

So Pure, So Flirtatious

Chapter 3: Against the Injustice

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“Screw it! Why are you still looking at me? What’s there to look at? You old fool, I am talking to you. Can you hear me? If you want to put up a stall here, you have to pay some money!” The bully casually swung his leg and messed up the old man’s stall.

“Young man, I don’t have anything against you. I sell my things; you walk your path. We don’t interfere with one another. Why do you still want to make trouble for an old man like me?” said the old man and he sighed.

“Damn, do you think you are Kong Yiji [1] by speaking a few sentences of classical Chinese?” The long-haired young man standing to the side started to lose his patience. He went up and flipped the old man’s stall, shouting, “Old man, you refuse a toast only to drink a forfeit”[2]. I guess we will have you give you the harsher treatment then. However, since you are such an old chap, I shall not beat you up, just so that people won’t say that we don’t respect the elders or love the young. Let me give you a chance. You kneel down, bow to me and call me ‘Elder Brother Liang’, and then I can waive away your protection fee or else, don’t ever let me see you again!”

“What has happened to our future generations?” The old man shook his head and packed up the things that had fallen to the ground.

“Damn!” Yang Ming saw how the old man was bullied and instantly became incensed. An old man who made a living by setting up a stall was definitely worth sympathy. Yet, these two young brats still wanted to collect a protection fee from him?

Yang Ming jumped off his bicycle, ran to the old man’s side, and angrily stared at them.

“Yoh? Isn’t this Brother Yang?” The long-haired young man saw Yang Ming and immediately recognized him.

“Since you know me, why don’t you f*** off?” Yang Ming realized that since they recognized him, he might be able to resolve this without violence. Nevertheless, Yang Ming’s name was pretty renowned in the past. Who wouldn’t know of the “Crazy Yang” who fought without concern for his own life and killed in a fight? Actually, at that time, Yang Ming only looked to release his anger – he channeled all his repressed emotions from his heart and his longing for Su Ya onto his opponent. However, as time passed by, his name had become famous. As he ascended up to senior high school, Yang Ming

had matured. He realized that beating up people was a criminal offense. Since then, he rarely fought with other people.

“Hehe, do you really think you’re the boss here because people call you Elder Brother Yang? I am just paying you some respect because you were our senior. If I didn’t care to give you respect, you are nothing! Your years are over, now it is I, Zhang Yuliang, who makes the call!” The long-haired young man spat a glob of thick phlegm in front of Yang Ming and said disdainfully, “Damn, this is none of your business. Just go where you are supposed to go!”

Yang Ming’s face turned deathly pale. He had heard of Zhang Yuliang. During the years when they were in junior high school, Zhang Yuliang was younger than him by two years. This young boy who used to follow his ass and called him Elder Brother Yang, was now showing off in front of him!

“Brother Liang is talking to you. Can’t you hear it? Are you deaf or ill? Want to be beaten up, is it?” The job noticed how Yang Ming didn’t respond so he went up to push Yang Ming.

“I haven’t been an Elder Brother for many years...” Zhang Yuliang could see that Yang Ming was irate. But from his perspective, Yang Ming was just a worn-out gang leader. There was really nothing to be afraid of so he began to chant <Elder Brother> disparagingly.

Yang Ming grabbed Zhang Yuliang by the throat and pushed him into the wall. He smiled coldly and said, “You were damn right. I am nothing right now, but I can still beat you up like how I used to. Do you believe me?”

“Cough... cough... mother f*****! Let go of me!” Zhang Yuliang’s neck was constricted to a point where he couldn’t breathe.

The other job saw how Zhang Yuliang was restrained, picked up a brick and swung it toward Yang Ming. Hearing the air movement behind him, Yang Ming immediately let go of Zhang Yuliang and stepped aside. However, Yang Ming was careless and the job was still close enough to Yang Ming. The brick struck Yang Ming’s waist. Ka Cha, and the brick broke in half.

The job was shocked. Did this person go through some hard Qi Gong[3]? How did he use his waist to shatter the brick?

On the other end, Yang Ming was really enraged. This job’s action was so brutal. If this brick had hit my head, I would have gone to another life chasing after other pretty girls.

Yang Ming was furious. He didn’t reserve anything when he punched his fist. Immediately, Yang Ming stomped the guy who flanked him onto the ground and then

gave a fierce knee-up to the stomach. The yob felt a rumble in his stomach, threw up most of his lunch, and almost passed out.

For Zhang Yuliang, it was an even more serious case. Yang Ming knew he was the main culprit and he even “greeted” his mother earlier. Therefore, he punched and broke his nose without any hesitation. Yang Ming then dislocated both of Zhang Yuliang’s arms by stretching his hands backward with a strong push. It was so painful that he fainted without any words.

Yang Ming calmed himself down and remembered that there was an old man beside him. He turned his head around and said, “Old man, don’t put up a stall around here. There are many schools here as well as gangsters. You should go to the food market area instead!”

“Thank you, young man,” smiled the old man as he stared at Yang Ming.

Yang Ming felt chills from his stare and asked baffled, “Old man, why are you staring at me?”

“Aren’t you, young man, a disciple of Shaolin Kung Fu? If not, how could you know Golden Bell Cocoon Kung Fu?” the old man said.

“Golden Bell Cocoon? Old man, I think you read too many Kung Fu novels.” Yang Ming felt really confused from his question.

“Hehe, young man, this old man here knows that there are many supreme masters in this world. You don’t really have to lie to me. If you don’t have that hard Qi Gong, how did you shatter the brick with your waist?” stated the old man confidently.

“Ah!” Yang Ming exclaimed as he remembered the brick. He immediately reached into his jacket’s side pocket and took out the spectacles case. The spectacles were obviously smashed by the yob.

“...” The old man fell silent.

“My spectacles!” Yang Ming exclaimed painfully as he saw how the spectacles inside the case were cracked. Yang Ming usually didn’t wear his glasses. However, he couldn’t really see the blackboard clearly because he sat in the back of the class. Therefore, his father had spent money to get him a pair of spectacles. This morning, Yang Ming was wearing it to accurately shoot in billiards. During lunch at home, he readily put the spectacles inside his pocket. He never thought that the spectacles would have been sacrificed so quickly.

“Young man, don’t be sad...” The old man felt ashamed seeing that Yang Ming cracked his glasses because of him.

“How can I not be sad! It’s over \$100!” Yang Ming said with distress. It wasn’t that Yang Ming cared a lot about money. It was because his father didn’t have a really high income as it was and he would have to be really frugal for quite some time to save up the money.

“...” The old man sighed. Then he said, “Forget it, young man. I will compensate you with another pair of spectacles. Don’t be sad.”

Chapter Notes:

[1] Kong Yiji (孔乙己) refers to the character in the short story of the same name by Lu Xun. The character is a failed alcoholic scholar who spouted a lot of classical Chinese.

[2] 敬酒不吃吃罚酒 [jìng jiǔ bù chī chī fá jiǔ] – refuse a toast only to drink a forfeit

To submit to someone’s pressure after first turning down his/her request.

[3] Qi Gong (气功) – a system of breathing exercises; a breathing technique