

## 尋找香格里拉



崑崙山谷深處有一個與世隔絕的村莊，村內有一座喇嘛寺。喇嘛寺金碧輝煌，經常籠罩在薄霧中。山谷草地青蔥翠綠，村莊四周是白雪皚皚的山嶺，聳立谷口的高山名“卡拉卡爾”，藏語是“藍月”之意。藍月谷居民健康長壽，生活悠然自得，與世無爭，雖然種族、信仰、習俗不同，但彼此包容，團結友愛。這裏就是英國作家詹姆士·希爾頓 (James Hilton) 在小說《消失的地平線》(Lost Horizon) 中描繪的世外桃源——香格里拉。

自從一九三三年《消失的地平線》出版後，人們一直在尋找香格里拉。香格里拉究竟所在何地，眾說紛紜。有人指香格里拉只是作者虛構的烏托邦，但也有人認為確有此地，更有不少地方爭相自稱香格里拉。十多年前，有旅遊考察團來到雲南迪慶中甸，發現該處風光旖旎，恍如人間仙境，與希爾頓小說中的淨土吻合。



在藏語方言裏，“迪慶”的意思是吉祥如意之地，“香格里拉”則指“心中的日月”，都是代表藏民嚮往的理想境界。迪慶中甸位於滇、川、藏三省交界。那裏澄碧的天空掛着大理石紋般的縷縷白雲，杜鵑花漫山盛放，牛羊在田野間遊蕩蕩，莊嚴肅穆的喇嘛寺香火繚繞，遠處的雪山熠熠生輝。考察團認為這裏可能就是小說裏的香格里拉。這片高原的美景公諸於世後，遊客紛至沓來。二零零二年，迪慶正式改名為香格里拉。

然而，不少人仍然質疑迪慶中甸是否真正的香格里拉。根據西藏古典傳記所載，青藏高原雪山深處有一個隱秘王國，名叫“香巴拉”，景色秀麗，被重重雪山環抱，碧湖處處，人民都信奉佛教，寺廟香火鼎盛，人傑地靈。因此，有人指希爾頓筆下的人間樂土

其實就是“香巴拉”，“香格里拉”只是“香巴拉”另一藏語音譯而已。

中甸是否真正的香格里拉，實在難以稽考。不過，到迪慶走走，壯麗景色觀之不盡。氣象雄偉的梅里雪山就像小說描述的卡拉卡爾山。放眼眺望，那高插雲霄的雪峯好像一羣憩息的綿羊。早晨，峯巒初醒，朝雲出岫，霧靄飄浮山腰，宛如仙女翩翩起舞。到了黃昏，夕陽斜照，連綿雪山反射道道光芒，銀色中帶點淺橘，襯托着淡紫的天空，美得教人心醉神迷。

從中甸北望，在遼闊平原的盡頭、羣山之間建有古堡式的建築羣，主殿屋頂鋪有金銅瓦，閃閃發光，那就是噶丹·松贊林寺。該寺為雲南省最大的藏傳佛教寺，氣勢磅礴，乍看就是《消失的地平線》裏的喇嘛寺。寺廟為五層藏式碉樓建築，依山而立，裝潢極是講究，寶殿內有色彩鮮豔的壁畫，富麗堂皇，糅合藏漢民族的藝術色彩。



離開中甸，來到三千多米高的稻城亞丁，這裏又是另一個香格里拉。亞丁風景區有三座神山，巍巍峨峨，如同一架長長的大理石屏風，橫列眼前。山下河流蜿蜒曲折，在陽光映照下，好像一條條發光的絲帶散落在原野間。雨後彩虹乍現，宛如一道斑斕的拱門高掛半空。深秋時節來到這裏，站在染紅的草地旁，聽着秋風穿過黃楊樹發出的沙沙響聲，實為樂事。淡淡的雲，藍藍的天，襯着金黃的樹葉，就像一幅展開了的繽紛卷軸。

過去幾十年，不少如詩如畫的地方被冠以香格里拉的美名後，吸引大批遊客慕名而至。靜謐安詳的桃花源敵不住城市文明入侵，相繼變成酒店廣建、遊人如鯽的商城，再也不是人間淨土。每當一個新的香格里拉出現，這個世界又會少了一個世外桃源。明日的迪慶中甸、稻城亞丁，不知道能否逃過這個命運？

# Land of Happiness

Nestled in a hidden corner amidst the towering peaks of the Himalayas is a small kingdom where the people are considered the happiest in the world. It is Bhutan, a landlocked country, which measures its progress by how happy its people are, not by how much they earn and produce. Is it for real? Let's fly to this Land of Happiness to find the key to bliss.



