

# 或 Qi Fu 勤

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History

Date: 11/3/08  
Story

Way back during the Qin Dynasty there was a man on a quest to kill an arch nemesis. This nemesis is known as Wang li Shen who killed Qi Fu's wife and son. Luckily Qi Fu was taught how to fight, stalk, and kill many people at one time; by Master Chu Chi. Chu Chi was once a great warrior that lived in the Himalayas that was converted to Buddhism. So after Chu Chi and Qi Fu thought training was over and it was time to kill Wang li Shen. However, Qi Fu could not kill his enemy in one day; it would take him weeks, even months. So Qi Fu first left home from the Himalayas then crossed some of the Gobi desert. After crossing the Gobi desert he then found a port at the Yellow Sea for a much faster route instead of walking all of the way.

After getting off the boat from the Yellow Sea Qi Fu crossed the Yellow River known as the Hang He. Weeks later he met up with some diggers. These diggers were from the Qin Shihuangdi, which were digging the Emperors Army. The assigned workers offered a horse and some weapons if Qi Fu would help dig for a few days, Qi Fu could not resist the offer and helped dig for a few days. The after Qi Fu got his horse and his weapons as agreed he rode off.

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Then Qi Fu had word that Wang li Shen was still heading south so Qi Fu kept moving on. So after crossing the Gobi desert, crossed the Yellow Sea, travel over the Yellow River, and help dig for the Emperors Army, for storing the terra-cotta clay soldiers, Qi Fu saw the famous wall. A Qin leader saw Qi Fu admiring the huge protective wall; the leader asked "how does the wall look," Qi Fu replied "well, except for the dead bodies in the wall," however the Qin leader never answered and Qi Fu kept moving on. Later that week Qi Fu got more information that Wang li Shen was only a day's travel away. So that night Qi Fu traded in for a new horse and slept for the night.

**Then all of a sudden Qi Fu woke up!! It was only a dream!** Qi Fu got up and arranged his weapons, settled his horse and rode off. Since Qi Fu was on a healthy horse, he made it to Wang li Shen even sooner, of where previous people had told him where Wang li Shen was. Wang li Shen was sitting by a river washing his face when Qi Fu drew back his bow it missed. A large gust of wind had come from the east moving his arrow inches away from his target. Qi Fu drew back another arrow, this time it went into Wang li Shen's leg and into the ground. Then Qi Fu shot once more, and this arrow went through Wang li Shen's other foot in the ground as well. Qi Fu quickly ran down to Wang li Shen pulled out his twenty-two inch machete (partly serrated) and decapitated Wang li Shen's head with one swipe. Qi Fu then cleaned it, and left the corpse lying there to be eaten by wild dogs or birds.

Qi Fu then remarried a beautiful wife and lived with her up in the Himalayas.

*It's a good start on a story - you probably needed another page to finish what you planned.*

*The end is abrupt, perhaps unconvincing. Character needs development - who is he? What's he like? Sounds too 2-dimensional. →*

English usage is good.

Some elements do not fit well -  
perhaps 'forced' or contrived

There is very little description 3

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Social Studies

Historical Fiction

The Story Of Two Lives

My misfortunes began when I was born. I had had a twin and I came out second, which means I was to be killed so there would be no bad luck. Chen Zhi, who was supposed to annihilate me, was too soft, and luckily decided not to kill me. He adopted me and I took on his family name. I grew up and he taught me many things. When I was eight years old I lost him to influenza. No one believed me when I tried to explain that I was Chen Zhi's son. At that point, I fell in society and had to support myself. I became a hand for hire until I had enough money and was old enough to start my own farm.

My business started well and my farm profited. I found a wife and we started a family of our own. However, for two years my farm had problems and did not prosper. A nobleman sent men to threaten my family and me if we did not join him as tenant farmers. Obviously, I had to give in. It is terrible working under this nobleman named Wang È Liè. He charged unrealistic rent and I had barely enough to keep my family alive. I could not sell enough crops to make a profit.

- what?

