

文訊

WORD POWER

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OFFICIAL LANGUAGES DIVISION, CIVIL SERVICE BUREAU

穿越喜馬拉雅

清晨的拉薩寒風刺骨，通往布達拉宮廣場的北京路慢慢熱鬧起來。兩旁的雜貨店、羊肉攤、小吃店、水果攤陸續營業，天還未亮透，商販已開始一天的生計。早上十點，太陽照遍整座高原之城，天空沒有一朵雲，清澈澄明，藍得很淺，宛如一塊褪色的扎染布。

布達拉宮屹立紅山上，宮殿後的連綿雪山像白色堡壘，飄浮半空，氣勢雄偉。沿着斗峭坡道登山，十分吃力，疲倦時停下來，舉起手舒展一下，彷彿就能摘下偶爾飄過的白雲。走進殿裏，舉目盡是珍珠瑪瑙、壁畫經書等珍品，令人嘆為觀止。這座神聖的宮殿結合西藏建築、宗教、文化和藝術精華，是個無與倫比的聚寶盆。

徜徉拉薩的小巷，常聽到磨擦地面的聲音，還有斷斷續續的呢喃。聲音忽低忽高，忽沉忽亮，漸漸變得清晰，人已走進轉經的隊伍中。轉經信徒眾多，有白髮蒼蒼的老婦、健碩的青年，也有背着小孩的母親。他們趴下、站立、跨步、再趴下，不停沿着街道轉，動作流暢純熟。

車子離開拉薩，在曠野前行，經過茂密樹林、彎曲河流，沿途渺無人煙。中途下車休息，站在塵土飛揚的公路旁，低沉的誦經聲彷彿仍在耳畔縈迴。眺望遠處，珠穆朗瑪峯就如一座金字塔，聳立在雪山之巔。這座世界頂峯從滄海崛起，經過億萬年仍巍然屹立，真是大自然的奇蹟。佇立山下，仰望長天，頓覺人在天地間是多麼渺小。

進入尼泊爾國境，從高原來到山國，又是另一種風情。

在邊境小鎮科達里，旅館和雜貨店林立，色彩繽紛的貨車穿梭凹凸不平的道路，到處都是身穿皮袍的藏人和衣着鮮豔的尼泊爾人。車道旁是深谷，谷底流着喜馬拉雅山的雪水，河水滾滾。

由科達里前往首都加德滿都，沿途有很多矮小的紅磚屋，好像小巧的火柴盒。街道上牛在踱步，雞在

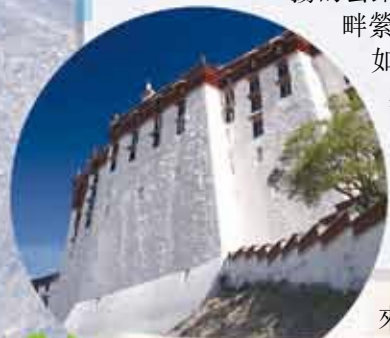
啄食，小孩背着書包上學去，婦女提着菜籃往菜市場走，生活多麼悠閒恬靜。來到泰米爾區情景就不一樣了，到處都是擠滿遊客的酒吧、西式餐廳。這裏的繁華、喧鬧讓人以為身在大城市的“蘇豪區”。

加德滿都東面的巴德崗是一座千年古城。黃昏來到這裏，在柔柔月影下穿行古老窄巷，好像走進時光隧道，回到久遠的歲月。早上到巴德崗的陶瓷廣場遊覽，會看到各式各樣的陶器。在小小陶坊內，工匠蹲在一排排陶輪旁邊捏土拉坯。廣場旁的空地攤滿金黃的稻穀。工人熟練地把稻穀拋上空中，有節奏的擺動扇子，撥開揚起的穀屑。稻穀在陽光中起落，燕子偶爾在木雕窗櫺前飛過，小狗在石磚路上沉睡，此情此景讓路過的遠方遊子恍如置身世外桃源。

告別山國，在清晨薄霧中到達印度瓦拉納西恆河邊，碰上晨浴的人羣。一絲不掛的苦行僧、身披黃袍的祭司、穿着鮮豔紗衣的婦女浸在水中，有的雙手合十，閉目冥想，有的彎身沾水，點在自己身上。濃烈的花香撲鼻而來，河上漂着一盞盞油燈，岸上傳來此起彼落的叫賣聲、鐘聲、歌聲、祈禱聲，交織成一幅印度生活速寫。

