

Newsletter

Department of Foreign Languages & Applied Linguistics • National Taipei University

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Dear Readers:
We compile the Newsletter with all our heart. Hope you can enjoy reading it and have a good time! We appreciate your comments.

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The Only Chance

應外三 陳盈宇

Once there was an old but beautiful apartment located in downtown Manhattan. A fair-haired little boy lived there with his dad and mom. Pleasantly they lived, until the mother died from an accident on the boy's sixth birthday.

After the hostess had gone for six years, one day the father took home a young lady, along with her two-year-old son. At that time, the boy somehow realized that he could never be happy ever after.

Doctor Douglas Angus is

on his way to the intensive care unit. He walks along the corridor at leisure and greets the other medical personnel with a charming smile.

Doctor Angus is in his late 20s, perhaps the most energetic stage of one's life. People know him as an intelligent and gentle doctor who tries his best to help the patients. They say that Doctor Angus is really a patient-concerned doctor in the hospital, where most doctors care about promotion much more.

"Good morning, Allison." Slightly brushing his blonde hair, Doctor Angus greets a nurse standing next to the elevator.

"Morning, Doctor. Is time to visit little Timothy?" Allison grins at him politely.

"He may not look forward to this as I do." Doctor Angus walks into the elevator and waves to Allison "See you later in the nursing department."

As Allison waves back, the door of the

elevator closes.

Standing alone in the elevator, Doctor Angus draws a deep breath and presses the "8" button. While the elevator is ascending, Doctor Angus takes out his glasses from the pocket of his robe, softly wipes it, and puts it on. The person reflected in the mirror in the elevator is no doubt a professional doctor. He is perfectly professional all the time.

The younger kid caught the father's eyes. The father spent more time amusing his younger son. Gradually, the elder one was left alone and he felt that his father did change a lot.

Therefore, the boy moved out when he was sixteen. He knew that it was impossible to get what he wanted from his father anymore. On the day he left, he could see his younger brother standing with the father and grabbing the father's hand tight.

Perhaps it was the first time the boy learned what a loser is. At least that was what the boy thought he became.



The door opens silently at the eighth floor. One of the wards here lives little Timothy. Though described "little," Timothy is almost seventeen.

Little Timothy is now in a coma. He was sent to the hospital approximately one and a half months ago. He fell down from the balcony of his house, which was three-floor in height.

"He was trying to catch something! Oh, God! Please save him!" Timothy's mother sobbed, with her shoulders trembled painfully.

Nevertheless, Timothy has been in the intensive care unit since he was sent in. It pales his cheeks to stay in the ward for so long. There's no evidence that he will come around one day.

Doctor Angus steps into the ward. He takes a glance at the whole room and then paces toward the sickbed. There's no other sound except the puny sound of the ECMO and Doctor Angus's breathing.

"Timothy, it's me, Doctor Angus." He blandly fondles little Timothy's pallid face and with a gentle voice he says, "I come here to see you."

The boy lived alone for almost eleven years. He studied hard and worked hard as well. He trusted no one but himself. People change, just like the father had changed.

With excellent grades, the boy got in the most famous

medical school of the state. However, he was not satisfied even when he became one of the residents in the hospital.

Doctor Angus adjusts the intravenous drip for Timothy and arranges Timothy's bed sheet a little. Then he sits down on a chair beside the bed. He gazes carefully at Timothy, the lovely boy with soft brown hair and long eyelashes.

"I've thought of numerous methods that can appease me," taking a deep breath, Doctor Angus leans forward and lightly holds Timothy's left hand, "but nothing is better than this, Timothy."

"I will kill you," Doctor Angus whispers, with a smile on his cold face.

As the boy became a famous doctor, he had become a man also, a man who sought for something that could really bring peace to his heart.

Every time when he looked at his name plate, which was pinned on his robe, it reminded him of his father and brother.

Douglas Angus, the name plate read.

Finally, the only chance he could satisfy himself came when his little brother was sent into the hospital. The nurse filled in the case history statement with the name, Timothy M. Angus.



