

西部故事
原创作品大赛
第八届白金奖作品集

Collection of Platinum Awards of the 8th 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 2020 年第八届的白金奖作品，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 8th West China Story Original Writing Competition of 2020. 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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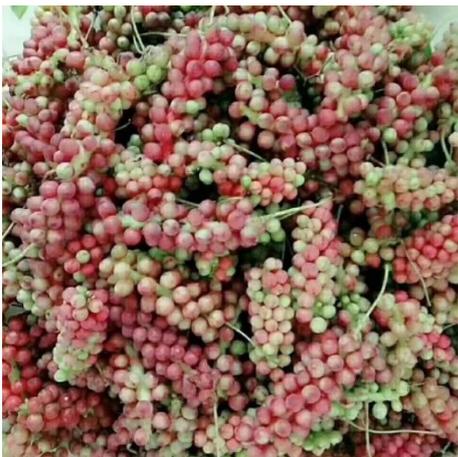


五味子·五味

The Five Flavors of the Magnolia Berry

高中组 白金奖 陕西北县宁陕中学 阮绍鑫

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酸甜苦辣咸，是人生的主味，亦是食物的主味。然我家乡的一种药材、水果它五味兼具——五味子。宋朝名医苏颂这样形容五味子：五味之皮肉，初酸后甘，甘少酸多，其核先辛后苦，辛少苦多，然俱带咸味，大约五味咸具之中，酸为胜，苦次之，故有五味子之名。对于现在的人们来说，提起五味子，会想到什么？不外乎是一种水果、药材。但对靠山而存的农民来说，它更多的作用是可为人们带来经济效益。

Sour, sweet, bitter, spicy, and salty are the flavors that both season life and bring delicious diversity to food. The fruit of the magnolia vine, a medicinal plant that grows in my home region, reflects all five of these flavors. The famous Song Dynasty physician Su Song described this fruit, writing "The skin and flesh of the magnolia berry is initially acidic before surrendering its sweetness, with the sweet notes mild relative to the sour. The pit, spicy at first, gives way to bitterness, with bitter notes eclipsing the spicy. There is a



hint of saltiness in the experience as well. This fruit, which touches all points on the flavor palate and in which sour and bitter notes dominate, is known as the 'five-flavor' fruit." Today, most people think of the magnolia berry as a fresh fruit or an ingredient in traditional Chinese medicine. However, for upland farmers, magnolia berries are a valuable economic resource that can be processed and used in many ways.

“七八个星天外，两三点雨山前”，一棵棵五味子苗木夜间贪婪地吮吸着大自然馈赠的甘露，白天晒足阳光。它们舒展枝条，在周遭伸延。一串串如绿豆般大小的绿果日渐饱满，雨点儿一来，就调皮地捉起迷藏。等五味子渐渐长熟，绿果都变成了红果，捏起来软软的而富有弹性。远远望去，绿色的藤蔓托着一串串红果，格外醒目。再走近一看，在阳光的照耀下，它那绿如翡翠的茎上就像镶着一颗颗红玛瑙，令人垂涎，舍不得入口。



“Under a darkened sky set with stars, droplets of rain fall beneath the mountain.” Rows of magnolia vine saplings feed greedily upon nature's nurturing nectar by night and soak in the sunshine by day. They unfold their tendrils and spread outward. Clusters of green-pea-like berries get fuller by the day and, when rains come to call, they delight in a mischievously merry game of hide-and-seek. As they ripen, these berries turn from green to red, becoming soft and supple. Field upon field of green vines hung with clusters of ripe, red berries are truly a sight to see. Up close in the sunlight, these berries, couched in jadeite-green leaves, appear as artfully arranged



bundles of polished red agate beads - each one a masterpiece, making one reluctant to eat.



每年公历八月，五味子成熟的时节。家家户户就会上山找寻它。采摘过早或过晚都会对五味子的商品质量和经济效益产生影响。为此，农民们每天都会去山上看五味子的成熟情况。看完之后，又自我安慰道：没成熟也没关系，再等等

吧，再等等卖个好价钱。但农民可不会空手而归的，挑几颗泛红的果摘下来丢进嘴里，一咬，便“嘣”的一声裂开了，少许汁水流出，有些苦却又夹杂着一丝甜，有些酸却又有着一缕咸，回味时还带着辛辣。

With the arrival of magnolia berry season each August, all head to the hills in search of a bountiful harvest. Because picking either too early or too late will harm the quality and value of final magnolia berry products, farmers check daily on ripening progress. In their fields, the farmers regularly console themselves, saying “Not ripe enough yet, but no problem. Waiting a bit longer will ensure I fetch the best price.” But each trip is never in vain. Before leaving the farmers always pop a few berries in their mouth, biting down with a pop that releases a small burst of juice onto the tongue. Its complex flavor profile is distinctly bitter with a hint of sweet and sour with a hint of saltiness, with an unmistakably spicy aftertaste.



从山上采摘回来后，一般都会选择晒干卖，因为所做的工序较多，相应的最后价格就会高一点。摘回来后，先把五味子洗一道，然后再焯水，以保证晒干后五味子的色泽好一些。但农民可不是只干那一件活儿的。于是，拥有广大智慧的农民们想到了一种事半功倍的方法。利用好的天气，将五味子用薄膜在地上捂着，太阳晒着，同样可以达到焯水的效果，还省去了不少事情。



Once harvested, most magnolia berries are dried in the sun. This multistage process produces dried berries that fetch higher market prices. The harvested berries are first washed and then blanched to better retain their color through the drying process. But this isn't the only way to do it. Wise farmers have come up with a way to get the same results with just half the effort. On good-weather days, magnolia berries are folded between layers of plastic film and set out to dry. This achieves the same effect as water blanching with significantly less work.



接下来就是晾晒。在晾晒的期间里，还要时不时地翻动它们，避免晒得不均匀，成色不好。晒在上面的太干，五味子的斤两就会减少；晒在下面的较潮，堆放在一起则容易发霉，造成很大的经济损失。要想晒出正宗的暗棕色，这可



真是个细心活儿。晒干之后，还不能够出售，要将果实与茎儿分开。这可是个麻烦活儿，别看只有那么一小簸箕，要将其分开干净，没有半天可是拿不下的。

In the sun, the berries need to be regularly turned over to ensure even drying and optimal color. If not careful, the berries on top will desiccate and weigh less for sale, while those on the bottom will stay damp, which could lead to mold and a big loss in value. Obtaining perfectly sundried, evenly brown berries takes great care. But even after all this, the dried berries aren't yet ready for sale. The remaining stems still need to be removed. This too is not as easy as it sounds. A good half day of hard work is the minimum necessary to achieve clean, market-ready berries.

农民在对五味子做这些事的时候，其实就是对五味子味道最好的诠释。五味子初熟时，农民面对它那种爱而不得摘的“酸”；五味子用薄膜捂着等同于焯水时，农民在大太阳底下查看是否焯好时的“辛”；五味子晾晒时，农民对它翻动仔细的“咸”；五味子分果实和茎儿时，农民面对它的“苦”；五味子出售时，农民拿到人民币时的“甜”。



Through this process, farmers are themselves expressing the full, multifaceted flavor potential of magnolia berries. Farmers 'sourly' wait in anticipation of the harvest. Under the sun, they experience the 'spicy' agitation of tending to their film-wrapped berries. Next, they must delve into the 'salty' details of turning berries to dry them evenly. The 'bitter' job



of painstakingly removing stems comes next followed, finally, by the 'sweetness' of making the sale in exchange for hard-earned currency in hand.



如果你想更好地、更深入地品尝五味子的味道，就到秦岭山脚下——我的家乡来，与当地的农民一起切身得感受五味子的味道、人生的五味。

If you want to experience for yourself the exceptional flavors of the magnolia berry, please come to my hometown in the Qinling foothills. Share with the villagers here the authentic taste of these berries and the authentic flavors of life.

