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A Concise Chinese-English  
Dictionary for Lovers

*A Novel*

Xiaolu Guo



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A Concise Chinese-English Dictionary *for Lovers*

A Novel

*Xiaolu Guo*



Anchor Books  
A Division of Random House, Inc.  
New York

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*For the man who lost my manuscript in Copenhagen airport, and knows how a woman lost her language.*

*Nothing in this book is true, except for the love between her and him.*

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Sorry of my english

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*Before*

**prologue** ('prəʊ.lɒg) *n.* **1.** an introductory section or screen in a book, play, or musical work; **2.** an event or action leading to another.

## prologue

Now.

Beijing time 12 clock midnight.

London time 5 clock afternoon.

But I at neither time zone. I on airplane. Sitting on 25,000 km above to earth and trying remember all English I learning in school.

I not met you yet. You in future.

Looking outside the massive sky. Thinking air staffs need to set a special time-zone for long-distance airplanes, or passengers like me very confusing about time. When a body floating in air, which country she belonging to?

People's Republic of China passport bending in my pocket.

---

Passport type **P**

Passport No. **G00350124**

Name in full **Zhuang Xiao Qiao**

Sex **Female**

Date of birth **23 JULY 1979**

Place of birth **Zhe Jiang, P. R. China**

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I worry bending passport bring trouble to immigration officer, he might doubting passport is fake and refusing me into the UK, even with noble word on the page:

*The Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the People's Republic of China requests all civil and military authorities of foreign countries to allow the bearer of this passport to pass freely and afford assistance in case of need.*

China further and further, disappearing behind clouds. Below is ocean. I from desert town. Is the first time my life I see sea. It look like a dream.

As I far away from China, I asking me why I coming to West. Why I must to study English like parents wish? Why I must to get diploma from West? I not knowing what I needing. Sometimes I not even caring what I needing. I not caring if I speaking English or not. Mother only speaking in village dialect and even not speaking official Mandarin, but she becoming rich with my father, from making shoes in our little town. Life OK. Why they want changing my life?

And how I living in strange country West alone? I never been to West. Only Western I seeing in man working in Beijing British Embassy behind tiny window. He stamp visa on brand new passport.

What else I knowing about West? American TV series dubbing into Chinese, showing us big house in suburb, wife by window cooking and car arriving in front house. Husband back work. Husband say Honey I home, then little childrens running to him, see if he bringing gift.

But that not my life. That nothing to do with my life. I not having life in West. I not having home in West. I scared.

I no speaking English.

I fearing future.

**alien** ('eɪ.li.ən) *adj.* **1.** foreign; **2.** repugnant (to); **3.** from another world—*n.* **1.** foreigner  
**2.** being from another world.

## alien

Is unbelievably, I arriving London, “Heathrow Airport.” Every single name very difficult remembering, because just not “London Airport” simple way like we simple way call “Beijing Airport.” Everything very confuse way here, passengers is separating in two queues.

Sign in front of queue say: ALIEN and NON ALIEN.

I am alien, like Hollywood film *Alien*, I live in another planet, with funny looking and strange language.

I standing in most longly and slowly queue with all aliens waiting for visa checking. I feel little criminal but I doing nothing wrong so far. My English so bad. How to do?

In my text book I study back China, it says English peoples talk like this:

“How are you?”

“I am very well. How are you?”

“I am very well.”

Question and answer exactly the same!

---

Old saying in China: “Birds have their bird language, beasts have their beast talk (鸟有鸟语,兽有兽言)”. English they totally another species.

Immigration officer holding my passport behind his counter, my heart hanging on high sky. Finally he stamping on my visa. My heart touching down like air plane. Ah. Wo. Ho. Ha. Picking up my luggage, now I a legal foreigner. Because legal foreigner from Communism region, I must re-educate, must match this capitalism freedom and Western democracy.

All I know is: I not understanding what people say to me at all. From now on, I go with *Concise Chinese–English Dictionary* at all times. It is red cover, look just like *Little Red Book*. I carry it as most important book, even go to the toilet, in case I not knowing the words for some advanced machine and need checking out in dictionary. Dictionary is most important thing from China. *Concise* meaning simple and clean.

**hostel** ('hɒs.təl) *n.* a building providing accommodation at a low cost for a specific group of people such as students, travellers, homeless people, etc.

