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At first, opening his eyes in the blackness of the curtains about his bed, he could not think why the dawn seemed different from any other. The house was still except for the faint, gasping cough of his old father, whose room was opposite to his own across the middle room. But this morning he did not wait. He sprang up and pushed aside the curtains of his bed. It was a dark, ruddy dawn, and through a small square hole of a window, where the tattered paper fluttered, a glimpse of bronze sky gleamed. He went to the hole and tore the paper away. He was ashamed to say aloud that he wished the house to look neat on this day. The hole was barely large enough to admit his hand and he thrust it out to feel of the air. A small soft wind blew gently from the east, a wind mild and murmurous and full of rain. It was a good omen. The fields needed rain for fruition. There would be no rain this day, but within a few days, if this wind continued, there would be water. Yesterday he had said to his father that if this brazen, glittering sunshine continued, the wheat could not fill in the ear. Now it was as if Heaven had chosen this day to wish him well. Earth would bear fruit. He hurried out into the middle room, drawing on his blue outer trousers as he went, and knotting about the fullness at his waist his girdle of blue cotton cloth. He left his upper body bare until he had heated water to bathe himself. He went into the shed which was the kitchen, leaning against the house, and out of its dusk an ox twisted its head from behind the corner next the door and lowed at him deeply. The kitchen was made of earthen bricks as the house was, great squares of earth dug from their own fields, and thatched with straw from their own wheat. Out of their own earth had his grandfather in his youth fashioned also the oven, baked and black with many years of meal preparing. On top of this earthen structure stood a deep, round, iron cauldron. This cauldron he filled partly full of water, dipping it with a half gourd from an earthen jar that stood near, but he dipped cautiously, for water was precious. Then, after a hesitation, he suddenly lifted the jar and emptied all the water into the cauldron. This day he would bathe his whole body. Today one would, and he would have it clean. He went around the oven to the rear, and selecting a handful of the dry grass and stalks standing in the corner of the kitchen, he arranged it delicately in the mouth of the oven, making the most of every leaf. Then from an old flint and iron he caught a flame and thrust it into the straw and there was a blaze. This was the last morning he would have to light the fire. He had lit it every morning since his mother died six years before. He had lit the fire, boiled water, and poured the water into a bowl and taken it into the room where his father sat upon his bed, coughing and fumbling for his shoes upon the floor. Every morning for these six years the old man had waited for his son to bring in hot water to ease him of his morning coughing. Now father and son could rest. Never again would Wang Lung have to rise summer and winter at dawn to light the fire. He could lie in his bed and wait, and he also would have a bowl of water brought to him, and if the earth were fruitful there would be tea leaves in the water. Once in some years it was so. And if the woman wearied, there would be her children to light the fire, the many children she would bear to Wang Lung. Wang Lung stopped, struck by the thought of children running in and out of their three rooms. Three rooms had always seemed much to them, a house half empty since his mother died. They were always having to resist relatives who were more crowded -- his uncle, with his endless brood of children, coaxing. Cannot father and son sleep together? He will warm my bones in my age. They would have to put beds along the walls and in the middle room. The house would be full of beds. The blaze in the oven died down while Wang Lung thought of all the beds there would be in the half empty house, and the water began to chill in the cauldron. The shadowy figure of the old man appeared in the doorway, holding his unbuttoned garments about him. He was coughing and spitting and he gasped. The old man continued to cough perseveringly and would not cease until the water boiled. Wang Lung dipped some into a bowl, and then, after a moment, he opened a glazed jar that stood upon a ledge of the stove and took from it a dozen or so of the curled dried leaves and sprinkled them upon the surface of the water. Tea is like eating silver. He watched the leaves uncurl and spread upon the surface of the water, unable to bear drinking the precious stuff. He passed into an animal satisfaction, like a child fixed upon its feeding. But he was not too forgetful to see Wang Lung dipping the water recklessly from the cauldron into a deep

wooden tub. He lifted his head and stared at his son. Wang Lung continued to dip the water to the last drop. He did not answer. He was ashamed to say to his father that he wished his body to be clean for a woman to see. He hurried out, carrying the tub to his own room. The door was hung loosely upon a warped wooden frame and it did not shut closely, and the old man tottered into the middle room and put his mouth to the opening and bawled, "It will be ill if we start the woman like this -- tea in the morning water and all this washing! And then he added, "I will throw the water on the earth when I am finished and it is not all waste. In the light that streamed in a square block from the hole he wrung a small towel from the steaming water and he scrubbed his dark slender body vigorously. Warm though he had thought the air, when his flesh was wet he was cold, and he moved quickly, passing the towel in and out of the water until from his whole body there went up a delicate cloud of steam. He might be a little cold this day without the wadding of the winter garments, but he suddenly could not bear to put them on against his clean flesh. The covering of them was torn and filthy and the wadding stuck out of the holes, grey and sodden. He did not want this woman to see him for the first time with the wadding sticking out of his clothes. Later she would have to wash and mend, but not the first day. He drew over the blue cotton coat and trousers a long robe made of the same material -- his one long robe, which he wore on feast days only, ten days or so in the year, all told. Then with swift fingers he unplaited the long braid of hair that hung down his back, and taking a wooden comb from the drawer of the small, unsteady table, he began to comb out his hair. His father drew near again and put his mouth to the crack of the door.

