

Announcement

Congratulations to the freshmen on their successful "Role Play."

Congratulations, our "FLAL WEEK" is accomplished successfully.

Up-coming events:

Dec. 26	School-wide Drama Contest
Dec. 29	Golden Voice Cup
Jan. 1	New Year
Jan. 10-14	Final Exam
Jan. 17	Winter Vacation



Poetry Beach

Two Muses

By Sylvia 鄭慧君

My painful heart beats
Bump against sorrowful walls
In discordant tempos.
The ambiguity creeps
As my cell phone rings
Through a wordy silence
Between my countless tears
And your ruthless insistence.

We're mutual muses

In this silence.

My give and your take

Turn my world

To an upside-down cake.

As I try to melt your icing with my fingers

At a desperate stake

Wondering if your mercy would come back,

Your icing remains.

This lightning of your voice

Strikes on my shoulder

And lulls me into

A coarse tune of netherworld

Behind my eyes.

As you took me to the countryside

In France and tour the Louvre,

Or maybe this time

We'll travel the landscape

Of our bodies.

They All Came to My Funeral

By Monica 張雅德

They all came to my funeral

With white lilies and black uniforms

They all sang songs so sorrowful

Thousands of words unspeakable

Some day all will last no more

The gone by, the lilies, and the songs

For memories are fading leaves that fall

Down to the ground with dirt and soil

They all came to my funeral

The crimson sky of grieving glow

Some day all will last no more

Blown with the wind, my trivial soul

In Another City

By Zoe 陳佩玉

Everything in this fresh place is brightness

I find myself fall into other's joyfulness

A little crowded I felt,

So I went behind a veil

To separate from the place I dwell

The strange surroundings make me hard of breath

Between smothering pleasure and respiring death

The sunshine the crowds share

Is the least I'm going to care

Alone, I breathe my own air

The cheerful wind brings people to celebrate

Facing the strong blowing I want to separate

From seeing the reunion

From peeling an onion

The fate as an alien

I come and sit down beside a long-drifting rivulet

To ask her how I could get the proper outlet

Instead of wetting pillow

Instead of being hollow

"JOIN THE FLOW!"

My Window

By Kerry 鍾季倫

I push over the handlebar.

Paint it,

in red, in orange.

My passion, my love.

The red-hot fire burns in my heart.

Dark sky,

Croaking frogs,

Listen!

The silence

Out of the window are the bright starts.

Love, come in.

My wing is steady.

Peace, fly in.

I'm ready to fly.

Counting the shooting starts

falling

one by one.

Everlasting is like the rainbow

fading off

in the heaven.

Again,

I draw the curtain.

White illusion.

By Samuel 洪啟勝

I see you, holy white.

You are so candor and so candid,

That I dare not

Look at you but shyly bow my head.

Why people never understand

Emptiness is what you only like.

Why people still firmly hold

To stain you with black.

Like waves, there is a steady sound

Admonishing me of my fate

To blot you like people act.

But I ignore it for my mind is now melted.

Oh! The bell is ringing. So aloud!

Then it is the time to say goodbye, dear white.

Until the sorrow day I will wait

To meet you again despite you are full of blood.

Fiction Field

A Stroke of Luck

By Carol 郭如芳

It's only half past eleven. There are some people on the street, but not many.

A brown-haired man puts his hand into his pocket and feels the envelope. What a wonderful day. He smiles with satisfaction. Not many people are as lucky as he is. It is a turning point towards success in his life.

Actually, he is a normal person in his early thirties. His short brown hair is a little curl, and his thin lips seldom reveals his inner emotion. And it seems that he keeps a good shape by doing exercise regularly. But generally speaking, he is the type of people that no one would notice him when passing by.

"How lucky I am!" He dreams the promising future, whistling some unknown tunes delightedly along the street.

Minutes later, he arrives at his house in avenue nine. After collecting a pile of mails lying on the floor, he leaves the house, and goes into Freaky Meal for lunch.

Freaky Meal is a diner, and a cafe. It is quite near where he lives. And he often goes there. He sits at his favorite table by the window.

"Hi, Louis. What do you want for your lunch?" a waiter comes to his table and asks.

"Give me some black coffee and a serving of pasta. Thanks, Ted." he gives the waiter a smile. After that, he looks out on the street, observing people and sceneries. Then he finds that the sky, different from the earlier bright and sunny one, is full of cloud now.

At twelve-thirty, a young, fair-haired man comes into the cafe. The man looked around for a while, and then walks to Louis' table.

"Excuse me. All other seats are occupied. May I sit here?" the young man says courteously.

"Well. It's okay for me. Take a seat."

Louis and the stranger eat their meal and talk about many things although they did not know each other before. It is quite natural to talk to a stranger nowadays.

After finishing the meal, Louis gets to leave. When he stands up, an envelope drops out from his pocket. But he doesn't notice that.

The young man picks up the envelope. His face twists for a few seconds, but he recovers from it very soon.

"Sir, is this yours?" the young man shows the envelope to him.

"Yeah. That's mine. Thank you. You're such a good man." he thanks the man gratefully. "You're really a good man. Good-bye, my friend." An appearance of relief comes back to his face, and he wonders how lucky he is that he doesn't lose the envelope carelessly. Then he walks out of the cafe, and strolls east.

About ten minutes later, the young man leaves the cafe, and follows Louis' track.

Louis whistles some songs pleasantly while he is walking. What a wonderful day he has.

But wait! It's impossible!! It can't be that!!!

A sudden pain strikes his heart. "Oh! God! I can't breathe." The next second, he falls onto the ground, gasping for air. As a dying man, he feels it must be the end.

