

瞻 PERSPECTIVES

The University of British Columbia

卑 詩 大 學 首 份 中 英 文 學 生 報

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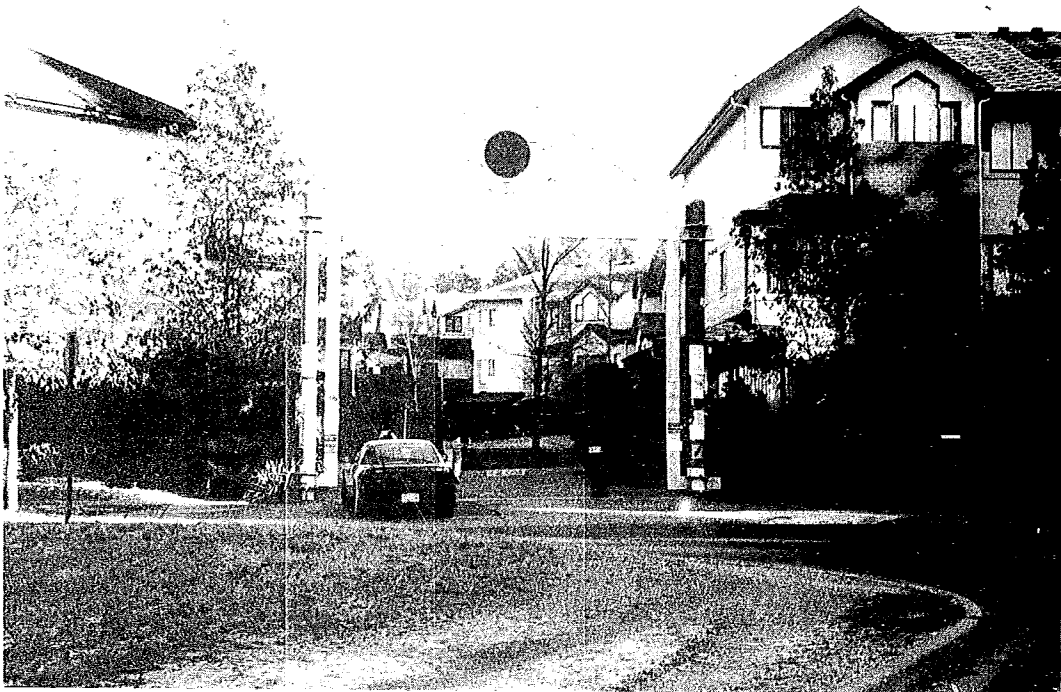
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Fields of Gold or... 留學生涯原是?

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The next issue of Perspectives will feature Taiwan (politics and culture). You are very welcome to share with us your knowledge or opinion about Taiwan. Please drop a line to the above address before Dec. 31 1993. (or for late articles, contact Wendy Lee - 643-9261).

卑 詩省內的私立學校有增加的趨勢，其目標大多是海外留學生。環顧身邊的同學朋友，為數不少的也是孤身上路到異鄉求學的，當中佔了很大比例是來自香港這個熱門留學生輸出地。香港留學生遍佈世界各地，美、加、澳等地自是不在話下，就是日本、台灣、星加坡也有他們的足跡。

「出國留學」，在香港已不算新的潮流，其實背後是有一些因素的。香港大專學位少是一大原因，雖則近來政府大量增設學位，甚至出現有位無人讀的情

形，但很多人總覺得去外國取一個學位是響香點似的。而另外也有是為了逃避香港會考或其他公開考試而出國。父母希望辦移民，也會派子女先到外國考察，讓他們早早落地生根，最好能取到移民資格，好能申請家人過來。

除了少數人是超級學生，拿獎學金到外地深造之外，其餘的都是藉父母的血汗錢維持經濟。或許他們出去留學之後，真的長大了，也許能做到擴闊眼光、增

(轉第二頁...)

If secondary and tertiary education has become a lucrative business, the growth of the sheer number of schools and colleges witnessed in British Columbia stands as visible proof. The source of this expansion lies not in an outburst of craving for education within Canada; the foreign students stand behind this invisible hand.

The majority of these foreign pilgrims of knowledge come from the student exporting colony of Hong Kong. They can be found not only in Canada, but in the USA, Australia, Japan, Taiwan and Singapore. Yes,

they are everywhere. Studying abroad is not a new fad in Hong Kong. The reasons behind this trend are many and varied, the most compelling one being the gross shortage of post-secondary placements in Hong Kong, despite significantly increased number of tertiary allotments over the past few years. Some go abroad to escape the comparatively high-powered school system and tough public examinations. Some do it as the first step to claiming foreign residency or even citizenship as a warrant against unfavourable contingencies in the post-1997 Hong Kong, and even some for the somewhat dubious

(continued on page 2...)

Chinese Written by
Phyllis Kwan & 明妮
English Translated by
Clarence Li

(... continued from page 1)

prestige of all that an overseas diploma confers. Certainly there are financial considerations. With a few notable exceptions, most of the students from Hong Kong are well provided, and feel unabashedly justified towards the full-financing endowed by their families. Is this pilgrimage the mind-broadening and spirit-deepening quest that is materially worth half a lifetime's savings on behalf of some of the parents? The answer lies in the difference between the use and the squandering of one's own time and money.

LIFESTYLE

Studying in a completely new environment, foreign students must learn to look after themselves and lead an independent life. Now that they have to start worrying about their own meals and groceries, some of them most certainly will miss the good old times when they had their maidservant at their disposal. For those who used to lead a disciplined life, their clocks would need some readjusting. Many of these once well fed foreign students have to resort, rather grudgingly, to live on supplies from vending machines. These lifestyles can only be described as really peculiar. Those who have the joy of a roommate might find themselves having to redefine their definition of adaptability. A considerate roommate curiously becomes the rarest commodity on earth. Ever had your roommate bring his/her fiancée back for an evening of passion? Not to mention those who happen to find pleasure in the delights of garbage accumulation and over-overnight dishes. Certainly a grave statement about the human condition.