來到泰姬陵，從綠草如茵的花園望過去，彷彿整座陵墓飄浮在薄霧中，如夢似幻。這座陵墓華麗耀眼，潔白無瑕的大理石象徵沙賈汗皇帝對皇后的不渝真情；精美無比的雕刻代表兩人的細膩柔情。在詩人泰戈爾筆下，“儘管帝國皇權已經化為齏粉，歷史已經湮沒無聞”，但泰姬陵的大理石刻鏤了情人的私語，永恆不息地向滿天繁星細訴煙花往事。

穿過叢林，越過山嶺，來到旅程的終點。踏上歸途，在車裏回望，泰姬陵逐漸變得模糊，但心裏卻滿載回憶，無論是奇趣的經歷，還是平淡的故事，點點滴滴都教人心暖。



The Hunt for MAGICAL LIGHTS

Every Saturday morning in winter, a three-car train, led by a diesel locomotive, chugs through the tundra in the dark, rattling, whining and occasionally pulling to an abrupt halt. Snow is everywhere; the only difference is how much, where and what shape. Spruce trees cloaked in white tower above the land, resembling crystal daggers pointing at the black hollow sky.

The train, known as the Aurora Express, is heading north from Anchorage to Fairbanks, traversing miles and miles of forest, mountains and tundra. One can fly from Anchorage to Fairbanks. One can also drive. But there is no better way to appreciate the beauty of Alaska than by train.

Holidaymakers visiting this winter wonderland usually go for the Iditarod Great Sled Race. They also come to ski or take a dip in hot springs. But some just come to reach out and touch, to feel, for a brief moment, the chill and gaze into the twilight. Sunlight is precious here. The sky turns black soon after sunrise. Sitting quietly in the wide-windowed café car of the Aurora Express, looking out on the snow-blanketed world is an experience beyond words. The Nenana River Valley looks cobalt blue under a moon-lit sky; Mount McKinley looms high in the clouds, the Alaska Range is all around; animals, big and small, trudge past the train, leaving footprints in the snow, and spindly spruce trees sway wildly in the dark, standing up against the strong winds.

The train makes unscheduled stops from time to time to pick up anyone who flags it down. As told by the conductor, it is a lifeline for those living in the wilderness between Anchorage and Fairbanks. People getting off midway to hike back to their cabins in the woods with a loaded backpack in deep snow is a common sight. The comfortable cars are always filled with passengers' loud laughter and buzzing chats. From different parts of the world, most of them gather here for one common goal — in search of the northern lights, or aurora borealis as the train's name suggests.

Like a snowy white fox of the Arctic with a brush-like tail that sprays snow, the northern lights, actually magnetic storms of ionised oxygen and nitrogen atoms across the sky, have filled people with wonder and captured artists' imagination. They have also frightened people who see them as a sign of impending apocalypse. Superstitious as

it may sound, some aurora chasers of today still take their trips as pilgrimages, or tests of faith that the sky will open up and show what treasures it holds if they stand in the cold long enough.

The train shudders and edges forward. After a 12-hour journey, the Aurora Express arrives at Fairbanks. After stocking up food and water, aurora chasers jump into their rented cars and drive to Chena Hot Springs, an ideal base for watching the northern lights. Aurora hunting is an adventure, bringing you to places you have never visited and to people you have never met. The chance of catching a glimpse of the magical lights is, however, a matter of luck. Even the best weather apps are useless, as the sky, like a spoiled child who is prone to tantrums, may suddenly seal up and stay gloomy.

Weather is never predictable here. A crystal clear night may turn into a foggy one without warning. A Chinook, a mass of warm, wet air from the Alaska Gulf, sometimes passes through the Alaska Range and brings rain to Fairbanks. The gauzy steam of hot springs and thick sleety fog cloud the sky, making aurora gazing a forlorn hope. No quest is accomplished without obstacles. Disappointing though, the enthusiasm of the northern lights hunters has never waned — hilltops are lined with yurts; tripods are erected everywhere, and circles of people in thick down jackets and snow shoes stand motionless in sub-zero air.

On a clear night, if luck is on your side, an encounter with the aurora is possible in Fairbanks. The outburst starts with a soft glow over the hills. The glow vanishes and returns. Arches are lit with small waves and curls moving along them. Rays of light shoot down from space; draperies with a plethora of colours are formed and spread all over the sky, flickering in the wind. The draperies then fade and form all over again by new rays of light. The trailing bands of luminous plasma then spread out, and disintegrate in a diffuse light.

