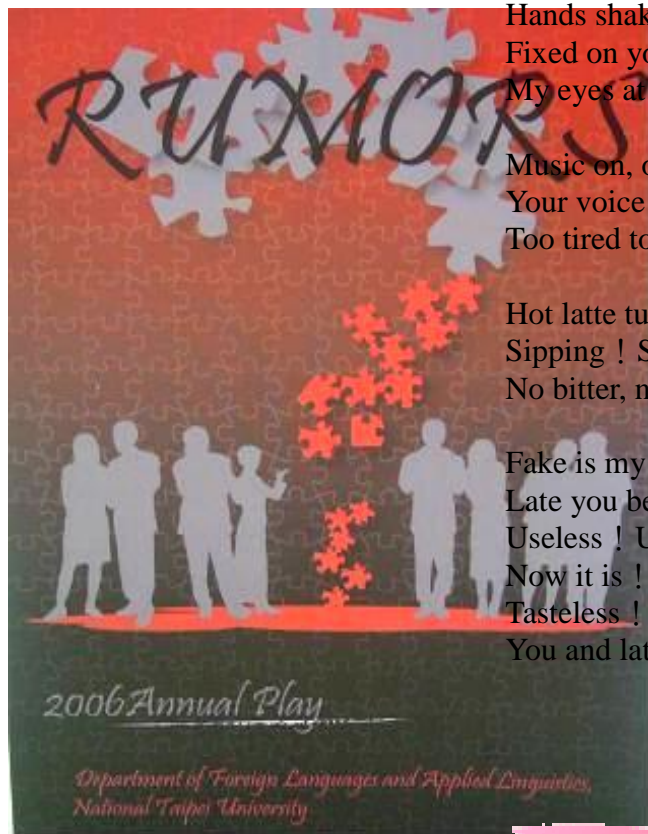


# Newsletter

Department of Foreign Languages & Applied Linguistics • National Taipei University

May

## 2006 Annual Play



y 洪碧祺

Hands shaking, teeth chattering  
Fixed on your face  
My eyes at a loss

Music on, on and on  
Your voice rattling  
Too tired to listen

Hot latte turns cold  
Sipping ! Sipping ! Sipping !  
No bitter, no sweeter

Fake is my laughter  
Late you become tender  
Useless ! Useless !  
Now it is !  
Tasteless ! Tasteless !  
You and latte turns !

*Taipei County Hakka  
Museum*

*18:30 (Admission  
time 18:00)*

*On Saturday, 20  
May 2006*

*14:00 (Admission  
time 13:30)*

*On Sunday, 21 May  
2006*

<http://www.ntpu.edu.tw/daf/annualplay>

↑ ↑ ↑

Click here! Find out more  
information!

Tasteless

B

*Rumors by Neil  
Simon*

# Youth

(A poem inspired by Emily  
 Dicken's "Echo")  
 Youth —is that glittering sun—  
 Smiles above the sea,  
 Sprays the warmness on the  
 earth,  
 Every creature wakes up.  
 The sun moves, and moves,  
 Moves forward,  
 Reaching the summit of the  
 mountain.  
 His face turns red,  
 Shooting the hotness at the  
 earth.  
 Every creature—Plays, talks,  
 and laughs,  
 How dynamic is the world!  
 But!  
 The golden sun,  
 Loves home.  
 Descending the mountain.  
 The dark night comes,  
 All energetic lives,  
 Sit, rest, sleep,  
 The earth is—  
 Quiet and peaceful.



# O My Coin

By 張益勤

(inspired by Robert Burns's "A  
 Red Red Rose")

O my coin is like a firefly  
 That brightly shines in the  
 summer night;  
 O my coin is like the mountain  
 creek  
 That rapidly flows to the  
 seller's sleeve.

As rare art thou, my dear  
 money,  
 So badly in need am I;  
 And I will chase thee all my  
 life,  
 Like the fly looking for a pie.

Nobody explains why, my coins  
 Gone from the wallet like a  
 waving tide!  
 O I will love thee still, my  
 coins,  
 Though thou leave me without  
 saying bye.

# FLY

By 黃靜葦

Fly, fly, little wing  
 Fly beyond imagining  
 Past the clouds and stars  
 Leave the noisy world of ours

Fly, fly, do not fear  
 Don't waste a breath, don't shed  
 a tear  
 Seek for your shinning star  
 Be your own superstar

Fly, fly, little wing  
 Fly where only angles sing  
 Fly away, find the light  
 Right now, the time is right

# To Johnny Depp

By 莊景宜

*Jump from the 21 Street*  
 To the big screen,  
 Moving from Florida  
 To California.  
 A sad-face, eyes full of sorrow,  
 With scissors hands, a tragic  
 hero  
 Named Edward.



Out of someone's resume,  
 He has played the roles.  
 Waken from the *Sleepy Hollow*,  
 Went with Tim Burton,  
 To have a nice *Blow*.  
*Ed Wood* in Hollywood, they  
 visited together,  
 And Willy Wonka in his  
 chocolate factory.  
 Exiled as a gypsy musician,  
 He turned out to be a *Pirate of  
 the Caribbean*.

Accompanied by the beautiful  
 Winona,  
 But he is not,  
 The horse that yields to any  
 Ryder.  
 "Stationary" never appears in  
 his dictionary.  
 He is anything but ordinary.  
 The *Secret Window* to his heart,  
 Only found by those who are  
 smart.  
 Guarded by Vanessa the  
 Goodness,  
 Chanting the Melody of  
 Rose-Mary.  
 A gateway to *Finding  
 Neverland*,  
 Where surprises never ends.



All My Life

By 李佩華

Childhood years when we  
 listened to the music  
 I was always there for you  
 You were there for me, too, but  
 you just didn't show it  
 Just wanted to tell ya, I knew it,  
 I know it!

Moving on to adolescence,  
 middle school  
 Thought I loved you, I was such  
 a fool  
 Jealous and silent, waiting for  
 the perfect time  
 To tell you. Now here it is, in  
 the song, in the rhyme.

