

## All R. Artist 66

### Chapter 66: Abrupt End

Soon, Han Jimei realized how far her imagination had strayed from the truth.

Chu Kuang would certainly not write a plot with sarcastic love as a theme just for the sake of sarcasm.

[In this impoverished family, there were two most treasured items. One was the gold watch, a family heirloom passed down three generations to Mr. A, and the other was Mrs. A's hair. If there were a wealthy and beautiful woman living in the apartment across the courtyard, Mrs. A would one day hang her hair out the window to dry, putting the lady's jewels and gifts to shame. If a rich man were to pile all his wealth in the basement, Mr. A would be sure to pull out his gold watch every time he passed by to provoke him into jealousy.]

This was an extraordinarily unique melodramatic form of expression.

Because Blue Star didn't follow a chimesque way of English translation, reading this kind of narrative for the first time felt a bit awkward, but ironically, it was also interesting.

Alright, Han Jimei already knew that Mrs. A was planning to sell her hair.

This was a difficult decision because it was something Mrs. A adored and was proud of.

[Her beautiful hair falling around her, flowing brilliantly like a tiny black waterfall.

Her hair reached just below the knees as if clothing her.

She quickly brushed her hair nervously.

She hesitated for a moment, standing silently, tears falling onto the worn red carpet.]

The more the text described how beautiful Mrs. A's hair was,

The more Han Jimei could feel the woman's reluctance and pain.

But the woman ended up selling the hair she once prided herself on and successfully exchanged it for twenty dollars.

And the gift she purchased was a white watchband, worth twenty-three dollars, which was a huge yield after half an hour of bargaining with the shopkeeper.

Returning home with the only eighty cents left on her, Mrs. A was exhilarated.

Turns out...

[Although the watch was magnificent, it was held together by an old leather strap. Sometimes he would sneak a glance at it.]

After getting home, she kept looking in the mirror.

She, now with her hair short and a bandage tied around it, looked like a school kid who had skipped class.

Only now did she start to worry.

Mr. would be angry, right?

Would he scold me fiercely?

After all, he had complimented my hair countless times before. Without my long hair, would I still be as beautiful in his eyes?

She hesitated, filled with nervousness.

Seeing this, Han Jimei couldn't help but feel sorry for this woman.

If there were a Tang Dynasty in this world, Han Jimei would certainly think of the saying “A couple’s worries are endless when in poverty,” and worry about it.

But what’s meant to come will eventually come.

The viewpoint of the story is still from Mrs. A:

[The door opened, and her husband walked in, closing the door behind him. He was very slender and serious. Poor man, he was only twenty-two years old—and he was already bearing the burden of supporting the family! He needed a new coat and didn’t even have gloves.]

She really loved her own husband.

Not because Chu Kuang continually used words to describe how sincere her love was, but because the details in-between the lines revealed many emotions.

Would Mr. be angry?

Han Jimei hesitated to read on, but in the end, she did:

["Are you selling your hair?" her husband strained to ask, as if after racking his brains, he still hadn’t comprehended the obvious fact.]

Does this count as him being angry?

Han Jimei, just like Mrs. A, was curious about her husband’s mindset at the moment. She didn’t know whether the next moment would bring a slap across her face—

Only a jerk would do that!

If that were to happen, she wouldn’t read Chu Kuang’s novels easily again in the future.

[“Not only did I cut it off, I sold it.” Mrs. A asked: “No matter what, do you still love me the same? Even though I don’t have hair anymore, I’m still the same person, right?”]

She was being extremely careful, to the point of being somewhat meek.

By now the story was already drawing to a close.

Han Jimei couldn’t figure out how this story would end until she read the following section:

[The husband took out a package from his coat pocket and threw it onto the table.

“Don’t get it wrong, my dear.” he said,” Regardless of haircut, facial or hair wash, my love for you is never going to decrease. But just open the package and you’ll understand why I was taken aback just now.”

Her slender fingers swiftly tore apart the string and wrapping paper. Then there was an outburst of delight; followed by, alas! It suddenly turned into a woman’s hysterical tears welling up in her eyes, needing her husband to go all out to comfort her for a while.]

The comb!

What her husband brought out was the set of combs for sticking in her hair—

A complete set of hair combs, for the temples, and the back, with everything needed;

It was something Mrs. A had longed for in a window at the far end of their apartment complex on a bustling street, but it was beyond her budget; she couldn’t afford it nor did she have the courage to buy it.

They were made of genuine Tortoiseshell! A beautiful set of hair combs inset with jewels!

So perfectly matched with Mrs. A’s lost beautiful hair colour!

Mrs. A knew this comb set was expensive, had been longing for it for a long time, but never had hope of possessing it. Now it was hers, but the hair that should have worn these long-awaited adornments was gone.

Han Jimei gasped.

She was at a loss how to express her feelings at this moment.

But the text truthfully depicted Mrs. A's feelings through the details: [She clung the comb set in her arms, after a long time, she managed to raise her teary eyes, and said with a smile to her husband: "My hair grows very fast!"]

Then Mrs. A brought out the watchband.

She turned to her husband expectantly and said: ["Isn't it nice? I searched the entire city for it. Now you can look at your watch hundreds of times a day. Give me your watch, I want to see what it looks like on it."]

Slowly, Han Jimei began to understand and she showed a knowing smile.

Even though Mrs. A had sold her hair, her husband wasn't angry, he just sighed that the comb momentarily lost its use—

How nice.

Ending the story like this is full of beautiful imagery, making one almost unable to resist falling in love, despite Han Jimei being a married woman.

She sipped on her tea.

Han Jimei looked at the last paragraph, thinking it would be a concluding paragraph, short stories often like to wrap up everything at the end.

Something like "This is a beautiful love story" perhaps?

But after reading the following words, the tea in her mouth almost sprayed onto the magazine:

[Instead, her husband didn't do as she said.

He just lay back on the couch, hands under his head, starting to laugh: "Let's put our Christmas gifts aside for now, they're so good that it would be a pity to use them now- – I actually sold my gold watch to buy your combs."]

The story abruptly ended here.

At this moment, Han Jimei was dumbfounded..