

文訊

WORD POWER

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夜未央

清晨四點，稀稀疏疏的星子宛如細碎的鑽石，散落在緞子似的夜空，閃着藍中透紫的微光。一輪圓月掛在天邊，給幾片灰雲遮住，淡淡的月色映在密密麻麻的高樓上，顯得有點蒼白。在昏暗的街燈下，寥寥幾個帶着醉意的行人蹣跚地走着，忽然汽車嗖地駛過，刺耳的響號聲打破旺角片刻的寧靜，提醒人們這個“不夜天”很快便會醒來。

商販駕着貨車陸續來到界限街天光墟，利落地把白色泡沫塑料箱子擺在街上，箱子塞滿一小袋一小袋的金魚、錦鯉，還有一些紅蟲、養魚



用品。五點左右，夜幕將盡，東方現出魚肚白，許多人好夢正酣之際，一羣觀賞魚愛好者已來到這裏。他們與檔主打個招呼後，便蹲下來看看在袋子裏游來游去的魚兒，找到心頭好便問檔主可否算便宜點。其實在附近的金魚街能買到的觀賞魚種類比這裏還要多，但這些魚迷就是喜歡在破曉時分跑到這裏湊熱鬧。有些人天天都來，跟檔主都成為老朋友了。

天空愈來愈明亮，呈現一道金紅色的光。商販看看腕錶，都快七點半了，便連忙把箱子放回貨車裏，魚迷也漸漸散去。天一亮，市集便結束，“天光墟”果然名不虛傳。太陽完全升起，像個閃閃生光的圓盤照耀着大地。火車站和地鐵站的月台擠滿了趕着上班、上課的人，旺角的脈搏加速跳動，繁忙的一天又開始了。一日之計在於晨，吃一頓美味的早餐讓人精神煥發，充滿活力。旺角的茶餐廳星羅棋布，早點的選擇特別多，在區內居住或工作的人都愛光顧；服務員寫菜和上菜的效率堪稱全球之冠，說話慢條斯理的人點菜時可要快一點才能跟得上。

從早到晚，旺角的街道熙熙攘攘，但是離旺角球場不遠的花墟卻別有洞天。早上十點左右，花墟幾條

街道變成一片花海，有鮮紅的薔薇、粉白的百合、淡紫的丁香，色彩繽紛，令人眼花繚亂。周日來到這裏，沿着狹小的街道信步，陣陣芬芳撲鼻，一邊細意欣賞花卉，一邊與店員分享園藝心得，倒是不錯的消閒節目。夜幕低垂，這裏又是另一番景象。嬌豔欲滴的鮮花在淡黃的燈光映照下，格外亮麗；買花賣花的人在店內、在街上走着，從遠處看過去，朦朦朧朧，只見團團的彩色光影移動，仿如電影畫面，散發着難以言喻的浪漫氣氛。

不過，旺角始終脫不開熱鬧本色，西洋菜街行人專用區天天萬頭攢動，每逢假日更變成藝墟，讓愛好街頭表演的人一展才華。在這個露天舞台上，每個表演者都是耀眼的巨星，有的引吭高歌，有的熱情起舞，有的全情投入地演默劇。傍晚時分，愈來愈多人從地鐵站湧出來，路過這裏時，大多會被街頭藝人的表演吸引，停下腳步來看看，把短短的街道擠滿。觀眾多了，藝人演出得更賣力，贏得的掌聲就更熱烈。嘈雜的表演聲浪伴合着汽車的喇叭聲、小販的叫賣聲，傳到遠遠近近的地方去。

十點過後，天色麻黑，女人街依然燈火輝煌，來逛夜市的人絡繹不絕；甜品店、大牌檔擠滿吃夜宵的人；彌敦道兩旁的商店還未打烊，其門如市；大型電視屏幕不停播放廣告，發出嘈雜聲浪；高高低低的霓虹燈閃着五彩斑斕的光芒，令人目眩；地鐵站口聚集了一羣吵吵嚷嚷的年輕人，到處人聲鼎沸，看來旺角真的是愈夜愈有活力。



夜闌更盡，人潮退去，旺角慢慢靜下來。在冷清的大街上走着，偶爾會聽到夜歸人急促的腳步聲；經過彎曲小巷，抬頭仰望夜空，從高樓間的夾縫中，又見月兒躲在灰雲後，星星暗閃，空氣裏仍殘留着喧鬧過後的餘溫，此時此刻的旺角溫柔得讓人心醉。

It was a beautiful morning in early May. In a small valley to the east of the Serengeti National Park, a herd of cattle, urged along by a young Maasai herder, was inching in single file down a steep, narrow trail to a crater. The sounds of the clanging cowbells, mixed with the herder's singing and whistling, echoed through the valley. In his dusty sandals and red toga, which fluttered in the cold wind, the herder carried a long spear in one hand as he whistled his herd down to the spring, and left them guzzling there.

