

Chuan Long

傳 龍

2024-2025

A Word to Seniors

As our seniors prepare to embark on new journeys, we want to express our deepest gratitude for their unwavering dedication and hard work. Their passion and leadership have been the driving force behind the success of our bilingual magazine, creating a vibrant platform that celebrates diverse voices and cultures. Thank you for inspiring us and laying a strong foundation for the club's future. We wish you all the best in your next adventures!

在学姐们即将开启人生新篇章之际，衷心感谢你们多年来的辛勤付出与无私奉献。你们的坚持与引领，成为我们双语杂志不断成长的基石，打造了一个展现多元文化与声音的精彩舞台。感谢你们的激励与榜样，为学弟学妹们开辟了前进的道路。祝愿你们前程似锦，一路顺风！

GOOD LUCK TO OUR SENIOR LEADERS!

Emily Ding

Hanyu Yang

Claire Sun

Carolyn Yu

CONTRIBUTORS

傳 龍

LEADERS:

Emily Ding

Jayden Choi

Hanyu Yang

Carolyn Yu

Claire Sun

Members:

Iolin Shen

Isabella Zhu

Niu Niu Fan

Zi Chi Cheng

Chris Huang

Charles Huang

Linda Hu

Table of Contents

Service and Balance

- Balance – Linda Hu pg.6
- Finding Balance from Service – Linda Hu pg.8

Poetry

- Sea and Sky in Early Autumn pg.11
– Niu Niu Fan
- Little Friend of Snow – Charles Huang pg.13
- Mooncake – Chris Huang pg.15

Narrative

- Taste of Grandma's Home – Jolin Shen pg.19
- The Things I Carried Emulation pg.21
– Isabella Zhu
- The Joy of Sport – Zi Chi Cheng pg.26
- Journey to The West – Travels in Tibet pg.29
– Chris Huang

目录

贡献·平衡

- 平衡杂谈 - Linda Hu pg.5
- 儿童阅读社团：从服务中寻找平衡
- Linda Hu pg.8

诗歌

- 秋夕海天 pg.10
- Niu Niu Fan
- 雪绒小友 - Charles Huang pg.12
- 月饼 - Chris Huang pg.14

记叙文

- 外婆家的味道 - Jolin Shen pg.18
- 他们所携带之物仿写 - Isabella Zhu pg.23
- 动起来的快乐 - Zi Chi Cheng pg.25
- 西藏游记 - Chris Huang pg.27

The background is a solid olive green. It features stylized black silhouettes of bamboo leaves and branches. A single black bird is perched on a branch in the upper right quadrant. A thick, wavy, golden-yellow line, resembling a vine or a brushstroke, curves across the top right corner.

BALANCE AND
SERVICE

贡献·平衡

平衡杂谈

Linda Hu

古希腊德尔斐神庙刻着"适可而止"的箴言，老子在《道德经》中写下"天之道，损有余而补不及"。这些穿越时空的智慧都在诉说着同一个真理：平衡不是静态的终点，而是万物运行的永恒法则，是文明存续的生命线。

在非洲塞伦盖蒂草原，金合欢树与长颈鹿的博弈堪称自然平衡的绝妙注脚。长颈鹿啃食树冠迫使金合欢分泌单宁酸自卫，这种苦涩的防御机制既保护了自己，又不至于灭绝食草动物。植物与动物的博弈形成精妙的动态平衡，使得这片土地百万年来始终保持着旺盛的生命力。正如生态学家尤金·奥德姆所说："自然界的平衡不是僵化的对称，而是充满张力的和谐。"

翻开人类史册，失衡的教训比比皆是。王莽改制时推行"王田制"，强行均贫富的激进改革撕裂了社会结构；法国大革命后期雅各宾派的恐怖统治，用断头台追求绝对平等，最终让革命陷入自我吞噬的漩涡。这些历史片段印证了司马光的警世恒言："矫枉过正则反受其乱"。正如黄河在黄土高原蜿蜒前行，文明的长河也需要在左岸与右岸之间寻找行进的轨迹。

达芬奇的手稿给了现代人重要启示：这位文艺复兴巨匠既解剖尸体探究人体奥秘，也观察飞鸟设计飞行器；既用几何学解构完美比例，也用晕涂法营造朦胧诗意。他在艺术与科学、理性与感性之间架起桥梁，这种平衡思维催生了《蒙娜丽莎》的神秘微笑，也孕育了直升机的最初构想。当代量子力学揭示的"波粒二象性"再次证明，看似对立的特质完全可以在更高维度达成统一。

站在人工智能勃兴的今天，我们更需要这种平衡智慧。当算法正在重塑世界时，古希腊德尔斐神庙"认识你自己"的箴言与老子"知止不殆"的教诲形成跨越时空的和鸣。文明的天平两端，永远摆放着进步与节制、创新与传统、自由与责任。唯有保持这种动态平衡，人类才能如《周易》所言"与天地合其德，与日月合其明"，在浩瀚星海中写下属于自己的文明诗篇。