FAMILY

"No news is good news" has been the motto of many foreign students. Many of them believe in the Chinese saying that "quench not the immediate fire with distant waters". Furthermore, nobody would like their parents to worry too much about them; the consequences of that are usually much more apocalyptic. When one is abroad, friends are your family members and resident life becomes one's family life: snacks at 2 a.m., overnight chats, ...to mention a few. There are nights when nostalgia takes over, but those are usually the first days

alone on a foreign land, and as time goes by, fewer and fewer calls home become almost necessary. The only chance to communicate with parents eventually becomes the time when they call, and the times demand that they be greeted, automatically, of course, by an answering machine.

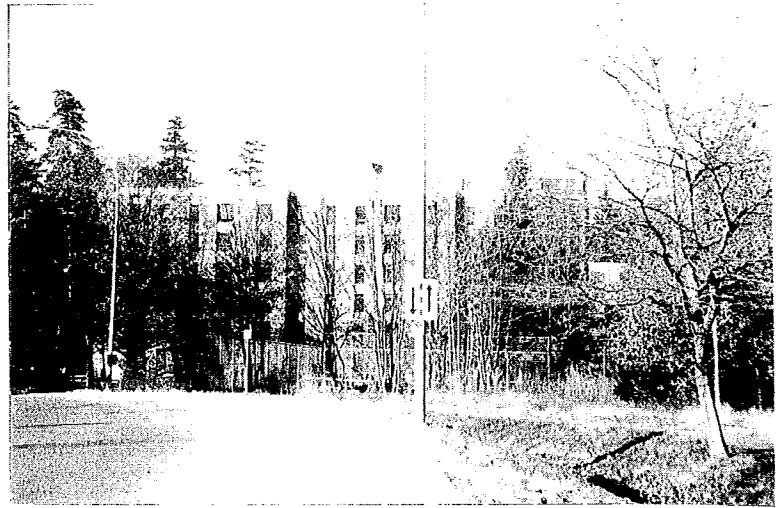
Without the immediate influence (nagging) from parents, some of these students start to forget where their finances come from. There are many who yield to temptations of material persuasion. The West Parkade hosts an exhibition of the most updated models from the latest issue of Car & Driver. To whom do these cars belong? Who paid for them? The heyday of those modest, self-supporting foreign students is decidedly no more.

ROMANCE

Love in an unknown land need not be an element in novels and movies. The life of a foreign student (with no self-indulgence whatsoever) can be dry and lonesome at times. One's sentiment in seeing friends pair off can only be remedied by quickly pairing off oneself. Happy (each defining his or her own) endings are not rare. Nonetheless, there are many who take a more light-hearted attitude as they see themselves, and the whole world as transients. They might be described as "cool". Yet, is this a responsible way to confront relationships? Some such characters may reflect with no small regret upon the time that they had wasted and the friendships that they had spoiled.

LIFE GOALS

Different people have different views toward their overseas experience. Some may have discovered how insignificant they are within this huge and complex world. As a result, they start setting their realistic life goals and decide to pursue them diligently. Others have learnt the cruelty of the real world and have sworn to try their best making the last penny available after they graduate. Still there are ones (most like the majority) that come here empty-handed and will leave empty-handed as well. They could not find their life goal within their few years of university, nor do they find the subjects they have been studying useful to them. If it is not a waste of their parent's sacrifices, ...



The above are limited and biased episodes of the lives of foreign students. Nevertheless, we have tried to capture the true picture of many of them. They refer not only to students from Hong Kong, as many of them should apply to foreign students across the world as well.

Let us return to our previous proposition: is it really worth spending so much from our parent's pockets for an overseas experience? We shall leave this question open to the floor. There will clearly be neither a "yes" nor a "no" to this question. Nevertheless, we do wish all of you fruitful lessons, happiness, growth, and the best in the years ahead. Good luck!

。在家時的飲食營養豐富味道好，現在卻成爲自動售賣機的忠實顧客。

住在宿舍雙人房的，是要有更大的適應能力，始終與陌生人同住真是有苦自己知。若能遇上一個愛人如己的室友，就真是三生有幸，恭喜恭喜，但人生不如意事十常八九，總是不幸多於有幸，有些室友不時帶男女朋友回來過夜，叫人很不自在。有些室友更離譜，完全漠視別人的權利及衛生情況，將自己愛與垃圾同居的習慣，加諸別人身上。唉！有不能忍受者便自動代之倒垃圾，但耐得一次就仍會有下次，最好以後與之劃清界線。但完全不管嗎？那就被薰死了。還有那些吸煙的，那些鼻鼾聲震天的……真叫人吃不消，吃不消！

家庭……

只報喜不報憂，已成爲致電回家的第一守則，始終是遠水不能救近火，況且也不想讓家人擔心。坦白說，與同學朋友一起倒能尋到一點家庭溫暖；「家庭生活」就是成大班人半夜煮宵夜、通宵傾談……。初到外地時，思鄉、念父母的心情很強，所以總是自動自覺致電回家。但在彼邦生活慣了，有了自己的世界，便再沒這支歌。以後反倒是家人主動來電，然而十居其九都是只有與電話錄音機說話的份兒。

父母不在身邊，對自己的影響變得越來越細。也漸漸忘記父母辛苦工作只爲自己。有些意志力薄弱的，見同學人人有車，也就棄單車而要求父母買車。這一代的留學生大多豐衣足食，父母也有求必應，有些不懂體諒的留學生便盡當家人是開金礦的。其實，這個年代窮學生已不多見，但仍然有人是節衣縮食才能捱過留學幾年的龐大費用。

愛情……

留學生涯也爲很多人編寫出一段段可歌可泣的愛情故事。原因無他，都是因孤身獨處異地，生活苦悶，孤單寂寞，又加上人有我有的心態作祟。其實這乃是人之常情。也有很多例子是大團圓結局，有情人終成眷屬。但有很多留學生存有過客心態，就不委身於任何人際關係，愛情觀也是不在乎天長地久，只在乎曾經擁有。自以爲瀟灑，卻只是不負責任。可能在一個星月無雲夜，會猛然覺醒，痛哭悔改，只是光陰匆匆數載，又要別離，那已是回頭已無岸了。