After safely navigating the challenging landing at Paro Airport, a Buddhist temple-like terminal with carved woodwork and swirls of deep reds and blues, you will find yourself surrounded by steep mountains, pristine rivers, and lush forests. The air is refreshing, the sky sapphire blue. The drifting clouds pass low enough to catch, it seems.

The journey to Thimphu, Bhutan's capital, is only a 90-minute drive. But sometimes it could be a test of patience for visitors. When the road leading downtown—narrow and curving, only recently upgraded to a two-lane freeway—is closed, your Bhutanese driver or guide will ask you to wait “for some time”, which could mean half an hour or half a day. Unlike impatient drivers in big cities, they won't shout, curse or blare their horns, but simply sit and wait until the road reopens.

Thimphu is an old city with unique appeal. The buildings all have steeply-pitched roofs, trefoil windows, and beams painted with flowers and clouds. One-storied shops with wooden-shuttered windows are scattered haphazardly along cracked pavements. Satellite dishes sprout from rooftops. The skyline is a web of power lines and prayer flags. On crystal clear nights, whether on a hotel balcony or in a quiet street corner, you can always enjoy a splendid view—mountains rise to the star-studded sky to meet the moon.

Bhutan is by no means a wealthy country. But the Bhutanese are content with what they have. This perhaps explains why the crime rate—murder is almost unheard of—is particularly low in the country. If a headline like “Illegal sales spotted in

daylight in back lanes” pops up in a local newspaper, don't think that Bhutan has a drug problem. It is probably only a report on illegal selling of fruits, vegetables, tea, and milk powder on the streets.

How happy are the Bhutanese? Does their happiness simply mean the joy of counting huge wads of banknotes after selling a cow at a good price? No. Far from it. In an advanced, industrialised society, productivity and material gains are used as yardsticks to measure success, an equivalent of happiness. But it is a different story in Bhutan. The Bhutanese don't really care how productive they are. They could joyfully play darts, archery or meditate a whole day, or simply do nothing. Neither is material comfort their concern. Remember, television was imported into the country only in 1999. Even with the invasion of western culture in the past decade, the Bhutanese still manage to maintain a balance between their material possessions and their spirituality. It is the same old Bhutan, where people pray quietly and play noisily.

Bhutan is the first nation to challenge the idea that money alone is absolutely good. In 1973, King Wangchuk officially announced the adoption of Gross National Happiness (GNH), instead of Gross National Product, as a measurement of Bhutan's overall well-being. With the introduction of GNH, every government decision, every measure is viewed through this prism. A lofty goal, no doubt, but how does this outlandish policy work? As explained by the Bhutanese officials, the GNH index is meant to orient the people and the nation towards happiness, by improving the conditions of the not-yet-happy people.

It is not an easy job. Living in a simple mountainous country, the Bhutanese are under the constant threat of death. One could die on a winding, treacherous road or be attacked by a bear, poisoned by wild mushrooms, or buried alive in an avalanche. How can they still stay happy and positive? Unlike most of us, the Bhutanese are not shy of thinking about death. Death rituals and images of death are seen everywhere. No one, not even children, is sheltered from them. But it does not mean that the Bhutanese don't experience fear or sadness. Of course, they do. What makes them different is that instead of trying hard to “fix” their sorrows, they accept death as part of life.

