

西部故事
原创作品大赛
第六届白金奖作品集

Collection of Platinum Awards of the 6th Original Writing Competition

爱上写作



深耕在地特色，吸引世界目光

Cultivate local character, Win worldwide attention

这个漫长而温暖的故事，开始于一位慈善热情的企业家，温世仁先生。他生前经常讲一个故事：路上有一块大石头，第一个人经过被绊倒，怒骂一声之后离去；第二个人经过被绊倒，怪自己运气不好也离去，只有第三个人被绊倒后，起身把石头搬移开，从此，这条路上走的人就多了。

This story begins with Mr. Sayling Wen, a warm-hearted, philanthropic-minded businessman from Taiwan. One story that Sayling enjoyed telling and retelling was about a large stone blocking a walkway. The first person to walk by this stone tripped on it and fell to the ground. He muttered and cursed and went on his way. The second to walk by the stone also tripped and fell. He too cursed his bad luck and walked on. However, the third person, after tripping on the same stone, picked himself up and removed the stone from the trail.

温世仁先生正是那位搬开石头的人——他在五十岁之前，是一位科技界的成功企业家；五十岁之后，他开始投身公益，回馈社会，希望透过教育解决全球庞大贫困人口的问题。不但在人文、科技两个范畴跨界整合，更远及中国大陆西部偏乡，运用网络科技改变西部受限于硬件环境的发展困难。

Sayling Wen was the third person to walk by that stone – the one who



stopped to remove it. After turning 50, Sayling devoted himself to helping rid the world of poverty through education. In addition to his longstanding desire to use culture and technology to enrich society, Sayling wanted to help marginalized communities use new computer and Internet technologies to connect with the world and promote their unique character and accomplishments. Western China has been largely isolated from China' s rapid development and modernization and is disadvantaged by its limited infrastructure.

他于 2001 年创立「千乡万才科技有限公司」，整合当地学校，「以校领乡」，辅导学生学习计算机，从农业社会走向网络社会。以网络缩短城乡距离。坚信网络科技是解决贫穷的最好礼物，知识可以创造财富。并将这个计划命名为：「千乡万才」。

Mr. Wen founded Town and Talent Technologies Co., Ltd. in 2001 with the intention of using Internet technology to cultivate talent and give employment guidance to schools in remote rural areas in order to help reduce the disparities in knowledge and opportunities between urban and rural students.

温世仁先生将西部偏乡变成网络上的梦土，也在年轻学子的心中种下理想。可惜英年早逝，不及看到千乡万才计划的全面实现，便于 2003 年因病过世。

While working to create an Internet savvy Western China, Sayling also worked to inspire students in this region to proclaim and pursue their dreams. Unfortunately, Sayling Wen died in 2003 and never had the chance to see the results of the plans that he had so carefully put into motion.

2007年七月，温泰钧董事长延续温世仁先生的志业设立「西部故事」项目，让西部学生透过网络学习以及写作这个平台，拉近西部与世界的知识距离。2015年，更成立「天津千才万事科技有限公司」，持续投注心力在西部故事平台的深化与经营。

The West China Story project initiated by Sayling's son Ted Wen continues to pursue Sayling Wen's desire to use state-of-the-art technologies to bridge the urban-rural gap in knowledge and opportunities. Talent and Story Technologies (Tianjin) Co., Ltd. was founded in 2015 to further expand and deepen the West China Story platform.

「西部故事」项目至今已十余年，鼓励当地学生创作故事，发掘纪录地方特色，是西部十余年来的珍贵资产。这个为数庞大又内容丰富的作品库，不仅是十多年来西部的发展轨迹，也是西部学子对故乡认同的珍贵纪录。

Today, well into its second decade of operation, the West China Story project continues to encourage students across western China to invest their creative talents in writing stories that narrate the unique and interesting aspects of life there. The large and still-growing database of



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West China Story content not only provides innumerable snapshots of West China' s modern development but also celebrates the passion and love of each and every author for their hometown and region.

「西部故事原创作品大赛」于 2016 年九月开办，参赛作品精采丰富，参与的学校及师生数也逐步攀升，是西部学生展现自我特色、进而让世界认识自己重要舞台。开办至今，西部各地的会员学校，莫不鼓励学子踊跃参加，所有参赛者也以夺奖为荣誉，获奖作品皆文笔及题材俱佳。

The West China Story Original Writing Competition, launched in September 2016, today attracts an impressive number of delightfully written and engaging stories from students across western China. Participation in the competition offers a welcome opportunity for students to assert their individuality and be seen by the world. All participating schools strongly promote the competition program, and students whose stories place well in West China Story Original Writing Competitions earn great respect from their peers, school, and society. Winning entries truly shine, both in terms of literary style and subject matter.

本作品集编选了第六届的白金奖作品，加以翻译，中英对照，期能让更多读者欣赏西部学生的杰出表现，并一览西部的人文风情。秉承温泰钧董事长对「西部故事」的坚持及理念——「深耕在地特色，吸引世界目光」，这个丰富的原创作品创作，将如江河继续流淌，滋润着所有西部年轻世代的心灵。

This book contains the original Chinese and translated-English versions of all of the platinum award-winning entries in the 6th West China Story Original Writing Competition. These are provided both as examples of the exceptional literary talent of West China students and as insightful reflections on West China's intrinsic cultural landscape. This effort further spotlights Ted Wen's commitment to use the West China Story project as a platform to 'cultivate local character and win worldwide attention.' It is our intention to keep this rich stream of creative writing flowing like a mighty river to inspire and enrich the spirit of successive generations of students in western China.