人生觀……

一些見過世面的學生，認識這個世界原是那麼大，自己是那樣的渺小，知道自己要努力追尋，盡力做人。另外，有一些學生出外之後，發現人生無定，悟出「得快樂時且快樂」的道理。覺得留學生涯真是得個「匪」字，於是胸襟早懷大志，畢業以後勢必要賺錢至上，以求生活得好，又有一些學生並沒有定下目標，空空的來，也空空的去。得不到應得的知識，心靈也是空空的，浪費了父母的血汗錢！

以上所描述的留學生世界可能不夠全面，但卻誠然是很多留學生的寫照。實在也不只是寫香港學生，當中有很多所提之處是放諸四海皆通用的。

最後回到那老問題上——究竟用幾十萬來換幾年的留學體驗，是否值得呢？這有待看官自行解答了。其間可能有得有失，我想假若他朝回想當年時，不會說什麼「有件遺憾的事……」或「可恥的大學生活……」就是了。（編者按：上文所描述的只的一部份留學生的世界，並不是本報對所有留學生的批評。）

Fields of Gold or...

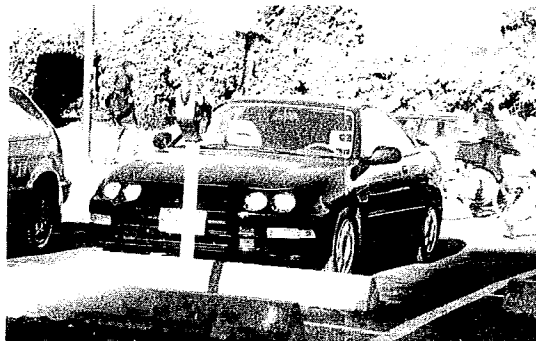
留學生涯原是？

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長學識及經驗，但是用幾十萬來換取，值得不值得？那就要看他們怎樣利用自己的青春及父母的金錢了。讓我們進入留學生的世界看看吧……

生活習慣……

身爲留學生，要自己照顧自己，學習獨立生活。要照顧自己的起居飲食，實在使人懷念在家時有人（如父母、菲律賓女傭、「馬姐」等）服侍的日子。以前生活有規律，現在日夜顛倒，電話的鈴聲愈到深夜愈是響個不停



校園真情騙案

Love Beguiled on Campus

Chinese Written by 張琳弘
English Translated by
Karmen Lai & Elson Kung

我沒有回答。Y.Y.也就回去了。

* * *

友

人常跟我訴苦：「談了戀愛，就失去了自己」，一點私人的時間、空間甚至朋友也再沒有。我卻十分慶幸，跟Y.Y.一起兩年多，一點管束也沒有。

Y.Y.是我二年級時的同學，從香港來的留學生。幾年來，朋友們都視我們倆為一體，我也把Y.Y.當成我的另一半看待。結婚？當然一直沒有想過，直至今年的九月……

「你是否不再愛我？」Y.Y.問。

「不，可是現在你我才不過二十剛出頭……」

「這是甚麼意思？難道你不知道今年畢業以後，如果你不和我結婚，我就非要回香港不可了嗎？」

「可是，我還沒有準備。我是說，剛畢業我們哪裡有錢成家立室呢？再說，畢業後我跟你一起回香港，那不好嗎？」

「你是不是要說不想跟我結婚？」Y.Y.一邊說一邊就哭出來，「你不再愛我了，對嗎？」

「不，Y.Y.，我是很疼你的！」我就立刻哄著Y.Y.，忍不住的自己也哭了。

「你愛我就答應娶我吧！」Y.Y.說完這話，就呆著哭下去。我也一直頓了半响。

接下來的一連串 midterm，很快就把我帶到十一月底，期間我沒有找Y.Y.，Y.Y.也沒有找我。朋友們沒有再見到我們一起，倒也心裡有數，沒有人來找我查證，也沒有人來給我安慰。大概我和Y.Y.分開了的消息已傳得甚囂塵上吧！也好，免我的麻煩。

就在臨考 final 的空檔中，突然接到了 Ricky 的電話。想不到除了今年的夏天在入籍時見到他，到現在才來一個電話。不過也難怪，大家念不同的學系，碰面的機會當然不多，他沒有忘記我這個中學同學就算了。

「我要在 Christmas 結婚啦……」Ricky興高采烈地道：

「新娘是誰？你也認識的！」我的心冷了一冷。「……對，你真的認識她的……對……她是你的同學，叫Y.Y.啊！」啊，天啊，這怎麼可能發生呢？「……啊，我爸媽回了香港住啦，所以一切從簡了；到時候記緊一定要來啊！」

我一直的冷著，連道賀的話也沒有。Ricky掛了線，但卻給我留下一堆問號。

我有甚麼比不上 Ricky？為甚麼現在就要結婚？究竟Y.Y.有沒有愛過我？……

畢竟，我也曉得了。可是，為甚麼一定要嫁給加拿大呢？Y.Y.，Tell Me Why？

My friends often complained that once they fell in love, they would lose their own identities, for they would no longer have time to themselves or to spend with their other friends. I was quite fortunate in this respect: during my two years with Yo Yo, she never once tried to tie me down.

Yo Yo, who was a visa student from Hong Kong, happened to be a classmate of mine during my sophomore year. Over the past few years, all our friends regarded us as the perfect couple, and I have always thought of her as "my other half." As for marriage? It had never occurred to me, at least not until this September...

"You don't love me anymore, do you?" she demanded.

"No, that's not true." I replied, "but the thing is, we both but just turned twenty this year..."

"What is that supposed to mean? Don't you know that if we don't get married now, I'll have to go back to Hong Kong after graduation?"

"But I'm not prepared at all! How can we find the money to start a family when we only just graduated? Besides, I've promised to go back to Hong Kong with you

after we graduate. Wouldn't that be a better idea?"

