

REVISED EDITION *Volume IV*

The Journey to the West

Translated and Edited by ANTHONY C. YU



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Translated and Edited by Anthony C. Yu

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The University of Chicago Press
Chicago & London

FOR *Joseph M. Kitagawa*

and

In Memoriam Yu Yun

Contents

Acknowledgments, Revised Edition

Acknowledgments, First Edition

Abbreviations

76. *Mind-Spirit dwells at home, and demons revert to nature;
Wood Mother together subdues the fiend's true self.*

77. *A horde of demons affront native Nature;
The One Body bows to True Suchness.*

78. *At Bhikṣu he pities the infants and summons the night gods;
In the golden hall he knows the demon speaking on the way and virtue.*

79. *Searching the cave for the fiend he meets Long Life;
The proper lord of the court sees the babies.*

80. *The fair girl, nursing the yang, seeks a mate;
Mind Monkey, guarding his master, knows a monster.*

81. *At Sea-Pacifying Monastery Mind Monkey knows the fiend;
In the black pine forest three pupils search for their master.*

82. *The fair girl seeks the yang;
Primal spirit guards the Way.*

83. *Mind Monkey knows the elixir source;
Fair girl returns to her true nature.*

84. *"Priests are hard to destroy" completes great awakening;
The Dharma-king attains the right, his body's naturalized.*

85. *Mind Monkey envies Wood Mother;
The demon lord plots to devour Chan.*

86. *Wood Mother, lending power, conquers the fiendish creature;
Metal Squire, using his magic, extirpates the deviates.*

87. *The Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture offends Heaven and suffers drought;
The Great Sage Sun advocates virtue and provides rain.*

88. *Reaching Jade-Flower, Chan convenes an assembly;
Mind Monkey, Wood, and Earth instruct disciples.*

89. *The yellow lion-spirit in vain gives the Muckrake Feast;
Gold, Wood, and Earth disturb with a scheme Mount Leopard's-Head.*

90. *Masters and lions, teachers and pupils, all return to the One;
Thieves and the Dao, snares and Buddhism, quiet Ninefold-Numina.*

91. *At Gold-Level Prefecture they watch lanterns on the fifteenth night;
In Mysterious Flower Cave the Tang Monk makes a deposition.*

92. *Three priests fight fiercely at Green Dragon Mountain;
Four Stars help to capture rhinoceros fiends.*

93. *At Jetavana Park he asks the aged about the cause;
At the Kingdom of India he sees the king and meets his mate.*

94. *Four priests are feted at the royal garden;
One fiend vainly longs for sensual joys.*
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95. *Falsely assuming true form, the jade hare's caught;
True Yin returns to the right to join Numinous Source.*
96. *Squire Kou gladly receives a noble priest;
The elder Tang does not covet riches.*
97. *Gold-dispensing external aid meets demonic harm;
The sage reveals his soul to bring restoration.*
98. *Only when ape and horse are tamed will shells be cast;
With merit and work perfected, they see the Real.*
99. *Nine times nine ends the count and Māra's all destroyed;
The work of three times three done, the Dao reverts to its root.*
100. *They return to the Land of the East;
Five sages become perfected.*

Notes

Index

Acknowledgments, Revised Edition

At this point of closure for some six years of sustained labor, I must repeat my thanks to the Mellon Foundation not merely for the award of an Emeriti Fellowship, but also for the wisdom to extend without cost the period of its tenure. The generous allowance of time enabled me to carry out all the necessary steps in research and rewriting. To be able to attempt a complete overhaul of a major publication after almost three decades is a privilege granted only to a small number of workers in the academy, and I acknowledge such boon with wonder and humility. I'd be foolish, however, to think that I've managed to get every phrase and sentence right, for translation that is a calculated—and often, compromised—exchange of linguistic signs brooks no state of final perfection. I can only try for a second time to share more of what I have learned from a text that has stayed with me all my life.

The engagement and completion of so large and complex a project is not possible without the resourceful assistance from the staff of our Information Technology Services, the University of Chicago. To the several persons on daily duty by phone and to Bill Geraci, Office Technology Coordinator at the Divinity School, I am pleased to express my profound gratitude. Similarly, I must thank once more Dr. Yuan Zhou, Curator of our East Asian Collections at Regenstein Library, and his able staff for their unflagging help. The Center for East Asian Studies has also been liberal in dispensing aid to even retired faculty for their ongoing scholastic needs.

In January 2011, I was fortunate to have been able to go to the Centre for Studies of Daoist Culture at The Chinese University of Hong Kong, to try out some of the ideas and issues I discussed in both the introduction and the extensive annotations of this translation at a public lecture and a few colloquia. The stimulation provided by faculty and student colleagues and by Daoist clergy was unforgettable, as was the gracious hospitality bestowed by Professor Lai Chi Tim, Chair of the University's Department of Cultural and Religious Studies and Director of the Centre, and by the community of Fung Yin Seen Koon (Pengying Daoist Abbey in Fanling, Hong Kong).

Finally, but for the unflinching and indulgent support of my wife Priscilla, dearest companion for nearly half a century, there would have been no revised edition of *The Journey to the West*.

April 2011

Acknowledgments, First Edition

My thanks are due, first of all, to the National Endowment for the Humanities, which has lent me faithful assistance through its Translations Program in the Division of Research Programs. But for such generosity it is most unlikely that I would have been able to finish the last installment of the translation so quickly.

I am fortunate to have in “Joch” Weintraub and “Chris” Gamwell two deans who are eager to provide for their faculty an enabling context. With word and deed they have given me unfailing support.

James Cheng and Ma Tai-loi of Chicago’s Far Eastern Library have been invaluable helpers in my research and the location of obscure materials. Wenching Tsien’s exquisite calligraphy validates my belief that reading footnotes can be a pleasure. Susan Fogelson has been a tireless typist and discerning critic, and Charles Hallisey has provided painstaking assistance in the preparation of the index. As was the case with volume 3, Y.W. Ma (Hawaii) gave the manuscript a thorough and searching reading, though I alone am responsible for the final version.

As I bring this lengthy project to its completion, it is fitting for me to pay tribute to my late grandfather, who first introduced me to the wonders of this tale. It was he who, amidst the terrors of the Sino-Japanese war, gave himself unsparingly to teaching me Classical Chinese and English. By precept and example he sought to impart to a young boy his enduring love for literatures east and west. He did not labor in vain.

