

FIRST DEDICATION

Jiang Yi'an ([style name] Yong)

Mr. Sima

The essays had not yet been received for the triennial exam, when the ship was buffeted by wind and waves and nearly flew away.

He drifted between sky and water for ten days and nights, through smoke and clouds he could dimly discern that the wind was changing. (*They abandoned the mast and were then pushed by a northwest wind / luckily it turned into a northeast wind, and they were able to reach Annam. Otherwise they would have directly entered the current [luoji].*)¹

To the south, they would have encountered the perils of uninhabited islands and huge waves; to the north, they could see that they had lost the peaks of home.

Back and forth, navigating ten thousand miles of sea, he came back with a sack of poems.

On his journey home, he passed through Guilin, he arrived safely at Heron Gate [Xiamen], and I was fortunate to hear news of him.

His mother, waiting anxiously for him at the gate, was consoled.

Those who cherish talent would be convinced by their evaluation: (*Circuit Intendant Zhou [Yungao] of Xiamen and Liu Lianfang of Taiwan both regard him highly and were looking forward to seeing him*).

Reflecting on the frightening mist-covered waters, only now settled, his attachment to his homeland was deepened.

Powerful wind and waves drove him far away, and he strolled through danger, assuming an important mission.

