

西部故事
原创作品大赛
第四届白金奖作品集

Collection of Platinum Awards of the 4th 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.

本作品集编选了第四届的白金奖作品，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 4th 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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诗酒纵年华

The Transcendence of Poetry and Wine

高中组 白金奖 甘肃兰州市第十八中学 张佳文

Zhang Jiawen, High School Group, Lanzhou, The 18th Middle School,
Gansu Province

纸香墨飞词赋，浅浅低吟，道不尽侠骨柔情；菊花古剑和酒，长喝一声，透出的是阵阵豪气；黄河滔滔不尽，古月今时，那种兰州人特有的傲气，便沿着河纹，映着古月流进了人们的心间。江山错落，人间星火，华夏文明的点点星火，在金城兰州吐露着壮阔！

Words flow effortlessly in a pleasurable hum; Words fall short of warmhearted chivalry; A chrysanthemum sword and wine; Taking a long, savoring drink gushes with heroism; The golden elixir keeps flowing. Today as in centuries past, the unique dignity of Lanzhou flows, like the lines of our river reflecting the ancient moon, into our heart. Against a tapestry of mountains and rivers and the bustle of myriad lives, the twinkling radiance of Chinese civilization is writ large here in Lanzhou!

很多人初识兰州，总是会先为它的美食折腰，自清代嘉庆年间就广为流传的牛肉面，更是令饕餮食客恋恋不忘。但是，美食带给人的只是初见时的悸动，随着岁月的流转，这份悸动会逐渐淡去。可真正经得起时间的冲刷的还是那沉淀在兰州里的文化，还是我那墨香故里！

What first impresses many people about Lanzhou is its cuisine. Since the



early 1800s, Lanzhou has been known far and wide for its beef noodles , especially among hungry gourmards. However, the excitement of a new food experience is fleeting, fading with time. Rather, Lanzhou' s truly indelible treasure is its culture, a pleasurable dive into the pages of literature!

都说要了解一个地方，首先要从它的语言开始。而别具趣味的兰州话自然成了我首推的家乡特色。兰州话有些是土话，有些是古语，《西厢记》上说的“款款地”到现在兰州人还在说。“款款地”意思就是“慢慢的，轻一点”今天的兰州人同样表达了这句话的意思。还有许多现代汉语已不大使用的古语，都能在兰州话里听到，而这些古语的根源在《说文》一书中都能找到。像兰州人到今天都还在说的“牙叉骨”在《醒世姻缘传》五十七回里写到“俺自己几口子还把牙叉骨吊得高高的大梆子哩”。可见兰州话意蕴深长，由来已久，真正可以算作是华夏文明众多星辰中的一颗。

They say that to understand a place, you must start with its language. Lanzhou' s peculiarly interesting dialect is one of the first aspects of my hometown I like to highlight. Some aspects are homegrown, while others are rooted deep in the past. “Kuan Kuan Di” , a phrase used in the 13th-century novel Romance of the Western Chamber to mean “slowly and carefully” is still used to convey the same meaning in Lanzhou





today. There are many other examples of old words, which have long since fallen out of favor and are not used in modern Mandarin Chinese, being used in everyday conversation in Lanzhou. The origin of these old words can all be found in the book *Shuo Wen* (Compendium of Chinese Words). Also, people in Lanzhou still use the term “yachagu” for the word mouth, a term that is otherwise found today only in historical works such as the mid-17th century novel *A Warning on Marriage*. This shows that Lanzhou vernacular is rich in deep, historically-rooted meaning, with a star all its own in the constellation of Chinese culture.

总有一纸淋漓，恣意如虬根百曲，诗话，诗话，这极具古香的兰州话更是催发了许多才情极佳的文人骚客在这古丝绸之路重镇上写下他们对这座金城的独特感悟。不同于江南诗人“曲水流觞”的细腻，在这大西北的漠漠荒原上，留下的是无尽的萧索，但却让兰州人对此难忘。《金城北楼》——高适——“北楼西望满晴空，积水连山胜话中。湍上急流声若箭，城头残月势如弓。”写出了金城山水相连，明月如钩的壮阔；《兰州》——王祜——“姚云陇草都行尽，路到兰州是极边。谁信西行从此始，一重天外一重天。”这写的是戍边西行之旅；还有江得符的十二首《我忆兰州好》，在我看来，其描绘的景色比起《忆江南》来说，有过之而无不及。

Always a paper soaking wet, capricious as a twisting root, poetry, ... poetry. Lanzhou vernacular, steeped in venerable time, has attracted innumerable literati and poets to our fair city, who have in turn left in their distinctive turns of phrase their impressions of this ‘golden city’. Unlike the refined streamside dallies so eloquently detailed by southern poets, the indelible memories of Lanzhou are inextricably entangled in its desolate isolation in



China's northwestern wasteland. In Jincheng Beilou (North Tower in the Golden City), the Tang poet Gao Shi writes: "From North Tower my westward gaze is filled with clear sky. Waters melding into mountains, lovelier than a painting. A swift current over the rapids, its sound like an arrow's. The waning moon over the city, bent in the shape of a bow." He describes how the lake and mountain scenery join together and the bright crescent moon shines above the golden city. In Lanzhou, the Ming poet Wang Yi describes his visit to the Chinese garrison outposts in the west. Also, in the twelve poems in the Wo Yi Lanzhou Hao (Fond Memories of Lanzhou) anthology, the poet Jiang Defu, in my opinion, describes the scenic tapestry of Lanzhou in words that far surpass those used in the epic poem Yi Jiangnan (Memories of the South).

兰州的话是有趣的，诗是豪迈的，都说“诗酒纵华年”，家乡兰州有的不仅是几千年黄河水洗濯留下得文学底蕴，还有自古以来就为人们所称道的西北汉子与生俱来的豪气。没有什么事是一顿酒解决不了的，要是不行就来两顿。

The Lanzhou vernacular is truly interesting. Our poems are boldly heroic. There is a saying that poems and wine belong to the vigorous. Lanzhou, my home, has more than just several thousand years of Yellow River heritage. We embody the heroic spirit and vigor of the northwestern frontier.





Nothing here, it is said, can' t be resolved over a good night of drinking ... and if that doesn' t work, then over two nights of drinking.

抬起羊皮筏子，随着黄河水一直漂流到下游，约上几个挚友，在岸边支起一个凉棚，一下午的时光，便可以海阔天空的胡吹了。若是在秋天，就更好了，菊花伴酒，清风入怀，今宵酒醒无梦，好不惬意。有时我甚至在怀疑“黄河啤酒”是不是全让兰州人给买走了。酒已经成为了兰州人生活的一部分，也是兰州人用来联络感情，缓和矛盾的工具，它更是灵感的来源，奇思妙想的催发剂。大名鼎鼎的“青莲居士”李白，祖籍甘肃天水，虽说与兰州有一定的距离，但同属于甘肃这一范畴，他嗜酒如命的性格可能也与这有一定的关系吧！

Riding a lambskin raft down the Yellow River; meeting up with friends and setting up a tent for an afternoon respite invites the chance to talk of everything and nothing under the vast skies above. Autumn is even better, with chrysanthemums to go with the wine and a welcome chill in the breeze. No dreams after wine tonight; a grave disappointment. Sometimes, I even wonder whether every last bottle of Huang River beer has been bought up by Lanzhou locals. Alcohol is woven into the tapestry of life here in Lanzhou. It is how the people of Lanzhou relate, a tool for breaking the ice and soothing irritated egos, a source of inspiration, and a wellspring of wonderful ideas. The celebrated poet Li Bai hailed from Tianshui, which while at some distance from Lanzhou is also in Gansu Province. His known fondness for drink may thus be tied to his shared roots on the western Chinese frontier.