Chapter 2 : Sons (House of Earth, #2) by Pearl S. Buck

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During the time in which the novel takes place, Chinese society is showing signs of modernization while remaining deeply connected to ancient traditions and customs. When Wang Lung reaches a marriageable age, his father approaches the powerful local Hwang family to ask if they have a spare slave who could marry his son. The Hwangs agree to sell Wang a year-old slave named O-lan, who becomes his wife. O-lan and Wang Lung are pleased with each other, although they exchange few words and although Wang is initially disappointed that O-lan does not have bound feet. Together, Wang Lung and O-lan cultivate a bountiful and profitable harvest from their land. Meanwhile, the powerful Hwang family lives decadently—the husband is obsessed with women, and the wife is an opium addict. Because of their costly habits, the Hwangs fall on hard times, and Wang Lung is able to purchase a piece of their fertile rice land. He enjoys another profitable harvest, and O-lan gives birth to another son. Custom dictates that Wang Lung must show the utmost respect to members of the older generation, especially relatives, so he is forced to loan his uncle money despite knowing that the money will be wasted on drinking and gambling. After O-lan gives birth to a daughter, a terrible famine settles on the land. In the midst of this crisis, O-lan gives birth to another daughter. She strangles the second girl because there is not enough food to feed the baby and the rest of the family. Wang Lung is forced to take his family to a southern city for the winter. There, O-lan and the children beg while Wang Lung earns money by transporting people in a rented rickshaw. They earn just enough money to eat. Wang Lung begins to despair of ever making enough money to return to his land. He and O-lan briefly consider selling their surviving daughter as a slave. Wang Lung steals a pile of gold coins. With this new wealth, he moves the family back home and purchases a new ox and some seeds. O-lan had stolen some jewels during the looting. O-lan gives birth to twins shortly thereafter. The couple realizes that their oldest daughter is severely retarded, but Wang Lung loves the child dearly. Wang Lung hires laborers to plant and harvest his land. He enjoys several years of profitable harvests and becomes a rich man. When a flood forces him to be idle, he begins to feel restless and bored. He becomes obsessed with Lotus, a beautiful, delicate prostitute with bound feet. Eventually, he purchases Lotus to be his concubine. When O-lan becomes terminally ill, Wang Lung regrets his cruel words and comes to appreciate everything his wife has done for him. They do not want to work as farmers and do not have his devotion to the land. Furthermore, his first and second sons often argue over money, and their wives develop an intense animosity toward one another. In his old age, Wang Lung takes a young slave, Pear Blossom, as a concubine. She promises to care for his retarded daughter after his death. In time, Wang Lung is surrounded by grandchildren, but he is also surrounded by petty family disagreements.

Chapter 3 : [PDF/ePub Download] the good earth pdf eBook

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Chapter 1 Summary Wang Lung, a poor farmer in rural China, has recently reached the age for marrying. His father wants to find him a suitable wife and approaches the prosperous Hwang family to ask whether they can spare a slave for Wang Lung. He worries that a pretty girl would have attracted the young lords of the house and would therefore have lost her virginity. Wang Lung sees the wisdom in this, but he demands that his future wife at least be free of a split upper lip and pockmarks. On his wedding day, Wang Lung meticulously washes himself. His father complains at the unusual use of so much water. Wang Lung is excited, though, and splurges, paying a man to shave his head and face. He also purchases food for his wedding feast and incense sticks for the gods. Nervousness assails him as he approaches the House of Hwang. The rude, bawdy gate man forces Wang Lung to pay a toll of a precious silver piece before he will allow him inside the gate. O-lan is tall and sturdy, and her face is smooth and brown. Wang Lung is disappointed that her feet are not bound. The Old Mistress states that her family purchased O-lan at the age of ten during a famine year. The Old Mistress believes O-lan is a virgin. Before letting the couple leave, she asks that O-lan bring her first child to see her. O-lan prepares the meal, but she refuses to be seen by other men until her marriage is consummated. Her modesty and her good cooking please Wang Lung greatly. Analysis The first chapter of *The Good Earth* sets up a contrast between the poor, simple Wang Lung and the wealthy, powerful Hwang family. The decadent, opium-filled Hwang house is also a warning and a foreshadowing of the pitfalls of wealth that will seduce Wang Lung and his offspring. The Hwangs are a family of moral decay and narcissism. As a poor farmer, Wang Lung has an intimate relationship with the earth: His religion is based on worshipping the earth deity, for whom he burns incense before the wedding feast. Because of this recognition, Wang Lung is frugal, hardworking, and modest. Conversely, because the Hwang family is rich, its members do not personally involve themselves in the labor from which they derive their riches. Instead, they hire laborers and buy slaves to work for them. Hiring others to do their work means they have become estranged from their land. For this reason, they have become careless with their money. They occupy their time with idle pleasures, spending money on expensive items, such as rich foods, opium, drink, and women.