Balance

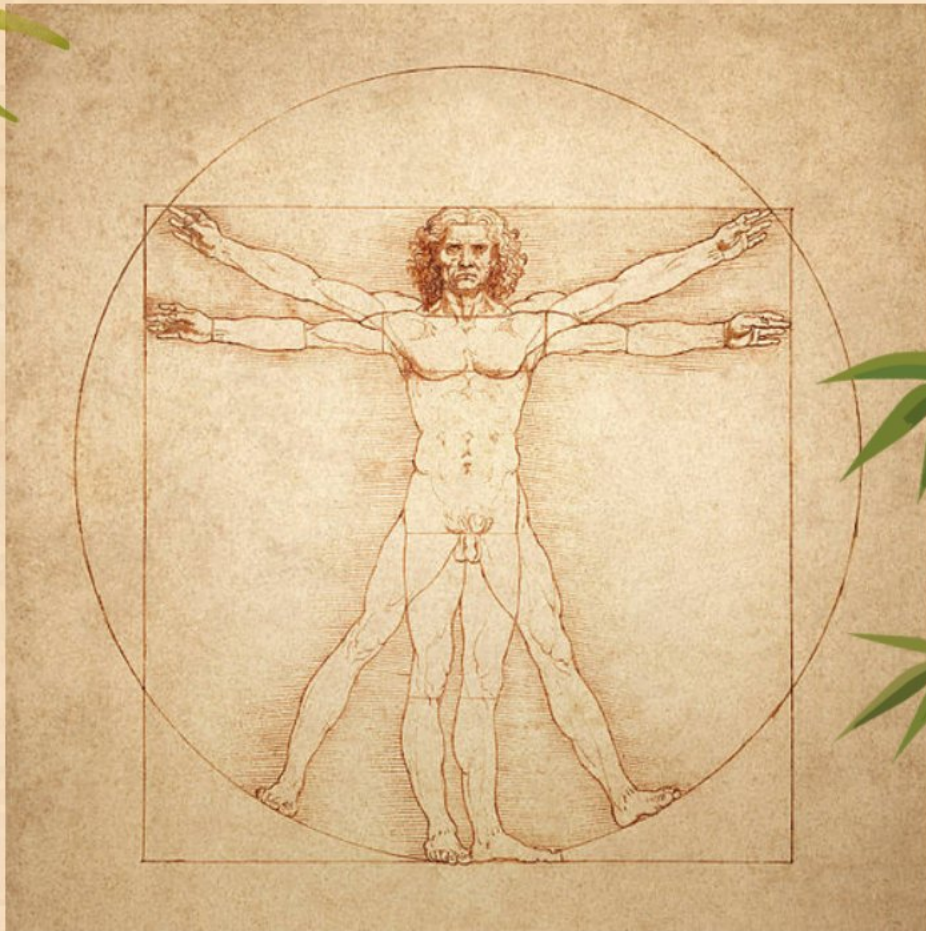
Linda Hu, Translated by Jayden Choi

Ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle inscribed the maxim "moderation in all things," while Laozi wrote in the Dao De Jing about "the Way of Heaven, taking from the excessive and compensating the insufficient."

These wisdoms transcending time and space tell us the same truth: balance is not a static endpoint, but rather the eternal law of all things in motion, the lifeline of civilization's continuation.

On the African savanna, the delicate balance between golden-backed weaver birds and long-necked giraffes demonstrates nature's equilibrium. The giraffes' grazing encourages the golden-backed weavers to disperse grass seeds more widely. This bitter-sweet defense mechanism not only protects itself but also prevents the grass from being completely consumed. The symbiotic relationship between plants and animals forms a refined dynamic balance, maintaining the vitality of this land for hundreds of years. As ecologist Eugene Odum said: "Nature's balance is not a static symmetry, but rather a harmony full of vitality."

Looking through human history, the lessons of imbalance are everywhere. The implementation of Wang Mang's "King's Field System" and the French Revolution's pursuit of absolute equality through radical reforms both led to social upheaval and ultimately self-defeating chaos. These historical episodes verify Sima Guang's warning: "Extremism leads to its opposite." Just as the Yellow River flows past the Tibetan Plateau, civilization's long river must find its path of progress between left and right banks.



Da Vinci's manuscripts give modern people important inspiration: this versatile master not only studied human anatomy and observed birds to design flying machines, but also used geometry to solve perfect proportions and used musical laws to create artistic poetry. His bridge-building between art and science, rationality and sensibility, gave birth to the Mona Lisa's mysterious smile and nurtured the initial concept of helicopters. When quantum mechanics revealed the "wave-particle duality," it further proved that seemingly opposing characteristics could achieve unity at a higher level.

Standing in today's era of artificial intelligence, we need this wisdom of balance more than ever. When we are reshaping the world, the harmony across time between Aristotle's "know thyself" and Laozi's "knowing when to stop" forms a resonance. At the two ends of civilization, we must forever maintain the balance between progress and restraint,

儿童阅读社团：从服务中寻找平衡

Linda Hu

在服务他人的过程中，我逐渐领悟到，真正的成长往往发生在“予”与“获得”的微妙平衡

之间。作为儿童阅读社团的志愿者，我每周都会与香港的小朋友们一起探索书中的奇妙世界，这段经历让我深刻体会到，服务从来不是单向的出，而是一场充满惊喜的双向旅程。

记得第一次见到 Ryder 时，他正抱着一本《海洋中的神秘》的英文书看得入迷。这个八岁的小男孩有着惊人的好奇心，从恐龙灭绝到宇宙黑洞，从古代文明到未来科技，他的问题就像泡泡一样不断冒出来。“为什么星星会发光？”“如果时间可以倒流会发生什么？”他的眼睛里闪烁着求知的光芒，这种纯粹的求知欲深深打动了。每次活动结束后，我都会特意准备一些他可能感兴趣的新书，而他也总会用更多有趣的问题来“回报”我。

Ryder 的好奇心像一面镜子，照出了我逐渐失去的童真与热情。在陪伴他阅读的过程中，我发现自己也开始重新对世界充满好奇。为了回答他的问题，我重拾了许久不碰的科普书籍；为了满足他的求知欲，我开始关注最新的科学发现。这种互相激励的关系，正是服务中最珍贵的部分。

当然，并不是每个孩子都像 Ryder 这样热爱阅读。有些小朋友起初对书本毫无兴趣，这时就需要更多的耐心和创意。我学会了用角色扮演的方方式讲故事，设计趣味问答游戏，甚至把阅读角布置成故事场景。

慢慢地，我看到越来越多的孩子从被动听讲变成主动探索，从沉默不语到积极分享。

边是引导，一边是学习。我们教会孩子们阅读的技巧，他们则教会我们用全新的眼光看世界。特别是像 Ryder 这样的孩子，用他们旺盛的好奇心提醒着我们：保持对知识的渴望，才是终身成长的秘诀。