In Bhutan, life is always respected. There are many stray dogs in Thimphu. They lie in the sun or roam the streets with an air of arrogance. No one will hit them. They are revered as kings. Not only dogs are privileged. Even rocks and trees are filled with a spirit and need to be cared for. The Bhutanese are not sophisticated people. They enjoy life as it is, and accept mishaps as they are. They take the idea of GNH seriously, but by “happiness” they mean something very different from the superficial smiley-face version practised in other parts of the world. This is Bhutan, the Land of Happiness.

Some people look for a beautiful place, others make a place beautiful.

Hazrat Inayat Khan

# God's Own Country

Perched on a narrow swathe of land in southern India, Kerala is a coastal state of palm-shaded green with white sandy beaches, long serpentine backwaters, and bewitching sunsets. Known as God's Own Country, the tropical paradise offers the most spectacular views of nature and a unique opportunity to experience the rich Indian culture and traditions.



The word "beautiful" is not quite enough to describe Kerala. A world away from the hustle and bustle of big cities, the small Indian state is a serene place whose otherworldly ambience makes you feel as if you were in a dream. The famous backwaters, a maze of meandering rivers, lakes and lagoons, are a sight of wonder. A leisurely journey along them on a houseboat is a heavenly experience. The houseboats, formerly used to transport rice and other harvests, are elegant pleasure barges with thatched roofs. With the captain steering in the front, you can sit comfortably on the deck, listening to the gentle sound of water slapping against the wooden hull as the boat slowly passes the picturesque countryside and lush green paddies.

The banks of the backwaters are vibrant with life. Women chat, wash clothes, and take care of toddlers outside small village houses. Men, old and young, bathe by the shores. Energetic boys play happily and wave to people on deck whenever houseboats pass by. Children in neat school uniforms wait patiently at raised crossover bridges with their bicycles. Fishermen canoe down the rivers to cast their nets in the hope of having a large catch. The reverberating calls of hawkers break the silence of the bucolic surroundings, scaring away the noisy birds out of thick groves of palm trees.

On the second Saturday of August every year, the peaceful backwaters of Kerala become a track on fire. A magnificent boat race is held in Punnamada Lake, where villagers compete fiercely for a prized trophy. The boats, all beautifully decorated with colourful trimmings and umbrellas, can accommodate as many as 100 rowers. The excitement and tension are palpable as the rowers prepare themselves for the race. The starting gun is fired. The oarsmen blow their horns to encourage their teammates to row faster. The majestic boats moving along the channels like snakes, and the rhythmic and synchronised way of rowing make it a rare spectacle. People from near and far crowd on the banks, shouting and cheering, fully absorbed in the enjoyment of this annual regatta.

Up in the mountains, Kerala reveals a different side of its beauty. Munnar, a small town about 1,600 metres above sea level, is an oasis of tranquillity and a splendid summer resort at the heart of God's Own Country. One can easily lose himself when travelling in Munnar. Veils of mist cloud the mountaintops. The shrubs are beautifully contoured, trimmed and manicured, like hundreds of green patchwork quilts thrown all over the rolling hills. Wherever you go, there is a constant scent of tea that follows you. The resort is carpeted in emerald-green tea plantations. Early in the morning, with baskets like large apron pockets, tea pickers move through the tasselled bushes and pluck tea leaves with lightning-quick fingers while chatting and laughing.



In Munnar, Kathakali dance is a must-see performance. It is actually a unique blend of dance, music, and mime characterised by colourful make-up and elaborate costumes. The traditional themes of this highly evolved art are mainly folk mythologies, religious legends, and spiritual ideas from the Hindu epics depicting the struggles of gods with demons. A Kathakali dancer, who can be a man or a woman, wears a painted face and communicates stories to the audience through delicate body movements, facial expressions, and smooth footwork. It is an inseparable part of the cultural life of Kerala.



Named as one of the ten paradises of the world by *National Geographic*, Kerala is home to wild animals and exotic birds. It is an ideal destination for eco-tours, which cannot be deemed to be complete without a visit to an elephant orphanage, where you can help the locals bathe the giants in ponds and scrub their rough skin with coconut shells. You can also feed them with bananas and take part in a guided trek on their backs through the luxuriant bushes.