Abbreviations

- Antecedents* Glen Dudbridge, *The “Hsi-yu chi”: A Study of Antecedents to the Sixteenth-Century Chinese Novel* (Cambridge, 1970)
- Bodde Derk Bodde, *Festivals in Classical China* (Princeton and Hong Kong, 1975)
- BPZ *Baopuzi* 抱朴子, Neipian and Waipian. SBBY
- BSOAS *Bulletin of the School of Oriental and African Studies*
- Campany Robert Ford Campany, *To Live as Long as Heaven and Earth: A Translation and Study of Ge Hong’s “Traditions of Divine Transcendents”* (Berkeley, 2002)
- CATCL *The Columbia Anthology of Traditional Chinese Literature*, ed. Victor Mair (New York, 1994)
- CHC *The Cambridge History of China*, eds. Denis Twitchett and John K. Fairbank (15 vols. in multiple book-length parts. Cambridge and New York, 1978–2009)
- CHCL *The Columbia History of Chinese Literature*, ed. Victor Mair (New York, 2001)
- CJ Anthony C. Yu, *Comparative Journeys: Essays on Literature and Religion East and West* (New York, 2008)
- CLEAR *Chinese Literature: Essays Articles Reviews*
- CQ *China Quarterly*
- DH *Daoism Handbook*, ed. Livia Kohn (Leiden, 2000)
- DHBWJ *Dunhuang bianwenji* 敦煌變文集, ed. Wang Zhongmin 王重民 (2 vols., Beijing, 1957)
- DJDCD *Daojiao da cidian* 道教大辭典, ed. Li Shuhuan 李叔蓮 (Taipei, 1981)
- DJWHCD *Daojiao wenhua cidian* 道教文化辭典, ed. Zhang Zhizhe 张志哲 (Shanghai, 1994)
- DZ *Zhengtong Daozang* 正統道藏 (36 vols. Reprinted by Wenwu, 1988). Second set of numbers in JW citations refers to volume and page number.
- ET *The Encyclopedia of Taoism*, ed. Fabrizio Pregadio (2 vols., London and New York, 2008)
- FSZ *Da Tang Da Ci’ensi Sanzang fashi zhuan* 大唐大慈恩三藏法師傳, comp. Huili 慧立 and Yancong 彥宗. T 50, #2053. Text cited is that printed in SZZSHB.
- 1592 *Xinke chuxiang guanban dazi Xiyouji* 新刻出像官板大字西游記, ed. Huayang dongtian zhuren 華陽洞天主人. Fasc. rpr. of Jinling Shidetang edition (1592) in *Guben xiaoshuo jicheng* 古本小說集成, vols. 499–502 (Shanghai, 1990)
- FXDCD *Foxue da cidian* 佛學大辭典, comp. and ed., Ding Fubao 丁福保 (fasc. rpr. of 1922 ed. Beijing, 1988)
- HFTWJ Liu Ts’un-yan [Cunren] 柳存仁, *Hefengtang wenji* 和風堂文集 (3 vols., Shanghai, 1991)
- HJAS *Harvard Journal of Asiatic Studies*
- HR *History of Religions*
- Herrmann Albert Hermann, *An Historical Atlas of China*, new ed. (Chicago, 1966)
- Hu Shi (1923) Hu Shi 胡適, “*Xiyouji kaozheng* 西游記考證,” in *Hu Shi wencun* 胡適文存 (4 vols., Hong Kong, 1962), 2: 354–99
- Hucker Charles O. Hucker, *A Dictionary of Official Titles in Imperial China* (Stanford, 1985)
- IC *The Indiana Companion to Traditional Chinese Literature*, ed. and comp. William H. Nienhauser Jr. (Bloomington, IN, 1986)
- Isobe Isobe Akira 磯部璋, *Saiyūki keiseishi no kenkyū* 西游記形成史の研究 (Tokyo, 1993)
- j* *juan* 卷
- JA *Journal asiatique*
- JAOS *Journal of the American Oriental Society*
- JAS *Journal of Asian Studies*
- JCR *Journal of Chinese Religions*
- JMDJCD *Jianming Daojiao cidian* 簡明道教辭典, comp. and ed., Huang Haide et al., 黃海德 (Chengdu, 1991)
- JW *The Journey to the West* (Refers only to the four-volume translation of *Xiyouji* by Anthony C. Yu published by the University of Chicago Press, 1977–1983, of which the present volume is the fourth of four in a complete revised edition.)
- Lévy André Lévy, trad., *Wu Cheng’en, La Pérégrination vers l’Ouest*, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade (2 vols., Paris, 1991)
- Li *Li Angang Piping Xiyouji* 李安綱批評西游記 (2 vols., Beijing, 2004)

Little	Stephen Little with Shawn Eichman, <i>Daoism and the Arts of China</i> (Art Institute of Chicago, in association with University of California Press, 2000)
LSYYJK	<i>Lishi yuyan yanjiusuo jikan</i> 歷史語言研究所集刊
LWJ	“ <i>Xiyouji</i> ” <i>yanjiu lunwenji</i> 西游記研究論文集 (Beijing, 1957)
MDHYCH	Gu Zhichuan 顧之川, <i>Mingdai Hanyu cihui yanjiu</i> 明代汉语词汇研究 (Kaifeng, Henan, 2000)
Monkey	<i>Monkey: Folk Novel of China</i> by Wu Ch’eng-en, trans. Arthur Waley (London, 1943)
Ōta	Ōta Tatsuo 太田辰夫, <i>Saiyūki no kenkyū</i> 西游記の研究 (Tokyo, 1984)
Plaks	Andrew H. Plaks, <i>The Four Masterworks of the Ming Novel</i> (Princeton, 1987)
Porkert	Manfred Porkert, <i>The Theoretical Foundations of Chinese Medicine: Systems of Correspondence</i> (Cambridge, MA, 1974)
QSC	<i>Quan Songci</i> 全宋詞, ed. Tang Guizhang 唐圭璋 (5 vols., 1965; rpr. Tainan, 1975)
QTS	<i>Quan Tangshi</i> 全唐詩 (12 vols., 1966; rpr. Tainan, 1974)
<i>Saiyūki</i>	<i>Saiyūki</i> 西游記, trans. Ōta Tatsuo 太田辰夫 and Torii Hi-sayasu 鳥居久靖. Chūgoku koten bungaku taikai 中國古典文學大系, 31–32 (2 vols., Tokyo, 1971)
SBBY	Sibu beiyao 四部備要
SBCK	Sibu congkan 四部叢刊
SCC	Joseph Needham et al., <i>Science and Civilisation in China</i> (7 vols. in 27 book-length parts. Cambridge, 1954)
Schafer	Edward H. Schafer, <i>Pacing the Void: T’ang Approaches to the Stars</i> (Berkeley, Los Angeles, and London, 1977)
SCTH	<i>Sancai tuhui</i> 三才圖會 (1609 edition)
Soothill	<i>A Dictionary of Chinese Buddhist Terms</i> , comp. William Edward Soothill and Lewis Hodus (rpr. 1934 ed. by London Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner. Taipei, 1970)
SSJZS	<i>Shisanjing zhushu</i> 十三經注疏 (2 vols., Beijing, 1977)
SZZSHB	<i>Tang Xuanzang Sanzang zhuan shi huibian</i> 唐玄奘三藏傳史彙編, ed. Master Guangzhong 光中 (Taipei, 1988)
T	<i>Taishō shinshū dai-zōkyō</i> 大正新脩大藏經, eds. Takakusu Junijirō 高楠順次郎 and Watanabe Kaikyoku 渡邊海旭 (85 vols., Tokyo, 1934)
TC	<i>The Taoist Canon: A Historical Companion to the “Daozang”</i> , eds. Kristofer Schipper and Franciscus Verellen (3 vols., Chicago, 2004)
TP	<i>T’oung Pao</i>
TPGJ	<i>Taiping guangji</i> 太平廣記, comp. and ed. Li Fang 李昉 (5 vols., rpr. Tainan, 1975)
TPYL	<i>Taiping yulan</i> 太平御覽, comp. and ed. Li Fang (4 vols., Beijing, 1960)
Unschuld	Paul U. Unschuld, trans. and annotated, <i>Nan-Ching: The Classic of Difficult Issues</i> (Berkeley, Los Angeles, and London, 1986)
Veith	Ilza Veith, trans., <i>The Yellow Emperor’s Classic of Internal Medicine</i> , new ed. (Berkeley, Los Angeles, and London, 1972)
WCESWJ	<i>Wu Cheng’en shiwenji</i> 吳承恩詩文集, ed. Liu Xiuye 劉修業 (Shanghai, 1958).
XMGZ	<i>Xingming guizhi</i> 性命主旨, authorship attributed to an advanced student of one Yin Zhenren 尹真人, in <i>Zangwai Daoshu</i> 藏外道書 (36 vols., Chengdu, 1992–1994), 9: 506–95. For JW, I also consult a modern critical edition published in Taipei, 2005, with a comprehensive and learned set of annotations by Fu Fengying 傅鳳英. The citation from this particular edition will be denominated as XMGZ-Taipei.
XYJ	Wu Cheng’en 吳承恩, <i>Xiyouji</i> 西游記 (Beijing: Zuoji chubanshe, 1954). Abbreviation refers only to this edition.
XYJCD	<i>Xiyouji cidian</i> 西游記辭典, comp. and ed. Zeng Shangyan 曾上炎 (Zhengzhou, Henan, 1994)
XYJTY	Zheng Mingli 鄭明娟, <i>Xiyouji tanyuan</i> 西游記探源 (2 vols., 1982; rpr. Taipei, 2003)
XYJYJZL	<i>Xiyouji yanjiu ziliao</i> 西游記研究資料, ed. Liu Yinbo 劉蔭祐 (Shanghai, 1982)
XYJZLHB	“ <i>Xiyouji</i> ” <i>zhiliao huibian</i> 《西游記》資料彙編 (Zhongzhou, Henan, 1983)
YYZZ	<i>Youyang zazu</i> 酉陽雜俎 (SBCK edition)
ZYZ	<i>Zhongyao zhi</i> 中藥誌 (4 vols., Beijing, 1959–1961).
Yang	Yang Fengshi 楊逢時, <i>Zhongguo zhengtong Daojiao da cidian</i> 中國正統道教大辭典 (2 vols., Taipei, 1989–1992)
Yü	Chün-fang Yü, <i>Kuan-yin: The Chinese Transformation of Avalokiteśvara</i> (New York, 2001)
ZHDJDCD	<i>Zhonghua Daojiao da cidian</i> 中華道教大辭典, ed. Hu Fuchen 胡孚琛 et al. (Beijing, 1995)

