



西部故事  
原创作品大赛  
第五届白金奖作品集

Collection of Platinum Awards of the 5th Original Writing Competition

爱上写作





## 深耕在地特色，吸引世界目光

### Cultivate local character, Win worldwide attention

这个漫长而温暖的故事，开始于一位慈善热情的企业家，温世仁先生。他生前经常讲一个故事：路上有一块大石头，第一个人经过被绊倒，怒骂一声之后离去；第二个人经过被绊倒，怪自己运气不好也离去，只有第三个人被绊倒后，起身把石头搬移开，从此，这条路上走的人就多了。

This story begins with Mr. Sayling Wen, a warm-hearted, philanthropic-minded businessman from Taiwan. One story that Sayling enjoyed telling and retelling was about a large stone blocking a walkway. The first person to walk by this stone tripped on it and fell to the ground. He muttered and cursed and went on his way. The second to walk by the stone also tripped and fell. He too cursed his bad luck and walked on. However, the third person, after tripping on the same stone, picked himself up and removed the stone from the trail.

温世仁先生正是那位搬开石头的人——他在五十岁之前，是一位科技界的成功企业家；五十岁之后，他开始投身公益，回馈社会，希望透过教育解决全球庞大贫困人口的问题。不但在人文、科技两个范畴跨界整合，更远及中国大陆西部偏乡，运用网络科技改变西部受限于硬件环境的发展困难。

Sayling Wen was the third person to walk by that stone – the one who

stopped to remove it. After turning 50, Sayling devoted himself to helping rid the world of poverty through education. In addition to his longstanding desire to use culture and technology to enrich society, Sayling wanted to help marginalized communities use new computer and Internet technologies to connect with the world and promote their unique character and accomplishments. Western China has been largely isolated from China' s rapid development and modernization and is disadvantaged by its limited infrastructure.

他于 2001 年创立「千乡万才科技有限公司」，整合当地学校，「以校领乡」，辅导学生学习计算机，从农业社会走向网络社会。以网络缩短城乡距离。坚信网络科技是解决贫穷的最好礼物，知识可以创造财富。并将这个计划命名为：「千乡万才」。

Mr. Wen founded Town and Talent Technologies Co., Ltd. in 2001 with the intention of using Internet technology to cultivate talent and give employment guidance to schools in remote rural areas in order to help reduce the disparities in knowledge and opportunities between urban and rural students.

温世仁先生将西部偏乡变成网络上的梦土，也在年轻学子的心中种下理想。可惜英年早逝，不及看到千乡万才计划的全面实现，便于 2003 年因病过世。



While working to create an Internet savvy Western China, Sayling also worked to inspire students in this region to proclaim and pursue their dreams. Unfortunately, Sayling Wen died in 2003 and never had the chance to see the results of the plans that he had so carefully put into motion.

2007年七月，温泰钧董事长延续温世仁先生的志业设立「西部故事」项目，让西部学生透过网络学习以及写作这个平台，拉近西部与世界的知识距离。2015年，更成立「天津千才万事科技有限公司」，持续投注心力在西部故事平台的深化与经营。

The West China Story project initiated by Sayling's son Ted Wen continues to pursue Sayling Wen's desire to use state-of-the-art technologies to bridge the urban-rural gap in knowledge and opportunities. Talent and Story Technologies (Tianjin) Co., Ltd. was founded in 2015 to further expand and deepen the West China Story platform.

「西部故事」项目至今已十余年，鼓励当地学生创作故事，发掘纪录地方特色，是西部十余年来的珍贵资产。这个为数庞大又内容丰富的作品库，不仅是十多年来西部的发展轨迹，也是西部学子对故乡认同的珍贵纪录。

Today, well into its second decade of operation, the West China Story project continues to encourage students across western China to invest their creative talents in writing stories that narrate the unique and interesting aspects of life there. The large and still-growing database of



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West China Story content not only provides innumerable snapshots of West China' s modern development but also celebrates the passion and love of each and every author for their hometown and region.

「西部故事原创作品大赛」于 2016 年九月开办，参赛作品精采丰富，参与的学校及师生数也逐步攀升，是西部学生展现自我特色、进而让世界认识自己重要舞台。开办至今，西部各地的会员学校，莫不鼓励学子踊跃参加，所有参赛者也以夺奖为荣誉，获奖作品皆文笔及题材俱佳。

The West China Story Original Writing Competition, launched in September 2016, today attracts an impressive number of delightfully written and engaging stories from students across western China. Participation in the competition offers a welcome opportunity for students to assert their individuality and be seen by the world. All participating schools strongly promote the competition program, and students whose stories place well in West China Story Original Writing Competitions earn great respect from their peers, school, and society. Winning entries truly shine, both in terms of literary style and subject matter.

本作品集编选了第五届的白金奖作品，加以翻译，中英对照，期能让更多读者欣赏西部学生的杰出表现，并一览西部的人文风情。秉承温泰钧董事长对「西部故事」的坚持及理念——「深耕在地特色，吸引世界目光」，这个丰富的原创作品创作，将如江河继续流淌，滋润着所有西部年轻世代的心灵。

This book contains the original Chinese and translated-English versions of all of the platinum award-winning entries in the 5<sup>th</sup> West China Story Original Writing Competition. These are provided both as examples of the exceptional literary talent of West China students and as insightful reflections on West China's intrinsic cultural landscape. This effort further spotlights Ted Wen's commitment to use the West China Story project as a platform to 'cultivate local character and win worldwide attention.' It is our intention to keep this rich stream of creative writing flowing like a mighty river to inspire and enrich the spirit of successive generations of students in western China.

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## 我自故乡来，应知故乡事

### Must-know Tales of My Hometown

高中组 白金奖 陕西 汉中市南郑中学 何欣雨

He Xinyu, High School Group, Nanzheng Middle School, Hanzhong City,  
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家乡，是指人从小居住或长期居住的地方。露从今夜白，月是故乡明；仍怜故乡水，万里送行舟……古往今来，乡愁一直是文人墨客内心永恒的羁绊。而我的家乡在汉中，一个默默无闻的小城市，若是将时间倒回到 2000 年前，在城固的几间草屋旁，世界上伟大的外交家张骞正踏上他的征程；拜将台上，一代名将韩信在这里大展抱负……伟大的汉文化历久弥新。



Home is where one has lived since youth, or at least for a very long time. Dew turns white by night, the moon at home shines more brilliantly bright; I yearn for hometown waters, though my travels have taken me far. ...In ancient times, as today,

longing for home is a theme that has suffused the works of poets and scholars alike. My home is the relatively small and unremarkable city of



Hanzhong. However, it was here, two millennia ago in the village of Chenggu, that the great Han Dynasty explorer and diplomat Zhang Qian began his life's journey. It was also here, at Baijiang Altar, that the most famous general of his age, Han Xin, embarked upon his ambitious career. The brilliance of Chinese culture is truly timeless.

春夏，在金黄色的的油菜花中嬉戏，在硕果累累的瓜果田园中一饱口腹之欲。

I play during spring and autumn in our golden, flowering fields of canola and eat my fill in bountiful melon fields.

三月份的汉中是热闹的。公路旁，田野里，房屋前，到处都洋溢着金色。养蜂人最先到来，他们在田野里扎起帐篷，整齐的摆放上几十个蜂箱，于是花间到处都有了蜜蜂的身影。不出一月，花的芬芳就变成了汉中特有的油菜花蜜，那甜味直入心底。紧接着全国各地的游客也来了，他们在田间地头看风景，笑着，闹着，欢呼着，雀跃着，绿油油的麦田和金灿灿油菜花互相映衬，像是梵高笔下春日的田野，快门声，欢笑声也为这景色增色不少。当地人也坐不住了，虽是从小看到大的风景去也并不妨碍他们出游的劲头。偶尔碰见熟人，互相点头致意，笑着问句“干嘛去••吃了没？”这在汉中话里约等于“你好”。汉中地处川陕交界，“言语夹川蜀”就是这个理由了。

Hanzhong in March is festive and fun. Roadsides, fields, and home yards are bedecked in golden yellow. Local beekeepers are first to the scene. They raise tents in the fields and set up dozens of beehive boxes. Soon, bees can be seen busily weaving to and fro amongst the flowers. Within a month, countless fields of pollen have been transformed into canola-flower honey,



a Hanzhong specialty with a heart-touching sweetness. Soon after, tourists from all over the country arrive to soak in our beautiful rural scenery and to laugh, play, cheer, and frolic. The interplay of verdant fields of young wheat and fields of golden-yellow canola flowers create a scene evocative of a Van Gogh country landscape in spring. The sound of clicking cameras and happy voices further enhance this brilliant scene. Moreover, despite their comfortable familiarity with the scenery, even locals take to the road to revel in their hometown's seasonal charms. When occasionally coming upon an acquaintance, we give a familiar nod and smilingly jibe ... "What are you doing here? Have you eaten yet?" In Hanzhong, this is just how people greet each other ... just our way of saying "Hello!" Geographic proximity to Sichuan Province has indelibly influenced the linguistic character of Hanzhong.