Chapter 4 : SparkNotes: The Good Earth: Chapter 1

The Good Earth, novel by Pearl Buck, published in The novel, about peasant life in China in the s, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in The Good Earth follows the life of Wang Lung from his beginnings as an impoverished peasant to his eventual position as a prosperous landowner.

I am part Chinese. A race that has given me these small eyes and this yellowish complexion. A race that I have associated with frugality, hard work, mass production, internet restrictions, and Jackie Chan. My Grandma, the real Chinese in the family, still brings Moon Cakes during the Chinese New Year and we do maintain fireworks when celebrating. We also drink herbal tea at home and have this uncanny favoritism for Chinese restaurants during family get-togethers. My only assurances were that it won the Pulitzer Prize and the author is a Nobel Prize winner. The Good Earth by Pearl S. Buck is a beautiful and sweeping story of farmer Wang Lu and his wife O-lan. The Land, the man, and their bond. This beautiful tale left me thirsty and craving for knowledge about this race that resides within me yet has not fully manifested itself. This may sound fancy but I have to say what I feel. This book made me fall in love with China, the Chinese culture, my Chinese roots. It whispers an earnest plea of the oldest kind, it whispers "Remember the land. In this age of technology, internet, GMOs and fast foods, we forget the land. We ignore the Good Earth that has sustained the lives of everyone before us, and lives of this generation. And his two sons held him, one on either side, each holding his arm, and he held in his hand the warm loose earth. And they soothed him and they said over and over, the elder son and the second son, Rest assured, our father, rest assured. The land is not to be sold. Each son telling his father "the land will not be sold" but inwardly smiling at this statement he knows to be untrue. Each son, each daughter, each generation, saying we will save this good earth. But for every tree he plants, he cuts down two more. For every bottle she recycles, she throws out two more. For every plot turned into a garden, there are two plots turned into garbage dumps. Each man, woman, son, daughter thinking about their self, their success apart from the land. They forget that their success lies with the land. They forget the Earth that has been good to them. It had come out of the earth, this silver, out of the earth that he ploughed and turned and spent himself upon. He took his life from the earth; drop by drop by his sweat he wrung food from it and from the food, silver. I will not discuss much of these issues and will only say in passing that a different culture enabled them to see nothing wrong with things we in modern times would consider abhorrent and terrifying. But I marvel at how Mrs. Buck was able to make it feel natural despite all these cultural differences. This speaks of her grace and her skill as a writer. She writes with a natural grace and an earnest plea. I am engrossed by her writing, her message, her book. The Good Earth is a timeless, moving story that depicts the sweeping changes that have occurred not only in the lives of the Chinese people during the last century, but also of everyone who has walked a part of this good earth. She traces the whole cycle of life: Her beloved and brilliant novel is a universal tale of the destiny of mankind.

Chapter 5 : The Good Earth Book Review

It's the good earth, yes the good earth, Where we fought and loved and killed and died, And ruined and ravished the countryside, But now, from a million miles away, From another world that's cold and gray, Someone is able to look and say, "That's the good earth."

Chapter 6 : Full text of "The good earth"

Best Answer: You won't be able to find it on line, at least not legally. I haven't read this novel, but you'll find a whole range of resources on the Internet to help you with The Good Earth.

Chapter 7 : Where can I find The Good Earth online Text? | Yahoo Answers

text, discussion questions and suggested readings for the interested reader. The Good Earth explores the way peasants were and novel full-circle. SETTING.

Chapter 8 : The Good Earth (House of Earth, #1) by Pearl S. Buck

Page 1 of 2 The Good Earth by Pearl Buck About the book Pulitzer Prize, Wang Lung, rising from humble Chinese farmer to wealthy landowner, gloried in the soil he worked.

Chapter 9 : The Good Earth | novel by Buck | calendrierdelascience.com

In The Good Earth Pearl S. Buck paints an indelible portrait of China in the s, when the last emperor reigned and the vast political and social upheavals of the twentieth century were but distant rumblings.