Kerala is a place where people simply sit back and enjoy. If you don't have a fixed itinerary, just venture out to any village and spend a day strolling along the rice paddies and narrow paths, seeing men and women cutting crops with sickles in the fields, and buffaloes basking in the irrigation ditches. If you feel run down after a day's journey, sit under the shade, take a sip of coconut water, listen to the breeze rustling the palm fronds, and watch the sky turn lilac and orange at sunset. Everything in this laid-back Indian state is so beautiful that even God would call it his own country.

The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt with the heart.

Helen Keller

# All Most OR Almost?



Electronic spellcheckers can tell you if a word is spelled wrongly, but they generally cannot flag up the misuse of a correctly spelled word. There are, however, many words that puzzle people. Take a look at the following sentences:

*The book is all most interesting.*

*The book is almost interesting.*

Can you tell **all most** and **almost** apart? Looking and sounding alike, this pair of words are nearly opposite in meaning. While the first sentence is a compliment meaning the book is very interesting, the second one means that the book is rather boring.

What about the word **alone**? Can it move around freely in a sentence without changing the meaning? No. If you say *I can handle it alone*, you mean you can do it on your own. But if you say *I alone can handle it*, you mean you are the only one who can handle it. Likewise, the position of **mainly** in a sentence is important. For example, *I do household chores mainly on Saturdays* means that Saturdays are the days when I do most of my household chores. *I mainly do household chores on Saturdays* means that household chores are the main things I do on Saturdays. So put **mainly** as near as possible to what it refers to.

**Because** is a conjunction which means “for the reason that”: *I didn't buy the shirt because it was too expensive.* Sometimes when it is used with **not**, it can produce sentences that are ambiguous. *I didn't criticise him because he's old.* This sentence can either mean “The reason why I didn't criticise him is that he's old” or “The fact that he is old is not what I criticised him for”. So it is better to rephrase it.

**Except** is a preposition which means “but not”: *Everybody can go, except Mary.* You can also use **except for**, especially at the beginning of a sentence: *Except for Mary, everybody can go.* If you want to sound formal, **with the exception of** is an alternative: *Everybody can go, with the exception of Mary.*

**Neither** is another tricky word. Should a singular or plural verb be used after it? When **neither** is the subject of a sentence, use a singular verb: *Both hotels are good. But neither provides free wi-fi service.* The choice can be more difficult when **neither** is followed by **nor**. When a singular noun comes second, use a singular verb: *Neither Peter nor Mary likes the film.* When a plural noun comes second, use a plural verb: *Neither Peter nor his friends like the film.*



## 疑問逐一解 (三)

1. 問：“各適其適”還是“各式其式”？

答：正確寫法是“各適其適”，大概是從“各適其所適”一句縮略而來。當中第一個“適”是“往”的意思，第二個“適”指“適當”、“合適”。“各適其適”指“各自去做適合自己的事”。

2. 問：“糝合各種元素”還是“揉合各種元素”？

答：“糝”本義指用不同品質的米混合烹製的飯，引伸指“攪和、混合”，例如“糝合中西文化”。“揉”解作“用手來回擦或搓、推壓或使東西彎曲”，例如“揉眼睛”。

“糝合各種元素”意指混合不同元素，所以應寫“糝合”。

3. 問：“介乎”還是“界乎”？

答：應寫“介乎”。“介乎”即“介於”，表示“居於兩者之間”。

4. 問：“語重心長”還是“語重深長”？

答：“語重心長”才正確，意指“言辭誠懇，情意深長”。

5. 問：“凸顯”還是“突顯”？

答：根據辭書，“凸顯”解作“清楚地顯露”，例如“他喜歡穿着奇裝異服，以凸顯自己獨特的品味”。只有少數辭書收錄“突顯”，解作“突出地顯露”，意指“超過一般地顯露出來”，例如“他的天賦在小學時已突顯出來”。“突顯”亦可解作“突然顯露出來”，例如“身體突顯不適”，與上述“突出地顯露”的意思有別。