Someone around him shouts for help, but no one really helps him. He seems to see a familiar face in the distance. Who's that? He tries to figure out. Oh! Yes! That's the young man he met at Freaky Meal. "What is the man doing here? Why is the man here?" Before he loses the last consciousness, he tries to make sense out of all this. However, he cannot deal with the mess in his head. Why me? He leaves the question unanswered.

Then, the young man heads for the dead man. He grabs something from Louis' pocket, but no one notices that.

The young man stays at the spot for a few minutes, murmuring with sympathy, "Poor guy. Poor guy. Rest in peace at last."

Graven Scar

By Viola 薛涵方

It pours suddenly. Olivia is astonished. It's April now, the most beautiful season of a year in her mind. It hasn't rained for several months this year. Olivia looks upward and wonders at this sudden downpour. Until she feels herself, she is all wet standing on the street. She looks around. All the passersby are gone. Everyone hurries to find a shelter from the heavy rain. Olivia starts to run in the rain. The downpour seems to cool her passion. She feels terrible. She was originally happy, on her way to meet her friend for shopping. Now she just wants to escape.

Olivia runs into a familiar cafe. It was her favorite place ten years ago,

in her senior high school life. Olivia steps in to find a vacant table. Unexpectedly, she takes glimpses of a familiar person. Olivia walked towards her and asked in a soft voice, "Phoenix?" The woman with short hair raises her head. When they have eye contact, Olivia is stunned. This woman in front of her was once her best friend in senior high. She is Phoenix. After graduated from senior high, they haven't heard from each other for ages. Phoenix asks with a smile, "Would you like to sit with me, Olivia?" The two women chat about their recent situations.

All beautiful memories recur to Olivia. She still remembers what a vivacious girl. Phoenix was in senior high. Phoenix was the most popular person of their class. Her optimism attracted many people at school. Every time people saw her, the smile always spread on her face. Olivia loved her smile most. And Phoenix was also sporty and outgoing. She was regarded as a girl of the greatest vigor in the class. At that time, Phoenix and Olivia were best friends. Many classmates envy their intimate relationship.

About ten minutes later, Phoenix excuses herself to the lady's room. Olivia stirs her coffee. "Thanks for this downpour. It's really a surprise to come across Phoenix," she thinks. But after fifteen minutes, Phoenix still hasn't come back. Olivia feels strange about this. About twenty minutes later, Phoenix returns to their table. Olivia wonders, "Why does it take such a long time? Is the restroom occupied?" "No," Phoenix says, "that's because it always takes me much time to wash my hands." Olivia is aware of her hesitation. Phoenix stares at her tight, crossed hands. There is no expression on her pale face. After a brief pause, Phoenix unbosoms herself. "Tell you the truth, dear. I am sick. It's Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder. I have a morbid fear of getting dirty, especially my hands. I always can't stop washing and robbing my hands together. I just can't control myself. But don't worry about me, Olivia. I am better now." Her smile appears again. It is the same smile as those old days, but it can't comfort Olivia like before any more. Olivia gets astonished. "What does she mean she's better? How can she have that shining smile? Why can she tell her illness with that ease? Almost twenty minutes, my dear!" Olivia doubts in her mind. She can't believe Phoenix sees it as a trifle. All of a sudden, Olivia's mind flashes back to her school life. It's an unforgettable memory Olivia tries to leave it behind.

Lela, Me, and the Cake

By Alexandra 林露薇

Walking straight down till the end of Altonen Street, there will be a row of green houses on the left side and a row of yellow houses on the right side. Yes, this is the district where my sister Lela and I live in. We live in one of the green houses on the left side. But this story is not about where we live, this is about Lela and me! Lela is my sister. She has lovely curly hair and Mom always ties a bow right on her head. I think I must be the cutest little boy in the world. Although Lela says I can only rank second in cuteness because she is number one. I am five years old and Lela is six. I cannot tell you how much I love Lela because she is the only sister I have. Meanwhile, I can never tell you how much I hate her because she is my elder sister, not a younger one. You will know why I love her and hate her at the same time if you read the following story thoroughly.

One comfortable morning, the sun smoothly poured on my face through the window, making me felt so cozy that I did not want to get off the bed. Lela woke me up with an excited smile on her face. "Guess what?" Lela said exaggeratedly, "I saw a big, round cake in the fridge!" I love cakes! So I crept down from my warm bed immediately and encircled my fingers to show Lela a round, hollow hole.

"A cake like this big?" I asked.

"No," Lela frowned to show how stupid I was, "much more bigger than that." I took out a piece of paper and my favorite purple crayon, and drew a palatable big, round cake with candles on it.

"Like this?" I asked satisfactorily and watered with hunger at the same time.

"Wrong again," Lela answered, a bit anxious, "bigger and with cream on it." Then I drew a bigger cake with cream on the edge of the cake. The cake was so big that I almost drew out of the paper and left the spot on the floor.





"Is this big enough?" I cannot wait to eat the cake.

"Almost.... Yes!" Lela finally got the picture she wanted. "Do you want to see it now?" she asked the question I have been waiting for so long.

"Yes, of course yes, can I have a big piece of it too? I am starving to death now." I replied as soon as

possible. Then we rushed to the refrigerator in the next minute. There was really a cake laid right in the middle of the fridge! At the moment when we took out the cake, a loud voice came behind us.

"Do not touch it!!!" Mom shouted.

"That is the cake for your aunts Emma and aunt Alice." She took the cake away from our hand and put it back right in the middle of the fridge.

"See~ I told you Mom won't let you eat the cake." Lela mocked at me just like she is mom's echo. Now you can see why I hate her. She is such an apple-polisher. But at this moment, I could not (or I should not) argue with her or Mom would definitely punish us.

