

# The Radish Night



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Winter is coming, and it's getting dark early. One evening, Mohei of the tea house was hurriedly climbing up the mountain road. He carried a large basket with three large radishes in it. Mohei walked especially fast as the wind was cold and he was really hungry. As he panted, he heard a strange sound when he turned across the mountain road:

"I'll go there and buy some bean paste. I'll go there and buy some bean paste."

A low voice was coming from the forest beside. Mohei was taken aback and he stopped. Then in the dimness, he saw a large animal with a headscarf and a basket, walking slowly towards this side.



"Hi!" Mohei greeted the animal. "Where to go?"

The dark animal glanced at Mohei with small eyes and said, "Go shopping. Get some bean paste there." The animal was fat and had a pointed mouth, and Mohei recognized it at a glance. (haha, it's a boar!)

But Mohei felt strange. He resisted with a smile and asked, "What do boars buy bean sauce?" The boar breasts replied, "Eat radish dipping sauce, of course! Tonight, is the radish night."

"Night of Sauce with Radish?"

"Yes. It is the day when all the wild boars on the mountain come together to eat radishes and sauces. Yeah, don't you guys often do this too? Like 'Mozart's Night' and 'Folk Dance Night', is the same thing. It's a party that burns a large pot of radish and eats while whispering hot air. "

"That's it." Mohei nodded. The wild boar glanced at the basket and said, "The radishes look so good."

"Ah, just pulled out of the field. Our shop is about to start making radish pickles."

The wild boar the hesitated and said, "Well ... can you give us one? That's the case, I just found that the radish is less prepared. Count me in total, five friends are coming. "

Haha, Mohei nodded. It's just one radish, he could do that.

"If you give us one, you are invited as a guest tonight."

"Is that so?" Mohei got excited, "Where is the meeting place?"

The boar jumped to Mohei's side and told him quietly:

"It's my turn to host this year. My house is right next to the gazebo. Climbing up from here, there's a bamboo forest next to it. There's a narrow pathway covered with leaves, go straight ahead, and in the end, is my home. It is a small thatched house, maybe not easy to find. So, let me hang a sign at the door tonight! "

Mohei nodded again. Then he picked one of the thickest and best radish from his basket and put it in the wild boar's basket.

"I'll be here in the evening. I'll bring you some boiled bean paste by the way! Do you prefer the yuzu bean paste? Sesame bean paste? Or walnut bean paste?"

The boar jumped with joy: "Walnut Bean Paste!"

Then the wild boar hurriedly climbed up the mountain and disappeared into the darkness in a blink of an eye.





That night, Mohei went out excitedly holding a small jar filled with walnut bean paste.

With the light of the flashlight, Mohei was walking on the dark mountain road. Climbing up the mountain road, to the observation deck, then the path in the bamboo forest. This was not a path for humans, but a path that only animals can pass through and barely discern. Climbing along this road, a lonely house appeared. It was indeed a thatched house. A sign hung at the door: Qiancao Mountain's Boar.

"This is it; this is it."

Mohei breathed a sigh of relief and greeted loudly, "Good evening!"

"Coming!" says the cheerful sound of the boar. The door opened suddenly, and then the black face of the boar sprang out.

"You are here! Ah, please come in."