綜上所述，要表達“清楚地顯露”的意思，寫“凸顯”或“突顯”均可。不過，“突顯”可解作“突然顯露”，為免產生歧義，宜寫“凸顯”。

6. 問：“隊制比賽”還是“隊際比賽”？

答：“制”可解作制度、準則，例如稅制、學制；“際”可解作彼此之間，例如國際、人際、校際。如指不同隊伍之間進行比賽，應寫“隊際比賽”。

7. 問：“與其”是否書面語？用法為何？

答：“與其”是書面語，用於連接分句，意指“經過比較，決定取捨”，常與“不如”連用，例如“與其臨淵羨魚，不如退而結網”。



采風



# 天山西遊記

吉普車離開烏魯木齊，沿着公路往西走。時值初夏，微風吹拂，捲起一層薄薄的灰白沙塵。公路兩旁是一望無際的農田。播下才一個多月的春苗在田裏輕輕晃動，有玉米、胡麻、棉花，還有剛長出嫩葉的蘿蔔，密密麻麻。農田好像放滿棋子的圍棋盤，一直伸往天山腳下。



經過雀爾溝鎮，車子走上一條已廢棄的國防公路。不久，一道長嶺映入眼簾，高聳萬仞，蜿蜒起伏，遠望像一條巨龍由東向西橫卧在天山北坡上。長嶺下盡是丘陵、矮山，山麓草木稀疏，露出岩土本色，赤的、橙的、青的、藍的、紫的，瑰麗多姿。

遙望天山，陽光猛烈那邊，山坡看來是光禿禿的，但在陽光稀少那面，景色迥然不同。那裏一片蒼翠，秀麗挺拔的塔松布滿山巒幽谷，松林下的山坡長滿地榆、毛櫻桃、綠油油的野草。草坡上百花綻放，紅豆草紅中帶紫，馬蘭花紫得似藍。蝴蝶在花間飛舞，可愛的山兔在林間飛躍，靈巧的狍子一閃而過。初夏的天山，宛如熱鬧的花園，生機蓬勃。

踏入天山北境，常常會遇到放牧的哈薩克人。停下車子，在公路旁稍稍歇息，山崗上豎立了不少哈薩克人的墓碑。墓碑呈長方形，由河卵石砌成，碑上文字模糊，有些石面更長滿苔蘚，看來都是一些日子久遠的舊墓。這片墓地背倚巍峨雪嶺，四周都是河流、草原。看來哈薩克人無論生死都要與天山為伴。

車子拐了一彎又一彎，往西面高處開去，穿過茫茫荒野，一片湛藍的湖水驀地浮現眼前，這裏就是天山的聖湖——賽里木湖。

寬闊平靜的湖面清澈得像水晶一樣，天上白雲和四周山峯的倒影清晰可見。湖畔草原上，一大片黃花隨風抖動，一羣羣牛羊懶洋洋地吃草，不時有頭戴彩巾的哈薩克少女

策馬奪路，忙着驅趕牲口。這裏山高水秀，繁花如錦，置身其中恍如夢境，不愧是旅人心中的“世外靈壤”。

離開聖湖，繞過零星鄉鎮，吉普車開進有“塞外江南”美譽的伊犁河谷。車道兩旁都是耕地、果林。才不過六月初，小麥已長到半尺高，纍纍的麥穗開始泛黃，不用一個月便可收割了。果林裏，各種果實茁壯成長。桑樹結滿桑椹，紫紫紅紅、密密層層。路邊有不少攤子，賣的都是鮮豔欲滴的水果，有杏子、李子，還有桃子，下車買一些嚐嚐，解渴生津。

上車繼續行程，不久便來到伊犁首府伊寧。適逢巴扎開市，大街擠滿趕集的維吾爾族、哈薩克族婦女。她們身上絢麗的長裙與攤子紅彤彤的太陽傘相映成趣。碰上午飯時候，烤肉店客似雲來，座無虛席。顧客一面把金黃的饅餅開來吃，一面拿起羊肉串大快朵頤。熏風徐來，肉香撲鼻。除了食肆，還有賣絲綢、刀具、陶瓷、乾果的。人羣在長長的街道匯聚，往兩旁店鋪湧去，好不熱鬧。