The sun was high in the sky. At the western end of the National Park, a herd of elephants was drinking from a river, making some loud sounds when squirting the water into their mouths. In the afternoon heat, the herd was enjoying a blissful family time. Under a row of pale green acacias along the river, a few calves were throwing dust over their bodies and caressing each other with their trunks, while some adult elephants munched the bark they had torn from the trees. In the river, some elephants were splashing water on one another, reminiscent of naughty kids hurling mud pies on a summer day.



Clouds passed swiftly across the blue sky. Long, black, sinuous lines of shaggy wildebeest, hundreds of thousands of them, were heading north in search of sprouting grass and fresh water. After their long march from the south, they were exhausted and made a brief stop on this vast expanse of grassland. Beside them was a large herd of zebras whose black and white stripes were eye-catching in the bright sunlight. Every year, they gather up their young and join the wildebeest on their relentless journey.



Animals of different species were roaming lazily in the open landscape. Giraffes were picking leaves from high branches, antelopes grazing and buffaloes crossing rivers. Unaware of the danger lurking nearby, some young zebras were running

in circles while their mothers eyed a pride of lions in the long grass. Holding her massive frame upright, a lioness padded up out of the grass, intent on the grazing herds. A clan of hyenas, big shouldered and narrow hipped, were watching in the distance. All of a sudden, the lioness sprang forward, and ferociously lacerated a zebra's ribs with her horrid fangs and claws. The panic-stricken animals ran in all directions, some of them right into the paws and jaws of the waiting predators.

A young wildebeest had lost its way. The hungry hyenas had waited a long time for this moment. They spread out in line abreast and began to drive their prey towards their companions on the flanks. Two of them jumped on the skittish calf and crushed its leg in one bite.



While they were tearing flesh out of the dead wildebeest, a group of lionesses approached and attempted a takeover from them. The intimidated hyenas paced back and forth, making some high-pitched giggle-like sounds. Not wanting to let the lionesses assert their dominance, the hyenas were ready to fight, but soon gave up when a lion was in sight. The hyenas left their territory, looking back angrily, with slices of flesh gripped tightly in their mouths. The sun was setting, and the plain was lost in a crimson haze. A number of vultures were tidying up the smaller remains and cleaning the bones of the carcass after the lions had left.

A crescent moon hung low above a line of huts in the small valley. The young Maasai herder returned to his village after herding his cattle out on the savanna for a long day. Barefoot children raced through the dusty streets while some women were squatting beside braziers, making tea and fried bread. A Land Rover rumbled along the streets. Several khaki-clad tourists popped open the top hatch of their vehicle and emerged from the roof like tank commanders, taking flashlight snapshots of every villager passing by, and soon disappeared in a haze of diesel fumes to hunt for other exotic sights.

The night was clear. The Land Rover was moving along a silvery path across the National Park. With their night-vision goggles, the tourists saw a few giraffes sitting down under a tree. An elderly eland and a solitary hippo walked right past their truck, while an armadillo was busy digging into a termite mound with its long nose. The grassy plain, still thrumming with energy, had turned into an orchestra pit where insects chirped, buzzed, hummed and squeaked in various rhythms.

The silence of the night deepened as the animals of Serengeti fell asleep. The tourists were heading back to their lodges. Every now and then, there were rustling noises in the undergrowth as creatures, disturbed by the passing vehicle, scrambled to cover. Trees swayed gently under a black velvet sky punctuated with stars. Out of the darkness beyond a bush, streaks of fireflies appeared, dancing gracefully in the air. The tourists raised their heads, marvelling at the magnificent view. "What a wonderful night!" they uttered.

The Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl.