总有一砚风雨，流连过峰石贫瘠，金城兰州的气魄与厚重，就在字里行间洋洋而出；听说一行绝句，凛然于牌楼村驿，故乡的情思就这样深深地扎根在了我心上；诗话的心思如余烬，我细细将它收集，浑酒旁的炉火未熄，就让我乘着羊皮筏到那岸边，饮酒，读诗，继续把家乡的特色说给行人听。

Rainclouds brushing our barren mountain peaks invariably bring out the innately regal spirit of our golden city. The quatrain "An outpost of stern



buildings" echoes the deep feelings I have for my hometown. The poetic words burn like smoldering embers. I carefully gather up each and every one. While the fire in the oven beside the wine still burns, let me carry my lambskin raft to the river, where I'll enjoy wine, read poetry, and continue telling curious stories of my town to passersby.

专家评语一

用文学作品中的兰州，开展对家乡的叙述，辅以家乡话语言上的特色，及常民生活之点染，文字风格沉郁，另人印象深刻。

Reviewer I

The author uses literary references to Lanzhou to frame his description of his hometown, with added descriptions of distinctive vernacular vocabulary and other elements of everyday life. The heavy literary style used leaves a strong impression on the reader.

专家评语二



命题豪放，情思奔放。全文扣紧地方语汇特色，分层介绍故土风情，结构分明，末段文情合一，意兴遄飞，好个英雄出少年。「纸香墨飞词赋，浅浅低吟，道不尽侠骨柔情；菊花古剑和酒，长喝一声，透出的是阵阵豪气；黄水滔滔不



尽·古月今时·那种兰州人特有的傲气·便沿着河纹·映着古月流进了人们的心间·江山错落·人间星火·华夏文明的点点星火·在金城兰州吐露着壮阔！」

Reviewer II

The topic of this essay is boldly broad and charged with emotion. Held together by references to vernacular words and phrases unique to Lanzhou, the author introduces his town's local character. This essay is well-structured, with the final paragraph tying the story together both emotionally and literarily. The narrative is emotionally charged with the clear fingerprint of a precocious young author. "Words flow effortlessly in a pleasurable hum; Words fall short of warmhearted chivalry; A chrysanthemum sword and wine; Taking a long, savoring drink gushes with heroism; The golden elixir keeps flowing. Today as in centuries past, the unique dignity of Lanzhou flows, like the lines of our river reflecting the ancient moon, into our heart. Against a tapestry of mountains and rivers and the bustle of myriad lives, the twinkling radiance of Chinese civilization is writ large here in Lanzhou!" .



长河一路皆墨色

A River of Rich Ink

高中组 白金奖 四川蒲江大塘九年制学校 张静扬

Zhang Jingyang, High School Group, Pujiang Datang Nine-Year System
School, Sichuan Province

桌上毛笔的墨还未干透，我带上来向老师问题的书本匆忙往回走。即使过了很久，我依然觉得那些生命中不经意的一眼，往往最能酿成巨大的惊喜与感动。特别是那一瞬间，当那一团青紫色的光闪过我的眼前时。

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

老师顺着我的目光看了过去，我能感受到他脸上泛起的笑意。“这是蒲砚。”他告诉我。“哦，这就是蒲砚。”我就这样重复着。

The teacher's eyes passed over me and I could see they conveyed a knowing smile. He told me, "This is a special ink stone called puyan." "Oh! ... This is puyan," I repeated.

似乎是在钢笔与中性笔的世界里迷失了太久，让我暂时忘记了曾经关于文房四宝的辉煌，以至于此后的每次偶遇，都让我欣喜若狂。

The pens and pencils that now dominate my everyday life had pushed aside my memories of those magnificent days spent in the study with a myriad of traditional 'treasures' of the calligraphic arts. Even now, every



encounter brings unbridled pleasure.

记得第一次听到蒲砚，那大概是很久以前的事了，在一个如童话般的故事里，那一方能使墨不被冻住的砚，就那样端端正正地摆在魏了翁面前。带着那方砚台，他从容作答。此后的每一次升迁，在到后来的办学（建鹤山书院），他与他的蒲砚，便在历史的长河中成为美谈。自此，那方蒲砚似乎是带上了魔力一般，在我记忆的河流中熠熠生辉。

I remember when I first heard the word 'puyan'. It must have been many years ago, because I was told about how this stone, upon which ink wouldn't freeze, was presented to 12th-century scholar Wei Liaoweng. He used it throughout his career as an imperial official and as an educator at Jianheshan Academy, and stories of him and his beloved ink stone became legend. Puyan ink stones became associated with almost magical powers, the stories of which lived vividly on in my young imagination.

蒲砚之所以为蒲砚，它取自蒲江的河石，由蒲江人制作，带着蒲江的山水与血汗。它一切的一切，都是从蒲江而来，凝聚着蒲江人的精魂，在一块块不齐的石上敲打着，蒸腾着，升华着，终成那些文人口中“声似金玉，细如粉绢”的蜀



中名砚。

The name 'puyan' comes from the stone material, which is mined near the Pu River in Sichuan Province. These ink stones are made locally and thus bear both the natural energies of the region and the sweat and

blood of Pu River craftsmen. Every element of a puyan ink stone comes



from the Pu River region and embodies the heart and soul of its artisans. Native rock is chiseled, steamed, and expertly worked into something that has been described as being “on par with gold and jade, and as fine as silk.”

而它现在就摆在我的面前，没有人会阻止我前去触碰它、感受它。让它的灵魂与我相通，聆听它几千年的生命里沉重的呢喃。

Now, this fabled ink stone had appeared before my very eyes. No one stopped me from getting close and touching it ... feeling it ... letting its spirit entangle with mine and listening to its whispered stories of millennia.

“看你这么喜欢，不如来帮我磨墨吧。”老师的话如同甘霖，让本来就渴望的我如此欢欣。以前我总是不敢碰也不敢写它，我不懂，我怕我也写不好。老一辈人也总说：年轻人，总是不大懂这些的。在到后来的后来，每每与它擦肩，我总是惋惜而羞愧。而现在，它就摆在我面前，我可以用它磨墨，我也能感知它的价值。

“As you like it so much, you can help rub new ink.” My teacher’s words fell like sweet rain and fulfilled a deep desire. Previously, I hadn’t dared even to touch it, much less run my brush across its surface. I didn’t know. I was afraid I my calligraphy wouldn’t be worthy. Elders always say that the young simply don’t understand these things. Afterward, my every encounter was filled with regret and shame. But now ... it was sitting directly in front of me. I could use it to rub new ink. I sensed its true value.

墨汁在砚里一圈一圈晕染开，最终成了浓厚庄重的颜色，我能感受到摩擦发出的沙沙声。空气里掉落的灰尘在墨汁里浮浮沉沉，就如同曾经的蒲砚一般。



The ink dissolved in expanding circles on the stone, ultimately creating a deep, rich color. I perceived the satisfying scraping noise the dry ink made as it scratched against the stone. I saw specks of dust from the air floating along the surface of the liquid ink. I saw the true face of puyan ink stones.