"I am sorry, Mom." I surrendered but my eyes could not leave the cake.

"I love aunts Emma and Alice very much, so maybe we should leave here before I cannot control my desire to eat it." I told Lela.

"No," Lela demolished my suggestion again, "I will sit right in front of the cake to protect it, or someone like you will come and eat it up!"

"Then I will sit with you," I sat down next to Lela, "because I don't want the cake to be eaten by anyone else, too." Then, we sat on the floor for several minutes.

Finally, Lela whispered to me, "Maybe we should check the cake every now and then." So we did. The cake was so fine and round every time we opened the door of the fridge. About the tenth time we checked the cake, Lela said, "What if the cream on the top is getting sour?"

"No way," I cried out.

"If the cream is getting sour, our dear aunts will have stomachache," Lela told me seriously.

"I don't want our aunts Emma and Alice to get stomachache!" I started to weep.

"Me either," Lela said sadly, "I think I've got a great idea. We should eat the cream to test if the cream is getting sour."

"Good idea, it would be better if we got stomachache, not our aunts." Suddenly I thought Lela was smarter than me. So we took out the cake carefully and both of us bit a piece of cake together. Uh...it was really a nice cake, very delicious, soft, and sweet. Most important of all, the cream was not getting sour.

"The cream is cool and soft, this is a nice cake!" I said with a satisfied smile on my face. "Thank God our aunts won't get sick!" I kept on saying.

"We only eat one side," Lela spoke with cream around her mouth, "what if other sides are getting sour now?"

"That's too bad!" I worried. So we ate every side of the cake to make sure that the cake was not spoiled. After we had our last bite, Lela started to worry again.

"What if the middle of the cake is going bad? We check every side of the cake to make sure that the cream is fine, but maybe the center of the cake start to spoil now!" Lela whispered to me just like we were doing a very holy job. In order to make sure the cake was fine enough to keep our aunts healthy as usual, we took the knife from the kitchen and cut the cake into half. Then, we did a very brave thing—we ate the center of the cake.

"What are you two doing?" Mom shouted while we were doing our job (I mean, to protect the cake and kept our aunts away from stomachache.)

"If you are so hungry, eat ALL of it!" Mom pointed at the cake and growled.

Mom then stepped out of the door, and we stared at each other without a word. Lela broke the silence first and suggested that we should do whatever Mom told us to. Therefore, we ate up the whole



big cake. Our hands, mouths, clothes, and the floor were in a mess now. Cream and cake bits were everywhere around us. Finally, I felt something was happening in my stomach. I could feel my gastric juices tossed from side to side in my stomach and it made my face twisted together from the pain. I saw Lela, who lay beside me on the floor, had the same twisting face and her hands were holding her stomach. When she found me looking at her suffering, she forced herself to varnished over her pain which made her eyebrows frowned all together.

"See, I told you the cake was going bad!" Lela cried out. "I think we both get stomachache!!!"



On the Parting Where Three Roads Meet

By Samuel 洪啟勝

It is a valley with a small river across the center. Continuing waves of hills stand on both sides of the valley. The green meadows, bowing their body on and off to dance with the song of breeze, spread over miles from a line of hills to another line of hills. On the meadows the wood fence rails like pieces of mosaic, reflecting green light under the glaring sun.

Now a little orange flash appears on one end of a long straight road along the river. It is a small car. Tent, sleeping bags, and other travel commodities crowd its top and trunk. The noisy cough of the engine and the faded paint both suppose it is not strange if this car will suddenly break up. In the small car are two people. One is a pretty woman with long black hair. Her eyes are gray and flashing, very corresponding with her delicate face. She is now driving the car and humming a canorous, unknown song. Sitting beside the woman is a young man with short brown hair. He is actually beyond 20, but his baby face makes him looks younger than he is. He is now dozing by the window with his arm supporting his head.

After the car passes through a bridge, the woman suddenly looses the accelerator and let the car coast slowly until it totally stops. "What's wrong? Are we running out of gas?" the man, just awake, asks the woman. "Unfortunately, we aren't, but we do have a problem. Can you find a parting where three roads meet on the map?" the woman replies in a relaxed voice. "Oh, Ye...let me see...No, I can't." the man checks the map and says. It is nearly the end of the valley, and there is no guidepost at all about the three roads. Each road is as new as if it just has been paved. Their ends all disappear under the horizon.

"So I said many times that a map painted according to other's words was not reliable at all. What shall we do now -- Hey! Boss! Where do you go?" Regardless of the man's saying, the woman switches off the engine and leaves the car. She searches her jacket pockets and finds two coins. The young man hastens to leave the car and asks, "Are you going to decide by throwing the two coins? We still have no idea where these roads lead to." "I know," the woman just simply replies, as if not hearing what the man says. "So what do you...Hey? Look! Someone is coming. A farmer! He must know something about these roads." The man immediately runs to the farmer. However, the woman still stands there, and throws her coins to the sky. The two coins roll five or six times in the sky and then fall on the ground. The woman takes a look on the coins and picks them up with a satisfied smile.

"Excuse me, sir. Do you know which way leads to Asgard?" the young man points to the parting and says to the farmer. The old farmer, who is about 70 years old, shows his body from his truck and says, "Yes, traveler, I know, I know how to get to Asgard. In fact, you can reach Asgard by all the three ways, no matter which way you choose." "What? Sir, I beg your pardon?" the man has a worried look on his face. "It is just what I said, traveler. These three roads all begin in the same place, and all end in the same place--Asgard." The young man still looks worried. Before he wants to ask more details, someone calls him from his back. It's the pretty woman. After she and the old farmer greet with each other politely, the young man quickly retells the farmer's words to her. The woman nods to show she understands this matter, and then politely asks the farmer if he can explain the reasons behind these roads, since the young man is very curious of

pipe and tobacco. He smokes the tobacco and says, "Well, I will tell you."

