

Newsletter

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Poetry



~ Black Hole ~

By Alice

I saw blood dropping down but
I felt nothing; I smelt nothing only
burned meat ; I heard nothing only
roaring wind; I tasted nothing only
flowing tears; I escaped
from nowhere,
without direction,
without destination.

I wandered by the ocean, waited
to be rescued, waited
until no tear, waited
til the last teardrop
slowly flowing through
the throat and keeping flowing through
my ached heart, turning
into magma, trying
to eat away my heart,
from everywhere,
without refusal,
without resistance.



Vanishing into the infinite ocean
to seek for eternity, magma scorched
my heart continuously till I smelt the burn;
I heard angels singing and I felt the tear stream
through my hollow caves; I chose to
fall, broke my wings and kept falling;
I waited for two genial arms to save me;
I became bubbles; I turned over foam; I kept
falling
from top,
without any interference,
without the terminal point.

I realized the day after I escaped from the Eden;
I saw the serpent smiling while I fell;
I saw the spring, summer, fall and winter;
I saw the leaves on the apple tree depart and
come again;
however, I kept falling, seeking for endless peace,

a shelter;
I waited for good till the flood went away,
washing all the past, memories no more. All
gone with the wind, and once again, reborn,
and I became a new leaf, a new
star rather than meteor
from my heart,
with smiles,
with wings,
with love,
and with eternity.



~ You Are My Angel ~

By Andrea 林怡德

You are my gray-haired angel,
Sitting by the window,
Time is still,
Where do you wander to,
Nobody knows.

You lost your keys, name, and words,
Eventually,
The person you love the most.

Sons become father and daughter the mother,
Until life seeps through your locks of hair,
And your unblemished soul withers.

Memories fray and curl,
Turning into the drops of morning dew.
You are my angel,
The halo of love glows.



~ Home ~

By Debbie 潘韋君

Tears glided down on the ground
I cried like a child
In the deepest of my heart
Like a strayed traveler
Desiring to be found

But no one knew
I wanted to be found
In the darkest lieu
Only the home
Like a lamp lighting up in the darkest night
Guiding the lost soul to find the bright light

Tears rolled down on the ground
Someone hurt me with a sword
In the deepest of my heart
Like a patient
Hoping to be cured

But no one knew
The broken heart yearned to be healed
In the saddest blue
Only the home
Like a doctor curing me of the bitter pain
Remedying my heart to make it strong again

Tears stopped rolling down
And the child won't cry again
And the wound won't hurt again
Home is the only harbor of refuge
To keep me away from the deluge

Home is full of love
At home, I'm in love



Short Stories



~Cure~

By Amber 潘巧紋

Traveling by metro became my habit since the day I met him. However, he is not mine anymore. Being abandoned again, I come back to this crowded vehicle, trying to fill up my broken heart with the people around me.

To my disappointment, it does not provide any cure. I do not feel better; instead, I find myself floating. I cannot find a place to take root in.

It seems to be my destiny that I can never keep a long and stable relationship with anyone. My love stories never lead to a happy ending. Why is it so hard to meet someone who matches with me?

*Look at that little boy.
He sleeps so soundly in the
mother's arms.*

His school bag reminds me of the boy I met in kindergarten. We played together for years. I think he liked me, especially in those primary school years.



He was a very outgoing child. Sometimes he would run in full speed until the sweat soaked his body. Sometimes I would follow him to the pond in raining days to have an adventure. He would rather stay with me than attending classes. I liked him, too. We were so close that his mother hated me. After detecting the "bad influence" I had, she used all kinds of method to segregate us. And she did it. The further action she adapted was sharing her achievement with other parents. From that day on, it became so hard for me to approach other children.

After leaving elementary school, I kept myself silent. Out of my expectation, I was popular in class sometimes. I did have a few relationships in high school, but all ended up in parents' opposition.

Those are the old stories, too old to mention.

I did not give up because of previous experiences. I kept looking for love, for someone to understand me. This time, I thought I found my Mr. Right. I almost fell in love with him at first sight.

That morning was still vivid in my head. The metro station was as busy as usual. He stood in

the crowd, slightly swaying with the carriage. Although there were several passengers between us, I could see him very clearly. He was shining among the crowd. I could feel his unique elegance and refinement.