汉中有“西北小江南”的称号，物产丰饶是自古以来的，故而又被赞为“天



府之国”。汉中的夏天是水果的季节，立峰“西瓜节”，西乡的“樱桃节”……各样的水果仿佛有了自己的舞台，尽情的吸引着客人的目光。其中最值得一提的应该是西乡的樱桃节了，西乡樱桃以其个大，色红，皮薄肉多而享誉全国，尤其到了成熟的时候，远远的望

去就好像一串串红玛瑙挂在树上，香甜诱人。



Hanzhong is often called the “South China of the Northwest” . Its abundant harvests have since ancient times also earned it the nickname “Celestial Realm” . An abundance of fruit is harvested during the summer. The Watermelon Festival in Lifeng, Cherry Festival in Xixiang, and other similar celebrations around Hanzhong create a stage for each fruit harvest to shine. Xixiang’ s Cherry Festival is worth a particular mention here because the large, red, tender-skinned cherries from this district enjoy national fame. When ripe for picking, these delightfully sweet cherries, resembling brilliant clusters of polished red agate, enliven area orchards as far as the eye can see.

秋季游人渐渐离去，属于汉中本地人的时间才刚刚到来。腊肉——陕南特有的一种美食，以黄官腊肉最为著名，是汉中人餐桌上不可缺少的一道菜，年夜饭的餐桌上自然也少不了它，但准备它却要经历一段不短的时间。新鲜的猪肉洗净，挂在竹竿上，用果木炭慢慢的熏上一个晚上，染上一层淡淡的黄色，剩下的要交给时间。风干好的腊肉以颜色偏红为最佳，佐以青椒爆炒或切成片直接蒸熟，肥瘦恰到好处，非但不觉油腻反而唇齿留香。悄悄的，汉山上披上了白色的新衣，春节马上到了。火车站，汽车站，一片人山人海，孩子扑向一年未见的父母，白发苍苍的母亲也含着泪，紧握着许久未归的孩子们。汉中的冬天是团圆的时候。

The tourist crowds gradually disperse with the arrival of autumn, marking the return of Hanzhong to ‘normalcy’ . Cured meat is a specialty of southern Shaanxi, and Huangguan is the most famous maker of this delicacy. It is a regular on Hanzhong dinner tables and, of course, a staple of annual New Year banquets. Making this traditional cured meat is a time-



consuming process. Fresh pork is carefully cleaned and then hung from vertical bamboo poles in a smokehouse, where they are infused overnight with fruitwood smoke, giving the meat a yellowish coating. Time handles the remainder of the curing process. Air-cured meats are best when they have a slightly reddish hue. The meat is delicious when quick fried with green peppers as well as when steamed and sliced. This local specialty strikes the perfect lean-to-fat balance and delivers a taste that lingers pleasantly on the palate with no unpleasant hint of grease. We know that spring is not far off when Hanshan gets its first coat of white. The train station, bus stations ... the city is inundated with people returning from near and far for annual reunions with parents. This is when white-haired, teary-eyed moms can be seen everywhere hugging their long-absent children. Wintertime in Hanzhong is a time for family reunions.

到了大年三十的前两天，所有的准备工作都已完成，大家终于清闲下来。街道旁早已锣鼓喧天，两边的人行道上也挤满了人。社火最初是为了庆祝猎到猎物，现在被用来庆祝春节。高跷，旱船，舞龙舞狮各种活动让人目不暇。与其

说是迎接新年，不如说是汉中人对美好生活的向往和对来年的期许。



The hustle and bustle of preparation finishes up in the final days before Chinese New Year's Eve, giving everyone a welcome



respite and time to relax. Sidewalks burst to life with crowds of people moving to and fro. Traditional performances originally developed to celebrate the end of a successful hunt have in more recent centuries been coopted to celebrate the New Year and the coming of spring. Stilt walking, boat dancing, and dragon-and-lion dancing provide a moving feast for the eyes. While ostensibly celebrating the new year's arrival, I think this annual festival also celebrates the people of Hanzhong's appreciation of life and their hopes for the year to come.

长大后我或许会爬很多地方的山，渡许多地方的河，看许多地方的自然风光，人文特点，但我终究不会忘记汉江边的汀州上朱鹮正婉转歌唱，佛坪自然保护区里憨态可掬的大熊猫正悠闲的散步，熊猫谷深处的金丝猴还是害羞着从游人手中接过食物。任时光飞逝，物转星移，这里永远是我心中最美好的风景。

After I grow up, while I may climb many mountains, ford countless distant rivers, and witness many natural and cultural wonders, I will never forget the beguiling songs that crested ibis sing along the Han River's sandy shoals, sights of giant pandas meandering serenely in Foping Nature Reserve, or the golden monkeys of remote Panda Valley timidly taking the food proffered by visitors. Regardless of the passage of time and the changes in the world around me, Hanzhong for me will remain forever the most beautiful place on earth.



### 专家评语一

文字细腻，善用诗词，汉中丰饶的物产人文，在笔下行云流水，深富情感。布局如画图，功力颇厚。

### Reviewer I

The author uses finely adapted locution and poetic references. Hanzhong' s abundant harvests come to vivid life in this emotively charged piece. She successfully builds the setting as crisp and as clear as a picture.

### 专家评语二

破题即应题。由张骞、韩信通汉中悠长历史，用方言展词汇汉中「言语夹陕蜀」特色，以西瓜、樱桃、腊肉呈汉中丰饶物产，让朱鹮、金丝猴、大熊猫任故乡吉祥物，果一人间乐土。

### Reviewer II

The first paragraph sets the stage well for the subsequent narrative. The author touches on Hanzhong' s association with Zhang Qian and Hanxin, and uses a Hanzhong colloquialism to introduce the unique qualities of local verbiage. The author further uses watermelons, cherries, and cured meat to spotlight Hanzhong' s abundance and Hanzhong' s three iconic animals – the crested ibis, golden monkey, and giant panda – to underscore the area' s indelible allure.



## 唤马剪纸

### Huanma Paper Cutting

高中组 白金奖 四川广元市苍溪县城郊中学 岳可盈

Yue Keying, High School Group, Cangxi County Suburban Middle School,  
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外地人第一次听到苍溪可能只知道雪梨和猕猴桃，鲜少有人知道苍溪的唤马剪纸。

Most outsiders associate Sichuan' s Cangxi County with pears and "monkey fruit" (kiwifruit). However, precious few know about Cangxi' s Huanma paper cutting art.

多年前我得到了人生第一张剪纸。那时，尚且年少，不明白剪纸艺术的珍贵，只是单纯的觉得很好看。但是从此我心底对剪纸多了一份情愫。总希望有一天能到唤马镇亲眼看一看代表苍溪剪纸最高水平的唤马剪纸。



I received my first papercutting art piece many years ago. As a young child, I had no idea of the value of this art form, but nevertheless admired its beauty. My first experience kindled a special affection for papercutting art and



stoked a deep desire to one day visit Huanma to see for myself the town that produces Cangxi' s most exquisite papercutting art.

那是我第一次去唤马镇，这座小镇虽然大多数建筑都已经现代化，却仍保留小部分古朴建筑，为这小镇增添了一丝神秘的色彩。踏上这片神秘的土地，我一路前行，内心充满了向往。一路来到唤马老桥，可以看出这座老桥有些年头了，但是上面的剪纸十分炫目，不仅为老桥添色，还为唤马这座小镇添色。

On my first visit to Huanma, I noticed that, amidst the modern buildings that dominated this town, there remained here and there buildings dating from much earlier periods. It was the latter that imbued this small town with its colorful air of mystery. I embarked on my exploration of Huanma with great anticipation. Arriving at Huanma' s Old Bridge, while this structure reveals the wear and tear of time, the papercutting pieces lining it are captivating – adding artful interest not only to this bridge but also to the entire town of Huanma.

唤马的人们，每到过年的时候，街上很少有卖窗花、“福”字等手工作品的，因为唤马的人们更愿意自己亲自制作这些东西。

For New Years, rather than buying traditional papercutting pieces and couplets to decorate their homes, most people in Huanma make these themselves.