Oscar Wilde



月上柳梢頭

每當夜幕低垂，萬籟俱寂，作客他鄉的旅人倍感形單影隻，特別想家。時值秋夜，詩仙李白孤身在外，深宵夢醒，無法再入眠，看到朗月高掛半空，銀白的月光穿過窗戶照射到牀前，又灑在寂靜的庭院，乍看彷彿地上鋪了一層白霜，定神再看，才知道是冷冷清輝，心頭頓時泛起陣陣鄉愁。詩仙“舉頭望明月”，想到魂牽夢縈的故鄉，想到家中的一切，想着，想着，便低下頭來，浸沉在思憶中。

又是一個月白天清的晚上，詩人張若虛臨江眺望滔滔潮水，春風輕拂，銀光瀉在花樹上，宛如雪珠在空中舞動。在這清明澄澈的境界中，詩人神思飛躍，感悟宇宙無限，生命短促，不禁輕嘆“人生代代無窮已，江月年年只相似”。看到孤月徘徊中天，好像在等待什麼人似的，詩人又想到不知誰家女子正在思念遠方的丈夫，可惜“此時相望不相聞”，思婦只好依託明月遙寄深情。“可憐春半不還家”，離家千里的遊子望着明媚的月光，又何嘗不是惦记着愛妻？遊子思潮起伏，默忖有多少離人孤客能在這良宵月夜乘月還鄉，以解相思之苦。

明月惹人愁，落泊失意時獨對冷月，不絕的愁思湧上心頭，剪不斷，拂不去。明月也討人喜，在元宵月夜結袂同遊，觀賞五彩花燈，不知又能否釋解離人的愁懷？“火樹銀花合，星橋鐵鎖開”，詩人蘇味道走在燈光閃爍的長安城大街上，四處擠滿賞燈遊人，寶馬香車經過，揚起一片塵土；“明月逐人來”，把城中每個角落照得通明。在溶溶月光映照下，花枝招展的歌妓一邊走，一邊唱着《梅花落》的曲調，歌聲笑語匯成一片，好不熱鬧。長安城的元宵，真是觀賞不盡，但願如此良辰美景不要匆匆流逝，“玉漏莫相催”。

一輪明月，普照千年，穿過斑駁圍牆，照着冷清小巷，落在幽幽水邊，既美麗又神秘，像是不老紅顏，見證了歷代王朝興衰，聽着人間悲歡離合的故事。今夜月上柳梢頭，不知又會發生怎樣動人的故事？



風清夜，橫塘月滿，水淨見移星。

黃庭堅《滿庭芳》



Sleep Tight

We spend roughly a third of our lives sleeping and dreaming. Yet we are only beginning to unravel some of their mysteries.

Legend has it that Abraham Lincoln dreamed of his own demise before that fateful evening at the theatre. Do dreams really foretell events? While a legion of self-proclaimed dream interpreters say they can answer this question, prophetic dreams, morbid or otherwise, are nothing more than campfire stories.

However, the idea that we can tap into our dreams for inspiration is far less ludicrous. A case in point is the origin of one of the Beatles' most beloved songs. The story goes that Paul McCartney woke up one morning with a compelling melody stuck in his mind; wary of squandering this amazing gift bestowed on him in a dream, he scrambled out of bed and played the now famous tune *Yesterday* on the piano.

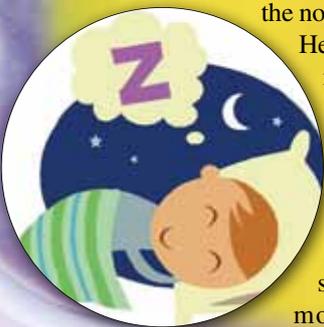
He spent weeks making sure that he had not inadvertently taken other people's work for his own. It turned out that he was worrying for naught. Sometimes, things that seem too good to be true are really true.

Dreams are also a favourite subject among filmmakers. The hit movie *Inception* depicts a gang of

futuristic hackers invading and seeding other people's dreams for nefarious purposes. As crazy as it may sound, it all stems from the idea that dreams are malleable, allowing people to infiltrate and shape them. Fortunately, in reality, your dreams are still off-limits to others. And you do have some control over what you dream using a technique called "dream incubation". If you cannot decide on the perfect gift for your anniversary, go over your options before bed, drill them into your mind and let your subconscious work its magic in your sleep. You might have your answer by sunrise.