He was far from handsome or cute. Instead of any dramatic figure, he meditated with an ordinary face. His tie and shoes showed his neatness and a serious attitude. But I could see a great enthusiasm through his eyes. He stayed calm and pale until a blush came into his cheeks when the carriage became airless. Then I realized that he did not flush because of the air but me. It was a sign for sure. I got the chance. I had to do whatever I could to win him. But for now, I would stay cool, acting as if I did not notice him.

He carried a heavy kraft paper bag. The bag was carefully held and treated like a baby. It was his talent inside. How did I know? I could not help but follow him. Don't judge, please. He was incredibly appealing. He could be the one. How could I let him disappear from my sight? I did no harm, but quietly stepping on his footprints instead.

He met his editor in the coffee shop, handing her his latest work, the one in the bag. He glowed when he talked about the story. He spent three whole days finishing the ending. At that moment, I knew he was the exact one I was searching for.



People who are bold, passionate, or hardworking always attract me. He was of the third kind. He was definitely enthusiastic about his career as well. I held back my excitement and decided to approach him patiently. I took metro more often, waiting for our next meeting. I enjoyed finding him from the mass of passengers in the station. Even to touch his fingerprints remained on the handrail made me happy. Within weeks, he accepted me. We were the lovely couple. I had the greatest time ever.

All of a sudden, our romance ended.

He was such a novelist with gift and diligence. I admire his work attitude. I love watching him seat himself onto the wooden arm chair. He could stay there whole day working on his new book.

While being sensitive to the temperature, he would sit beside the window occasionally. The chilly fresh air helped his mind stay clear. He also liked to light up a cigarette on the balcony, watching the smoke blown away by the wind.

I know. I know each of his little habits.

But I still failed this time. He was gone forever. I could not have his warm hands anymore.



It happened over and over again. Every time I made efforts to a new romance, they treated me so well in the beginning. We sweetly stuck to each other every day. However, with no exception, they turned away, walking out of my life unexpectedly. I got nothing regained but betrayal.

I was abandoned all the time.

I had joined the hiking club in university. There I met my college love, an outstanding young man. I went mountain climbing with him in that beautiful winter. Afterwards, he dumped me without a reason in spring. Soon I left college, throwing myself into the immense society. The first company I entered almost crushed me. I had no friend. Then I found him, an industrious man. That was the beginning of my office romance. I worked with him one night after another. On the day he got the promotion, he broke up with me. Unable to bare the pain any longer, I went on a vacation. An audacious surfer caught my eyes immediately. He was so fond of ocean that he even showed up on the beach in stormy weather. I think it was the third hurricane of the year that heated our love. But it turned out to be nothing but a summer fever. Once more, I was the one standing alone.

The last one walking into my life was my beloved writer. Since he had left me, I can only linger on this carriage. Yes, because I am cold, I am desperately looking for someone to embrace me, to warm my wounded heart. I will keep searching, till the cure comes. I will not give up so easily.

Swaying with the carriage, I hear somebody murmuring.

"You know what? He died yesterday."

"Who?"

"The author of the book you are reading! He got a serious cold after publishing the novel."

"Ah, I like his works... Terrible flu, isn't it?"

Well, at least he died for me, right?

But I have to look forward. The next one will be better, probably.

Oh, I love the way he sneezed so much.



~What It Takes~

By Arianna Chen 陳雅妮

I always hated the smell of my grandpa. He smelled like he hadn't taken a bath for a whole week. Actually, that's the reason why he was so stinky. He really took a bath once a week only.

However, I had to endure this awful smell because I slept in the same room with my grandparents. I didn't have my own room, my own space, my own privacy, and my own freedom.

So finally I decided.

Grandma's eyes were blurred by tears. She gave me a big hug, and said, "Eat more when you're abroad." I waved to her, and went straight to the customs. I turned my head— my grandma was still standing there, so old, so weak. I was afraid that I would change my mind if I stood there one more moment, so I waved to her again and quickly walked in to look for my boarding gate.

I was escaping from my home. I had told myself I was fed up with all these things at home. Parents' annoyance, brother's retarded behaviors, and grandparents' burden. I wanted to have a space for myself. Therefore, I found the chance to Berlin to be an exchange student for one year. At first, my father didn't allow me to go. However, my mother supported me, and she said, "You should have more experiences," so the thing was settled. What about my grandparents? Did they have any rights to change my decision? At that time, I hesitated for long, but after my friends talked to me, I decided. They said, "Don't let them be the barrier of your life."