听那里老人说，以前国家还不发达的时候，百姓日子也比较苦。每到逢年过节该送礼的时候，能勉强解决温饱问题就算当时富甲一方的人家了，哪里还有闲钱去置办礼物呢。于是，人们便互送窗花，“福”字.....发展到后来互送剪纸，虽然只是一张小小的红纸，但已经足够表达人们心中美好的祝愿。



Older folks in the town have told me that when the country was still undeveloped, life for the people here wasn't so good. Thus, a family that was able to feed itself well during the New Year's holidays back then was considered well-to-do. No one had spare money to spend on frivolity back then, so people exchanged gifts of papercut window doilies and New Year's couplets, which grew into the tradition of sending gifts of handmade papercutting art. Although 'just simple sheets of red paper', these carefully crafted pieces of art were more than enough to convey the blessings and good wishes of the giver.

那次，我特地拜访了一位唤马镇里的老人，想看看精美的剪纸到底是怎么剪出来的。老人听说我要拜托她剪纸时，握住我的双手，不住的颤抖，眼圈也有些泛红。

On that visit, I called on one of Huanma's older residents. I wanted to see how these exquisite pieces of papercutting art were made. Upon hearing that I wanted to watch her work, she held me by both hands ... She shook



slightly and I saw her eyes tear up.

老人带我去了她家，家里不大，但很温馨。有一面墙很特别，上面挂满了一位女子从少女到老姬的全部剪纸，纸上的人儿，笑得非常灿烂，很有感染力。



She invited me into her home, which, although small, was welcomingly warm. One wall in particular caught my eye. It was covered in papercutting pieces depicting a girl across her lifetime. The girl's sparkling smile in these pieces was infectious.

“婆婆，这剪纸上面的女子是谁啊？她笑得真好看。”我忍不住开口问到。

“Grandma,” I couldn't help but ask ... “Who is the girl in this piece? She has such a nice smile!”

“上面的人是我，这是我老头儿剪的，他前年查出了癌症晚期。他知道自己活不了多久了，平时一有时间就开始剪纸，这些是他剪的我年轻时候到如今成了老太婆的样子。”老人说着说着眼圈也泛红了。

“That girl?” she said, “That's me. That one was made by my husband. He was diagnosed two years ago with stage-four cancer. He knew he didn't have long ... and spent much of his remaining time doing papercutting pieces. These were pieces he did showing me from when I was a young girl to today, as a grandmother.” As she spoke, her eyes once again welled up with tears.

“爷爷真是深情呢。”我羡慕的说道。

“Grandpa clearly loved you a lot,” I said.

“是啊，他还特意每张都剪了我笑的时候，他说，他怕他走了之后，我成天哭，他不想看见我哭，所以，剪的每一张都是我在笑。”我惊奇，这剪纸的后面还有着如此凄美的爱情故事，如此令人动容。剪纸真是一种奇妙的文化，我已经迫不及待想要看老人如何剪纸了。



Yes ... He even made sure I was smiling in each one. He said ... he was afraid I' d cry incessantly after he was gone. He didn' t want that. So, he made sure I was smiling in each and every piece he did." I was pleasantly surprised at the touchingly romantic and moving story behind these pieces of papercutting art. This art form is a truly incredible part of local cultural heritage. After seeing these, I was even more eager to see how my new friend actually performed her craft.

随老人去了里屋，她依次给我介绍了她的工具:蜡光纸，刻刀，刻板等。我想，如果不是这次唤马的经历，我会一直认为，剪纸都是用剪刀剪出来的。老人开始忙碌起来，她眉头皱在了一起，手上的速度非常快，好似开了花一样，一处接一处的刻，简直是无缝衔接。眼看着原来方方正正的蜡光纸变成了一个生动形象的人物小像，我内心实在太震惊了，震惊于剪纸艺术的精美，震惊于老人高超的技术。

The woman went into a room and brought out her materials, which she explained to me one by one ... sheets of glossy paper, her set of precision cutting knives, her cutting board, and so on. I realized then that if I hadn' t



made this trip to Huanma, I would have forever clung to the idea that papercutting was done with scissors. My new friend then commenced to work. Her eyebrows scrunched into a single,



tight furrow. Her hands worked with surprising speed. It was like seeing a flower blooming before my eyes, as each section of the paper opened up with delicate, beautiful detail. The transition from paper to work of art was simply seamless! While I stood watching, that unassuming square of paper was transformed into the vivid image of a person. I was dumbstruck ... overwhelmed by the beauty of this art form and by this incredibly talented old lady.

当老人把成品递给我时，我的手上侵入一丝冰凉。我抬头一看，竟是老人眼中的清泪。老人说：“以前我剪纸的时候，老头儿都会在旁边看，但是以后他都来不了了。”

I felt a cool tingle as she put the just-finished piece into my hands. I lifted my eyes and saw tears flowing from my friend' s eyes. She confided, “When I used to do this, my husband was stand next to me and watch. He can' t do that any more ...”

“孩子，我都已经很久没有剪过纸了，现在的年轻人都不喜欢这个剪纸了，所以我听到你说要我帮忙剪纸时，我真的太高兴太意外了。原本，我以为，剪纸文化已经没人记得了，你的出现给了我一个惊喜。”老人激动的握住我的双手说。“啪嗒”俩滴眼泪又落在了我手背上。只是这次的眼泪是炽热的。

“Child,” she continued, “I haven' t done this in ages. Young people these days don' t appreciate papercutting. So, when I heard that you were interested to help me, it made me happier than you could imagine. I had thought this papercutting tradition had been forgotten. Your coming here has been such a delightful surprise.” She clasped my hands tightly.



Splash ... two teardrops hit the back of my hand. But this time, the tears were warm.

临行之时，我回头望瞭望老人的身影，在夕阳下显的那样孤单。

As I departed, I turned around and gazed warmly at the old lady. The fading light of the setting sun enhanced her semblance of solitude and aloneness.

我终于明白，以前唤马剪纸为什么这么受人喜欢，原来每一张剪纸背后都有一个动人的故事。

I finally understood the reason why Huanma papercutting art had once been so loved. Each piece came with its own, uniquely moving story.

后来我经常想起那年在那小屋子里，那一墙暖色调的红色，那一张张有着甜甜笑容的剪纸，像清风明月，吹散了我烦躁的情绪，成为了我心中最美的风景。

I frequently think back on my time in that small house in Huanma, on those warm red-painted walls, and on those artfully crafted squares radiating with



happy sentiments and smiles. These memories are a refreshing breeze that invariably sweeps away any bad mood I happen to be in. They create a beautiful landscape that I carry always in my heart.



现在，由于会剪纸的人年龄越来越大，而年轻人都不愿意学习剪纸技术，唤马剪纸已经在开始没落了。难道，终有一天，在这个世界上，唤马剪纸会不复存在了吗？我盼望着，盼望着这一天不会到来。

Today, with those skilled in the papercutting arts getting older and young people largely uninterested in learning this art form, Huanma papercutting is in decline. Must we consider that there may even be a day when no one does Huanma papercutting anymore? It is my sincere hope that that day never comes.

剪纸就像美人，但我不愿她在旧时光中被遗忘。这种潜移默化的唤马剪纸文化艺术已经铭刻于我的内心，让我永远难以忘记这道家乡人文自然相结合的风景，将使我受益一生。

Papercutting art is like a beautiful person, but I cannot accept the idea that 'she' may be lost to history. The subtly beautiful art of Huanma papercutting has become an indelible part of me. I will never forget this artful integration of handicraft, culture, and nature. I will treasure and benefit from it as long as I live.

### 專家評語一

选择之题材新颖特别，与其他参赛者所选不同，足见其选材能力之佳，别具只眼。以剪纸人及剪纸艺术为主轴，文字表现力丰富，且具有强烈光影画面的想象，结构井然有序，铺陈得宜，情感描述丰沛厚实，为上乘之佳作。



## Reviewer I

The author has chosen a freshly unique topic in this essay that differs significantly from those of other entrants, demonstrating the author's acumen in subject matter selection and original perspective. The story focuses on a papercutting artist and the papercutting arts. The author crafts a bold and rich presentation that helps evoke highly lucid images in the minds of readers. The story is well structured, well laid out, and emotively written. In the top tier of entries.

## 專家評語二

传统工艺的背后是深厚的人情故事，作者慧眼慧心，细腻描写家乡剪纸工艺的特殊及情味，夹叙老人家的深情故事，耐人寻味，情意深长，是值得一读再读的佳作。

## Reviewer II

This essay tells a deeply touching story related to a traditional Chinese handicraft art. The author brings empathy and discernment to bear in this work, carefully describing the unique qualities and sentiment that underpin local papercutting art traditions while interweaving the emotive story of an old lady living in Huanma. This essay is intriguing, warmly tender, and worth reading over multiple times.