The one question that has been keeping sleep researchers up at night is none other than why we sleep. Competing theories speak of sleep's restorative power and its effect on preserving memory. Whatever the reason, no one wants to get up in the morning with bloodshot eyes and droopy eyelids that threaten to slam shut at the most inopportune time. We all need sleep, and try as you might, you are not going to hold it off any longer than a few cups of espresso will allow.

The ancient Greeks prayed to Hypnos for a good night's sleep and to Morpheus for sweet dreams. Today people look less to deities and more to their doctors. Folk wisdom recommends a glass of warm milk before turning in, but keeping regular sleep-wake hours is the real key to restful sleeps. Switching off your tablet, TV and computer helps too. Sleep is not work, so don't make it so. Relax, and sleep tight.





THE TRAMP



A tall, thin young man crawled out of a rat-chewed cardboard box surrounded by heaps of empty food cans and dirty plastic bags. It was five o'clock in the morning. The park was silent, enveloped in a thin mist. The young man got up early because as an unspoken rule, the tramps in the park had to leave before dawn. No one knew his name. People called him Jack, who had been in the neighbourhood for about a year.

In a worn-out overcoat, Jack staggered across the park, casting a long shadow under the street lamps. Having only eaten a slice of bread since the day before, he felt terribly weak. A cold wind rose from nowhere. He shivered and pulled the edge of his moth-eaten muffler further up his face. The inky sky turned pale and Jack saw a ray of light piercing the



clouds. It was a sign of luck, he thought. On his way to the nearby food alley, he prayed that he would find some good "stuff". His prayer was answered. Near a litter bin at the exit of the park, he spotted a half-eaten pack of chocolate on the ground. He picked it up and

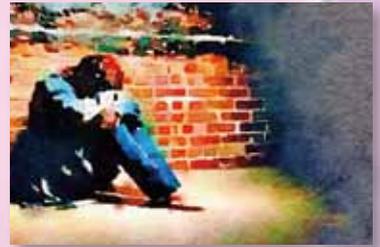
wolfed down his breakfast, thinking that this auspicious start would portend a day without kicks and punches from the gang who took attacks on tramps as a game.

There were scattered bruises, big and small, on Jack's face. As the tramp bashers would only come out to get their "prey" after dark, he felt safe during the daytime. In a back lane, he found a chicken drumstick and some fried rice from a bag of restaurant leftovers. He sniffed at the food and then put it in his stained tote bag carefully. Strands of morning mist were still hanging in the air as the sun tried to break through the patches of clouds. Jack was wondering where he should enjoy his meal.

The sun rose; the hours passed, and it was time for lunch. Jack sat comfortably in a gutter behind the bushes near a chapel. Well protected by the lush canopy, he felt unusually calm. Under the bright blue sky, the trees were ablaze in gold and russet. While taking a bite of the cold drumstick, Jack felt an intense pang of grief, so intense that he found himself unable to breathe. He was longing to have a reunion with his late mother, just to see her face, just to have a hug, just to have a chat.

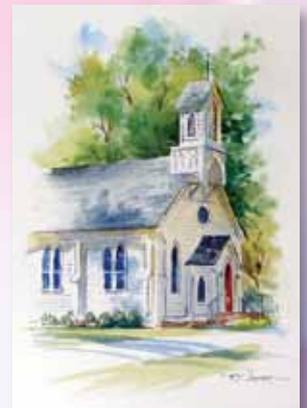
The evening was cold and raw. A taxi stopped at a traffic light near the park, and inside the middle-aged driver fixed his eyes on every young man passing by. He took out a photo of his eighteen-year-old son and gazed at it for a moment. A

few loud horns sounded behind his car, urging him to move. All of a sudden, a tall man ran by and vanished into a narrow walkway. The taxi-driver veered his car sharply to the left, and pulled up at the end of a quiet lane leading to the chapel. He got out of the car, looking in all directions for the man. To his despair, no one was in sight. Standing in front of a statue of Virgin Mary, he regretted that he had kicked his son out of the house after a fight a year before.