Citations from all Standard Histories, unless otherwise indicated, are taken from the Kaiming edition of *Ershiwushi* 二十五史 (9 vols., 1934; rpr. Taipei, 1959). Citations of text with traditional or simplified characters follow format of publications consulted.

*Mind-Spirit dwells at home, and demons revert to nature;
Wood Mother together subdues the fiend's true self.*

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who dallied inside the belly of the old demon for quite a while until the latter dropped to the ground, hardly breathing or speaking a word. Thinking that the demon might be dead, the Great Sage released his hold somewhat on the demon's innards, and, having caught his breath once more, the demon chief called out, "Most compassionate and merciful Bodhisattva Great Sage, Equal to Heaven!"

When he heard that, Pilgrim said, "Son, don't waste your energy! Spare a few words and just address me as Grandpa Sun!" As he had great regard for his own life, that fiendish demon did indeed cry out, "Grandpa, grandpa! It's my fault! I made a terrible mistake in swallowing you, and now you're in a position to harm me. I beg the Great Sage to be merciful and have regard for the life-seeking wish of an ant. If you spare my life, I'm willing to send your master across this mountain."

Now, though the Great Sage was a warrior, he thought only of the Tang Monk's progress. When he, a person not unreceptive to compliments, heard how pitifully the fiendish demon was begging him, he became kindhearted again. "Fiend," he cried, "I'll spare you. But how will you send my master off?"

"We have no silver or gold, pearl or jade, cornelian, coral, crystal, amber, tortoiseshell, or any such precious treasure to give to you," said the old demon. "But we three brothers will carry your master on a palanquin made of scented vines, and that's how we will send your master across this mountain."

"If you're going to take him across in a palanquin," said Pilgrim, laughing, "that's better than giving us treasures. Open your mouth wide and I'll come out." The demon chief did open his mouth wide, but the third demon walked up to him and whispered, "Big Brother, when he's about to get out, bite down hard. Chew that little monkey to pieces and swallow him. Then he won't be able to torture you any more."

Pilgrim, however, heard everything. Instead of crawling out himself, he stuck out his golden-hooped rod ahead of him to see if the way was clear. The fiend gave it a terrific bite; with a loud crack, one of his front teeth broke to pieces. Withdrawing his rod, Pilgrim said, "Dear fiend! I have already spared your life, but you want to bite me and kill me instead! I'm not coming out! I'm going to torture you until you drop! No, I'm not coming out!"

"Brother," complained the old demon to the third demon, "you've victimized your own kin! It would have been better if we had invited him to come out. You told me to bite him instead. He has not been bitten, but my teeth have been sorely hurt. What shall we do now?"

When that third demon saw that the blame was put on him, he resorted to the method of "Piquing the General." "Pilgrim Sun," he cried in a loud voice, "Your fame has been so loudly proclaimed that it strikes the ear like a crack of thunder! I have been told how you displayed your power before the South Heavenly Gate, how you showed your form beneath the Hall of Divine Mists, and how you have subdued monsters and bound demons on the way to the Western Heaven. But you are really nothing but an apish small-timer!" "In what way am I a small-timer?" asked Pilgrim. The third fiend said, "As the proverb says,

*valiant stays in the clear;
fame spreads both far and near.*

If you come out and let me fight with you, then you may consider yourself a hero. How can you be satisfied with fooling about in someone's stomach? If you're not a small-timer, what are you?"

When Pilgrim heard these words, he thought to himself, “Yes, yes, yes! If I pull his intestines apart and bust up his bladder, I can finish off this fiend right now. What’s so difficult about that? Yet that will truly ruin my reputation. All right! All right! You open your mouth wide, and I’ll come out to wage a contest with you. But the entrance to your cave is too narrow for us to use our arms. You must get out to a more spacious area.” On hearing this, the third demon called up at once all the fiends young and old, there were more than thirty thousand of those monster-spirits. Each grasping a sharp weapon, they went out of the cave to arrange themselves in the formation of the Three Forces¹ and to battle with Pilgrim once he came out. The second fiend supported the old demon as he walked out the door, crying, “Pilgrim Sun, if you’re a hero, come out! There’s a fine battlefield right here for you to fight on.”

Even inside the demon’s stomach the Great Sage could hear the din and hubbub outside, and he knew that they had arrived at a spacious region. He thought to himself, “If I don’t go out, it’ll mean that I have gone back on my word. If I do, however, I don’t know what this monster-spirit with his human face but bestial heart is capable of doing. He said at first that he would send my master across the mountain, but actually he was trying to deceive me and bite me. Now he has even ordered his troops here . . . All right! All right! I’m going to take care of two things at once for him. I’ll go out but I will plant a root firmly in his stomach.” He reached behind him and pulled off a piece of hair from his tail, blew his immortal breath on it, and cried, “Change!” It changed at once into a rope no thicker than a piece of hair but some four hundred feet long. (The rope, you see, would grow thicker once it was exposed to wind.) He fastened one end of the rope to the heart of the monstrous fiend, but he left the knot loose enough so as not to hurt the fiend for the moment. Taking hold of the other end, he smiled and said to himself, “Even after I get out, he will have to send my master across the mountain. If he refuses and raises arms against me, I won’t even bother to fight with him. All I need do is to tug at this little rope, and it’ll be as if I’m still in his belly.”

