuck together and I managed to do my job, and if I fell, I always got up—that was it, wasn't it? After all, I thought, it split once again, right? But then, however bad the pain got, it soon diminished, and that's the reason why I hid it from you and made you come along. If I think about it, it was the stupid assumption of an amateur who knew nothing about medicine to believe that, as long as it was the flesh apart from the bone, it could tear again once the tissues stuck together on the old wound—wasn't it? Well now, have a look at it."

Lee raised his hand and pointed at his injured right foot. In Chô's care, it was washed clean, with all the bloody filth removed. Where was the wound? The wound, which ran from the arch of the sunburnt sole (Lee's foot was sunburnt even on the sole) to the heel, revealed itself in all the painfulness of a large crack.

¹⁹ The unit of measurement was the *masu*, about the size of a small wooden sake cup. The warehouses were used to store agricultural products, and the landlords routinely extorted extra bushels out of their tenants by adding to the measurements when their tenants had to pay rent in kind.

²⁰ Beating the flat of a sword against the sole of the foot was a common form of torture by colonial authorities and the Japanese police. Lee seems rather proud that he was important enough of a threat to have been beaten by the Japanese principal, who would have been an important local official representing the colonial government at the time. However, this contradicts Lee's earlier statement that his foot had never even suffered a scratch.

“Of course it was the guy at Jinzhou who cracked it, wasn’t it?”

At any rate, though *a scar of the past*, Lee’s foot was injured again. Even so, the path that this foot had to walk along was a long one. Chô, or rather, Chô and Lee, now rushed with all their might to finish medical treatment of the wound. Lee’s forbearance was stronger than that of any wounded person, and Chô was more attentive than any famous doctor. A bandage coated with medicine was wrapped around it. With flannel and bandages, they made a makeshift shoe. Lee cried out:

“Time to go!”

In Lee’s voice was his characteristically fearless ring with its spirited rhythm suggesting that if things should prove not to work out, he was prepared to leave the useless foot behind.

Chô encircled his arms under Lee’s ribs. Supported by his shoulders, Lee got up. While taking the first step forward of his departure, now it was Chô’s turn to raise up a youthful cry.

Chô and Lee literally stepped forward with their arms around each other’s shoulders. And then, only Chô’s foot stepped forward completely. When all of his body weight was put on the right foot in order to step forward on the foot following, Chô’s support went out on Lee’s leg. As he got up, Lee’s waist slipped down a second time. Even Chô’s strong shoulders could not support it. Once again, Chô fell, slowly to be sure, and sat on the ground.

In this vast zone of steppes, all the measures taken to care for the injury had been exhausted by these two men charged with this secret mission. However, the mission that these two men were charged with could absolutely not permit being delayed because of matters like a wounded foot.

The two were silent. Probably several minutes passed. Unexpectedly, Chô’s ears heard:

“You go ahead.”

Chô’s ears probably heard this phrase, but Chô himself did not hear it. Chô was silent.

“You go ahead.”

Chô replied, “Eh? What?”

“I said, you go ahead!”

IV

Lee’s voice that had said “I said, you go ahead!” was extremely calm, but to Chô’s ears, it sounded like a great slap.

This single phrase made Chô jump to his feet. After that, he extended his upper body, bent at the waist, thrust out his cheeks, peered into Lee’s eyes, and then in a shrill voice like a whistle, he cried bitinglly:

“Go ahead?!... Go ahead?! No way!”

Before long, Lee opened his mouth. He replied:

“No way? Why’s that so bad?”

“I can’t do that!”

“You can’t? Why can’t you?”

“I can’t, because I just can’t!”

“Hey, Chô.”

Lee held Chô down like a sturdy rock.

“Hey, Chô. This kind of harsh tone doesn’t suit you. I injured my foot. Now, listen here. We treated it as best we could. We tried to set out. And then we realized we couldn’t depend on my foot. We realized that my foot couldn’t even advance one step. However, we can’t be even one minute late. Not one minute! This is of great importance. Well now, you can walk. You are sufficiently sure-footed. You have an obligation to set out. I’m telling you to fulfill this obligation. I don’t wanna do that, I couldn’t do any such thing, and I can’t do it because I can’t do it: if that’s what you’re trying to say, well, it doesn’t amount to an explanation. You’re obligated to explain why you can’t. And if you won’t, then you’re just being a blockhead.”

“Here goes, then. I’ll explain.”