"Are you trying to say that you don't love me anymore?" Yo Yo was sobbing. "You just don't love me anymore, right?"

"No, Yo Yo, I love you!" At the look of the despair in her eyes, I could no longer help but let uncontrollable tears storm out of mine.

"If you loved me, you wouldn't refuse to marry me!" At this misery, she broke down and couldn't speak. I sat there, not knowing what to say... and she left.

Mid-term Exams came after this and November flew by without even my realizing it. During all this time, I never called Yo Yo, nor did I hear from her. Our friends sensed that something had gone wrong between us, but none of them brought up the question or offered any comfort. I guess the news about our break-up had already been spread around to the world. Might as well be this way, I thought to myself; saves me the trouble of explaining.

Just before the final exams period, I got a call from Ricky, who I have not seen since the Citizenship Ceremony this summer. Some friend he is! Never even

called me up once after school re-opened. But, hey, I really couldn't blame him. After all, it was difficult to see each other, being in different faculties. I should be grateful that he hasn't completely forgotten about me.

"Hey, you know what? I'm getting married this Christmas," he announced, excited and proud. "And guess who is my wife-to-be? You know her too!" At that, my heart chilled. "...Yah, you should know her, she's a classmate of yours -- Yo Yo." My goodness, how could this be? I felt a sharp drill running down my spine. Ricky, of course, had no idea of what was going on and babbled on happily. "...Since my parents are back in Hong Kong, the wedding ceremony won't be too grand. But you gotta be there for my big day, pal."

I was too shaken to offer my congratulations. When he finally hung up, I was left agonizing over questions I could not figure out: What did Rick have that I didn't? Why was she so eager to marry now? Did Yo Yo ever love me?

Well, I finally understood now. Yet, why must she insist on marrying herself into Canada?

Tell me why, Yo Yo.

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On a Beautiful Moonlit Evening...

Sharing the table with a disarray of newspapers and magazines, are place settings for two people. Like every other evening, we sat down for dinner with our eyes glued to the tube. While I stuffed myself with leftover omelets and canned dace, I stole a glance over at my brother. Seeing him silently and wearily working away at his food, a sense of loneliness began to hover over me. However, since there is no reason why I should trouble others with these thoughts, I kept these feelings suppressed.

I gazed up at the sky and saw a brightly lit and clearly defined perfect circle. In a flash, the moon had slid out from behind a tree and hung like a pearl suspended from the heavens. Daylight is gradually yielding to the darkness which will soon take over. A gentle purplish haze began to drift in. Such a scene creates a mood and evokes images and memories synonymous with friendship, family, and romance. But something is missing...where are all the people?

The moon's light relentlessly accompanies every lonely soul that passes through the darkness. Slowly and silently, it glides and guides. When darkness has

completely fallen, the moon's companions appear and take up their respective positions. Stars scatter themselves across the heavens to light up the night sky.

It is just my brother and myself here tonight. Our other family members are in other parts of the world seeking to further their achievements and accumulate wealth. Unfortunately, in exchange for advancing this aspect of their lives, they sacrifice the opportunity to spend time together with family. I never thought such "trivial" things would bother me, since achievements and accomplishments are the paramount symbols of success in this materialistic world. However, I have now come to realize the need for the company of others.

Memories and reflections came to my mind. However, we cannot go back in time. We can only recall the happiness we once shared together.

I remember when we were young, we used to watch my mother display her culinary skills in the kitchen as she put together an array of dishes for the mid autumn festival feast. There was so much food. At that time, my only concern was the length of

time it would take to finish dinner which inevitably meant that it would be a long time before we could go out and play.

During the meal, my mother used to pile mounds of food into my bowl. To please her and to ensure she would allow me to go out later, I obediently ate everything she piled on.

We all gathered at a large round table for dinner. Important none of us had anything important to say, the tidbits contributed by everyone combined to form a lively conversation. The light atmosphere created by our exchange of words made dinner complete.

After dinner, we went out to play with the lanterns. When we had derived all the fun we could out of that, we threw all our candles into a tin can to make a wax brew. Just before it solidified, we placed a wick into the concoction. The mixture never contained just candles. We always sought to make it more interesting by throwing in roaches, newspaper bits, and practically any other garbage we could get our hands on. I remember on one occasion, my brother and I even dared to contribute our spit to the mixture. It was an excellent fuel.

How the flames became so much brighter after adding it!!

When I was young, the food was not the most important part of the festivities. What I enjoyed most was the fun experienced and shared in the company of good friends. We were always indecisive as to how to spend our time. Where should we venture to? Should we opt to play video games or see a movie? Should we go to a bar or should we content ourselves with fast food? We worried only about things such as not enough people will show up. We enjoyed the post dinner activities so much that we quickly gobbled up our food and slipped out of the house.

It seems as if our family is becoming increasingly less open. Everyone's mind seems to be preoccupied with something. Is my father troubled by the slow growth of his business? Is my mother's inability to concentrate caused by constantly wondering how my sister is doing? Is my brother under a lot of pressure from his schoolwork? I do not know, and furthermore, I do not want to know. The only thing I want on my mind now is the excitement and fascination of the evening ahead of me. I only want to think about the fun I am about to have.

It is the full moon again tonight, and it is lonely being away from family. Although we live in a free and democratic society, we find it extremely difficult for our family to spend time together. I gaze out of my

window again. Even though the moon is not always full, at least it can achieve perfection once a month. As for my family, we have not been together in years.

These thoughts bring tears to my eyes. On more than one occasion, I have asked myself: Why did I not treasure the happiness we shared and enjoyed together? If I had not taken it for granted, if only I had realized that those were precious opportunities, I would not now be trying so hard to recapture them. Unfortunately, past events cannot be re-lived, except in our minds. All I can do is hope for the best for my family.

I yearn for the opportunity to spend time with my family, to be together the next full moon. As was once said: "Whatever misfortunes may befall mankind, and although the moon may be shy of perfection at times, there is always the hope that happiness will perpetuate as people from afar are reunited".