He then reduced the size of his own body and began to crawl out; when he reached the lower part of the fiend’s throat, he saw that the monster-spirit had opened wide his square mouth, with fine teeth standing above and below like rows of sharp swords. Quickly he thought to himself, “That’s not good! That’s not good! If I leave through his mouth and then try to tug at this rope, he’ll bite through it once he begins to hurt. I must get out through some place where he has no teeth.” Dear Great Sage! Dragging the rope along, he crawled further up the throat of the fiend until he entered one of the nasal passages. A sudden itch in the old demon’s nose caused him to “Ah-choo” loudly, and Pilgrim was sneezed right out.

The moment Pilgrim was exposed to the wind, he stretched his waist once and immediately grew some thirty feet tall, with one hand holding the rope and the other grasping the iron rod. Not knowing any better, the demon chief, as soon as he saw Pilgrim, lifted up his steel scimitar and hacked away at his opponent’s face. Pilgrim parried the blow with one hand holding the iron rod. At the same time the second fiend, using a lance, and the third fiend, using a halberd, both rushed forward and rained blows on him. Putting away his iron rod and letting the rope hang loose, the Great Sage leaped up to the clouds and dashed away. He was afraid, you see, that once the little fiends had surrounded him, he would not be able to carry out his plan. He therefore jumped clear of their camp to reach a spacious spot on the peak of the mountain. Dropping down from the clouds, he grabbed the rope with both hands and tugged with all his strength, and immediately a sharp pain shot through the heart of the old demon. To lessen the pain, the demon clawed his way into the air also, but the Great Sage gave the rope another yank. When the little fiends saw what was happening out there, they all cried out: “Great King! Don’t provoke him anymore! Let him go! This little monkey has no sense of the season! Clear Brightness² hasn’t arrived yet, but he’s flying a kite over there already!” When he heard this, the Great Sage gave the rope yet another mighty tug: hurtling through the air like a spinning wheel, the

old demon fell to the ground with a thud, making a crater about two feet deep in the hardened loess beneath the mountain slope.

The second and the third fiends were so terrified that they both dropped down from the clouds and went forward to take hold of the rope. "Great Sage," they pleaded as they both knelt down, "we thought you were a lenient and magnanimous immortal, but you are no better than a slippery sneaky immortal. We wanted to lure you out to fight with you, and that's the honest truth. How could we know that you would fasten this rope onto the heart of our elder brother?"

"You bunch of lawless demons," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "you have a lot of nerve! Last time you tried to bite me when you tricked me to come out, and this time you bring up all these troops against me. Look at those thousands of fiend soldiers confronting me, and I'm single-handed! That's not quite reasonable, is it? No, I'm yanking you along! I'm yanking you along to see my master!"

Kowtowing along with his brothers, the old demon said, "Be merciful, Great Sage. Spare my life, and I'll be willing to send the Venerable Master across this mountain." "If you want your life," said Pilgrim with another laugh, "all you need to do is to cut the rope with a knife."

"Holy Father!" said the old demon. "I may be able to cut off the rope, but there's still another strand of it fastened to my heart. It's sticking to my throat and making me retch. What shall I do?" "In that case," said Pilgrim, "open wide your mouth and I'll go in again to untie the rope."

Greatly alarmed, the old demon said, "Once you go in, you might refuse to come out again. That's too hard! That's too hard!" Pilgrim said, "I have the ability to untie the rope from the outside. After I have done so, are you really planning to escort my master across this mountain?"

"The moment you untie it," replied the old demon, "we'll escort him at once. I dare not lie." When he ascertained that the old demon was speaking the truth, the Great Sage shook his body once and retrieved his hair; immediately the fiend felt no pain in his heart. (That was the deceptive magic of the Great Sage Sun, you see, when he fastened the demon's heart with a piece of hair. When the hair was retrieved, the fiend's heart no longer ached.)

Leaping up together, the three fiends thanked the Great Sage, saying, "Please go back first, Great Sage, and tell the Tang Monk to pack up his things. We'll bring a palanquin along to escort him." The various fiends all put away their weapons and went back to their cave.

After the Great Sage had put away his rope, he went straight back to the east side of the mountain where from a great distance he could already see the Tang Monk rolling all over the ground and wailing loudly. Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk had the wrap untied and were just in the process of dividing up the contents. "I needn't be told whose doing this is!" sighed Pilgrim to himself. "Eight Rules must have informed Master that I was devoured by the monster-spirit. Master is wailing because he can't bear to part with me, but that Idiot is dividing things up so he can run off. Alas, I wonder if I've got the right interpretation! I'll call Master and see what happens." He dropped down from the clouds and cried, "Master!"

On hearing this, Sha Monk at once began to berate Eight Rules, saying, "You are

*the coffin-maker
& does in ev'ry taker!*

Elder Brother is still alive, but you said he was dead so you could engage in your shoddy business here. Isn't he the one calling now?"

"I clearly saw him being swallowed by the monster-spirit with one gulp," said Eight Rules. "That must be an unlucky day, I suppose, and his spirit has returned to haunt us." Going straight up to him, Pilgrim gave Eight Rules's face a whack that sent him stumbling. "Coolie," he shouted, "am I haunting you?"

Rubbing his face, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, you were devoured by that fiend. You . . . how could you come alive again?"

"I'm no useless moron like you!" replied Pilgrim. "So he ate me, but I scratched his guts and pinched his lungs. I also put a rope through his heart and pulled at him until the pain was unbearable. Every one of them kowtowed and pleaded with me. Only then did I spare their lives. They are now preparing a palanquin to take our master across this mountain."

When he heard these words, our Tripitaka scrambled up at once and bowed to Pilgrim, saying, "disciple! I have caused you great inconvenience! If I had believed Wuneng's words completely, would have been finished." Raising his fists to punch at Eight Rules, Pilgrim scolded him, saying, "This overstuffed coolie! He's so slothful and so callow! Master, please don't worry any more. Those fiends are coming to take you across the mountain." Even Sha Monk felt embarrassed by these words so much so that he hurriedly offered a few excuses for Eight Rules. They then gathered up the luggage and loaded it once more onto the horse's back. We shall now leave them for the moment waiting by the wayside.

We tell you instead about those three demon chiefs, who led the flock of spirits to return to the cave. "Elder Brother," said the second fiend, "I thought Pilgrim Sun was someone endowed with nine heads and eight tails, but I can see what he actually is—a puny little ape! Nevertheless, you shouldn't have swallowed him. If we had just fought with him, he could never have withstood you and me. With these thousands of monster-spirits in our cave, we could have drowned him just by spitting. But you had to swallow him into your stomach, where he could exercise his magic to make you suffer. We certainly didn't dare wage any contest with him then. Just now we said we were planning to escort the Tang Monk. That was all pretense, of course, because your life was more important than anything else. Once we tricked him into coming out, we would never escort that monk."

"Worthy brother," said the old demon, "what is your reason for reneging?" "Give me three thousand little fiends," replied the second fiend, "and put them in battle formation. I have ability enough to capture that ape-head!" "Don't ask for a mere three thousand," said the old demon. "You have my permission to call up the whole camp! Just catch him, and everyone will have made merit."