One and a half months ago, Doctor Angus saw little

Timothy in the emergency room. Timothy's mother and father stood worriedly beside Timothy's bed. And when they saw their elder son, whom they hadn't met for ten years, wearing the doctor robe, they cried out. The parents grasped his arms and begged him to save his little brother.

At that moment, Doctor Angus found that Timothy was the only chance that he could take revenge on his father, the one who had forgotten his ex-wife and elder son as well.

Doctor Angus is a successful doctor; thus, it's easy to make others believe in him. He became Timothy's visiting staff and the parents both believed that Doctor Angus would save their little Timothy.

Someone knocks at the door, "Doctor Angus, it's Allison. May I come in?"

"I'll kill you, but not today." Doctor Angus kisses Timothy's delicate hair, whispering softly.

He stands up from the chair, walks to the door, and opens it for Allison. There are still a lot of chances to get rid of his lovely brother.

But there is no chance anymore.

The next day, the bell in Timothy's ward rings. Timothy revives.

"I got it," Timothy grinned weakly at Doctor Angus.

"What? What did you get?"

Doctor Angus looks into Timothy's blue eyes and asks.

"The amulet, Douglas, I got the amulet you gave me." Timothy reaches out his hands to Doctor Angus, trying to grasp his sleeves.

One day after the young lady and her son came to the apartment, the boy saw the two-year-old child sitting on the big couch and wailing aloud. No one was there because the parents went working.

The boy walked to his brother and tried to soothe him. He hugged the crying kid in his arms. Then he took out a cent that their father gave him. The boy put the cent in his brother's hand.

"Dad gave this to me when I was good. Just hold this and be good."

Doctor Angus holds Timothy's hand, "What do you mean you got it?"

That morning Timothy was watering the flowers on the balcony. When he bent down to move one of the potting, the cent fell out of the pocket of his shirt.

"I tried to get it back as soon as I can. That's why I fell down from the balcony." Timothy's cheeks become red, "I've lost you. I can't lose the only thing you gave me. It's my amulet."

"It almost killed you." Doctor Angus's voice quavers a bit. "No one will call it an

amulet."

"But it took you to me," Timothy smiles contentedly.

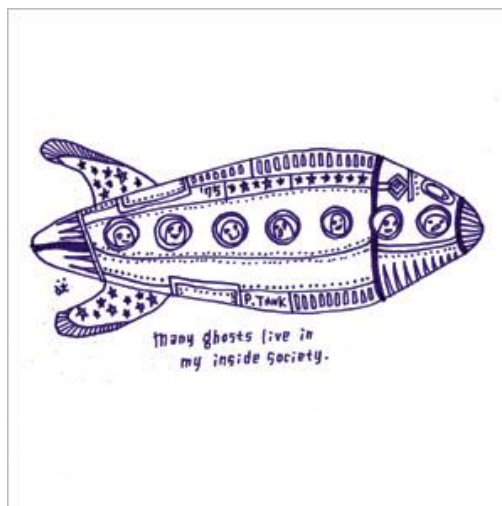
The younger kid regretted so much that he didn't ask the boy to stay. However, he meets the boy again.

The elder boy regrets so much that he didn't realize his brother's feelings. However, he gets the chance to figure it out.

"I'm sorry, Timothy," Doctor Angus bends down and hugs his little brother tight.

"For what?" lightly stroking Doctor Angus's hair, Timothy asks.

"For everything."



A Person Who Do Not Read

應外三 湯琦均

It was seven thirty in the morning. He got off the bed, without any facial expression or body language to show his feeling. He walked toward the window, leaned on the windowsill. The sky today was dark pig-iron gray. He stretched his hand

toward the sky, thinking it is within reach. He didn't open the window, but the chilly air had squeezed into his lungs.

He had a dream. He was chased by a nameless demon. The demon killed all his family. He ran, frightened. But the demon ran faster than he, he tried to escape but in vain, and he was caught. Then the demon asked him to write a poem for him, but he was too

fearful to let out even a word. Angrily, the demon killed him like it did to his family. At the end of his dream, he saw himself lying on the ground. Black blood stained slowly crept over the paper which he was unable to write a poem on.

He walked down the stairs. All of his family were in the dining room.



"Good morning, Daddy," his son and daughter said together.