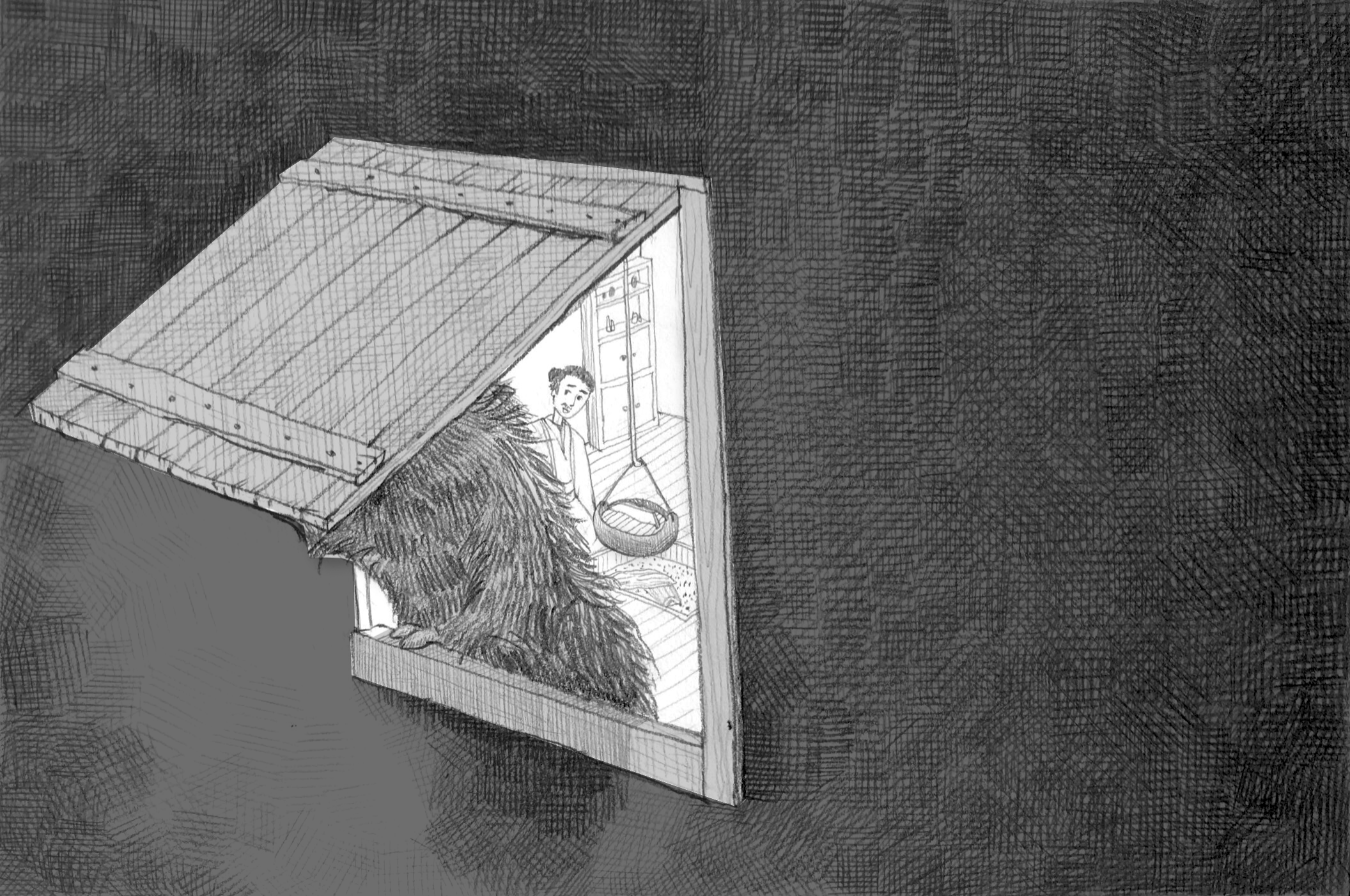
A small kerosene lamp lit up the boar's house. Right in the middle was a large earth stove with a large iron pot hanging from it. The fire was burning, steaming from the black pot. The boar invited Mohei to sit on the seat, full of excitement, while rubbing his hands, saluting over and over again:

"Thank you very much for coming. Now that the radishes have been cooked. This is the walnut bean paste you said, right?" The boar respectfully pointed at the jar.

Mohei nodded and opened the lid: "Yeah, this is our proud walnut bean paste."

The boar couldn't wait to pick up the sauce jar. It held the jar and sang, "That's great! That's great!" It danced around the room with joy. And while jumping, the boar opened the windows one by one. Only then did Mohei notice that there were three windows in the room. Because the boar even opened the door, all sides of the house were opened, and the cold wind blew in. After a while, the house became as cold as the wilderness.





"Hey, isn't it cold?"

The boar suddenly changed to a serious face: "Please bear a little bit. I opened the window to invite guests." After that, he ran to the south window and folded his hands into a trumpet shape, shouted in a loud voice: "The boar of Crescent Mountain-ready to go-"

Then, it closed the south window, and this time ran to the west window and yelled: "The boar in the dusk mountains-ready!" Then, it closed the west window and moved it in front of the north door: "The boar of Kita Mori-we are ready!" Then, he stuck his head out of the east window and shouted: "The boar of Sunrise Mountain-ready to go-"

Finally, the boar closed the east window, ran to the hearth, rubbed his hands and said, "Ah-so cold, so cold, so cold, it's hard to call a friend!" Mohei looked at all this, He said in surprise: "Call friends from a considerable distance!"