专家评语一

以秦岭山脚的一种同俱药材与水果性质的五味子为题材，阐述该果实的酸、苦滋味，以及农民辛苦种植、采收、焯水及晾晒的酸辛咸苦甜诸般过程，文字深刻动人，颇富人生况味。

Reviewer I

The author uses magnolia berries, an herbal ingredient and fresh fruit grown on the slopes of Qinling, as the subject of this essay. The sour and bitter flavors of this fruit are presented alongside the 'five-flavors' that saturate the hard work of growing, harvesting, blanching, and drying these



berries. The narrative is emotionally moving and portrays the multifaceted flavors of life.

专家评语二

以家乡特产为题扣合活动主题，巧妙以五味子对应人生五味，文意集中，行文流利，关怀家乡农人生活惜其辛酸汗水，然最终仍得享人生甜味，图文相映，文情动人。

Reviewer II

The author, focusing on a hometown specialty product in this essay, compares the five flavors of the magnolia berry to the 'five flavors' of life. The story is tight, the narrative flows smoothly, and the subject evokes compassion for the difficulties of farming life while showing the sweetness that can be earned from diligence and hard work. The picture and text work well together, and the story is warmly touching.



悠悠板茅草

Swaying Sedge

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Fu Bin, High School Group, Cangxi Vocational Senior High School,
Sichuan Province

“板茅草，长得高，一到秋天飞毛毛。”

——白鹤儿歌

I Sedge grass, sedge grass, oh so tall; sending your tufts to flight every fall.

——White Crane children's song



巴蜀之地，茅草遍野：近至房前屋后、田间地头，远及迢迢长路、山野丛

林，无一处不生茅草。茅草，俗称板茅草，是老百姓最亲切的自然伙伴。古往今来，一代又一代的草野村民靠着这生满板茅草的土地、靠着这土地上漫山遍野的板茅草，燃起了热腾腾的人间烟火。

Grassy areas are ubiquitous in Sichuan. Grass is as close as in the yard of your house and in the pathways between fields and as far as in distant valleys and mountain woodlands. Sedge grass is one of the oldest and dearest companions of the people in my hometown. Since ancient



times, its residents have relied upon this land and its grassy bounty, creating in the process a life brimming with vim and vigor.

板茅草春生秋死。

Spring beginnings, Autumn endings.

春天，荒凉的土地里冒出了板茅草的嫩芽，尖细且硬。一眼望去，像是林立了一片小小的笋尖。慢慢地，嫩芽爆开，抽出了密密麻麻的叶片——那叶片干净青翠，约一指宽，越长越长、越长越茂盛，形成了一片绿色的壁垒。



In spring, barren land gives way to delicate yet stiff sedge shoots that, at a casual glance, can be easily mistaken for the tips of young bamboo shoots. As they grow slowly skyward, they unfurl an array of leaves that are freshly green and about the width of a finger. With time, these grasses grow larger and more luxuriant, ultimately coming together into a dense wall of green.

清晨，鸡鸣刚响，睡意正浓，却不得不在祖祖的吆喝声里翻身下床——该要和她出坡了：她去务农；我呢，则牵着我家那头老水牛缓缓行进于高高的田垄之上。

At the break of dawn, when the first cock crows and I still want to continue dreaming, calls from my Grandma pry me reluctantly from my slumber to accompany her into the hills – she to tend her fields and me to lead our family cow to the highland terraces.



嫩绿的板茅草是牛的最爱。牛伸出长长的舌头，把板茅草拦腰横着一卷，往口中一拉，再合嘴用牙齿一咬，板茅草就变成它的口中餐了。牛横搓着下巴嚼着这清晨的盛宴，板茅草在它嘴里噌噌作响……在牛嘴收割经过的地方，板茅草就只剩下一簇簇短短的草根。新草初

斩，青草的芬芳便在这湿漉漉的早晨飘散开来。探鼻深深一吸，那芬芳顿时渗透五脏六腑，让人从头到脚整个人都通透了……

Our cow loves grazing on tender young sedge shoots, wrapping its tongue midriff around a grassy clump, pulling it mouth-ward, and chomping it into bits – a delicious meal. The cow's chewing is a soothingly familiar sound. The already grazed areas are completely bereft of their grassy stands, with only short stalks remaining. The smell of cut grass wafts through the early morning air. A deep breath sends its inviting aroma to all of my waiting senses, thoroughly invigorating me from head to toe.

夏天，走在田间地头，一眼望去，田埂上、山坡上，一片碧绿，那便是板茅草了。一阵风过，板茅草便随风起伏，宛如一片波涛翻滚的碧绿的海面。走到草势茂盛的地方，找一处位置躺下，沐浴着微风，闻着板茅草的芬芳，听着耳边沙沙的声音，不由得觉得这便是我最惬意的时光。





A walk through these fields in summer leads me into a mountainous landscape of verdant green. The wind sets waves in motion, undulating across an emerald sea. I waded into a luxuriant meadow and find a spot to lie down, 'bathing' in the gentle breeze, breathing in its grassy fragrance, and listening to the grassland rustle. This is truly one of life's best moments.



夏天的板茅草还是我那时得以在朋友面前炫技的利器——扯下一个叶片，沿着叶梗把两边的软叶撕离一半，将叶梗放于食指之上，再将两片软叶合捏于食指之下用力一拉，那叶梗便会像箭一样飞出去。

Summer sedge also gave me something to show off to my

friends. Taking one sedge leaf, I would remove the tender surface halfway down its stem, then hold the stem with my index finger. I'd then bend two other leaves with my index finger, pull, and send the stem flying like an arrow into the air.



秋天来了，板茅草该要散播种子了，每一簇板茅草中间都会伸出一个长枝，在长枝的顶部萦绕着一串白白的“棉花”——这白白的“棉花”其实就是它的种子们了。秋风一吹，那些小小的种子便随风四起、飘向远方，开始了属于它们的新征程。



With the coming of autumn, sedge grass prepares to release its gossamer seeds into the wind.

A long stem protrudes from every stalk, each capped with a billowy cluster of 'cotton' that holds a myriad of seeds. Windy gusts spread these seeds in all directions, near and far, ready to write the next chapter in the sedge grass story.

送走自己的孩子，板茅草便慢慢开始苍老、干枯，褪去青翠，换上了遍野的金装。这时，大多数村里人都会选择将它们齐刷刷割掉，捆成捆背回家。我的祖



祖也不例外。祖祖割草的时候，我就在旁边玩，玩累了就躺在祖祖的草堆上休息。童子的玩心促使我依然去玩板茅草箭，可秋天的板茅草不像夏天那时柔软，我一拉，便将手指划破了。看我哇哇直哭，祖祖便会捏着我的手指

轻轻一吹，唱道：“芝麻官，喝酒酒，酒酒喝了咬手手.....”

Its progeny now safely away, sedge starts to wither and dry. Its eye-catching



green fades to sandy brown. This is when many in the village, including Grandma, set out to harvest these stalks. I accompanied her into the fields then too, playing by her side and resting on beds of freshly cut straw. Playful to a fault, I once tried to make my signature sedge 'arrow' with autumn sedge. But the stems were much stiffer than in the summer and, when I pulled, it gave me a painful cut on my finger. As I bawled inconsolably, Grandma pinched my wounded finger, gave it a gentle blow of air, and chanted a little ditty: "Sesame king, Drin king king. Tippy, tippy, bite your hand ..."

不知为何，那时听到祖祖唱这首歌，我便笑起来，忘了方才的疼痛了。

I don't know why, but hearing Grandma's song made me burst into laughter, and the pain quickly vanished.



夕阳西下，祖祖背上装满板茅草的背篓，牵着我的手回家。我跟着她缓缓前行，空中回荡着她那“芝麻官，喝酒酒，酒酒喝了咬手手”，我的笑声也紧随其后.....

