

## Blondes hair

The sound of arguing from downstairs filtered down the stairs and through the door into Qiu Qiu's ears, and Qiu Qiu pawed blithely at his bed, counting his smelly unwashed socks underneath. On the wall hung a picture of Qiu Qiu and his parents, his father's head long since covered with a green hat, his mother's with a red beard. Suddenly, with a bang, someone pushed open the door and the whole small building went silent. For half an hour, for an hour, for three hours, ..... someone rang the doorbell downstairs, but no one opened the door.

Qiu Qiu went downstairs, opened the door, and it turned out to be a messenger delivering a parcel. There was no address on the outside of the parcel, just the address and name of the recipient, who was looking for his father. Curious, Qiu Qiu opened the parcel and found a note and a dog mask with golden hair inside. The note said in rough writing: Hater! It was probably written by someone with their left hand. Qiu Qiu found this amusing, put on the mask and stood in front of the dressing room mirror to look at himself. The mirror quickly turned into a whirlpool, Qiu Qiu absorbed, and when Qiu Qiu regained consciousness, he was already running down the alley. Tired, he stopped to howl, and a dog's howl rang out.

A stream blew, and a search ad hit Qiu Qiu on the nose, covering his eyes. He grabbed it with his paws and placed it on the ground to see, "A 6-year-old boy lost with his family on a certain date, anyone with information should contact his parents at phone number: xxxxxxxxxx." Qiu Qiu let go of his front paws and the paper was blown away by the wind and rolled into the sky. Qiu Qiu looked back, his long, bright yellow fur blowing in the wind and covering his eyes, and he whimpered, turned and ran on.

As he ran until noon, his stomach grew hungry, and he saw a truck parked in the distance by a restaurant, from which two men in green overalls were unloading, one tall and lanky, the other slender and short. When the two men weren't looking, Qiu Qiu jumped onto the open bed of the truck and climbed into a small canvas-covered sausage box. After eating his fill, he fell asleep in a daze.

When the Qiu Qiu is woken up again by the bumps, through the bottom slit of the door, it is presumably late in the evening and the lorry is exercising in the suburbs, or on a gravel road in the countryside. In the night, the van finally stops and the "stout" and "short" open the rear doors and unload the boxes. The boxes of sausages were also carried inside and placed on the middle shelf of a warehouse. In the middle of the warehouse was a man sitting in a high-backed chair directing the crowd, with only four fingers on his right hand.

Qiu Qiu saw them inspecting the goods, bags of white powder that looked like drugs. 'The man with four fingers' told the burly man to go to Qiu Qiu's shelf and lift up the goods. Qiu Qiu jumped off the crate in terror and ran around the warehouse, finally escaping through the back door into a thicket of trees amid the curses of the crowd and began to wander.

At dawn, Qiu Qiu's attention was drawn to a clearing at the edge of the bush by the shouting and screaming of a little girl. A group of boys were passing around a handmade rag doll, some were throwing it in the air, others were laughing, and the little girl was crying continuously and incessantly. Qiu Qiu jumps up, scatters the group of boys, bites into the rag doll thrown to the ground, walks over to the little girl and hands it to her. The girl takes the doll, dries her tears, hugs Qiu Qiu and bursts out laughing.

At that moment, a voice in the distance called the girl's name, and she ran to where the voice came from, Qiu Qiu following her restlessly, behind the trees, on the beach by the sea. A faded girl saw the little girl and Qiu Qiu behind her and hesitated a little. The little girl cried out, "Sister, I am here!" Then she threw herself into the girl's arms and they walked home together, with Qiu Qiu running after her in confusion.

It turned out that the girl and the young girl were orphans who ran a small hotel in a picturesque area by the sea and were barely making ends meet. Qiu Qiu delivers newspapers every day for the hotel's guests and slowly grows up, while the young girl never does. On a sultry summer afternoon, the young woman was scrubbing the stove, her sweat soaking her clothes and wrapping the contours of her beautiful body even tighter. Suddenly she turned and asked Qiu Qiu to fetch a dry cloth. Desperate, Qiu Qiu turned and ran out of the kitchen and out of the hotel, walking aimlessly along the beach.

As dusk fell, Qiu Qiu stood in the middle of the shallow beach looking at his reflection in the clarified water, not expecting it: a young man with a healthy complexion, a legendary fairy in the water under the moon. From a distance, the young woman's voice called his name and searched for him. Qiu Qiu immediately went towards her, in the moonlight, on the beach.