## 一张牛皮的旅程

### My Shadow Puppet Journey

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奶奶家在一座八十年代的老院子，小时候逢年过节，总有人请皮影班来，热闹非凡。对于皮影的印象，大概只有“吵”，还有用细竹棍支撑五颜六色的小人儿。听到那锣鼓喧天，嘶哑的噪音此起彼伏，定是皮影班来了。

Grandma lives near an old courtyard where, when I was much younger, people would stage shadow plays over Chinese New Year, imbuing a fun and festive atmosphere to the holidays. My most indelible memories of these shadow plays center on their clangorous noise and on the colorful stage characters affixed to strips of bamboo. When I heard gongs and drums begin playing outside, I knew that a shadow play troupe had arrived to perform.





还不到天黑，小广场里就围坐了几圈人。宽敞的白幕上，由于背后灯光效果而产生的影子活灵活现，《杨家将》《金碗钗》等著名篇目一场接一场。我分不清哪个是谁，只觉得白幕上色彩纷繁，一下子眼花缭乱，只有耳边或清秀或粗犷的声音萦绕。锣鼓声渐紧促，那两位将军的打斗愈激烈，骑马执戟，瞬息万变，成了看不清的光影。僵持处，两人画戟绞成一块，身微俯，作扑倒势；大宛马也不甘示弱，鬃毛炸起，斗牛似的要往前冲，眼睛里似乎都燃着雄雄烈火，藏掖着凶猛的狮子。

Before sunset, the small plaza is already filled with eager spectators, several rows deep. Lights behind the long white curtain here cast lively shadows across its fabric surface, the medium used to present the evening's productions of "Generals Yang", "The Golden Bowl Hairpin", and other popular theatrical standards. I couldn't tell one from the other, but enjoyed the vivid colors that never failed to dazzle my eyes. The sounds as well, sometimes liltingly soft, sometimes rough and uninhibited, always lingered in my ears. As the cadence of drums and gongs quickens, generals engage in heated hand-to-hand combat, armies clash in battle, and all can change in the flash of an eye, turning scenes into a blur of indistinct shadows. In stalemate, the two generals' halberds entangle, but the fight continues with even greater gusto. Their horses, manes bristling, show no signs of weakening either. Eyes burning, they stand ready to charge forward yet again with hearts beating with the spirit of angry lions.

《武松打虎》也是挚爱。黑裂纹的虎眼看着就要扑上来，赤膊的武松微显醉态，打着踉跄与虎周旋。躲开几轮，虎也更谨慎，猫步进退着，有打量之意。眼珠轻转，猛然扑上来。武松全力挤开它，意识这才清醒，咬牙将虎甩出一米多



远，搏斗中将虎打死，浑身颤抖着——他已经精疲力尽了。

“Wu Song and the Tiger” is another of my all-time favorite plays. A black-striped tiger stands ready to pounce upon the bare-chested and slightly tipsy Wu Song. They engage in battle, spinning and whirling across the screen. After the initial, inconclusive fight, tiger takes a more measured approach, advancing and withdrawing several times as it sizes up its adversary. Its decision made, the tiger gives a knowing glance and pounces toward Wu Song, who successfully thwarts the attack, showing his return to clear sobriety. He grits his teeth and throws the tiger to the ground a good distance away. The battle continues and the tiger is ultimately beaten to death. Wu Song, his energies spent, collapses in exhaustion.

不知不觉已过两小时，皮影班稍作休息。我跑到幕后，他们不无骄傲地指着那些人偶，“这可都是宝贝啊！”



Two hours of exciting performance fly by, and the troupe takes their first intermission break. I make my way behind the stage. The performers are always proud to show off their shadow puppets, saying “Each and every one is a treasure!”

我仔细打量它们，均是由皮制成，涂上各色颜料，尤以红、黄、白居多，以彰显喜庆。然而细节处也处理得极好：那瞳



若西湖·粉若流苏的是善良的巧妇；那脸若炭黑·横眉冷竖的是公明的县令；那面若白瓦·尖嘴猴腮的是谄佞的奸臣。一切都恰到好处。

Looking them over, I see that each is made of leather and painted in a variety of colors with a predominance of reds, yellows, and white that gives them an engagingly festive appearance. The detailing on the puppets is also exquisite. One puppet of a woman has eyes that gleam like the waters of West Lake and finely tufted hair. Another, a virtuous county magistrate, sports a jet-black face and thin eyebrows. Yet another puppet, a bootlicking and corrupt official, was painted with a face of ivory white and a thin, impish mouth. Each puppet was perfect in every detail.

我不禁问：“爷爷·做得太精细了·观众又看不到·没必要吧？”

I couldn't help but ask, "Uncle ... There is so much detail here, but the audience never sees it ... What is the purpose?"

“武松”马上严肃起来，“我们能看到！”一下子，内心涌动起羞愧之情。

Wu Song, raised from his holder, made the response: "But we can see it!" His rebuke made me falter in embarrassment.

又有人介绍：“你看这花花绿绿的，其实背后啊可复杂着哩！选皮、刮毛、画稿、雕刻、着色.....哪一样都是手工制作，出点差错都不行。做只人物都要好几天，更别说要做精致了。”

Another in the troupe added, "You see the fine results, but the creative process is complex indeed! Selecting the right grade of hides, removing the fur, tracing the patterns, carefully etching, applying the colors ... Every step



is done by hand and everything must be done to perfection. It takes days just to make a single puppet ... and more still to add all of the fine details.

我不禁钦佩这些师傅的手艺和出神入化的表演技术。这小小的牛皮，承载着多少轮昼夜辛劳，又寄托着多少人的留恋？

I've gained a deep respect for both the accomplished skills of puppet makers and for the exalted performance skills of the shadow puppeteers. How many hours and days of effort have been invested in just one of these small strips of leather? Also, in how many nostalgic memories have they found a warm and endearing home?

最后一场是豫剧《闹淮安》。对于看惯了关中皮影的我来说有三分生疏。当戏帘子揭开，锣鼓作响，罗焜便跃然屏上，看到他被冤捕，不由也喊了一声“唉”。看到胡奎自告奋勇寻医为罗焜治“牢瘟病”，心中油然感动。又因神医张勇的“三不医”，心仿佛挂在刀尖上，觉得时间都迟钝了。胡奎杀毛守备夫妇攀张勇入狱医病，又从阴郁中看到了光明。最后鸡爪山群雄劫法场上山聚义，才出

了一口气，大叫爽快。



The final performance was the Henan opera piece "Big Trouble in Huai'an". Raised on Shaanxi shadow plays, I was relatively unfamiliar with this style of performance. However, after the curtain opened, the percussion began to sound, and Luo Kun made his appearance, I couldn't help but be drawn into the story, even gasping in



surprise when the hero was arrested. My heartstrings were touched upon seeing Hu Kui self-confidently seek out Luo Kun to cure his disease. Also, Zhang Yong' s "three untreatables" kept me unbearably on tenterhooks ... Time seemed to slow to a crawl. The play continued to build with suspense as Zhang Yong slipped into prison to see Luo Kun. It was only after their successful escape and reconnoiter in the mountains that I breathed a sigh of relief and shouted in joyful approbation.

《闹淮安》固然以其的前所未见和多变的情节，丰满的人物而令我感到新颖，但我真正欢喜的是贯穿我整个童年的关中皮影；我也许会对它不一样的发音、角色而新奇，可我的心之所属还是关中人苦练数千遍，淬尽风和雨的那张牛皮人偶。

"Big Trouble in Huai' an" totally won me over with its fast-changing narrative and incredibly colorful cast of characters. However, Shaanxi shadow puppetry, the art form that has accompanied me since childhood, remains my favorite. Although the newness of another performance style' s vocalization or characters may hold my attention for a while, it will always be the finely worked, expertly crafted leather puppets of Shaanxi that own my heart of hearts.

竖日，皮影班返程。“武松” 黯然喃喃：“以后看皮影，非要出国不可啊。”

The shadow puppetry troupe packed up to leave the following day. Wusong spoke up one more time, mumbling, "In the future, you' ll need to go overseas to see shadow plays."

一年，两年，五年.....他的预言逐渐成真。之后我再也没听过皮影班的消



息，更没听过那豪放的嘶吼和热闹的锣鼓声，心里空落落的缺些什么。

As time has gone by, Wusong' s words have proven prophetic. After that last performance, there was no news of the troupes return ... The familiar sounds of their drums and gongs were nowhere to be heard. I felt a palpable sense of loss.