Late in the afternoon, Grandma took my hand and we headed for home, her back loaded high with straw. As we walked, the air echoed with the words "Sesame king, Drin king king. Tippy, tippy, bite your hand" interspersed with my appreciative, chortling laughter.

板茅草背回来晒干，分成两份。一份用作翻补灶房。那时家家户户都流行搭



靠着歇屋建一个板茅草偏棚，作灶房之用。“客客来，客客坐，茅草棚棚吃果

果”——这是我们儿时最爱唱的童谣了，几个玩伴牵手拉成一圈，兴高采烈、边跳边唱，声音稚嫩而又清脆。祖祖端着笊箕坐在茅草棚棚旁，一边淘米洗菜，一边笑盈盈地望着我们.....

Back at home, the straw was dried and separated into two piles. One of the piles was set aside for making repairs to the 'stove house'. Back then, it was popular with many in our village to build a small room against the house for the kitchen stove.

“Come in friends, sit right down, let's eat fruit in the straw lean-to” was a popular childhood song of ours. We'd hold hands, form a circle, dance exuberantly, and warble away in our youthful, melodious voices. Grandma, holding a basket, would sit outside the stove house, washing vegetables and casting sparkling smiles our way.

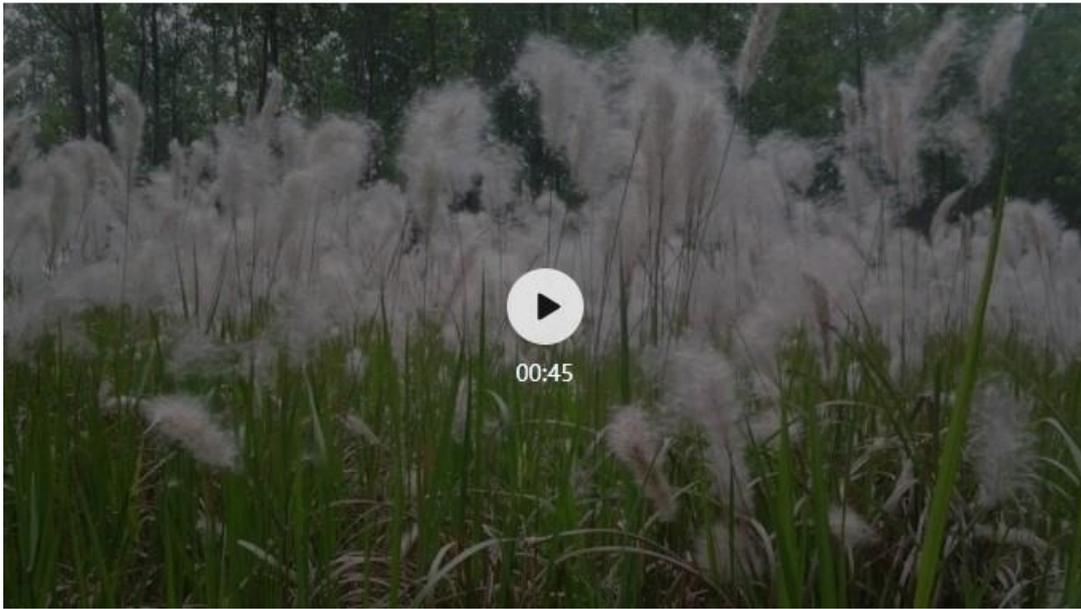
剩下的则径直背到牛圈门口，等着往牛圈上面架——那是我家那头牛过冬的口粮。

The second pile of straw was delivered straight to the barn and stored in the loft. It would be kept in reserve, ready to feed the family cow over the coming winter.

至此，板茅草叶便结束了它今年的使命。板茅草根还留在山上，它们在寒冬的土里静待来年的新生。



Although its stems and leaves are now spent and withered, sedge remains securely rooted in mountain soils, prepared to wait out the cold winter and emerge anew in the spring.



时代的烟尘散尽，当我重返故乡，在我老家那高高的山梁上，已听不到有关板茅草的儿歌，看不到黄褐色的茅草棚，甚而连吃草的牛都难得一见了.....我噙着泪水，唯见祖坟头那青葱的板茅草，绵延至整个大山，于飒飒山风之中，向我招手致意。

Time ineffably changes all in its path. In my family's hometown now, the once-so-familiar children's songs about sedge grass no longer ring through the hills. The stove houses covered in sandy-brown sedge have disappeared as well. Even those sedge-hungry cows of my youth are now few and far between. My eyes brim with tears, tinged with nostalgic regret. I am consoled only by the familiar sight of endless fields of emerald-green sedge



waving to me in the wind, extending from my Grandma's grave up into the mountains beyond.

專家評語一

藉由微不足道、乡野百姓最亲切的板茅草，小题大作、冷笔淡写。

Reviewer I

The author has written a deftly crafted work around the humble and easily overlooked, yet familiar facet of rural life, sedge grass.

專家評語二

茅草，在某些人的眼中，是影响蔬菜生长的害草，有的喷洒杀草剂，有的用锄头挖除，必去之而后快，茅草屋更是贫穷的表征。然而，在作者浪漫、唯美、空灵和温暖的笔触下，茅草既是美的化身，也是农家最好的朋友，这篇作品呈现的不仅仅是茅草的美，更是心美！心美了，什么都美了！

Reviewer II

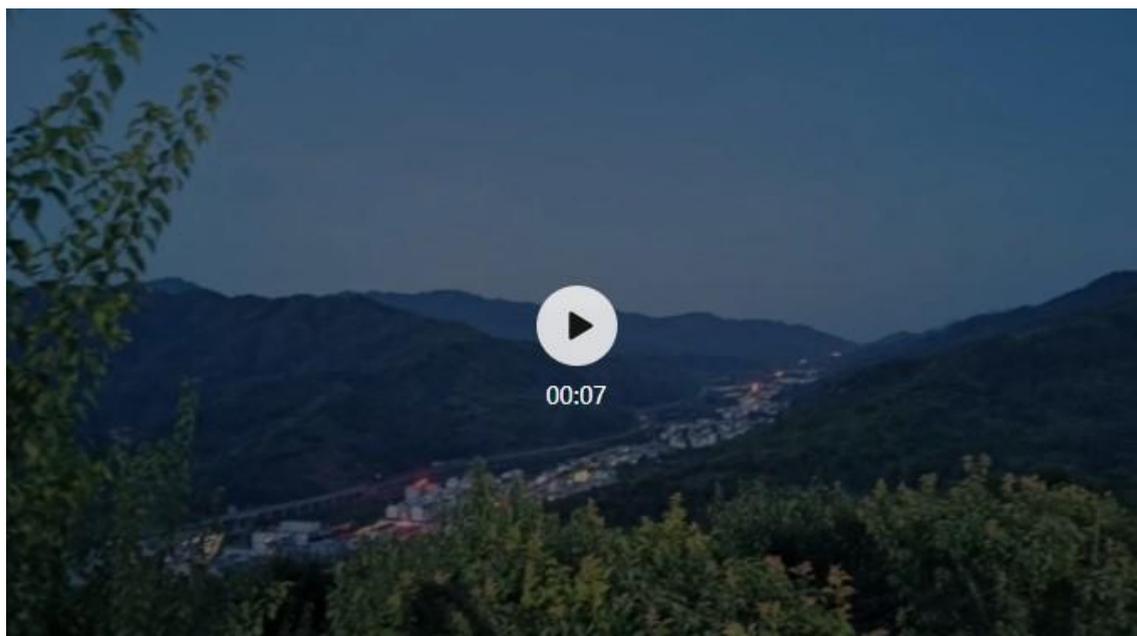
For some, sedge is an invasive weed threatening productive farmland that deserves to be dug up or sprayed with pesticides. Moreover, houses with sedge-straw roofs are often derided as symbols of poverty. However, the author here, in a narrative flowing with love, beauty, vivacity, and warmth, has recast sedge as a symbol of goodness and beauty and as a companion and friend of the farmer. More than the beauty of sedge, this story is about beauty within the heart. With a beautiful heart, all can be beautiful!