In Asgard, there are always debates among three groups. One group is often called "Academy," which many artists, scholars, and young educated people attend. They often congregate to discuss politics and social issues about Asgard. The other group is called "Big Hand," composed of some honorable big men. The dignity of their class makes their words very influential in many affairs. And they think that tradition and custom is very important. Many farmers and workers are their supporters. Another group includes merchant and businessman. Many of them are new rich, especially Vandergelder, who is the wealthiest and most ambitious of these rich men. He is supported very much by many bourgeois and his employees, and he also successfully plays as an arbiter between the new rich often. That's why people often call this group "Vander." These three groups often have conflicts in many ways. For example, when it was going to build a statue in memory of a fireman who sacrificed his life to save an honorable family, the Academy and the Vander had disagreement on the design and the budget for the statue. And the Big Hand was the same, thinking the other two groups are childish and vulgar. Therefore, the building of the statue was delayed for a long time.

The cause of these roads is similar. It used to be one road leading from here to Asgard. The road was so rough and tortuous that hardly anyone used it. However, the road became important since the communication between Asgard and west cities was more and more frequent. It was necessary for it to be refined. And the problem happened again. The Academy made an agreement that it was unnecessary to refine the original road; conversely, they should build a new road. This new road would pass through the lush forest, the blooming prairie, and the beautiful lake. It would bring the most impressive memory to those who go this way. It was not a big deal that it detoured a little. But the Vander didn't think like this. The scenic view was not important at all. They preferred a wide, straight, and convenient way, so they can transport their commodity fast. Even though many bridges and tunnels had to be built for the kind of road, for the Vander, it was worth the trouble. The Big Hand, of course, didn't keep silent. They insisted the old road should be retained and be repaired. It was no use to build new roads because the old one was enough for using. In addition, in spite of the fact that the old road was not prettier than the Academy's and faster than the Vander's, it still had some good views and could be smooth after reconstruction.

These three groups kept their quarrels; even the leader of Asgard couldn't stop them. Until one day, several students belonging to the Academy announced they would build the road by themselves. And they really started to do it. When Vandergelder heard the news, he also decided to build his way without waiting. The members of Big Hand, then, agreed with each other that if they didn't follow, they would lose their honor. So all of the groups started to build their promised roads. And they all got their supporters' full offering of help so the process went on swimmingly.

"The result was what you see now, three roads leading to the same place," the old farmer finishes his telling and exhales the smoke of tobacco. After thanking the farmer, the young man turns to talk with the woman. "By the way, it is not as bad as I think in the beginning. People can choose their own way for their needs. It's not a trouble." "Not a trouble? Do you really think so?" the woman asks the young man. The young man wants to say something, but the woman doesn't give him any chance to speak. She looks at the farmer and says, "There is no guidepost at all, isn't there, sir?" The old farmer smiles and says to the young man. "This lady is right, kid. The quarrel is not yet over." "I am an adult, not a kid, sir," the young man, without facing the farmer, just mutters in a small voice.

They say goodbye to the old farmer and go back to the car. When they enter the car, the young man can't help but ask, "Boss, why the old one says the quarrel is not yet over?" The woman doesn't answer his question. She just starts the car and says in a relaxed voice, as if she is speaking to herself, "I guess when we arrive Asgard, there must be people who not only welcome us but also ask us from which way we come." The man goes blank for a few seconds and suddenly shouts. "Oh! I understand...No! No! It's not good! Boss! If it is true, what shall we do? The problem is becoming more difficult now!" The woman, looked as though nothing had happened, replies, still in a relaxed voice, "I never think it's a difficult problem, Paul." "How? ...Ah! I know. The coins!" the man takes a deep sigh. "My goodness! I can't believe you really do it." "Maybe I will decide by the coins, or by my interest," the woman says, and this time she turns her gaze towards the man. "Don't you think we should...!" the man suddenly swallows his words, because the woman's face is now very close to him, and her

hand is on his shoulder. She gives him a smile and says, "You know, Paul, women don't like too loquacious men."

The car becomes silent for a while. But not a long time it starts to move, and the canorous unknown song is hummed again.



Punishment

By Hugo 曾志豪

Chasing after me, they are searching for me. They won't give up catching me. They keep torturing me. It is my last opportunity to escape from that slimy, filthy, and stained prison. Life there was inferno. No! It's worse than hell! Bonded with rusty shackle, we were all jailed in a cramped room. The room is no larger than three square-meters; however, there were 20 people confined there. There is no light, electricity, nor anything artificial. We never know what time it is since the day they revolted against us.

Fed by their leftovers, many of us were infected with some unknown diseases. None of us can escape from diarrhea; however, they wouldn't offer any medical treatment. It seemed that they enjoyed the sight of our suffering and struggling. A lad no more than six years old died of dehydration. The corpse was laid at the corner of the jail rotting till the carcass was covered with maggots. The scene and stench have been inscribed in my mind since that day. One day, they took away some men. Those who had been taken away never came back. It's said that they are doing some secret experiments on humans. We are under the pressure of death everyday. Some people became hysterical toward every slightest movement. Another wilted day after day murmuring something that no one understood. Others stared at the ceiling all day long without any emotion revealed on their face.

Then I stumble into an abandoned factory. I still remembered this place. It used to be the most large-scale, high-tech company. Every day there were more than ten thousand employees working around the clock. Nevertheless, it is deserted now. I do not hear any sound made from machines. Like other places, there are no human beings. Most humans have been killed by them. I know it's all resulted from vengeance. They want to avenge the maltreatment on us. They want us to live life as they used to do. We never knew that they had consciousness, so we treated them just like they were our dolls. When we were interested in them, we cherished them as treasure. As they became boring to us, they were cast out without hesitation. Those who had been dropped out gathered and began to conspire to take their revenge. But we idiots were still not aware of their plot; we still thought every thing was under our control.