"Daddy, will you please read bed time story for me

tonight?" asked the boy.

"Hurry, then. The school bus is coming!" his wife said to their children while handing a cup of milk for him.

"Bye, Daddy."

He knelt down, hugged and kissed them. They ran to the school bus without turning back.

After he finished his breakfast with his wife, he went to the café he was used to go, alone. This is his regular schedule every weekday. He would sit on the seat by the corner and have a cup of coffee as usual. He came here every weekday since five years ago. At the beginning, he liked here because it was a tranquil place, no one would bother him for the whole day. And he just sat here and did nothing. Maybe he was thinking, but no one knew. However, one day he asked the waiter for a piece of napkin, and then more napkins. It seemed come his Muse, and he began to write. A few months later, he published his first book and became a best-seller. The more he wrote, the more famous he became. After that, he still wrote his new stories here, constantly and diligently. But the difference is that, some admirers outside the café would whisper and point at him; it always made him think of an animal in the cage. "Then I am the rarest one," he thought. And those annoying publishers

and reporters went there, trying to grab any pieces of paper he wrote. Sometimes he

thought they were all gadflies, but he always smiled, quietly.

This day, he sat on the seat by the corner, without any utensils that a famous writer should be equipped with. He just sat there and did nothing, like the first day he came here.

The air around him was undisturbed and almost condensed. He could not even sense the tiny uproar inside his brain.

"Excuse me, Sir," a voice broke this silence.

"Sir, I don't know if I have this pleasure to get some comments from you after reading my work?" a thin and timid young man said.

He responded the young man with his usual gentleness. The young man sat down, and he turned on the first page. Staring at it for a few minutes, only he knew that he had read nothing. The timid young man looked at him nervously; therefore he seemed to be infected with the young man's anxiety. He tried again and again, but no words jump into his brain through his eyes. He didn't notice that his hand sweated and the muscle on his face looked taut. Finally, he closed the book, let out a sigh that no one could ever hear. Then he got off his seat, and

leave.

After wandering along the street, he entered one bookstore in his town. To his surprise, there were many people inside despite it was a weekday. He found that there were a pile of books with his name on it. Picking one up, he leafed through his book about a traveler and his lover. He was supposed to understand every word, but he didn't. There was a sudden flash of hesitation in his eyes, because today's dream came into his mind. He didn't remember how the nameless demon looked like. Maybe it was faceless. But he felt a great fear that he never had. "Will anyone kill me like that if I cannot write?" he was thinking and a person walked to him, handing him a book and asking him to sign for it. He did without too much thinking. All the same, all politeness, this is the way he treated people.

He didn't know how this day came to an end. A gloomy day, he thought. The sky was still overcast as he saw this morning. It was so dark and so low that he thought it was within reach. He walked to a park and sat on a bench. There was no one there except him. A flock of doves pecked the ground customarily. "Maybe I can write a story of a garden and a dove," he thought.

The pleasurable



dinner time became tasteless tonight. He could hardly hear anything that his children and wife were talking about. All he thought was about the moment he opened the young writer's work: thousands of signs flew through his eyes, but he couldn't catch any of them. He saw the signs danced, ran, and moved chaotically, but none of them gathered and jumped into his eyes. He went to his room with dinner unfinished, turning over all his books on the shelf, trying to find any words he could understand, but none, he could understand nothing. "None! Nothing! None..." he said desperately and almost madly. At this dreadful moment, his little son came in, with his favorite book in his arms.

"Daddy, let's read bed time story," his son said.

"Let's go, kid." His wild eyes calmed down in one second.

It was the most unpleasant bed time story in the world that he never wanted to recall. But the crying sound vibrated in his head constantly in his later life. He sat by the bed, seeing the sentences on the story book separated into pieces and danced in front of him. Then he was too angry that he lost control. In spite of his son who laid on the bed, blinking his sleepy eyes and waiting for his favorite story, he screamed, yelled and tore the story book

apart. He neither noticed the broken pieces flying in the room, nor the panic of his beloved son. Also, he didn't notice the crying sound buffeted his heart mercilessly. The only thing he knew was that his little son never asked him to read any story after that night.