On the plane, I felt calm, peaceful, and awfully happy. I finally escaped. I finally could pursue my dream.

I hated my mom always talking about my future job; I hated my father always disturbing me whenever I was occupied by a lot of things; I hated my brother always doing something on

purpose to make me mad. Moreover, it's disgusting whenever I cleaned up my grandpa's excrement, and I hated that I was not able to sleep well at night because I had to keep an eye on my grandpa for fear that he would fall down.

"Maybe the only person I will miss is my grandma," I told myself.

One year passed through quickly, and I seldom called back home. I only sent emails to them. Whenever they asked why I didn't call them, I just told them that it cost a lot to call. When they said we could use Skype, I told them it would disturb my roommate. Maybe I just wanted to make some excuses.

My grandma called me approximately once a month, and every time she would ask me the same question, "Did you eat well?" And every time my answer was "Yes."

One time when my grandma called me, she sounded like a little bit choked by sob. I asked her what happened, but she only said, "Nothing, just miss you so much."



That night, I dreamed about my grandparents, and after I woke up, I suddenly burst into tears.

The day for me to go back to Taiwan had been quietly approaching.

That morning, at the airport, my grandma was there as she had promised, with my father. Grandma looked older. When I came closer, her eyes were filled with tears.

Father uttered a sentence, "Your grandfather is in the intensive care unit."

My grandfather was in the intensive care unit.

Shocked by the news, I looked at them and asked, "From when?"

"One month ago."

One month ago? And I didn't know?

"The doctor said your grandpa is in the most critical 48-hour period. We will know the outcome at 2 o'clock in early morning tomorrow."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Your grandpa said, 'Don't call Yani to come back; she has to concentrate on her study.'"

I began to sob, and everyone at the airport was looking at me.

But I didn't care.

Because there were only two meeting times a day for the intensive care unit, we had to

get there in time to catch up with the first meeting in the morning.

When I rushed to the hospital, I stood in front of the cold-blooded and hard-hearted steel door. I glared at the door angrily, but at the same time nervously.

I had been here for several times. Every time I came here, it was because of my grandpa. I put on the sterilized gown; when pushing on the bottom of the door opening, my hand kept trembling.

Grandpa was there. His hands were tied because he would pull away the tubes which could make him live longer. Basically he was calm, but after he saw me, he became agitated, seeming like wanting to say something. But he couldn't speak because he was wearing an oxygen mask. The nurse loosed his hand, and brought a piece of paper to him. He wrote down a line "study hard" with his trembling hand. After that, his breath became even shorter and more rapid. The nurse called other nurses and the doctor to come, and then asked us to stand outside.



They were giving my grandpa first aid.

Through the chink of the curtain, I could see the electrocardiogram on the screen of the machine—it was almost a straight line. Now they were giving him an electric shock.

I prayed to god. I told god that my grandpa was such a good person, so a good person should have a good consequence.

Thirty minutes later, the doctor and nurses came out. They said sorry to us and asked us to see my grandpa for the last time.

They said sorry to us.

Go to see your grandpa for the very LAST TIME.

My eyes became hollow; my brain became blank. I couldn't think or talk, just staring at them unbelievably.

They must be kidding me.

The last line my grandpa gave me is "study hard."

When I came back to my home, I went straight to the room. I was too tired to cry. I didn't want to hear my parents talking about my grandpa's funeral. I locked the door. I refused everyone to come in.

I only open the window, intending to let the wind calm myself.

Maybe this is what I have to pay.

Every dream takes something away from us. Someone loses his money; someone loses her health; someone loses his friends; someone loses her lover.

And I lose my grandpa. That's what it takes.

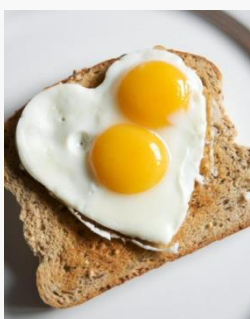
I could still tell my grandpa's smell. It smelled like he hadn't taken a bath for a whole week. The only difference was, my grandpa would no longer be there.