Cuz you have a part of me  
 Yeah, you have been  
 All my life

A few years later, could it be?  
 I realized the true meaning of  
 you and me  
 It's platonic...we're not lovers  
 meant to be  
 You're so much more like  
 family

Oh, you have been a part of me  
 You've been there  
 All my life

And now that we're so far apart  
 You're still here inside my heart  
 I'll never love anyone the same  
 way  
 The way I love you, even today

Cuz you are still a part of me  
 Yeah, you're still here  
 All my life

And when one day you marry  
 some sweet girl  
 Hope she deserves to be a part  
 of your world  
 To make your happiness  
 complete  
 I know you know, but I'll just  
 repeat

That you will always be a part

of me  
 Yeah, you will always be  
 All my life



## A Bunch of Carnations

By 方寧葳

( I )

It was another melancholy  
 rainy day. 5:30 in the evening.  
 In my family, it was dinnertime  
 which was a little bit earlier  
 than other families. In my  
 imagination, dinnertime was the  
 time that family members  
 shared interesting things that  
 happened to us during the day,  
 such as somebody's falling  
 down and somebody's stupid  
 mistakes. And the family also  
 talked about the news. It should  
 be full of hubble-bubbles and  
 chuckles. But just now in my  
 family, I could clearly hear the  
 sounds of the rain hitting on the  
 roof, of the TV program, of the  
 bowls hitting with each other,  
 even of my chewing!

We didn't talk very much.  
 I meant my mother, my brother,  
 and me. My father, who worked  
 in China, came back every three  
 or four months. By the time we  
 had dinner, I just focused on the  
 dishes. Generally speaking, I  
 was not a picky person, i.e. I ate  
 almost everything except  
 something I thought it was  
 harmful to me such as carrot

because I heard that it would darken skin. I would pick out all the carrot in the dishes before eating them or I wouldn't eat that dish.

Tonight we had stir-fried rice noodles with thousands of carrot. I patiently picked out all the carrot. My mom kept staring at my strange behavior.

Suddenly, she burst out a question. "Why do you pick out all the carrot?" I just told her that I don't want my skin darken. Then it was a while of silence. I could still hear all the sounds clearly except the sound of talking. She tried to persuade me into eating the carrot but in vain. Maybe she was too angry to say anything else. She just told me that if I still wasted food in that way, my future mother-in-law would scold me down and keep nagging at me. "Then you must be that kind of mother-in-law," I said. Then we stopped talking, and the rain stopped, too. It was horribly quiet.

I didn't say that on purpose.

We still kept in silence. All of a sudden, the telephone rang. It was my friend. We talked about the plan for the trip on the weekend. "Hello? What are you doing?" "Supper. What's up?" "Nothing. I'm just asking if you have any idea about the plan for the weekend. Since you're occupied, I'll call you later." "Wait! Wait! I'm fine. You are

not interrupting. Keep going." "But how about your family?" "Oh~ It's OK. They won't mind." "I'd better call you later." "All right then. Do you want to join us? We're having a feast now." "Nope~ I'm fine. Okay~bye~"

After dinner, I was thinking about the surprise I wanted to give one of my friends whose twentieth was coming next Thursday. When I was thinking intently, my brother rushed into my room, holding a cake. I was just about to ask why he had a cake. "Today's Mom's birthday." "Oh~ I totally forgot." We celebrated my mom's birthday with our neighbor's. "Happy birthday, Mom," said my younger brother, giving another red envelope with three thousand dollars at the same time. I was the photographer, saying nothing, pretending to be a cool girl. "It's not cool at all," I wondered myself.

Actually, I did not forget all the things. Just about a week ago, I had planned on celebrating my mother's birthday. However, as things came up one by one, I forgot it.

I admit that I'm not a considerate daughter but I still have to say that I love my mother. I've thought about this question for a long time. Sometimes I talked back unwittingly. I didn't do it purposely. I always feel regret

for my back talk. I always planned to express my appreciation appropriately but not kind of flatteringly. But these were all empty talk. None of them were taken into reality. They were just like a daydream of a little girl. It's my brother who plays the role of a daughter, chatting with my mom, sharing things with her, buying her presents. On the contrary, I acted more like a boy who's inconsiderate and always silent at home. No! It shouldn't be like that.

From now on I want to make a breakthrough.

( II )

It was still the melancholy rainy season. But rain or shine my mom would pick me up after school. Mother's Day was just in five days. On the street were carnations everywhere. On TV was the news about how the price of carnations soared. On the Internet were tips to VIP mothers. In my family, I could not smell any atmosphere of Mother's Day. I still silently passed through my mother like a spirit. Conversations between us within a week were far more less than I talked to my friend within a day. But I was trying, trying to improve this situation.

The day was just Mother's Day. I as usual went to school for cramming. My mother would still pick me up after school. It still drizzled

melancholy. The class dismissed earlier without notion. Before my mom's coming, I could just fool around the street to kill the time. Then I walked into a flower shop unconsciously, buying a bunch of carnation with my scarcely fifty dollars.

No sooner had I walked out of the shop, in the mist, I saw a red March coming along lingering. No car would be slower than that. That's my mom. I didn't hide my flower intentionally. I just gave my mom the flowers saying nothing, as if I was giving her vegetable that we would cook tonight. And she received it with a calmly smile, not staring at it for a second, placing them in the trunk. It was just like nothing special happened.

On the way home, I did not look at my mom's face once, staring out of the window. In fact, I dared not to look at her. I was afraid that once we looked at each other, she would burst into tears and so would I or that once I saw her indifferent appearance, I would suspect that if she appreciated it or not. Or maybe I chose a wrong one? I meant, for a housekeeper, flowers were not edible, couldn't make money or other practical uses. I was a little selfish, actually very selfish. I just bought her a bunch of carnations yet yearned for her great appreciation.

It was still raining. I could clearly hear the raindrops falling on the top of the car and the rumble of the engine. Suddenly, I heard teardrops falling and someone's sniveling. I knew my mother was crying. But I did not turn my face to look at her. I did not know what to do. I just kept silent.

It was time for supper and it was still raining. I could hear not only the sound of the rain dropping on the roof but also my mom's mind.



## The Perfect Silence

By 李佩華

Her almond-shaped eyes stared wistfully at the dance floor, watching all the girls break it down and have a good time. How great they were! In colorful tops and short skirts, looking fabulous and exuding self-confidence, moving to the beat with such vivacity, such stamina! Their energy was contagious, stimulating, and slowly, the rest of the club joined in. Shyly at first, but gradually, more and more people who had been itching to show some of their moves made their way down to the floor. A few remained in their seats watching the crowd of dancers, but none so intensely as she. It

was a party, after all. But she just couldn't overcome her bashfulness. Nobody would be paying any attention to her, it was true. She didn't have to worry about being in the spotlight—that was never the case—but that still didn't change anything. She didn't even *know* how to dance.