With the constant clicking of camera shutters and the intermittent bursts of rapturous applause, the extravaganza comes to an end. A wonderful gift of nature, the beautiful blaze of auroral displays, though ephemeral, lets its watchers get a thrill of a lifetime.



Life is like a landscape. You live in the midst of it but can describe it only from the vantage point of distance.

Charles Lindbergh

淡妝濃抹總相宜

踏入三月，杭州西湖一片朦朧。霏霏細雨斜斜打着低垂的柳枝，濺起粒粒珍珠，又輕輕落在淡綠的湖面上，像滴進晶瑩剔透的玉盆中。微風吹拂，捲起縷縷輕煙。撐一把油紙傘在湖畔漫步，宛如遊歷蓬萊仙境。

西湖經煙雨洗滌，益顯柔美。憑欄遠眺，斷橋隱約可見。走到橋上，見到斑駁的橋欄，細看才發覺橋其實沒有斷，斷的只是白素貞與許仙的一段情緣。白素貞是修行千年的蛇精，化身為人，與書生許仙相戀，但遭法力高強的法海和尚拆散。白蛇為求與愛郎重聚，在斷橋與法海決戰，不惜引西湖水淹沒金山寺，最後被法海鎮於雷峯塔下。站在橋頭追憶這段千年傳說，西湖彷彿添了一抹浪漫淒迷的色彩。

初夏的西湖又是另一番景致。陽光傾瀉而下，湖面波光粼粼，好像鋪了點點金子。粉紅色的花朵與翠綠荷葉互相烘襯，色彩更見鮮明。柳枝像一束束髮絲，隨風飄舞，正是“碧玉妝成一樹高，萬條垂下綠絲條”。走過長長的蘇堤，彷彿看到蘇東坡的身影。時光倒流，當年儒雅俊逸的蘇子與愛妾朝雲月下遊湖，金樽對月，賦詞誦詩，無限纏綿。奈何歲月無情，佳人已杳，即使豪邁



豁達的蘇子，面對孤月，也不禁嘆道“傷心一念償前債，彈指三生斷後緣。”

到了十月，紅葉染透青山，桂花花影散落青苔徑上。秋月遙掛，水波蕩漾，流光四溢。白居易曾在杭州當官，別後常常憶記江南舊夢，既忘不了“山寺月中尋桂子”的閑情，也忘不了西湖的煙波畫影。落泊失意時，寧願放下名利，寄情山水，做個尋風弄月的雅客，這份心意或許只有“西湖風月知”。

輕盈雪花飄落湖心，瞬間融解。疏落的遊人在鋪滿白雪的小路走着，腳下發出擦擦響聲。冬天的西湖默默無語，一片沉寂。數九隆冬，唐代詩人李郢與好友泛舟。湖面結了一層薄冰，到處都是“珊瑚樹碎”。夕陽斜照，“山影淺中留瓦礫，日光寒外送漣漪。”在湖畔停泊的小舟隨水波擺動，忽然不遠處有大鵬飛起，捲起堆堆雪花。



西湖四季面貌不同，各具特色，春日煙雨濛，夏日荷花紅，秋日桂花香，冬日白雪飄，真箇是“淡妝濃抹總相宜”。



Ode to Autumn

The magnificence of nature has always fascinated us. Standing under a canopy of majestic trees in the forest, we cannot help but feel small. When we see roaring ocean waves rolling in, we realise how powerless we are. Blooming cherry blossoms, the early summer sun, golden fallen leaves, cotton snow...all inspire feelings of awe. Changing seasons make us ponder the vicissitudes of life. And a poet sees even more.

On a beautiful autumn day in 1819, John Keats took a stroll near Winchester along River Itchen. So much impressed by the beauty of the sombre landscape – the crisp air, the chilly weather, the stubble fields, the English Romantic poet composed “To Autumn”, a short poem, which has become an all-time favourite for poetry lovers.

The poem is a paean to autumn. Keats praises the abundance and goodness of the season, describing it as a “close bosom-friend of the maturing sun”. Against an idyllic pastoral backdrop, fruits grow on the vines that curl around the roofs of thatched cottages; fully ripe apples bend down the branches

of mossy trees with their weight; the ripeness expands like a balloon “to swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells”; kernels drop on the ground to “set budding more” and



will turn into flowers or plants when spring returns, and the bees think that “warm days” of autumn “will never cease” and flowers are always in bloom.