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旱莲抚春春已醉又闻汉桂沁江南

Spring' s Indian Cress Intoxicates as the Sweet Osmanthus of Southern China

高中组 陕西 汉中市南郑中学王家婧

**Wang Jiajing, High School Group, Nanzheng Middle School, Hanzhong
City, Shaanxi Province**

最喜鹅黄烟柳垂，嬉笑结伴下学堂——这是家乡于我心上植下最早的芽。承蒙岁月滋养，汉中，这九笔汉字，已然在我灵魂深处蹿成一棵参天大树。北倚秦岭，南傍巴山，如此一方刚柔并济、南北取中的盆地，像是一轮银盘满月，伴我走过十余载春夏秋冬的轮回，也将照亮我沧笙踏歌的前路！

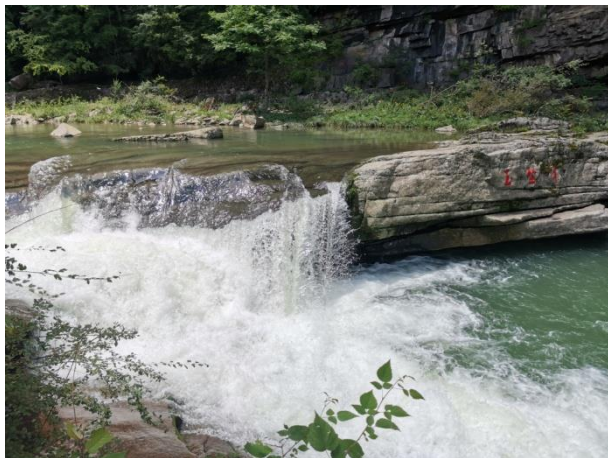
I love it when yellow-flowered smoky willow fronds bend low and my schoolmates and I head happily back to school. This is one of my earliest, fondest memories of childhood. "Hanzhong – Blessed by the Passage of Time" is a phrase that long ago took root in my soul and has since grown into a mighty and magnificent tree. The Hanzhong Basin is a congenial cradle, a silvery full moon, framed delicately by the resolute Qinling Range to the north and impassive Daba Mountains to the south. She has accompanied me through more than a dozen full turns of the earth around the sun and shown the way forward to a future brimming with exciting potential.



朋友，续一盏浊茶，你且听我娓娓道来.....

My friend, have another cup of tea and let me share a tale with you.

她是一盆寿越千年的景观。北观褒斜栈道暗度陈仓，于古代政治、军事、交通、邮驿等诸多方面影响深远。后人仿建悬于原址七十二米处，一木一石、一亭一驿，都是对先辈工匠精神的传承与精琢。东岸石虎、西岸石门，隔水呼应、望山对峙，想来也是极富趣味的。褒谷之水倾天而落，葱郁林木更是把这怀中之水



衬以浓绿无瑕，即有悬索一桥名情人，摇曳在这青山绿水间，似一位红衣公子醉卧其中；西观武侯古柏伴古冢，三国神侯诸葛亮即长眠于此。灵柏齐天，四季常青，冠幅二十余米，每逢夏季便被蔓生凌霄以繁花簇拥，颇为壮观，这是相侯慧根在第二故乡的盛放，是世人拜谒敬畏的圣地；南观黎平自然伟力，山奇水异、气候宜人，

实乃盛夏避暑的首选去处。鹿跳西流擦耳崖、天书剑峡苍坝菊，这就是黎平景区六大奇观。立于苍松林海间，且听凤鸣鹤唳，倒像是悄然步入另一个世界。你瞧，这神鹰岭真像是苍鹰展翅，那玉女峰畔的碧潭竟像是仙子佩戴的玉坠陨落于此，还有那天境圆湖，仿佛是哪位仙女梳妆后落下的铜镜。观之不暇的神仙美景，沁人心脾的天然氧吧，纵使路途颠簸，也当不负辛辞。

Her (Hanzhong' s) iconic scenic vistas have persevered across millennia of time. The once-clandestine Baoxie Plank Road played a crucial role in the politics, military affairs, transportation, and communications of ancient China. In more recent times, a 72-meter section of this walkway was



reconstructed piece by piece, following the traditional methods and wisdom of the ancient craftsmen who were the original builders of this architectural marvel. The scene is aesthetically balanced by the stone tigers and stone gateway that respectively flank the east and west banks of the river and contrasted by the mountains that fringe the distant horizon. It is a rich and vibrant scene indeed. The rain-fed waters that flow here through Bao Valley are hemmed in by the dense, lush woods along the riverbank. Qingren (Lover), a suspension bridge spanning the river, sways to and fro amidst this verdant natural setting like a tipsy man in a red robe settling in for a pleasant afternoon nap. Larger-than-life figure of the Three Kingdoms Period Zhuge Liang's grave is here, shaded by ancient cedars, where he sleeps in eternal rest. Majestic, perennially verdant cedars stretch skyward, their canopies spreading 20-some meters above the forest floor. During summer months, the trees are fringed by Chinese trumpet vines in full, spectacular bloom. This is Zhuge Liang's 'second home' and host to a regular stream of visitors from around the world who come to worship and pay their respects. Nanguan Liping is a place of natural majesty, with ruggedly beautiful mountains and a pleasant climate that make it a popular escape from summer's heat. Lutiao Valley, Xiliu Stream, Cha'er Cliffs, Tianshu Valley, Sword Narrows, and The Daisy Field are the six must-see sights of Liping Scenic Area - an otherworldly escape into the peaceful serenity of pine forests wafting with mellifluous birdsong. Look! Shenyang Ridge truly does resemble a goshawk spreading its wings in flight, and Bitan Lake next to Yunu Peak could indeed be a jade pendant lost by a careless mountain fairy. On that day as well, the burnished waters of Jingyuan Lake



appeared ever so similar to the reflective face of a brass mirror abandoned by some fairy after finishing her ablutions. Viewing this flawless realm of the fairies cannot but gladden the heart. Although getting there is not easy, the experience makes the effort more than worthwhile.

她是一筒墨浸古竹的名人史书。古有张骞凿空西域丝路之祖、李固北斗喉舌东汉良臣、褒姒倾城倾国烽火戏诸侯；近有方济众一席笔墨甲天下、魏辅唐红帮首领开明绅士、何挺颖秋收起义命献革命；今有哈辉琴瑟和弦雅俗尘、蝴蝶央视朝闻天下事、桐华笔下生花步天下。时间流逝，汉人的聪慧且在这斗转星移间一脉相传。



She is a historical treatise of renowned literati penned indelibly upon bamboo slats. Many centuries ago, Zhang Qian forged China's path westward as 'father' of the Silk Road, Li Gu was an upright scholar-official of the Eastern Han, and Bao Si's beauty inspired a king to foolishly ignite the beacons of his realm for her pleasure. More recently, Fang Jizhong created world-class ink wash paintings, Wei Futang was a leader of the Red Gang and an officially sanctioned member of the enlightened gentry, and He Tingying fought in the 1927 Autumn Harvest Uprising and sacrificed his life to the Revolution. Today, Ha Hui plays the zither with refined elegance, Hu Die anchors CCTV's national Morning News program, and novelist Hong Hua has met with worldwide success. Across the change of seasons



and the march of time, the intelligence and wisdom of the people of Hanzhongabide.