Making her way to the bar, she found that it was too dim for her to recognize any faces at a glance. She even walked past a couple of acquaintances without realizing it, her high heels clicking at a hurried pace. A random stranger was ogling her, and she was absolutely mortified. It wasn't because somebody had given her the once-over—that was usual enough; it was that she was being checked out by a *girl*. She tried to shake it off and kept moving. It was useless to ask for passage politely because the blasting music made yelling necessary even at a 6-inch distance. So she wormed her way in as best she could, sometimes giving a little shove here and there, holding her breath to avoid inhaling the cloud of smoke which permeated the air in the sitting area. *Darn those cigarette lovers* she thought. *As if it wasn't enough for them to ruin their own lungs; they have to go and screw everybody else's.* When she finally reached the counter, she let out a sigh of

relief and sat down, smoothing her dark hair with her fingers.

“What would you like?” a friendly voice asked. She pondered that for a bit, looked the bartender straight in the eye and said four words she never would have used in any other scenario.

“Sex on the beach.”

“Really? You don’t look like that kind of girl,” he winked back. Noticing his twinkling light blue eyes, she felt the heat rise to her cheeks. He was nice enough not to comment and began pouring vodka and peach schnapps into a shaker. It looked like it was second nature to him, and after topping it off with cranberry juice, he promptly set a glass in front of her.

“Here you go.”

“Thanks,” she said. “And I do hope you were talking about the drink.”

“I wasn’t,” he smiled. She was a curious one, this girl. Different from the ones he had seen in the past, she did not seem to be a bubbly flirt, or a brokenhearted ex-girlfriend, or a lonely hunter. But she wasn’t a prudish “I belong to a convent” kind of girl, either. Those seldom appeared in places like these. He couldn’t quite make out what it was about her that made her so attractive. She was by no means the prettiest girl in the room, and she certainly didn’t act like

it. Something was bothering her and his experience at the bar made him guess that she needed a boost of self-confidence. He was just deciding she might make interesting conversation when a tall, handsome young man sat down next to her. *Darn.*

“Hey babe,” his deep voice greeted her. She eyed him, and then stole a quick glance at the bartender, who seemed busy drying glasses with a towel. He didn’t look up.

“Hi…” she said tentatively. He smirked at her and said confidently:

“Girl, your dad must be a terrorist. Cuz you’re da bomb.”

That opening line just about did it for her. He was cute alright, but she had no clue as to what he was thinking. She stared at him incredulously, refusing to comment for fear of being mean, and her eyes moved once again in the direction of the barman. He was trying hard to cover all signs of amusement in his face, but his dancing eyes gave him away.

It didn’t take long for the dense young man to figure out he wasn’t wanted and walk up to another cute chick nearby with the exact same line. It was amazing that guys like this even existed, it was just too much. She waited until he was a safe distance away, and then her laughter rang out like a silver bell—it wasn’t the after-effects of her alcohol consumption,

either. For some reason, she felt much better.

The bartender hadn’t heard such a delightful sound in a long time. It was so pure, showing how deliciously entertained she was, but it was not sarcastic in any way. She had been merciful, not allowing herself to laugh in front of the poor young man, but even now that she was free from his presence, she wasn’t being cruel at all.

She sensed he was looking her way and their eyes met for a few seconds. Then the girl dropped hers and smiled shyly. She sipped her drink, stirring up the courage to speak to him.

“Jeremy! Emergency, we’re outta Bacardi! Go out and get some!” a blonde waitress strode swiftly past him, thrusting a fifty dollar note in his back pocket as she did so.

“I got it!” He rushed to the exit, looking over his shoulder at the girl, now alone at the bar. His blue gaze was almost apologetic, but the next moment, he was gone.

She sighed. At least the drink was pretty good. And she knew his name. Once again, her dark orbs longingly observed the party. A few songs later she heard a familiar beat. Tap, tap, tap tap tap, her feet followed the music. It wouldn’t be so bad, really, and she had spent the money, so she might as well make the experience worth it,

right? She took another sip.

Something bumped into her and sent her glass flying.

*Brilliant.*

“I’m soooooorrrrrrrrrrrrry! I love red, don’t you?” a teenager slurred. “Your eyes are like the skyyy. You make me wanna flyyy.”

*Please tell me he’s drunk.*

“I feel prettyyyyyyyyyy, oh so prettyyyyyyyyyy, I feel pretty, and happy, and gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay!”

*Yup, definitely drunk.* She was afraid he would never leave, and was really worried about the possibility of being puked on, when a pair of arms grabbed the drunk boy.

“It’s alright there, fella, we’re just gonna go get you cleaned up.” It was Jeremy. He flashed her a smile as he led the boy to the bathroom. It was a sweet, encouraging smile, not a flirtatious one. For the first time, she noticed that the bar was getting crowded. She turned to focus on the dancing, thinking Jeremy would be long, and didn’t notice when he returned a few minutes later. He was busier than ever, but still, he followed her gaze and understood.

It wasn’t fair, really, that some people could move with such ease, and go on for hours, never tiring. But none of that affected her. Not anymore. Right then, the booming speakers played:

“Can you keep up?

Baby boy, make me lose my breath

Bring the noise, make me lose my breath...”

Her heart beat fast; she felt her blood rushing to her head, her veins were energized, and she knew. *This song, this place, this moment. It was now or never.*

He watched as she stood up, took a few steps forward, and paused. Surprisingly, she turned around, and her eyes searched until they met his. He signaled with his head, urging her to keep walking. Her lips were still, but he could tell she was thanking him from the bottom of her heart.

As she sauntered away, swaying her hips all the way to the dance floor, she felt happy. She had never been so self-assured in her whole life.



## Can You Keep a Secret?

By 陳思涵

Sitting on the seat, waiting for the plane to take off, I’m extremely nervous right now. Okay. The truth is, I have flight phobia. I’ve kept it as a secret to Jeff, my boss, because I want this chance so badly to prove I

can get this deal done. However, it only turns out to be a disaster.