The second demon at once called up three thousand little fiends and had them spread out by the side of the main road. A blue banner-carrier was sent to convey this message: "Pilgrim Sun, come on quickly and fight with our Second Father Great King."

When Eight Rules heard this, he laughed and said, "O Elder Brother! As the proverb says,

one can't fool his fellow-villager.

What sort of skulduggery, what sort of hanky-panky is this when you tell us that you've subdued the monster-spirits, that they are fetching a palanquin to escort Master? Now they are here to provoke battle. Why?"

"The old fiend," said Pilgrim, "*was* subdued by me. He wouldn't dare show himself, for if he had caught even a whiff of the name Sun, he would have a headache now! This has to be the second fiendish demon, who can't stand the thought of escorting us. That's the reason for this challenge to battle. Let me tell you something, Brother. Those monster-spirits happen to be three brothers, and they all behave gallantly toward each other. We are also three brothers, but there's no gallantry at all among ourselves. I have already subdued the eldest demon. Now that the second demon has shown himself, the least you can do is to fight with him a bit. Is that too much to ask of you?"

"I'm not scared of him," replied Eight Rules. "Let me go and wage a battle with him." "If you want to go," said Pilgrim, "go!"

Laughing, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother, I'll go. But lend me that little rope of yours." "What for?" asked Pilgrim. "You don't have the ability to crawl inside his stomach, nor are you capable of fastening it to his heart. Why do you want it?"

"I want it fastened around my waist," said Eight Rules, "as a lifeline! You and Sha Monk should

take hold of it at the other end and then let me go out there to do battle. If you see that I'm winning, loosen the rope and I'll be able to capture the monster. If I lose, however, you must pull me back, so that he won't be able to grab me." Pilgrim smiled to himself, saying, "This will be some trick of an Idiot!" He did indeed tie the rope around Eight Rules's waist and urged him to do battle.

Lifting high his muckrake, our Idiot ran up to the ledge of the mountain and cried, "Monster-spirits, come out and fight with your ancestor Zhu!" The blue banner-carrier went quickly to report: "Great King, a priest with a long snout and big ears has arrived." The second fiend left the camp at once. When he saw Eight Rules, he did not utter a word but lifted his lance to stab at his opponent's face. Our Idiot went forward to face him with upraised rake, and the two of them joined in battle before the mountain slope. Hardly had they gone for more than seven or eight rounds, however, when Idiot's hands grew weak and could no longer withstand the demon. Turning his head quickly, he shouted, "Elder Brother, it's getting bad! Pull the lifeline! Pull the lifeline!"

When the Great Sage on this side heard those words, he slackened the rope instead and let go of it. Our Idiot was already fleeing in defeat. The rope tied to his waist, you see, was no hindrance when he was going forward. But when he turned back, because it was hanging loose it quickly became a stumbling-block and tripped him up. He scrambled up only to fall down again. At first he only stumbled, but thereafter he fell snout-first to the ground. Catching up with him, the monster-spirit stretched out his drag-onlike trunk and wrapped it around Eight Rules. Then he went back to the cave in triumph, surrounded by the little fiends all singing victory songs.

When Tripitaka below the mountain slope saw what happened, he berated Pilgrim, saying, "Wukong, I can't blame Wuneng for cursing you to death. I see that there's no love or amity between you brothers at all, only mutual hatred and envy! He was yelling for you to pull the lifeline. How could you not do that and let go of the rope instead? Now he's been harmed. What shall we do?"

"Master," replied Pilgrim, laughing, "you're always so protective, so partial! All right, when our Monkey was taken captive, you didn't show much concern. I was quite dispensable! But no sooner had this Idiot been taken captive than you began to blame me. I want him to suffer a little, for only then will he realize how difficult it is to fetch the scriptures."

"O disciple," said Tripitaka, "you think I wasn't concerned about you when you were captured? But you, after all, are most capable of transforming yourself, and I thought that surely you would not be harmed. That Idiot, however, has a rather cumbersome build, and he's not agile at all. When's he taken like this, he'll meet more ill than good. You must go rescue him." "Master," said Pilgrim, "don't complain any more. Let me go rescue him."

He bounded quickly up the mountain, but he said spitefully to himself, "Since Idiot wanted to curse me to death, I'm not about to gratify him so easily. I'll follow the monster-spirits and see how they plan to treat him. Let him suffer a little first, and then I'll rescue him." Thereupon he recited a magic spell; with one shake of his body, he changed into a tiny mole cricket. Darting away, he alighted on the base of one of Eight Rules's ears and went back to the cave with the monster-spirits. The second demon led the three thousand little fiends, all blowing bugles and beating drums, up to the entrance of the cave where they were to be stationed. He himself took Eight Rules inside and said, "Elder Brother, I've caught one." The old fiend said, "Bring him here and let me have a look." The second demon loosened his trunk and flung Eight Rules on the ground, saying, "Isn't this the one?" "This one," said the old fiend, "is quite useless!"

On hearing this, Eight Rules spoke up: "Great King, let the useless one go. Find the useful one instead and catch him." "Though he may be useless," said the third fiend, "he is still Zhu Eight Rules, a disciple of the Tang Monk. Let's tie him up and send him to soak in the pond in the back. When his hairs are soaked off, we'll rip open his belly, cure him with salt, and sundry him. He'll be good with wine when it turns cloudy."

Horried, Eight Rules said, “Finished! Finished! I’ve run into a fiend who’s a pickle merchant. The various fiends all joined in and had Idiot hog-tied before hauling him to the edge of the pond. After shoving him out toward the center of the pond, they turned and left.

The Great Sage flew up into the air to have a look, and he found our Idiot half floating and half submerged in the pond, with his four legs turned upward and his snout downward, snorting and blowing water constantly. He was a laughable sight indeed, like one of those huge black lotus roots in late autumn that has cast its seeds after frost. When the Great Sage saw those features, he was moved to both anger and pity. “What am I to do?” he thought to himself. “He is, after all, a member of Buddha’s Birthday Feast. But I’m so mad at him, for at the slightest excuse he will divide up the luggage and try to run off. And he’s always egging Master on to cast that Tight-Fillet Spell on me. I heard from Sha Monk the other day that he had managed to put away some private savings. I wonder if it’s true. Let me give him a scare!”

Dear Great Sage! Flying near Eight Rules’s ear, he assumed a different voice and called out: “Zhu Wuneng! Zhu Wuneng!” “Of all the rotten luck!” mumbled an apprehensive Eight Rules. “Wuneng happens to be a name given to me by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin. Since I followed the Tang Monk, I have also been called Eight Rules. How is it that someone at this place should know me as Wuneng?” Unable to restrain himself, Idiot asked, “Who is calling me by my religious name?”

“It is I,” replied Pilgrim. “Who are you?” asked Idiot, and Pilgrim said, “I’m a summoner.”

“Officer,” said Idiot, growing more and more alarmed, “where did you come from?”

Pilgrim said, “I’ve been sent by the Fifth Yama King to summon you.” “Officer,” said Idiot, “please go back. Inform the Fifth Yama King that, for the excellent friendship he enjoys with my elder brother, Sun Wukong, I should be spared one more day. Have me summoned tomorrow.” “Rubbish!” replied Pilgrim. “As the proverb says,

*When Yama at third watch wants you to die,
He dares detain you till fourth watch goes by?*

Hurry up and follow me, so I don’t have to put the rope on you and pull you along.”