As these reflections and thoughts linger in my mind, I wonder if the moon can understand how I feel. At the same time, I wonder if my family shares the same feelings. Since we are all living under the same sky lit by the same stars, and gazing up at the same moon, I wonder if the moon can help send my love to my family. Although we are physically separated by distance, perhaps the moon can draw our family closer together at least emotionally and spiritually.

時 圓 月 到 又

Chinese Written by 雨斯
English Translated by
Helena Shum

半邊桌上平放著三款菜餚，兩隻蒼白的子襪寥寥的座落其上。另一半的桌子上堆滿了數份將近鋪展的中西報紙與刊物，無秩序的聚在一處。

習慣性地看著電視箱中的新聞報導，口中咀嚼著隔了夜的蛋角和剛從罐中取出的豆豉鯪魚，再偷看身旁疲乏和沉默的哥哥，心中閃過一陣淒涼。礙於在兄長之前才強自抑制這突然湧入的悲情。

舉目凝視，許見明月俏現，懸於漫漫蒼穹，圓洋清澈，潤白無瑕，如天上明珠。此刻，天色漸褪，薄薄的霞，淡淡的紫伴著素素的媽紅，飄散各處。再看到月下下的樹梢，不禁聯想到月上柳梢頭，人約黃昏後之意境。可是，此刻，人在何處呢？

明月強壓孤身上路的落寞，無聲的緩緩挪移，不斷的強顏歡笑，發放光芒，滿以為可睹盡蒼生。殊不知當紅日全落下時，她眼中偷下的淚珠盡化作無數的星塵，閃於無情漆黑的冷空，徒添人們的唏噓！

再看餐桌旁仍有我與哥哥，其他的家人呢？他們都在天的

另一方，大海的彼岸，在日光之下為短促的成就、富裕穩定的生活而奔波勞碌著，以致錯失了與親人相聚的機會。自以為是瀟灑，對人情冷暖，看得淡如水、輕如煙，不會記掛，更不會為情而惱煩。此刻才醒覺每個親人與每件瑣事仍深深印在我的腦海中不斷的徘徊、縈繞，終激起心中無盡的漣漪。時光若能倒流，只願回到昔日的圓月夜，好能重溫往昔的溫馨與歡笑。

孩童時的中秋，是天真爛漫。飯前，總愛在廚房中看母親大人「大顯神通」！口中喃喃的數呀數，有蝦、蟹、魚（不好！）、冬菇、雞（都不好！）……嘩！有八、九款之多……弊！那麼多菜，一定要很遲才可出外玩耍。心中竟會湧上一份惆悵及擔心。

飯中，母親一如平日的坐在身旁，不斷把最美味的（她認為）東西放進我碗中。而為了令母親高興滿意，以免她不允許我外出，只有不斷的把食物一一放下小嘴中，如碎肉機不停的咀嚼吞嚥，深恐時間流失。

圓圓的桌上在此日總會坐滿一家人，縱使大家也不擅辭令，

但你一言我一語的，著實熱鬧非常。還有五花八門的食品，和全備的餐具，如湯匙、瓷骨、碟、酒杯等等，都給人完滿齊全的感覺。

飯後，便嚷著到街外玩燈籠，提著放著蠟燭的籠子，四處闖蕩。之後更與兄長玩「煲蠟燭」，把一枝枝的蠟放進盛過糖果的罐中燒，以致完全溶掉，在冷卻前把引放入，便成一餅的蠟，興之所致時甚至把蠟燭、報紙、垃圾、沙田柚皮等一起燒，幾乎無所不燒。最後還與哥哥們輪流的吐「口水」於煲滾的蠟中，引致火光中熊熊，煙燻四起！

少年十五二十時，食物的味道和款式已引不起我的食慾，反正平日不知吃過多少遍。心中想著的，只是飯後與友伴的節目，到尖東或是旺角呢？玩遊戲機還是看電影呢？之後是到酒吧還是簡單的到麥當勞聊天呢？還有令我憂心的是相聚的人數是否足夠？飯前是無數的電話，聯絡三五知己，只有在好好催趕時才願行近桌邊，晚飯時也不欲多言，草草吃過些東西後，便匆匆的離家，以免引起爭吵。

家中的人數不斷在減少嗎？

母親的秀顏一天比一天憔悴嗎？爸爸是否因生意不佳而滿臉愁容？母親是否因記掛在遠方的姐姐而心神恍惚呢？還有哥哥是否因讀書壓力和挫折而借酒消愁？我不想，也不願去理會。腦中只有五光十色的夜市和沉醉在享樂時忘我的興奮刺激。甚麼留戀深情，只是一大堆可笑的概念與戲語罷了！將來的中秋是如何？我發夢也不會想到……

今天，又到月圓時。在異鄉中親嚐獨處的滋味和缺乏家人時的孤單。身在自由民主的地上，卻給剝奪了與親人相處的機會。仰望天邊，月縱有缺，但每月總有一圓滿，但我與最親的家人竟

數年也未能相聚！

眼中禁不住滲出淚花，不斷的反問自己：「為何以往不懂珍惜有過的幸福，忍心拋棄不理，終要到流失後才懂追思悔改呢？」我無言。

舊事已已，無法挽回，惟有默禱上天，求他保守著顧家人身體的安健。盼望他朝有幸相聚，真正的一嚐人月兩團圓。正如蘇軾在次調歌頭中提到：「人有悲歡離合，月有陰晴圓缺，但願人長久，千里共嬋娟。」

無限深情只有遙寄落寞的月兒，盼她能明瞭我的心聲，把它傳到彼邦的親人中，以表點點愛意。

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告別昨天的信 A Letter to Yesterday