The fruits have ripened and the crops have been harvested. Having done all the work for the season, autumn, like a goddess, roams around the fields, often seen sitting on the granary floor, her hair “soft-lifted by the winnowing wind”. She drowns “with the fume of the poppies” and takes a nap on the furrow. Sometimes she bends her head and gazes into the brook, like a gleaner bowing his head to look for grains. A real slacker, she watches “hours by hours” a cider-press squeezing the fruits into thick, sugary juice.

When autumn’s harvest is over, nature is reduced to emptiness: the fields are bare, the trees leafless, the skies hollow... “Where are the songs of Spring?” Unlike the lively spring, autumn has her own music. At twilight, small gnats by the river mourn the dying day “in a wailful choir”; from hilly bourn comes the lambs’ “loud bleat”; crickets chirp; the redbreast robin whistles in a garden “with treble soft”; and “gathering swallows twitter in the skies.”

“To Autumn” is a poem for people who find it hard to accept good things coming to an end. In Keats’s eyes, autumn is not merely the time when things die off. It also sets the stage for the return of growth. People should enjoy every bit of goodness at every moment without worrying about what happens next. Each stanza of the poem is like a photo put into words, filled with the light, smells, and sounds of the season.



A River Runs Through It



Norman and Paul Maclean are fly fishing lovers. They acquire that passion from their father, who is a minister. Under the Reverend's roof, there is "no clear line between religion and fly fishing." In their childhood, the brothers spend considerable time attending his father's church and fishing. With their father, they wade the Big Blackfoot River in Missoula, Montana, braving the biting coldness of the trout stream. The river makes an ideal canvas for Norman to paint an intimate portrait of his family, as revealed in his autobiographical novella *A River Runs Through It*.

The story is deceptively simple. Two brothers grow up together but follow distinctly different paths. Norman is the one with his feet on the ground and a good head on his shoulders. Paul, on the contrary, is dashing and charming with a streak of recklessness. In fly fishing, they are as serious as their father. Paul is a natural on it while Norman, though not by any measure bad, cannot hold a candle to his younger brother's fishing prowess.

In his thirties, Norman gets married and becomes an English Professor in Chicago. Paul stays in Montana and becomes a reporter simply because he can continue to fly fish on the Big Blackfoot. However, he has developed a predilection for drinking and gambling, and is too happy to pick a fight. The brothers still fish together on the very same river but much has changed.

Norman, though worried, finds it difficult to broach the subject of Paul's unruly behaviour. He is reluctant to criticise his brother who has always treated him with respect. Besides, Paul is an enigma to him. A fine reporter and a finer fisherman, Paul has the makings of a good life. But he racks up gambling debt, and gets into drunken brawls like a hobby. Worse still, he lets his pride get in the way of seeking help. When Norman is mulling over what he can do for him, life intervenes: Paul is beaten to death in an alley.

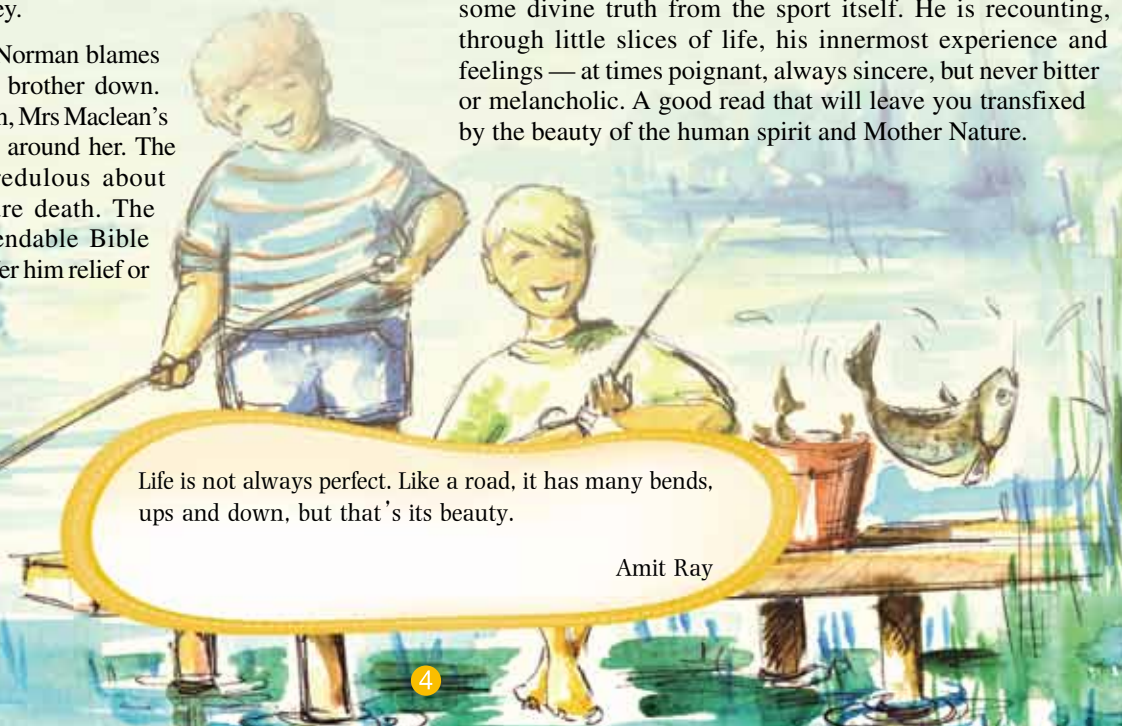
The grief-stricken Norman blames himself for letting his brother down. Losing her favourite son, Mrs Maclean's world crashes down around her. The Reverend is incredulous about Paul's premature death. The usually dependable Bible fails to offer him relief or