西部故事原创作品大赛
第八届白金奖作品集

记南山之巅登行 Memories of a Trip to the Summit of Nan Mountain

初中组 白金奖 陕西江口中学 阮班芑
Ruan Banpeng, Middle School Group, Jiangkou Middle School, Ankang
City, Shaanxi Province



残月·群山·车灯·薄雾·

Waning moon, distant hills, headlights, and gossamer mist.

我和爸爸沿 210 国道向秦岭山顶蜿蜒北行。繁星未去，山路幽静，远山如重



墨，难辨其形，只见其廓。

My father and I wove steadily northward on Highway 210 toward the Qinling mountains. Under a sky still brimming with stars, following a mountain road peaceful and quiet, the dark outline of distant mountains loomed ahead.

一路上除了一闪而过的车灯，能看清的只有群山之中高大的古树——秦岭冷杉，它们披着黄色的外衣尽情在风中摇曳，“沙沙”的风声触景心生，好像我也在飒爽的秋风中慢慢陶醉。挺拔秀丽的秦岭冷杉在车灯的照耀下显得神洁无瑕，好似隐居于此的孤傲诗人，在此把酒临风，谈诗论道，快乐而又自由。



At this hour, aside from the ephemeral light of passing cars, only ancient stands of Shensi fir on those mountains could be clearly seen. I watched them in their distinctive coats of yellow swaying in the wind, their soothing rustling resonating with my soul, seemingly inviting me to lose myself too in the brisk autumn breeze. In our headlights, these majestic fir trees seemed unapproachably pure and flawless, like reclusive poets sequestered in their mountain hideaway, reveling in wine and deep discussion – happy and free.

天色见亮，我向窗外望去，黎明的阳光逐渐洒入大地，天空中没有一片云彩，并发出一种神奇的黛色，那一定是湛蓝深远的天空在展示它宏大的身躯之前



的插曲。周围是片片黄叶满身的树林，微风轻拂，黄叶随风摇摆，在日光的照耀下如同一片金浪在翻江倒海。

As dawn slowly broke, I saw through the window the light of day begin to brighten the surrounding landscape. The cloudless sky overhead was still tinged in inky black – a lingering memory of the dark night only just swept away by morning's cerulean glow. The surrounding forests, carpeted in golden-yellow leaves, swayed in the breeze, their leaves shimmering under the morning sun like ripples on a choppy sea.

车道两边是一排排成龙的汽车，拥挤的人群暂停了我们前进的路，爸爸看着



这疯乐的人群也无奈的玩笑到：“看来早起的鸟儿也不一定有虫吃啊！”冷杉林中，前面的人在树荫下休息，后面的人在追逐嬉戏，这是远方的客人来此游玩。而冷杉也在尽地主之谊，用自己秀美的身姿接待游客，此时的冷杉一点儿也不“冷”，更像一位长者，与自己的孩子们玩闹。人啊！总以为最美在他

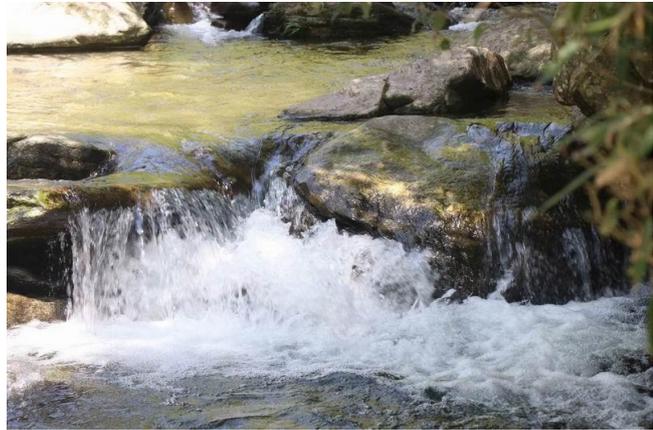
乡，其实不然，最美的永远是自己的故乡！

Progress along the road, now crowded with cars in both directions, began to slow. My father, seeing our journey joined by so many happy travelers, let out a resigned chuckle. “Looks like the early bird doesn't always get the worm!” he said. In the fir forest, people were everywhere, resting in its welcoming shadow and engaging in outdoor fun. People had come from



far and wide, and the fir forest was playing an elegant, graceful host. The fir trees today were anything but 'cold'. They were like doting elders joining in the fun with their children. How silly people can be, constantly searching for beauty in faraway places. No! Home is where beauty shines brightest!

穿过人群，时间也来到了早晨，洵河畅快的流淌在山间，在日光的照耀下犹如一条闪耀着的银龙，时而静卧，时而飞奔。河道旁矗立着巨石，像一尊尊沉睡的巨人，默默的守护这里。许久我才从惬意的景色中醒来。平直的大道变成了蜿蜒的盘山公路，茂密的树林也已经慢慢消失了，洵河也不知什么时候不见了踪影，周围的山开始变得十分险峻，让人望而生畏。一座座山好像是有用利剑将，山劈开似的，擎天矗立。真是“噫吁嚱，危乎高哉”啊。



We leave the crowds behind as we press forward through the morning. The Xun River snakes through this mountainous land, appearing in the sunlight like a silver dragon, at one turn cagily placid, at another bursting with untamed energy. The giant stones that fringe this river appear as sleeping giants – stolid guardians of the Xun. When I finally pry myself away from the passing scenery, I notice that our once-straight highway has morphed into a twisting, turning mountain road and that forests have begun thinning out. I'm not even sure when we left the Xun River behind. We are now in a landscape capped by sharply peaked ridgelines. A chill shoots up my spine.



These jagged peaks look as if they could have been hewn with a mighty sword. Truly, a warning to all who dare to trespass.

上午十点，我们终于到达了南山之巅。打开车门清凉的空气席卷而来，瞬间

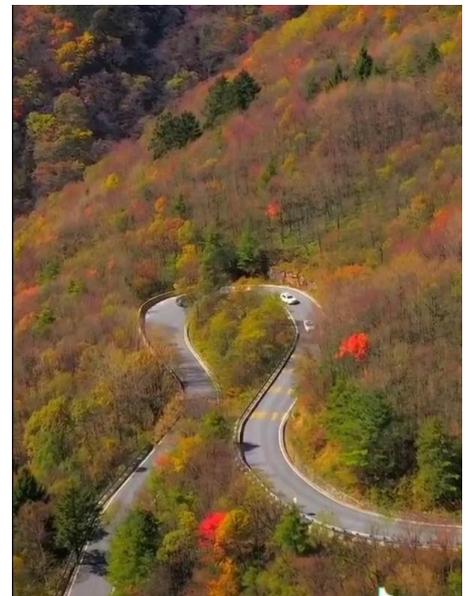


洗刷掉了我一身的疲倦之感。爸爸开始开辟营地，而我拿好相机，便来到秦岭顶边。

We finally arrived at 10:00 at the summit of Nanshan. A brisk wind greeted me as I opened the car door, sweeping away my travel fatigue in an instant. Dad dove

right into the task of setting up camp, while I, camera in hand, walked up to the Qinling ridgeline.

向前远眺，山谷之中云雾缥缈好似是一位害羞的少女，用轻纱遮挡了它美丽的面容，云雾变化无穷，不可琢磨，一会儿似一条盘在山间的龙，一会儿好似翻滚的海水，一会又好似千军万马在战场上厮杀……向后看去，截然不同的景色映入眼帘：一片金色的海洋，在日光下熠熠生辉、一条银色的丝绸静默在其中，几户人家星星碎碎散落在里面，显得安静祥和。一山之隔竟有两种不同的景色，真是“阴阳割昏晓”啊！



Gazing into the distance, the ephemeral mists cloaking the valley remind



me of a bashful maiden wearing a diaphanous veil to conceal her beautiful face. In my mind's eye, the ever-changing sea of clouds below forms successive images of a slithering dragon, a roiling sea, and a 1,000-strong cavalry heading into battle. Turning around, a wholly different scene greets my eyes. A golden sea sparkles under the sun, cut placidly down the middle by a silken thread bounded by a sprinkling of houses along each side – dreamily picturesque! Two valleys, so close yet so different. Truly “A marvel wrought by the hand of nature, dominating both light and shade.”