Chinese Written by Javel
English Translated by
Fred Lam

不

經不覺在加拿大已熬過了三個年頭，今年已是第四年，亦是我最後一年的留學生涯。回想當年毅然決定遠赴外地留學，是因為自己應該趁還年青的時候到外國闖一闖、過一過獨立的生活。我甘心只在香港平平淡淡過一生，就算四年後的我碰到焦頭爛額地回港，也總算能夠在我一生中寫下值得回憶的一頁，此生可說是無憾。

還記得父母在我臨離港前曾經千叮萬囑：「一個人在外邊不能再像在家裡隨意鬧情緒，或是堅持固執的態度，做人要圓滑些才不會吃虧。」結果我第一年的留學生涯就在親戚家渡過。以前在香港是家中的「皇帝女」，家頭細務完全由母親負責；但現在卻變了別人家的灰姑娘，連剪草割雪也要做，這才知道始終都是自己家好，但又從來只會向父母報喜不報憂，這樣子我就過了一年寄人籬下的生活。

從第二年開始，我便一直在大學宿舍內居住，很多朋友都羨慕我「有皇管」，常常都可以玩到通宵達旦，但其實又有誰知道，我不是十分喜歡當跟一大班朋友狂歡作樂？我只是害怕剩下自己一個人關在冷冰冰的宿舍內，因為當只得自己的時候，就更容易想念起香港的好友們，更容易想家。每逢節日的來臨，人家可以一家人高高興興地慶祝，自己就只得孤單過節，寂寞之際，倍加懷念當年在香港的快樂日子。

這四年留學生涯中，我所真正得到的並不是一張大學文憑，而是我能夠學懂獨立生活，更加真正認識自己，更體會到家人對我的重要性。但是我固執的性格依然沒有改變，朋友們的意見與我父母的無異，皆認為我要變得圓滑些才可以適應社會的轉變，但我認為我在加拿大只是一個過客，沒有人會理會我的將來，我哪有必要為他們而改變自己呢？

這幾年的留學生活令我的處事態度確實成熟了不少，儘管其他人對我的性格有任何批評，但十分慶幸，我還能堅守自己的原則，我始終還是我自己。

Without realizing it, I have endured three years in Canada. This year is my fourth and final year of my school life as a visa student. Thinking back to the time when I decided to study abroad, I thought that I should go overseas to have a taste of what an adventure was like, and to experience an independent lifestyle while I was still young. Even after four years, when I return to Hong Kong with scarring experiences, I will at least be able to retrieve something meaningful from my memory. Proudly, I am able to say that I have lived my university life with no regrets.

I still remember. When I was about to leave Hong Kong, my parents repeatedly gave me the following advice: "When you're over there by yourself, don't be as stubborn and bad-tempered as you are at home. You must be more congenial so that you won't get hurt or get into trouble." I lived with my relatives during my first year of studying abroad, living without my parents was a big change for me. I used to be the

"princess" around the house when I was in Hong Kong. My mother did all of the housework. But when I arrived in Canada, I was "Cinderella," someone's slave. When I stayed at my relatives' house, I even had to mow the lawn and to shovel the snow. It was not until I had tasted all the hardship that I understood the real meaning of the saying "Home Sweet Home!" Yet, ever since I came to Canada, I reported only good news to my parents and buried all the bad ones in my mind. So a year had passed, just like that, living under someone else's roof.

Since then, I have moved to the "dorm." A lot of my friends admired the freedom that I had, living away from home or the way I could "party" all night. But who would realize that I didn't really like to guzzle beer with a whole bunch of people? Who would ever know that I was just scared of being alone in the bitter, cold dormitory. Whenever I was alone, my thoughts would drift towards my good friends and family in Hong Kong. Every time a certain holiday came along, other people would

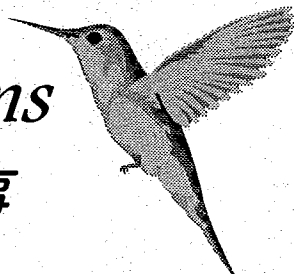
joyously celebrate it with their families. For me, I could only celebrate it by myself. In the midst of this loneliness, memories of those happy days in Hong Kong always came flashing back to me.

In these past four years, I have gained not only my undergraduate degree, but also my ability to live independently, to find out who I really am, and to appreciate my family's importance. However, my stubbornness hasn't changed very much. From what I have heard from my friends and parents about myself, they still think that I should be more congenial in order to adapt to various changes in society. I feel like a visitor in Canada; that no one really cares about my future. Why, I ask myself, do I need to change myself for other people?

During my years of studying abroad, I have become much more mature in handling different situations. Although others still criticize my obstinate personality, I am able to withstand my own principles and beliefs. I am still myself.

Flight of Dreams

一個關於童話鳥的故事



我

在天空中飛翔，不斷地飛，飛了很久，很久。在這個空間，我看見世界是多麼的美好。溫暖柔和的陽光，照過微微飄降的雨點，由一道白光，變身為七彩繽紛的光暈，護送著雨點飄到地上；黃昏的夕陽，紅得像個火爐，把每一片雲都燻得紅紅的；夜了，銀色的月光散落在地上，偶爾一顆流星，劃破整個天空，一切都多麼的寧靜、美好，好像造物主早已作出了最完美的安排。可是，我並不快樂，因為我一直在追尋一個童話。對我來說，這個童話的存在是很重要的，正因為要追尋它，我才有志繼續飛，不斷的飛。我相信很多和我一樣獨個兒在天空傲翔的鳥，也是在尋覓那個童話。可惜，我們實在飛得太累了，累得有點暈眩，連理智也被矇蔽了，竟然三翻四次被地面上的熊熊烈火吸引。雖然我們明白，撲火只會被燒傷，但我們仍然相信，或許有一次，能夠倖倖地飛近火爐，在欣賞它那

翻翻的舞步同時，也可以取得溫暖。所以不論我們身上有多少遍被燒過的傷痕，只要我們看見了它，都甘願去賭一下運氣，去靠近它。在滿以為它是多麼可愛的時候，我們都會情難自控的去捉摸它。它卻在一瞬間，把我們捲入火舌之中，燒得我們遍體鱗傷。我見過一些鳥兒，就此葬身火海之中。就算可以逃走出來的，亦只好帶著傷痕，繼續在天空中飛翔，繼續的尋覓，繼續的相信那個童話故事。