未来，我希望能继续在服务中寻找这种珍贵的平衡，用书籍为孩子们打开更广阔的天地，同时也让自己在这个过程中不断成长。因为真正的服务，永远是一场温暖的双向奔赴。



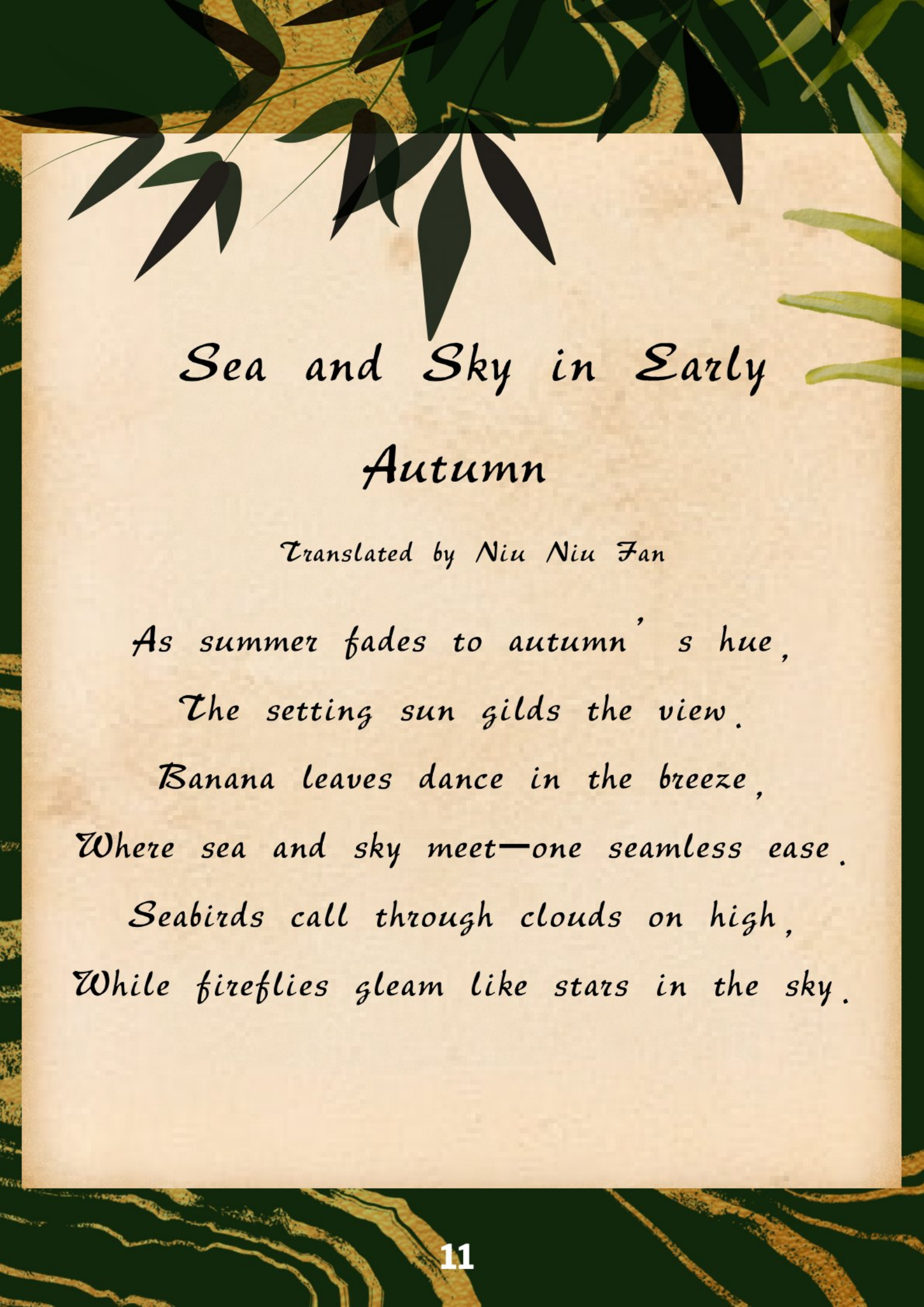
POEMS

诗歌

《秋夕海天》

Niu Niu Fan

夏末初秋时， 夕阳洒天边。
芭蕉风中摆， 海天成一线。
海鸟云间鸣， 飞萤似星缀。



Sea and Sky in Early Autumn

Translated by Niu Niu Fan

*As summer fades to autumn's hue,
The setting sun gilds the view.*

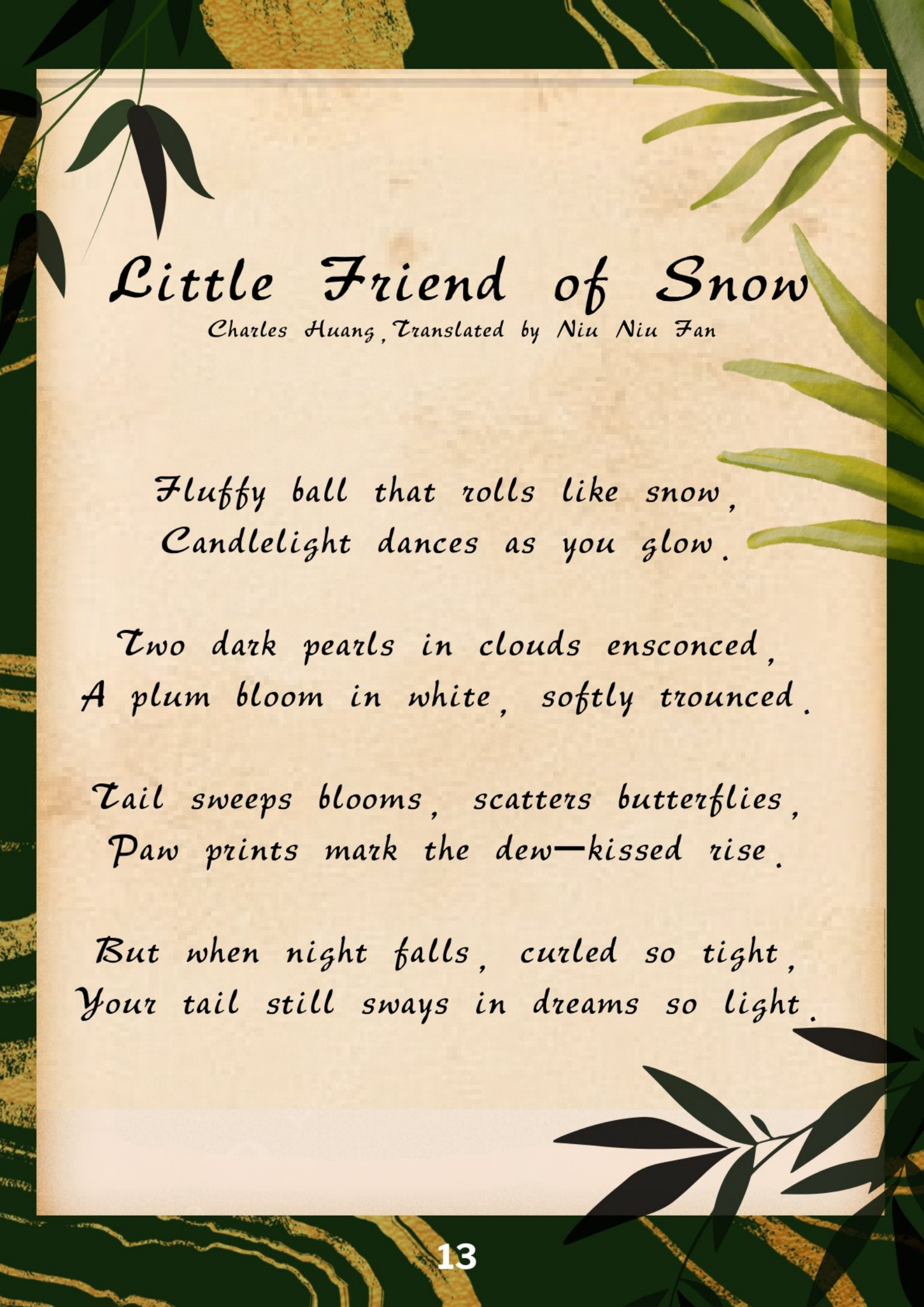
*Banana leaves dance in the breeze,
Where sea and sky meet—one seamless ease.*