車子來到夏塔古道，要往前行就得徒步了。昔日這條古道是貫通南北疆的捷徑。自從公路通車後，已鮮有旅人取道於此。夏塔峽谷地勢奇特，兩邊壁立，中間是一片遼闊的草原，山風一起，翻動輪輪綠波。沿途阡陌縱橫，土塚星羅棋布。距谷口不遠的小路，路旁有一塊桌面般大的石頭，恍若盤坐的菩薩，人稱“菩薩石”。據說唐三藏到西天取經，曾經路過這裏，故此這條古道又名“唐僧古道”。



沿着夏塔峽谷新近開闢的草原牧道直走，終於到了溫泉區。卸下行裝，跳進暖暖的泉水中，一面仰望巨鷹在天際翱翔，一面聽着孤雁斷續鳴叫，身心與大自然融合為一，此時此刻，也不願去想往下一站的路該如何走了。

山氣日夕佳，飛鳥相與還。  
此中有真意，欲辨已忘言。

陶淵明《飲酒二十首》





# Where am I?

A gaunt boy coiled himself up in a dark corner of a quiet back lane, his arms wrapped around his legs, his face burrowed into his knees. All was dead silence, broken only by the light staccato of rain hitting the litter bins. Dot a dot dot dot a dot dot. It seemed as if the sounds would never stop.

Hiding himself under a half-torn canopy, the boy, half asleep, dreamt that he had turned into a brightly-coloured butterfly, fluttering around the blossoms of a bush, and, together with a group of little fairies, hopping from one flower to another. There were occasional chirps and tweets, mixed with the sound of cascading water. He made a brief stop on a petal of a gigantic sunflower and took a deep breath of the fragrant air, rejoicing at the onset of the long-awaited spring.

Footsteps came down the stairs leading to the back lane, and several women's shadows cast upon the wall. Fully immersed in his dream, the boy was unaware that someone was near. Suddenly, a hand was gently laid on his shoulder. Like a panic-stricken mouse, he instantly jumped to his feet and darted across the lane. The women, all wearing nuns' uniforms, were trying hard to hold back the boy who was screaming and jerking himself frantically back and forth in their arms. Under the dimly lit street lamp, a disfigured face completely covered with big boils was revealed, blistered and bleeding.



One of the nuns averted her gaze when her eyes met those of the boy. But soon she regained her composure. She looked kindly at him, and with a reassuring tone, said softly, "Calm down, boy. Calm down. We're here to help you." The boy stopped struggling, sank onto the ground, shrieking in pain. The nun then knelt down and gave him a warm embrace. "It's all over now."

The next day, the boy found himself lying on a comfortable bed in a clean white room. A gauze curtain was gently swaying in the breeze. He stared up at the ceiling, trying hard to recall what had happened the night before. His throat was dry and he needed something to drink.

"There you are." A half-blind man with only one arm came forward and offered a glass of water to the boy. Hesitant, the boy drew his hands back soon after extending them out. But he then leapt forward to snatch the glass, quickly gulped down the water and held out his glass for more.

"Welcome to the Home of Hope. My name is George. We're roommates."

At this moment, a nun entered, carrying a tray with a bowl of warm water and cotton pads. She carefully cleaned the boy's face with a piece of wet cloth and dabbed some gel

over the lesions. Being treated like a human being for the first time, the boy was sitting there, his face nonchalant, and he put up with the pain quietly.

"We'll go to see the doctor this afternoon," the nun said. A fearful look then crossed the boy's face. The nun continued, "Don't worry. The doctor will help you."

That night, George walked towards the boy's bed and asked, "What did the doctor say?"

The boy did not answer.

"It's okay if you don't want to talk."

"A... a rare skin disease."

George then put his hand on the boy's head and stroked it gently in a fatherly manner.

"How did you get this?" George pointed at the bruise on the boy's neck.

"They did it. They always say I look ugly and need a punch."

After taking some porridge, the boy went to bed. Buried under a warm blanket, he dreamt again: it was an unusually dark night. Surrounded by a gang of thugs, he was caught like a rat, twisted under the clamp of one of the guy's armpits, being battered continuously. The boy pleaded mercy, ducked the punches in vain, and was hit again. He then woke up from the nightmare, soaked in sweat and breathing hard.