“Officer,” said Idiot, “I’m asking no big favor of you. Just look at my face. You think I can live? I know I’m going to die, but I want to wait one more day—until those monster-spirits have my master and the rest of them captured and brought here. We can then enjoy a last reunion before we all expire.”

“All right,” said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, “I have about thirty other people here to be rounded up. Let me go get them first, and that’ll give you another day. You have any travel money? Give me some.” Idiot said, “How pitiable! Where does a person who has left home have any travel money?” “No,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll rope you up and you can follow me!” “Officer,” cried Eight Rules, horrified, “please don’t rope me! I know that little rope of yours has the name of the Life-Dispatching Cord. Once you put it on me, I’ll breathe my last. Yes! Yes! Yes! I do have a little, but not much.” “Where is it?” demanded Pilgrim. “Take it out quickly!”

“Pity! Pity!” replied Eight Rules. “Since I became a priest, I have bumped into a few philanthropic families who wanted to feed the monks. When they saw that I had a large appetite, they handed me a few pennies more than they gave my companions. Altogether I have managed to save about five maces³ of silver, but all that loose cash is hard to carry. When I last visited a city, I asked a silversmith to have it forged into a single piece. He turned out to be most unscrupulous, for he stole a few candareens and I was left with a piece of silver weighing but four maces and six candareens. You may take it.”

“This Idiot,” said Pilgrim to himself, smiling, “doesn’t even have a pair of pants on him. Where can he be hiding it?” He asked, “Hey, where’s your silver?”

“It’s stuffed inside my left ear,” replied Eight Rules. “I’m all tied up, and I can’t get it for you.”

Take it out yourself.”

On hearing this, Pilgrim reached into the ear and found the piece of silver: shaped like a saddle, did in fact weigh about four mace and six candareen. When he took hold of it, he could no longer refrain from letting out a loud guffaw. Recognizing at once that it was the voice of Pilgrim, our Idiot floating in the water, began to let loose a string of abuses. “You damned BanHorsePlague!” he cried. “I’m in such straits already, and you have to come extort money from me!”

“You overstuffed pig!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “In his attempt to protect Master, old Monkey has undergone who knows how much affliction. But you even manage to stash away private savings!” “Shame on you!” replied Eight Rules. “What sort of private savings is this? It’s something that has been shaved off my teeth! I couldn’t bring myself to spend it on my mouth. I was hoping to save it for one garment on my back, but you have to scare it out of me. Give me back a little of that silver!” “Not even half a candareen,” answered Pilgrim.

“I’ll give it to you as ransom money then,” scolded Eight Rules, “but you’d better rescue me!” “Don’t be impatient,” said Pilgrim. “I’ll rescue you.”

He put away the silver and changed back into his original form; with the iron rod he teased and guided Idiot in and then hauled him out of the pond by his feet. After he was untied, Eight Rules leaped up and took off his shirt to wring out the water. Shaking it a couple of times, he draped it on his body again, still dripping wet. “Elder Brother,” he said, “open the back door and let’s scam!”

“Escaping through the back door,” said Pilgrim, “is that manly behavior? Let’s fight our way out through the front door.” Eight Rules said, “But my feet are numb from being tied up. I can’t move!” “Just be quick and follow me,” said Pilgrim.

Dear Great Sage! He opened up with his iron rod and fought his way out; Eight Rules, though still feeling the numbness, had no choice but to follow him. When they reached the second-level door, they found the muckrake standing there. Pushing the little fiends aside, Eight Rules grabbed his weapon and began to rain blows left and right. After he and Pilgrim went through those three or four levels of door in this manner, they managed to slaughter countless little fiends. When the old demon heard of this he said to the second demon, “That’s some fine person you’ve caught! Now look at what Pilgrim Su has done! He has robbed us of Zhu Eight Rules and they have struck down the little fiends at our door!”

Leaping up hurriedly, the second demon grasped the lance and ran out of the main gate. “Brazed ape!” he shouted in a loud voice. “You insolent creature! How dare you insult us like this!”

On hearing this, the Great Sage stood still, while the fiendish creature, without another word, attacked at once with the lance. Pilgrim, the expert (as it were) was not exercised; wielding his iron rod, he faced his opponent head on. Thus the two of them began a magnificent battle outside the cave.

*old, yellow-tusked elephant became a man
' sworn bond-brother to a lion king.
cause the big demon prodded and urged,
y all plotted to eat the priest of Tang.
at Sage, Equal to Heav'n, of vast magic powers
ould help the Right to quell spirits perverse.
t Eight Rules fell to malicious hands,
Wukong saved him, got him out the door.
n the fiend king gave chase, flaunting his strength,
' and lance joined up, each showing its might.
lance of that one came like a python slicing through the woods;
rod of this one soared like a dragon rising from the sea.
dragon, cloud-shrouded, rose from the sea;
python, mist-enwrapped, sliced through the woods.
ne to think of it, 'twas for the Tang Monk
t they strove bitterly without restraint.*

Though that Eight Rules saw the Great Sage fighting with the monster-spirit, he did not step forward to help his companion at all. Standing the muckrake on the ground at the mouth of the mountain, he merely stood there and stared dumbly at them. When the monster-spirit saw how heavy Pilgrim's rod was, how tautly executed were his thrusts and parries, without the slightest hint of weakness or mistake, he blocked the rod with his lance and stretched out his trunk to seize his opponent. Pilgrim, however, knew exactly what was happening; raising the golden-hooped rod horizontally high above his own head with both hands, he permitted the monster-spirit to wrap his trunk around his waist, but his hands remained free. Look at him! His two hands played with the rod on top of the monster-spirit's trunk like a drum majorette twirling a baton!

When he saw that, Eight Rules beat his breast and cried, "Alas, that monster-spirit's so unfortunate! When he caught hold of a ruffian like me, he had even my hands wrapped up so that I could not move at all. But when he caught hold of a slippery creature, he didn't bother to wrap up his hands. All those two hands need to do is to jab the rod into his trunk. There'll be pain and snivel in that nostril. How could he hold on to his prisoner?"

Now Pilgrim actually had not thought of doing that, but this time Eight Rules managed to give him an idea. Waving the rod once to turn it into a staff over ten feet long and having the thickness of a chicken egg, he jabbed it into the monster's trunk. Horrified, the monster-spirit loosened his hold once with a loud snort. Pilgrim changed hands and, grabbing hold of the trunk, gave it a mighty tug. To lessen his pain, the monster-spirit walked forward in the direction he was pulled. Only then did Eight Rules have the courage to approach them and rain blows onto the monster-spirit's side with his muckrake.

"No! No!" cried Pilgrim. "You have sharp teeth on your rake. If you puncture his skin and make him bleed, Master will blame us again for hurting life when he sees this. Just hit him with your rake handle." Accordingly, our Idiot lifted the rake handle and gave the monster a blow with each step he took, while Pilgrim pulled him in front by the trunk. Like two elephant tenders, they herded the monster down the slope, where Tripitaka stood waiting with unblinking eyes. When he caught sight of them approaching noisily, he called out, "Wujing, can you see what it is that Wukong is dragging along?"

Sha Monk took one look and said, smiling, "Master, Big Brother is pulling a monster-spirit by his trunk. What a lovely sight!"