The boar nodded proudly and said, "The boar runs fast only in the dark night. Moreover, we all have a headscarf. If we use a headscarf to cover our heads, then from that mountain It's just a blink of an eye to get to this mountain. Look, who has arrived! "

The boar looked at the door. The door was suddenly opened, and a large boar with a white turban on its head stood there.

"Good evening, I'm boar from Crescent Mountain." The visitor muttered in a muffled voice. The host invited the guest into the room. A moment later, another knock came, and another guest arrived.

"Good evening, I'm boar from Sunrise Mountain." He walked in slowly. There are already three guests. But the other two didn't show up.

"Why so late? What's wrong with Mount Beisen and Dushan?" Said the wild boar of Sunrise Mountain while putting his hands near the hearth. The wild boar of Qiancaoshan prepared plates and chopsticks and said, "Did they catch a cold?" The wild boar at Crescent Mountain took off the turban around his head and said, "Did they not be absent last year or the previous year?"

It seems that the wild boars of Kita Mori and Dusk Mountain are not coming. So, "Spicy Radish Night" finally started.



They sat around the square hearth. "Come on, let's eat. There is delicious walnut bean paste tonight."

At this moment, Mohei coughed deliberately, and then the wild boar of Qiancaoshan finally remembered it and introduced Mohei to other wild boars: "This is Mohei from the Tea House. Tonight, he gave us a great radish and walnut bean sauce." Mohei bowed slightly, and the boar visitors said in unison: "Thanks, thanks."

The white steam came out of the large pot. "Come, let's eat." Before the words fell, the wild boars of Crescent Mountain and Sunrise Mountain picked up chopsticks with excitement. Mohei also picked up chopsticks and picked a piece of radish from the pot. He was taken aback. The radish was too thick, almost like a stump.

"It's too big to eat!" The crescent mountain boar next to him showed a disdainful look, and said, "It's not big. If you don't cut it so big, it won't emit so much steam. "Steam?" "Yes, steam. The most important thing of radish night is the steam."





"Is that so?" Mohei carefully scooped into the pot. Not to mention, it's really hot. Is it because the fire is too strong? Or is it because the pot is so big? The steam kept coming out, white and thick, he couldn't even see the face of the wild boar sitting opposite. The boar of Crescent Mountain proudly continued:

"Mohei, the sauce and radish made by the boars is not ordinary. The steam is wonderful. If you stare at it, your heart will warm up. You will forget all the sad and troublesome things. Because of this, we make radishes. "





"Yeah, yeah." Qiancaoshan boar said, "The year before, my wife died, and I was so sad that I couldn't even sleep. I locked myself at home all day. Later, friends came and cooked me a large pot of radish. I stared at the steam and saw a white bird flying up in the heat. The bird was white and big, I felt like it was the soul of my dead wife! The white bird opened its wings, flying gently, and she said to me: "Don't be sad anymore, eat, and sleep well". "Okay, I will", I say to the bird. Then she flew into the sky, no, the ceiling, and disappeared. Since then, I have cheered up again, I have slept at night, and I can eat. "

The boar added walnut bean paste on the radish and ate it with a big bite.



"Ah....."

Mohei was touched. He stared at the steam of sauce and radish. He thought, maybe he would see something ... At this time, the sunrise mountain boar next to him said softly:

"Did you see the white flowers?"

Mohei narrowed his eyes and stared intently ... ah, really, a big lily bloomed in the heat!

The white lily is shaking, it is a warm, fresh and dreamy flower. Keeping staring at it, Mohei heard the sound of water in the valley, heard the sound of mountain doves, and even a faint scent of lilies.

"It's fantastic, my mood is getting warmer." Mohei muttered.

"Is it? As soon as I see it, my heart is full of fantasy." The wild boar of Sunrise Mountain said, "As soon as I see the lily, I think of the root of the lily."

"Me too," said Qiancaoshan boar.

"I also think of the root of the lily." Said the wild boar at Crescent Mountain. Then the three boars said in unison:

"That's delicious!"

After that, the three wild boars stared at the lilies in the steam, and the boar of Sunrise Mountain opened its mouth first: "But it is the flower that blooming on a cliff! It is too dangerous, that's why my heart is full of fantasies and my mouth is drooling! "



With a regret looks on the face of the sunrise boar, he ate the radish with a big mouth. The Crescent Moon Boar has been eating only walnut bean paste, it licked around its mouth and said: "But can you see clouds on the lilies?"