consolation. He feels unhinged and wonders whether things would have been different if he had helped. Knowing the answers to his questions will be forever out of reach, he tries to convince himself that even though "it is those we live with and love and should know who elude us", we can still love them as we "can love completely without complete understanding."

Years later, smarting from the loss of his son, the Reverend encourages Norman to write a fiction because only then will one have a thorough understanding of the characters in it. Norman does the exact opposite. He writes his life story with a central character that was and still is a mystery to him. He examines his feelings about Paul with honesty and courage, and opens up himself to grief and hurt in the process. Even so, he soldiers on knowing that sorrow is not all there is to life.

Guided by his memories of Paul and his father, Norman realises that the Big Blackfoot, rather than a scar on his soul, binds his family together. The three of them may be puzzles to one another and help is a word of taboo for them. But so long as they are on that pristine, beautiful river, with a fishing rod in their hands, they can look each other in the eye and see a strong connectedness among them. Norman continues to fish on the rolling river alone even in his old age because he knows that there he can be at one with them. "I am haunted by waters," he admits.

Norman's novella is constructed out of a series of fishing outings so vividly depicted. Fly fishing, a relatively obscure pastime, is portrayed with such unalloyed passion that its charm is transparent to even the layman. Every inch of the fishing rod and every technique are described in great detail, and are often the subjects of deep pondering thoughts, which at the hands of a less gifted writer will quickly devolve into flat clichés and heavy-handed moral rhetoric. But Norman is not trying to coax some divine truth from the sport itself. He is recounting, through little slices of life, his innermost experience and feelings — at times poignant, always sincere, but never bitter or melancholic. A good read that will leave you transfixed by the beauty of the human spirit and Mother Nature.



Life is not always perfect. Like a road, it has many bends, ups and down, but that's its beauty.

Amit Ray

The Oak

After an hour's walk, Alvin arrived at the edge of a wooded area. Not far away from him was an expanse of grass carpeted with gorse, which grew luxuriantly and was interspersed with beech. The sun's rays pierced through the trees, shimmering on a bed of flowers – yellow, violet and white, a splendid show of colours. A light breeze rustled the leaves of a pin oak with a crooked trunk. Alvin stood on a tranquil path, inhaling warm, clean country air.

"Honey, come over here. Look at this trunk. It bends almost down to the ground, but the tree is still growing strong. It's incredible." Alvin heard a soft voice coming from behind him. He turned around and saw nobody.

"Is that you, Anna?" asked Alvin.

No one answered. Alvin squatted under the oak, fixing his gaze on a mark carved in its deformed trunk. The squeaks of a passing crow broke the silence of high summer. Alvin rose slowly, and a patch of tall grass at the bottom of a big boulder caught his attention. The grass swayed in tempo against the blue sky, sending a light fresh grassy smell into the air. "Little bluestems, you showed me once," Alvin remembered. "They're beautiful. Each one moves elegantly like a ballerina in a pirouette," said the voice.

A strong wind muffled the voice. A bit disappointed, Alvin wandered on along the narrow zigzag path towards the grey lighthouse overlooking the sea. Butterflies were out roaming among the flowers, one of them a monarch, whose distinct orange, black and white wings were immediately recognised by Alvin. He cupped it in his hands. "Anna, it's for you. You'd always wanted to have one."

"It's gorgeous," replied the voice.

"Anna, did you see the double-A mark we carved in the oak? It's still there. But one of the letters is gone." Alvin sat on a rock, murmuring to himself.