据统计，现陕西手工制皮作坊仅剩一家，皮影雕刻技艺精湛艺人不到十人。精通关中皮影者因星散而罕见，无法计数。

According to reports, there is only one workshop left in all of Shaanxi Province that is still making leather shadow puppets. Moreover, there are less than ten people left with the skills necessary to make these artistic wonders. Many of those who are still able to create and perform traditional Shaanxi shadow puppetry have moved away and are now a rarity indeed.

一张牛皮的旅程，似乎就到此为止了。

My leather shadow puppet journey seems to have come unavoidably to an end.





### 專家評語一

全文写作的焦点是【皮影戏】，无论在摹写的细腻刻画上，或者在皮影戏故事情节的设计安排上，均见上乘的水平。笔调纯熟，布局变化从自然中流淌，十分高妙。

### Reviewer I

This essay stays fully focused on the theme of shadow puppetry and discrete topics such as the exquisite detailing of individual puppets and the stories played out in shadow puppetry theater are handled with aplomb and flair. The author's style is refined and the composition flows naturally. A masterful accomplishment.

### 專家評語二

标题「一张牛皮的旅程」引发读者悬念，别出心裁以贯穿童年生活的皮影，绘声绘影地展现故乡特色，叙事铺陈如历史剧目上演、人物场景历历在目，由「牛皮的旅程，似乎到此为止」，传达家乡最美风景的怀念及传统文化式微的慨叹。

### Reviewer II

The title "My Shadow Puppet Journey" whets the reader's curiosity from the outset. The author creatively uses his childhood experience with shadow theater as a platform for introducing his hometown's distinctive character. The narrative unfolds in the manner of a traditional historical



西部故事原创作品大赛  
第五届白金奖作品集

drama, with characters and settings taking center stage. “My leather shadow puppet journey seems to have come unavoidably to an end” conveys both heartfelt nostalgia for home and grief over the demise of this traditional art form.



## 一付石磨，一世深情

### One Millstone, One Lifetime's Worth of Love

初中组 白金奖 四川广元市苍溪县城郊中学 罗锐

Luo Rui, Junior High School Group, Cangxi County Suburban Middle School, Guangyuan City, Sichuan Province

秋日黄昏，无风。落叶却似疲倦的蝴蝶，悄然飘洒在残旧的石磨上。轻轻扯去磨盘的青苔，掀开磨扇，磨眼中塞满腐烂的落叶，仿佛在无声地诉说这石磨昔日的喧嚣与忙碌。

In our becalmed autumn afternoons, leaves drop from trees like exhausted butterflies, falling quietly upon old cobblestone walkways. I carefully clean the old millstone of accumulated moss. Removing the top stone shows a center axel hole filled with desiccated leaf bits. It marks the prelude to the start of another busy season of noisy grinding.

浅浅的阳光下，小花猫斜靠在石阶旁眯着眼，枯老的树藤绕着房脊向上攀爬，奶奶正推着石磨缓缓地转动，一边又催促着我加水添豆。五岁的我立在椅子上，左手撑着磨盘，右手拿着瓢不断向磨眼中加水添豆，忙得不亦乐乎。

A mottled cat leans against a stone stairway and squints its eyes under the day's waning sunshine. A gnarled old creeping vine hugs the ridgeline of a house, reaching skyward. Grandma sets the stone mill into a slow, revolving cadence and then prods me to hurry up and pour the soybeans over the top. Only five years old, I balance myself on a chair with my left hand



holding firmly to the mill and my right holding a scoop, which I use to send a steady supply of soybeans and water into the rumbling machine. I was busy and delighted in equal measure!

石磨结构简单，青石垒起的磨盘上放置着两块光洁的磨扇，老人称阴阳二扇。磨豆时，阳扇不动阴扇动，二扇合一称一付，暗合阴阳太极之意。两扇之间凿有齿痕，为研磨豆粮所备。

Stone mills are simple machines. Two smooth stone “fans” , called the “yin and yang fans” by my grandparents’ generation, are set atop a fixed mill that, in turn, sits on a limestone base. When grinding beans, the ‘yang’ fan moves while the ‘yin’ fan stays in place. These fan stones are always paired together and evoke the concept of the yin and the yang in Taiji (T’ ai Chi) philosophy. The groove marks chiseled on the parts of the two fans that face each other are what grind beans and grains.

在我与奶奶的密切配合下，浓浓的豆浆很快便磨了一锅。许久后，奶奶便拉着我，坐在门坎的青石阶上。



Grandma and my cooperative effort quickly fill one pot full of thick soymilk. A while later, Grandma pulls me over and we sit together on the limestone door sill.

“娃啊，你福气好！”奶奶常爱唠叨，这不她又念道，“我在娘家



时，七八户人家共享一付石磨，想吃一顿豆浆，得挨班排队提前准备好些天，并赶到七八里外的磨坊，将石磨彻彻底底清洗后，再将颗颗胀裂的豆子，取出来研磨。双手捧着磨杆，一步一步，一圈一圈，缓慢地挪动那三寸金莲。磨完豆浆，常常是大汗淋漓。”奶奶边唠叨边比划着，还不时伸缩着她那三寸金莲。

“Hey,” she says with a loving smile, “you’ re pretty lucky. When I was still living with my parents, the mill there was shared by seven or eight families. Back then, if you wanted soymilk, you needed to put in a request and then wait days for your turn. Then, when your time came, you still had to travel about eight miles to where the mill was, clean it out thoroughly, and select the good soybeans before you could even start milling. I gripped the handle with both hands and, step by step on my little bound feet, rotated that mill. I was often covered in sweat by the time I’ d finished.” Grandma continued talking and gesturing while every so often moving her bound feet around.

奶奶的脸上浮现出追忆的神色，她用手扶着我额头说；“可是，自从我嫁给你爷爷那糟老头后，就没吃过一回豆浆，可谁晓得，就在我生完你爸坐月子时，你爷爷却不知从哪弄回一付小石磨。后来我才明白，他是趁我怀你爸时，偷偷去山里转了好几天，才挑选两块上好的青石，早出晚归，在山里凿了好几个月方才有这付小石磨呢。他嘴上说是为了让我坐月子时补充营养，但说到底啊，还不是他嘴馋我磨的豆浆。”

With a faraway look of nostalgia, Grandma cupped my forehead and said, “But, after I married your grandfather, we didn’ t have soymilk for a long time. What a surprise then, when in the month after I gave birth to your father that your grandfather brought home a small stone mill. It was only



later that I learned that, while I was homebound during the pregnancy, he had scoured the hills in our area to find just the right pieces of hard limestone. He' d leave early and return late. Your grandfather spent months chiseling those pieces into a proper mill. He said he' d done it to ensure that I ate well after your father had been born. But I suspect that he was even more interested in having me make fresh soymilk for him."

说到这儿，奶奶便不由自主的盯着石磨，喃喃道：“这老磨也快五十岁了吧！”

At this point in the conversation, Grandma gazed reflexively at the mill and murmured, "This old mill is already nearly half a century old!"

三年后，奶奶走了，像夏日晨曦中的雾珠，蒸发的淡然而无痕。

Grandma passed away three years later. She disappeared from our lives like morning dew in the summer sun.



奶奶走了，爷爷喝豆浆的希望自然便落在母亲身上，母亲总会在头天晚上泡好豆子，再于次日四五更左右，打开磨豆机，只听哗啦哗啦的声音，几分钟后便磨好豆浆，再加以烹煮，盛给爷爷。但即使这般，爷爷却也常难以下咽，有时，他甚至会对着奶奶的遗像，低声埋怨：“老伴，这味道，变了。”

With Grandma gone, Grandpa' s hopes for soymilk naturally fell on Mom' s shoulders. She would always soak the soybeans



overnight and then begin grinding them at around five in the morning. Hearing the frictious whir of the electric mill meant a pot of soymilk was on its way and, after boiling, would be ready for Grandpa to enjoy. Even so, Grandpa frequently drank it down plaintively and I occasionally saw him looking at Grandma' s photo on the wall and saying softly, "My Dear, the taste ...It' s just not the same."

这种情况一直持续至一个深秋的傍晚，那天，爷爷带着豆，携着我，来到那荒废数载的石磨旁。半晌，等他將石磨清洗干净，一切准备就绪以后，爷爷仿照着奶奶的模样，挽着袖子，握着磨柄，使劲推动着石磨。

This state of affairs lasted through late autumn when, one late afternoon, Grandpa with a bag of soybeans in hand led me out to the long-inactive mill. After several hours of washing and preparing the millstones, Grandpa rolled up his sleeves, gripped the handle, and began rotating the millstones just like Grandma had done. I watched as the muscles in Grandpa' s arms tightened and his legs strained. He had brought that mill to life, he was turning it with his own fortitude!