The plane is moving now. I take a deep breath, count very slowly with my eyes closed as the plane is taking off. When I count to 450, the plane is flying steadily on the sky, so I stop counting and open my eyes. Trying to be relaxed and not so nervous, I take out the newspaper and quickly go to the business section. The headline “FAILURE E-BUSINESS OF B&C CAUSES THE FALLING STOCK PRICE” catches my eyes. The news says that B&C, the biggest cosmetics company in Taiwan, fails to expand the business to the internet world, and the CEO promises to seek out solutions such as making the website fancier to attract consumers’ attention and increasing banner ads. “Stupid decision! Consumers don’t care about fancy websites.

Thousands of housewives who buy our products don’t even shop online because they’re computer morons, just like me, although I’m not a housewife yet. If I were the boss, I would have ended the on-line business,” I murmur to myself when I find the man beside me is glancing at me. “I’m sorry. I spoke too loud,” I apologize. Why should I care about this? Maybe I can’t stay in the company any longer after Jeff knows I have screwed up the deal. I glance at my reflection in

the window. I look just like a top business woman. My hair straightened, I wear a smart suit, and...

Suddenly, the plane bumps. And then, there's another bump.

Why is the plane bumping? Oh God. What am I going to do? I'm now in this heavy plane, with no way of escaping, thousands of feet above the ground. What am I going to do... what am I going to do? Maybe I'll start counting again. 451, 452, and, oh my God, what is that bump again? OK, don't be panic, Claire. It was just a bump. Everything will be all right. Where was I? 453, 454, and then I hear the screams of other passengers almost before I realize what's happening. Oh God. OH NO... We're falling. Oh God. We're dropping downwards. I'm gasping, clutching onto my seat. I look at the man next to me, and he's grasping his seat tightly as I am.

We're going to die. We're going to die. "I'm sorry?" the man in the next seat looks at me. "We're going to die." I say again and stare at his face. He could be the last person I ever see alive. "I don't think we're going to die. It was just turbulence," he says. The plane suddenly drops down a little bit again and I find myself clutching the man's hand in panic. "How can you be so sure? I don't want to die. I'm only 28 years old. I've never achieved

anything. I'm not a top business woman at all. I'm only an assistant and I just screwed up my first ever big meeting." Wait. What am I talking about? "I'm sorry, you don't want to hear this," I say embarrassedly.

"That's OK," replies the man. Oh no. The plane is lurching again.

"I flew to Hong Kong today to represent the B&C Corporation, which is where I work, to finalize a promotional arrangement." I keep on saying, "Actually, this is the first time I take charge of a big deal. I've been at B&C for two years as a marketing assistant, and until now all I've been allowed to do is typing, arranging meeting for other people and answering the phones."

I just can't stop talking. I'm so panicked. I need to talk to someone. Every time the plane bumps or drops, words spill out of my mouth before I can stop it. I barely know what I'm saying. All I know is that it feels good. Is this what therapy is like?

"My boss told me that the deal was done and dusted and all I have to do is nod and shake their hands. Only fools like me believe that. Without any preparation, half the time I haven't got the clue what people are talking about." The plane is still bumping and I close my eyes tightly. "I hate Jeff, I hate B&C, and I want to

be promoted so badly." Wow, it's really nice to say it out loud! "The coffee in my office is the most disgusting stuff you've ever drunk, just like poison... I said I'm a computer expert in my interview, but in fact I'm an absolute computer moron." I speak extremely fast because I have the habit of speaking fast when I'm nervous. "I share a secret code with my colleague Sara. Whenever she says 'Can you come and help me find some files, Claire?' it really means 'shall we sneak out to Starbucks?'... I tell my boy friend I'm 50 kg, but actually I weigh 53... I sleep naked but..."

"Excuse me, miss," the man says loudly. "What?" I look at him dazedly. "We've landed," he says. "We've landed? How could...?" I look around and find the plane still. It's true. We're on the ground.

Thank God. I've survived. But then I come to realize what I've done. I've been blabbering non-stop to this complete stranger about the most inner part of me and all my secrets. "I'm sorry," I say awkwardly. "You should have stopped me." "That would be a little difficult," the man smiles and replies. I'm so embarrassed. I want to smile back but I can't when I realize that I told him about my weigh and my habit of sleeping nakedly. "I'm so sorry," I say again. "Don't



worry about it. We were all stressed out,” he says, ready to get off the plane. “Thanks. Enjoy your visit here.” I say when he leaves his seat, but I don’t think he hears.

What a day! I need to go home, have a nice sleep and forget the disaster today. Tomorrow is the “appraisal day.” Each member of the marketing department will be evaluated in the appraisal meeting, and this time they are going to choose one to be the next marketing manager. I know I can’t afford to screw it up again.

Big surprise! Before the appraisal meeting, we are informed that the CEO, Kevin Lin has come and decides to do the evaluation himself. This is no doubt a great shock for my colleagues and me. Kevin Lin leads a secret life and he rarely appears in Taiwan. Instead, he stays in different places around the world because he has houses in many countries. Actually, very few of the employees have seen him. For the staff in B&C, the CEO is a mystery.

If Jeff is my boss, then Kevin Lin would be my boss’ boss. This makes me even more nervous as I walk into the room. I open the door with my trembling hands and wonder how the CEO looks like. Is he handsome, old, fat, or bold? However, when I see the CEO sitting there, I am shocked, with

my eyes and mouth wide open.

It’s the man, the man who sat beside me on the plane last night, the man who is the only person in the world that knows all my secrets. “Hi, Claire, have a seat,” he says when my mind is still a complete blank. “Hi, Mr. Lin,” I say awkwardly while trying to pretend calm and professional. Don’t be nervous. Maybe he won’t recognize me.

“Did you sleep well last night? You seemed stressed out on the plane.” Oh no. He recognizes me. Of course he should. I clutched his hands and blabbered non-stop about all my secrets. “Yes, thank you,” I reply.

“Good, so let’s start. I heard that you just failed to finalize the promotional arrangement with Glen Department Store, right? Do you know this deal is important for the company?” he asks.

“Yes, I’m extremely sorry about that,” I reply and come to realize that *I* was the person who told him all about it. I really want to stab myself.

“And you seem not agree on my E-business strategy, right?”

Oh no. How could he possibly still remember that? I was just murmuring then. “Uh...uh...actually, it’s not that bad.” I can’t even dare to look at him. I know it’s a fatal mistake for an employee to

criticize his boss’ decision.