He didn't appear at that café the next day, and the day next, either. The young writer didn't receive any comments from him. It is said the person who met him in the bookstore was the latest one who got his autograph, but it meant nothing because he had never published anything or shown up in front of the public since then.

A few years later, in a small town, the person in charge of distributing food tickets for poor families found one familiar name in the lists. He read this name repeatedly; finally he figured out that it was the author of a book, and the book was about a traveler and his lover. It was once his favorite, he thought. This only took him thirty seconds, and then he turned another page, busily.



The False Cheater

應外三 錢彥中

On my hand was a package which contained a letter, a check that has US\$67,290 written on it, and a three carat diamond necklace. It was a necklace that I had dreamed of having for many years but never dared to buy it because of its extremely high price. Many would think that I would be delighted to have the money and the necklace. However, I did not wear a tiny piece of smile. In fact, there was no emotion on my face. My face was pale, my mouth was half opened, tears were racing down on my cheeks, and my body was trembling.

Outside was cold and windy. The sky was dark and the trees were bold. The street was empty and the neighborhood was quite. The moon did not shine and there were no stars in the sky. The air was cold and the wind was fierce. I was standing by the doorway shivering. I shivered not because of the freezing wind but because of what I had just seen and heard.

On the package it wrote, "To my adorable loving wife, Ana. From: Larry Benedict."

...

My name is Ana and Larry Benedict was the name of my husband. We had been married for nine years, and we had an eight years old child named Colin. We lived in a small house in Greeneville. We were a

family that was not wealthy but was definitely happy.

Each morning, Larry would go out to work in the nuclear plant, and I would stay home doing the house chores and taking care of Colin. Colin was a bright kid; he could do most of the daily routines like eating and going to the bathroom without much of my help. So that would give me plenty of time to do other jobs.

One of the highlights in my daily life was going to the market. It was not that I really liked to smell fish and pork. Well, who does? The real reason was that there was a Tiffany jewelry boutique on the way to the market. There were always lots of pretty jewelries displayed in the window. I could spend a really long while in front of the window staring at those pretty treasures. Among them, there was one thing that really caught my eyes. It was a necklace which has a three carat diamond on it. Although I really liked it, I have never thought of buying it because it costs way more than I could afford. In fact, I was satisfied by just staring at it for a few minutes.

When I got home from the market, I would start making supper. I always enjoyed cooking because Larry and Colin would eat whatever I made; and that really gave me a lot of confidence and

happiness in cooking. Another highlight of my day was when Larry came back from work. He would tell me what had happened in the factory that day while we ate, and I really liked to listen to the stories he told me.

Although there weren't too many entertainments for me, I was happy and I really hoped that days would go on like this and never change. However, it had; everything was changed.....in this autumn.

It was an ordinary day, and Larry went to work in the morning as usual. When I was feeding Colin, he suddenly said to me, "Mama, why Papa talk to Jessica on phone when you go shower every night?"

"Huh?? Who's Jessica, and what were they talking about?" I wasn't aware of anything at first.

"Papa and Jessica talk on phone. I don't know what they say. Papa don't want me hear it." Colin wasn't good at grammar, but I can understand the message that he tried to deliver, and I started to smell something weird going on.

So that night, I pretended to go shower as usual. After a while, I sneaked out from the bathroom to the hallway right outside the living room. Colin wasn't lying; Larry was talking with someone on the phone.

"...ok, Jessie, but I don't want my wife to know this

yet...right... so I will meet you at Ritz Hotel tomorrow at eleven...yes...and I will give it to you. Yes... alright so I'll see you tomorrow, bye." My husband was whispering on the phone as though there were a big secret.

I didn't know what to do, so I sneaked back to the bathroom pretending that nothing had happened.

The next day, my husband went out for work as usual. Although I didn't know what he was up to, I knew he was going to do something. However, I didn't believe that he was going to do anything that would harm me, or perhaps to cheat on me. Maybe it was because I really trusted him...or maybe it was just that I didn't want to face it, the cruel reality.

No, no, it can't be true. Maybe he was talking with his co-worker about some of the company's confidential information. I was telling myself. But why not let me know. It would do no harm to him or the company. Beside, what is he going to give to the woman? And why does he have to talk to her every night? There were hundreds of questions pouring down in my head.