*Seabirds call through clouds on high,
While fireflies gleam like stars in the sky.*

雪绒小友

白绒滚地似雪球
烛影摇摇跃不休
两点墨珠云里嵌
一团黑梅在雪中
尾扑花影惊蝶散
爪印泥痕带露留
最是酣眠蜷入夜
犹将尾梢晃悠悠

黄泽韬



Little Friend of Snow

Charles Huang, Translated by Niu Niu Fan

*Fluffy ball that rolls like snow,
Candlelight dances as you glow.*

*Two dark pearls in clouds ensconced,
A plum bloom in white, softly trounced.*

*Tail sweeps blooms, scatters butterflies,
Paw prints mark the dew-kissed rise.*

*But when night falls, curled so tight,
Your tail still sways in dreams so light.*

月饼

黄泽丰

云隐沐秋月，银帘广无止。
阖家共此时，愿得年年此。
年岁似秋风，轻拂皆瞬去。
唯有惜当下，方不枉青春。
何为惜当下？中秋吃月饼。
雪糕榴莲味，厂商你反省。
物极必反理，甜极不能品。
蛋黄白莲蓉，方是真月饼。

MoonCake

Chris Huang, Translated by Jayden Choi

*Behind silvery clouds, the autumn moon glows bright,
Like endless curtains in the vast night.*

*Family gathered, sharing this precious scene,
Hoping each year brings moments so serene.
Years pass swiftly like an autumn breeze,
Gentle touches gone with such ease.*

*To cherish now is all we need,
Lest youth slip by without good heed.
How best to cherish? You might ask —
Eating mooncakes is our cherished task!
But ice cream with durian flavor? Please —
Dear makers, rethink these recipes!
Too sweet a taste will quickly pale.
The classic egg yolk, white lotus paste,
Now that's a real mooncake's taste!*



NARRATIVE

记叙文

外婆家的味道

沈逸秋 Jolin Shen

记忆是一条蜿蜒的小径，沿着时光的褶皱延伸。每一次踏上这条通往外婆家的路，都像是走进了一个专属于我的温暖城堡。外婆家在一楼。还未敲门，小狗的欢叫声就远远传来，它总是最先察觉我们的脚步声。这声音，像是一曲熟悉的欢迎曲，在寂静的老居民楼里回荡。

推开门，映入眼帘的永远是那抹忙碌的身影。外婆戴着红色的袖套，系着已经微微褪色的碎花围裙，正在厨房里来回穿梭。她的背影微微佝偻，却掩不住那份忙碌的喜悦。蒸腾的热气中，飘散着糖醋排骨的香甜，那是我和弟弟最爱的味道。外婆总说：“快去坐，桌上有水果。”可她自己却舍不得停下来歇息，仿佛只有不停地忙碌，才能表达那份思念之情。

厨房里，老式的水龙头滴答作响。外婆总是将水龙头开得很小，一滴一滴的水珠坠入放置在下方的大桶里。“这样水表不会走，能省点钱。”她总是这样解释着。可是对我们，她从来不曾计较。记得那次我说喜欢打麻将，第二天她就和外公换了一台崭新的麻将桌，只因为旧桌子的骰子盒坏了。深夜里，他们总是陪着我玩到很晚，直到我困倦得撑不住眼皮。

外婆的阳台是一个神奇的花园。藤蔓攀爬着铁栏杆，绿意盎然中点缀着朵朵玉兰花。每次临走，她都会细心地摘下几朵，用纸巾一层层包裹，喷上水珠，装进精致的小盒子里让我带走。那幽香，是外婆的对我的爱，是记忆里最动人的芬芳。

日复一日，年复一年。时光在外婆的厨房里流淌，在袅袅的炊烟中凝固。我远赴他乡求学，每次归来，外婆总是准备一桌丰盛的菜肴。她依旧不肯和我们同桌吃饭，总说：“我再炒个菜就来。”可等她真正坐下来时，我们已经快要吃完了。看着她脸上欣慰的笑容，我却忽然发现她的牙齿已经掉了好几颗。那一刻，我才惊觉，原来时光的沙漏正悄然流逝。

离别时分，外公外婆总要送我们到小区门口。他们一个抱着小狗，一个挽着对方的手臂，缓缓地跟在我们的车后面。即便是雨天，他们也坚持要送。车子渐行渐远，后视镜里，他们的身影越来越小，却永远定格在我的心底。

站在陌生的街头，每当闻到相似的饭菜香味，总会想起外婆家的那个小厨房。想起灶台上跳动的火焰，想起袅袅升起的热气，想起她永远忙碌的身影。那些平凡的日子，在岁月的沉淀中，都化作了最美的风景。如今，我虽然走得很远，但只要想起外婆家的味道，就仿佛又回到了那个温暖的怀抱，回到了那个永远有人等待的地方。那里，永远飘散着最温暖的味道，那是爱的味道，是家的味道，是外婆给予我的永恒的念想。

Taste of Grandma's Home

Jolin Shen, Translated by Jayden Choi

Memory is a winding path that extends along the wrinkles of time.

Each journey down this road to grandmother's house feels like entering my own warm castle. Grandmother's home is on the first floor. Before we even knock, the dog's joyful barking carries from afar — it's always the first to notice our footsteps. This sound, like a familiar welcome song, echoes through the quiet old apartment building.