Day after day went by, while the boy received treatment for his disease. Upon the advice of George, he went to the workshop to learn woodwork every day. One warm afternoon, when he was making a wooden toy cat in the workshop, a voice came from his back.

"It's beautiful. Did you make it yourself?"

The boy turned around and saw a girl with a severely crooked spine approaching him. He took a step backward instinctively. Gazing into his face with a sweet smile, the girl asked if he could make one toy for her. The boy's mouth crinkled in a shy, rare smile. After the woodwork class, he went back to his room. As he was walking along the hallway, he saw a mirror hanging there, and was strangely tempted to look in it. With his eyelids half open, he saw a boy with some light blemishes on the forehead, cheeks and chin. Overwhelmed by what he saw, he was standing there, motionless, his eyes brimming with tears.

A year passed. The boy still had nightmares from time to time. One serene autumn night, he woke up at midnight again, shouting, "Where am I?"

Awakened by the boy's cry, George replied softly, "Easy, boy. You're in paradise."





# 天堂 另一面



消防處  
一級法定語文主任楊靜儀

不少人將馬爾代夫喻為人間天堂。傳說中，馬爾代夫是數百萬年前一次火山爆發後造物主遺留在印度洋的一串珍珠。數年前到馬爾代夫旅遊，有幸親睹這串珍珠的美。

離開馬列機場，坐了二十多分鐘的船，來到下榻的度假島。島上最迷人的要說是沙灘了。沙灘旁種滿椰樹，風吹過處，搖曳生姿。白閃閃的沙灘綿延數公里，一望無際，沙粒細幼如粉，海水清澈見底。在離岸不遠的淺水區漫步，竟有小鯊魚在腳邊游來游去。看着晶瑩的海水從近至遠，層層疊疊，由淺變深，深綠盡處，又與湛湛藍天連成一體，真是一幅充滿詩意的圖畫。難怪有人說，這裏就是人間天堂。

馬爾代夫最令人神往的還是海底美景。珊瑚礁離水面很近，就算在淺水地方浮潛，也可以看到鮮豔奪目的珊瑚礁。來到有“水族館”美譽的房礁水域，隨即戴上浮潛裝備，跳進海裏。雖然水深只有一兩米，已見一羣羣色彩斑斕的珊瑚魚在面前游過，還有黃白黑三色相間的蝴蝶魚伴游。不遠處有一兩條橙紅色的小丑魚躲在象牙色的珊瑚堆中，動也不動，似在靜觀人類動態。這裏不愧是一間天然水族館，浮潛片刻，足以令人忘卻身在人間。



來到馬爾代夫，不可不出海觀豚。從度假島出發，遊船徐徐前行，不消十分鐘便來到海豚最常出沒的海域。站在甲板四處搜索海豚芳蹤時，三五成羣的灰白色海豚突然在船邊嗖嗖游過，有些更尾隨遊船，似在跟我們嬉戲。大家紛紛拿起照相機拍照，此時又有數條海豚倏然躍出水面，不論成人還是小孩都興奮莫名，不斷發出讚歎的叫聲。雖不是鯨豚專家，不知道在短短個半小時的船程中，曾有多少鯨豚品種出

沒，但翻看照片，亦能認出四五個品種，對初次觀豚的人來說，已算不賴。

馬爾代夫不單是觀豚勝地，更是鯨豚天堂。回程時，不禁慨歎香港的中華白海豚不如這裏的鯨豚幸運。過去十年，那些粉紅色的海豚由百多條銳減逾半至只有數十條，瀕臨絕種。相信我們的後代只能從百科全書中認識這種海洋生物。他們讀到有關介紹時，定會感到難以置信，就如我們聽到華南虎曾在香港出沒一樣。