Suddenly, the phone rang.

"Hello?" I answered.

"Hey, Ana, it's me, Kristina! I just saw your husband in his blue jacket a minute ago in the restaurant in Ritz Hotel. And

there was a woman with him. I thought it was you because he was handing a package to her, maybe a gift. But she wasn't! Well, I think he was quite nervous, coz when I went to greet him. He just said 'hi' and rushed away. I just want to call you to make sure if he is alright. And please say sorry for me if I had offended him." As my friend Kristina said this on the phone, I understood what was really going on.

I was heartbroken, but instead of feeling sorrow, I was quite furious.

"I had trusted him and had done so much for him, and now he is cheating on me!" I was telling myself and I was more furious than ever!

So I waited at home angrily, waiting for my heartless husband to come home.

After a long while, the front door opened. It was Larry in his blue jacket. He looked tired and pale. As he saw me sitting on the couch with an angry face, he said, "Hey, honey, I'm home. What's wrong? You don't look very happy."

"What's wrong? You ask me *what's wrong*? Let me tell you what's wrong. I have married the wrong guy! I have done so much for you, and now you are cheating on me! I know you went to meet your secret lover today. Don't think that I am stupid! YOU BIG CHEATER! NOW I WANT YOU OUT OF


THE HOUSE, I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!" I lost control and started shouting at him.

He was shocked by my reaction and his face was white. "What are you talking about, I don't understand. I didn't..."

"QUIT PLAYING DUMB WITH ME! I AM NOT GOING TO SAY THIS AGAIN! GET OUT, OUT, OOOUUUTTT!" I was roaring with a really sharp voice.

Seeing that there's nothing he could do, Larry stepped out as he was told to. Before he was out, I heard him saying, "I love you, Ana..." But I slammed the door without hesitation; then I fell on the floor crying with a broken heart.

I didn't know how the rest of that day went; the only thing I remembered was that the phone rang a couple of times, but I didn't answer any of them.

When it was getting late in the night, when Colin was watching TV, there was a door knock. As I opened the  door, I found a lady with dark hair. "Hello, you must be Mrs. Benedict. How do you do?" the lady greeted me, "I am your husband's doctor, Jessica Hamilton."

"Hi...eh..." I didn't know why she was here, but before I could say another word, she started speaking again.

"Well, is Mr. Benedict

home? He was supposed to come to the hospital for the surgery tonight, but he didn't show up. I tried to call him a few times, but no one answered, so I just came to see if he's alright."

"Umm, he's not home." It seemed that the more she said, the more confused I was.

"Hmmm, that's strange. Well, I can't stay here for too long. I have to go back to the hospital. And please tell him to come to the hospital at once. He is very sick, and the surgery cannot wait.... Oh, and yes, your husband gave me this in the morning. He told me to mail it to you when he has the surgery, but since I'm here, I'll just give it to you." Before the doctor left, she gave me a package. It was from my husband.

Although she was speaking English, I didn't understand what she was talking about. So I opened the package. Inside the package was a letter, a check and the diamond necklace I was dreaming of. Seeing this, I was both surprised and more confused. I opened the letter and read...

Dear Ana,

By the time you read this, I will be in the hospital having the surgery. I wanted to tell you this earlier, but I didn't know how to start it. Anyway, I

found that I had a tumor on my brain a couple months ago, which means I am having a cancer. It must have something to do with my job in the nuclear plant. Doc. Hamilton said the tumor has grown so big that there's a 50% risk of dying for doing the surgery. I wasn't sure if I would be able to live through it, so I am writing this to you.

As you can see, there's a check. Although it's not much, that's everything I had. I have also asked the public welfare office about the single parent subsidies. They said once I died, they will give you US\$800 every month for you to take care of Colin and make a living. So you will be alright.

By the way, the Tiffany manager told me the other day that you seemed to like the necklace very much, so I bought it for you. I'm sorry I haven't given you and Colin a wealthy life. At least there's something I can give you before I leave.

At last, I don't know if I will see you again, but I want you to know that I will love you forever no matter what. And please tell Colin that I love him too.

Larry.