"Really? Honey, how've you been doing these years?" asked the voice.

Alvin made no response, brooding over how he had gone through the days without Anna. Five years had passed since her death, and though he had largely got used to her absence, he still experienced intense pangs of grief. Sometimes, he was tempted to come back to this hiking trail where they first met. But he resisted, as he was afraid that he would never be able to walk out of this memory lane after setting foot on it again.

Anna died on a morning in late September, and even Alvin tried hard to forget the actual date, the bright blue hue of the sky reminded him that it was a crisp morning. He walked home from the hospital under the cloudless sky along a road lined with oaks. When it came the time to scatter her

ashes, their children joined him on this trail, which was bathed in the golden light of autumn. He buried her ashes at the base of the pin oak.

The hiking trail narrowed into a pebbled road, and green bushes gave way to a picturesque rural village where brightly-painted farmhouses, thatched or half-timbered, were everywhere. Columns of smoke rose from blackened chimneys and occasional villagers were seen bundling up fire-wood in the backyards. A horse-drawn wooden cart, piled high with hay, trailed across a ploughed field. Two women greeted each other on the road. "Honey, look over there. Do you recognise the woman wearing a red headscarf?" asked the voice. Alvin turned his gaze to the woman and shook his head. "It's Mrs Bellford, the lovely chubby lady who let us stay at her place because of the blizzard."

Memories came rushing back to Alvin – he and Anna were having dinner with Mrs Bellford in a small, cosy sitting room, chatting amicably by the fireplace about their lives after their children had gone to university. Standing in front of Mrs Bellford's old farmhouse, Alvin relived the happy moment when he and Anna cuddled up together looking out a French bay window at the beams of the lighthouse penetrating the dark.



Alvin strode off the pebbled road and disappeared into a winding uphill path. A brisk fresh wind blew from the south, laden with the vanilla smell of gorse blossom, mixed with a hint of salt from the sea. He reached the lighthouse which, like a grey pencil, stood still and quiet on the cliff's edge. "Darling, where are you?" asked Alvin.

"I'm up here." The soft voice echoed through the spiralling staircase of the lighthouse. Alvin ascended the steps and reached the doorway at the top, breathless. A shadow lurked around the corner, but Alvin soon found that it was an eagle perched on a windowsill. Suddenly, from somewhere came a heavy thud. He searched around, but no one was in sight. No longer able to mask the feelings rolling through him, he cried achingly, and made no effort to stop.

Night fell. Alvin pulled himself together. On his way home, he paused before the arched oak tree, watching its branches whipping back and forth in the wind. Much relieved after a good cry, he looked up at the velvety sky studded with tiny, twinkling stars, and whispered, "Anna, I'll come back."

北京西郊深處有一條村落，名字十分特別，叫爨底下村。“爨”粵音讀“寸”，是燒飯的意思。“爨”字筆畫多，為方便記寫，村內流傳這樣的順口溜：“興字頭，林子腰，大字下邊架火燒，火大燒林，越燒越旺。”

背上行囊來到這條村落，遙望過去，小巧玲瓏的宅院滿布斗峭山坡，錯落有致。爨底下村四面環山，宅院採山地四合院設計，內向開敞，外向封閉，布局並非嚴格對稱，樓房順着山勢而建，呈扇狀排列，從高處鳥瞰，宛如一顆金元寶嵌在深谷中。

踏進四合院大門，迎面是一道刻有“福”字的影壁，設計別具匠心，左上為蝙蝠圖案，下為梅花鹿頭，右側為壽星公造型，寓意多祿、多福、多壽。影壁具遮擋作用，保護宅院居民的私隱，置於各個入口，上面大都雕了簡單樸實的吉祥圖案，例如壽桃、萬字錦等。

村莊坐落一條古驛道上，明清時期是熙來攘往的百貨集散地，河北的糧食，內蒙的毛皮，都是經此路運往京城。歲月沒有給這條村帶來太大變化，村口附近保留舊日用來拴馬的石椿和供旅客上下馬用的階梯。經過幾棟樓房，門前掛着“瑞福堂”、“瑞慶堂”等牌匾，原來是昔日商舖、驛馬店的寶號。星移斗轉，人去樓空，但置身其中，彷彿看到當年旅客盈門的熱鬧情境。