今夜的星光依舊燦爛，雨後的陽光仍然絢麗，可是每當想起那些在撲火遊戲中喪生的朋友們，我實在無法再欣賞下去了。這時，我才發現我們這一群童話鳥一生所追尋的，並不是一個童話，而是一個傳說、一個謊言。為了這個傳說，我們固執地飛，終生也不能停下來；而當我們停下來的一天，便是我們生命結束的一天，便是我們帶著一道一道的傷痕離開這個世界的時候。

Chinese Written by 傲雲
English Translated by
Fred Lam

I have endured and flown on the wings of the wind for a long, long, time. From above the ground, the world is a vast sea of beauty. The soothing warmth of the sun's rays, as it penetrates the falling raindrops, creates an aura of luminescence, and scatters into a fantastic array of colors, as they revel with the rain towards the earth. The evening sunset, in its fiery radiance, cloaks the clouds in red attire; preceding the moon as she drips her nocturnal sowny, silver beams on the ground. The cosmos lights the blackness of the sky with the tail of a comet, and all is calm and serene again, as if some divine entity has predestined this peacefulness.

However, I feel not happiness, for in realization, this is but a fairy tale. Yet, it is my search for this fairy tale that keeps my vigilance as I endure

my tiring flight. I am not alone. There are others, like me, who are in search of the same fairy tale, but alas, this endless quest tires us. Thrown into a frenzy of exhaustion and delirium, we abandon the cold of the sky, the unforgiving harshness of its nature, and dare to venture towards the ground, thirsting for the emanating warmth of the flames which spit from the bowels of the earth. Yet, the warmth is as cruel as the iciness of the sky, as its flames spite us, branding excruciating burns into our fragile bodies. Nonetheless, in all our stubbornness, we still believe that there will be a time when we will be able to feel only the warmth of the fire and escape renewed. It is ignorance that spurs our perseverance. Our flight drains us of our mental strength, and submits us to the temptations of the playfully flickering flames. We are helplessly drawn into the heat, heedless of the danger, sealing our own fate. The flames engulf us, singeing our feathers and scarring our bodies. Some of us

do not escape from the fiery inferno, and for those who do, they will forever carry scars, reminding them of the pain. Again, the journey continues, the futile quest for the fairy tale that could be.

Tonight, the stars still shine in brilliance and all is serene, and unchanged; yet, each time I remember those who did not escape from the lure of the flames, I suddenly realize that my journey is but a hopeless cause, for there is no fairy tale, there never was. What we have been endlessly searching for is but a figment of our imaginations, a fallacy, and for this fallacy, we have stubbornly been enduring a lonely and tiring flight. Yet, ironically, the quest for this fairy tale is the purpose of our being. We live to find this Utopia, this Eden from the harshness of reality, for reality is morbid and unforgiving. The day that we end our quest will be the day of our eternal slumber, as we will finally be able to take away our searing pains and memories from this world.

女人心——難懂 Soliloquy of "His" Heart

我 是一個男人，一個不折不扣的男人。

她是一個女人，一個難以形容的女人。

人家常以天氣來比喻女人的心情，但我比較特別，我喜歡用恆生指數來形容我的女人。她的情緒就好像「恆指」一樣，沒有一刻會穩定下來，時常都難以捉摸。他們之間唯一的分別，就是她的「恆指」即使公眾假期也照常「掛牌上市」，令我除了睡眠的幾小時外，再沒有可以喘息的時間。

記得有一派的思想家曾提醒我們：「千萬別盡信現代人類所擁有的科學知識；因為也許有一天，我們會發覺它們全是錯誤的。」初時我認爲這種說法很無知，但現在卻開始有點相信這說法。

原因是我很懷疑進化論的解釋。它說由猿人進化至人類的過程要用上不知多少個百萬年，但幹麼我的女人在結婚後的短短三年間，經已「進化」至擁有老虎的特性？

其實，她也是一個很可愛的

女人……

她是一位民主烈士，時常喜歡以武力來向我爭取她那以「女」爲主的民主理想。可愛的是她那顆爭取民主的心似乎時冷時熱。每當她要爭取自己的意見被接納時，她會用「男女平等」來作武器。但當家中需要吸塵時，她的那顆「烈士心」便會自自然然的冷卻下來，然後便以「因爲你是男人」的藉口而叫我從命。

或許她本是一個文革思想家的後裔，因爲我常有被「批鬥」的感覺。

她的記憶力非常好，尤其是一些由男人——我——所犯的過錯，她總是永遠忘記不了！每次我因因瑣碎事而發生衝突時，她例必翻提這些陳年「錯」事來攻擊我，誓要把情況推展至激烈得不可收拾的地步。或許她對戰爭很有興趣罷！但有時候她的記憶力也會「失靈」的，就好像在每個月的中旬，她例必忘了自己早於月初已拿了家用，而要再拿一次。

她實在也是一枚半失靈的「土製菠蘿」。有時候她會整天默

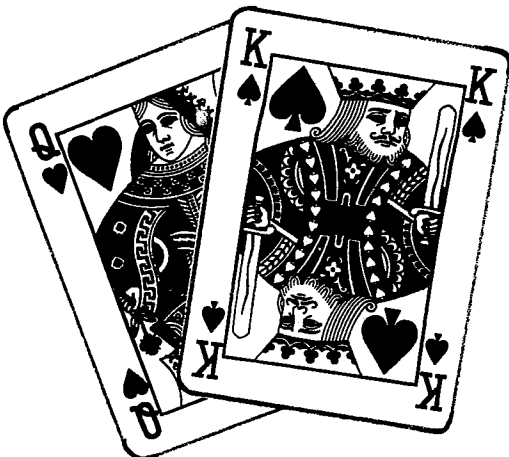
不作聲，而我作爲她的男人，便費煞思量地上前開解她。若是幸運地成功的話，她會如小鳥伊人般投懷送抱，狀甚親熱。否則倒霉起來，「菠蘿」爆發，我便會被炸得遍體鱗傷……

想到這裡，我開始懷疑自己腦袋的作用，爲什麼我老只是記著我女人不是之處？這對於她實在是太不公平了。

其實她是一個很可愛的女人——我由始至終都是這樣想的。

Chinese Written by Lawrence Shing English Translated by Victor Pang

I am a man, a man beyond manhood. She is a woman, a woman beyond words. People often parallel a



mystery which is even harder to be understood.