I am starving to death. It's been the forth day for me to have nothing to eat. For these days, I only drank water from the ditch. I don't want to recall how dirty the water was. Many times I vomited after drinking every bit of it. I had no choice. I have to survive. I staggered alone the path in the factory trying to find any edible food. "Nothing! There is no food at all. Damn it!" Now I know how they felt when they were expelled from us. Being despaired for their situation, they must be ultimately disappointed with their masters. Looking for food and water frantically in order to survive was the top priority for them. At home they were adorable and unique; in the street they were wicked, detestable and gross. Now I really feel sorry for them. I want to atone for human's crime though it is too late. For god's sake, can they forgive us foolish humans? Wait! I hear their steps and their loud sniffs. They have found my trace.

As I dash out to the empty square, I look around the barren building. The prosperous city has become desolate. A sense of exhaustion immerses from the bottom of my heart. I have run out of strength. I can hardly abscond from their apprehension. I am tired of exile. Keeling on the ground, I give up any hope of being free. It's my retribution for our sins toward them. "Let them come and drag me back to the cage! I can't stand deportation anymore! It's enough!" I don't want to be stray human just like what they are called—stray dogs.

Real Heroes

By Amber 林钰潔

A convenience store, named "Sea World," which was not so prosperous, stood at the end of the Moonflower road. It was a plain store that occupied about 105 square meters. Although it was somewhat cramped, it offered all kinds of goods. Moreover, the paintings drew by the shop owner hang on the wall, adding some heartwarming atmosphere to the poor shop. A carefree whistle came into one's ears when entering the store. A middle-age man, Grain, who was a little bald and had a beer-belly, was feeding his lovely fishes while talking aloud to them.

"Morning, sweethearts, another brand-new day," he said, smiling.

The biggest fish, Dannie, swam over to swallow half of the feed.

"The bigger you are, the more you eat." Dannie said with his mouth filled with food.

"Hey man, you've eaten too much. Beware of your increasing weight," the slim goldfish, Gina, said as she glanced at Dannie. Dannie hit Gina's glistening scale slightly with his tailfin and continued to eat his meal. Gina was not reconciled and hit him back.

"Alright, you two are always arguing. Enjoy your breakfast peacefully." Webber, the oldest, stopped their quarrel.

On the front side of the shop, a cunning-looking young man in his early twenties sneaked into the store. It was obvious that he was going to do something bad.

"Look, the sneaky guy intends to take the beer without paying money," Tim said aloud and stared at the guy.

"What should we do to stop him?" Gina asked.

Other fishes were all in a flurry, swimming back and forth without any ideas. Their owner, Grain, was indulged in watching his favorite talk show and didn't even notice the thief. Everyone was terribly worried and wanted to figure out some ways to stop the stranger from stealing.

"Dannie, use your big tailfin to tap the glass wall so that Grain can be aware of the thief. The rest of us jump up and down to make noises to catch Grain's attention." Webber said wisely and calmly.

Everyone took action. Eventually, the disturbance awoke Grain to the theft. Grain walked to the spot, where the guy intended to start his wrongdoings, checking if anything's wrong. The thief, realizing he failed, ran away hastily. Excitedly, the fishes cheered for their big success.

However, on the very same night, the same thief came back again. It was raining and blowing hard. Besides, Thunder God couldn't wait to break the windows to show his stunning might. Unwilling to lag behind, the stiff wind seemed to devour the house.

The unexpected guest skillfully unlocked the door and quietly destroyed the monitor. The doorknob was slowly rotated and then it was softly pushed forward.

The creak of the door caught Tim's attention.

"Ah...there is a ghost over there!" Tim's shout of fear broke the silence of the tranquil night.

"Can anyone help?" Gina was instantly swift to hide her trembling body behind the waterweeds and sobbed.

All fishes gasped with astonishment and looked in the same direction toward the guy. In the darkness, what came into the fishes' sight first was a pair of sneakers, which were stained with grime as if they just fell into a muddy pit. Following the dirty shoes, they saw a plump body, carrying a pack on its shoulder. The guy was all in black to avoid being recognized. As soon as both of his feet stood on the floor of the house, a burst of gloomy wind shut the door. At this moment, a flash of lightening cast into the store from the window and illuminated the guy's face.

"It's the thief from this morning," Dannie recognized the guy immediately even though he was in black. His sharp eyesight proved that the thief's disguise was in vain.

"Gee, he's come back to steal again but now Grain is at home." Tim said anxiously with his eyebrow frowned.

"Now, what are we going to do?" a clown fish asked.

Meanwhile, the burglar took his time putting all the stuff he needed into his backpack, chewing the nuts he just opened as if he stood a reason to do so. Then he felt tired and lay on the ground to take a rest. Gradually, he fell asleep by the electric wire. The sight of wire reminded Gina of an accident that had just happened to Grain.

"Once Grain incautiously touched the electric wire with his wet hand, he received an electric shock." Gina said.

"Yeah, a strong electric shock can even kill a man, especially when he is soaking wet." Webber said.

"Great, let's give the bad guy an exciting electric shock." Tim and Dannie said, clapping their tailfins at the same time.

They kept splashing water on the thief's body. After a while, it worked; the thief couldn't bear the intense electricity and moaned painfully. A few minutes later, he fainted because of the strong electric shock.

The wisdom and alertness of the fishes saved the shop again. They were really heroes.