## hostel

First night in “hostel.” Little *Concise Chinese–English Dictionary* hostel explaining: a place for “people such as students, travellers and homeless people” to stay. Sometimes my dictionary absolutely right. I am student and I am homeless looking for place to stay. How they knowing my situation *precisely*?

Thousands of additional words and phrases reflect scientific and technological innovations, as well as changes in politics, culture, and society. In particular, many new words and expressions as well as new usages and meanings which have entered the Chinese language as a result of China’s open-door policy over the last decade have been included in the Chinese–English section of the dictionary.

That is sentence in *Preface*. All sentence in preface long like this, very in-understandable. But I must learning this stylish English because it high-standard English from authority. Is parents’ command on me: studying how speak and write English in England, then coming back China, leaving job in government work unit and making lots money for their shoes factory by big international business relations. Parents belief their life is dog’s life, but with money they save from last several years, make better life through Western education.

Anyway, *hostel* called “Nuttington House” in Brown Street, nearby Edward Road and Baker Street. I write all the names careful in notebook. No lost. Brown Street seem really brown with brick building everywhere. Prison looking. Sixteen pounds for per bed per day. With sixteen pounds, I live in to hotel in China with private bathroom. Now I must learn counting the money and being mean to myself and others.

First night in England is headache.

Pulling large man-made-in-China-suitcase into *hostel*, second wheel fall off by time I open the

door. (First wheel already fall off when I get suitcase from airport's luggage bell.) Is typical suitcase produced by any factory in Wen Zhou, my hometown. My hometown China's biggest home-product industry town, our government says. Coat hangers, plastic washbasins, clothes, leather belts and nearly-leather bags, computer components etc, we make there. Every family in my town is factory. Big factories export their products to everywhere in the world, just like my parents get order from Japan, Singapore and Israel. But anyway, one over-the-sea trip and I lost all the wheels. I swear never buy any products made from home town again.

Standing middle of the room, I feeling strange. This is *The West*. By window, there hanging old red curtain with holes. Under feet, old blood-red carpet has suspicions dirty spots. Beddings, the covering by old red blanket too. Everything is dirty blood red.

Room smelling old, rotten. Suddenly my body feeling old too. "English people respect history, not like us," teachers say to us in schools. Is true. In China now, all buildings is no more than ten years old and they already old enough to be demolished.

With my enormous curiosity, walking down to the night street. First night I away home in more than entirely twenty-three years life, everything scare me. Is cold, late winter. Windy and chilli. I feeling I can die for all kinds of situation in every second. No safety in this country, I think unsafe feeling come from I knowing nothing about this country. I scared I in a big danger.

I scared by cars because they seems coming from any possible directing. I scared by long hair black man passing because I think he beating me up just like in films. I scared by a dog. Actually chained with old lady but I thinking dog maybe have mad-dog-illness and it suddenly bite me and then I in hospital then I have no money to pay and then I sent back to China.

Walking around like a ghost, I see two rough mans in corner suspiciously smoke and exchange something. Ill-legal, I have to run—maybe they desperate drug addicts robbing my money. Even when I see a beggar sleeping in a sleep bag I am scared. Eyes wide open in darkness staring at me like an angry cat. What he doing here? I am taught everybody in West has social security and medical insurance, so, why he needs begging?

I going back quickly to Nuttington House. Red old carpet, red old curtain, red old blanket. Better switch off light.

Night long and lonely, staying nervously in tacky room. London should be like emperor's city. But I cannot feel it. Noise coming from other room. Laughing in drunkenly way. Upstairs TV news speaking in intensely nonsense. Often the man shouting like mad in the street. I worry. I worry I getting lost and nobody in China can find me anymore. How I finding important places including Buckingham Palace or Big Stupid Clock? I looking everywhere but not seeing big posters of David Beckham, Spice Girls or President Margaret Thatcher. In China we hanging them everywhere. English person not respect their heroes or what?

No sleeping. Switching on the light again. Everything turning red. Bloody new world. I study little red dictionary. English words made only from twenty-six characters? Are English a bit lazy or what? We have fifty thousand characters in Chinese.