Pushing open the door, we're always greeted by that busy silhouette. Grandmother wears red sleeve protectors and a slightly faded floral apron, shuttling back and forth in the kitchen. Though her back is slightly hunched, it can't hide her joy in being busy.

Among the rising steam wafts the sweet aroma of sweet and sour ribs, my brother's and my favorite dish. Grandmother always says, "Go sit down, there's fruit on the table." But she herself never stops to rest, as if only through constant activity can she express her longing.

In the kitchen, the old faucet drips steadily. Grandmother always keeps the tap barely open, with water drops falling one by one into a large bucket below. "This way the water meter moves slower, saves some money," she always explains. But with us, she never counts the cost. I remember once mentioning I liked mahjong, and the very next day she and grandfather replaced the old mahjong table with a new one, just because the dice box was broken. Late into the night, they would always play with me until I could barely keep my eyes open.

Grandmother's balcony is a magical garden. Vines climb the iron railings, lush greenery dotted with magnolia flowers. Before each departure, she carefully picks a few blooms, wraps them layer by layer in tissue paper, sprinkles them with water droplets, and places them in an exquisite little box for me to take. That fragrance is grandmother's love for me, the most touching scent in my memories.

Day after day, year after year. Time flows in grandmother's kitchen, crystallizing in the rising cooking smoke. While I studied far from home, each time I returned, grandmother would prepare a table full of delicious dishes. She still wouldn't eat with us, always saying, "I'll join you after I cook one more dish." But by the time she finally sat down, we were almost finished. Seeing the content smile on her face, I suddenly noticed she had lost several teeth. In that moment, I realized how time's hourglass was silently running out. At departure time, grandfather and grandmother always insist on seeing us off at the community gate. One holding the dog, the other linking arms, they slowly follow behind our car. Even on rainy days, they insist on sending us off. As the car drives further away, their figures grow smaller in the rearview mirror, but remain forever etched in my heart.

Standing on unfamiliar streets, whenever I smell similar cooking aromas, I think of grandmother's little kitchen. I remember the dancing flames on the stove, the rising steam, her eternally busy figure. Those ordinary days, settled in time's sediment, have become the most beautiful scenery. Though I've traveled far now, just thinking of the flavors of grandmother's home takes me back to that warm embrace, to that place where someone is always waiting. There, the warmest flavors forever drift — the taste of love, the taste of home, the eternal remembrance grandmother gave me.

The Thins I carried Emulation

Isabella Zhu

I can't care about what I think.

It was the last game day that I lay on the ugly brown HKIS bleachers after a draining match, staring at the splatters of light seeping through the ceiling above me. I imagined stuffing all my worries and responsibilities into that endless light, plugging it. With a sigh, I hoisted myself into sitting position, raking my sweat-slicked hair tied with a plain black hair tie. Mundane but significant, just like me. Then, I glanced at my bottoming medical box, leaving a mental note to refill it while I try to recover from my responsibility of badminton captain.

I listen to the cacophony of voices, shoes hitting the floor, rackets contacting with shuttles, laughs of victory and threats. I observed as girls stood in position, arms cocked like bows, ready to receive any serve the opponent shoots at them. I noted as my team started to lose points and esteem, growing visibly agitated with every bounce of the shuttle on the ground. I watched as shuttles flew all around me, the annoying buzzing of plastic zooming through air reverberating in my ears. One flew right at me, testing its durability and my reflexes, landing perfectly in my palm. Nylon Mavis 350s. Those shuttles can make me smile in disdain and silently scream in annoyance at the same time.

It is much cheaper, much worse quality compared to goose feather shuttles. But we are required to use it due to our duty to this school and sport. Responsibility always comes with obligation.

My racket bag lay on the cold walnut floor near my ankles. In it, I always carry out of necessity a Nanoflare 700 Pro strung at 24 lbs tension, strings scratched from getting destroyed by plastic shuttles. It is the only one that works against those nuisances. I also carry other necessities like an Astrox 77 strung at 25 lbs for anyone to borrow, two silver hair clips to prevent any blame for losing due to hair in my eyes, a folded aqua-green wallet with too little money, sugar-free protein bars that taste like cardboard, a phone that is constantly spammed by my peers with badminton training reels, tension in the balance between academics and sports, and a lack of time that belongs to myself. In the side pocket, I carry what is practically a specialized medicine box, with its content varying from muscle tape to bandages. But the load won't even matter if it wasn't for the injuries.

It always starts with bruises as people accidentally hurt themselves or their partners. Then it morphs into random snaps of coaching coming from me entailing places my team needs to improve, leaving my voice in desperate need of lozenges and a bullhorn of absolute authority. Finally, it evolves into sore hamstrings, teared tendons, bruised nails, buckling knees and twisted ankles. The bandage and muscle tape section of that bag is often reduced into wrappers by the end of each week.

I unconsciously reached for muscle tape, feeling my right knee creak as I shifted my weight. My knees have not entirely healed since the start of the year, consistently under the pressure of performing well in competitions and my responsibility as varsity captain. I rubbed my hands together, feeling the friction form between my clammy palms. Then, I kneaded the heat into my stiff knees, warming up the cartilage that is feeling thinner while my captain responsibilities wear me out. My hands worked in perfect sync, repeating the movements they have done over a hundred times. Over a thousand times. Then the muscle tape went on, steadying my knees, supporting me. I stood up to flex the ligament, feeling the tug before I exert myself too much.

If only there was a tug on reality. Right before I collapse from the things I carry. I carry too much in that 4-inch by 6-inch metal box, bearing too much for my team, causing too much strain on my life. I do this to myself. But I can't care less. I can't say that I didn't want this. The burdens of leadership vary in weight. The silky oils of sportsmanship and communication are the lightest. Muscle-taping team relationships and managing the dynamics are the heaviest. It causes my head to ache. In between are the bandages that can patch anything from a scrape to an argument, ice spray for hard-core reality checks when losing, instant cold packs, and knee braces. Four days a week, I heave that baggage around wherever I go.

I carry more than I can talk about. Like that hunger for power that I hate and love. Leadership can feel like a game of Jenga—sometimes it shakes, tumbles, and rolls away—only to be returned to its precarious perch by the ever-reliable hand of reality.

Izzy. It's at tiebreak.