难得的蒲石，繁琐的工序，造就了它昂贵的身价。纵使有众多文人墨客的喜爱，依然不能控制被钢笔中性笔替代局面。人们不是不喜欢，只是不习惯。不习惯用那么多时间去磨墨，不习惯自己不会使用毛笔的双手。从渐渐被忘却，再到后来用另一种方式出现。蒲砚改变了看世界的眼光，亦如当年的魏了翁。如果不能做到人人景仰，那么我也可以找到合适我的人，适合我做的事，用另一种姿态让你们仰望！

The scarcity of the stone and the intricacy of craftsmanship make puyan ink stones precious. Despite their resilient popularity among pen-and-ink aficionados, ink stones have not been able to hold their own against modern ink and marker pens. It's not that people no longer like pen and ink, they are no longer used to it.

They aren't used to spending the time to rub the ink and no longer adept at using brush pens. Once relegated to obscurity, ink stones are now finding new favor. Like in the days of Wei Liaoweng, puyan ink stones offer a new perspective on the world. Although they will

never be everyone's 'cup of tea', I will always be able to find people of a





similar mind with me, who also enjoy doing what I do, and we will create our own path in life.

“不知道我呆呆地磨了多久，只是当我回过神来时，老师早已停下笔，笑意盈盈地望着我，“我想你应该听过那个故事。”他似乎在自言一般，“嗯，你一定听过。”

I' m actually not sure how long I spent rubbing the ink. I just know that when I came back down from my cloud, the teacher had long since stopped dipping his brush. He looked at me smilingly and said, "I think you' ve probably already heard that story." He seemed almost as if he might be talking to himself. "Yes," he said, "You' ve certainly heard it before."

不知怎的，听到这句没头没脑的话却有些自豪。那个我认为无人知晓的传说居然也有人知道。或许当初就是这样，从魏了翁所在的考场上，一传十，十传百；从中国到世界；从过去到将来。那一小方未冻的墨，也随着时光翻腾，在历史的长河中染出一路墨色。

I didn' t know why, but I felt a gush of pride after hearing my teacher' s opaque utterance. I realized that others knew the story that, until just then, I thought no one else knew. Maybe that was how it had always been. From Wei Liaoweng' s academy forward, the story has been told by one to tens, then by tens to hundreds and so on across time and the world, all the way down to the present. That story of the ink that wouldn' t freeze tumbled forward as it passed from generation to generation, creating a continuous stroke of deep cyan through history.

终于想起来第一次见蒲砚的样子，以及那位老爷爷挥笔在上好的宣纸上写下



当时我看不懂的书法时，我能看到他的衣服上写着“蒲江书法家协会”。那时，在那方青紫色的砚里是如何写出那么好看的字，是个让我思考了很久的问题。写完一幅，老爷爷笑着对我说：“小姑娘，你知道吗？相传南宁宗时.....”那时的我，只记得那些神奇的句子，和那方青紫色的物件。

I finally remembered my first encounter with puyan and how an elderly man artfully wielded his brush, setting ink flowing across rice paper and forming words that I was yet too young to recognize. A patch on his shirt read “Pu River Calligraphers’ Association” . I stood in fixed amazement, wondering how such handsome characters could arise from the pool of cyan-colored liquid in that ink stone. After finishing one piece, the old calligrapher smiled at me and said: “You know, little girl? It is said that during the Southern Song Dynasty ...” At that age, I just remembered the magical bits of his story and that rich, cyan-colored ink stone.

再见时，它已经被贴上中、英、日三国的说明，被送到世界各地。他们都 说，蒲砚很贵，他们也说：蒲砚很好。而看着《蒲江县》里每一点关于蒲砚的记录。我知道，因为它，江山长河一路，皆为墨色，我更知道，我很骄傲。



The next time I saw that ink stone, it came with a description in three languages after having gone on world tour. Puyan ink stones are rare and expensive, they said. They also said they are truly special. I’ ve since read all of the references to puyan ink stones in the book



“Pujiang County” . I know, because of this ageless treasure, the road ahead is paved with ink and this fills me with pride.

專家評語一

设题颇具美感，从修习书法牵引出家乡文艺特产「蒲砚」，并由文物输出至世界各地，渲染笔者对家乡之骄傲情感，结构及文字表现不俗。

Reviewer I

The aesthetically interesting topic connects the author' s study of pen-and-ink calligraphy to the puyan ink stones that are a special heritage product of her region. Moreover, the author aptly describes her pride in learning that ink stones from her hometown have been shared and appreciated by the world. The structure and verbiage further enhance this essay' s original presentation.

專家評語二

破题开笔即显特殊，优美的文笔细细叙述蒲砚的特色及文化内涵，充满对家乡文物的骄傲与深刻理解。

Reviewer II

This essay proclaims its uniqueness from its opening paragraph. The author lovingly details in the elegantly crafted narrative what makes puyan ink stones not only special but also a cultural treasure. This essay reflects both pride and deep understanding of hometown heritage.



白鹤悠悠豆腐香

The Lingering, Ambrosial Attractions of Tofu

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每逢祭祖的节日，我们家的供桌上总是少不了一盘特殊的供品——酸水豆腐，这是家乡的土酸菜和大豆相结合的产物。土酸菜不同于腌制的酸菜，鲜嫩的萝卜叶或卷心菜叶经过特殊的发酵过程，产生大量的乳酸菌，菜叶变得墨绿，酸水呈黄绿黄绿的粘稠状，散发着一股特殊的酸酸的香味。用酸水点的豆腐，细致爽口、开胃、健脾，是我们家乡人的最爱。从制酸菜到点豆腐再到豆腐块的形成，这物质在袅袅白烟中发生的化学碰撞不但是家乡人们在历史中的智慧沉淀，还萦绕着浓浓的家国情怀。

Every ancestor-worship ceremony at our house invariably features a plate of 'sour-curdled tofu' on the spirit table. It is a dish made of locally made vegetable preserves and soybeans. Our vegetable preserves differ from regular pickled vegetables. Radish or cabbage leaves are first fermented to produce significant quantities of lactic acid bacteria. The leaves turn dark green, while the surrounding acidic water turns syrupy and greenish yellow in color, giving off an instantly recognizable, vinegary aroma. Tofu soaked in this water becomes delightfully soft, tasteful and healthfully invigorating. Sour-curdled tofu is a favorite in our region. The intricate chemical reactions that occur from the making the vegetable preserves through to infusing the



tofu and forming the finished product testify to the wisdom and perseverance of our ancestors and to our proud national heritage.

上世纪初，天下不太平，而苍溪这个小城却还静静地躺在大山的怀抱中，似乎不受战火的纷扰。

Our small city of Cangxi, cradled in the mountains, was spared the unrest, upheaval, and war that were rampant across much of China in the early 20th century.

我曾祖母是一个地地道道的农村姑娘，住在白鹤山下的一个小村里，村外是一条清澈见底的九曲溪，村里人世世代代都以耕田为业。曾祖母年纪轻轻就扛起了照顾整个家庭的重任，家里母亲体弱，弟妹年幼，故而曾祖母的婚事一拖再拖，村里人都嘲笑曾祖母，说她是一个嫁不出去的姑娘。

My great-grandmother was a genuine country girl. She was from a small village beneath Mt. Baihe on the banks of crystal clear Jiuqu Stream.



Families in this village had farmed for countless generations. My great-grandmother became the main provider for her family at an early age. Her mother was not well and her siblings were still very young. Thus, marriage was something in her life that kept being delayed due to other, more pressing priorities. Others in the village mocked her, saying she was destined to be an unwed spinster.