Starting at page one:

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## A

- Abacus: (meaning a wooden machine used for counting)  
Abandon: (meaning to leave or throw away)  
Abashed: (meaning to feel embarrassed or regretful)  
Abattoir: (meaning a place to kill the animals)  
Abbess: (meaning the boss of woman monk's house)  
Abbey: (meaning a temple)  
Abbot: (meaning the boss of a temple)  
Abbreviate: (meaning to write a word quickly)  
Abduct: (meaning to tie somebody up and take away to somewhere)

Words becoming blurred and no meaning. The first night I falling into darkness with the jet-lag tiredness.

### 1. Builder's Super Platter:

double egg, beans, bacon, sausage, bubble, mushroom, tomato, 2 toast, tea or coffee included.

### 2. Vegetarian Breakfast:

double egg, bubble, mushroom, beans, veggie sausage, hash browns, tea or coffee included.

## full english breakfast

"Talk doesn't cook rice," say Chinese. Only thing I care in life is eating. And I learning English by food first, of course. Is most practical way.

Getting up early, I have free *Full English Breakfast* from my *hostel*. English so proud they not just say *hotel*, they say *Bed and Breakfast*, because breakfast so importantly to English situation. Even say "B and B" everyone know what thinking about. Breakfast more important than Bed.

I never seeing a *breakfast* like that. Is big lunch for construction worker! I not believe even morning, my *hostel* offering everybody this meal, lasting three hours, from 7 clock to 10 clock. Food like messy scrambled eggs, very salty bacons, burned bread, very thick milk, sweet bean in orange sauce, coffee, tea, milk, juice. Church or temple should be like this, giving the generosity to normal people. But 8:30 in the morning I refuse accepting two oily sausage, whatever it made by pork or beef and vegetables, is just too fat for a little Chinese.

What is this "baked beans"? White colour beans, in orange sticky sweet sauce. I see some baked bean tins in shop when I arrive to London yesterday. Tin food is very expensive to China. Also we not knowing how to open it. So I never ever try tin food. Here, right in front of me, this baked beans must be very expensive. Delicacy is baked beans. Only problem is, tastes like somebody put beans in



mouth but spit out and back into plate.

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Sitting on breakfast table, my belly is never so full. Still two pieces of bread and several “baked tomatoes” on my plate. I can’t chew more. Feeling guilty and wasteful, I take out little *Concise Chinese-English Dictionary* from my pocket, start studying English. My language school not starting yet, so I have to learn by myself first. Old Chinese saying: “the stupid bird should fly first before other birds start to fly” (笨鸟先飞).

When I am studying the word *Accommodate*, woman come clean table, and tell me I must leave. She must hate me that I eat too much food here. But not my fault.

First morning, I steal white coffee cup from table. Second morning, I steal glass. So now in my room I can have tea or water. After breakfast I steal breads and boiled eggs for lunch, so I don't need spending extra money on food. I even saving bacon for supper. So I saving bit money from my parents and using for cinema or buying books.

Illegal. I know. Only in this country three days and I already become thief. I never steal piece of paper in own country. Now I studying hard on English, soon I stealing their language too.

Nobody know my name here. Even they read the spelling of my name: *Zhuang Xiao Qiao*, they have no idea how saying it. When they see my name starts from “Z,” stop trying. I unpronounceable Ms. Z.

First three days in this country, wherever I walk, the voice from my parents echo my ears:

“No talking strangers.”

“No talking where you live.”

“No talking how much money you have.”

“And most important thing: no trusting anybody.”

That my past life. Life before in China. The warns speaking in my mother’s harsh local dialect, of course, translation into English by *Concise Chinese-English Dictionary*.

**proper** ('prɒp.ə) *adj.* **1.** real or genuine; **2.** suited to a particular purpose; **3.** correct behaviour; excessively moral.

**properly** ('prɒp.əl.i) *adv.* **1.** in a proper way; **2.** in the precise sense.

## properly

Today my first time taking taxi. How I find important place with bus and tube? Is impossibility. Tube map is like plate of noodles. Bus route is in-understandable. In my home town everyone take cheap taxi, but in London is very expensive and taxi is like the Loyal family look down to me.

Driver say: “Please shut the door properly!”

I already shut the door, but taxi don't moving.

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Driver shout me again: "Shut the door properly!" in a *concisely* manner.

I am bit scared. I not understanding what is this "properly."

"I beg your pardon?" I ask. "What is *properly*?"

"Shut the door properly!" Taxi driver turns around his big head and neck nearly break because anger.

"But what is 'properly,' Sir?" I so frightened that I not daring ask it once more again.