她是一味直击心底的情怀。犹记儿时月升之际，祖母以泉水浸泡大米，次日藉以石磨碾米成浆，再以竹蒸笼洗礼成皮，白如羊脂的面皮便起锅了。谁知饥肠辘辘的我早已垂涎三尺，不足灶台高的身板竟能一口气吞下一大碗，再吃上一碗青白相间的菜豆腐，回味甘甜，真真是千金不换的美味。这种在古时尊为朝廷贡品的食物，因流程相对复杂，既为寻常人家烟火氤氲的生活增添了不少仪式感，也成了逢年过节、亲友来访必备的待客佳肴。如今，任他世界多繁华，归乡的汉中人首要之事便是寻一街边小店，吃上一大碗辣乎乎的热面皮，口腹之欲得以满足，这才起身去做其他事情。以不变应万变，弱水三千只一瓢饮，足以形容汉中对面皮的情怀。

She is a nostalgic arrow to the heart. I still clearly remember as the moon rose into the night sky, Grandma soaking rice in spring water and, the day after, grinding the softened rice into rice milk, which she then cooked in bamboo steamers. The process wasn't finished until, white as lambskins, the steamed rice milk had been transformed into fresh rice noodles. No one at the time imagined that hungry me was already at my breaking point. Even though barely as high as the stove, I could drink a whole bowlful in one gulp and then immediately finish off a brimming bowl of stir-fried vegetables and tofu. The taste was truly brilliant; something that all of the money in the world couldn't buy. Known as 'palace gourmet' in earlier times because of the skill and care required in preparation, dishes such as this indubitably add a sense of ceremony to home-cooked meals today. Indeed, they are must-serve dishes when friends come to call over



important holidays. Even today, the children of Hanzhong, returning from wherever their lives and careers have taken them, eagerly find their way to street-side shops in the city to enjoy a piping hot bowl of spicy Hanzhong rice noodles. A full stomach is requisite for doing anything worthwhile. Taking on the world with one foot planted firmly in home and hearth aptly describes the deep affection invested by the people of Hanzhong in their traditional rice noodles.

而今，古迹历历，馥郁沉香。雀舌午子矜持谦逊、茗眉银梭热烈赤诚，四茶



成仙毫，皆以不同的口感使得爱茶人唇齿弥香。每年三月油菜花海漫谷沿山，成全了多少艺术家对美的幻想。黄花地里踏歌行，骑行环游也成了很多人疲惫生活里的慰藉。高铁如一巨龙，穿梭于金色

花海，带来的是世界与未来，带去的是惊叹与希冀。

Today, she is a place of history and rich heritage. Sparrow' s tongue and Wuzi teas are subtle and unassuming, while Mingmei and Yinsuo are sincere to a fault. These are Hanzhong' s four 'celestial' teas, each with their own distinctive aromas and flavors. The rapeseed flower fields of March stretch as far as the eye can see are fodder for the creative imaginings of countless artists. The vibe of this yellow-pixelated landscape attracts recreational cyclists and others seeking solace and an escape from



everyday cares. The high-speed railway cuts through this sea of yellow like a knife, bringing the world and heralding the future, while taking with it wonder and expectation.

念你莲桂盛装如稠粉黛，

敬你金戈铁马万古有芳，

我且随你，从露至霜！

I miss your dehaasia laurels decked in powdery perfection

I honor your victories won with glinting spears and armored horses;

I shall be with you always, from dew to frost!

专家评语一

浓笔重墨极写家乡汉中，先由四方空间穿融千年历史，汉中山水自然、人文建筑，逐一特写。再述「汉人」故事，流动文轴，古今之间，斗转星移，「汉人」的聪慧，一脉传承。以汉中面皮结合作者个人心底情怀，收束童年、亲情、乡情等共感元素。全文知识讯息量丰沛，情意收敛，文字雅洁、结构分明。

Reviewer I

The author provides in this essay a rich description of her hometown of Hanzhong. After first offering a spatial context, she hones in on topics including the area's long history, natural beauty, culture, and architecture. Next, she focuses on well-known people from Hanzhong past and present to show how their intelligence and wisdom have had lasting impacts across time and space. Hanzhong rice noodles are used by the author to convey



her deep feelings and as a repository for her childhood and close emotional attachments to family and place. The story's message is underpinned by copious knowledge. Affections infuse this essay in elegant turns of phrase and a well-structured presentation.

专家评语二

作者分别以一盆景观、一简史书、一味情怀三者角色入题，带出汉中巍峨独特的天险与地理景观，文中穿插历史人物与祖母制作面皮的记忆与情怀，文字豪放秀丽兼具，情感动人。

Reviewer II

The author approaches her subject from three angles: scenery, history, and emotions. Her efforts successfully generate compelling descriptions of Hanzhong's grand scenic beauty, historically important figures, and her grandmother's homemade rice noodles. The author's writing, both bold and beautiful, strike at the heart of the reader.





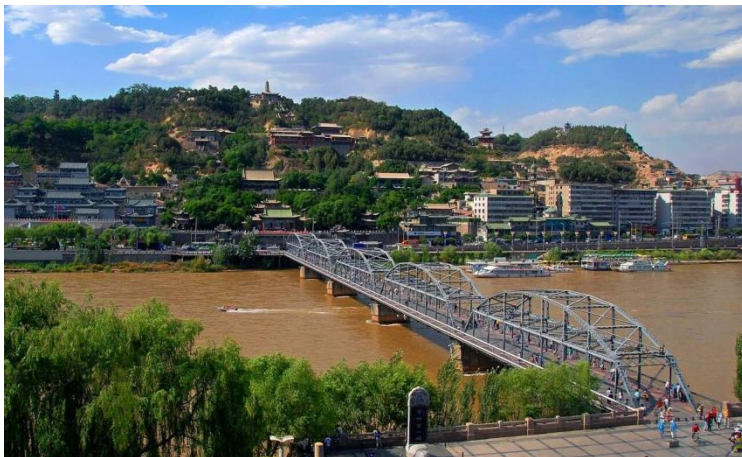
与尔金城

Gansu Province –Our Golden City

高中组 白金奖 甘肃兰州市第十八中学蒋莉斌

Zhang Jingyang, High School Group, Pujiang Datang Nine-Year System
School, Sichuan Province

千年前，黄沙漫天，有一女子，在金戈铁马中骁勇善战，英姿飒爽；千年后，



北风瑟瑟，她在和平盛世中惊鸿而舞，灿若星河。金城兰州，她在沧海桑田中缓缓沉淀，凝聚起她深沉的美。我愿与你共享这千年明珠，越过历史的刀光剑影，触碰如梦的她。

A thousand years ago, a young maiden, valiant and heroic, fought ferociously and with honor upon a sand-swept plain. Today, she dances under mild northern breezes in a time of peace, prosperity, and hope unbridled. Lanzhou, the 'Golden City', has settled slowly into the embrace of her verdant fields, which now help frame her profound, winsome allure. I would love to share with you this ancient pearl, to detour past the centuries of battle and struggle and explore her enchantments.