The night fell. Jack woke up from a sweet dream in which he and his mother chatted happily. Lying supine on the ground, he saw a murky sky dotted with twinkling stars which gave him an unspeakable sense of peacefulness. He broke into a smile, unaware of the sounds coming from the bushes. Before Jack had time to rise, a big lad jumped on him and punched him hard in the face. There was a loud scream of pain followed by shouts and curses. Jack was struggling, trying hard to kick his feet which were being tightly held down by another guy.

Blood was streaming down Jack's face. With all his might, he bit the big lad's hand and kicked the other man in his groin. In a rage, he picked up some stones and hurled them at his attackers, narrowly missing their heads. The big lad then took out a knife. Jack turned around and ran as fast as he could. He stopped abruptly in front of the chapel when his eyes met the taxi driver's. Before long, there was a fearful scream, and Jack fell down.



In the hospital, the taxi driver was sitting on the edge of the bed where Jack was sleeping soundly. He looked at his son, and his heart sank when he saw the bruises on his handsome face. Half-conscious, Jack opened his eyes and found his father looming over him. In a trembling voice, he said, "Dad, I'm ..." But before he could finish the sentence, Jack felt his father's hand on his shoulder. Tears brimming in his eyes, the taxi driver patted his son's head gently and said, "It's okay."

"Dad, look! It's full moon tonight."

The taxi driver leaned his head out of the window, and saw a sparkling silver world.

"Yes, son. It's full moon tonight."

An early-morning walk is a blessing for the whole day.

Henry David Thoreau



聊齋誌異



夜半三更，狂風怒號，飄着薄霧般冷雨，窗戶吱吱嘎嘎地響着，偶爾傳來幾陣令人毛骨悚然的貓叫聲，這時你可有膽量翻開蒲松齡的《聊齋誌異》，走進他的靈異世界，與花妖狐仙相會？

鬼怪大多面目猙獰，作惡多端，但蒲松齡筆下的狐鬼精魅也有和易可親、重情重義之輩。話說淮陽有一葉姓書生，文章詞賦，冠絕當時，可惜時運不濟，屢試不中。知縣丁氏十分欣賞葉生的才華，對他大力栽培，還鼓勵他再次應試，但葉生仍是名落孫山。有負恩人厚望，葉生感到萬分愧疚，結果抑鬱成病。



丁氏後遭罷官，回鄉後邀請葉生當其兒子的老師。葉生把一生所學傾囊相授，丁公子後來考取進士，當起主政官，並帶同葉生赴任，朝夕相處。一年後，葉生參加京中鄉試，終於中式，遂決定回鄉探望妻兒。葉生回到家中，妻子一看見他便受驚逃跑，站在遠處責怪他為何陰魂不散。葉生不明所言，於是走進大廳，看到一副棺木，才知自己已死多年，隨即倒在地上，消失無蹤。

蒲松齡在按語說道，葉生的魂魄在陽間徘徊，戀戀不捨，既對功名未死心，也為了回報丁氏知遇之恩。

除了知恩圖報的書生，《聊齋誌異》中也有至死不渝的愛侶。雲南晉寧人喬生少負才名，忠肝義膽。城中有一史姓舉人，女兒連城善刺繡，通詩書。一日，舉人為女兒選婿，喬生賦詩“繡線挑來似寫生，幅中花鳥自天成；當年織錦非長技，幸把迴文感聖明”，稱讚連城的刺繡天下無雙。連城非常仰慕喬生的才華，暗中派人贈銀襄助。



不過，舉人嫌棄喬生家貧，最終把連城許配一鹽商之子。不久，連城得了怪病，要男子胸脯的肉作配藥才有望治癒。舉人答應誰願意這樣做便把連城嫁給他為妻。喬生對連城愛慕不已，毫不猶豫便割下胸口的肉給心愛的人煎藥。連城病癒，史舉人食言，沒有把連城嫁給喬生。幾個月後，連城便死了。喬生前去弔唁，也悲痛過度而死。兩人在陰間重逢。後來，喬生得到朋友幫助，與連城雙雙還魂。誰知鹽商賄賂貪官，把復生的連城判給其子。連城在鹽商家不吃不喝，整天喊着上吊，鹽商沒有辦法，只好放連城回家。喬生和連城有情人終成眷屬。