Driver coming out from taxi, and walking to door. I think he going kill me.

He opens door again, smashing it back to me hardly.

"Properly!" he shout.

Later, I go in bookshop and check "properly" in *Collins English Dictionary* ("THE AUTHORITY OF CURRENT ENGLISH"). *Properly* means "correct behaviour." I think of my behaviour with the taxi driver ten minutes ago. Why incorrect? I go to counter buy little *Collins* for my pocket.

My small *Concise Chinese-English Dictionary* not having "properly" meaning. In China we never think of "correct behaviour" because every behaviour correct.

I want write these newly learned words everyday, make my own dictionary. So I learn English fast. I write down here and now, in every second and every minute when I hear a new noise from an English's mouth.

**fog** (~~fbg~~) *n.* a mass of condensed water vapour in the lower air, often greatly reducing visibility.

## fog

"London is the Capital of fog." It saying in middle school textbook. We studying chapter from Charles Dickens's novel *Foggy City Orphan*. Everybody know Oliver Twist living in city with bad fog. Is very popular novel in China.

As soon as I arriving London, I look around the sky but no any fogs. "Excuse me, where I seeing the fogs?" I ask policeman in street.

"Sorry?" he says.

"I waiting two days already, but no fogs," I say.

He just look at me, he must no understanding of my English.

When I return Nuttington House from my tourism visiting, reception lady tell me: “Very cool today, isn’t it?” But why she tell me? I know this information, and now is too late, because I finish my tourism visiting, and I wet and freezing.

Today I reading not allowed to stay more than one week in hostel. I not understanding hostel policy. “Money can buy everything in capitalism country” we told in China. My parents always saying if you have money you can make the devil push your grind stone.

But here you not staying even if you pay. My parents wrong.

I checking all cheap flats on LOOT in Zone 1 and 2 of London and ringing agents. All agents sound like from Arabic countries and all called Ali. Their English no good too. One Ali charges Marble Arch area; one Ali charges Baker Street area. But I meet different Alis at Oxford Circus tube station, and see those houses. I dare not to move in. Places dirty and dim and smelly. How I live there?

London, by appearance, so noble, respectable, but when I follow these Alis, I find London a refugee camp.

**beginner** (bɪˈɡɪn.ə) *n.* a person who has just started learning to do something.

## beginner

Holborn. First day studying my language school. Very very frustrating.

“My name is Margaret Wilkinson, but please call me Margaret,” my grammar teach tells in front of blackboard. But I must give respect, not just call Margaret. I will call Mrs. Margaret.

“What is grammar? Grammar is the study of the mechanics and dynamics of language,” Mrs. Margaret says in the classroom.

I not understanding what she saying. Mrs. Margaret have a neatly cut pale blonde hair, with very serious clothes. Top and her bottom always same colour. She not telling her age, but I guessing she from 31 to 56. She wearing womans style shoes, high heel black leather, very possible her shoes all made in home town Wen Zhou, by my parents. She should know it, one day I tell her. So she not so proud in front of us.

Chinese, we not having grammar. We saying things simple way. No verb-change usage, no tense differences, no gender changes. We bosses of our language. But, English language is boss of English user.

Mrs. Margaret teaching us about nouns. I discovering English is very scientific. She saying nouns have two types—countable and uncountable.

“You can say *a car*, but not *a rice*,” she says. But to me, *cars* are really uncountable in the street and we can count the *rice* if we pay great attention to a rice bowl.

Mrs. Margaret also explaining nouns is plural and singular.

“Jeans are pairs,” she says. But, everybody know jeans or trousers always one thing, you can’t wear many jeans or plural trouser. Four years old baby know that. Why waste ink adding “s”? She also saying nouns is three different gender: masculine, feminine, and neuter.

“A table is neuter,” she says.

But, who cares a table is neuter? Everything English so scientific and problematic. Unlucky for me because my science always very bad in school, and I never understanding mathematics. First day already know I am *loser*.

After lunch breaking, Mrs. Margaret introducing us little about verbs. Verb is just crazy. Verb has verbs, verb-ed and verb-ing. And verbs has three types of mood too: indicative, imperative, subjunctive. Why so moody? “Don’t be too frustrated. You will all soon be speaking the Queen’s English.” Mrs. Margaret smiles to me.