“林木葱郁花草香，雕梁飞阁泉瀑鸣”。想带你去一赏她的华服。“慧”、“甘



露”、“掬月”、“摸子”、“蒙”这五眼泉，是五泉山为她锦衣上镶嵌的温润白玉；郁郁林木，团团繁花，是大自然为她绣上的花纹；飞阁楼台，幔回廊亭，是古人为她缝制的古朴繁复的盘扣。五泉山和宝塔山，以一草一木为线，山峰为针，大地为绸缎，为金城裁剪了这件精美的华服。金城她身着华衣舞动在这丝绸之路上，伴着黄沙的怒吼，踩着西北的鼓点，舞过荒凉，舞过繁华。这件金城独有的“霓裳羽衣”，曾迷乱了多少游人的眼和心。谁曾想，在西北的大地上竟有如此妙景？我愿与你来此惊鸿一瞥。

“Forests wafting with flowery fragrance, artfully carved pillars, lofty pagodas, and gurgling springs and waterfalls.” I would love to show you her elegant beauty. The five springs atop Wuquan, known as Hui, Gan Lu, Ju Yue, Mozi, and Meng, bless this mountain with a majestic robe of white; clusters of trees and assemblages of flowers embroider its surface; while pagodas and veranda-graced pavilions are braided ‘buttons’ installed by our ancestors so long ago. Wuquan and Baita Mountains are woven with threads of grass and wood, with needles at their peaks and fine silks and satins caressing the land below. Together, these are the Golden City’s fine robes. She dances in her finery on roads of finely woven silk in tune with the desert’s howl and in time with the cadence of the Northwest. She dances in desolate corners and prosperous boroughs. The Golden City’s one-of-a-kind multihued finery has won the hearts of countless visitors. Who would have thought that such a magical place could be here in the dusty Northwest? I hope you will come someday and experience the magic for yourself.

“水光潋滟晴方好，山色空蒙雨亦奇”。或许兰州小西湖没有杭州西湖的宽阔



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与柔美，但它是金城的眼睛。想带你一窥她的秋波。这里不仅有莲池月夜，还有文人墨客的饮酒赋诗。小西湖似乎将南方的温柔与西北的豪迈融合在一起，尽汇于金城之眼。都说眼睛是心灵的窗户，在金城兰州的眼中，我同你共看这诗意般的心。它干净·纯粹·豪爽·



这也正是兰州人的心，看似矛盾的词，形容它却一点也不违和，因为兰州人便是既有柔情又有豪放。愿与你一同沉沦在这景与诗中，纵酒而歌。

“Sunlight dances across the water’ s surface; Mist-enveloped mountains cast an enigmatic allure.” Although Lanzhou’ s ‘Little West Lake’ may not be as expansive or graceful as West Lake in Hangzhou, it is the ‘eye’ of our Golden City. I would love to show you her breeze-swept waves in autumn. Little West Lake is more than just a lotus pond. It is a place for people of letters and the arts to share poetry and song over cups of wine. This scenic attraction artfully blends in Lanzhou’ s ‘eye’ southern China’ s warmth and the Northwest’ s bravado. The eye is the window on the soul. Let us savor together this city’ s poetic heart here inLanzhou’ s eye. Its clear, pure, and bold character reflect well the true nature of the people of Lanzhou. What seems a description of contradictory elements is actually not that at all, because we of Lanzhou embody both grace and boldness. I look forward to indulging with you here in the scenery and poetry, the wine and song.



“杨柳蒙桥绿，玫瑰拂地红”。苦水玫瑰在金城美丽的额上点上一点朱砂，为她摹上面妆，娇艳明媚而又香气沁人。看苦水玫瑰花繁多汁，采一枝置于茶中，品一口淡香萦舌，叹一声诗意生活。它不仅仅是金城的朱砂痣，还是金城百年的余韵。它走出大西北，将兰州苦水玫瑰示于世人。十里花香，一梦繁华。为你斟一杯苦水玫瑰茶，愿你惬意于花间，浅唱低吟。

“Willows and poplars enveloped in green; Roses softly coat the ground in crimson.” The kushui rose is the scarlet-red beauty spot on the Golden City’ s elegant forehead, brightening her face, accentuating her delicate charms, and beguiling all with her fragrance. Swirling a plump, juicy rose into a cup of tea adds subtle fragrance and poetic flavor to life. But the kushui rose is much more than a crimson ‘beauty spot’ .It has indeed been an indelible part of the Golden City for over a century. Beyond northwestern China, the wafting fragrance and elegant image of the kushui rose is Lanzhou’ s gift to the world.Pour yourself a cup of Lanzhou kushui rose tea and I’ ll lead you on a cheerful, song-filled walk through our rose fields.

“拉面千丝香，唯独马爷家”。清代诗人张澍所赞叹的，正是构成金城如雪发丝的拉面。想与你一同亲吻那雪丝，尝一尝兰州独有的拉面。原本普通的面，在拉面师傅手中翻转、飞扬，正显金城的恣意洒脱。于游客，这是一道回味无穷的美食；于游子，这却是一个解不开的思乡结，无论羁旅何处都心心念念着，因为那是家乡独有的味道。捧一碗拉面递给过路人，愿你记住金城的味道。

“Fragrant ramen noodles? Uncle Ma’ s of Course!” This exclamation of Qing Dynasty poet Zhang Shu about the Golden City’ s snow-white, angel-hair ramen noodles holds true today as well. I would love to take you



to enjoy those tasty white strands and share with you a taste of Lanzhou' s one-of-a-kind ramen. Everyday noodles are transformed in the flowing dance of the noodle master' s hands into a work of culinary art that encapsulates perfectly the Golden City' s free and easy character. For visitors, this is a memorable culinary treat. For the city' s sons and daughters, this ramen is the epitome of nostalgia, something so rooted in hearth and home that it is never forgotten, no matter how far they may roam. I would willingly serve Lanzhou ramen to all passersby. I hope that you will always remember the flavor of Golden City.