A voice penetrated my fog of thoughts. I stand, ready to fulfil my leadership duties once again. I strode to the bleachers near the finals court. The top semi-circle loop of the medicine box hung on three fingers on my right—its side-to-side swinging matching my gait. I settled in the seat my teammates left for me, close to being perfectly perpendicular to the middle of court. The place that needs unwavering attention and a just attitude. The seat of perfection.

The systematic metallic clangs as racket hits shuttle echoed in the tension-filled atmosphere. It stopped 39 times for people to clap when a side gets a point. Then, it got to 20-19 and I held my breath.

Then the game is finished, done, gone.

I wanted to get into playoffs—really wanted to. But we lost to them. Anger swarmed in my chest, but I looked up and hung a gentle smile on my face. Good job. Nice try. You will make it next time.

What I think is not important. On the balance scale, leadership responsibility always weighs deep

他们所携带之物仿写

Isabella Zhu, Translated by Jayden Choi

我无法在意自己的想法。

那是我最后一次躺在香港国际学校丑陋的褐色看台上。刚结束一场耗尽全力的比赛，我仰面望着天花板上渗漏的光斑，幻想着能把所有烦忧与责任塞进那无尽的光隙里，再将它堵死。叹息中支起身子，指节穿过被黑色发带束住的汗湿头发。如此平凡却又如此重要，就像此刻的我。瞥见见底的医疗箱，在试图从羽毛球队长职责中喘息间隙，又往待办事项里添上一笔。

场内的声浪包裹着我：鞋底与地板的撞击，球拍与羽毛球的亲吻，胜利的欢笑与威胁的呼喝。我看见女孩们如张开的弓弦般绷紧手臂，严阵以待接住每个发球。目睹队伍在失分中渐渐萎靡，每次羽毛球坠地都让士气更低一分。塑料球划破空气的嗡鸣在耳畔震颤，忽然一颗球直扑面门，考验着它的耐用度与我的反射神经，最终完美落入掌心。尼龙Mavis 350——这种球总让我在轻蔑微笑时内心发出无声尖叫。

比起鹅毛羽毛球，它廉价劣质得多。但我们对学校与运动的义务，淹没了必须使用这种替代品。

责任永远与束缚共生。

球拍袋静静躺在胡桃木地板上。里面装着必需品：24磅线压的Nanoflare 700 Pro，拍线已被塑料球摧残得毛躁不堪——这是对抗这些烦人玩意儿的唯一利器。还有备用的25磅Astrox 77供队员借用，两枚银色发卡（避免因碎发遮眼而输球的借口），淡青色钱包里寒酸的钞票，纸板味无糖蛋白棒，被训练视频轰炸的手机，学业与竞技的天平上紧绷的弦，以及所剩无几的自我时间。侧袋里近乎专业医疗箱的装备，内容物从肌效贴到绷带应有尽有。但若没有伤病，这些负重本无意义。淤青总是开场，在队员误伤自己或搭挡时浮现；接着是我的指导声在球场回荡，声带渴求润喉糖与扩音器的权威；最终演变成肌腱撕裂、指甲淤血、膝盖作响与脚踝扭伤。每周结束时，绷带区总只剩空卷。

右手无意识伸向肌效贴，重心移动时右膝发出细响。自年初起就没彻底痊愈的膝盖，在赛事压力与队长职责下持续呻吟。掌心相对摩擦生热，将温度揉进僵硬的关节，在责任的重压下温暖日渐单薄的软骨。双手重复着千锤百炼的动作，贴上肌效贴的瞬间，仿佛获得了某种支撑。起身活动韧带时，感受着拉伸的张力。

多希望现实也有这样的张力，能在我被重负压垮前将我拽回。

那个15x20厘米的金属盒承载了太多，为团队背负的种种，正在撕裂我的生活。这一切都是我的选择。但我无法在乎。不能说这不是我想要的。领导力的砝码各有轻重：运动精神与沟通如丝缎般轻盈，维系团队关系的肌效贴与调和矛盾却重若千钧。头痛间隙，是能弥合擦伤与争执的绷带，失利时的冰敷现实，速冷包与护膝。每周四天，我携带着这些行囊辗转。

我背负的远比能诉说的更多。比如那份让我爱恨交加的权力欲。领导力就像危险的叠叠步，有时摇摇欲坠轰然倒塌，又总被现实之手重新垒起。

"Izzy，决胜局了。"

呼唤穿透思绪迷雾。我起身履行队长职责，走向决赛场边的看台。医疗箱的金属提环在三指间摇晃，与步伐同频。在队友预留的座位上落座，位置近乎垂直正对赛场中心——这个需要绝对专注与公正的位置，完美的审判席。

球拍击球的规律金属声在紧绷的空气中回响。39次掌声为得分方响起。当比分定格20-19，我屏住了呼吸。

然后一切都结束了。

我多渴望进入季后赛，如此强烈地渴望。但我们败北了。愤怒在胸腔翻涌，我却仰起脸挂上温和的微笑。

"打得漂亮。尽力就好。下次一定能行。"

我的想法无关紧要。在天平上，领导者的责任永远是最沉的砝码。

动起来的快乐

迟子程 Zi Chi Cheng

从小我便体弱多病，对运动锻炼毫无兴趣。四五岁时，我不幸患上哮喘。医生告诉我，吃药只能解一时之困，要想真正改善体质，就要多游泳。于是，妈妈为我报名了游泳课，每周我都会去上两到三次。那时的我，个子矮小，身体瘦弱。头浮在水面上时，脚根本碰不到泳池底，只能不停地游向岸边，中途连休息的机会都没有。游泳对我来说，简直是一场痛苦的煎熬。每到上游泳课的日子，我总是拖着沉重的双腿，步履缓慢，满心都是抗拒。

随着年龄的增长，我开始跟着爸爸打高尔夫。一开始，我觉得这项运动枯燥乏味，远远比不上手机游戏吸引人。但在接触的过程中，我逐渐发现了其中的乐趣。同一个球场，每次都能打出不同的成绩，充满了挑战。当我在球场上挥汗如雨时，回头看看周围的风景，感受着清凉的风拂过脸庞，所有的烦恼都瞬间消散了。

为了能在高尔夫球场上有更出色的表现，提高自身成绩，我有计划地健身。从基础的力量训练，到针对高尔夫挥杆动作的专项练习，每一次训练我都全力以赴。随着时间的推移，我愈发真切地体会到运动带来的诸多益处。

