

<p><b>Vol. 08, n° 49</b> MONTHLY (the first of each month) <b>VIET-CHI POST</b> <b>HONOR - VISION</b></p>	<p><b>Vol. 08 No 49 May 1, 2010</b></p> <p><b>VIET- CHI POST</b></p>
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<p><b>IN THIS ISS</b></p>	<p><b>“MASTER PHAN HOANG AND YOUR CLUB”</b></p> <p>is a series of letters from our Master to be addressed to your Club</p>
<p><b>THE SECOND ROUND AT THE LAKE OF WONDER</b></p> <p>(continued, from Viet-Chi Post No 48)</p> <p>The first round I lost with feeling very humiliated by stumbling into the stream. I came back to the Lake of Wonder very early next Saturday, just before the sun was over the mountain. During this moment, there was no one at this small beach. I had checked a few things in my small backpack then promptly started resuming my tasks along the path as I had done last week without difficulty. Arriving at the same place where I had fallen, I started to cross the brook with determination. This time ...</p> <p><i>(please click to see the full document)</i></p> 	<p><b>LE DEUXIEME MATCH AU LAC DES MERVEILLES</b></p> <p>(suite de Viet-Chi Post No 48)</p> <p>J'avais perdu le premier match avec l'humiliation d'être tombé dans le ruisseau. Je revins au Lac des Merveilles le samedi suivant, très tôt, juste avant que le soleil apparaisse au-dessus de la montagne. A ce moment là, il n'y avait personne sur la petite plage. Je vérifiais quelques affaires dans mon petit sac à dos et sans attendre commençais à refaire le chemin sur le sentier comme je l'avais fait la semaine précédente, sans difficultés. Arrivé à l'endroit où j'étais tombé, je commençais à traverser le ruisseau avec détermination. Cette fois ...</p> <p><i>(S'il vous plaît cliquez pour voir le document intégral)</i></p> 

 <p><b><u>Please click to see the VIET KHI PHAP stage .pps presentation</u></b></p>	<p>Stage Chiusa di Pesio 17/18 April 2010 some pictures</p> 
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**“MASTER PHAN HOANG AND YOUR CLUB”**

*“During this year of the Tiger, 2010, each month I will write a letter to your club. Please feel free to distribute it within your club and you can volunteer in translating the letter into the language of your country. I am sure that we will be proud of your contribution.”*

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**Letter 2010/MAY**

**THE SECOND ROUND AT THE LAKE OF WONDER** 

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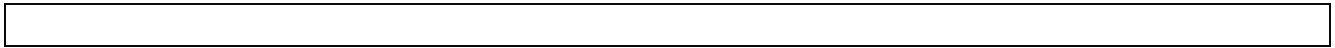
*(continued, from Viet-Chi Post No 48)*

The first round I lost with feeling very humiliated by stumbling into the stream. I came back to the Lake of Wonder very early next Saturday, just before the sun was over the mountain. During this moment, there was no one at this small beach. I had checked a few things in my small backpack

then promptly started resuming my tasks along the path as I had done last week without difficulty. Arriving at the same place where I had fallen, I started to cross the brook with determination. This time I held my yetbong-stick firmly while performing the form Bai Dau-Viet in the water at a few steps from the bank. To ensure this successful execution, I hung the pair of shoes up against my back neck and attached securely the light backpack on my shoulder. But I was underestimating the whole scenario! I advanced a bit further and I discovered that the water becomes suddenly deeper, and the rocks are much slippery. I did not fall, but my pants got wet up to my knees. The odd thing is I could not find in this vicinity a place to sit on and care for my wet pants. I had to walk for more than a half of an hour to settle on a large rock where I could rest and dry my pants. Before arriving to the rock, at the fourth kilometre, I chose to do the form Tinh-Mat because in this quyen there is a movement that reflected well my situation with the wet pants, it is called: Can Truong Tham Hai De, meaning "*Be courageous when exploring the bottom of the sea*".

Sitting on this large bed rock, I took off my pair of pants and worked hard to dry them. Of course, I did not wear a swimming suit, I was in underwear. Fortunately there was no one around at this time. There was no path, trail, dog nor cat. Only two crows cawed and looked at me from a scrawny tree. Now how did I dry fast my blue jean? First I used all my force to wring them out, then I took out my T-shirt to roll it over the wet parts of the pants. The T-shirt absorbed water very well. I put the wet T-shirt aside and roll the dry part of the pants over the wet part to make them share the humidity or increase exposure surface area. At this time, the sun was already high above the mountain. I dressed my shirt and humid pants, and put the T-shirt into my backpack. With my backpack secured on my shoulders, I grasped my stick and jumped down from the high rock. When landing on the ground I noticed with horror that I almost jumped on a big snake! It slowly sneaked away when I made another quick jump away from the unexpected jeopardy. Thinking that some pictures could help me later to identify this snake, at a safe distance I sorted out my camera to shoot it. The camera seemed to be out of order even though I tried many ways to control it. Later, I realized that I had forgotten to insert the battery back in the camera after charging it. The snake was now a few meters away from me so I followed and observed it for a while until it completely disappeared under thick brushwood. It was over one meter long and five centimetres of diameter approximately. The snake is an animal without legs, without hands, but it can run, grasp, and sometimes it climbs as the black-ratsnake often does. I once saw one in Pennsylvania. The black-ratsnake sometimes shelters in cavities up in hollow trees which it can climb without the help of branches. It can grow up to 2.60 meters of length and live up to twenty years. It can also eat other snakes including rattle snakes! Although snakes prevent our environment from vermin invasion, many people do not like snakes not only because of the deadly threat they carry but also because they are perceived differently. At another tree, I saw three crows engaged vehemently in a concert of cawing. A thought came to my mind, perhaps when I was on the large rock the two crows cawed because they had seen the snake. Then, I recalled some passages of Vietnamese ancient books on military leadership I had read before leaving Vietnam. In those books, warriors were taught to observe sky and birds. Birds can provide huge amount of information when people are in operation or in battlefield. I advanced a little bit more and suddenly went back to the rock. Attracted by the snake and the crows, and so much thoughts which prang in my head I had forgotten to count my steps. For sure I had to restart, but had I to restart from the place of the rock or from the starting point? That was a big question. The rule was unclear, and I had no judge to cling upon for finding a good decision. I was alone sitting on the rock, reviewing my rules as a judge would have done to decide what I will do next. Should I have to go back to the small beach and restart the game?

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