"My goodness! My goodness!" said Tripitaka. "Such a huge monster-spirit! And what a long nose he has! Go and tell him, if he is gracious enough to escort us across this mountain, we'll spare his life. We shouldn't hurt his life."

Hurrying forward to meet them, Sha Monk said in a loud voice, "Master says not to hurt him if the fiend is willing to escort us across this mountain." On hearing this the fiend immediately went to his knees and made a sort of wheezing reply. Since his trunk was gripped by Pilgrim, you see, he sounded as if he had a severe cold. "Venerable Father Tang," he huffed, "if you're willing to spare my life, we'll fetch a palanquin to escort you."

Pilgrim said, "We master and disciples are all gracious winners. We believe you, and we'll spare your life. Go fetch the palanquin quickly. If you change your mind again, we'll certainly not spare you once we capture you." After he had been freed, the fiend kowtowed and left, while Pilgrim and Eight Rules gave a full report to the Tang Monk. Overcome by embarrassment, Eight Rules began sunning his clothes in front of the slope to dry them, and we shall leave them for the moment.

The second demon, trembling all over, went back to the cave. Before he arrived, the little fiends had already made the report that he was taken captive and led away by the trunk. In dismay, the old demon and the third demon were just in the process of leading the troops out when they saw the second demon returning alone. After they had welcomed him back and asked him what had happened, the

second demon gave them a complete account of the Tang Monk's kind words and the claim of being a gracious winner. As they stared at each other, no one dared speak up for a long time. Then the second demon said, "Elder Brother, are we ready to escort the Tang Monk?"

"What are you saying, Brother?" asked the old demon. "Pilgrim Sun is in truth a kind and benevolent ape. When he was first in my belly, he could have finished me off a thousand times if he wanted to harm me. Just now, when he caught hold of your trunk, he could have given you a lot of trouble if he had refused to set you free and squeezed the tip of your trunk until it was punctured. Let us make the necessary preparations quickly and go escort them."

"Yes, let's escort them! Let's escort them!" said the third demon with a laugh.

"Worthy Brother," said the old demon, "you sound as if you are miffed. If you don't want to escort them, the two of us will go instead."

"Let me inform my two elder brothers," said the third demon, laughing some more. "If those priests did not want us to escort them and simply chose to sneak across this mountain, they would have been lucky. But since they insisted on our escorting them, they would certainly fall into my ploy of 'Seducing the Tiger to Leave Its Mountain.'"

"What do you mean by 'Seducing the Tiger to Leave Its Mountain?'" asked the old fiend.

"Call up all the fiends in our cave," replied the third fiend. "We'll select one thousand from ten thousand of them, one hundred from that thousand, and then sixteen from that hundred. In addition, we want to select thirty more."

"Why is it," asked the old fiend, "that you want to select sixteen little fiends and then thirty more?"

"The thirty little fiends," replied the third demon, "will be selected for their culinary skills. We'll give them some fine rice, thin noodles, bamboo shoots, tea sprouts, fragrant mushrooms, straw mushrooms, bean curds, and wheat glutens, along with the order that they should set up camp at every twenty- or thirty-mile interval to prepare meals for the Tang Monk." "And what do you want the sixteen fiends for?" asked the old fiend.

"Eight of them will haul the palanquin," said the third fiend, "and eight will shout to clear the way. We three brothers will accompany all of them for a distance. Some four hundred miles west of here will be my city, where I will have my men and horses to relieve us. Once we get near the city, all we need do is this, this, and this, so that those master and disciples will have no chance at all to look after each other. If we want to seize the Tang Monk, we'll have to rely on those sixteen demons to bring us success."

When he heard these words, the old fiend could not have been more pleased; it was as if he indeed had snapped out of a hangover or awakened from a dream. "Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!" he cried, and he at once called together all the fiends. He first selected the thirty members to whom he gave the foodstuff. Then he selected sixteen of them and they were told to haul out a palanquin made of fragrant vines. As they walked out the door, he gave them this instruction also: "You are not permitted to wander off somewhere in the mountain. Pilgrim Sun happens to be a monkey full of suspicions. If he sees all of you milling about, he may suspect something and see through our plot."

Leading the throng up to the side of the main road, the old fiend cried out in a loud voice: "Venerable Father Tang, today does not clash with the dread day of Red Sand.⁴ We are here to invite the Venerable Father to cross this mountain."

On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, who are those people that are calling me?" Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim said, "That's the monster-spirit old Monkey subdued. He has brought a palanquin to escort you."

"My goodness! My goodness!" said Tripitaka, his palms pressed together as he bowed to Heaven. "If it hadn't been for the ability of my worthy disciple, how would I be able to proceed?" He then went forward to salute the various fiends, saying, "I am greatly beholden to your love. When this discip

returns eastward with the scriptures, he will proclaim your virtuous fruits to the multitudes
Chang'an.”

As they kowtowed, the fiends said, “Let the Venerable Father ascend the carriage.” Being of flesh,
eyes and mortal stock, that Tripitaka did not perceive that this was a trick. The Great Sage Sun, too,
was a golden immortal of the Great Monad, who was by nature honest and upright. Since he thought
that the experience of captivity and release had truly subdued the fiend, he did not expect any intrigue,
nor did he examine the situation carefully before he complied with his master’s wishes. After telling
Eight Rules to load the luggage onto the horse and Sha Monk to follow the rear, he himself took up the
lead, his iron rod resting across his shoulders. Eight of the little fiends lifted up the palanquin while
eight others shouted to clear the way. With the fiend chiefs supporting the carrying-poles of the
palanquin on both sides, the master sat amiably in the middle of the carriage as they took the main
road up to the tall mountain.

Little did they realize, however, that once they were under way, sorrow would arrive in the midst of
gladness. As a Classic says, “At prosperity’s end reversal’s born.”

*y’ll meet Jupiter in their fated hour
’ baleful spirits of those hung to death!*

That group of fiendish demons, of course, were most united in their efforts to gather around Tripitaka
and most diligent in their service to him night and day. Hardly had they traveled thirty miles before
they presented him with a vegetarian meal, and when they reached fifty miles, they fed him again.
They even stopped before it was quite dark so that the master could rest. Throughout this leg of the
journey, the fiends behaved most properly, and the pilgrims in their daily meals were fed to the
hearts’ content. When they paused to rest, they found a nice place where they could sleep soundly.