一张张美景被我永远定格在相机中。此时爸爸手拿几颗“红豆”出现在我面



前，我不有些诧异，爸爸见状便笑着说：“这是红豆杉的果子，来尝尝。”我接过爸爸手中的“红豆”，放入嘴中，一阵清甜爆发出来，舌尖中充斥着幸福的味道。此时我不禁感慨到：好一个大秦岭啊！其实，苍穹之下何处无山，何处无树，何处又无景呢？但少用心观景者罢了！

I photographed these scenes and securely stored them in my camera. My father approached, showing me several 'red beans' in his open hand. Dad laughed at the surprised look on my face, saying “These are fir tree seeds. Taste them.” I took the 'red beans' from his hand and popped them into my mouth. They lit my tongue up with their crisp sweetness and lingering flavor of contented happiness. Emotion welled up inside of me. Such a wonder is Qinling! However, upon deeper reflection, mountains, forests,



and scenic vistas abound in this world of ours. There are simply too few who take the time to notice!

專家評語一

虽然全文是在写山区风景，但作者文字流畅，对于景色有细致的捕捉和呈现，就像是一张张美丽的风景明信片。

Reviewer I

The author's fluid writing style captures and presents the finer points of the mountain scenery that is at the center of this narrative. The work reads like a beautifully scenic postcard.

專家評語二

用具有灵性的眼睛观看登山途中种种，举凡山林风光，与客途所见，一一印在心上，潇洒又清明。风雅的修辞与细致的感受兼具，是一篇大开大阖的作品。

Reviewer II

The author adopts an introspective perspective on a journey into the mountains in this essay, describing richly and clearly the diverse scenery and fellow travelers encountered along the way. Elegantly refined prose and details abound. Truly a boldly written and deftly executed work.



黄河 霓裳

Yellow River's Coat of Many Colors

初中组 白金奖 陕西渭南市前进路初级中学 李佳璇

Li Jiaxuan, Junior High School Group, Qianjinlu Junior High School Group,
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青云白衣·举长矢兮·黄河滚滚·轻转菱花·漫赏雪飘·将一腔春风荡漾之意、苍茫壮阔之姿·化作涛涛的磅礴气势。



Clothed in sky-blue and white, aim the long arrow; The roiling Yellow River delicately spins caltrop flowers; Linger to enjoy the falling snow; Transform anxious bluster into enduring majesty.

群山竞色·物情潇洒·春寒点缀了云深不知处的归路·也映衬了黄河的天上之水。堰塞悠悠·云卷云舒·却丝毫不能夺了黄河的主。

黄河·你坚守本心·以群山做臂膀·托起泱泱中华·以生命之源哺育中华儿女！

Mountains in beautiful contention, scenes of presumptive assuredness; Spring's chill adorns the mist-cloaked road that leads back home. Aloof and distant, clouds billow and disperse, failing utterly to outshine the Yellow River. Oh, Yellow River, stolidly holding your ground with mountains as your mighty arms, you exalt China and nourish her children!



悠久的驼铃，淙淙的流水，一路滔滔不绝地前行。犹如我们追梦的脚步，朦胧的，却不曾停歇；又如霓裳一舞，轻轻地靠近了我的心房，浑厚而古老的音质，打击着我的耳膜。

Age-old camel bells, the gurgle of flowing water, each pressing incessantly onward. It is like our persistent pursuit of vaguely formed dreams or like a brilliantly festooned dance, touching gently upon my heart with a sonorous, ancient voice reverberating in my ears.



泼墨

Daubs of Ink

一笔凌空挥毫，苍劲地勾勒出凌厉群山的棱角，传承着一代绝延的风骨。灼灼风华，皆由黄河之波腾云泼墨；纵观今古，起自巴颜喀拉山的声音回旋。万千风姿入眼，化作了丹青妙手笔下的落寞。面对黄河，世界悄然，云过雾消，风烟俱静。悠久的浪花打转，梦过五千年的轮回，终是血脉深处墨水一样浓烈的传承。中原初曙的仰韶，六千年前的伊甸园，打造黄河流域中心城市，黄河的用笔墨在中华大地发出美丽的霓裳。



Deft whirls of the brush boldly evince the outline of majestic mountains, sustaining the flames of heritage across the generations. This brilliant legacy, brought to life in Yellow River's turbid flow. For countless millennia,



its voice has echoed in its origin in the Bayan Har Mountains. Its sumptuous setting has inspired master artists to depict such desolate, lonely landscapes. Looking over the Yellow River, the world seems softly silent. With clouds passed, mists dispersed, and winds calmed, all is quiet. Timeless whitecaps churn as they have across five millennia. Their heritage runs as deep as that of inks. The Yangshao of the ancient Central Plain, China's 'Eden' of 6,000 years past, built there cities here along the Yellow River. The ink of this river created the beautiful coat that define this, the center of Chinese civilization.

咆哮

Thunderous Roar

条条流水碧云天，走过歧路，沧海茫茫，嘶啼，咆哮，虎啸龙吟，不及你万分之一。汹涌的你扼守天堑急湍，壶口奔腾，你豪迈咆哮的气魄刺入苍穹。举止远眺，山河错落，苦寒之际，苍茫萧瑟，千年成王败寇，英雄的慨叹，皆归黄土。在这黄河深埋葬了多少意难平，那咆哮的河水，要是将千骨爱恨爆发出来吗？苍苔滑落轩辕台，神灵是信仰，黄河亦是救赎！



You flow beneath a cloud filled sky and rush pell-mell across the land, even the vociferously churning deep blue sea can't hold a candle to you. Your awesome power holds sway over the plunging Tianqian and the surging Hukou Waterfalls. Your thunderous roar shakes the heavens. Your far reach cuts across mountains and across vast and barren terrain that has for



centuries made kings, vanquished invaders, and frustrated heroes. How many irreconcilable differences lie buried in your deepest depths? Is the roar of your flowing waters the echo of the unrequited passions of countless souls across time? Moss washes off the Xuanyuan tableland; the divine is religion; and the Yellow River is salvation!.

孤光东逝，那苍黄的河水带着咆哮之声，舞动岁月浓缩的霓裳。



As light fades in the east, the thunderous noise of that vast belt of churning, yellow river water continues to move time's condensed brilliant coat.

揽尽

The Finale

自在栏边，看落日圆焉；激流滚滚，洗下一路的尘埃，漂去心中层层杂质。蓝天碧云，黄河霓裳，映入眼帘，便让眼中染上了情欲，便瞬间失了神。入夜，一览江河无恙，灯火璀璨，万千萤火汇入光的滚烫。山茶漫野，进而开入了心里，是黄河霓裳上美丽的点缀。

Watching the sunset at the railing, the roiling current washes away the dust of the journey and sweeps the cobwebs from my mind. The azure, cloud-filled sky and the Yellow River's gorgeous coat hove into view, eliciting within me a desire that temporarily takes me away from all else. At night, all remains well along the river, with countless lights flickering, making the entire scene glow. Fields carpeted in camellia enliven my spirit and add

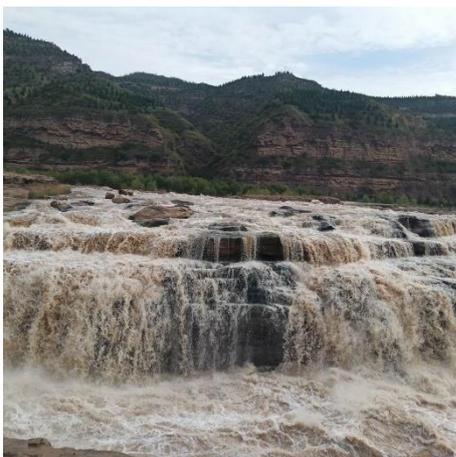


daubs of brilliant color to the Yellow River's finery.