I had gone over this same life story of mine many times. I, Chen Bèn, had finally decided to visit Wang È Liè's home and kill him.

I would then take his place as nobleman because I looked a lot like him. I knew this, for I had seen many paintings of him, which all looked like a self-portraits to me. I slipped a knife up my sleeve and started towards his house planning to slit his throat.

- really? Is this historical?

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I was trying to understand where all this rage came from, but pushed that feeling away so I wouldn't give in.

When I arrived at his home I asked one of the servants where he was. I discovered he was meditating in the front room of the house. I slowly walked in, but he didn't notice my presence, because his eyes were closed. It was set up perfectly. I stepped behind him and released the knife from my sleeve. Suddenly, he half somersaulted into a handstand as he kicked my knife away flipping into fighting position. He looked at me and stopped. Then, I realized that he was the brother of mine that Chen Zhi had always described to me. It was my twin. All of a sudden there was an eerie silence, as if our leader Han Wudi just walked in the room. We started talking, however, we were still alert. He had never known it was me he forced to be a tenant farmer, just because I was poor and no longer had success. After we settled our misunderstandings and filled in what the other did not know, we decided my family would move in and help take on the responsibilities of a nobleman family. I don't plan on being cruel and I hope to turn Wang È Liè away from his evil ways. However, who knows, maybe I like being cruel. Maybe slavery might be fun to enforce or maybe we will release the tenants.

Good story outline, but under-developed for the task you set for yourself.  
Some historical setting is contrived/forced.  
Characters lack development. The sudden change of heart is unconvincing.  
Limited description  
Excellent English usage.

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### The Story of the Wall Worker

As Wu lian laid brick after brick he couldn't stand how much he missed his wife. The anger toward Qin Shinuangdi built up inside him, he wanted more than anything to go back to his home near the Bo Hai.

The Yellow silt from the Huang He mixing with the waters of the bay was such a beautiful sight that Wu now missed more than ever. He wanted to go back home to see his wife and two children.

"Get back to work peasant," shouted a foreman that had just witnessed Wu day dreaming on the job.

"Sorry, sir," he replied. Controlling his urge to run up and strangle the tall, muscular man. Wu kept on working.

Wu was a kind of man that when he had a job that he thought was important he did it. But, when he was told to do things that he didn't believe in, he struggled to pay attention. One of these jobs was working on the great wall.

After working on the great wall for nearly ten more hours it was getting very dark and the workers were being led to the camp. This camp was nothing like summer camps but in fact the opposite. Gloomy, dark, dirty, and disgusting is what this camp was like. Many of the men would sleep outside do to the stink. There was no way to wash yourself except for once a week. But tonight was not all bad, because it was foggy at this altitude and so dark you couldn't see a hand in front of your face. This was the night that Wu was going to escape.

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To blend in Wu did what every other man was doing, crawling into their sheet that they used for a bed. Not a very comfy one either. His plan was to escape in the middle of the night when everybody was asleep.

It was only a few minutes before all the men were snoring and oblivious to everything. Wu quietly grabbed his sack and slowly peeled the flap of the tent open, the coast was clear for him to go.

The night was foggy, but very quiet. As he crept he tried to avoid the crunchy ?? grasses. After a few hours of walking Wu took a brake, it was almost morning, but he felt he had covered a good distance. As he kept on pushing Wu kept getting slower and by now people could be tracking him. This frightened Wu, and he quickly became more alert.

Wu stopped short, he saw something out of the corner of his eye, he looked to his right and saw a man. Before Wu could react the man called and said that there were people following him and that they were looking for someone else too but it was too late, Wu lian felt a sharp pain in his back, he looked down to see an arrow sticking out of his chest. ?

