24 Stories of Filial Devotion
During the Western Han Dynasty, a man named Jiang Ge lived in a place called Qi. Jiang Ge's father, who was still young, had died and his mother died shortly after, leaving him to grow up alone. Life was extremely difficult for the common worker's family. It was a time of war, and lighting among worker families was extremely difficult. Liang Ge and his older brother Liang Er had to work as laborers to help support their mother. Liang Ge was only 15 years old when his mother got sick. He wanted to take his mother to a better place, but he knew he couldn't afford it. He thought, "I'm young, I can work hard to support us. You're right, but we can do our best."

Mom, in these troubled times, we need a better place to live.
Eli, some of these, mother.

Jang Ge-chun, coming home, his father on his buck and mother on his won't say, and night towards xinqu.

Si and I have real hard for a while. Mani, I'll up and gather some wild chili for you to eat.

If the leaves are cherry and flowers, the fruit are not poisonous.

Don't move!

Go pick some fruit here.

Give us all your remains!
I have mercy on us, sir. I'm a poor man. I have nothing of value.

Oh!

The young man looks strong and healthy. Why don't you join us? Then you can be sure of ample food and clothing. How about it?

The kid's really a devoted son.

Your devotion to each other has touched my heart. I'll let you have this loaf. It'll last you some time on the way.

Jiang Go and his mother reached XiJiK. Though life was still difficult, the boy hired himself out and worked very hard.

Please let go of my son, sir. Who's going to take care of me if he goes with you?

Mother!

Jiang Go always did his best to fulfill his mother's wishes. Their livelihood gradually improved.
During the Eastern Han Dynasty a young man named Dong Yong lived in Chinchang County. His mother died when he was young. Dong Yong was devoted to his father.

Then his father fell ill.

Dad, drink this medicine while it's still warm.
My son, I am old and ill. I'm afraid I...

Don't talk like that, Father. You'll get well soon.

After some time, his father died. Dong Yong grieved deeply over his father's death.

I've got to find some money for my father's funeral.

Oh, poor boy!

Such a young boy wanting to sell himself to bury his father. But he looks quite healthy.

Take this money, young man, and give your father a proper funeral.

Your reputation as a tall son is known far and wide, that's why I have come to seek you out. I would like to be your wife and serve you all my life.

Thank you very much, sir. I'll come to work for you as soon as I am out of mourning.

Dong Yong used the money to bury his father and observed three years of mourning.

Then he packed his things and set out to work as a slave in the home of the man who gave him money for his father's funeral.

On his way to the man's house, Dong Yong met a young woman, who accosted him.
Burying Son to Save Mother

During the Eastern Han Dynasty, a man named Guo Ju lived in poverty with his wife and son and his mother.

Guo Ju did odd jobs for other people in the neighborhood and supported his family with the meagre income he earned.
Oh, you're back. 
There's no rice left in the house to make porridge for mother. I'm going to gather some wild yams to make soup.

Guo and his wife always saved the best food for his mother. They themselves often had to eat wild herbs and roots.

Mother, food is ready. Will you come and eat?

C'mon, my dear grandson, let's go home for dinner.

Guo Ju's mother loved her grandson. She always saved the best food for him.

This rice looks good. Take a bite!

As it is, we don't have enough food to feed mother. If we do nothing, she's going to starve to death.

Guo Ju and his wife often suffered hunger, but they did not want their no one to suffer as they did. Seeing the old lady getting thinner day by day as she shared the scanty food they had with her grandson, Guo Ju's heart ached. So he consulted with his wife... The only way out, I think, is to bury the boy alive. We can have another child but not another mother.

Hearing this, Guo's wife cried, but she had to agree with her husband. During the night, the couple carried the sleeping boy to the countryside.
Feeding Mosquitoes to Spare Parents

A little boy named Wu Mang lived during the Jin Dynasty. Though he was only eight years old, the boy showed deep love for his parents.

His family was very poor. They couldn't afford to buy mosquito nets, so in summer they were plagued by mosquitoes and Wu Mang's parents could not sleep at night.

When he woke up Wang Pou realized that it was his parents appearing in his dream to give him a message. After that he never again went to his mother's grave when there was thunderstorm and concentrated on his academic activities.

There are so many mosquitoes at night. I could hardly sleep.

Well, what can we do about them? We can only wish that the summer would pass more quickly.

Dad and Mum are up swatting mosquitoes again.
But as soon as some mosquitoes were eaten by a mosquito, she came back. The sun had to stay up. Something else.

Then, an idea hit her. Wu Meng took off his jacket and threw it down. His thoughts were clear. He thought it was better to cool off with the mosquitoes.

Throughout the night, the rich from mosquito bites was hard to bear. Wu Meng was happy to let his friends be a little bit uncomfortable. Wu Meng's parents would be able to think of ways to make life better.

Wu Meng noticed his friend was cutting some leaves. He asked, "Are you going to cut the leaves?"

"Yes, I am. I have worked all day. Let's go home."
Little Wu Meng was very happy when he saw his parents sleeping peacefully all night.

As he'd had a good night's sleep, Wu's father was in good spirits.

In the morning, he went with his father to work in the fields.

Wu Meng continued to load the mosquitoes with his own blood every night. When his father asked about the red spots on his body, he stilled him off with some vague answer.

Later, local officials heard the story. They gave the boy a mosquito net as a reward for his good deed. After that, Wu Meng did not need to worry about his parents being pestered by the insects any more.