曾祖母也没空把这些放在心上，每天天不亮就从嘉陵江挑水磨豆腐，赶在早饭前挑到集市上去卖。从村上到集市，要走很长一段崎岖



的山路，有时黑漆漆的，还要提防歹人，等到了市集，早已累得气喘吁吁。不过曾祖母的生意却很好，那时的人们没钱，很多人吃不上肉，补充不了蛋白质，就只有吃豆腐了。

For her part, my great-grandmother had no time to worry about such matters. Every morning, long before sunrise, she would carry water from Jialing River to grind soybeans into tofu, which she would hurry to sell at market before breakfast. Getting to market involved a long walk fraught with potential dangers over a mountain trail in the dark. She was, of course, dog-tired by the time she got to market. But, great-grandmother did a good business. Back then, people didn't have much money and many couldn't afford meat. Tofu was a popular alternative as a regular source of protein.

在曾祖母豆腐摊的斜对面，是当时苍溪最大的学府——鹤山书院，而曾祖父便是那时少数读书的穷学生之一，满腔的抱负，希望通过知识来改变中国当下的命运。这天早上，曾祖母照例早早的挑着豆腐去集市上卖，曾祖父已经连着几顿没有吃过饱饭了，脸色青白，严重的营养不良，曾祖母远远地就望见一个书生模样的年轻人在豆腐摊旁边徘徊。“那边，那位先生，你过来一下。”曾祖父闻声走过去，看见母亲竹筐子里白花花的酸水豆腐，眼睛便移不开了。曾祖母打量着这个饿得瘦骨嶙峋的穷书生和他手里的书，说：“豆腐免费品尝，先生要一点吗？”祖父咽咽口水，摇了摇头，抬脚就走。曾祖母立马叫住他，“先生，你教我读书写字，我每天送你一斤豆腐当学费。”曾祖父高兴地连连点头。

Cangxi's largest school, Heshan Academy, stood across the street from my great-grandmother's tofu stand. My great-grandfather was one of the few students from poor families studying there at the time. He was driven by a



desire to get an education and then work to change China' s future. One morning, my great-grandmother, arriving as usual to market, saw a young student lingering around where she usually set up her stand. My great-grandfather, it turns out, had missed a number of meals by this time. His face was pallid and he was malnourished. "Mister ... Hey mister!" she said. "Come over here." He walked over to her and, once he laid eyes on the powder-white curdled tofu in her bamboo basket, he had a hard time looking anywhere else. My great-grandmother sized up this skinny, famished-looking young man with his armful of books and said, "I' m offering free samples. Would you like some?" Working as hard as he could to hide his hunger, he shook his head and walked off. My great-grandmother called after him. "Hey mister! Can you teach me to read and write? I can pay you a catty of tofu each day as tuition." My great-grandfather, more than happy to take up her offer, gave a strong nod of approval.

就这样，大半年过去了，快过年的时候，曾祖父和曾祖母要结婚了。曾祖父这个穷小子要娶媳妇了，曾祖母这个“剩女”要出嫁了，白鹤山上祥云绕，嘉陵江里鱼欢跳。

That was how it all started. A half a year later, just before Chinese New Year, they married. My great-grandfather, a student with barely a few coins to his name, took a bride - my great-grandmother "the





spinster" . Celebration reigned supreme.

过了两年，曾祖父响应号召参了军。临走之时，曾祖父抱着咿呀学语的爷爷，亲亲孩子的小脸，再亲亲孩子的小手，又摸摸孩子的小脚，曾祖母强忍着眼里的泪水，故作坚强地说：“你放心地走吧，家里有我呢！”曾祖父把妻子和孩子紧紧地搂住怀里，舍不得放开。

Two years later, my great-grandfather joined the military. Before leaving he swept my then-infant grandfather in his arms, kissed his baby son on the cheek and hand, and gave his foot a tender rub. Great-grandmother, fighting back tears, said to him. "Go with our blessings. I will always be here!" Great-grandfather wrapped her and their son in a warm embrace. He did not want to let go.

曾祖父走后，曾祖母一个人扛起家庭的重担，仍坚持每天去集市上卖酸水豆腐。全家人省吃俭用，节衣缩食，把爷爷送进已更名为苍溪中学的鹤山书院读书。爷爷大学毕业后，回到苍溪中学，从事高中化学教育工作直到退休。而曾祖父，自从那一走，就杳无消息，有人说他战死了，有人说他到台湾了。我们家自从曾祖父走后，就没有搬过家，爷爷也没有改过名，这是曾祖母的嘱托，怕曾祖父回家找不到我们。其实还有没变的，就是酸水豆腐，是我们家餐桌上一年四季必不可少的美味。

After my great-grandfather had left, my great-grandmother became the sole breadwinner for the family. She still carried sour-curdled tofu to market every day. The family scrimped and saved as much as possible to make sure that there was enough left over to send grandfather to Heshan Academy, which had only recently been renamed Cangxi Middle School. After he



graduated from university, he returned to Cangxi Middle School as a chemistry teacher. He worked there until he retired. As for my great-grandfather, his parting hug was the last memory the family had of him. No news came. Some said that he had died in battle. Others said that he had gone to Taiwan. The family never moved to another house. My grandfather kept the family name. It was my great-grandmother's wish. She wanted great-grandfather to be able to find his family if and when he returned. Actually, there was another pillar of our family that also never changed – sour-curdled tofu. It continues to be a perennial staple at family mealtimes, year in, year out.

上世纪九十年代，我们家忽然收到一封来自台湾的信，是曾祖父生前写的！几经辗转，终于寄到了。爷爷拿着信，泪流满面，特别是读到“惟想念妻亲手所做之酸水豆腐，至死不能忘怀……”的时候，爷爷更是哽咽地说不出话来。

In the 1990s, a letter postmarked from Taiwan suddenly arrived at our



doorstep. It was from my great-grandfather! After a long and circuitous journey, his letter finally arrived. Grandfather held the letter in his hands, tears streaming down his face. While reading the words out loud, he choked up and couldn't continue after reading the words, "I so fondly remember my wife's handmade sour-curdled tofu. Its memory will be with me always until death."



时光荏苒，历史的车轮滚滚向前。那封信和酸水豆腐，一直是我们家最珍视的“宝物”。爸爸最近几年一直在研究，想把酸水豆腐卖到网上去，也许有一天，台湾同胞就可以在网上买到苍溪的酸水豆腐啦，我们家和酸水豆腐的缘分也将要世代延续下去。

Time unremittingly passes and the wheels of history grind dispassionately forward. That letter and sour-curdled tofu are our family's most prized possessions. These past years, my father has been working diligently to set up a business to sell our sour-curdled tofu online. Perhaps one day, compatriots in Taiwan may be able to buy our Cangxi sour-curdledtofu with the click of a button. Our family's deep, multigenerational relationship with sour-curdled tofu promises to continue still for generations to come.

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 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.





红袍下的“心”

The ‘Heart’ in the Ruby-Red Dress

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你可曾见过那磅礴的黄河？你可曾知道黄河最大的支流——渭河？你可曾了解渭河沿岸那群华夏儿女红袍下的“心”？

Have you ever set eyes on the majestic Yellow River? Did you know that the Wei is its largest tributary? Have you had the good fortune to experience for yourself the ‘heart’ in the ruby-red dress?

遥远的东方有一条河，它的名字就叫渭河；遥远的东方有一座城市，它的名字就叫渭南。在渭南这座城市里，有一个不起眼的小地方叫作韩城。要说韩城最有名的，便是那又麻又香的“中华名椒”——大红袍。

A river called the Wei flows across the East. Here also in the East is a city known as Weinan. In an out-of-the-way, unremarkable corner of Weinan City is an area called Hancheng. What makes “unremarkable” Hancheng remarkable, however, is that it produces one of China’s most highly-prized peppercorns, the tingly numbing, lightly lemony da hong pao or Sichuan peppercorn.