"Clouds?"

Sunrise mountain wild boar leaned out, and Qiancaoshan boar also leaned out:

"Clouds ..."

Mohei also stared at the heat intently.

So ... Ah, really! He saw the cloud!

It was the white clouds floating on the cliffs of the summer mountains.

"How good ..." Mohei muttered in unison with the three boars.

"If your body can become lighter and float in the sky like a cloud, what kind of feeling should it be?"

"That would be terrific!"

"This is better than running on the mountain with a headband wrapped around my head."

"Ah, right! Running after the white full moon on the mountain at dusk, that's great too!"

"As soon as I remembered it, the last time I ran in the mountains, I was followed by a large group of white butterflies."





While saying this, the Crescent Mountain Boar grabbed a large radish. Unexpectedly, the steam moved, and a group of white butterflies appeared in the steam. The lilies and the clouds were gone, and the white butterflies on the pot fluttered like flowers. Seeing the other boars nodding, the Crescent Mountain Boar narrowed its eyes again and continued to say:

"It's spring. The more I run, the more butterflies there are behind me, and I'm almost surrounded. I can't open my eyes, I can't open my mouth either, or I can't even run in the end. Seeing me lay down on the ground, the butterfly laughed. "

"What? The butterfly laughed?"

"Yes, laughed."

"Hey, what kind of voice was that?"

"Sounds like little bells. A lot of bells and tinkles. That sound was so beautiful, I closed my eyes."

As a result, Mohei and the two other boars also closed their eyes. What's going on? Butterflies laughed in the steam.

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle ...

Is it a bit like the sound of small glass balls colliding? Or the sound of falling stars?

"Sounds so good." Mohei said. The three wild boars also said together: "Sounds so good."



This time, it was the turn of the Sunrise Boar:

"Not long ago, when I was running on the mountain, there was a gust of wind behind me. It was snowing, and the snowflakes were dancing in the wind. It was really like a group of white butterflies."

Everyone nodded again and again with their eyes closed. Then they opened their eyes and saw a snowstorm in the steam.

"I wrapped my head in a turban and ran in the snowstorm, not to mention how good it was! The wind was blowing, the snow was drifting, and I kept running and running, from Sunrise Mountain to Beisen Mountain, even my body turned white! When I arrived in Beisen, I looked like another boar! "

Everyone nodded together.

At this point, it was getting a bit cold.

"Is it snowing?" Qiancaoshan boar stood up, opening the eastern window and looking at it. Sure enough, white pieces were falling outside the window.

"This is the first snow!"

The boars said. At this time, Mohei has been stunned. The snow accumulated on the dark mountain is so quiet and beautiful ...



"Then, would you like something to fill your stomach?" The Qiancaoshan boar said cheerfully.

Only then did Mohei find that the pot was empty. Walnut bean paste was also consumed.

Qiancaoshan boar packed up the big pot and took out four rice cakes from a cabinet in the corner of the house. The rice cakes were as big as a postcard. They roasted it on the open fire, and ordered some seaweed, soy flour and sesame and ate it. With only one piece of rice cake, the stomach is full.

"Mohei, will you stay here tonight?" Qiancaoshan wild boar said.

"Stay here, stay here." The Crescent mountain boar also cheered.

"It's cold and snowy outside." Sunrise mountain wild boar also said.

Everyone seems to be preparing to stay here tonight. However, Mohei cares about his family and said, "Thank you, I'll go home tonight."

Qiancaoshan boar lent Mohei his headscarf: "Then you can use it."

Mohei was startled: "Such an important turban ..."

"Qiancaoshan boar" said, "No worries, please return it to me tomorrow. Wrap your head with it, and you will be warm."

"Thank you so much, then I will use it.", said Mohei.





Mohei tied the boar's headscarf with a tight knot under his chin, and walked out of the house. The wind was blowing, and snow was flying in front of his eyes. Mohei turned on the flashlight, and the snowflakes really look like a bunch of white butterflies under the light. Mohei tried to run on the snowy trail. The dwarf bamboo rustled, and he felt like a black beast in the darkness. He felt his legs were much lighter and faster than usual.

(Is it because I wrapped my head, or because I ate that big rice cake?)

Thinking like this, Mohei ran back to his home in one breath.



Metalpoint: Little wonders