《聊齋誌異》中也有孝感動天的故事。東安縣有一孝子席方平，其父生性戇直，開罪了一名富翁。沒想到，富翁死後竟買通鬼差來陽間把席父毒打至死。席方平看到父親慘死，悲痛不已，誓要到陰間替父親伸冤。在地府，席方平遙見父臥簷下，似甚狼狽，雙腿被鞭打至殘廢，禁不住掉下眼淚。

席方平滿腔怨憤，寫下訟書，跑去求城隍、郡司主持公道，但不受理。來到閻王府，閻王不由分說，先打他二十大板，然後着令他回去。他寧死不屈，閻王於是命鬼差把他的筋骨皮肉燒焦，又把他的身體鋸開，逼他知難而退。席氏熬不過多次酷刑，只好返回陽間。幸好他後來遇到正直無私的二郎神。二郎神替席方平伸冤，懲治了地府的貪官和富翁，並念到席方平一片孝心，再賜其父三十六年陽壽。

《聊齋誌異》還有其他怪幻的傳奇。蒲松齡以簡潔筆法、曲折詭異的情節，編出由人、鬼、狐、仙、怪組成的有情世界，諷刺現實社會的黑暗和人生百態。人鬼殊途，但在蒲松齡的世界裏，鬼怪妖精並非那麼可怕，很多時候比人更敢愛敢恨，更重情重義。

今人不見古時月，今月曾經照古人。

李白《把酒問月》

Night

“It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing.” Eliezer Wiesel, a survivor of the Nazi holocaust, knows it only too well. He experienced separation, torture and close calls with death in the concentration camps. During those hellish days, whenever the night fell, a lurking fear at the back of his mind crept up on him and ate his soul. In *Night*, a personal account of his agonising ordeal, Wiesel takes his readers with him from his home, into the ghetto, on the transport, into the concentration camps, on a death march, and beyond, giving them a deep understanding of the holocaust experience.

The story begins in Sighet, a Hungarian village, in 1941. Pious and intelligent, young Eliezer is a true believer in justice, fond of discussing the mysteries of the universe with Moshe the Beadle, the synagogue caretaker. Towards the end of 1942, the Hungarian government expels Jews who fail to prove their citizenship, and Moshe is crammed onto a cattle train and taken to Poland. Miraculously, he manages to escape. He returns to Sighet and tells the villagers how the cattle trains were handed over to the Gestapo, the German secret police, at the Polish border, where the Jews were forced to dig mass graves for themselves and shot to death. But the villagers only take him for a lunatic and refuse to believe his story.

In the spring of 1944, Hungary falls into the hands of the German army. The Jews are not allowed to visit restaurants, attend the synagogue and leave home after dark, and must wear a yellow star. Eliezer and his family are first herded into a crowded ghetto, and soon packed into cattle cars and sent to Auschwitz, where he comes to learn the depth of the cruelty of which humans are capable. Through the windows, everybody in the cattle cars sees thick plumes of smoke billowing from the chimneys of vast furnaces, and gags at the stench of burning human flesh.

At Birkenau, the “selection” centre for new arrivals at Auschwitz, individuals who are deemed weak or useless are weeded out to be killed. Eliezer and his father are allowed to stay together, separated from his mother and younger sister, whom he never sees again. On the first night in Auschwitz, Eliezer walks past a large pit where babies are being burned. He cannot believe his eyes and begins to doubt if there is still good in the world. His father, breaking down into tears, tells

him that humanity no longer exists, and everybody in the column of prisoners weeps. Eliezer laments, “*Never shall I forget that night... which has turned my life into one long night... Never shall I forget that smoke... the little faces of the children, whose bodies I saw turned into wreaths of smoke beneath a silent blue sky.*”

Not long after, Eliezer and his father are sent to Buna, a factory of the Auschwitz complex, where they are chosen to work in the same electronics warehouse. Every day, they struggle to stay healthy, so they will not be weeded out. Their mutual support gives them the strength to endure the capricious beatings exacted by sadist guards and prisoner functionaries. However, with his life hanging in the balance, Eliezer, laden with guilt and full of fears, begins to feel that his defenceless father is a burden to him in the camp.