Pouring rain and howling wind ceased. The sun rose in the east and shone into the store. A gentle breeze swayed over, spreading the fragrance of violet. It was another brand new day.

Reminder

By Edward 林仕梓

As usual, I am the last one to wake up in the morning. It has been two months since I graduated from the annoying high school and I still haven't found any appropriate job I like. I mean, short distance from my place, less than eight hours a day, and most important, at least fifty thousand dollars a month. But I know that I am always a daydreamer. There is no need for me to use an alarm clock because my mom would do the same thing as a clock. Besides, if there is no hurry before nine A.M., I can wait for my mother as a human alarm.

But today, I have just been frightened in the dream and wake up by my father's howls, which are not clear for me when I am in my cozy shelter, my bed. When I come out, I see my father rush out of the front door, take away a few pages of newspapers, and leave behind the quiet morning. Things I can remember are that when he comes across me in front of my room, he shouts, "When can you become a man? My poor son!" I am totally confused about this scene and I see my mom crying and talking with somebody on the phone. I guess it might be my aunt or any relatives. All I can recognize are some words, like "Ran out of budget" and "Cut down the corn price." I remember that Bob and Dave have been in charge of the corn affairs in our village since couple of years ago. Ashamed and frustrated, a horrible idea rushes into my stunned brain.

When I walk pass the doorway of the Corn Trade Union, Bob and Dave are chatting about my family, the Horgorsteine. Bob stops me and tries to comfort me with some false sympathetic words and those words make me sick of them. Meanwhile, I want to kill not only myself but them, too. I wish I were not a member of the Horgorsteine family. As I wander around my father's cornfield, the sun light is firing me with its enthusiasm, though I am not sweating but sobbing. What I wish is that my tears could fertilize the land and grow something that can help my father. With my bare feet into the soil wet by my teardrops, facing the hill behind our place, Crown Hill, I realize that I am a useless bug. I can help my old man if I am not wasting my life anymore. Moreover, my little sis is still growing up to be a perfect woman, even if she is just a fifteen-year-old girl. She is doing great in school and also has good characters.

I follow the hunter's path toward the unfamiliar forest. At first, the road is made by concrete and with a few dark gravels on it. A mile later, the mud path is covered by weeds. Bushes with strong and thick roots occupy the only line. The track begins to curve without order. I find that the line between trees is just like a valley floor in the mountain area. Roots covered by fallen leaves look like waves in storm. But when I get on the join between stems and roots, I am protected from any attack by unfamiliar insects or snakes. Although it is a dilemma, I choose to run all the way to the end of this road. Branches and leaves block the sun light. However, linear lights shoot into the fallen leaves by the blowing wind and bring away the humidity in this forest. The green tunnel lightens whenever the wind blows and darkens when the breeze stops, making everything back to tranquility.

back to tranquility. It seems like thousands of eyes are peeking at every movement or even thinking of mine. Angels and devils are fighting between dark and bright. Finally, I get on the top and have a rest by lying down beside a flat root. There are few trees on the peak. I can see the sun clearly when cool winds blow away those feather-like clouds. Sparrows stop on my boots and look like teachers speaking behind the desk. I close my eyes and see through my eyelids. I see a blurry picture, branches and leaves and a big object swinging with the wind. Whenever the wind blows, the object produces some sounds, like wind-bells. When I open my eyes, a set of white, dry human bone is hanging beneath the thickest branch. I try to bounce away from where I just lie, but I slip because of a rag, which seems like a uniform with name on it. I pick it up and read it in my mind, "Ervin Cassel, Crown Hill High School." It was my friend's! My poor childhood friend. It's been five years since we lost his information in our village. "Rest in peace! Ervin." He ended his life after his father's death. And his father died of over-work.

It is about three in the afternoon and shower pours down on me. I am still holding Ervin's shirt in my right hand and I am really starving. Supported by trees along the route, I walk and run with misty sight because rains stream down into my eyes. Whenever I slip, I think of my mom's face with tears, view of my sister's back, and my father's motorcycle. I stand up, feeling like a nail being pushed into my heart. Finally, I approach the concrete road and sit beside the road with tears and smile and burst into laughter. Ervin has saved me! With arms wild open, I lie down on the roadside and look to the direction of my right hand. I find that I am holding nothing but with my palms full of blood, both of them are still bleeding. Maybe the shirt has hung on one of those branches or perhaps the truth is that I did not even remember to bring it down.

The Fifth Tenant

By Ernest 羅頌文

It was a cold rainy night. Red and yellow neon lights became blurred spots. Only few people would dare to walk on the street tonight. Even with umbrellas or raincoats, it was still easy to get wet from head to toe. At the very midnight, a small apartment near Parker Street was filled with people. A young man who studied in Capital College was founded dead in his own room. One of his roommates called the police and they arrived immediately. The victim's name was Lennon; he was twenty years old with a thin cheek and hallowed eyes. Sheriff John Kimble had gathered all the witnesses in order to find out how Lennon died.

Lennon's body did not have any obvious wounds, but his face revealed that he might see something really terrible. He was holding an empty glass bottle, which did not have any notes or marks on it. No matter what was in the bottle, it had already gone. John was the first officer arrived at the scene. He stepped into Lennon's room carefully and soon he found out that the only window in the room was locked from inside. Since Lennon lived in the sixth floor, it was impossible for a murderer to climb in. And if the murderer came from outside, how could he or she get away without being noticed? However, if Lennon committed suicide, his face should look painful instead of horror. John sat on a chair and took out his note. "The only way to find out how this young man died is through witnesses," he told himself.

Lennon's two roommates Eric and Phil were also at the same place. Phil was a short man with beard on his chin. He did not say a word since the police came. On the contrary, Eric was tall and handsome. He has blond hair, blue eyes and kept talking to his girlfriend Mona. John approached these people but none of them seemed to be aware of him.