只见他瘦弱的胳膊忽的鼓起一块块肌肉，双腿更是不断紧缩，他开始发力了，似蛮牛一样发力！他的身姿似不动明王，他的神情似怒目的金刚！那一刻，他的须发在空中飞扬，宛如孤老的雄狮！那沉重的石磨在他手下不停旋转，竟有几分“阴阳上下巧轮回”之感，不一会儿，豆便磨完了。

那天晚上，爷爷端出浓浓的豆浆，老目泛光，痴痴地默念道：“还是这味道，没变。”

His appearance in the moment reminded me of Acala, the Great Protector,



while his eyes burned with the fiery determination of King Kong! His hair and beard flowed with the gusts of wind, giving him the appearance of a proud, solitary lion! His determined effort kept that mill spinning without stop, and the “yin and yang” fans for a brief moment evinced an almost spiritual aura. In no time at all, the soy and water had been transformed into soymilk.

第二年开春，爷爷走了，被父亲葬在奶奶坟旁，两人就这么依偎着，遥望着老家的石磨。

Grandpa died the following spring and Dad buried him next to Grandma. The two were together again, with a clear view of their lifelong home and the stone mill.

其实，后来我也曾推过老家的石磨，虽说沉重的石磨推起异常吃力，但却也觉得特有意思，但当自己疯推一阵后，四肢便如灌了铅一般难受，那股最初的新鲜劲自然也就磨完了。直到我看到那白稠的豆浆从轴内流出时，方才明白，其实无论是奶奶的三寸金莲，还是爷爷的怒目金刚，都是他们用各自的辛勤努力来拉着身后的愁苦岁月，从而换取生活中那浓浓的希望。



I have since gone back and turned the family's stone mill. While I knew that it would surely not be easy to get those heavy stones to turn, I still thought it



would be an interesting endeavor. But after turning it awhile, my arms and legs began to feel like lead weights and the exciting novelty of the effort dissipated. It was only when I saw the thick stream of soymilk start to trickle out that I finally appreciated that Grandma with her dainty, bound feet and Grandpa with his fiery 'King Kong' eyes were both exchanging the remaining energy they had left in life in return for hope embodied in this rich and satisfying drink.

是啊！辛劳将希望打磨成一碗碗浓香的豆浆，而希望却又在父辈的面庞上割出一道道沟壑，像极了石磨芯中的凿痕。

Yes! Effort in exchange for hope, embodied in bowls of fresh and delicious soymilk. The hope etched into the faces of generations past are like the grooves chiseled into millstones.

石磨悠悠的旋转，背负着祖辈的血汗与辛劳，见证了祖辈们的成长与艰辛，磨碎了现实的沉重与无奈。恍然间，眼前似乎又现出石磨旋舞，诉说过往的情景！

The turning of the stone mill epitomizes the difficulties faced by our ancestors and bears witness to their experiences and hardships. The stone mill helped them overcome and prevail against adversity.

Suddenly, before my eyes I see a turning stone mill, reminding us of how things were in the past.



### 專家評語一

文字細膩，善用詩詞老石磨见证了平凡的人生及温暖的亲情，以物喻情，深具用心。

### Reviewer I

The old stone mill in this story is a witness to caring and affectionate lives. The author uses this metaphor well.

### 專家評語二

起笔起意于秋风萧瑟，以景写情，带出一抹怀思的哀愁。透过「石磨」，作者牵引出深挚祖孙情。尤其面对爷爷、奶奶相继的过世，作者没有用太多激情的文字刻画，但那种「温柔敦厚」的情意形象，也形塑出人间最美的风景。

### Reviewer II

The first paragraph sets the stage well for the subsequent narrative. The author touches on Hanzhong's association with Zhang Qian and Hanxin, and uses a Hanzhong colloquialism to introduce the unique qualities of local verbiage. The author further uses watermelons, cherries, and cured meat to spotlight Hanzhong's abundance and Hanzhong's three iconic animals – the crested ibis, golden monkey, and giant panda – to underscore the area's indelible allure.



## 最美不过农耕情 Nothing More Beautiful that Countryside Charms

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Qi Chuhan, Elementary School Group, Bazhong Normal Affiliated  
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又是一年寒假到，照惯例我再一次随爸爸妈妈去农村看望外爷——那一辈子都不愿离开乡土的老人。

It is winter vacation and, as is the norm, I once again travel with my parents to the countryside to visit my grandfather – a man who has successfully resisted his entire life any suggestion of traveling away from his hometown.



牛是外爷最好的朋友。  
“天苍苍，野茫茫，风吹草低见牛羊……”，第一次读到这首民歌，觉得美妙极了。原来，牛羊满山坡的景象并不是大草原独有，乡村也很常见。我最喜欢随外爷去放牛，跟在一群牛儿的身后，身披冬日的暖阳，漫步在林间小道，仿佛一



一切都沉默了，除了回荡在山间的清脆悦耳的声声牛铃和外爷那沉稳有力的脚步声。经过一条山间小溪时，牛儿们似乎再也沉不住气了，争先恐后地奔向溪边去品味人间香醇。外爷则借机为牛儿洗净身上的污渍和粪便，你看他是那样的细致、那样的轻柔，洗不掉的干粪便，就用手去抠，洗干净了，外爷又随手用折断的带有树叶的树枝，不停地擦拭弄湿的牛背，生怕牛儿着了凉，还来回在牛背上挪动挠痒痒呢！这时，牛儿总是回过头蹭蹭背，哞哞的叫几声，好像在说好舒服感谢你之类的话。我分明能感受到，在外爷眼里，牛就像他用心抚养的孩子，又像是陪伴他一生的忠实的朋友。

Grandfather's best friends are oxen. "Deep blue skies and the boundless, open countryside; Cattle and sheep emerge from the windswept grass ..."  
After learning this folksong, I immediately fell in love with these lyrics. They told me that expansive plains weren't the only place where one could enjoy scenes of wandering livestock. They were common in the countryside as well. I love going with Grandfather to set his oxen out to pasture. I follow the herd, my back warmed by the winter sunshine, as they plod along the forested trail. It is like the world is blanketed in silence, broken only by the shrill clanking of cowbells and the regular cadence of Grandfather's plodding footsteps. As we near a small stream, the oxen become visibly restless and in no time break ranks, rushing in a jumble to sup on its deliciously pure waters. Grandfather takes advantage of the respite to clean their coats of dust and feces ... he's so attentive ... so gentle. The bits of dried feces that don't come off with water he removes by hand. His oxen now clean, Grandfather uses leafy branches to whisk water off the backs of his oxen, which shiver skittishly in the chilly temperatures. He even goes back and forth, using the sticks to scratch their backs. The oxen themselves



stretch their necks backward, rubbing their backs and letting out an occasional mooing sound – like they are expressing gratitude for such a comfortable outing. It is crystal clear to me that, for my Grandfather, each of these oxen is both a “beloved child” and a loyal companion.

犁铧是外爷最忠实的搭档。当我还很小的时候，不识犁铧是何物，只觉得它的形状很特别：似弓却不是弓；似船又不是船。一有空闲，外爷就把犁头打扫得干干净净，把犁铧打磨得闪闪发亮。年幼的我不解外爷为何如此喜欢它。待我渐渐长大，某一天，看见外爷在田间吆喝着牛：犁沟，嘿，犁沟……并用此物翻土，放眼望去犁过的泥块均匀有序，就像我们在作业本上写下的行行整齐的文字，我瞬间明白了：犁铧和牛一样，是农民祖祖辈辈赖以生存、不可或缺的生产依靠。外爷依靠它们养活了全家，难怪外爷如此钟情于它们。随着城市化进程的加快，居住在农村的人越来越少，农田将芜，再难见到春耕时的繁忙景象。犁铧也渐渐离开了人们的视线，退出了传统农耕的舞台，被大多数人遗忘在某个角落，孤零零的，与灰尘蛛网为伴，直到全身铁锈斑斑。勤劳耕作了大半生的外爷啊，你说怎么能放得下，虽然现在也很少使用犁铧，但每隔几天就会把犁铧从头到尾擦拭一遍，这样的打理却从未间断过，就像一位即将退役的士兵钟爱着陪伴

自己军旅生涯的步枪。我明白：它陪伴外爷奋斗了一辈子，外爷舍不得让它孤独地老去。



Grandfather’ s plough is his inseparable companion. When I was much younger, I had no idea what this



contraption was. I only knew that it looked unusual. It resembled a bow, but was clearly not a bow. It also reminded me of a boat, although I knew it wasn't a boat. When Grandfather has free time, he takes his plough out of the shed, giving it a good cleaning and polishing the blade until it shimmers in the sun. When I was little, I couldn't understand why Grandfather liked this thing so much. Then, one day, I saw him in the field calling to his oxen: "Plough! Hey, keep on ploughing! ..." He was using that contraption to till his field, transforming it into a neat, evenly spaced patchwork of upturned earthen furrows that reminded me of the neatly written lines of my homework. I suddenly understood: ploughs and oxen are essential to the farmer's livelihood and indispensable to agricultural production. Grandfather needs them to be able to support his family. No wonder he coddled them so. With the pace of urbanization increasing, the number of people living in rural farming areas is dwindling and farmland is left to go wild. Not long from now, it may be a rare sight to see spring fields under the plough. Oxen-drawn ploughs too are gradually becoming a rarity as they are consigned to an increasingly small and neglected corner of traditional agriculture. They are tossed aside. Dust and spider webs are their only companions as these once-indispensable fixtures of traditional agriculture succumb to the encroaching rust.

