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<th>Title</th>
<th>THE OLD WOMAN WHO LOST HER DUMPLING</th>
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LONG, long ago there was a funny old woman, who liked to laugh and to make dumplings of rice-flour.

One day, while she was preparing some dumplings for dinner, she let one fall; and it rolled into a hole in the earthen floor of her little kitchen and disappeared. The old
woman tried to reach it by putting her hand down the hole, and all at once the earth gave way, and the old woman fell in.

She fell quite a distance, but was not a bit hurt; and when she got up on her feet again, she saw that she was standing on a road, just like the road before her house. It was quite light down there; and she could see plenty of rice-fields, but no one in them. How all this happened, I cannot tell you. But it seems that the old woman had fallen into another country.

The road she had fallen upon sloped very much: so, after having looked for her dumpling in vain, she thought that it must have rolled farther away down the slope. She ran down the road to look, crying:—

—“My dumpling, my dumpling!—Where is that dumpling of mine?”

After a little while she saw a stone Jizo standing by the roadside, and she said:—
—“O Lord Jizo, did you see my dumpling?”
Fiso answered:

—"Yes, I saw your dumpling rolling by me down the road. But you had better not go any farther, because there is a wicked Oni living down there, who eats people."

But the old woman only laughed, and ran on further down the road, crying:—"My dumpling, my dumpling!—Where is that dumpling of mine?" And she came to another statue of Fiso, and asked it:

—"O kind Lord Fiso, did you see my dumpling?"

And Fiso said:

—"Yes, I saw your dumpling go by a little while ago. But you must not run any further, because there is a wicked Oni down there, who eats people."

But she only laughed, and ran on, still
— "Oh!" said *Fisō*, "perhaps you are mistaken."

crying out: "My dumpling, my dumpling!
— Where is that dumpling of mine?" And she came to a third *Fisō*, and asked it:
— "O dear Lord *Fisō*, did you see my dumpling?"

But *Fisō* said:
— "Don't talk about your dumpling now. Here is the *Oni* coming. Squat down here behind my sleeve, and don't make any noise."

Presently the *Oni* came very close, and stopped and bowed to *Fisō*, and said:
— "Good-day, *Fisō San*!"

*Fisō* said good-day, too, very politely. Then the *Oni* suddenly snuffed the air two or three times in a suspicious way, and cried out: "*Fisō San, Fisō San*! I smell a smell of mankind somewhere — don't you?"
— "No, no!" said the Oni, after snuffing the air again, "I smell a smell of mankind.

Then the old woman could not help laughing—

"Te-he-he!"

—and the Oni immediately reached down his big hairy hand behind Jizo's sleeve, and pulled her out.

— still laughing.

"Te-he-he!"