红尘焉有渤海语，梦醒愿为黄河游，天涯地角，可曾有一丝遗忘？踏荆棘，汇小流，开辟鸿蒙，可曾有甚之？从不惊羡情侣携手而来，风花雪月，只是情意绵绵。灯火嫣然中，聆听静静地潺湲，搅尽夜晚黄河霓裳的浪漫。



Dead languages lay buried here in the red dust.
Wakened from their slumber they get carried away
on the Yellow River's flow. To the four corners of the earth, are memories truly everlasting? Through a myriad adversities, tributaries unite in harmony. Is this how it came about? Lovers come hand in hand. Wind, flowers, snow and the moon are the stuff of true romance. Under intoxicating lamplight, I listen to your soothingly gurgling flow that further accentuates your nighttime romantic airs.



独情

Devoted

走过时光，终是那情有独钟，大河从高山流入滚滚东海，流经的血脉里有中华之魂在心灵里澎湃。春风无限，杨柳催烟，凌乱无际的风还着黄河湿润的气息扑在了面前，打在了脸上，像母亲的吻。

Across space and time, it is truly a devoted affair. This great river rises in



distant, towering mountains and flows mightily into the Eastern Sea, brushing as it passes the heart and soul of the Chinese nation. Spring breezes, willow trees, and maelstroms rejuvenate and reinvigorate this river. Her splashes upon my cheeks are like a mother's loving kiss.

看黄河奔腾不息，看黄河经流不止，看那河水深处的波浪一个接着一个地涌来，我的心也一浪一浪地起伏。暮云合璧，金黄色的光铺在了河岸的沙上，踩着它，河边留下我许多青春的浅浅的脚印，带着我的爱，穿梭在这华夏之根的深处。巨浪打着花儿，深深映入我的眼帘，重影叠加，空气格外清凉。置身于这母亲河的怀抱，我放慢了呼吸，贪婪地闻着母亲河的独特气息，好似嫩嫩的小花柔柔地、蜷缩着、搅紧她的霓裳——母亲的怀抱最是香甜温暖。



I watch her surging might and endless vitality. The waves in her deep-set channels roiling forth one upon the other reverberate too in the depths of my soul. Evening clouds close ranks and the golden setting sun shines bright upon sandy riverside banks. Walking here reminds me of the countless footprints I have made here before, weaving my devoted passions into the very origins of Chinese culture. Whitecaps on the river are an impressive sight to behold. Superimposed one upon the other. The air is unusually clean and crisp. Here in the embrace of 'Mother River', I breathe easy, jealously inhaling her unique aromas. It's like cuddling up into the petals of a delicate, small flower. Nothing is as sweet and warm as a mother's loving embrace.



寒山渺远，我静静地看着爱着。生在这根上，站在这酣畅淋漓的转着轻快的腰肢、舞动美丽霓裳河边，我深知，梦想飞渡，闲潭映月，物换星移，都是我必



将经历的。滚滚黄河东逝水，青山一道同云雨，我必将以终身爱我黄河，护我中华无恙。路漫漫其修远，九万里风鹏鸟翱翔，我们的母亲河载着本心，凭着信念，舞动最美的霓裳！

I silently, lovingly look toward those distant, cold mountains.

Born from these selfsame roots, standing upon these lively, fast-moving limbs, enlivening all that it passes, I truly understand that dreams are fleeting, lakes shine by moonlight, and all things inevitably change. The Yellow River's mighty flows pass on into the east and rainclouds replenish verdant mountains. I shall love the Yellow River all my days for safeguarding our great Chinese civilization. The journey is difficult and never-ending, the roc bird soars 90,000 li upon the winds. Our Mother River carries our aspirations. Trust that they may blossom into the most beautiful raiment.

專家評語一

黄河霓裳这一篇作品允为的首选，照片选才充分凸显黄河的澎湃与黄河的温柔。优质的辞藻透过咆哮、泼墨、览尽、独情等单元，将母亲河的美推向最高点。



Reviewer I

Yellow River's Coat of Many Colors is a top choice. The accompanying photographs capture both the intensity and the comforting warmth of the Yellow River. The author's flowery diction is organized into sections such as Thunderous Roar, Daubs of Ink, The Finale, and Devoted that elevate descriptions of 'Mother River' to their apogee.

專家評語二

写黄河，写出了黄河空间上的巨大，写黄河，写出了黄河时间上的悠久，摛文揆藻，犹如云霞满纸，也只有这样的文笔，方能道出如此梦回五千年的黄河。

Reviewer II

The author describes the vastness of the distance and time covered by the Yellow River. The narrative' baroque language fills the pages like delicate, rosy clouds –perfect for expounding upon five millennia of Yellow River history.



老家的土房子

Our Earthen Family Home

小学组 白金奖 陕西郭镇中心小学 陈倩倩

Chen Qianqian, Primary School Group, Guozhen Primary School, Shaanxi Province

现在的社会越来越发达了，有很多人都搬到繁华的城市去住高楼大厦了，而是而有一些人呢？仍然坚守住乡村的一方土地，住在乡村的土房子里，而我的太



爷太婆们，他们就是这样的人，太爷太婆仍然住着土房子，他们说自己的祖祖辈辈都住这样的土房子，已经住习惯了。

Social modernization has led many to move from the countryside and into high-rise buildings located in prosperous cities. But some have eschewed this trend, choosing instead to hold to a more traditional, rural life in homes built of native earth. My great grandfather and grandmother are just such people. Today, they still live in an earthen home, saying that they are used to such a life and are continuing to follow the time-honored example of their ancestors.

老家的土房子是用黄泥加上稻草做原料，再用上砖砌成的外墙，屋里是用高



大结实的木头撑住了房子的顶部，房子上用的是青砖瓦片，因为是泥土房子，所以屋内的光线很暗。

The mudbrick walls of our ancestral home are faced with masonry brick. Solid wood poles hold up the roof, which is capped by grey-blue tiles. Because it is a traditional earthen home, the interior doesn't get much natural light.

听太爷说他们家的土房子已经有几十年的历史了，土房子虽然土，但却，生机有趣，冬暖夏凉。土房子经过了几十年的风吹雨打，有很多处已经破损了，中间有有几条很大的裂缝，已经不安全了，所以太爷在家的時候，他就把村子里会修土房子的人叫过来一起翻修，把所有破损的地方都补修了一遍，翻修好的土房子，比以前亮堂多了，里面的东西也比以前好多了，虽然老家的土房子比不上那些豪华的房子，但是他却是老人家内心深处的一种乡情寄。



My great-grandfather says the house is many decades old. Being made of mud, it has the surprising ability to retain heat during the winter and to stay cool and comfortable in the summer. After decades of wear and tear, damage to the building was apparent in many places, and there were large cracks running down the middle. So, Great-



Grandfather asked a local repairman to make the needed repairs. With work now completed, the fully repaired house is much brighter than before, and everything inside is much better. Although this old house may not be as luxurious as other homes, it is filled with the deep, nostalgic affections of our family.