When I finished reading, I

heard a voice coming out from the living room, "Breaking news, a man in a blue jacket was run over and killed by a drunken driver just twenty minutes ago. It was only fifty meters away from the Greeneville Hospital..."

Santa Claus Forgets

應外三 章瑋



Today is Christmas Eve. Just like other children, little Henry is extremely excited. He runs around the living room all night with Christmas stockings in his hands.

"OK, my Teddy bear, it's time for you to go to bed. If you are not being good, Santa Claus won't come to see you tonight. Give your Christmas stocking to daddy; he will put it on the most obvious position for you." Mommy holds little Henry in her arms and goes upstairs to his room to tuck him in.

A few hours later, when the world falls asleep, Santa Claus arrives on the snow-capped roof of Little Henry's house. He parks his sleigh and reindeers beside the chimney. He gets off the sleigh, taking little Henry's present out of his present-filling

bag, holding it in his big hand and then he walks towards the chimney.

Now Santa Claus is in his preparing pose. He stands on the edge of the chimney. He has done this over hundreds of years. What he has to do is sliding through the chimney which will easily lead him down to the fireplace; this is just like kids sliding down the slope.

"Drops!!!" Santa Claus drops little Henry's present on the roof. He stretches his arms, trying to reach it. His hands are trembling fiercely. But the present just rolls away and disappears.

Because the edge the fatty Santa stands is too thin and his body is too plumping, he cannot hold his center of gravity. The fatty Santa Claus starts to swing back and forth and back again.

Suddenly, Santa Claus slips. "Wow-woo-wa-wa-ahhhhhhhh!!!!" He shouts with a low voice. He is falling down with his body upside down.

"BANG!!!!!" Santa Claus bounces out of the fireplace, and bumps his head against the floor. The noise awakes little Henry, who does not sleep so deeply.

Little Henry tiptoes downstairs with both excitement and doubts. "Santa?" he sees the messy Santa Claus and asks.

He is Santa Claus, little Henry is sure. He appears exactly the same as the storybook describes—red Santa suits, big and white beard and a roundabout body like a ball. But there is no present in Santa's hands. Little Henry wonders where his present is.

Santa stands up and looks at little Henry and asks him, "Where am I? Who am I? And who are you?" Santa shakes his head and grumps, "Oh! My headache is killing me."

"Are you all right?" little Henry is scared a little. How come that cute, fat and warm Santa will appear in this unbelievable way? "You are Santa Claus! Don't you remember?"

"My name is Santa Claus? What a strange name...."

"No!!! That's not your name. You are Santa Claus, who gives us presents on Christmas day. We have songs describing you—*You better watch out, you better not cry. Better not pout, I'm telling you why. Santa Claus is coming to town,*" little Henry sings enjoyably and dances a little.

"Really? I don't know that," Santa Claus murmurs.

"How about your reindeers? You must have your reindeers on the roof." Little Henry grabs Santa Claus's

hand and goes out. The reindeers, while seeing Santa Claus, run down quickly and stop next to him. "See? They recognize you. And the red-nose Rudolf is the leader of your reindeers. We have songs about him, too—*Rudolf, the red-nosed reindeer had a very shiny nose....* And you asked him to guide your sleigh!"

"I own those reindeers? I have eight reindeers and a sleigh! That's cool." Santa Claus looks at his reindeers carefully and praises. "And what's inside this bag?" He points at the bag in the sleigh.

"You don't remember a thing?" Little Henry stares at Santa. He is about to cry.

But Santa Claus does not notice that little Henry's tears are rolling around his eyepits. "Where do I live?" Santa keeps on asking questions. That is a good question. Little Henry does not know the answer at all.

"Live with me," Little Henry offers this to Santa. He wants to help Santa Claus.

"Thank you, kiddo. You are really a good boy," grins Santa. Since he has no place to go, he accepts little Henry's invite.

"Let's hide your reindeers and sleigh there," Little Henry says to Santa like a commander, pointing to a wooden hut. "That's daddy's old garage, but it's my secret place

now. Take off your suit, too. I'll find clothes for you in daddy's closet later."