The

End

*Very nice beginning, full of historical context that is relevant and interesting; inviting to the reader.*

*The end is abrupt and unconvincing; disappoints. Characters are somewhat developed.*

*You have a definite voice!*

*Good English usage. I'd guess this needed 4  
another page.*

October 22, 2008

S.S. History Fictional Story

Mr. Jones

As Chen ~~Q~~ong Zhu crouched in the shadow of the Great Wall; she waited for the footsteps of the patrol guard the pass overhead. Once they did, she crept into the light of one of the torches that lined the inside of the Wall. Just then, a group of soldiers came into view at the end of a near by street. She quickly ducked behind a pile of provisions for the army that had yet to be distributed to the individual units, and waited for the solders to leave. But after a few minutes of silence she wondered if they had gone back the way they had come. So she peeked around the side of a large crate and scanned the area for any sign of the soldiers she had seen before.

Down the street she had seen them in before she saw two of the soldiers on either side of a doorway of one of the houses. She strained her eyes trying to see better, when the rest of the soldiers came out. One, who was obviously the caption, detached from the ranks and gave the others orders. Four men then went over to each of the rest of the houses on that street and forced their way in. Dread and fear washed over her as she realized what they were doing. They're looking for me. She thought to her self. She knew that if she was going to escape she had to do it now while the soldiers were not only preoccupied, but they were also split up.

Silently she slipped out of behind the pile and took a few steps into the open, and then she stopped and returned to the supplies. She hesitated, and then thought to herself, there probably going to kill me anyway so I mind as well. So she took a little of everything; some beans, rice, dried meat and even a canteen. She put all of this in a ~~bur~~ sack, which she had found in a small box at her feet. After she was done she

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checked to make sure that none of the soldiers had come back yet, none had. It's almost too easy...almost. She knew she still had a long way to go.

*explain?*  
A few miles of going east along the Great Wall she found what she found what she was looking for, a breach in the Great Wall. It was small only a doorway that let a few privileged people to pass to the other side, to give the workers food and water. The door was always locked, but luckily she was one of the privileged few who had a key. It had previously been her job to give the workers water. But before she passed to the other side she need to go to the near by stable. After she snuck in to where they kept the horses, she coaxed one out and led it over to the well where she filled her canteen and gave the horse some water. Then she went to the doorstep and placed a pouch of coins there as payment.

*no time!*  
Once she was on the other side of the Great Wall she mounted the horse and began to continue east. Even though she knew she didn't have to worry about soldiers this far down the Great Wall, because it was still under construction, she was still very cautious of the land around her. It was late mourning when she finally stopped to rest. After starting her escape at around ~~10:00~~ the night before she hadn't stopped, other then to hide for a brief moment. She was exhausted but she still couldn't sleep. She sat leaning against a tree while her horse grassed nearby, and she thought of all the things that had happened in the days earlier. Her mind jumped from memory to memory each filling her with a new fear.  
*what memories?*

Her monthly trips back and forth between the Xiongu and the Qin, reporting information about the Great Wall, the Qin army and any other important fact that she

could give the Xiongu leaders. The anger of the Xiongu when she told them that some one was figuring out her secret.

???

She shook her self from the grip of the horrifying memories. It was about noon by now and she was some where near the edge of the Gobi, where the Xiongu resided and also near the border of the Qin's land. Her only hope was to make it to the ocean and go to Japan, Taiwan or Korea where she could start over. *How?*

*check your map...*

It was dark by the time she came pone a small village nestled in the countryside. She didn't think that news of her could have gotten here faster then had, but she would keep close to the edge of the town just in case. She found a small inn where she had a hot meal and a worm bed so she could think about her plan in depth. But all she could think about was how she was alone and lost in the world with no home or place to call her own. The thought filled her with despair even thought she had never had a real family of her own, but she had had people who needed her and depended on her. It gave her a reason to keep on leaving, as a normal person would appear to. Now she would always live in fear and could only hope to get a chance to start over and live a normal life.

*very nice writing!*

*There's some excellent characterization here. The history, though not there in great quantity, is fairly well employed (despite some anachronisms).*

*There are some problems with clarity - you probably needed another page or so to pull this off effectively. Work towards dénouement. The typos are... funny. " Be more careful. Ambiguous ending may be a "deal-breaker" for the reader - at least tell my why she wants to escape.*

*84  
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