“九曲黄河万里沙，浪淘风簸自天涯”。波涛汹涌，奔腾不息，同你乘一古老的羊皮筏子，驶进金城的血液。“纵一苇之所如，凌万顷之茫然。” 谁曾想，美丽动人的兰州，她的血液竟然如此沸腾奔放！千年时间，没有消磨她的豪放。见到黄河，仿佛还能看到金城千年前经历的金戈铁马，但无人畏惧，因为她豪放中的温柔，尽数给了她的孩子。金城用血液哺育着我们，一代代人因此繁衍，回以她热闹繁华。愿将金城的灵魂披露给你，与你在这羊皮筏子上，乘风破浪，引吭高歌，在这最后的诗酒江湖恣意欢谑。

“The circuitous Yellow River flows across endless desert; Wind-blown waves roll ever on to the horizon.” Powerful waves, flowing constantly. I will take you out into Golden City' s lifeline on a lambskin raft. “We let our



boat float like a leaf across the vast expanse.” Who would have thought that such robust blood ran through so soothingly charming a city? Millennia of time have tarnished none of her abiding fortitude. Watching the Yellow River is like looking through a window back in time, when bristling armies fought here in battle. But no judgment is passed, as the mighty river has a soft heart, giving everything to her children. The Golden City nourishes us with her blood, helping each generation to do better than the last, restoring her to the bustle of yesteryears’ glory. I want to reveal my city’ s true spirit to you; to take you aboard this lambskin raft, carried by wind and wave, singing boisterous songs and sharing laughs on this last of China’ s iambic waters.

十年可见春去秋来，百年可证生老病死，千年可叹王朝更替，万年可见斗转星移。金城兰州在沧海横流中，翩然起舞，跳尽自己的繁华，任凭花开花落，日升日落。我愿站在黄沙之中，与那远方的客人，共赏丝绸之路上一个名唤金城的女子的惊鸿一舞。

The change of seasons is clear in a decade, a century is sufficient to observe a human lifespan, a thousand years tell the change of dynasties and empires, and ten-thousand years reveal the wanderings of the stars. From a sea of chaos and calamity, Lanzhou has found her stride and emerged into a prosperity that is resilient to the cycle of seasons and time. I look forward to meeting guests from afar and enjoying a Lanzhou elegant dance performance on the sands of the old Silk Road.

專家評語一



西部故事原创作品大赛 第六届白金奖作品集

将故乡金城转化为女战神形象，在大西北千年广域中，展现豪放且柔情，刚柔并济的多元复合形象。文字锦丽，唯时间悠长，女战神仍可跳着「惊鸿舞」却不必只是「一瞥」。

Reviewer I

The author imagines her hometown as the Goddess of War, who has for thousands of years exhibited resilient fortitude and tender forgiveness in equal measure. The author's choice of words is elegant. Despite the passage of time, the goddess is still able to dance elegantly -- and not for just one brief glimpse.

專家評語二

作者将兰州幻化为一婀娜美女，仔细描摹其豪爽与纤秀，不着重西北的豪爽热情，更多叙写其婉约轻灵。藉由优美的笔触，兰州的胜景与美食一一展现，是篇兼具英姿飒爽与纤秀柔美笔触的美文。

Reviewer II

The author reimagines her city of Lanzhou as a statuesque beauty embodying both implacable bravery and refined elegance. The author emphasizes the Northwest's agile grace over its (better known) forthright frankness. An elegant writing style brilliantly presents Lanzhou's stunning scenery and delicious cuisine. This is an exceptional essay that successfully infuses both bold and subtle styles into its literary exposition.



吼出来的陕西人

The Boisterously Vociferating People of Shaanxi

初中组 白金奖 陕西渭南市前进路初级中学田梓萌

TianZimeng, Junior High School Group, Qianjin Road Middle School,
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你可知道?这儿有一片黄土地·长着小麦高粱;这儿有一群人·黄河河畔繁衍生息;这儿有座古都·被千年繁华洗礼·也曾夜夜笙歌·灯火辉煌;《长恨歌》余音尤绕梁·《史记》风韵继飘荡·何以解忧?唯有杜康。

Did you know that wheat and sorghum grow here in the yellow earth? The people make their living on the banks of the Yellow River. Here also, an ancient city stands, a survivor through the ebb and flow of millennia. It was



once a place of raucous nightlife; a place brilliantly illuminated from dusk to dawn.

“The song lingered on” A Song of Immortal Regret; “A melody lingers on blustery winds; How may I dispel my woe? Only Dukang (The first brewer in Chinese history)

这里·坐标陕西·是烈火与血液交织燃烧的地方·是秦声秦韵种子播撒的地方·与我而言·是生命开始的地方。

Here in Shaanxi, tempestuous fire meets with



blood in a raging bonfire. Here was where the sounds and song of the Qin were first sown. For me, this is where life first began.

时值初春，一次周末回家的路上，我百无聊赖的踢着路边的小石子。一下、又一下，在洒满花瓣的路上磨蹭前进。蓦地，耳边钻进了一声低吼。目光循着声音爬过，最后锁定在一个五六十岁的老大爷身上。定睛一看，他手中攥着话筒，大口喘气的神情和额头上细密的汗珠显露出他曾刚刚吼唱过，他身旁的人手里抱着二胡、扬琴，板胡。片刻休息后，那声音又响起来，雄浑嘹亮又粗犷。那一刻，我仿佛就站在黄河边，听那水一下一下击打着岸。是的，她要上岸，她要释放那股力量，她要三秦大地被她一寸一寸浸润，她要匍匐着前进。终于，她携带着泥沙，又浩浩荡荡向前奔去，只在身后留下一串浪花。我从幻想中被拉回。之前的老大爷周围已聚起了一大堆人，都拍手叫好。起风了，樱花花瓣洋洋洒洒而下，落在发上，我轻轻拂去，继续走路。心中此刻已激起涟漪，这是秦腔。是陕西人吼出来的秦腔，是我身边的秦腔，是融在陕西人血液里的秦腔。