**pronoun** (*ˈprɒ.naʊn*) *n.* a word, such as *she* or *it*, used to replace a noun.

## pronoun

First week in language school, I speaking like this:

“Who is her name?”

“It costing I three pounds buying this disgusting sandwich.”

“Sally telling I that her just having coffee.”

“Me having fried rice today.”

“Me watching TV when me in China.”

“Our should do things together with the people.”

Always the same, the people laughing as long as I open my mouth.

“Ms. Zh-u-ang, you have to learn when to use *I* as the subject, and when to use *me* as the object!”

Mrs. Margaret speaking Queen’s English to me.

So *I* have two *me* s? According to Mrs. Margaret, one is subject *I* one is object *I*? But I only one. Unless Mrs. Margaret talking about incarnation or after life.

She also telling me I disorder when speaking English. Chinese we starting sentence from concept *time* or *place*. Order like this:

*Last autumn on the Great Wall we eat barbecue.*

So time and space always bigger than little human in our country. Is not like order in English.

sentence, “I,” or “Jake” or “Mary” by front of everything, supposing be most important thing to who sentence.

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English a sexist language. In Chinese no “gender definition” in sentence. For example, Mrs. Margaret says these in class:

“Everyone must do *his* best.”

“If a pupil can’t attend the class, he should let *his* teacher know.”

“We need to vote for a *chairman* for the student union.”

Always talking about mans, no womans!

Mrs. Margaret later telling verb most difficult thing for our oriental people. Is not only “difficult” is “impossibility”! I not understanding why verb can always changing.

One day I find a poetry by William Shakespeare on school’s library shelf. I studying hard. I even not stopping for lunch. I open little *Concise Dictionary* more forty times checking new words. After looking some Shakespeare poetry, I will can return back my China home, teaching everyone about Shakespeare. Even my father know Shakespeare big dude, because our in our local government evening classes they telling everyones Shakespeare most famous person from Britain.

One thing, even Shakespeare write bad English. For example, he says “*Where go thou?*” If I speak like that Mrs. Margaret will tell me wrongly. Also I finding poem of him call “An Outcry Upon Opportunity”:

*’Tis thou that execut’st the traitor’s treason;*

*Thou sett’st the wolf where he the lamb may get*

I not understanding at all. What this “’tis,” “*execut’st*” and “*sett’st*”? Shakespeare can writing that my spelling not too bad then.

After grammar class, I sit on bus and have deep thought about my new language. Person as dominant subject, is main thing in an English sentence. Does it mean West culture respecting individuals more? In China, you open daily newspaper, title on top is “OUR HISTORY DECIDE IT IS TIME TO GET RICH” or “THE GREAT COMMUNIST PARTY HAVE THIRD MEETING ” or “THE 2008 OLYMPICS NEED CITIZENS PLANT MORE GREENS.” Look, no subjects here are mans or womans. Maybe Chinese too shaming putting their name first, because that not modest way to be.

**slogan** ('sləʊ.gən) *n.* a catchword or phrase used in politics or advertising.

## slogan

I go in bookshop buy the English version of *Little Red Book*. Not easy read but very useful argue with

English using Chairman Mao *slogans*. English version is without translator name on cover. Yes, my second name can be shared on Mao's work. Chairman Mao

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**has inherited, defended and developed Marxism-Leninism with genius, creatively and comprehensively, and has brought it to a higher and completely new stage.**

The English translators of this book, they are like feather compare with Tai Mountain.

In West, Mao's words work for me, though they not work in China now. Example, today big confusion in streets. Everywhere people marching to say no to war in Iraq.

“No war for oil!”

“Listen to your people!”

The demon-strators from everywhere in Britain, socialists, Communists, teachers, students, housewives, labour workers, Muslim womans covered under the scarf with their children...They marching to the Hyde park. I am in march because I not finding way to hostel. So no choice except following. I search Chinese faces in the march team. Very few. Maybe they busy and desperately earning money in those Chinese Takeaways.

People in march seems really happy. Many smiles. They feel happy in sunshine. Like having weekend family picnic. When finish everyone rush drink beers in pubs and ladies gather in tea house to rub their sore foots.

Can this kind of demon-stration stop war?