~Happy Birthday~

By Cindy 黃晶鈺

Sunlight sneaks into the cabin from every slit of the shutters, lights up the room and warms the bed. Paul is woken up by the dazzling sunshine and the birds singing outside the window. Today is the last day of his seventies. As usual, when he wakes up, the first thing he does is subconsciously reaching his arm to the other half of the bed to check if his wife was by his side. Yet, he feels nothing but the flat mattress. "Molly must be in the kitchen preparing for breakfast," he thinks. It takes him some effort to stand up from the bed because of his crippled right leg. After finishing all the washing and dressing, he limps to the kitchen with a cane, which Molly picked up from the forest behind their house. Still, no one's there, not even the breakfast. "Molly must be watering her favorite Jasmine in the yard," he thinks with a smile, "Finally, it's my turn to make you breakfast!" Paul starts roasting toasts, frying eggs and bacons, then pouring milk into two glasses. Scanning the dishes on the table, he contentedly takes off the apron and slowly heads toward the door. "Time for breakfast," he calls gently with a pair of affectionate eyes and soft smiles



on his face. As soon as he opens the door, the beam in his eyes dims and the smile on his face fades away, replaced by unnamable worry. No one is in the yard. "Maybe Molly's in the living room reading newspaper," he tries to convince himself. The sounds of the cane knocks on the wooden floor resound through the cabin; his pace gradually accelerates. No one is in the living room. No one is in the bathroom. No one is in the cabin but Paul himself. Regardless of the hot breakfast on the table, Paul violently pushes away the door, rushes through the yard, and breaks through the gate. Despite his crippled leg, step by step, Paul marches on the trail in front of the cabin with the cane at the highest speed he can afford. "Molly!" he yells all the way. The lame figure of Paul disappears at the far end of the trail.

It is a vast plain covered by golden wheat shining under the sun. Suddenly, a cool breeze blows. He stops the steps, closes his eyes and feels the wind gently kissing the exquisitely carved lines on his face and stroking the silver silk on his head, so gentle as if it were Molly's hand. When he opens his eyes, all the wheat are waving with the wind accompanying the sounds of leaves rubbing against each other. The wheat field was once the place where Paul and Molly devoted themselves to when they were still young and energetic. They spent every whole day working, tired but happy. Molly likes to shout into the wind all the unhappiness when she feels depressed and she says it does work. However, she's not here today. "Molly must be by the lake," Paul thinks. He faces his body toward the trail overgrown with grass and weeds, dragging his crippled leg and keeps going.



Paul narrows his eyes owing to the glistening light of waves reflected from the surface of the lake. The lake is a secret place that few people know. Paul sits down on a rock. The drooping willow pokes at the surface of the water and creates circles of ripples, overlapping with one another. He and Molly used to sit on the rock, watching sunset after a tiring day of farming. Throwing stones in the lake to see how many times it could bounce on the surface was Molly's favorite. Paul tries to throw one in the lake but it simply fails. It sinks to the bottom

immediately. The orange reflection of the sun in the water gradually blurs as the sun goes down the horizon. As soon as the last beam disappears amid the leaves, the lake goes back to silence; neither the surface of the water nor the willows make a movement. Molly's not here. "How can I not think of her? Yes, Molly is definitely there!" Paul bursts out while his right hand supporting his chin. He stands up very quickly. Forgetting the pain of his leg, he almost runs to his destination. His cane leaves a line of shallow pits on the trail and the line continues to grow.

The trail cuts through a luxuriant forest, which sits a couple miles behind Paul and Molly's cabin. It is already the late evening when Paul gets there. All the nocturnal animals become active. The sounds of owls and gullies flowing between pebbles, the stars that twinkle among branches and leaves of trees, the smell of earth and the green, and the moonlight spreading on the ground, all of them, are so familiar to Paul. At the time when his right leg was still healthy, he and Molly used to walk all the way down to the forest, hand in hand, enjoying the tranquility of the forest. Now, Paul is walking as he did before, yet, alone. His pace becomes slower and slower. He is tired, so tired that he can barely afford the strength to hold the cane. Finally, he falls on the open ground where the sky above is free from the shading of trees. "Where are you, Molly?" he looks into the sky and asks while resting his head against a large stone. Soon, with his mouth mumbling his wife's name, he falls into sleep.

It is almost midnight when Paul wakes up. He touches the stone that is wet by his own tears and finds something on it. They are clearly seen under the bright moon. "Mo...mo..molly" he squeezes out the word. Smiling, again, with his affectionate eyes, "I have found you, eventually," he says. A shining tear rolls down his face and drops on the tombstone.

"Happy birthday," somehow, a fragile voice in the wind whispers.