Little Henry hides Santa Claus in his own room. Then he goes to Daddy and Mommy's bedroom secretly to take some clothes for Santa. He does not want Daddy and Mommy to find out this. They will certainly be frightened.

Today is Christmas morning. Crying, sobbing and howling can be heard from every corner on earth. Santa Claus did not send present to children!!! "Where did Santa Claus go?" "Santa Claus forgets the world!" Newspapers, broadcasts and television program keep reporting this shocking news.

This is the saddest Christmas that people have ever had. No Christmas songs are played on the street, no one says "Merry Christmas," and no one dresses like Santa Claus to distribute candy bars.

Little Henry and Santa go out for a walk. They go to one store after another. Little Henry shows some fabulous Christmas trees to Santa Claus. There are shining stars on the top, and mini gifts, sticks, angels and snowflakes hanging on the branches. He also shows some delicate Christmas cards and presents to Santa Claus. He brings Santa Claus to bakeries to see beautiful Christmas cakes. He reads

Christmas stories and sings Christmas songs to Santa Claus. But Santa Claus cannot remember anything.

The following days little Henry still works hard on helping Santa. Seven days have passed. Today little Henry takes Santa Claus out to play with his friends; they want to have a snow fight. Little Henry introduces Santa as his "Grandpa Santa" to his friends. They have a stirring fight. Little Henry flings the ball, but using too much strength, he trapped. Santa Claus quickly runs to little Henry. "Does that hurt?" he asks worriedly.

"No. I'm fine. Thank you, grandpa Santa." Little Henry gives Santa a sweet smile. But he does not stand up. He just lies on the snow and starts to brandish his arms and legs. "I'm making an angel!" Little Henry laughs. Seeing this, other children lie down quickly one by one and start to do the same as little Henry does. Children laugh heartily and shout with joy.

Seeing these innocent and pretty smiling faces, something occurs to Santa Claus's mind. That is so familiar to him. But what is that?

"Come on, grandpa Santa. Let's make your angel." But Santa doesn't move.

Plenty of different smiles of children flit through Santa Claus's mind. He remembers!

He is Santa Claus, who brings happiness to every child. He likes seeing children's smiles and hearing their laughter in lovely voices.

Santa does not say anything for a long time. Snowy little Henry stands up and stares at him, worried, shaking Santa's hand, "Santa? Santa? What's wrong?"

"Henry bear, Merry Christmas! Hohoho!" Santa laughs, so does little Henry.

They rush to the old garage, taking out Santa Claus's reindeers and sleigh and suit. "Long time no see, my perfect partners." Santa Claus pats his reindeers.

"Thank you so much, my little angel. I'm going to finish my work now. You know I'm already late." Santa gives little Henry a big hug and a kiss on his cheek.

"I will miss you, grandpa Santa!" little Henry yells with all his strength.

Today is New Year's Day. Screaming, hailing and laughing are all around the world. Every child got their Christmas presents and a note from Santa Claus. There is a big smile on the paper, and under the smile, it says, "Sorry I'm late."

"Santa Claus does not forget the world!" "He's late, but who cares?" "Santa Claus is back!" Such headlines appear in every newspapers,

broadcast and television program. People are under extremely joyful mood; they greet each other with "Happy New Year and Merry Christmas!"

As for little Henry, he receives a greatest present which he has never thought to get one even in his dream—an invitation from Santa Claus!

Dearest Henry bear,



I cannot say enough thank you to express my appreciation.

I have had an unforgettable Christmas experience with you being around me. Would you like to spend another Christmas with your Grandpa Santa? Next year after I finish my work, let's go to my house and celebrate our Christmas. Remember to keep it as a secret! Hohoho!

MERRY CHRISTMAS

With love and hugs,

Your grandpa Santa



Eat me

應外三 湯琦均

Adapted from Kiss me by Sixpence None The Richer



Eat me, I am your favorite
cookie
Tasty, and i am very cheap
Fifteen, cost you only fifteen
Fifteen to buy me, that's worthy.