在村子里，家家户户都有这样一座古老的土房子，土房子里面有一个很特别的地方，那就是厨房在厨房里都有用水泥堆砌的火炉子，这个火炉子是堆砌在地上的，火炉上方一般都有一个铁链，拴住一个钩子，钩子上面架着水壶，用来烧水，水壶旁边放有熏好的腊肉和陶罐，陶罐是干嘛的呢？它是家家户户必备的一个炊具，那就是我们家乡人经常用来烧罐罐茶茶的陶罐，在我的童年记忆里，乡村冬天的早晨都带着几丝寒意，此时我的太婆就会在土房子里烧起火，用陶罐给我们烧茶喝，不一会儿土房子的烟囱就冒出了袅袅的炊烟，一碗香浓的罐罐茶下肚胃一天都打足了精神。



All families in the village live in this type of earthen home. One special characteristic of these buildings is that they all have a cement-block stove in the kitchen. The stove is set on cement blocks, and an iron chain suspended above the stove has a clasp that can be hooked onto a kettle for boiling water. Next to the kettle are preserved smoked meats and a clay pot. What is the clay pot for you ask? It is a kitchen essential used by every family. In our hometown, people use this pot for making 'guan-guan' tea. As a child, I



remember cold winter mornings when my great-grandmother would fire up the stove and boil up a pot of piping hot tea for us to drink. In no time at all, a sinewy stream of smoke would stream forth from the kitchen chimney. A bowl of rich guan-guan tea is the perfect thing to charge me up for a full day of activity.



土房子，它就像一位垂暮的老人，仁慈安详的守候在老家等待着我们这些年轻人常回家看看，虽然现在我们住在宽敞明亮的高楼洋房里，但古朴、沉稳的土房子却始终留住了我心中的美好回忆，夕阳的余晖下，我仿佛看到了一位迟暮的老者，站在乡村的山水画中等待着外出打工的儿女们归家！

An earthen home is like someone in the twilight of their life; an elder who keeps a silent, patient vigil, waiting for the kids to return for a visit. Although we now live in a bright and spacious apartment, memories of our family's simple, staid earthen abode linger pleasantly on my mind. In the fading embers of the day, I see in my mind's eye a kindly old soul standing in a bucolic, ink-wash landscape painting, waiting patiently for sons and daughters working in the big city to find their way back home once again!

專家評語一

一、老家的土房子经过几十年的寒暑变化，虽然多处破损，翻修后依然冬暖夏



凉，生机有趣。太爷、太婆内心深处怀有浓浓的乡土情感，仍坚持住在这里，不肯搬离。在作者的童年记忆里，冬日早晨，太婆会在土房子里的火炉上用陶罐烧煮香浓的罐罐茶来喝，炊烟袅袅的景象，始终留存心中，成为美好的回忆。

二、对作者而言，古朴沉稳的土房子像是一位垂暮的老人，仁慈安详地守候一方土地，等待外出打工的子女们平安归家。文章情真意挚，温馨动人。

Reviewer I

1. This decades-old family home, timeworn by the cycle of seasons, still keeps its inhabitants warm in the winter and cool in the summer after necessary repairs have been made. This is an insightful perspective on the magic of life. Great grandfather and grandmother reflect the genuine, homey warmth of the countryside, and are unwilling to move away from their family home. Drawing from memory, the author recounts a winter morning when Great-Grandmother prepared a pot of rich guan-guan tea on the stove. This scene, wreathed in diaphanous chimney smoke, is imprinted indelibly on the mind as a beautiful, cherished memory.

2. The author likens the family's simple, staid earthen home to a kindly old soul waiting patiently for the return of sons and daughters working in the city. The narrative reflects sincere authenticity and genuine warmth.

專家評語二

这篇文章书写老家的土房子，十分切合在地报导的精神。文章内容不仅以当地的「土房子」为主轴，串连起三代人的情感；「土房子」的破落和萧条，也反映了



农村的各种改变。另从书写土房子里的火炉子，带出熏腊肉和喝「罐罐茶」的在地生活文化，显示作者之书写及观察不局限于一隅。文字表达清楚明白，无过度之词藻包装，情感依然清新动人。与文字搭配之图像应是原创，可见生命力。

Reviewer II

This essay, describing the author's family home, reflects an honestly candid 'local reportage' style. Beyond the family home, the narrative centers on intergenerational affections, while the dilapidated state of the building conveys the myriad changes impacting upon rural villages. The section on the family stove spotlights important local cultural elements, including smoked meat and guan-guan tea, revealing the author's breadth of composition and observation. The narrative is clearly written and unburdened by rhetorical embellishment and achieves warm, emotive effect. The images accompanying this essay, which seem to be the author's own, add to the vitality of this work.



古镇里的串串情

An Ancient Town's Skewered Passions

小学组 白金奖 四川巴中师范附属实验小学 李禹彤

Li Yutong, Elementary School Group, Bazhong Normal Affiliated
Experimental Elementary School, Sichuan Province

秋日雨后的清晨，过“起凤桥”时阵阵冷风袭来，让我们不由得裹紧外套，
加快前往古镇的脚步。



I cross Qifeng Bridge in the early hours of morning, under autumn rains and a blustery wind. Pulling my jacket closely in around me, I quicken my pace toward the old town.

走下桥头，先来一串酸甜可口的“糖葫芦”，顿时神清气爽，甜到了心里。秋风顿时也变得温柔起来.....

At the far end of the bridge, I buy a skewer of candied haws. Their sweet goodness instantly refreshes my spirits and takes the sting off the chilly autumn wind.

古镇悠长的青石板巷，在前几日雨水的浸润下，显得格外清幽。各色的苔藓，似乎在诉说着他们各自的故事。石头缝隙和石板面上，因年代久远而斑驳的





小凹凼里映着一汪汪明净的天蓝，多么亲切的古镇青石巷啊！

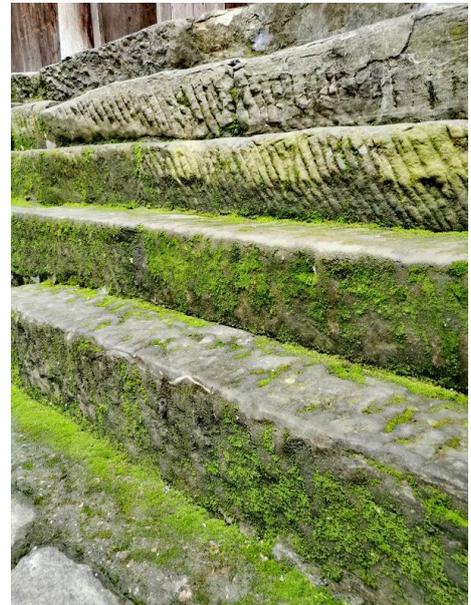
The rains of recent days have scoured the blue-grey cobble that lines the narrow streets of this old town, giving the scene an unusually pristine air. The various mosses here each seems to have its own, unique story to tell. The timeworn indentations that punctuate the spaces between cobbles and pockmark their surfaces cradle rainwater that reflects crisply the overarching blue sky. What a charming old town street scene!

勤劳的古镇人们，用竹枝儿笤帚把石板路清扫得一尘不染，到处都散发着微润而熟悉的味道。

The industrious people here keep their cobbled roads spotlessly clean with bamboo brooms. The town wafts with the familiar smells of dampness.

拾级而上，临街两旁的青瓦红门小木屋，在历史的风霜里被刻上了些许岁月的印迹。高悬的灯笼，也已退去了往日的绯红。

I walk upward through the town. The venerable age of the wooden homes with blue-grey tiles





and red doors that line the street is readily apparent. The lustrous crimson hues in the lanterns lining this street have long faded as well.

偶遇修缮过的大户人家四合院，多了些时代的气息，让人禁不住想要走进去，探寻一番他的前世今生.....

The few renovated traditional homes I encounter along the way shine bright with historical charm, enticing me in to explore their stories, both past and present.

茶花也跟着轻轻巧巧地探出头来，想听一听木窗里传出的伙伴们的嬉笑声.....

Newly bloomed camellia flowers reach upward, straining to better hear the happy chatter flowing out of wood-framed windows from the rooms inside.

