

CHINESE CINDERELLA ADELINE YEN MAH

BACKGROUND AND CONTEXT

Chinese Cinderella is an autobiography by Adeline Yen Mah in which she describes growing up in a wealthy family in Hong Kong in the 1950s. She is rejected by her stepmother and her father is a distant, though powerful, character. She spends much of her time at boarding school.

BEFORE YOU START READING

Do some research.

- Look up Adeline Yen Mah on the internet.
- Can you find other examples of childhood autobiographies?

▼ FROM *CHINESE CINDERELLA* BY ADELINE YEN MAH



▲ Chinese-American author and physician
Adeline Yen Mah

typhoon A storm in the Indian or Western Pacific Oceans.

Growing up in a wealthy family in 1950s Hong Kong, Mah should have had an enviable childhood, but she was rejected by her dominating stepmother and despised by her brothers and sisters. She was sent to a boarding school and left there. In this extract from her autobiography she relates one of the few occasions when she went home.

Time went by relentlessly and it was Saturday again. Eight weeks more and it would be the end of term ... in my case perhaps the end of school forever.

Four of us were playing Monopoly. My heart was not in it and I was losing steadily. Outside it was hot and there was a warm wind blowing. The radio warned of a possible typhoon the next day. It was my turn and I threw the dice. As I played, the thought of leaving school throbbed at the back of my mind like a persistent toothache.

'Adeline!' Ma-mien Valentino was calling.

'You can't go now,' Mary protested. 'For once I'm winning. One, two, three, four. Good! You've landed on my property. Thirty-five dollars, please. Oh, good afternoon, Mother Valentino!'

We all stood up and greeted her.

'Adeline, didn't you hear me call you? Hurry up downstairs! Your chauffeur is waiting to take you home!'

Full of foreboding, I ran downstairs as in a nightmare, wondering who had died this time. Father's chauffeur assured me everyone was healthy.

'Then why are you taking me home?' I asked.

'How should I know?' he answered defensively, shrugging his shoulders. 'Your guess is as good as mine. They give the orders and I carry them out.'

During the short drive home, my heart was full of dread and I wondered what I had done wrong. Our car stopped at an elegant villa at mid-level, halfway up the hill between the peak and the harbour.

'Where are we?' I asked foolishly.