"Excuse me, who called 911 in the first place?"

There was a short pause between them.

"I did," Phil answered. He did not even look at John. "I heard him screaming."

"You mean a few minutes ago he was still alive?" John asked.

"Maybe, I don't know." Phil spoke like he was talking to himself.

"What do you mean you don't know?"

"I said I don't know! And that means I DON'T KNOW."

Phil's voice suddenly increased, but John could tell that Phil was trembling.

"Well, officer, I suggest you ask someone else." Eric said, stepping forward and whispering to John. "Phil has some bad hobbies, like...you know, drinks and...what do you guys called it? Marijuana? Sometimes he would take too much, so did Lennon. Maybe that's the reason why Lennon died." He patted John's shoulder and blinked.

Almost at the same time, Phil screamed "No! You don't understand. He's here."

"Who's here?" John began to feel confused. Eric and Mona frowned as if Phil just said something that would hurt their ears.

"Come on, stop acting like a fool. You drank too much again, did you?" Eric said with a sarcastic tone.

Phil turned to John and grasped his hand. "Officer, you must believe me. He's here. The fifth tenant...I warned Lennon but he just didn't listen. We have been cursed."

"Stop your day dreaming, weirdo." Mona spilt on the floor. "This place sucks. I'm leaving."

"No! You can run, but you can't hide. We all saw him before." Phil sat at the corner, shaking.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Mona shouted.

"Remember we went out for dinner last Tuesday? You, Eric, me and Lennon?" said Phil.

"What's wrong with the dinner?" Eric asked. He put down his cigar and matches.

"We only have four people but we ordered five meal..." Phil murmured.

"That's just a mistake for the waitress, it's no big deal." Eric said.

"You have too much alcohol in your head Phil, we did have five people last Tuesday." Mona said.

"We did?" Eric asked.

"Hell yeah! You, me, Lennon, Phil and Lennon's friend."

"Did you remember his name, face or anything?" John asked and kept taking notes.

"Well...I can't remember his name or face, he just sat there without uttering a word...what?" Mona found Eric was staring at her so she stopped talking. "I did not remember that guy. Where did he sit?" Eric asked.

"Just between you and Lennon, what's wrong?"

"You saw him before, Eric. It was you who first saw him. Two weeks ago you said you saw a man coming into Lennon's room. Remember that? He got a glass bottle..." Phil uttered.

"I thought that man was your friend, or at least Lennon's friend. So I did not pay any attention to him. Besides, it was dark and rainy that day. It was hard for me to recognized anyone in this gloomy room." Eric replied.

The Sheriff looked around the room. It was true that without lights or other electricity equipment, Lennon's room would be in totally darkness at night.

"You guys are all crazy. It's probably just one of the visitors or something." Mona yawned. "I'm tired of this. Can I leave now?"

John closed his note. It was obvious that the man, or probably one of these people was the cause of Lennon's death. If he could find out who was lying, he could end this case immediately.

"OK, but I hope you can go to the station for a while. We have to make some records."

One by one, they left the apartment. Sheriff John Kimble sat on the chair again and tried to organize the whole case. However, a sudden thunder drew his attention back to reality. He found out there was a man standing at the corner. How come he didn't notice him? "Hey! Who are you?" he shouted. The man didn't say anything. He just smiled, with the glass bottle on his hand.



Hamlet! A Melancholy Lad!?

By Train 李春安

I. Introduction

Hamlet is one of Shakespeare's most famous tragedies. Nonetheless, what is a tragedy? According to Aristotle's definition, he defined a tragedy as "an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and possessing magnitude." The imitation shows a struggle that rends the protagonist's whole being. He also said that every protagonist in a tragedy must make a mistake, and this mistake made the protagonist doomed. Aristotle called this mistake as "hamartia," or known to be "tragic flaw." However, this mistake need not be the result of a moral fault; it may be simply a miscalculation. In Hamlet, Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, poisoned his father and married his mother. He decided to take revenge. However, in the same time, Claudius plotted to kill him, too. In the end, during a duel that his uncle plotted to kill Hamlet, his mother, his uncle, and him were all killed by poisoned wine and poisoned sword that his uncle prepared to kill him.

Hamlet is a tragedy. Hamlet lost his father and his throne. His mother remarried to his uncle so quickly that he started to believe his mother was an unchaste woman. These things made him melancholy. "To be, or not to be, that is the question"⁴ said he, to question the meaning of life. He tried to take revenge for his father, but his tragic flaw prevented him from doing so. He had many chances to do it, but he didn't. Below, I will introduce what is Hamlet's tragic flaw to you and analyze why Hamlet didn't kill his uncle.

II. Hamlet's Tragic Flaw—Depression

A. Why didn't Hamlet kill Claudius?

As his father told Hamlet to avenge for him, Hamlet decided to kill Claudius instantly. He said "So uncle, there you are. Now to my word:/ It is 'Adieu, adieu, remember me.'/ I have sworn't" (I. v 110-112). However, he didn't set himself to revenge on his uncle immediately. He was capable to bring a dagger, enter the palace and kill his uncle, but he didn't do this. It was a superb opportunity for him to avenge, when his uncle knelt down to repent. He could kill his uncle, but he still didn't do it. This was not because he was a coward; on the contrary, he was very brave. Horatio, Hamlet's best friend, described Hamlet as a valiant warrior "Dared to the combat . . . / For so this side of our known world esteemed him" (I. i. 84-85). Hence, what made him hesitate to kill his uncle and take revenge for his father? From today's medical perspective, it seems that he had an illness that prevented him from making decision. The illness was "depression."