How could my grandfather, a lifetime farmer, even consider doing anything else? Even though he uses his plough only occasionally, he still gives it a good polish every few days. This regimen has never lapsed. Grandfather's love for that plough is similar to the affection that a soldier preparing for retirement has for the rifle that has been at his side through his military



career. I know that because of their experiences together, Grandfather could never allow his beloved plough to molder away, alone and forgotten.

一群牛、一把犁铧成就了外爷辛勤劳作的一生。岁月更替,斗转星移,唯有外爷对土地的爱不变,对农耕生活的眷恋不改。最美的风景是什么?不是百花争艳,不是云霞满天,而是那浓浓的乡土意、深深的农耕情。

A herd of oxen and a plough are the tools of Grandfather' s trade. Everything changes with time with one exception – Grandfather' s eternal love for the land. His sentimental attachment to farming abides. What is the most beautiful scenery, you ask? It isn' t fields of snowy white flowers nor is it a late-afternoon horizon hung with roseate clouds. It is, in fact, a landscape vibrant with cultural heritage and agricultural activity.

### 專家評語一

年迈的爷爷与老牛旧犁,一锄一印地耕出了一个世代的繁荣,但也一同走入了历史。从老人与牛简单的互动中,感受到朴实动人的农耕之情,笔淡情深,实为难得之作。

### Reviewer I

While an old man, his trusted oxen, and an old plough have together built a lifetime' s worth of simple prosperity, the time is nearing when they must take their bows and recede into history. The unaffected interplay between the old man and his oxen conveys well the poignant story of rural life. The



author' s breezy style of writing successfully conveys strong emotional depth. This is a truly exceptional work.

### 專家評語二

一、作者对乡土的深情、对农耕的爱意，源自于外爷的牛群和犁铧，在心中勾勒出最美的风景。故事随着外爷去放牛的经验写起，回荡在山间的是牛铃声和祖孙情，让人强烈感受到外爷照顾牛群就像抚育孩子般地用心。牛是陪伴他一生最忠实的朋友，而犁铧则是最忠实的搭档。随着城市化的进展，传统农耕逐渐消失，为人遗忘，但永远不舍的是外爷对土地的热爱、对农耕的眷恋之情。

二、本篇写来深刻动人，情意真切，词采清丽，是偏极其优秀的作品。

### Reviewer II

1) The author' s affections for the land and traditional farming spring from his fond experiences with Grandfather' s oxen and plough. The narrative follows his grandfather leading oxen out to pasture, accompanied by the



sound of tinkling cowbells and the loving relationship between the author and Grandfather. Grandfather' s doting care for his herd is compared to the care showered on children by loving parents. These oxen are Grandfather' s closest



lifelong friends and his plough is his most faithful partner. While urbanization drives the precipitous decline of traditional agriculture and drives it from living memory, Grandfather' s love for the land and farming abides unscathed.

2) This deeply touching essay is written in an honest, highly emotive style and is a particularly outstanding effort.



## 最美的雕塑

### Statues Most Beauteous

小学组 白金奖 陕西渭南市华阴市城关小学 党冯欣怡

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在华山北站的广场上，有一组八人铜像雕塑，他们身着对襟短打，或扛或拿各种乐器，或坐或站，敲着、打着、吹着、弹着，一个个面带笑容，怡然自乐，充满了“天然无雕饰”的原生态生活气息。他们所展现的就是被誉为华阴的名片，渭南的符号，陕西亮点的“华阴老腔”。

A set of eight bronze statues clad in mandarin jackets and holding musical instruments in various poses grace the plaza in front of Huashan North Station. The figures, poised and unembellished, are all clearly enjoying their merry undertaking. They are Huayin City's 'calling card', the symbol of Weinan City, and the highlight of Shaanxi: "Huayin Lao Qiang", an old form of musical theater.

华阴老腔是一个很小的剧种，是我国第一批国家级非遗项目，起源于明末清初，位于黄河、渭河、洛河交界之处的双泉村是它唯一的发祥地和传承地。原为该村张氏家族世代相传的独门技艺，以老腔为皮影戏伴唱，当地人叫“老腔影子”，题材多以“三国故事”为主，走乡串道进行演出。后伴随着时代的变迁，加入了一些新剧本，在文化部门专业人士的指导下，于2003年，老腔与皮影剥离，正式由幕后走到前台，在表演中也加入了手持纺锤的女性角色，以及挂着烟



袋，敲击木头等充满日常生活气息的表演成分，这就是老腔现在让人们所喜闻乐道的表演模式。

Huayin Lao Qiang, staged by small groups of performers, is China's very first officially designated national intangible cultural heritage. Created during the 16th and 17th centuries, this art form is today preserved and sustained only in the area of its birth, in Shuangquan Village at the confluence of the Yellow, Wei, and Luo Rivers. The art form was originally developed and exclusively performed by the Zhang clan in that village as the musical accompaniment to shadow puppet performances, which is why it was known colloquially as "Shadow Lao Qiang". Most of their music revolved around folk stories from the Three Kingdoms period and was performed as travelling musical theater. Over the following centuries, new musical numbers were added and in 2003, with assistance from the national Ministry of Culture, Lao Qiang began to be promoted as an art form on its own and finally emerged as an art form coequal to shadow puppet theater.

Women spindle players and tote-bag wearing musicians on clappers were added to further enhance the folksiness of the Lao Qiang lineup, creating the Lao Qiang lineup we all know and love today.



在这个剧种里，“生旦净末丑”一样也不缺，其主角只有五个人，他们各有分工。前手也



叫说戏的，演出时怀抱月琴坐在场子中央，说唱全本台词。签手主要操作全场表演。后槽主奏马锣，在武打中还要呐喊助威、帮唱。板胡手，主奏唱腔过门，兼奏小铙、喇叭，助威帮唱、吹哨。做档，是排兵对打，拍惊木，呐喊助威的。使用的乐器，都是自己加工制作的。他们边奏边唱，可谓“一声吼尽千古事，双手对舞百万兵”，“喊得那老龙出秦川，喊得那黄河拐了弯……”

The five main characters in the Lao Qiang genre respectively handle the five roles of traditional Chinese theater. A so-called ‘front man’ take center stage, narrating the drama as it unfolds while plucking a four-stringed banjo. He is the heart of the performance. Behind the front man, a gong player performs various martial moves while giving the occasional shout and singing backup. The two-string banhu player provides a vocal bridge between main songs, plays air horns, sings backup, and whistles. The ‘zuo dang’ handles the choreographed fights, plays wooden clappers, and gives supportive shouts and calls as needed. Each troupe makes its own instruments, with which they use to merrily accompany their repertoire of songs. Their performances “tell a thousand stories” and “animate epic battles.” “Their shouts awaken the river dragon and change the course of the mighty Yellow River.”