In early spring while walking home one weekend, I took to kicking small stones along the side of the road; once, twice, many times across the petal-strewn pavement as I progressed on my journey homeward. It was a sudden, low-pitched grumble that shook me from my apathetic stupor. My eyes turned in the direction of the noise, quickly settling on an older man. He was holding a microphone in his hand and, from his enervated expression and the sweat beading on his brow, I guessed that he had just finished singing. Others next to him had other instruments like the erhu fiddle, dulcimer, and banhu fiddle. After a short rest, the man again broke out in song in his powerfully sonorous and gravelly voice. In the moment, I felt myself transported to the banks of the Yellow River, its waters lapping



solidly against the shore. Yes, she wanted to escape her confines. She was expending her energies, looking to carry those confining soils away bit by bit, to continue creeping forward. Finally, with another morsel of silt in hand, she high-tailed it away, leaving but frothy waves in her wake. I snapped out of my daydream to find that an enthusiastic crowd had already gathered around the old men. The wind had kicked up, sending cherry petals drifting slowly toward the waiting ground. I brushed the petals that had landed in my hair off and continued on my way. But what I had just experienced had sent ripples across my soul. I had just experienced Shaanxi opera – an art form born, nourished, and perfected by the people of Shaanxi. Shaanxi opera is part of me. It runs through the blood of all those who call Shaanxi home.

在《中国之星》综艺节目中，谭维维一曲华阴老腔震惊四座，声线柔美中带着豪放，一句又一句对灵魂的冲击，将全场气氛推向了高潮。我第一次看到视频还是在四年级时，一曲终了，那时的我还不知道怎么形容，只感到胸腔里除了血液还有什么东西在缓缓流淌，浸润着身体。秦腔是老腔的前身，两者风格相差无几，歌唱者无一不是把满腔热忱倾注到歌曲中去，婉转变化之中透出陕西人特有的豪爽豪迈与刚柔并济相结合的韵味。

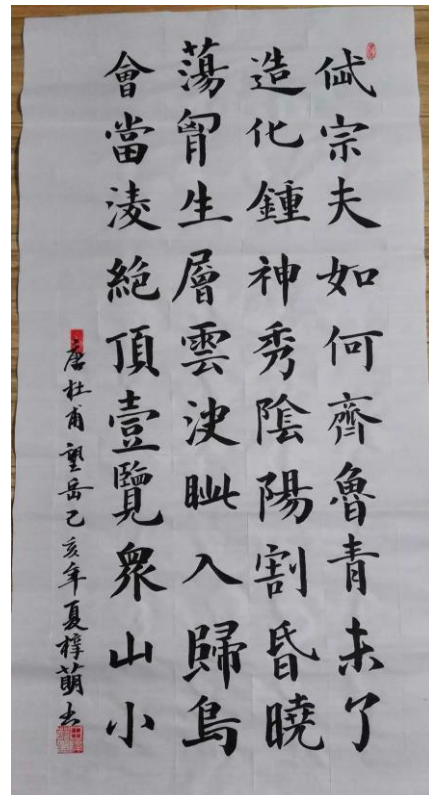
On an episode of the television variety show China Star, Tan Weiwei's soft yet powerful rendition of a classic Huayin 'Lao Qiang' won accolades from all watching. Every sentence struck the heartstrings, taking the audience to the zenith of excitement. The first time I saw the broadcast was in fourth grade. After the song had finished, although I didn't know how to describe it at the time, I knew that something more than blood was



stirring deeply within my chest and infiltrating my very being. Qin' qiang is the forerunner of Shaanxi opera and both share much in common. Each requires singers to invest every ounce of their energy and being into each performance, revealing in the process the gregarious boldness that defines the people of Shaanxi as well as the unique, synergistic balance they have struck between rigidity and pliancy.

还记得仲夏的夜晚，外公外婆在庭院里支起铁架床，晚风裹挟着冰镇可乐和微温的风扑来。外婆用大大的羽毛扇为我驱散蚊虫，我抬头寻找地理书中的北斗七星。望着望着，困意来袭，我一头倒在床上。睡梦中，只依稀听见外婆用柔和的声音唱着《三娘教子》《铡美案》，终究是抵挡不住，我沉沉睡去，在梦里，有許多人。陈世美，三娘，薛广……

I remember one midsummer' s eve watching my grandparents assembling a metal bedframe in the courtyard. The evening breeze carried a medley of warm and cool air. Grandma kept mosquitoes and other bugs away from me with her large feather fan. I looked skyward to see if I could find the Northern Star I' d read about in my school textbook. Scanning the skies in vain, I finally dozed off on the pillow. Half asleep, I could still faintly hear my grandmother softly singing songs from "Third Mother Teaches Her Son" and "The Case of Chen





Shimei” . I couldn’ t fight the drowsiness and fell into a deep slumber. My dreams that night were crowded— Chen Shimei, Third Mother, Xue Guang, and others all showed up.

我的爷爷更是个土生土长的陕西人，身上有着陕西人独有的奔放。他，大碗喝酒，大口吃肉，和人交谈时声音出奇的大，加上表情、肢体语言丰富，不了解的人还以为家中天天吵架。记忆中最让我难忘的，是直爽的爷爷带我去欣赏陕西关中平原特有的狗撵兔视觉盛宴。茶余饭后，村里人总会骑上电动车去隔壁村看狗撵兔。一声哨响，狗主人们同时放开六只狗的绳子。这几只身体修长健硕的动物“嗖”地飞了出去，从并驾齐驱，到不分伯仲，再到独占鳌头。总有那么一只狗，率先追到了兔子，咬断它柔软的咽喉，一路叼回来向主人邀功请赏。赢了的人自然是面色潮红，喜笑颜开，大声吆喝，拍拍狗的脑袋，或心满意足，叫上几个好哥们吃点小酒小菜；或意犹未尽，再战一回。如此一来折腾，我回到家已是薄暮时分，家家烟囱上飘起了灰白色的烟雾，村里的狗开始此起彼伏的吠叫，谁家门里不时传来几声爽朗的大笑，时不时还会听到电视机里传来的秦腔吼唱.....