From Mao's little red book, I learning in school:

**A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay, or painting a picture, or doing embroidery; it cannot be so refined, so leisurely and gentle, so temperate, kind, courteous, restrained and magnanimous. A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence with which one class overthrows another.**

Probably Communist love war more than anybody. From Mao's opinion, war able be “Just” although it is bloody. (But blood happen everyday anyway...) He say:

**Oppose unjust war with just war, whenever possible.**

So if people here want to against war in Iraq, they needing have civil war with their Tony Blair here or their Bush. If more people bleeding in native country, then those mens not making war in other place.

**weather** (*'weð.ə'*) *n.* the state of the atmosphere at a place and time in terms of temperature, wind, rain, etc.—*v.* (cause to) be affected by the weather; come safely through.

# weather

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Carrying meat ball and pork slice from supermarket, now I am in place calling *Ye Olde English Tea Shop*. What is this “Ye”? Why “Olde” not “Old”? Wrong spelling.

Tea house like Qing dynasty old style building waiting for being demolish. Everything looking really old here, especial wood stick beam in middle of house, supporting roof. Old carpet under the foot is very complication flower pattern, like something from emperor mother house.

“Where would you like to sit?”, “What can I get you?”, “A table for one person?”, “Are you alone?”. Smiling waiter ask so many questions. He making me feel bit lonely. In China I not have loneliness concept. Always we with family or crowd. But England, always alone, and even waiter always remind you you are alone...

Everybody listening the weather at this moment in tea house. All time in London, I hearing weather report from radios. It tells weather situation like emergency typhoon coming. But no emergency coming here. I checking *Concise Chinese–English Dictionary*. It saying all English *under the weather* and all English is *weather beaten*, means uncomfortable. Is reasonable, of course. England everybody beaten by the weather. Always doubt or choice about weather. Weather it rain or weather it sunshine you just not know.

Weather report also very difficult understand. The weather man not saying “rain” or “sunny” because they speaking in complication and big drama way. He reporting weather like reporting big war: “Unfortunately...Hopefully...”. I listen two hours radio I meet twice weather report. Do they think British Empire as big China that it need to report at any time? Or clouds in this country changing every single minute? Yes, look at the clouds now, they are so suspicious! Not like my home town often several weeks without one piece cloud in sky and weather man has nothing more to say. Some days he just saying “It is Yin,” which mean weather is negative.

**confuse** (kən'fju:z) v. mix up; perplex, disconcert; make unclear.

**confusion** (kən'fju:ʒən) n. **1.** the state of being confused; **2.** a situation of panic disorder; **3.** the mistaking of one person or thing for another.

## confusion

English food very confusing. They eating and drinking strange things. I think even Confucius have great confusion if he studying English.

It is already afternoon about 3 o'clock and I so hungry. What can I eat, I asking waiter. He offering “Afternoon Tea.” What? Eat afternoon tea?

So he showing me blackboard, where is a menu:

### Ye Olde English Tea

**2 scones, jam, whipped cream, pot of tea £3.75**

Whatever, I must to eat whatever they have or I faint. Three minutes later my thing arrives: “scones hot and thick and dry, cream is unbelievable, butter is greasy, and jam are three kinds: raspberry, cranberry and strawberry. A white tea pot with a white tea cup.

I confusing again when I look at “whipped cream” on little blackboard. What is that mean? How people whip the cream? I see a poster somewhere near Chinatown. On poster naked woman only wear leather boots and leather pants, and she whipping naked man kneeling down under legs. So a English chef also whipping in kitchen?

I put scones into mouth, and drink tea like horse. Next door me, I hearing somebody wanting “frothy coffee.”

A lady with a young man. She say: “Can I have a frothy coffee, please? And my friend will have black coffee, with skimmed milk.”

It must be big work making something “skimmed,” and “frothy,” and “whipped.” Why drinking become so complicating and need so much work?

And water are even more complicating here. Maybe raining everyday here and too much water. English making lots kind water.

I thirsty from eating dry scones.

Waiter asks me: “What would you like? Tap water or filthy water?”

“What? Filthy water?” I am shocked.

“OK, filthy water.” He leave and fetch bottle of water.

I so curious about strange water. I opening bottle. I drinking it. Taste bitter, very filthy, not natural at all, like poison.

**homesick** (*'həʊm.sɪk*) *adj.* sad because missing one's home or family.

## homesick

In my language school, Mrs. Margaret ask me:

“Would you like some tea?”

“No,” I say.

She looking at me, her face suddenly frozen. Then she asking me again:

“Would you like some coffee then?”

“No. I don't want.”



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