Chô began.

“Why on earth did our comrades choose to send us two? Why did they put us two together as a pair? What’s the true fundamental reason why they put us together as a pair? That is, they put us together because they wanted us to act together. This is what they wanted. That’s all, isn’t it? We are not two people. We’re a pair. These four feet do not mean two people, they mean a pair. If one foot is injured, it’s not that one part of the two persons is injured, but that the pair is injured. ‘The foot that was injured is my foot, but your foot is so sturdy,’ that’s what you might say. But, I can’t let you say that. ‘This is my foot, and my foot was injured,’ that’s what I might say. Those whom I should permit to say this to me are our comrades. It’s the will of our comrades who put us together. I want to act according to the will of our comrades. This is the main reason.”

“And yet,” Chô continued, “You say that saying things like ‘I can’t leave you behind because I can’t’ is the manner of speaking of a blockhead and a selfish person. If that were so, how could I succeed? Two people chosen by their comrades departed. They became a pair and walked along together. On the way, one of them was seriously injured. And so, he could no longer move. There, the other person left this one behind and walked away... How could I do such a thing? Tomorrow morning, the other comrades who come to Moscow will ask me, ‘What happened to Lee?’ After this, I will answer, ‘Lee was injured. Lee couldn’t move. And so, I left him and came. For the reason that he merely got hurt, and couldn’t walk a bit, facing the Urals and coming upon the Great Xing’an range, he was left there in the middle of the steppes where no one passed; only young Chô came alone and made it. Lee is injured, so badly injured he can’t walk. But, Lee was left behind. With his injury, all alone. He was this year’s representative from Korea. The young man who discarded his fifty-one-year-old injured comrade will give the report from Korea in front of the world’s brothers.’ Ooh, how could I do such a thing?”

“It won’t do to have a misunderstanding, Chô!”

Lee interrupted, but Chô would not listen.

“What misunderstanding? You are telling me to set out. Are you saying that I should become such a person? To become such a disgraceful person?”

Right then, Lee suddenly spoke with a sharpness like a drill boring in:
“Who do you think you are?”

V

An old man walked along with a cane, his breathing labored.

It was Lee.

For two full days since then, he had stayed still in one place. The sun shone in the cloudless sky, and even at night, the air rattled with dryness. Perhaps it was good for the wound, since when morning arrived, the pain in his foot had completely dissipated. Lee got up and looked at it. Then, he made an attempt to walk. Somehow, he was able to walk. As he tried to suppress his wobbling, he cut a stem off of a small shrub growing nearby and made a cane. He set out to walk with all his might. For countless hours, he walked. If he walked like this, he thought that he might even still catch up to Chô. He sometimes squinted and peered over the surface of the dried earth.

“Where did he go?... Can’t even find a trace!”

Of course, there was no trace. There was no reason for the sturdy-footed Chô to linger around here in these parts now.

An absolutely enormous deep red sun began to set. The black shadow with a cane tied to a foot swiftly lengthened before him. In the blink of an eye, it seemed to reach the horizon and then, looked as if it would go beyond it. But by then, the sun had completely set. The long shadow had vanished. The evening breeze began to blow. Lee remembered the image of the long-departed Chô’s back.

“That guy, he got rid of me at last. He walked straight ahead and never looked back even once.”

When he was alone, things came into his mind that he would never have considered when they were two.

“Oh no! I forgot to tell Chô what the man’s features look like!”

Those meeting Chô at Chita must have set out already. Chô knew the mutual passwords they had to exchange with one another. However, young Chô did not know the face of the other party.

“I might not be able to catch up before he gets to Chita.”

Lee hurried and hurried.

But his feet would not advance as he wanted, and he began to feel fatigue, and his breath began to be labored.

“Where on earth am I?”

He looked around. Far away in front of him appeared something that looked like a black wall.

“Did I come to the place where I saw a forest earlier?”

But the black thing that seemed like a forest, and that appeared to be right before his nose, was much farther away than he had thought.

After all, whatever it was, it blackened and dimmed. He could not clearly distinguish it. Deep fog-like shadows surrounded him thick and fast, and he felt like he had drowned in their depths.

But, actually, he soon neared the forest and followed along its edge. The distance between Lee and the forest diminished, and did not surpass a full mile. And so, even though Lee panted because his foot inconvenienced him, he nevertheless neared the forest one step at a time.