“Well, I remember you said you would rather end the online business last night,” he looks at me, smiling.

“Uh...uh...I ...I just think women like to go shopping in the real stores more.” I don’t know what to say.

“One last question, Claire. Is the coffee in the office so disgusting that it makes you and Sara want to sneak to Starbucks?”

OK. I can’t take it anymore. “I apologize to you once more, Mr. Lin. I know I was so impolite on the plane last night, but that has completely nothing to do with my working ability. I mean, I won’t ask for the promotion, but at least don’t fire me, please,” I say with courage.

“Well, I’ll make the decision this afternoon before I leave. Thank you, Claire, and please tell Dave that he’s the next one,” he says.

“That’s all?” I say with doubt.

“Yeah. The result will be announced on the front page of the company’s website this afternoon before three o’clock,” he says.

I stand up and walk to the door. Before leaving, I take up the courage again and beg, “If at last you decide to fire me, that’s fine, but... but...can you at least keep the secrets for me, Mr. Lin? PLEASE...” However, instead of answering me, he just

smiles.

The waiting is unbearable. Of course I'm not expecting the promotion because I screwed up the big deal yesterday. Besides, Mr. Lin knows the most stupid and evil side of me. He knows that I lied in my interview that I'm a computer expert. He knows I often sneak out to Starbucks while working. He heard my complaints about Jeff, about the coffee, just everything about the company. What's worse, he heard my criticizing his "professional" strategy. However, I'm really worried about being fired because I know it's difficult to find a job.

"What?" yells Dave, staring at the computer. His loud voice catches everyone's attention in the marketing department. Dave keeps on saying, "The promotion decision has come out!" "Who is the one?" everyone asks nervously with anticipation. "But it's weird. You know what? It says the new marketing manager is, is...,uh..."

"Who?" everyone is curious and impatient. Dave keeps on saying with a puzzled look on his face, "is the one who has flight phobia, weighs 53 instead of 50, often sneaks out to Starbucks during work, sleeps nakedly, but most of all, the one who reminds the company that online business is not profitable for B&C. By the way, there will be a new coffee

machine tomorrow." "What does that mean? Who is the person the CEO is talking about?" Everyone is confused with the announcement, except me.

Oh my God. It's me, the would-be marketing manager. Could it be real? I'm just so shocked and happy. I finally get promoted. I'm no longer just an assistant. I..., but wait. Does that mean everyone is going to know all my secrets? Oh no. That's not funny! I remember begging him to keep a secret for me!



## Hide and Seek

By 柯佳慧

Little Johnny liked to play games. His favorite game was "hide and seek." He used to play that game with his mother. When his mother went out to buy something, he would stay in the house and wait. On hearing the sound of his mother's motorcycle, he would rush to find a place to hide himself. Sometimes he hid under the chair, sometimes in the closet and sometimes behind the door. He would wait there patiently and happily. "Honey, I am home, where are you?" When he heard his mother's summoning, he

would keep silent because he knew his mother would come to find him. He thought that was an interesting game. If he hid under the chair but his mother went to the room, he would feel funny and started to giggle. If he hid behind the door, he would jump out suddenly to give his mother a shock when she walked into the room. Every time when they played hide and seek, he would be the hider. He thought hiding in somewhere and waiting to be found was so exciting.

They played that game very often when he was ten. In fact, he was nine at that year, but his mother said that nine was ominous. Although he did not think that nine was unlucky, he still pretended to be ten. For one reason, he was used to obeying his mother. For another, he was eager to grow up when he was a little boy.

Unfortunately, his mother passed away at that year when he was really ten.

"Well, bad things would come if God wants to, no matter you are nine or ten...", he thought.

From then on, he started to live in the world with his father only. His father Simon was a man who did not talk too much, and he never played games with his son.

After his wife's death, Simon thought, "I should take care of this little child; I should

act like a father and a mother.” In fact, he loved his wife very much. He was not handsome at all, but his wife was the most beautiful lady in the town. One day, when he sat on the stairs in front of their house. He looked at the sunshine and at the people walking by. He saw a couple kissing. “Mmm..., so wonderful,” he thought. Then he started to think of himself and his wife. They never did that before. They never kissed on the street. He wooed his wife for seven years. His wife did not want to talk to him and did not want to go out with him in the whole seven years. He thought the reason was that he was not handsome and rich enough. But he never gave up. He believed that she was the only one he would ever love in the world. He was so obsessed with her. He loved the way she moved, the way she talked, and especially the way she smiled. She never talked and laughed as loudly as other women did. Whenever he saw her, he felt his heart beating so fast. But she never came to him, never smiled at him. He once gave her a bouquet of roses by his own fair hands, but she refused. From then on, he put one rose in the mailbox in front of her house every day. He had to get up early in the morning so that no one would see him. He just wanted her to know that there was one man in the world who

loved her so much. And day after day, year after year, he did that for seven years. One day, she came to his house and asked him, “Would you love me? Would you want to marry me?” He was stunned on hearing what she said. He thought she was moved by him finally and he thought he was the luckiest man in the world. After they got married, everything went great. Nine months later, they had their child and it was a boy! Although most of the time his wife was a little indifferent to him, she was still so decent and so beautiful.

After he recalled the old memory, he stood up and walked into the house. He missed his wife and wanted to see her picture. He walked into the living room and sat down in front of the table. When he took out the drawer, he found that there was a deck under the drawer. He was so curious about that. He took it out, and he found a letter. It was addressed to his wife “Lillian”. He opened the letter, and started to read.

*“Dear, I can not tell you why I leave you.*

*I promise, I won't forget the wonderful memory we had. My love, please forgive me, and forget me!  
Farewell*

*Your love”*

After reading this letter, Simon could not say even a word. He knew that the letter was written

by another man.

“Well... every puzzle got an answer,” he thought. At that moment, he understood why his wife asked him to marry her, and he understood why they had their child so soon after they got married.

He did not close his eyes at that night. He recalled everything happened before.

Hatred and wrath filled his heart.

“How could she do this to me? I loved her life more than my own!”

“She never loved me! She never loved me!” He talked to himself again and again.

He had to make a decision.

The next day, he woke little Johnny up early in the morning.

“Wake up, little Johnny, we'll go to the amusement park.”

Little Johnny was so happy and exciting. But, strange enough, his father did not look so happy as his son. Little Johnny did not notice that because he was so excited to go for a trip. And then Simon put two hundred dollars in Johnny's pocket.