当你用嘴咬开它时，一股麻麻的、涩涩的感觉便迅速从舌头蔓延至全身，让没有丝毫防备的人身体一颤，赶紧抓起水杯，猛灌几口凉水。即使这样，那麻涩的感



觉依然久久不能散去。仔细去嗅它，一股淡淡的麻香味中又夹杂着一缕浅浅的叶香。这两种气味融合在一起，竟不是那么令人讨厌。再瞧那黑得发亮的花椒籽，用手使劲按压，竟是十分坚硬。将它含入口中，苦涩、微麻的味道一起涌来，只想赶紧吐出来。看着被红色外皮包裹着的花椒籽，突然脑海里蹦出一个非常形象的名字——红袍下的“心”。

When you bite one of these peppercorns, the numbing, astringent effect moves quickly from your tongue to your entire body. For many newbies, the shock is enough to send them scrambling to gulp down several mouthfuls of cool water. But the remedy invariably does nothing and the numbing, astringent effect lingers on before dissipating of its own accord. Its fragrance conveys undertones of aromatic lindera woven into complex savory peppercorn notes. These two distinct smells are surprisingly not unpleasant. Holding the peppercorn and pressing it down into your hand shows how surprisingly hard it is. Pop it in your mouth, and its distinctive numbing and astringent qualities will quickly show themselves, giving you the urge to spit it out posthaste. Seeing how the peppercorn sits robed in a ruby-red shell, only one description for this unique spice leaps intuitively into the mind – the “heart” in the ruby-red dress.

经常进厨房的人都知道：花椒经常用外皮调味，而从不用花椒籽。那其实是因为花椒籽已被用来加工，碾碎成粉末，而花椒壳具有任性，不容易被碾碎。所以市面上大多为花椒壳，而不是花椒籽。但相对来说，花椒籽的味道更浓一些。

Anyone who is more than a casual chef knows that Sichuan peppercorn refers to the shell that surrounds the seed rather than to the peppercorn seed itself, which is noticeably absent from kitchen spice racks. This is



because the seeds are ground into powder. The flexible shell, however, isn't easily ground up, so most of the 'Sichuan peppercorn' available on the market is actually just the shells. However, peppercorn seeds pack even more flavor than their shells.

渭南的气候并不好，冬严寒夏酷暑。在这样恶劣的条件下，它仍旧顽强地向上生长，仍旧秉持其原有的风味。

The climate in Weinan is far from ideal, with bitterly cold winters and torrid summers. Even so, Sichuan peppercorn trees not only survive, but thrive, consistently producing their distinctively flavored seeds year after year.

渭城人像极了这种大红袍花椒。生活在渭河沿岸的渭南人，像秋般充裕，像火般热烈，似白杨般挺拔，集坚强不屈、质朴的品格于一身。那是草般坚韧的北方女孩就像那花椒坚韧的外壳，她那不拘一格、爽朗的性格，就像那气味持久的花椒籽，那炙热的心。它可能并不漂亮，但它一定向着太阳生机无限；它可能并不可爱，但它一定努力拼搏持之以恒；它可能并不璀璨，但它的光芒一定持久。

The residents of Weinan are a lot like the Sichuan peppercorn. They are as



benevolent as autumn, as warm as fire, and as straight as a poplar tree. They are unyieldingly resilient and down-to-earth honest. The tenacity of the women of Northern China is like the remarkably resilient shells of the Sichuan peppercorn, while



their eclectic and candid nature is like the enduring fragrance of the fiery Sichuan peppercorn seed. It may not be pretty, but it draws endless sustenance from the sun; It may not be charming, but it strives to persevere; It may fall short in glamour, its luster is long-lasting.

这种大红袍花椒像极了北方人。俗话说：“一方水土养一方人。”渭河的水养育了韩城的大红袍，同样也养育了像大红袍花椒的渭南人。那坚韧的外壳就像历经磨难、挫折的北方汉子；那麻涩的籽就像渭城人铮铮铁骨下那颗热血、激昂的心，那颗红袍下的“心”。它可能并不起眼，但它一定热烈；它可能并不舒适，但它一定坚强；它可能并不令人喜爱，但它一定孤芳自赏。这种独特又顽强的性格，铸造了它不一样的光芒。

The Sichuan peppercorn also resembles the people of Northern China. It has been said that, “People reflect their environs.” The waters of the Wei River nourish both Hancheng’ s *da hong pao* and the people of Weinan. Peppercorn shells resemble the hardship-wrought, oft-frustrated people of Northern China, while their numbingly astringent seeds, the “heart” inside the ruby-red dress, are like the passionate hearts that pound within the iron-like ribs of Weinan’ s people. While it may not look impressive, it burns with passion; While it may not be comfortable, it is strong; While it is certainly not the “belle of the ball” , it celebrates its singularity. Its unique and stubborn nature gives it a brilliance all its own.

在我故乡的家门前，有着一棵花椒树。小时候，我最喜欢吃奶奶做的麻椒茄子。又红又辣的辣椒，又麻又香的花椒，又鲜又嫩的茄子，夹杂在一起，在舌尖上蹦出绝妙的味道。坐在饭桌前的爷爷奶奶和我加上那盘美味的麻椒茄子，仿佛是我的整个童年。长大了，离开故乡来到城市里求学，最怀念的还是一家人围坐



在桌前吃麻椒茄子的场景。自己尝试去做，却怎么也做不出奶奶做得那个味道来。上了中学后，我才知道原来奶奶在那盘麻椒茄子里放的不仅仅是花椒，还有爱。看着奶奶日渐老去，我下定决心要学做麻椒茄子。但是，天不遂人愿，我做出来的茄子不仅卖相难看而且吃起来很苦。奶奶加起一片放入口中，脸上浮现出陶醉的表情，似乎在说：“真好吃！”我惊诧，随即又反应过来，那是她对我的一种无声的鼓励和无言的爱。我的奶奶虽然没有什么文化，但她让我明白了，红袍下的“心”充满爱。

A Sichuan peppercorn tree stands in front of our family home. As a child, I loved to eat Grandma's peppercorn eggplant, made with fiery-hot, red chili peppers, numbing and fragrant Sichuan peppercorn, and fresh and tender eggplant. Together, they danced on my tongue in exquisite flavor. Memories of Grandpa, Grandma, and me gathered around a delicious plate of Sichuan peppercorn eggplant encapsulates my childhood perfectly. I've since grown up and left the countryside to study in the city. What I miss most is my family, gathered together at mealtime, enjoying a plate of peppercorn eggplant. I've tried to make this dish myself, but it's never as good as Grandma's. Only after leaving home for middle school did I learn that the secret in Grandma's classic dish was not only Sichuan peppercorns. There was her love as well. With Grandma growing older, I was determined to perfect authentic peppercorn eggplant. But, heaven doesn't always listen to the wishes of mere mortals. My efforts not only didn't look right for sale, the dish had a bitter taste. Grandma clipped up a piece and put it in her mouth. A smile of delight spread across her face, as if she were thinking, "Delicious!" I was dumbfounded until I came to my senses, realizing the truth. This was her way of encouraging me ... her



implicit love. Although my grandmother isn't highly learned, she made it crystal clear – the 'heart' beneath that ruby-red dress beats with love.