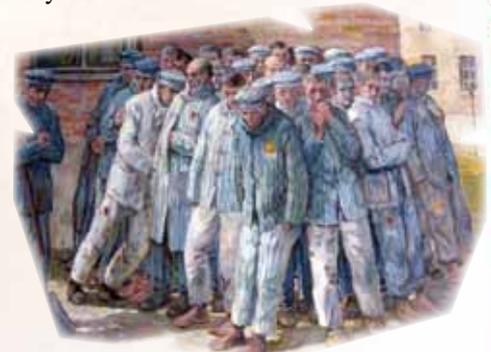


Even so, Eliezer’s love for his father never dies. With the arrival of winter, rumours are spreading that Russian liberation forces are coming, giving Eliezer new hope. The Germans decide to evacuate the camp before the Russians come. At nightfall, in the middle of a snowstorm, the Wiesels join the other prisoners and evacuate Buna.

On the march, inmates who falter are shot. Eliezer prays for strength to save his father from death. In the blizzard and the darkness, the father and son keep each other awake, surviving through mutual vigilance. After the death march in the cold and a ten-day train ride, the Wiesels arrive at Buchenwald in central Germany.

In wooden bunks, Eliezer does all he can to bring his dying father back to health. But the old man, afflicted with dysentery and malnutrition, dies on a cold night in January. The next morning, Eliezer wakes up to find that his father has been taken to the crematorium. He does not cry. Instead, he feels a great relief for himself and his father, though the fear that the old Wiesel may have been burned alive haunts him. In April 1945, the American forces arrive at Buchenwald and liberate the camp. Eliezer, who comes down with food poisoning, is deathly ill.

When he finally raises himself and looks in the mirror, he is shocked to see a corpse gazing back at him.



夜深曲

收音機傳來陣陣悠揚悅耳的樂曲，旋律時而舒徐，時而輕快，在夜空中飄蕩，傳送到城市每一個角落。談心節目主持人細心聆聽無法入眠的聽眾傾訴心事，當中有令人傷感的話題，也有溫馨感人的故事。主持人與寂寞的夜貓子分享喜悅，為他們排難解憂，溫柔親切的聲音給予他們一點鼓勵、一點慰藉。

夜更計程車司機駕着車子在街道穿梭。漫漫長夜，他們困在狹小空間裏，面對漆黑的夜空，收聽電台節目是最佳的娛樂；遇到麻煩的乘客，便向朋友吐苦水，驅走心中悶氣；肚子餓了，相約三數同行到通宵營業的食肆吃夜宵，但他們一邊吃，一邊盯着門外的車子，總是不能好好享受，匆匆吃過，便繼續為生計奔波。



三更夜半，公立醫院的急症室十分繁忙，一排排的椅子坐滿候診的病人。他們面色蒼白，露出痛苦的表情，聽到揚聲器播出自己的名字時，便拖着身子走進診症室。深夜意外特別多，救護車的警號不時響起，醫護人員每一刻都與時間競賽，看到病人躺在抬牀上，奄奄

一息，立即為他們搶救。救護儀器發出的聲音、警察對講機沙沙聲響，混雜着病人家屬的哭聲，令整個急症室的氣氛變得緊張，宛如戰場。

深宵時分，警員、消防員如常緊守崗位，守護着這個城市。黑夜是罪惡的溫牀，警察在靜寂的街道上巡邏，看見可疑的人便上前查問；在公路上遇到非法賽車，便展開追捕。在消防局內，通宵值勤的消防員隨時候命，一聽到警報，立即沿着鋼柱由休息室滑至地面，穿好防火衣，跳上消防車，趕赴火災現場。



凌晨時分忙於工作的大有人在。機場控制塔的航空交通管制員與航機機長密切溝通，指揮若定，確保航機安全升降。這時，在大大小小的麵包店，麵包師忙得不可開交，為的是讓早起的人吃到美味的麵包。街上的報販也忙於整理早報，開始一天的工作。

這羣在深夜工作的人晝夜顛倒，全賴他們，這個城市才不會停下來，過着“朝九晚五”生活的人才得以安然尋夢去。



A World of Imagination

Do you still remember the first nursery rhyme your parents read to you when they tucked you into bed? Was it the all-time favourite *London Bridge is Falling Down*? Had you ever begged them to tell you one more interesting story when they were about to kiss you goodnight? The fun of reading nursery rhymes has, however, been forgotten by many busy parents of today, who are failing to give their children the phonological start they need to become a capable reader.