Every time when little Johnny went out with his mother, she would put some money in little Johnny's pocket. She once said, “Most thieves want to steal a woman's purse for her money but no one will know that the money is in the child's pocket!” “Wow, two hundred dollars!

Daddy, it is not a small amount of money!” Johnny said to his father. His father did not answer.

Four hour later, they arrived at their destination finally. Then, Simon told little Johnny, “Don’t you want to play ‘hide and seek’ here? That would be very interesting! Isn’t it?” little Johnny never played games with his father, so he thought they would have fun. Then he agreed with that idea. And his father said, “Well, this time we change roles. You’ll be the seeker. Don’t you think that being the seeker is more interesting and challenging?”

Then, they started the game. “One, two, three, four...twenty-five...thirsty-nine...ninety-nine...one hundred!”

He started to find his father. This was the first time he be the seeker. “Well, it is challenging, but the amusement park was too big...,” he thought.

And two hours, three hours, and four hours passed by.....

Johnny felt so tired and wanted to give up.

“Daddy, I don’t want to play anymore, could you get out? Let’s go to play pirate’s boat, Ferris wheel and roller coaster!”

“Daddy, I am tired. I give up!”

“Daddy, where are you?”

Finally, it became dark.

Finally, the amusement park was closed.

He started to feel nervous, so he sat in front of the gate of the

amusement park waiting for his father to find him.

He waited until the last man walked out of the amusement park, but his father did not appear after all.

He had never seen his father since that day.

And he never played hide and seek anymore.



# Ever Lasting

## Love

By 張益勤

### Dramatis Personae

**Thomas Garrard.** A sale manager in a small company. He owns a house in 3<sup>rd</sup> street and lives happily with his family.

**Laura Garrard.** Thomas’s wife. She pays much attention to Eric’s behaviors.

**Eric Garrard.** Thomas and Laura’s son. A 5-year-old boy who is well-mannered because of her mother’s discipline.

**The old lady.** Just moved to the neighborhood, always carries a baby-carriage whenever she goes.

### Act 1

#### Scene 1

*The light is dim. It is a gloom evening, just before sunset. The curtain rises, before us is an old lady pushing a baby-carriage along the sideway from the left of the back stage, where a street sign is clearly marked “2<sup>nd</sup> street,” to the right of the front stage. A dilapidated house is on the right of the back stage. The house is grassy with the wall full of ivy and a big chimney towering into the sky. The carriage, which the old lady is carrying, is completely covered by a black silk, which made it hard to see through. Her frizzy gray hair is disheveled. Wearing a white shabby loose robe with ink spots on the right sleeve, she murmured softly.*

THE OLD LADY(murmurs softly, repeating). Don’t be afraid, I am with you ...always. I promise I’ll love you forever, as I always do...

(The old lady slowly crosses the road and is back to the house on the back of the stage.)

(Black out)

(Lights on)

### Scene 2

*Before us is inside the GARRARD’s house. A kitchen is on the left side of*

*the stage which is clean and neat. LAURA is there preparing dinner. In front of the kitchen, there is a rectangular dinning table with a few dishes on it. ERIC is setting the table. On the right side of the stage is the doorway, where guests can take off their shoes and come in. A pair of slippers is nicely placed on the side.*

(The door shuts, THOMAS comes in.)

THOMAS (puts on his slippers).

Honey, I'm home.

ERIC (runs to the doorway and grabs THOMAS'S leg). Daddy!

THOMAS (holds Eric in the arm and enters the dinning room). Hey, kiddo, how's school today?

ERIC (happily). Great! Ms.

Handerson asked us to draw our favorite animal today, and here's my dog. (shows the picture) His name is Spot. Dad, can we...

LAURA (enters dinning room from the kitchen). Eric, I thought we finished the discussion! Go wash your hands! (turns to Thomas) Welcome home, honey. How's work today?

(Eric goes to wash his hands.

Laura and Thomas sit down, put the napkins on their laps, and prepare to eat)

THOMAS. Pretty good. Mr.

McCray is retiring, so I think I'm close to a promotion.

LAURA. That's good news.

THOMAS. Oh, did you know what I heard on the subway?

An old man's body was found in an apartment on the 10<sup>th</sup> street. And...his head is gone!

ERIC (comes back from the bathroom and sits on the chair). A murder case?

THOMAS. That's what I thought, but according to

the source, the old man died of heart attack. Isn't it weird? If the old man died of heart attack, why took his head off? And, who...

LAURA. Alright, that's it. No homicide on table. (starts passing food) Honey, do you remember the old house on 2<sup>nd</sup> street? The one with a big chimney?

THOMAS. Yes, why?

LAURA. Well, it seems like we have a new neighbor. Mrs. Larkin said she saw an old lady wandering around the house yesterday.

THOMAS. I can't believe those estate agents! The house is in a really bad condition. I wonder how much they sold it to the lady?

LAURA. Anyway, I think we should visit our new neighbor someday.

THOMAS. Sure, why don't we invite her to dinner tomorrow?

ERIC (happily). Are we going to have an apple pie?

LAURA. Hmm...apple pie will be fine.

(Black out)

(Lights on)

*The next day. Inside the GARRARD's house.*

*LAURA and THOMAS are in the kitchen preparing dinner. The dinning table is covered with a beautiful cloth and there is a vase of fresh flowers.*

(Door bell rings, ERIC enters with hurry from the left stage to the right, approaching the doorway.)

ERIC. I'll get it!

(Eric gets out a pair of slippers, opens the door, and sees the old lady)

ERIC (with politeness). Good evening, ma'am. My name is Eric. Nice to meet you.

(Thomas goes to the door way.)

Thomas. Welcome. I'm Thomas Garrard, you can call me

Thomas. Please come in.

(turns to Eric) Kiddo, you want to help your Mom set the table?

LAURA (voice from the kitchen). Eric, I need your help.

ERIC. Sorry ma'am, I've got to...

THE OLD LADY (smiling). It's ok, sweetheart. Go ahead.

(Eric runs to the dinning table and starts to set the table)

THOMAS. Here, let me help you with the carriage.  
(offers a hand)

THE OLD LADY (pulls a long face). I can do it myself.  
(Thomas is shocked. He leads the lady to the table.)