馬爾代夫的日落景色格外醉人。傍晚時分，特別愛站在酒店房間的露台看夕陽冉冉落下，橙紅色的餘暉映照在紫藍色的海面上。馬爾代夫確是人間天堂，但這片樂土正面臨滅島危機。這島國八成的土地海拔不足一米，只要印度洋水位稍微上升，馬爾代夫便會消失。由於溫室效應，全球暖化令海平面不斷升高，環保專家估計，到了本世紀末，全球海平面將上升一米多，屆時馬爾代夫將會給海水淹沒，只能如亞特蘭提斯般成為傳說。

回到香港，讀到一篇文章，講述旅遊業對馬爾代夫生態環境造成的破壞，才知道一名遊客平均每日在馬爾代夫產生超過三公斤垃圾，是馬列居民的兩倍、其他島嶼居民的五倍。這些垃圾會運到人稱“垃圾島”的蒂拉富希島上堆積，倘若水平面上升，這些垃圾會流入大海，嚴重破壞生態環境。旅遊業對馬爾代夫生態環境造成沉重負擔，但環境污染並非馬爾代夫獨自面對的問題，而是全球必須共同努力解決的問題。正如其他發展中的城市一樣，馬爾代夫通過旅遊業推動經濟發展已是不歸路，但願這串珍珠在這條不歸路上能找到持續發展的出路，讓人間天堂的美譽延續下去。



山不在高，有仙則名；  
水不在深，有龍則靈。  
劉禹錫《陋室銘》



## PARADISE ON EARTH

Untouched countryside, crystal clear sea water, and beaches with sand as white as sugar—some places do seem to have it all. But no matter how splendid these heavenly spots are, there is always something more breathtaking around the bend. Read the following descriptions which are clues to some of the most beautiful places in the world, and see if you know any of them:

- The highest uninterrupted waterfall in the world with a plunge of about 800 metres. It drops over the edge of a mountain in a national park in Venezuela.  
\_\_\_\_\_
- An alpine resort located in the heart of Portes du Soleil, with powdered snow, amazing mountain views, and green pine trees at every turn. A neighbour of Avoriaz, it is an ideal spot for mountain biking, white-water rafting and caving.  
\_\_\_\_\_
- Stretching from Dijon in the north to the river Dheune to the south, this region in Burgundy is famous for its vineyards, fabled chalk slopes and labyrinthine wine terrain.  
\_\_\_\_\_
- A cluster of 21 islands in Brazil, where only 420 people are permitted at a time. The beaches there are attractive, teeming with life including turtles, sharks and all colours of fishes.  
\_\_\_\_\_
- The fourth largest island of Hawaii, sometimes referred to as “The Garden Isle”, is endowed with a famous deep canyon, luxuriant rain forests, white-sand beaches, and gorgeous waterfalls.  
\_\_\_\_\_
- An idyllic Mediterranean haven on the southern coast of the Sorrentine Peninsula. With warm temperatures, pretty medieval buildings, and the lure of food and culture, this Italian coastal region dazzles visitors to this day.  
\_\_\_\_\_
- A range of hills which rise from the meadows of the upper Thames to an escarpment above the Severn Valley. This area in south central England features many magnificent castles, ancient churches, glorious gardens, and mellow stone buildings.  
\_\_\_\_\_
- Inscribed as a World Heritage site by UNESCO in 1992, this national park, located in northern Sichuan, is best known for its blue and green lakes, spectacular waterfalls, and narrow conic karst landform.  
\_\_\_\_\_

Please send your entry to the Editorial Board of *Word Power*, Official Languages Division, Civil Service Bureau, Room 2310, High Block, Queensway Government Offices, 66 Queensway, Hong Kong before 17 February 2017. Watch out for our coming issue to see if you get all the answers right, and better still, if you are one of the lucky five to win a prize. The Editorial Board will have the final say on the answers.

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## 第六十五期答案

- |      |       |
|------|-------|
| 1. B | 6. D  |
| 2. D | 7. D  |
| 3. C | 8. D  |
| 4. D | 9. B  |
| 5. A | 10. A |

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Issue No. 67 (March 2017): Friendship and Kinship

二零一七年三月第六十七期主題：情誼

Issue No. 68 (June 2017): Motion and Stillness

二零一七年六月第六十八期主題：動與靜

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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