在狹窄的胡同穿行，紅豔的陽光照在石板路上，反射出迷人的色彩，青的、灰的、紫的，煞是好看。沿着巷道拾級而上，到了村子的磨房，三數村民一邊圍着磨盤磨玉米，一邊與路過旅客細說村莊名字的由來。據說，村的西北面有個爨寶玉溝，相傳是太上老君煉丹聚寶的地方，村莊位於其下，因而得名。另一說法是，村北的崖頭遠望似灶，人稱“爨頭”，村在爨頭之下，故名“爨底下”。

寧靜的山村古意盎然，民居設計簡潔質樸，門墩石、牆腳石都有雕飾點綴，淡素清雅，與四周景色配合得十分和諧。村莊的門樓設計特別，門外頂棚繪有圖案，門楣裝有刻上吉祥語的門

簷，門牆之間有精緻的水磨磚牆花紋。地勢最高的廣亮院，門樓尤其別致，側磚牆上端與簷口之間的方形戩簷磚，雕工精美，寓意富貴生財，門罩前的兩塊石板，一塊青石比喻“腳踏青雲”，一塊紫石象徵“紫氣東來”，可見村民心思。

泉水從山上流下來，發出淙淙的聲音。陣陣清風吹拂，空氣瀰漫着紅柿野棗、芍藥黃菊的芬芳。家家戶戶的院子都搭起荊棚，一爨爨的鮮紅辣椒、金黃玉米垂在架下。白雲在淡藍的天空飄過，羊羣悠閒地在梯田間吃着野草，蜜蜂辛勤地在花叢中採蜜，景色如詩如畫，充滿了濃濃的鄉土氣息，不啻是“山上層層桃李花，雲間煙火是人家”的意境。

走到村西頭的空地，聽到鑼鼓喧天，男女老少聚在一座小戲棚前看戲，高興時還會和唱，臺上臺下相互呼應。每年收割後，村民都會忙裏偷閑，自組戲班娛樂一番，到了正月十五又會舉行轉燈會，好不熱鬧。

自乾隆年間起，每逢元宵佳節，轉燈隊伍手拿彩旗、燈籠，隨着鼓樂聲在迷宮般的窄街小巷穿梭，宛若遊龍騰飛。圓月高掛，色彩斑斕的煙花在夜空迸放，閃爍耀目，整條村都給照得通明；爆竹聲、歡笑聲此起彼落，小小山村洋溢一片祥和喜慶。

在村內繼續前行，天色漸暗，四周山巒披上晚霞的彩衣，乳白的雲朵也變得火般鮮紅。山上的羊兒回到羊欄裏，戲棚前的村民也早已散去。縷縷炊煙和灰色的暮靄交融在一起，牆頭、屋脊、巷子罩上黑影，整條山村變得沉寂。走出四合院，柔柔清輝映照在村口寫有“爨”字的石碑上，小蠓蟲開始活躍，成團地嗡嗡飛旋，好像在唸着“興字頭，林子腰，大字下邊架火燒……”



登高壯觀天地間，大江茫茫去不還。

李白《廬山謠寄盧侍御虛舟》

古道風光好

公務員事務局
一級法定語文主任吳頌祺

今日大嶼山，高樓大廈廣建，毗鄰機場的東涌早已變成熙熙攘攘的新市鎮，對於性好山澤林野的健行者，難免興致索然，慨嘆天然美景難求。所幸者，嶼南一帶風景旖旎，為舊貌換新顏的大嶼山，保留了一抹山光水色。

要欣賞大嶼山如詩美景，最佳選擇莫如漫步東梅古道。古道橫亘大嶼山腹地上，跨越山勢秀拔的紅花顏，沿途風光明媚，是昔日鄉民往還東涌、梅窩的要道。在風和日麗的日子與三數知己穿行古道，既可欣賞鄭板橋《四時田家苦樂歌》中“疏籬外，桃華灼；池塘上，楊絲弱”的田家景色，又可仿效曹孟德登山觀海，領略箇中豪情，實是人生一大樂事。

從梅窩碼頭啓步，穿越大地塘村，沿着依稀可辨的田埂小路前行，只見綠蔭處處，山隴依依。陽光溫煦，濕地旁的蘆葦隨風擺動，宛如麥浪翻風；又見純白的薑花盛放，花香撲鼻。不遠處菜畦上，農夫辛勤收割青菜，教人不禁想起“誰知盤中飧，粒粒皆辛苦。”梅窩五村地勢平坦，水源豐富，以前想必阡陌縱橫，風物殊佳。可惜現今農業式微，菜田所餘無幾。在時代發展的巨輪下，“原上摘瓜童子笑，池邊濯足斜陽落”的農耕社會，幾乎不復存在了。不過，讓人欣慰的是，沿途仍見疏落田舍散布山野間，但願這些農家永伴青山，不會湮沒在時間長河裏。