They proceeded in this manner toward the West for some four hundred miles, and they suddenly
found themselves approaching a city. The Great Sage, his iron rod uplifted, was walking about a mile
ahead of the entourage, when the sight of that city gave him such a fright that he fell to the ground,
hardly able to get up. Since he had always been so bold, you ask, what was it about the sight of the
city that so terrified him? He discovered, you see, that the city was full of vicious miasmas. It was

*swarmed with fiends and monstrous demons;
our gates were all rapacious spirits.
The commander was an old striped tiger;
his captain, a white-faced, ferocious cat.
The tiger with jagged horns did carry their mail,
and the wily foxes walked along the roads.
The snakes lining the city were thousand-foot snakes
and the huge, long serpents blocked the thoroughfares.
The yowling wolves barked orders beneath the towers;
the leopards guarding arbors roared like humans.
The waving flags and beating drums were fiends all;
the archmen and patrol, all mountain spirits.
The hunting hares opened doors to ply their trade;
the wild boars toted their loads to do commerce.
The city in years past was a great and noble court.
Now it’s a city of tigers and wolves.*

As the Great Sage lay there nursing his fear, he suddenly heard the sound of wind behind his ears.
He spun around to discover the third demon with both hands aiming a square-sky halberd directly
at his head. Leaping up, the Great Sage wielded his golden-hooped rod to face his adversary. The two
of them, both thoroughly aroused,

*leaped and puffed, without exchanging a word;
they clenched their teeth, as each wanted to fight.*

Then the old demon chief appeared and, after shouting an order, lifted up his steel scimitar to hack Eight Rules. Hurriedly abandoning the horse, Eight Rules attacked with his muckrake. The second demon also grasped his lance to stab at Sha Monk, who parried the blow at once with his fiend-routing staff. Thus three demon chiefs and three monks, each engaging the other, began a most bitter battle right on top of that mountain. Those sixteen little fiends, all obeying the command, immediately went into action: they grabbed the white horse and the luggage before they overpowered Tripitaka in his palanquin, hauling him forward until they reached the edge of the city. "By the scheme of our Father the Great Kings," they shouted, "we've caught the Tang Monk here!"

Those monster-spirits in the city, old and young, all ran down and opened wide the city gate. At the same time, they immediately gave the order that all the banners should be rolled up and the drums stopped; there were to be no battle cries or the beating of gongs. "The Great King had told us before," they said, "that we were not to frighten the Tang Monk. The Tang Monk could not withstand fear, for once he was frightened, his flesh would turn sour, and he wouldn't be good to eat." All those fiends,

great delight, beckoned Tripitaka;

his bowing, they received the master priest.

They took the Tang Monk and his palanquin and carried him right up to the Hall of Golden Chimes where they invited him to take a seat in the center and presented him with tea and rice. As they swarmed all over him, the elder was in a daze, for not a single person familiar to him met his sight. We do not know what will happen to his life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

A horde of demons affront native Nature;

The One Body bows to True Suchness.¹

We shall not tell you for the moment about the affliction of the Elder Tang. Instead, we shall speak of those three demon chiefs, all united in their minds and efforts, who were engaged in a strenuous conflict with the Great Sage and his brothers halfway up the mountain east of the city, a battle that was something like

*iron brush scrubbing a copper pan:
his party's tough and hard.*

What a fight!

substances and forms,² six weapons;

body features and six sentiments;

evils of six organs from six desires,³

contest waged on six paths—six forms of birth.⁴

the comforts of spring of Thirty-six Halls,⁵

each of six forms or features⁶ had a name.

like one's golden-hooped rod

with thousands of styles;

like one's square-sky halberd

as fierce in a hundred ways.

Eight Rules's muckrake was savage and strong;

the second fiend's lance, able and in good form.

Eight Rules's treasure staff, no common thing,

with intent to kill;

the demon chief's steel scimitar, fine and sharp,

could spare none, once upraised.

These three were a true monk's guardians whom none could face;

these three were brazen wild spirits who mocked both lord and law.

At first it was so-so,

then the battle turned fierce;

when six persons all used the magic of flight,

and each tumbled and turned on the edge of clouds.

At that moment the belched out mist and fog darkened Heaven and Earth,

and all you heard were the growls and roars.

The six of them fought for a long time until gradually dusk settled in; since the sky was already misty and a strong gust was blowing, it became completely dark in no time at all.

Now Eight Rules already had huge ears that hovered over his eyes, making the world seem more opaque than ever to him. His arms and legs slackened, and he no longer was able to parry the blow. As he turned to flee in defeat, his muckrake trailing behind him, the old demon gave him a blow with the scimitar that almost took his life. It was fortunate that he missed Eight Rules's head, but a few bristles on his neck were shaved off. He was, however, chased down by the old demon, who opened wide his mouth and caught Eight Rules by the collar. The demon took his prisoner into the city, threw him to the little fiends to have him bound in the Hall of Golden Chimes, and then mounted the clouds once more to join in the battle.

When Sha Monk saw that things were going badly, he turned to flee after one last halfhearted blow with his treasure staff. The second fiend flung out his trunk with a snort and wrapped him up, hand

and all. He was brought into the city, where the little fiends were instructed to have him bound beneath the steps of the hall also. Then the second fiend rose into the air to try to capture Pilgrim.

When Pilgrim saw that his two brothers had fallen into captivity, he realized he was unable to oppose three adversaries. As the saying goes,

*n a good hand can't withstand two fists;
' two fists can't oppose four hands.*

With a cry, he broke through the weapons of those three fiendish demons and fled by mounting a cloud somersault. When the third fiend saw Pilgrim somersaulting away, he shook himself and revealed his original form. Flapping both his wings, he immediately caught up with the Great Sage.

How could he do this so readily, you ask? When Pilgrim caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, even one hundred thousand warriors from Heaven could not catch hold of him, for a single cloud somersault of his would traverse the distance of one hundred and eight thousand miles. But one flap of this monster-spirit's wing, however, could cover ninety thousand miles, and thus two flaps, in fact, would send him past the Great Sage. That was how the Great Sage fell into his clutches. The grip of the fiend was so firm that he could not move left or right at all, nor could he even exercise his magic power to escape; for when he enlarged himself, the fiend's clutch would loosen somewhat, and when he reduced his size, the fiend tightened his grip accordingly. He was thus taken back to the city, dropped to the ground, and he too was bound and placed together with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. As the old demon and the second demon came forward to meet him, the third demon joined them to ascend the treasure hall. Ah! Little did they realize that they had not bound Pilgrim; it was more like sending him off!

It was about the hour of the second watch, when all those fiends, after they had greeted each other, pushed the Tang Monk down the steps of the hall. When the lamplight revealed to the elder his three disciples all bound up and lying on the ground, he fell down at Pilgrim's side. "O disciple!" he sobbed. "When we met with an ordeal, it was customary for you to exercise your magic powers outside so that you could seek assistance, when necessary, to subdue the demons. This time even *you* have been taken. How could this poor monk lay claim to his life?"

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words of anguish from their master, they, too, began to wail. Pilgrim, however, replied with a smile, "Master, relax! And stop crying, brothers! Let them do what they will, but you will not be harmed. Let the old demons quiet down first, and we'll be on our way."

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you're fibbing again! Look at the way I'm tied up! When the ropes are just the least bit loosened, they immediately spit some water on them to make them tighter. A skinny fellow like you probably doesn't feel a thing, but that's a plague on a fatso like me! If you don't believe me, just look at my shoulders. The ropes have cut at least two inches into my flesh. How could we escape?"

"Not to mention the fact that we're bound by hemp ropes," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "Even if they use coir cables as thick as a rice bowl, I'll treat the matter as lightly as an autumn breeze blowing past my ears! You needn't wonder about that!"

As the three brothers were conversing, they also heard the old demon say, "Our Third Worthless Brother is most capable and most intelligent! His marvelous plan did indeed succeed in capturing the Tang Monk! Little ones, five of you will go bail water; seven of you will scrub the pots; ten of you will start the fire; and twenty of you will go fetch the iron steamer. Let's have those four monks steamed for us brothers to enjoy. We'll give each of you a small piece of their flesh so that you can also attain long life too."

On hearing this, Eight Rules shook all over and said, "Elder Brother, listen to that! That monster-spirit's planning to have us steamed and eaten!" "Don't be afraid," said Pilgrim. "Let me see if he's

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