From going to the washroom to wandering about in malls and from travelling to attending conference, women go in flocks. Unlike women, men are ones who enjoy solitude. Take a look at any restaurant during lunch hours and you will discover that nine out of ten of those who have lunch by themselves are men.

I am usually puzzled by this strange phenomenon. Men have already spent most of their time working or studying alone. Why do they still want to be alone during their breaks? Is solitude a symbol of masculinity? Is it because

woman's mood with the weather. But I like to characterize my woman as the Heng Seng Index. Like the Heng Seng, her emotions are without a moment of stability and are incapable of being forecasted. The only difference is that her version of Heng Seng endures to trade even on statutory holidays, barring me from any break except for my few hours of sleep.

I reflect upon the lesson of a particular school of philosophy that tells us never to take modern science as bare truth, since one day, we may find its theory disproved. I used to find this saying naive, but I am beginning to have faith in it.

This is because I am having great doubts about Darwin's theory of evolution. If it took the Ape millions of years to evolve into human beings, how can my wife possibly evolve into a being with qualities of a tiger within three years of our marriage.

Well, she is in fact a very adorable woman.....

She is a Democracy crusader. She often uses violence on me in pursuit of her "One woman one vote" democratic movement. Lovable is the manner in which her democratic spirit fluctuates. Whenever she is trying to have her voice heard, she

would fire the Gender Equality arguments at me. However, when the house needs vacuuming, her democratic spirit would cool down, remaining with it the excuse of "But you are a man!"

Perhaps she is a descendent of a cultural revolutionist; I often feel harassed and tormented.

Her memory is in excellent shape. Especially when a man - me - makes a mistake, she would never allow it escape her mind. Every time we have the tiniest of arguments, she would swamp me with her memory of my past mistakes. She is always prepared to push any fight to the point of no return. Perhaps she has developed an interest in warfare. But she also has her moments of memory failure. In the middle of each month, she would invariably forget that I have already given her the allowance at the beginning of the month.

She is just like a malfunctioning grenade. Sometimes she would be completely silent and still; being her man, I would have to console and comfort her. When I am blessed, she would be as gentle and tender as a cat, purring passionately in my embrace. When I am cursed, the grenade would explode with the blast of a roaring cat, brutalizing me like its helpless game...

At this point, I am beginning to question myself. Why am I only complaining about her faults? This is too unfair to her.

In fact, she is a very lovable and adorable woman - Yeah, I have always thought so.

others can help in solving their problems. In contrast, most men do not express their feelings openly. Whenever men chat, they limit subjects of conversation to politics, sports, the economy, entertainment, and some other affairs. They seldom mention about their own feelings.

After talking to some women, I discovered the following fact: "women cannot gain insight into men's minds." Women like to share both their happiness and sadness with their boyfriend, and they want to be comforted. What they get in return is just a short silence or a few words of consolation from their men. As a result, women's world becomes transparent, but men's world are willing to go through fire and water for those "dumb" and eccentric men. Perhaps it is because of the mighty power of love.

Fortunately, women always have lots of intimate friends who understand and support them. Men only have ONE woman in their lives who understand them.

「女」人心，海底針」。如果說女人是個謎，我覺得男人亦然

女人愛聯群結隊，小的如逛街或到洗手間，大的有旅行或公幹。男人就完全不是這樣，除非是公事合作或傾談生意，否則寧願獨來獨往，自斟自飲。想找證嗎？午飯時間，到各酒樓餐廳一看便知。獨自吃飯的，十居其九都是男食客。

有時也想不通，工作讀書等時間已是孤家寡人，埋頭苦幹，難得吃飯休息一下，竟也是孤伶伶一人獨處，他們到底在打什麼主意？他們是否渴望有人作伴，但礙於男兒本色，又不好意思開口（拍拖熱戀的男性除外）？抑或他們服從古人遺訓，趁這些空檔，來「三省吾身」？又或者，讓自己在心無旁騖的環境下，放膽欣賞悅目的「美景」？……總之，他們見到女人湊在一塊，就會帶著又羨又妒的眼光。

女人善變多言，男人卻是一板一眼，不動聲色。女人的多言其實是一種福氣，凡事即時爆發，不往肚裡吞，樂於讓同伴爲她排難解困。男人的內心世界卻永遠是重門深鎖，使人無法接近。男人與男人聊天，有沒有女人在場，分別不大（最多沒女人時會

以女人作話題），都是談政治社會、體育娛樂、經濟民生，別人的事情、別人的煩惱，很少觸及自己的感受和情緒。

有時候與一些女友聊天，談到她們的另一半時，得到的結論總是：男人的世界實在太難懂。就說在日常生活中，女友們總樂於向男朋友吐苦水，談心事；但他們就只顧看電視，稍作安慰，保持一貫的冷靜自若，自得其樂。令女仕們覺得自己牢騷多多，自討沒趣。結果，男人對女人，越來越一目了然；而女人對男人呢，卻是一無所知。不過，奇妙的是，天下間的女人，有不少都願爲這些高深莫測的男人赴湯蹈火，死心蹋地，也許，這就是愛情的冒險與偉大。

然而，可慶幸的是，一個女人，背後總有幾個明白她的他（或她），但男人呢？背後真正明白他的，卻往往只有一個女人……

Chinese Written by 陳貞慧 English Translated by Venus Chan

All men complain that they can never understand women. Conversely, I think that man's mind is an unsolved

男人心更難懂 Soliloquy of "Her" Heart