My grandfather is a true son of Shaanxi. He reflects the unrestrained, honest character that is typical of the people of this province. He drinks his wine by the bowlful and his meat by the mouthful. He talks in loud, strident tones paired with his highly expressive face and an unfalteringly lively stream of body language. Indeed, it may seem to the casual observer that our family was constantly quarreling. One of my most indelible memories is when Grandpa took me to a ‘dog chasing rabbit’ tournament on Shaanxi’ s Guangzhong Plain. After a hearty meal, the villagers rode their motorbikes to the next village over for the rabbit-chasing event. As soon as the starting whistle blew, six breeders unclasped the leashes on their dogs, which took



off at breakneck speeds. All started off in a close and evenly matched race before gradually spreading out until, finally, a clear winner emerged. One in the pack invariably grounds the rabbit first. Breaking the soft throat of its prey, the champion carries its trophy back to its master for praise and appreciation. The face of the winning breeder was, of course, beet red with pride. He laughed boisterously and gave a hearty shout, all while patting his prize pooch on the head. He could call over some of his best buddies to share in some wine and finger food or, if desirous of more, he could call for another contest to be run. After this rousing day of activity, I returned to our village around dusk to wisps of smoke curling from chimneys, dogs barking in the streets, and sounds of laughter echoing from warmly lit homes, some of which, I could hear, had televisions tuned into that evening's Shaanxi opera performance.

陕西的情，陕西的土，陕西的人已成了某种力量，在每个陕西人身体里沸腾着，迸溅着火花。这火花，是秦腔与陕西人之间摩擦出的火花；是诗词和陕西人摩擦出的火花；是狗撵兔和陕西人摩擦出的火花，更是这黄土地和陕西人摩擦出的火花！黄河在这片土地上淌过，白居易衣摆飘飘从这片土地上走过，杜康在这片土地上醉过。

There is power in the zest for life, in the soil, and in the people of Shaanxi. It burns in the heart of every son and daughter of Shaanxi and builds into a cascade of brilliant sparks. These sparks come from the interplay between Shaanxi's people and its opera, between Shaanxi's people and their poetry, between Shaanxi's people and their dog-chasing-rabbit tournaments and, most of all, between Shaanxi's people and the region's



yellow soil. The Yellow River trickles across the land here. Bai Juyi once walked across this land. Dukang slipped into a pleasant, drunken haze here as well.



“我爱这三秦大地，我爱这三秦大地……”一天劳累之后，《都市快报》末尾处的秦腔再一次被陕西人吼起。“他大舅他二舅都是他舅，高桌子低板凳都是木头”的情缘再次被陕西人书写。

“I love San-Qin (Shaanxi), I love San-Qin.” After a busy day’s work, an article on Shaanxi opera in the back of the Dushikuaibao once more electrified the people of Shaanxi. The sentiment of “His first uncle and second uncle are both his uncle. The high table and simple stool are all made of wood” have once more been written by the people of Shaanxi.

專家評語一

【秦腔】，注入 陕西的情，陕西的土。秦腔已成为陕西人某种坚韧的力量，秦腔与陕西人之间迸发出的火花，成为这篇文章气势磅礴的引信。豪迈与自信，侠义与旷达，都在不时吼起来的秦腔中，升华。

Reviewer I

Shaanxi opera, rooted indelibly in the passions and soil of Shaanxi, reflectswell the rough and rugged nature of Shaanxi’ s people.The



interplay between Shaanxi opera and those living in the province creates the sparks that are this essay' s grandiloquent 'detonator' . Bold and confident, chivalrous and big-hearted – all can be found in Shaanxi opera, giving this art form its sublime, transcendent allure.

專家評語二

排比、转化、夸饰、映衬、白描等手法，穿插运用、灵活生动。字里行间充满豪爽奔放气息，雄浑嘹亮的秦腔与浩浩汤汤的江河交融，令人激昂感动。爷爷与外婆的刚柔对照，形象鲜活、历历在目。一场「狗撵兔视觉盛宴」，描写动感十足，对比薄暮时分的炊烟袅袅，以及墟里狗吠交织着爽朗欢笑与秦腔吼唱，陕西风情跃然纸上，令人向往不已！

Reviewer II

The author deftly uses parallelism, conversion, hyperbole, contrast, and concise descriptions and employs words and phrases that capture well the desired ambiance of brash boldness. The powerfully sonorous Shaanxi opera intertwines with roiling river waters to stirring effect. The contrast between grandfather' s stern and grandmother' s soft natures enliven and give dimension to the essay. The description of the dog-chasing-rabbit tournament is thrilling, and well contrasted with the smoke-embraced village at dusk. The authors interlaced descriptions of the dog carrying its prey back to its master, the celebratory laughter, and Shaanxi opera brings Shaanxi' s folk culture alive to readers, making them eager to experience these things for themselves.



魂牵梦绕一庙湾

Miaowan: A Realm of Dreams

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Yang Mei, Junior High School Group, Jiangkou Middle School, Ankang
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“古木无人径，深山何处钟” 嘹远的钟声呼唤着你，呼唤你来到这古刹秘境--
庙湾，这就是我的家乡，是坐落在秦岭山脚下的一个小山村。你若来，定然不会
后悔。在这里雾气缭绕，绿色清幽似乎已是常态。

“A forest of ancient trees undefiled by the passage of men; From whence
come the sound of bells in such mountainous wilds?” Those faraway bells
toll for you, beckoning you to come to my hometown - the secluded



ancient temple sanctuary of Miaowan.
Miaowan is a small village in the shadow
of the Qingling Mountains. You' ll be
glad you came! The area is embraced in
mists and basks in forested quietude.

初进村口，在一棵古柳巨大的荫蔽下，延
伸出一条黛青色的石板，延伸到这条街的尽头。
青石板两旁鳞次栉比的排列着黑瓦白墙房，黛
色的瓦片，挂着欲滴未滴的雨珠，缀着星星点
点的青苔。屋脊上那似镰刀的飞檐，门楣上刻



着镂空的雕花。走过街巷，颇有些明清时代乡村雨巷的意味儿。这儿的人们早出晚归，男人们早晨赶着牛，带着犁铧去耕地，女人们背上背着婴孩，在河边浣衣。这儿的人们依然保留着男耕女织的原始风俗，当今飞速发展的世界似乎对这儿的人们并没有什么影响。

An ancient, towering willow shades the entrance to the village, casting its blue-grey shadow all the way to the end of the cobble road. Beads of water from a misty rain and a pointillist patchwork of moss decorate the white walls capped with bluish-black tiles that line this road. Roof ridges here end in crescent-shaped eaves and lintels are decorated with engraved flowers. A walk through Miaowan takes you back in time to what it must have been like in the misty lanes of towns in Ming and Qing times. The townsfolk here rise early and retire not long after dark. The men tend cattle at sunrise, leading them into the fields for another day's work, while the women, with infant children strapped to their backs, head to the river to wash clothes. The people here cling to the tradition of men farming and women sewing. The fast-paced development of the world outside seems to have had little effect on the people here.