Oh, bring me to cashier and pay
me quickly
Take me, don't forget the
receipt
and your change
Share me to your best
friend and she will say
Tres bien

Eat me whenever you feel
hungry
Bring me wherever you like
Tres bien means very good in
French
Yes, I do believe that I am
pretty good
*Oh, eat me and made noisy
crunches

O i shi, that means delicious
It's Japanese.
Let's say it together with all
your friends
after eating me
O i shi



Be My Lover
應外三 周迺閱

It was the day
I met you in the subway
Excuse me, lady I said
Would you tell me what day it is
today

It was Saturday
I saw an angel on my way
I'm shy and a bit afraid
But your smile told me that
was okay

Be my lover
Give me your phone number
I'll stay with you no matter
It's in September or November

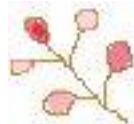
Be my lover (sugar)
Just want you to remember
You'll be my star no matter
It's in summer or winter

(I'm a stranger, but not a liar)
(I'm a wanderer, but not a
player)

Come closer, come closer
My feeling for you is pure
Come closer, come closer
Let me know you better

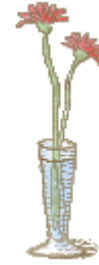


A parody of R. Kelly's "The
World's Greatest"



I am a fat pig
I am Michelin
Oh, I am a swift wind,
Sweepin' the table
I am a cleaner,
Down in the buffet

Oh, I have a huge mouth
And I can eat quickly
If anybody wonders who I am
I'll stand up tall
Look 'em in the face and say



*I'm that meat ball
on the chair
I'm that monster
front of food
Hey I made it,
(mmmmmm)

I'm the world's fattest
And I'm that little bit of hope
Helping people clean up
waste
I can feel it, (mmmmmm)
I'm the world's fattest
(The world's fattest, world's
fattest, forever)

I want more burgers
I want more pizzas
Oh, I want more
milkshake
In chocolate flavor
I want more apple pies
I want more French fries
Oh, I want more chicken wings
I want some more food

If anybody asks you who I am
Just stand up tall
Look 'em in the face and say

In the ring of life I'll rain love (I
will rain)
And the world will notice a
king (Oh yeahhh)
When there is darkness I'll
shine a light (shine a light)



**The
World's
Fattest**
應外三
錢彥中

And views of success reflect in
me

If anybody wonders who I am
I'll stand up tall
Look 'em in the face and say

If I enter eating contests (I will
win)

And the world will notice a
king (Oh yeahhh)

Not only will I finish my food
(my food)

I will help others clean up their
plates

Can't Fight with Human

應外三 鄭郁靜

Inspired by LeAnn Rime's
"Can't Fight the Moonlight"

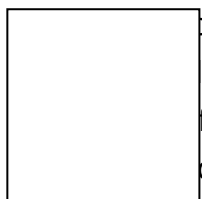
In the dessert's world
Cookies are my love
And nothing tastes better than
you
You think that I won't eat you
Then just wait until, 'til the tea
time comes
Laughing at the cookies,
cookies
There is a fervent desire, so
right
I will eat you at tea time

You try to oppose me
You cry and say "Help me!"
Don't you know, don't you know
that you
Can't fight with mankind
Small and fragile
Please throw in the towel
'Cause I know, 'cause I know

that you
Can't fight with mankind
Ha, you cannot win
I'm going to have Hi-tea
Can't run away from you
Once I have been bought
I am fated to be caught
No matter how I shout
You are so cruel and put me in
your mouth
Weeping for my misery life
I wish there's a miracle, oh
please
Would you let me go this time



I won't grovel to
you
Although I have
no clue



ow, but I know that you
lease your food
f me
or your mercy

But I know, but I know that you
Can't release your food
You are the winner
And I am the loser
The world seems very dark to
me
(Don't even think about it)
Cannot win
My future looks
dim

Crying for my body, body
It'll be chewed up in your mouth,
so poor
Just to my life say "bye-bye"

I do want to be free
Yield not to
destiny
But I try then

I know that I
Can't fight with mankind
Give me a break
I've had enough of that
But I know, but I know that I
Can't fight with mankind
God, I lost again

All you do is in vain
Fail again and again
Please get real, please get real
that you can't
Can't fight with mankind
Face the reality
You're the snack that I'll wolf
'Cause I know, 'cause I know
that you
Can't fight with mankind
You will never win
Your life is controlled by me

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