Reading nursery rhymes is fun to both parents and children. They are short stories, often set to music with a catchy rhyme. Through hearing and repeating these jingles, children develop a working knowledge of speech rhythms, and build a rich vocabulary. If parents clap out the rhythm of “*Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, Baker Man*”, soon the child will mimic them, picking up the cadence of English. Many children will laugh when they hear the commotion caused by *Mary’s Little Lamb* – “*Mary had a little lamb, whose fleece was white as snow. And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.*”

The use of poetic ideas in learning to speak and read trains children in literary appreciation. Small children may not understand every metaphor in nursery rhymes, but poetry study gives a fuller,

richer meaning to the reading of word or phrase, the effect of which, if introduced earlier, will continue through life. “*Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are. Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky.*” You may have forgotten some of the words, but strangely, the tune is always in your mind.

Reading stories with young children will boost their language skills and help them form abstract concepts. A nursery rhyme seemingly beyond a child’s years or comprehension may be only a gossamer thread of delicate sparkle, but it can weave and bind, or it may open a window through which he can see a fantasy world. He may travel in a pedlar’s caravan with “*a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through*” or embark on adventures about which he could write a book, like the *Travels of Captain Cook*. He may also help Little Dame Crump drive her little white pig along “*with a little crab stick*” when it refuses to go home.

Parents can inspire a sense of wonder in their children through reading nursery rhymes, which is not only a wonderful way of bonding, but also a magic door to the world of imagination. So, instead of leaving your kids watching TV, why not read them a few Mother Goose rhymes before bed?





日月星辰東升西落，晝夜交替好像轉動的珠子，從早到晚呈現不同景象。晨曦的清霜、正午的藍天、黃昏的夕陽、黑夜的星宿，一幅幅畫面美得令人怦然心動。以下的問題與描寫晝夜朝夕的詩詞有關，大家看看能否逐一解答。請在橫線上填寫答案：

- “缺月掛疏桐，漏斷人初靜”，“漏”指什麼？

- “已而夕陽在山，人影散亂”一語出自何人？

- 《詩經·小雅·大東》“東有啓明，西有長庚”，“啓明”、“長庚”指什麼？

- “料峭春風吹酒醒，微冷，山頭斜照卻相迎”，“料峭”一詞何解？

- “皎皎天月明，奕奕河宿爛”，“奕奕”形容什麼？

- “煙暝酒旗斜，但倚樓極目，時見棲鴉”描寫一日哪個時段的景色？

- “冰輪斜輾鏡天長，江練隱寒光”，“冰輪”指什麼？

- “昏旦變氣候”，下句是什麼？

- “煙中列岫青無數，雁背夕陽紅欲暮”，“列岫”指什麼？

- “東園向曉，陣陣西風好”，“西風”指秋風，“向曉”一語何解？

請在二零一四年五月十五日前，把答案連同下列個人資料寄回“香港金鐘道66號金鐘道政府合署高座2310室公務員事務局法定語文事務部《文訊》編輯委員會”。答對問題者可獲書券一張，名額五個。答案及得獎者名單將於下期公布（答案以《文訊》公布者為準）。

姓名：_____ 先生／女士（請刪去不適用者）
 部門：_____
 職位：_____ 電話：_____
 辦事處地址：_____



Solution of Issue No. 54

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. all swans are owned by the Queen | 6. a clowder/clutter/glaring of cats |
| 2. a flyer/jill/doe | 7. fear of gaining weight |
| 3. silent/tinsel/enlist/inlets | 8. 13-16 times |
| 4. the moon | 9. black |
| 5. camel milk | 10. a few months to several years |

The following winners will be notified individually by post:

Name	Department
Poon Yuk-wah, Adalina	Transport Department
Mabel Tsang	Education Bureau
Mak Man-kit	Student Financial Assistance Agency
Ho Sau-chu	Census and Statistics Department
Leung So-mei	Census and Statistics Department

Issue No. 56 (June 2014) : Beauty and Ugliness

二零一四年六月第五十六期主題：美與醜

Issue No. 57 (September 2014) : Basic Daily Needs

二零一四年九月第五十七期主題：衣食住行

Contributions from colleagues are welcome. Please refer to Issue No. 42 for details.

歡迎同事投稿，細則請參閱第四十二期。

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英語顧問 Dr Rodney Jones

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