渭城的儿女，有着一颗热血的心。红袍下的花椒籽，有着别样的风味。那红袍下的“心”，顽强、坚硬、倔强、努力，又充满着爱，就像华夏儿女靠紧团结生生不息。我们都是炎黄子孙，我们都拥有着那红袍下的“心”。



This daughter of Weinan has a heart that beats with passion. The seed of the da hong pao has a taste all its own. The 'heart' of the Sichuan peppercorn is resolute, solid, unyielding, tenacious, and full of love, just as the children of China will forever remain strong in their unity. We are all children of the Yellow Emperor. We all possess that 'heart' beneath the ruby-red dress.

專家評語一

文章以层递方式，开展出乡景、乡情的叙描。并聚焦于家乡特产--红椒的特写，难能可贵的是：花椒到处可见，但以地宜、风土，却能有不同风味。情真意恳，文字流畅，为一篇难得佳构。

Reviewer I

This essay unveils in layers the scenic and emotional landscapes of the



author' s hometown with special focus given to the hometown specialty product – Sichuan peppercorn. What makes this essay particularly stand out is that, while Sichuan peppercorn is a ubiquitous item, its flavors are influenced by the land, climate, and weather. The essay exudes honesty and the narrative flows well. It is a particularly commendable work.

專家評語二

以「大红袍」中华名椒的香、辣、麻，来写渭河沿岸的渭城，一下笔就气势磅礴，气味诱人。并以花椒来表现北方女子的的韧性与热情爽朗，比喻精湛，文字激昂。

Reviewer II

In using Chinese Sichuan peppercorn' s well-known fragrance, spice, and numbing quality to describe Weinan City on the banks of the Wei River, the author' s style is as august as it is irresistibly enticing. Moreover, adopting the natural qualities of the Sichuan peppercorn to portray the tenacity and forthright passions of Northern Chinese women successfully delivers consummate comparisons and an emotionally charged essay.



心中之城

The Fortress in Our Heart

小学组 白金奖 甘肃红古区洞子中学 安欣然

An Xinran, Elementary School Group, Dongzi Middle School, Honggu District, Gansu Province

每个人心中都有一座城。

We all have a fortress set deep inside our heart.

那些平淡无趣的日子，嬉戏打闹的童年，一幕幕或悲或喜或笑或泪的记忆，最终定格在了那些照片上，变得斑驳陆离，装进了沉重的黑匣子，不得重见天日，沉封在那座城，沉封在那被称之为故乡的土地上。至今回首眺望，依稀是当初模样。

All of our childhood experiences, from the mundane to the mirthful, from times of sorrow and tears to times of happiness and giddy laughter, are



locked away in photographs cast in a cacophony of colors and ultimately relegated to frames of somber black, never again to see the light of day. Forever behind those fortress walls; forever woven into this land called home. Glancing upon them so many years later



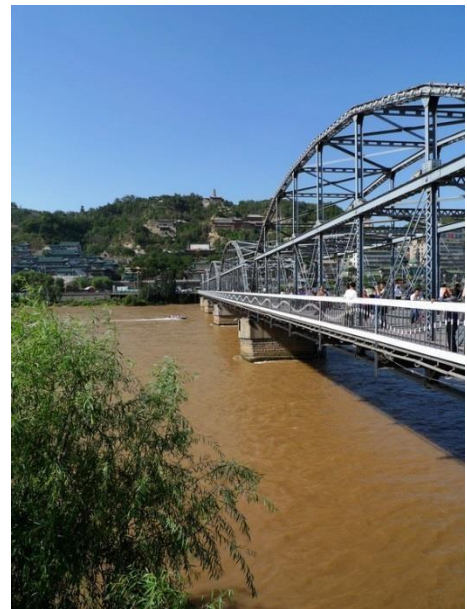
evokes vague memories of times now long past.

在细水长流的日子，没有那些可歌可泣的故事，更多的是琐碎的衣食住行和熟悉的亲朋好友，正是因为这些不同于别地的微不足道的细节，才在那些灯红酒绿纸醉金迷的大城市中脱颖而出，熟稔于心，称之为——“故土”。The long stream of days carries nothing worth a song or a tear. There are mostly trivial remembrances of the everyday and of good friends and family. Although the subtleties that set my hometown apart from elsewhere are so slight as to not bear mentioning, it was my nondescript background that set me apart in the big city and my intimate familiarity with what I would call my “home soil.”

兰州是个黄沙漫天的城市，我生在这儿长在这儿，一草一木一砖一瓦都了然于心，我爱这儿的平淡，爱这儿的闲适，爱这儿的恬静，爱这儿“采菊东篱下，悠然见南山”的淡泊宁静，不吵不闹，与世无争。

Sand hangs perennially in the skies above Lanzhou, where I was born and raised. Every blade of grass, every tree, every bring, and every tile is imprinted indelibly upon my soul. I love my town's ordinariness, laid-back character, quietude, and plain and quiet way of life. There is little drama. We are in competition with no one.

最记忆犹新的莫过于那碗牛肉面，敦香的汤，筋道的面，点缀的葱花蒜苗和几片薄如蝉翼的牛





肉，大块朵颐，回味无穷。醪糟、甜胚子更是百吃不厌，一个香甜醇美，颗料饱满，蛋花柔软，奶香酒味扑鼻，各种干鲜果星星点点，色彩斑斓；另一个消暑解热，生津解渴，可祭口齿，也可润胃肠，为馈赠佳品。吃的不仅是食物，更是一分情——在冬日吃一碗热气腾腾的牛肉面，或是在盛夏喝一碗醪糟或甜胚子，与旁边的人寒暄几句，闲聊几下，无异于是一种享受，一切明媚的正好，时光似乎永远停留在那个时刻。

Beef noodles are one of my fondest memories of Lanzhou. Its slowly simmered, fragrant broth and perfectly prepared al dente noodles are topped by diced scallions and garlic and several pieces of thinly shaved beef. I enjoyed it mouthful after delicious mouthful. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I will also never tire of the tastes of fermented rice and sweet fermented malt. The first, with a sweet fragrance, grainy texture, the softness of egg whites, and the aroma of fermented cream, is colorfully topped with a variety of fresh fruit. The other is a perfect remedy to beat the summer heat. It quenches thirst while delivering a delicious treat that perks up the palate, making it a perfect gift. These are foods as well as expressions of endearment. Whether a bowl of piping-hot beef noodles in



winter or fermented rice and malt in summer, they all pair perfectly with a conversation with friends. They are life's true pleasures; bright and beautiful moments that feel forever frozen in time.

黄河之水奔腾不息，不似西湖的



清澈见底，也不像桂林山水的绿水青山，它是由泥沙组成的黄色——那是属于汉家儿郎、炎黄儿女的颜色。它没碧波浩渺的温柔婉转，却带着惊涛拍岸的势不可当，正如诗中所言“黄河之水天上来，奔流到海不复返。”黄河，真有像天上之水的浩浩荡荡。

The waters of the Yellow River flow ceaselessly. It is different from both the clear waters of West Lake and Guilin's rugged landscape. Silt stains our river yellow – the color of the Chinese people, the “children of the Yellow Emperor”. It doesn't lazily meander but rather lashes out with unyielding force, as once written in a poem, “See the waters of the Yellow River flowing from heaven; tumbling ocean-ward, never to return.” The Yellow River seems to churn with the waters of heaven.