第一次近距离接触老腔是在一年前，陪妈妈去看老腔演出。开始前，只见几个条凳放置在舞台上，随着一声震耳的呐喊，呼啦啦一群身着对襟短打的农民，扛着各种乐器，就精神十足地奔上了舞台，其中两人直接坐在地上，左边的手持胡琴，右边的则负责“打击乐”——自制的梆子和钟铃。中间坐着一位须发斑白、面色红润、怀抱六边形月琴的老人，他们一人唱来众人应，这边问来那边答，似乎是在街头巷尾谈论着生活中一个个喜闻乐道的故事。高兴处，鼓乐喧



天，一个个面带笑容，摇头晃脑，兴奋、幸福之情溢于言表；激动处，一位六十多岁的精干老人一手拿着木块，一手提着条凳走到台前，忽而让条凳四脚着地，忽而两腿着地——变换着姿势用木块敲打条凳的不同位置，发出节奏鲜明、声音清脆的巨响。他抡圆了胳膊，力道十足，像是在敲击黄河岸边的船桨，为整个团体助威；唱到尽兴时，众人仰天长吼，用脚使劲跺地……在全场近一个小时的表演中，他们以像秦腔那样，几乎扯破嗓子般的力气高歌，以让对面山头的人都能看见自己般尽力舞动。那一刻，我被深深地震撼了！如果不是近距离的感触，我真的无法想象，这些平日里种地的农民，是怎样用几把琴、几件打击乐，一边吼着，一边奏着把生命力演绎地如此淋漓尽致？这些名不见经传，忙了种地，闲了唱戏的农民，是怎样把这口耳相传了千年的唱词唱腔，把这种土得掉渣的、独一无二的、震撼人心的古老剧种，唱出了陕西，唱到了大城市大剧院那豪华的舞台，唱到了央视的演播大厅，唱出了国门？是怎样在世人面前彰显如此强大的能量？

I first attended a Lao Qiang performance last year with my mother. Before it began, the stage sat empty except for a few lonely benches. Then, following a thunderous shout, a group of farmers in mandarin jackets carrying a



motley array of instruments made their energetic entrance. Two sat on the ground, with the one holding a two-stringed fiddle and the other acting as the troupe's percussion section with a set of



homemade coconut shells and bells. In the middle sat a white-haired, red-faced elderly man holding a hexagonal four-stringed banjo. While one sang the lead, the rest provided backup vocals. A question from one side was answered from the other. The atmosphere reminded me of the lively conversations that regularly take place in rustic village alleyways. Boisterous fun accompanied rousing raucous music. There were smiles all around. Heads bobbed, the excitement was palpable, and everyone engaged with convivial vim and vigor. The scene was electric. A lively old man in his sixties, holding wooden clappers in one hand and a bench in the other, made his way to the front of the stage. He quickly set the bench down on its four legs, then suddenly set it onto two. As he shifted things around, he beat various parts of the bench with his clappers, creating a fresh-sounding, crisp and sonorously rhythmic beat. To rouse the troupe to life, he powerfully swung his arms in a circle over his shoulders as if striking an oar on the banks of the Yellow River. As their song reached a crescendo, all onstage looked upward, giving a spirited bellow and stomping on the stage. The nearly one-hour performance resembled that of Qin Qiang in its use of top-of-the-lung, intense vocalizations – loud enough for those on the opposite side of the valley to hear and join in the fun. It was an intensely moving performance for me! If I hadn't experienced it myself, I couldn't have ever imagined such an event. How could everyday farmers like these create such stirring performances with their unpretentious collection of string and percussion instruments? How did uncelebrated, unremembered farmers manage in their spare time to string ancient songs and stories into an earthy art form of Shaanxi that has since not only survived but also



found a welcoming spot in the limelight of modern-day urban theaters and CTV' s soundstage? What gives Lao Qiang its impressive energy and staying power?

回来的路上，我们谈到了老腔，我说：“它亢奋激越，充满阳刚之美的唱腔，能把人带到古战场上那长枪大戟，刀光剑影，人喊马嘶，气吞山河，鸣金收兵，四顾苍茫的境地，能让人看到陕人的刚强性格，雄强心态。我喜欢！”妈妈说；“其声腔充满刚直高亢，磅礴豪迈的气魄，穿透力极强；其唱法非常追求自在随性的痛快感，听起来颇有关西大汉咏唱大江东去的味道。我喜欢！”旁边的老爷爷搭腔说：“老腔的音乐古朴悲壮，沉稳浑厚，粗犷豪放，为古老之遗响；它浓缩了黄河文明的原生态；它不是说出来的，不是唱出来的，也不是念出来的，它是这些人用生活的阅历和底蕴，用全身的热血、用深入骨髓的爱吼出来的，每次都让我深受震撼。我爱了几十年啦！”的确，这千年苍凉悲壮的老腔延续了一代又一代，让多少人魂牵梦绕啊！

On the trip back from the theater, we got to talking more about Lao Qiang theater. I remarked at how the show' s energy and vigorous vocals could transport audiences back in time to China' s epic battles and the experience of bitter, hand-to-hand clashes between armies. It revealed the



ruggedly strong and tenacious character of the people of Shaanxi. “I loved it!” I said. Mom replied that the performance was “upright and sonorous,



majestic in character, and powerfully penetrating and that its singing style reflects the joyful impulsiveness that typifies the people of China's northwestern provinces. I loved it!" My grandfather then joined in, saying, "the music of Lao Qiang is simple yet moving, dignified and sonorous, and rough and unconstrained. It is," he added "a nostalgic echo from our past. It encapsulates the original cultural ecology of the Yellow River. It is more than narrative and more than song. It is a testimony to personal experience performed with heart and soul ... with every ounce of the performers' energy. It never fails to touch me deeply and I've loved Lao Qiang for decades!" Truly, this majestic art form has passed from generation to generation, touching countless along the way.

就在那一天我与老腔结缘。此后的一天，我随妈妈走进了演出中那位须发斑白的老人——王振中爷爷的家，顺利地通过了考核，很荣幸地成为了他的嫡传弟子。手抚月琴一年多了，在爷爷严厉的说教声中，在他手把手的教导下，我一遍遍地拨动两根琴弦，期望弹出那摄人魂魄，无法抗拒的旋律；在他一音一符的教唱示范中，我反复揣摩老腔的神韵。今天，在他又一次的电话问询中，我再一次感受到他的关爱、他对老腔传承的担忧和对我的迫切希望，耳畔似乎又回响起他的千古绝唱《人面桃花》——“去年今日此门中，人面桃花相映红。人面不知何处去，桃花依旧笑春风.....”不觉潸然泪下.....连忙怀抱月琴，坐到窗前.....

Soon after this first experience with Lao Qiang, I went with my mother to the home of Wang Zhenzhong, the white-haired four-stringed banjo player. I passed his evaluation and became his apprentice. After practicing the banjo for over a year under Wang's strict, hands-on tutelage, I gradually learned to play those alluringly moving melodies on a two-stringed fiddle.



Following my master' s example, I practiced again and again those magic old Lao Qiang tunes. Today, his phone call once again reminded me of his concern for me, of his worries about the future of Lao Qiang theater, and of the hopes he has invested in me. Memories of him singing "Peach Blossom Face" flooded back into my mind -- "Last year today on this very doorstep, a face and a peach blossom shone as one. While the face is now gone, the peach blossom smiles once more in the spring breeze ..." Tears streamed uncontrollably down my cheek. I pulled my fiddle tightly to my chest and sat down by the window ...

#### 專家評語一

以车站八个塑像入手，引老腔出场，将华阳老腔的由来、特色，透过文字的介绍与唱词，娓娓道来，丰富活泼。继而融入亲身经历，将老腔薪传的感动张力，拉到了文章的最高处，画下一道美好的文化风光。

#### Reviewer I

The flow of the narrative, starting from eight statues in front of the station and progressing through the Lao Qiang performance and the story of its origins, is pleasingly comprehensive and vibrant. The author further adds his own experience, introducing the idea of sustaining this art form for the enjoyment of future generations at the conclusion to provide this essay with a beautifully relevant cultural angle.



## 專家評語二

一、华山广场上的铜像雕塑，是浑然天成的艺术杰作，也代表着陕西的亮点「华阳老腔」传统文化。作者除了介绍老腔技艺的历史渊源、表演模式，还深究说唱技巧及各种角色、乐器演奏。一次观看戏曲，舞台上唱戏的农民淋漓尽致地演绎故事，以生命的呐喊演出，深深震撼人心。为延续苍凉悲壮的老腔，作者更是拜师学习，反复揣摩，对老腔的喜爱溢于言表。

二、本篇题材选取特别，以戏曲文化表现当地特色，令人耳目一新。

## Reviewer II

1) The collection of statues in front of Huashan Station is both an exceptional work of public art and a spotlight symbol of Shaanxi's Lao Qiang performance theater heritage. In addition to introducing the historical background and performance stylings, the author carefully explains the vocalization techniques and various roles and musical instruments involved. Attending a performance impressed the author in terms of the vigor with which the troupe's farmer-actors presented the stories and the intensity that they invested in their performance art. To help ensure the survival of this living art form, the author became a performer's apprentice, repeatedly practicing musical numbers and investing her love of Lao Qiang in her performances.

2) The unique topic of this essay highlights heritage theater as facet of local character. Engagingly innovative.



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