攀抵小丘頂，回首眺望來時路，眼前豁然開朗。山下銀礦灣，宛如一勾新月嵌在一

望無垠的海岸，美得教人不禁讚嘆造物者鬼斧神工。湛藍遼闊的海面，偶爾翻起朵朵浪花，映襯大嶼山的連綿羣山，構成水天一色的水墨圖。大海茫茫，橫無際涯，讓人頓覺渺小如沙。在浩瀚的穹蒼下，時間流逝不息，世間名利終究是雲煙一場。何不擺脫利鎖名韁，豁達自在，滄海一聲笑，在滾滾紅塵中，做個逍遙快活人？料想當日曹孟德面對日月星辰、潮起潮落的感悟，也大抵如此。

翻過小丘，來到牛牯壩村，嶼北海岸已是一箭之遙。村內新舊交錯，既蓋有新式洋房，也保存家祠等古舊建築，見證二百年的悠悠歲月。村外風水林，依山傍水。源自大蠔河的支流自高山蜿蜒而下，緩緩流向大蠔灣。此河盛產淡水魚，物種豐饒，當中更包括已絕跡台灣的野生香魚。其實，大蠔灣的保育問題，早前已引起市民廣泛關注。在經濟效益與自然保育之間，社會往往以現實利益為依歸，動輒犧牲自然環境，顧此失彼，無法妥為平衡兩者輕重。且看大蠔河的自然生態能否保存，讓淡水魚繁衍永續，繼續見證大自然那瑰麗無比的傳奇。

抵達大蠔灣，天色已晚，極目遠眺，港珠澳大橋工地上的照明燈，在靄靄暮色中，顯得格外明亮。大橋通車後，大嶼山定會開山闢地，大興土木。深山老林能否保存古樸原貌，令人不無疑慮。人類與自然共處，已歷萬千年，但見山林逐漸湮滅，生態失衡，究竟可持續發展真正涵義為何，值得大家反思。



今來古往，物是人非，天地裏，唯有江山不老。

林外《洞仙歌》



山水有情

遠離煩囂，與清風為朋，明月為伴，任思緒在綠樹白雲間飛馳，浸潤於藍天碧水中，是人生快事。文人墨客感情豐富，觸覺敏銳，愛好遊歷，筆下無論是江南的小橋流水，還是塞外的長河落日，都顯得特別美麗。以下問題都與山水田園景色有關，大家看看能否解答：

- “黃雲萬里動風色，白波九道流雪山”出自何人？詩句描寫何處景色？
- “大漠孤煙直，長河落日圓”中的大漠指哪個沙漠？
- 曹丕《燕歌行》“秋風蕭瑟天氣涼”下句為何？
- “出了火車站，你立刻便會覺得，這裏沒有汽車，要到那兒，不是搭小火輪，便是雇‘剛朵拉’”。朱自清描寫的是哪個城市？
- 杜牧“青山隱隱水迢迢，秋盡江南草未凋”形容何處秋天景色？
- “回回山根水，冉冉松上雨”，“山根水”所指為何？
- “山下孤煙遠村，天邊獨樹高原”出自唐代哪位詩人？
- “春風吹浪正淘沙。女郎剪下鴛鴦錦，將向中流匹晚霞”形容哪條江的情景？
- 蘇軾名句“獨攜天上小團月，來試人間第二泉”。“小團月”所指為何？“第二泉”位於何地？
- “月光如銀子，無處不可照及，山上竹簞在月光下變成一片夜色。身邊草叢中蟲聲繁密如落雨”出自沈從文哪部小說？

請在二零一五年五月十五日前，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：_____



Not-a-Mindboggler

Solution of Issue No. 58

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. bullet | 6. shape, ship |
| 2. eye to eye | 7. black |
| 3. ball | 8. ropes |
| 4. bean | 9. board |
| 5. cornered | 10. wings |

The following winners will be notified individually by post:

Name	Department
Lee Tat-yeung	Legal Aid Department
Leung So-mei	Transport Department
Lam Wai-man	Hong Kong Police Force
Ng Pui-yan	Census and Statistics Department
Chan Pak-sang	Food and Environmental Hygiene Department

Issue No. 60 (June 2015) : Legend, Poetry and Painting

二零一五年六月第六十期主題：詩畫傳奇

Issue No. 61 (September 2015) : Games We Play

二零一五年九月第六十一期主題：遊戲

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。

中文顧問 樊善標教授

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