学习的压力常如乌云般笼罩心头，而运动则是那拨云见日的清风。每当夜深人静，台灯下的我被学习的疲惫裹挟时，便会拿出瑜伽垫，投身于运动之中。深蹲、引体向上、俯卧撑，一套动作下来，汗水浸湿衣衫，可那股子疲劳感却如轻烟般消散。短短十几分钟的运动，却能让我在再次坐到台灯前时，头脑格外清醒，思维也愈发敏捷，学习效率大幅提升。

运动还赋予了我强健的体魄，让我拥有了更健康的身体状态。曾经那个体弱多病的自己，在运动的滋养下，逐渐变得强壮起来。我感冒的次数越来越少，精力也愈发充沛，能以饱满的精神状态应对生活中的各种挑战。

不知不觉间，我对运动的喜爱与日俱增。它不仅让我活力满满，还磨炼了我的意志，让我学会了坚持与自律。每一次突破自身极限，完成原本觉得不可能的训练任务时，内心的满足感便如潮水般涌来。运动不再是曾经令我厌烦的负担，反而成为了生活中不可分割的重要部分。无论是泳池里的畅快遨游，高尔夫球场上的潇洒挥杆，还是日常的健身训练，都让我真切地感受到生命的蓬勃活力与美好。

如今，我不再满足于现有的运动项目，开始勇敢尝试新的挑战，跑步与单车成为了我的新宠。每一次奔跑，风在耳边呼啸，脚步丈量着大地；每一次骑行，沿途的风景如画卷般

The Joy of Sport

Zi Chi Cheng, Translated by Zi Chi Cheng

Since I was young, I have been weak and often ill, and I didn't like sports or exercise. When I was four or five years old, I developed asthma. The doctor said that medication could only solve the short-term problem and wouldn't address the root cause.

According to the doctor swimming would help improve my breathing and I would eventually grow out of asthma. So, my mom signed me up for swimming lessons, and I attended two to three classes every week. Back then, I was short and thin. To keep my head above water, I couldn't touch the bottom of the pool with my feet. To rest, I had to swim all the way to the edge without stopping. At that time, I found swimming to be incredibly painful. Every time it was swimming class day, I would drag my heavy legs and walk very slowly to the pool

As I grew older, I started playing golf with my dad. At first, I thought it was a boring sport and nowhere near as engaging as mobile games. But gradually, I found playing to be quite fun. On the same course, I could achieve different scores each time, which was full of challenges. When I was sweating on the course, I would look back at the surrounding scenery, feel the cool breeze, and all my worries would disappear.

To improve my golf game and enhance my performance, I started working out systematically. Gradually, I began to realize the benefits of exercise. For example, exercise can relieve the stress of studying. Whenever it was late at night and I felt tired from studying, I would take out my yoga mat and do a few sets of exercises. Whether it was squats, pull-ups, or push-ups, after sweating it out, my fatigue would disappear. Just a few minutes of exercise would leave me feeling particularly refreshed when I returned to my desk under the lamp.

In addition to relieving stress, exercise has made my body stronger and healthier. I've found that I enjoy working out more and more. It not only energizes me but also teaches me persistence and self-discipline. Every time I push my limits, I feel an immense sense of satisfaction. Exercise is no longer a burden; it has become an essential part of my life. Whether it's swimming, golf, or daily workouts, they all allow me to experience the vitality and beauty of life. Now, I've even started trying new activities like running and cycling. Each challenge makes me feel more fulfilled and confident, and I cherish the joy that a healthy lifestyle brings.

西藏游记

Chris Huang 黄泽丰

六月初，炙热的阳光给予了一缕炎暑的气息，春天的结束也代表了暑假的开始。暑假暑假，说是放松的假期，可足足两个月的时间，单只赖在沙发，也说不过去。那怎么挥霍着些时间呢？要在香港度过可也太无趣了。望向地图，西藏像是一个好去处，正好一览祖国的大好河山，享受藏族的异域风情。雨季未至，万里无云，乃是游西藏的天赐良机。

时间匆匆，转眼，云南丽江的微风就拂过脸颊。随着微风到来的还有一位聪明绝顶的叔叔。只见那硕大的额顶寸草不生，就如一面明镜，反映着旁人脸上的每一丝瑕疵。爹爹一个箭步走上前去，和叔叔握了手，说到：“阿伟”。阿伟叔叔是一个有趣的人，一见面就开始了无止的聊天，聊的不亦乐乎。就连做核酸时也不忘调侃：“这云南风情你们香港指定没有。”到达客栈时，太阳已不见了踪影。云南虽没有香港那般灯火通明，可大大小小的灯笼，蜡烛，灶火也有别一番烟火气（特别是灶火）。阿伟叔叔走在前面，兜兜转转，终于在一家不起眼的小店前停下脚步。

爹爹说：“馋了这家店一年了，也是时候了。”说罢，就迈入大门和老板唠起了嗑。到底是什么餐厅值得父亲思念整整一年？不久后，服务员端上了一口石锅，那香气瞬间填满鼻腔。鲜，甜，咸，三种味道交融着。仔细辨认，可辨别出几十种菌子混合的鲜甜，鸡那触人心魂的咸香，让人对这道菜浮想连绵。舀一小勺，慢慢放入口中。片刻之间，浓厚的香味在舌中爆炸开来。这感觉又与闻起来不同。要说那香味是清晨的芳香，那这汤就是万物复苏，生命的根本。那汤浓郁香醇，却又不腻，让人沉迷其中，无法自拔，激发了最纯粹的快乐。真是人间美味。

一夜后，旅途便正式开始了。从丽江去到了泸沽湖的两个时辰转瞬即逝。窗外那从未见过的风景为这旅途平添三分乐趣。行至湖畔，不，应是海畔，一望无际的淡蓝色中贸然耸立了一座寺庙，显得格格不入。再看身前，一叶叶小舟依在岸边。兄长走到了一艘小舟旁，船上的艄公缓缓起身。那人材瘦小，皮肤黝黑，看似弱不禁风。可当小舟离岸，那船夫的双臂迸发出了连父亲都为之惊叹的劲力，不出三刻就将木舟置于那汪洋大海中。

“这不是海，这是泸沽湖，都是淡水，可以喝的。”船夫说。

只见那湖水清澈见底，水下的石子，洞穴清晰可见，远处的水面波光淋漓，仿佛置身仙境之中。弯下腰，望向水面，不由得捧起一把，滋润干枯的喉咙。寺庙本身并不出彩，不过其地理位置却是一绝，不知是何人所建。