有人一别数年，只是从乡人的笔墨中偶尔忆起这片故土。多年后，重回故里，却物是人非，乡音依旧。恍惚间再看，小贩的叫卖声传过大街小巷，牛肉面店里飘出阵阵面香，几个人坐在椅子上喝着醪糟侃天说地，炊烟袅袅似乎要飘过黄河，顺流而下……恍惚与记忆里的兰州重了样。老了的是时光和岁月，不老的是城市。重尝一遍记忆中的牛肉面、醪糟与甜胚子，重看一遍黄河不奔流，重新走过城市的每一个角落，重新抚摸着斑驳的花墙，童年的无忧无虑似乎重新到来，如期而至。

Gone for many years, it is the occasional letter from home that brings memories of home to the fore. After so long, I return again to find that things remain the same, although the people have changed. The familiar sounds ring warmly in my ears. I look closer and see vendors still hawking their wares, the beef-noodle restaurant still wafting delicious aromas, people sitting outside in chairs drinking fermented rice and chatting, and



curling smoke floating on the breeze toward the Yellow River. My memories of Lanzhou come streaming back. While time has moved forward, my city hasn't aged a whit. I go back to enjoy another bowl of beef noodles, to savor cups of fermented rice and sweet fermented malt, to see again the river's roiling current, to walk again through each and every corner of my city, and to touch again that mottled lattice wall. My childhood, as expected, is back.

时光匆匆，兰州经历了无数个昼与夜，无数个清晨与黄昏，无数个年头，人们来去匆匆，它却伫立原地，纤毫未动。兰州啊！我将永远铭记你模样，铭记你时光……

Time flies. Lanzhou has seen the passing of countless days and nights, and of innumerable dawns and dusks. Through so many years, while faces have come and gone, it abides, changed not a whit. Lanzhou! I will always remember you and the time our lives intertwined.

以此为珍藏。

I will treasure these times forever.





專家評語一

一、故乡兰州是作者心中永恒的一座城。记忆深处，这儿闲适恬静、淡泊悠然，彷彿一处与世无争的世外桃源。离开故乡多年，重回故里，重温记忆中的牛肉面、醪糟与甜胚子，重看奔腾壮阔的黄河，重新走过城市的每一个角落，抚摸斑驳的花墙，那无忧无虑的童年时光似乎又重新来到眼前。那屹立不摇的兰州城，将永远铭记珍藏在作者心中。文章有波澜、有转折，也有细腻的感受。

二、文字风格凝炼厚重，充满历史的沧桑感。首尾呼应，十分殊胜，是极其优秀的作品。

Reviewer I

1) Lanzhou is the 'eternal fortress' in the author's heart. The easygoing and tranquil character of this city evokes thoughts of a secluded paradise on earth. After many years away, the author returns to her hometown and rekindles her memories of eating beef noodles, fermented rice, and sweet fermented malt. She revisits the churning Yellow River and every corner of her city, and touches again the mottled lattice wall. Memories of youth come flooding back, and she knows that her abiding city of Lanzhou will remain deeply woven into her treasured memories. This





essay delivers ripples, twists and delightful details.

2) The author' s style is practiced and confident and presented in a manner punctuated with the vicissitudes of history. The beginning and ending complement each other, which is a remarkable accomplishment. This is an exceptionally outstanding work.

專家評語二

写自己从小居住的城市并不容易，将这熟习的城市写得情味满溢更是难得。本文将故乡的宁静、文化、山水，描绘得脱俗清丽，并将悠长的时间感贯穿其中，读起来令人徜徉其中，心生向往。

Reviewer II

Writing about one' s hometown is not an easy task and it even rarer to write about a place so familiar in such an emotionally interesting and stirring manner. This essay describes in clear and elegant prose the quietude, culture, and scenery of the author' s hometown, while interweaving a clear sense of the passage of time. The narrative involves the reader in the story, eliciting a desire to take part.



巴山背二哥

The Runners of Bashan

小学组 白金奖 四川大和乡中心小学 程思维

Cheng Siwei, Elementary School Group, Central Elementary School, Dahe Township, Sichuan Province

一副背架，一根打杵，一条麻索，是你们简单的营生工具；一副川牌，一杆烟锅，一串号子，是你们辛苦之余的自娱自乐；一个水壶，一撮腌菜，一个芝麻壳，是你们“奢侈”的干粮伙食。负重行走在巴山蜀水间，肩挑背磨换来巴山人民的幸福生活，向你们致敬——巴山背二哥！

A shoulder harness, a walking stick, and a length of sturdy rope are all the tools you require to make a living. A set of playing cards, a smoking pipe, and a song are your entertainment away from the drudgeries of work. A water jug, a handful of pickled vegetables, and sesame-seed husks feature prominently in your extravagant meals. Running goods across the mountains and rivers of Sichuan, your aching, scarred shoulders and backs are a blessing on the people of Bashan. We salute you – our runner brethren of Bashan!

在小的时候，我跟爸爸妈妈进城去，我们在乡里带了自产的大米和蔬菜给城里的亲戚。刚一下车，只见几个背着背篋，拿着打杵，衣服破旧沾有不少泥巴油污的人争相涌来。“老板，需要背东西吗？我来帮你背吧！”“我来！老板，我力气大！”“我的价钱相因（便宜），让我来吧！”爸爸叫了一个年老体弱的“背篋”



(我们当地背二哥的另一种称呼)。别人都挑身强力壮的，爸爸为什么挑.....妈妈也是一脸的疑惑。爸爸笑了：“我们没有多重的东西，别人不是家里困难也不会一大把年纪了还出来下苦力，挣个钱挺难的。”

My parents began taking me with them into the city when I was still quite young. We would deliver rice and vegetables grown on our farm to relatives there. As we arrived, I remember seeing people clad in mud-stained, dirty clothing with bamboo baskets strapped to their backs and walking sticks in their hand surging toward us. “Hey Boss! Heavy load? I’ ll carry it for you!” ... “Let me help! Boss, I’ m strong!” ... “I’ m worth it ... Let me help!” My father called one of the elderly ‘runners’ over.

Everyone else was picking the young, strong ones. What was Dad thinking? ... Mom’ s expression told me she was wondering the same thing. Dad smiled and said, “We don’ t have a lot to carry, and someone of his age wouldn’ t be doing manual labor if his family weren’ t in need. It’ s hard enough to make a living.”



一路上，寒风阵阵，街道上的行道树飘下片片落叶，妈妈不由得抱紧了我。爸爸也两手不空，提着稍轻一点的东西。只见帮我们背东西的“背篋”，弓着身子，手拿打杵，背篋在肩上滋滋作响。一边走一边和我们拉家常，我依稀记得交谈中说，他妻子重病卧床，还要供儿子读大学，自己身体也不好，没办法生活所迫，随后就是乐呵呵几声笑。背的东西并不太



重，或许是他年老了的原因，上楼的时候，脸上青筋暴凸，喘着粗气，走上一层楼，就用“T”字型的打杵扎一杵歇一气（把打杵立在地上，把背篋坐在打杵横杆上，休息一下），再次起来的时候，吼一嗓子号子：“呦呵喂，嗨嘛！”抖擞一下精神，提一股子劲，继续爬楼梯。

A cold wind followed us the entire way, shaking leaves from the trees along the road. Mom couldn't stop holding me close. Dad's hands were both occupied holding some of our lighter packages. Only our heavily burdened 'runner', bent over with our cargo on his back and supporting himself with a walking stick, seemed unaffected, walking spryly onward to our destination. As he walked, he kept us engaged in conversation. I remember him saying that his wife was laid up in bed, seriously ill. They needed money for their son's tuition. Although his own health wasn't so good, he had to make a living. Afterward, I remember he let out a good chuckle. His load wasn't overly heavy; nevertheless, climbing the stairway at the end of our journey, I could see the strain on his face and hear him gasp for breath. Perhaps it was due to his age. At each floor, he would stop to rest, draping himself over his walking stick, creating in my mind the shape of a "T". After resting, he called out "Yo Ho Way! Huzzah!" to steel his resolve and then proceeded up the next flight of stairs.