LAURA (happily). Welcome! I'm Laura. Nice to meet you. Here, you must have some pie. I made this especially for today. (puts the apple pie on the table)

THE OLD LADY. That's very nice of you. Thanks.

LAURA. Is that your grandson?  
(walks close to the carriage)

THE OLD LADY (pulls a long face and stands in front of the carriage). I think he doesn't want to be disturbed.

LAURA (shocked). Oh...I'm sorry.

THE OLD LADY (lifts the silk a little, peeking, smiling). He's sleeping.

LAURA (carefully). I...see.

ERIC (finish setting the table, happily). What's his name?

THE OLD LADY (smiling). Sam.

ERIC (getting close to the carriage). Hi, Sam. I'm...

THE OLD LADY (pulls a long face and stands in front of the carriage, protecting the carriage from being seen). I THINK HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED.

THOMAS (trying to smooth the air). Eric, Sam is sleeping.

You don't want to wake him up, do you?

ERIC (scared). I guess not.

THOMAS. Good, then...let's start our dinner. Honey, you want to say the prayer?

LAURA. ...Sure. (Everybody holds hands.) Lord, Thank you to the food before us, and thank you for bringing the friends to our neighborhood. Please bless the food, drink and the people around us. Amen.

EVERYONE. Amen (everyone puts napkin on laps.)

THOMAS. So, Mrs...?

THE OLD LADY. I expect you to call me ma'am.

THOMAS. ...Ma'am, when did you move to this neighborhood?

THE OLD LADY. Last week.

THOMAS. Oh, then, how do you like it here?

THE OLD LADY. Pretty good. Except that some people are always trying to BOTHER my Sam.

THOMAS. I apologize.

THE OLD LADY. I forgive you, son, as long as you remember that MY SAM doesn't like to be disturbed.

THOMAS. Yes, Ma'am.

LAURA. Eric, did you wash your hands?  
(Eric is stunned and runs to the bathroom on the left.)

LAURA. Do I have to remind you all the time? "Always wash your hands before meal!" (turns to the old lady)

Sorry, you know how kids can behave badly sometime.

THE OLD LADY. Yes, I understand.

LAURA. So, where are you from?

THE OLD LADY. 10<sup>th</sup> street.

THOMAS. That's not very far from here. (something comes to his mind) Oh, I heard a body was found on 10<sup>th</sup> street, and the head is off. Have you heard of this?

THE OLD LADY (pulls a long face). NO

LAURA. Honey, I don't think it's the time to talk about this. (turns to the old lady). I'm sorry. So, do you live alone?

THE OLD LADY. No, I live with my husband.

LAURA. Oh, I didn't know that. You should bring him tonight.

THE OLD LADY (looks at the carriage and smiling). He's a lazy bug, always sleeping.  
(The three of them laughs. Then, Eric comes back from the bathroom, running.)

LAURA. Don't run, Eric. You could have...  
(Eric trips on the baby-carriage and something falls from the carriage. It's a head with eyes wild open and a few white hair. )

THE OLD LADY (looks at the head, smiling). Oh, here's my husband, Sam. Sam, say "hi" to our new neighbors, Thomas, Laura and little Eric.

(The Garrards are shocked.  
THOMAS stands up and  
breaks the glass of wine.  
ERIC runs to his dad and  
hides behind his back.  
LAURA sits still,  
screaming.)

(the curtain falls)



# The Necklace

By 林攸慈

## Characters:

Mr. Dunn—A man who works  
in a machine  
factory as a  
machine plotter.  
About thirty  
years old, and he is quiet tall,  
about 178 cm.

Mrs. Dunn—She works at home  
as a translator. As  
a short and plump  
woman, her  
appearance is not surpassing.  
She is about  
twenty-eight years  
old.

Nick—A 19-year-old young  
man who has just released  
from the jail. He used to  
be a  
thief.

*On the stage, there is a  
woman who wears a skirt with  
straight-line and black shirt,  
looks very worried. She is in her  
bedroom. There is one double*

*bed, one dressing table, and a  
closet. She walks back and forth,  
murmurs and immerses in the  
mood of desperation.*

Mrs. Dunn: What can I do?  
(*Walks back and forth, seems  
desperate.*) I lost my necklace!  
My good necklace! My husband  
gave it to me! (*Crying and  
yelling*) I've found everywhere  
but found nothing!

(*Suddenly, someone knocks on  
the bedroom door.*)

Mrs. Dunn: Oh, Christ! Oh, no!  
Oh, Mama! It must be my  
husband! If he knows I lost the  
necklace, he must blame on me,  
hate me, and kick me out of this  
house! I can't let him know  
anything about this!

(*Mr. Dunn yells outside the  
door.*)

Mr. Dunn: Dear! Are you OK?  
Why do you lock the bedroom  
door? You've been in there for  
two hours!

Mrs. Dunn: Everything is just  
fine. (*She goes to the door, and  
opens it.*)

Mr. Dunn: What were you  
doing here?

Mrs. Dunn: Uh...nothing...but  
sleeping...yeah...sleeping!

Mr. Dunn: Sleeping? But we  
were talking with Henry's tutor,  
Mr. Robinson about Henry's  
lessons two hours ago. You just  
excused yourself and then ran  
upstairs to sleep? Why didn't  
you tell me you were tired? I  
could discuss with Mr.  
Robinson by myself.

Mrs. Dunn: Uh...first...I was  
going upstairs to find  
some...important letters that  
Nancy sent me last week...and  
then...I started to read  
them...and I just didn't  
remember when I fell asleep.  
Sorry, dear.

Mr. Dunn: It's OK, dear. But  
next time, remember to let me  
know first. Otherwise, I will  
worry about you. (*Mr. Dunn  
comes along with Mrs. Dunn.  
They hug each other.*)

Mrs. Dunn: It is so nice of you,  
sweetheart. (*Looks anxious and  
guilty*)

Mr. Dunn: It's time for bed.  
Dear, are you still sleepy after  
taking a nap for two hours?

Mrs. Dunn: Uh...well...I  
suppose...not. Well! I suddenly  
remember TBS has a program  
for the best ten films of Steven  
Chou tonight! I would like to  
watch that program!

Mr. Dunn: OK, then. But don't  
be too late. I have a meeting  
tomorrow morning.

Goodnight, sweetheart.

Mrs. Dunn: Goodnight! Have a  
nice dream!