B. What caused Hamlet to have depression?

According to medical studies, trauma can cause depression. Situations such as living under stress, losing loved one, or undergoing unhappy episodes can cause depression. We know that Hamlet's father was dead, and two months later, his mother remarried to his uncle. These incidents, pressed heavily upon his mind, were too miserable for him to endure. He felt "How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable/ Seem to me all the uses of this world" (I. ii. 133-134)! The trauma of losing his father and his mother's remarriage made him gloomy, and this is why he had depression.

C. Symptoms of depression

Everyone who has depression would show some symptoms. Below are some symptoms that can show that Hamlet had depression.

i. Feeling of sadness, worthlessness, pessimism⁵

Hamlet's mother told him not to feel sorrow about his father's death, as his mother walked away, he said:

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable/ Seem to me all the uses of this world!/ Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden/ That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature/ Possess it merely. That it should come to this! (I. ii. 133-137)

We can see that he lost interest in this world, and he felt very sad that this world has decayed. Also, he said:

Yet I, A dull and muddy-metted rascal, peak/ Like John-a-

dreams, unpregnant of my cause,/ And can say nothing...../ Am I a coward?...../ Why, what an ass am I! (II. ii. 518-535)

He lost confidence in himself and felt pessimistic that he thought himself was worthless. When he talked to Ophelia, he said:

I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me.What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all, believe none of us. (III. iii 119-126)

We can see that he was so depressed that he thought it was better not to be born.

ii. Decreased interest or pleasure in usual activities or hobbies⁶

In act I scene iii, Ophelia said that Hamlet "made many tenders of his affection to me." She also said that "he [Hamlet] had importuned me with love/ In honourable fashion" (I. iii 110). Thus, we know Hamlet loved Ophelia. He also wrote letters to Ophelia to express his love to Ophelia (I. ii. 109). But as the play went, Hamlet no longer showed signs of loving Ophelia. It seems that he didn't love Ophelia anymore. He neither said sweet words to her, nor show any sign of affection to her. Therefore, Hamlet's love toward Ophelia had faded. Having depression, Hamlet could not love Ophelia anymore and he lost his interest in her. So we can see Hamlet confessed:

I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire—why, it appeareth no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. (II. ii. 280-291)

From the remarks he made above, we can clearly see that he had lost interest in this world. This proved he had depression.

iii. Thought of suicide or death⁷

As mentioned earlier, in his famous monologue "To be, or not to be, that is the question . . ." (III. i. 56) Hamlet questioned what the meaning of life is. Was it better to live? Or death was better? He raised the question about to live or to die. This meant he was concerning about death. He was thinking whether he should commit suicide or not.

iv. Decreased ability to make decisions or concentrate⁸

This is the most important thesis I made. Having depression, Hamlet couldn't make decision immediately. Therefore, even though he wanted to kill Claudius, he didn't know the best timing to kill his uncle. As Claudius knelt down to repent, he had a great chance to kill Claudius. Strangely, he stowed his dagger and said "Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent" (III. iii 88). He wanted to wait for another better chance to kill Claudius, such as when Claudius was drinking, angry, or sleeping with his mother. Nevertheless, after this great opportunity, he seemed to forget his responsibility to avenge for his father. When Claudius bad him to go to England, he set forth without protesting (IV. iii. 43), and the thought to avenge for his father seemed never occurred to his mind. Because he had depression, he couldn't concentrate what he wanted to do and could not grasp the opportunity to kill Claudius.

III. Conclusion

In conclusion, owing to depression, Hamlet couldn't make the right decision immediately. Therefore, his tragic flaw was hesitation, and his illness made him hesitate. Because he made the wrong decision, he was destined to be doomed.

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Poetry Sea

Faith

By Viola 薛涵方

Once we thought it's a journey to glory
Once we thought it's the way to victory
Passing over journey long difficulty
All we have was only faith

November 27th, the day with burning animosity
The sea of faith is never smooth
Injustice stirs up so much spray on Dover Beach
We, as tremulous ships
Clashed by tempestuous wave
Only left
Helpless, endless pain

November 27th, the day with burning animosity
We thought there are no waves without wind
But why
Our color was still upright on ship debris
Yet it can't fly with the wind

It's a milestone of our fading reliance
It's a monument of our destroyed confidence
Like the lighthouse standing in the sea
The light is fading out little by little

Right on November 27th
The Dover Beach seemed calm
But I doubt
Cause everything we had was gone and drown

No name

By Vannie 簡郁茜

The frozen trail leaves no name
The faith of mine no more stands
How many fall with the cast you spell
For ravishing images seem so real

The vacant stare leads to no lane
The firm belief was down the drain
How many tumble with the stones you roll
All fascinating visions knock them cold

Up in the branch the spiders are sitting still
Weaving tales that mock dreamy hopes I steal

Bubble with jests red black white and gray
The very moment when snake and raccoon no more stay

When eyes of the sky all went astray

Three pictures

By Jasmine 王敏華

What is my future like?
There are three pictures I imagine.
Someone I like,
Holds me tight, and kiss me light.
Nothing I will mind.
He is always by my side.
As time passed by, love still shines.

I am already twenty nine.
Man in my sight likes to lie
The one I love most is a kite,
It likes to fly in the sky.
But it is hard to hold its line,
So I let it fly.
From that time,
I feel
Thousand of ants bite my mind.
I hear
The magpie cries all night.
I am twisted to dry.
Only refilled by wine.

I stand at the traffic light,
And wonder which road is right.
The left side is my desire,
But the right side is more delight.
I don't want to swim with the tide.
But the rush hours push me to decide
I blind my eyes to follow my desire.
Whatever I decide,
I will always smile.

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Thank you for your reading!