尽管累，他一路上几次要求再帮爸爸拿一些手里提的东西，让爸爸换一下手，说妈妈一个女同志抱孩子太辛苦，爸妈显然没同意。不过他在我幼小的心灵上已经烙下了好人的印记。爬了三层楼终于到了亲戚家，“背篋”小心翼翼地将货物从背篋里取出，站在门外将东西一一递进去，生怕弄脏了亲戚家的地板。他忙完抬起头来已是满脸汗珠，苍老的脸庞难以掩饰岁月留下的沧桑痕迹，很快他



扯起衣袖擦干汗水，长舒了一口气，露出笑容。

Despite his own exhaustion, he still offered several times to help Dad carry his things and give him a break and said that Mom shouldn't be left to carry a child like that on her own. Both politely declined his offers. His performance that day left me with a model example of a good person. When our relative's home on the third floor had finally been reached, our 'runner' carefully removed our parcels from his basket and, one by one, brought them into the apartment, clearly afraid that he might dirty our relatives' floor. Finished, he raised his head, revealing his sweat-drenched face. His age-worn face clearly bore the marks of a hard life. He quickly pulled up his sleeve and wiped dry the sweat that clung to his brow. He let out a sigh of relief and gave us a smile.

“老板，您多给了一元，讲好的只是5元。”“背篋”吐了口唾沫在手指上，数了几遍。

“Boss, you paid me a yuan more than we'd agreed to. We agreed to 5 yuan.” He spat in his hand and counted the bills carefully again, several times.

“大叔，这楼层高，不是底层，给您加了一元。”爸爸解释说。

“Uncle,” my father said, “the building is several floors high. I added an extra yuan for your trouble.”





“谢谢老板的好意，刚才讲好了价钱，我不会多要你一分的，做人要厚道！虽然我是下苦力的，靠自己的劳力挣本分钱，心里踏实！”随后将多的一元钱硬塞给爸爸，又是一阵爽朗的笑声。当年年幼我不太懂，现在想来莫名的感动。

“Thank you for your consideration,” he replied, “but we agreed on a price, and I won’ t take a fen more. A man is worth no more than his word! Although what I do is manual labor, I make an honest wage for honest work. I can live with that.” He pushed the extra yuan back into my father’ s hand and let out a hearty chuckle. Although I didn’ t understand at the time, what transpired that day touches me deeply now.

过去大巴山交通闭塞，是这些背二哥爬悬崖趟河流，披荆棘穿丛林，当“人力交通工具”立下了不朽的功劳。现在四通八达了，长途运输不再需要背二哥，他们的生意在逐步减少。在城镇汽车不能去的地方，需要人力搬运的还是请背二哥方便。他们整天穿梭在大街小巷，起早贪黑夜宿街头，从不喊累从不叫苦，靠自身的劳力和细心的服务换来微薄的报酬。

Back then, transportation was painfully slow in Bashan. These ‘runners’ who took on the role of human vehicles, moving items of all shapes and sizes past cliffs, over rivers, and through brambles and forests, made a truly enduring contribution. Vast improvements in the transportation network have greatly diminished the need for ‘runners’ . However, in those corners of populated areas still unreachable by car, people still use the services of ‘runners’ . Throughout the day, they traverse the streets and alleyways from before dawn to well after dusk. Never complaining of fatigue or bemoaning their lot, they use their labor and their attention to detail to earn a meager wage.



为了弘扬和传承“巴山背二哥”这种独特的本土精神文化品牌，政府在巴中草坝街制作了一组“巴山背二哥”主题铜像，成为巴城一道靓丽的风景；曾创作了原生态的舞蹈和声乐作品《巴山背二哥》，在四川电视台、中央电视台展播；“巴山背二哥”经国务院批准列入国家级非物质文化遗产名录。

To promote and pass on the distinctive and honorable heritage of Bashan' s runners, the government erected on Caoba Street in Bazhong City a bronze statue dedicated to the "Runners of Bashan" . It has already grown into one of the city' s scenic attractions. Also, an original theatrical production entitled "Runners of Bashan" was recorded and broadcast on SCTV and China Central Television. Finally, the runners of Bashan have been officially recognized as a national intangible cultural heritage by the State Council.

勤劳勇敢、吃苦耐劳、诚信淳朴、积极乐观的“巴山背二哥”精神值得我们一代又一代人学习。“巴山背二哥”，已成为我们“宁愿苦干，不愿苦熬”巴中精神的代言，成为巴山儿女勇敢坚强、不懈奋斗的精神动力，他们的形象将会永远留存在人们心中，他们奋发的精神将永远激励着巴山儿女在康庄大道上阔步向前。



Hard working and courageous, tenaciously facing hardships, sincere and plain-spoken, outgoing and optimistic, the spirit of the "runners of Bashan" should be passed on from generation to generation. The runners



of Bashan are the embodiment of our Bazhong City spirit of “Better Do than Endure” . They are the strength of Bashan’ s sons and daughters; they stimulate us to keep striving forward; their image will always live on in the hearts of the people; their stop-at-nothing spirit shall always inspire the sons and daughters of Bashan confidently forward into the future.

專家評語一

「挑夫」，是一个流传已久的古老行业，凭劳力、本事挣钱，但却很少人为他们立传。本文写一位年长的「巴山背二哥」吃苦耐劳，诚恳踏实，不贪小利的动人形象，生动自然，跃然纸上，令人动容。

Reviewer I

Portering, an ancient profession, compensates participants for manual labor done. However, few write down their stories to be passed on through the generations. This essay, which describes the hardworking spirit, sincerity, and upright character of an elderly Bashan runner, is excellently narrated, vividly developed, and quite touching.

專家評語二

一、巴城最靓丽的一道风景是「巴山背二哥」的劳力服务。他们负重行走在巴山蜀水间，为民背篋、传递物资，肩挑背磨换得微薄报酬，却从不喊苦叫累，在过去大巴山交通闭塞的年代，立下了不朽的功劳。作者以一次爸爸请背二哥搬运蔬果的经验说起，背二哥那吃苦耐劳、诚信朴实、乐观开朗的形象，早已深植在每一个巴蜀人民的心中。



二、文中阐述背二哥奋发的精神是巴中精神的代言，能激励人心，昂首阔步向前，值得代代学习。全篇铿锵有力，真挚恳切，具有正面积极的作用。

Reviewer II

1) Bazhong City' s most compelling scenery is the hardworking services provided by its Bashan runners. They cross the Bashan landscape carrying civilian goods and delivering provisions far and wide. Although they exchange their scarred shoulders and backs for a meager wage, they never bemoan their difficulties or weariness. These runners made their most outstanding contributions at a time when transportation in the Bashan area was still woefully inadequate. The author approaches the topic using a personal experience, when his father hired a runner to transport a load of fruit and vegetables. The hardworking, honest, plainspoken, and inveterately optimistic image of the Bashan runner has long taken root in the heart of every citizen of the Bashan region.

2) The narrative describes the stop-at-nothing spirit of these runners as encapsulating the spirit of Bazhong City. Rousing morale and encouraging bold steps forward, their example is worth studying for generations to come. The essay is cogent, powerful, and sincere. A worthy example of positive motivation.





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