寺庙看罢，又启程去了老姆登村，在上面的一个客栈暂住。那山上空气清冽，远方云雾缭绕，群山若隐若现，山谷下，怒江波涛汹涌，无一不让人神清气爽，清闲自在。一晚后，便又启程，沿着怒江去到了丙中洛，一个被群山环绕的世外桃源。蜿蜒曲折的怒江从山中穿过，前朱雀，后玄武，形成一个极妙的水格局。

几日辗转后，自云南入西藏。沿着219国道去往拉萨。车颠簸摇晃，着实让人肚中翻腾。两侧的村道都已铺平整，可唯独这蜿蜒的国道路面依旧崎岖不平。就一路如此，终是行至丙察察环线末，谓之察隅。

翌日，一行人入森林深处。林里古树参天蔽日，枝叶交错。行至怒江上流，只见云朵之上，一缕白蜿蜒曲折下来，若隐若现。水最终流到眼前，成了溪流。那水可是天人之物，清澈见底，与下游之水有着云泥之别。刚踏出车门，那空气扑鼻而来。这是一种绝妙的味道。空气中弥漫着自由的味道。拿起相机，按下快门。近处在石上流淌的清泉，背后深绿色的树林和远处隐隐约约的山脉，构成了一幅绝美的画面。

翻过了一座又一座的雪山，跨过一个又一个的平原，见过城市的灯红酒绿，也见过在草原上挂着铃铛肆意行走的牦牛。回程，看着相机里的照片，不禁感叹祖国的江山。或许，这就是中国这山河大海的魅力所在吧。



Journey to the West: Travels in Tibet

Chris Huang, Translated by Jayden Choi

In early June, the scorching sunlight brought a hint of summer heat, and the end of spring marked the beginning of summer vacation. Summer vacation – though meant to be relaxing, spending two whole months just lying on the couch wouldn't be right. How to spend this time? Staying in Hong Kong would be too boring. Looking at the map, Tibet seemed like a good destination – perfect for experiencing the magnificent landscapes of our motherland and enjoying the exotic Tibetan culture. Before the rainy season, with clear skies, it was heaven-sent timing to visit Tibet.

Time flew by, and soon the gentle breeze of Lijiang, Yunnan, was brushing against our faces. Along with the breeze came an incredibly bald middle-aged man. His large, completely hairless forehead was like a mirror, reflecting every imperfection on others' faces. Father stepped forward to shake his hand, saying "Ah Wei." The man was an interesting person who started endless chatting right away, talking joyfully. Even during COVID testing, he joked: "This Yunnan atmosphere – you definitely don't have this in Hong Kong."

By the time we reached the inn, the sun had disappeared. Though Yunnan didn't have Hong Kong's bright lights, its lanterns, candles, and cooking fires created a different kind of warmth (especially the cooking fires). Uncle Ah Wei led the way, winding through streets until finally stopping at an unremarkable small restaurant.

Father said: "I've been craving this place for a year – it's about time." With that, he stepped in and started chatting with the owner. What restaurant could make father yearn for it for a whole year? Soon, the server brought out a stone pot, its aroma instantly filling our nostrils. Fresh, sweet, and savory flavors intertwined. Looking carefully, one could distinguish the umami of dozens of mushrooms mixed together, and the soul-stirring savoriness of chicken, making one's imagination run wild about this dish.

Taking a small spoonful, slowly putting it in my mouth – in an instant, the rich flavors exploded on my tongue. This taste was different from the smell. If the aroma was like morning fragrance, then this soup was like the awakening of all things, the essence of life. The soup was rich and mellow yet not greasy, making one addicted and unable to stop, evoking the purest joy. Truly a delicacy.

After one night, the journey officially began. The two-hour trip from Lijiang to Lugu Lake passed in an instant. The never-before-seen scenery outside the window added both pleasure and amazement to the journey.

Arriving at the lakeside – no, it was more like seaside – a temple stood awkwardly amid the endless light blue expanse. Looking ahead, small boats leaned against the shore. My brother walked to one boat, and the boatman slowly stood up. Though the man was small and dark-skinned, appearing frail, when the boat left shore, his arms burst forth with strength that even father admired, taking the wooden boat into the vast waters within minutes.

"This isn't the sea, this is Lugu Lake – it's freshwater, you can drink it," said the boatman.

The lake water was crystal clear, with stones and caves visible at the bottom. The distant water surface sparkled, as if we were in a fairyland. Bending down to look at the water, I couldn't help but scoop up a handful to quench my parched throat. The temple itself wasn't remarkable, but its location was unique – who knows who built it.

After viewing the temple, we headed to Laomudeng village, staying at a mountain inn. The mountain air was cool, distant clouds swirled, mountains appeared and disappeared in the mist, and below in the valley, the Nujiang River surged – everything made one feel refreshed and at ease. After one night, we continued along the Nujiang River to Bingzhongluo, a paradise surrounded by mountains. The winding Nujiang River passed through the mountains, with the Vermillion Bird in front and the Black Turtle behind, forming an excellent feng shui arrangement.

After several days of travel, we entered Tibet from Yunnan, following National Highway 219 towards Lhasa. The vehicle bounced and shook, truly making one's stomach churn. Though the village roads on both sides were paved smooth, only this winding national highway remained rough. It continued like this until we reached the end of the Bingzhachazha loop, called Chayu.

The next day, we ventured deep into the forest. Ancient trees towered in the forest, their branches and leaves interlacing. Reaching the upper reaches of the Nujiang River, we saw above the clouds a white streak winding down, appearing and disappearing. The water eventually flowed before us, becoming a stream. This water was heavenly, crystal clear, vastly different from downstream. As soon as we stepped out of the car, the air hit our noses. It was an exquisite smell – the air was filled with the scent of freedom. Picking up the camera, pressing the shutter – the clear spring flowing over rocks in the foreground, the deep green forest behind, and the faint mountains in the distance created a stunning picture.

After crossing snow mountain after snow mountain, traversing plain after plain, seeing both the city lights and freely roaming yaks with bells on the grasslands – on the return journey, looking at the photos in the camera, I couldn't help but marvel at our country's landscapes. Perhaps this is the charm of China's mountains, rivers, and seas.

傳 龍

CHUAN LONG