(*Mrs. Dunn stands right in front  
of the stage and the background  
light is off.*)

(*Spotlight on Mrs. Dunn's face.*)  
Mrs. Dunn: I'd better find the  
necklace before my husband  
wakes up next morning. (*Then,  
she walks to the bedroom door  
on tiptoe.*)

(*Light on the stage is off. A  
young man appears on the left*

side of the stage with spotlight on him. He climbs through the Dunn's window.)

Thief: (*Whispers.*) I wish they are all deeply asleep.

(*Then, he opens the flashlight and ready for his "job."*)

Thief: Oh! Damn! There must have been other pros here! It's really a mess here! (*He checks the room with his flashlight. All the drawers have been pulled out; the doors of cupboard are opened; magazines and newspapers under the coffee table have been messed up. The whole living room is just like a battle field.*)

(*He gets close to the sofa; it is a mess on the sofa, too.*)

(*Suddenly, a figure sits-up on the kitchen floor.*)

Thief: What is that? (*Talks to himself, whispers.*)

(*He tiptoes and gets close to the kitchen.*)

Mrs. Dunn: (*Crying on the floor.*) I can never find it! I'm on my last pins!

Thief: Hey! What's going on? (*Light in*)

(*Mrs. Dunn looks up with tears all over her face.*)

Mrs. Dunn: I cannot find the necklace! I've been trying to find it for three hours!

Thief: Wow! You spend that much time on searching that necklace! It must be a very rare one, isn't it?

Mrs. Dunn: (*Sobbing.*)

Yes...yes...it is truly a very rare necklace...I'm afraid that it is

the one and only in the world.

Thief: Wow! (*The young man's eyes spark.*) Maybe I can help you to find it!

Mrs. Dunn: Really? Oh! Excuse me! I forgot to ask your name, and what are you doing here?

Let me introduce myself first, I'm Molly.

Thief (*Surprised.*) Molly? I've heard your name before! To people like me, you are truly a legend! I can't believe I meet you face to face! I'm Nick! You can call me "Deft Hand Nicky" or "Flying Squirrel Nicky."

Both are fine. (*He smiles and shakes hands with Molly, Mrs. Dunn.*)

Mrs. Dunn: Oh...I never know that I am...that famous. Maybe we can talk about this later, but first we need to find the necklace. And we need to be quite; otherwise we will wake him up.

Nick: Yes! Boss! (*Loudly.*)

Mrs. Dunn:

Shhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

Nick: (*With both hands covering his mouth.*) Sorry. (*They start searching around the house. They can hear Mr. Dunn driving his pigs to the market upstairs.*)

Nick: You are truly a genius, Molly.

Mrs. Dunn: Why do you say that? (*She is trying to look under the sofa.*)

Nick: You just disguise yourself as a housewife perfectly. No

one will doubt for that, even I think you are truly a housewife at first. (*He lights up a cigarette.*)

Mrs. Dunn: Oh! Don't smoke here! It smells bad!

Nick: (*He extinguishes the cigarette.*) I thought you like it, too.

(*After searching for another two hours, they both sit on the sofa and rest.*)

Nick: Maybe the necklace is not here, we may go upstairs and take a look.

Mrs. Dunn: No! I've searched upstairs for two hours this evening. It can't be upstairs.

And we may wake him up! You don't understand how horrible it is if you awake him in the middle of the night. He will turn into a terrible monster!

Nick: (*Looks scared.*)

Alright...then...what are we going to do?

Mrs. Dunn: I don't know either. (*Sighs*)

(*Mrs. Dunn walks toward the kitchen, and drinks a glass of water.*)

(*Nick is sitting on the sofa, humming a song which is popular these days.*)

Mrs. Dunn: (*to herself.*) Who is this young man indeed? I was so anxious to find the necklace that I didn't think too much. Am I dreaming or something? Or is he really a thief who climbs through my beautiful window? (*Mrs. Dunn trembles with fear so that she almost drops the*



glass.)

Nick: What happened?

Mrs. Dunn: Oh...nothing! (*She tries to respond in a gay tone.*)

Mrs. Dunn: Do you want something to eat? I found that they got plenty of food in the refrigerator.

Nick: Don't you think we should take other things? Just leave that stupid necklace behind.

Mrs. Dunn: (*Angrily.*) That's not a stupid necklace! It's a really good one!

Nick: (*Nervously.*) Alright, alright! Take it easy! I ain't saying the necklace is stupid! I was only suggesting that we can take something else...

(*Mrs. Dunn stands under the stairs; she looks up and then looks at the thief for several times. She knits her brows.*)

Mrs. Dunn: Of course we will take something else. In fact, we are not only to find the necklace out but to ransack them.

(*She goes to the kitchen and comes out with one dish of pasta.*)

Mrs. Dunn: But we need to eat something before working!

Nick: (*With his eyes sparking.*)

Wow! How come there is only one dish? Aren't you going to eat some?

Mrs. Dunn: No, no, no...I've eaten before you came. Quickly! Otherwise the owner will discover us!

(*Nick eats the pasta. Five minutes later, he feels sleepy.*)

Nick: M...Molly? How come I feel so sleepy?

Mrs. Dunn: It's bedtime, kid.

Have a nice dream...

(*Nick falls asleep deeply.*)

(*Lights off*)

(*When the light is on, on the stage, Nick is bound on the chair.*)

Nick: Hey! What the hell...

(*Two police officers and Mr. and Mrs. Dunn walk into the living room.*)

Police A: You are arrested, Mr. Welch. (*Then, the two officers take him away.*)

(*There are only Mr. and Mrs. Dunn there.*)

Mr. Dunn: Honey, you are so brave to catch that thief!

Mrs. Dunn: Well...it's just a piece of cake for me...

Mr. Dunn: But...may I ask you...how was the Steven Chou movie?

Mrs. Dunn: (*Nervously.*) What Steven Chou?

Mr. Dunn: I think...you were looking for this... (*He shows the necklace to her.*)

Mrs. Dunn: Oh! My goodness! My Christ! Where do you find it? (*Happily*)

Mr. Dunn: I found it on your pullover. You left it when you took the pullover off. (*Smiling*) (*Mrs. Dunn looks embarrassed.*)

Mr. Dunn: Next time, ask me first, OK? Or I will worry about you.

Mrs. Dunn: It's so kind of you, sweetheart. (*They hug and kiss*

*each other.*)

## Curtain