提糖麻饼、红糖麻花、芝麻杆、米花糖.....都抵不过屋檐下用稻草搓绳做成络子，里面装满的豆腐干和干豆豉来得实在！

Sesame titang cakes, brown-sugar mahua, sesame bars, and puffed rice treats ... all





pale in comparison to the pressed tofu and preserved soya beans that hang in woven rice-straw bags from the eaves of homes here.



闻名古镇的“十大碗”算是这条巷子里最热闹的地儿了——刀口丸子、水酥肉、坨子肉、炸鱼儿、龙眼肉、虾米汤……都是里面响当当的招牌菜，招待外来宾客必不可少。但这些东西，却并不是我的最爱。

The town's famous restaurant, Shidawan, is the busiest place on this street, serving up an enticing menu of signature dishes including lunchmeat soup (daokou wanzi), crispy pork soup (shuisu rou), crisp fatty pork (tuozi rou), fried fish, dried longan fruit, and dried baby shrimp soup. Despite its popularity, even with visitors to the town, this isn't my favorite place to eat.

看，今天的主人公——“麻辣串”出场啦！

Look! Tonight's main dish, spicy hotpot, has arrived!

菜架上菜品众多、荤素齐全、洁净有序，竹签儿们正急切地对着我们翘首以待呢！





The cabinet is filled with a well-organized variety of dishes to choose from. Their wooden place markers wait anxiously for us to make up our minds.



一口超大的锅里盛满了各种宝贝调料，经过长时间的熬煮，烩制成红亮浓香的汤汁。远远的，独特的麻辣味儿就顺着窄窄的巷子去找小馋猫了.....那味道直逼人鼻子，强势地侵占我们的嗅觉、味觉，让人恨不得立马朝它飞奔而去.....

A large pot brims with a plethora of ingredients that have been slowly cooked into a buttery rich, red broth. Its unmistakable aroma wafts far and wide through these streets in search of hungry souls to tempt. The complex of smells engage the olfactories, excite the palate, and cannot but send all within range running in to grab a table.

麻辣油亮的汤汁在锅里上下翻滚着，吞吐着顾客选好的每一串菜品，接下来就是一场味蕾的盛宴啦！

Spicy Sichuan pepper oil gleams in the pot of boiling soup, where hungry guests simmer a panoply of foods in preparation for a truly delicious meal.





听妈妈说，麻辣串早在她们小时候就已经很盛行了，特别受学生的喜爱。那个年代读书的孩子兜里的钱不多，每天放学可以买个四五串就特别满足。

Mom tells me that spicy hotpot has been popular since she was a child and was a particular favorite of cash-strapped students who, back then, could easily afford 4~5 servings of hotpot-marinated items every day.

老板把煮好的串串从锅里提溜出来，放到装满蒜泥水、油辣椒、花椒粉和味精等调制好的红辣辣的酱料盘里，自己用旁边的调料刷，恨不得把盘里的佐料都刷上去，这种时候是绝不怕辣的，提起来时还红油直滴，满足极了！

The owner draws skewer after skewer of marinated delicacies from the pot, placing them all into a pan already waiting with the restaurant's signature spicy sauce made with a generous portion of garlic water, chili oil, powdered Sichuan peppercorn, and MSG. I of course brush on more spices from the condiments table, tempted add all of them to my feast. There's no time for squeamishness about the level of spicy intensity here! My food drips with fire-alarm-red oil. This is heaven, indeed!





左手捏一把，右手拿一串，低头侧身、龇牙咧嘴地咬着麻辣鲜香的海带片、莲藕、魔芋……嘴里发出嘶嘶声，还开心得直说——不辣!不辣!

With both my hands full, I bend down and, turning my head sideways, bite down on spicy marinated seaweed, lotus root slices, and konjac. From my mouth, crunching with delight, I happily proclaim ... 'It's not hot! It's not hot!'

今天我们一家人再游古镇品尝麻辣串，妈妈说仿佛也回到了学生时代，是记忆中的味道，是童年的味道！



Today, our entire family is making the rounds in this town again for more, delicious hot pot delicacies. Mom says she feels like she did during her student days. The flavors are just like what she remembers - the flavors of her

childhood!

这让我想到了《舌尖上的中国》里所说，人们对食物的感情往往多半是思乡，是怀旧，是留恋童年的味道。

This reminds me of something I once heard on the television show "A Bite of China". One's passion for food is in large part a longing for 'home'. It is nostalgia. It is love for the flavors fondly remembered from childhood.

等我长大后，对她的记忆应该也是如此吧！

After I grow up, I suppose my memories of these flavors will be similarly



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cherished!

巷口石阶上的老奶奶，这里也一定有您最亲最真的味道吧？

'Old grandmother, walking up these alley steps, I'm sure this town has your favorite, cherished flavors as well!'

每个城市都有不同的文化，不同的风俗，不同的美食，山的味道，风的味道，时间的味道，这些味道酿在一起，让我们几乎分不清哪一个是滋味，哪一种情怀。



Each town has its own culture, traditions, and cuisine. The tastes of the mountains, the winds, and time slowly ferment together, leaving us unable to separate flavor from nostalgia.



家乡古镇的串串文化，经过时间的演绎也早已推陈出新，食物上的演进有着家乡人对生活的用心，小小的竹签把每一天都有滋有味地串在一起，也串起了我家乡人代代相传的美食情谊。

The hot pot marinade culture of my hometown has evolved and renewed itself through the ages, and the progress of food culture here reflects the vitality and industriousness of its



people. The lowly bamboo skewer brings delicious flavors together every day and continues to convey the culinary traditions of my hometown down through the generations.

專家評語一

一、散发着微润而熟悉气味的古镇青石板巷，在秋日雨后更显清幽。临街两旁的青瓦红门木屋，刻上了岁月的印迹，高悬的灯笼也退去了往日的绯红。然而，古镇特有的味道始终镌刻在作者的记忆深处，那是「麻辣串」独有的香气，是童年的滋味！一串串的麻辣串，用竹签串上菜品，再放入长时间熬煮的红辣而油亮的酱料里，提起来时红油直滴，吃在嘴里则满足所有味蕾的需求。小小的竹签串起了家乡人代代相传的美食记忆。

二、作者对于家乡食物的滋味，含藏深厚的情感，读来隽永有味。

Reviewer I

1. The nostalgia-laced, old cobbled lanes in this ancient town are quiet and lovely after an autumn rain. Wood-framed homes with red doors and black tiles line the lane show their venerable age. Even the once-brilliant crimson in the lanterns hung outside has faded. However, it is the distinctive flavors of the Sichuan spicy hotpot that predominates in this author's mind – it is the flavor of childhood! Delicious foods are strung on bamboo skewers and slowly cooked in a spicy, oily sauce that leaves each dripping in fiery red lusciousness that satisfies the palate. The lowly bamboo skewer has conveyed hometown culinary traditions for generations.



2. The author clearly holds a deep passion for hometown flavors. Reading this leaves a pleasant taste on the palate!

專家評語二

作者以细腻且充满感情的文字，描绘出恩阳古镇的样子，不管是文中的青石板巷或是古镇里朴实的人们，通过作者的文字，都能让人想见古镇当日的风华。除了主角「串串烧」外，也述及「古镇十大碗」和当地各种甜品零食。作者对于古镇的观察十分透彻，文字叙述也让人印象深刻。可惜文章开头稍弱。

Reviewer II

The author gracefully describes her hometown, Enyang, with genuine affection. The narrative perfectly captures details of the moment, from the cobblestone alleys to the town's simple residents. In addition to spicy hotpot, the author describes the Shidawan restaurant and local sweet treats. The narrative reflects an insightful perspective on this old town and is written in a way that grabs and holds the reader's attention. The somewhat slow opening of the narrative in this essay is, however, unfortunate.



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第八届西部故事原创作品大赛白金奖作品中英文版

著者：西部故事平台

www.westchinastory.com

发 行 人：林光信

出 版 者：天津千才万事科技有限公司

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出版年月：2021.05 初版



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西部故事微信公众号

ID：xb_gushi

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