Yet, at the same time that Lee was nearing the forest, strange shadows were approaching from the opposite side.

It was a band of twelve horsemen, and all of them wore mismatched clothing; but, of course, if they had matched, they would have been in *uniform*. They carried many old and new weapons.

This band advanced and made a type of battle formation. In it, they advanced into the center, while protecting one horseman in the middle. The horseman in the middle was a special person. Tied to the tip of his whip was a young man.

The battalion of horsemen came to the edge of the forest and stopped. The horseman in the middle advanced and left. The tied-up man was let go. His hands were still bound in back of him.

The riders all got off their horses and surrounded him. As one of the men made some kind of speech, two or three others advanced and hauled off the prisoner. They wound a hemp rope around the prisoner's neck, and while they lined up the horses and used them as a stepping stool, they hoisted him up to the tip of the fork of a high tree branch sticking out of the forest.

This operation was performed with absolute quiet and in the blink of an eye. After their work was done, they got on their horses again. And so, they vanished like the wind.

Lee could neither see nor hear anything.

Lee gradually approached.

VI

“As I thought, it's a forest.”

It was now clearly visible to Lee's eyes.

Tall trees grew lush and dense without a space, and towered like ebony in the night sky. It was not only the tree trunks that grew so thick; the thin branches stuck out in all directions without respite, and these did not just entangle with each other, but literally created the appearance of a kind of wall.

When he discovered it from afar, he supposed it was a large forest; however, it was a complete surprise to him that this region where grass and greenery could not grow might support such a thick forest.

“What kind of tree is this?”

Lee drew near from the side, and tried to touch it. However, he quickly pulled away his hand.

“Crap. It's got needles.”

Well now, should Lee go and enter this forest? And, moreover, should he spend the night here this evening? Should he avoid this forest and take the roundabout way?

Tonight also the moon did not appear. Only the stars flickered brightly. While looking up at them, Lee gave it a lot of thought, but couldn't come to a conclusion.

At this time, he complacently looked up in a glance to the wall in front of his eyes. Then, his eyes stopped at one point, and were riveted.

He changed his body position many times to look, squinted his eyes and looked, and put both his hands to the sides of his face like blinders on a horse, and peered out of this gap.

“Crap.”

What he found was indeed something odd. However much he thought about it or peered at it, it still looked human. He could only conclude that it was a human being with a strangled neck, hanging from the branch of a tall tree.

A sense of unlucky foreboding ran through his entire body.

He quickly took out a match, then a candle. Striking the match, he set flame to the candle. Then, reaching over, he lifted up the flame of the candle.

“Chô!”

Lee bellowed like an animal and chucked the candle aside.

In the midst of the sudden darkness after the candle flame was extinguished, Lee put his hands on his waist and just stood for a moment. During this time, he was looking up at the branches.

Suddenly, he dropped to the ground with a thump. He took out a small pack and set it aside, and then he took off his jacket and was now only in his undershirt. Then, he completely reversed the pockets in his jacket, and took everything out, which he transferred to his pack. After this, he furiously pounced upon this jacket, and beginning from the middle, he crisply tore it in half. Then, he tore that in half, and then again and again, he tore it furiously into smaller and smaller strips. Presently, his only jacket had been converted into fine strips.

Then he took one strip and began wrapping his right foot. He wrapped one strip after another.

After his right foot, he wrapped his left foot. When his feet were done, he next wrapped his left hand, and at last, used his mouth to wrap up his right hand.

Like a seriously injured person, both of Lee's hands and feet were wound round and round with bandages made out of his jacket.

Lee got up a second time.

As he gazed up at the tall branches, he set out to walk, and the instant he bent his waist forward slightly to look, he sprang at this tree trunk covered with spines.

He climbed up, clinging to it.

It was a more difficult job than anyone could ever imagine. His wrinkled forehead was lifted high and the sweat gathered in drops and trickled down.

Finally, Lee was able to twist himself up to where Chô was. Easily manipulating his body like an experienced sailor, he freed Chô from the rope strung around him. And then, he bound him to his own body and tackled the adventure of a descent several times more difficult than the climb up. He managed to get through this daunting task.

Chô's body was placed on the pack with the discarded jacket arranged over it.

And so, as Lee removed a bit of the bandages from his hands, he began to administer artificial respiration.

The night seemed to gradually deepen. The stars flickered brighter in the sky. Then, Chô drew his first breath.