“庙湾，庙湾，自然是以庙闻名”。每隔二十几里就会有一座庙，时常是青烟袅袅，像是走进了天上的仙宫一般。来这儿烧香，一定得去“娘娘庙”，保证让你不虚此行。“娘娘庙”以灵验著称，多少人慕名而来，只为求得一子，古又有“女娲娘娘”，因而得名，这也是它香火旺盛的一个主要原因。

“Miaowan, Miaowan! Temples are your natural claim to fame!” Here, there is a temple every ten or so kilometers, typically cloaked in blue-green smoke, giving an ethereal feel to each visit. If you want to dedicate incense,



the Goddess Niang-Niang Temple is the place to burn your joss. You won't be disappointed. This temple is spiritually efficacious. Countless people have prayed successfully here to the Creator Goddess Nüwa for a child. It is why the censer is nearly always enveloped in thick incense smoke.

初进寺庙，只见棱角分明的屋檐上站着栩栩如生的仙人儿像，层层排列的黑瓦，对称的格局也格外的赏心悦目，门楣上还挂着些许红纱，青烟缭绕，像是走进了光怪陆离的世界。香案上端放着一尊菩萨像，其外形与其他寺庙里泥塑的金菩萨像相差无几，而这尊像它竟是由玉雕刻而成。据说这尊玉菩萨像已有百年的历史了，至今仍完好无损的保留在庙中。可几百年过去了，村里夜不闭户的人们似乎对“她”没有什么非分之想，外来的香客也从没有偷盗过，这个中说法：一是菩萨大显神通，人们都拿不走

“她”；二是人们觉得拿走“她”会遭到天谴，有损德行。究其根本，人们也云里雾里，不知所然。来到“娘娘庙”，定要拜上几拜。只要你带着香火钱来庙里上香，信念足够虔诚，你求子的愿娘娘都会帮你实现。就像我的爷爷当年就想要个男孩，后来去“娘娘庙”求愿，竟真有了我父亲。是不是听着怪玄乎的？其实家乡显得玄乎神奇的故事还有很多，的确称得上是一块灵气聚集的宝地了。



When you step into the temple, the first thing you see is a lifelike image of an immortal atop the eaves. The black roof tiles in staggered rows are also quite eye catching. The lintels are hung with red sashes and the familiar



bluish-green smoke hangs in the air. Stepping inside is like entering a strange and unfamiliar realm. Atop the altar table is a statue of the Bodhisattva. Although superficially similar to those you may have seen at other temples, this statue was carved from jade and is said to be around a century old. It remains today in the temple without a sign of its age. Over so many decades, the people of this simple and tranquil village have exhibited no untoward ambitions or avaricious intentions toward their oldest 'resident' . No outsider has sought to smuggle her out either. There are several explanations posited for this. Firstly, the Bodhisattva sees all and nips any would-be scheme to take 'her' from the temple in the bud. Secondly, many feel that stealing 'her' would end only in personal calamity and misfortune. Whatever the reason, the result is clear for all to see. When visiting the Goddess Niang-Niang Temple, it is simple courtesy to send up a sincere prayer. Bring incense and a donation to the temple and ask Creator Goddess Nüwa sincerely to grant your wish for a child. She will certainly intervene on your behalf. My grandfather prayed to the goddess for a son, and my father was born. Isn't that an odd coincidence? There are so many similar stories in this village of ours, justifying Goddess Niang-Niang Temple as a place of spiritual fulfilment and blessing.

来到庙湾，不吃点风味小吃可就真是你的遗憾了。椿芽炒鸡蛋，凉拌灰灰菜，还有鲜美的黄丝菌汤，脆嫩可口的蕨菜（野菜的一种）。这些可都是难得一尝的美食。如果你来恰逢盛夏，那么你还可以有幸尝到人们自家泡的五味子茶。首先，先把新鲜摘下来的五味子洗净，然后放在太阳下暴晒几天，充分蒸发水分。最后倒入滚烫的开水，五味子茶就做好了。茶的味道比刚摘下来的五味子略淡，酸中带着点甜，可和酸梅汤相比确实是不分伯仲。细品，一身的疲惫都将烟消云散。



It would be a shame if you visited Miaowan and didn't try some of its signature culinary treats. Toon-scrambled eggs, chilled melde leaves, robustly fresh chanterelle soup, and tender, wild eagle fern are each worth a try. If you visit in summer, count yourself fortunate in having the chance to enjoy our family's homemade magnolia-berry (omija) tea. We gather and wash the fresh berries before drying them in the sun for several days. The dried berries are steeped in piping hot water to make a delicious tea. Its flavor is milder flavor than that of fresh berries – sour with a hint of sweetness. The taste is actually quite similar to sour-plum soup. Enjoy a cup and feel the day's labors melt pleasantly away.

来到庙湾，没有吃到“神仙豆腐”的的确确是你的损失。物如其名，其工序复杂确实是神仙才可享有的呀！它由从山上采摘下来的“神仙叶”制成，一大背篓的叶子只能制成一块神仙豆腐。将它洗净后，揉碎，过浆，反复过滤，最后倒入容器，放凉，过水。在水的滋润下，它渐渐成形，苦涩也都消退在了水中，“神仙豆腐”最好的吃法还是凉拌，红油辣椒是它最好的伴侣，辅上葱椒蒜，放入少许盐，滴几滴香油，搅拌均匀。夹起一块“神仙豆腐”，深绿色的身躯被红油所包裹，里面还可以看到叶子的碎末，这大概就是食物最本真的做法，是一种素面朝天的美味。入口，酸辣侵略着你的味蕾，随即被一种清苦味儿所冲淡，“润物细无声”的让我们领略鲜味的美好。这是清苦的味道，水的味道，亦是岁月的味道，人情的味道。吃上一口“神仙豆腐”，这炎炎夏日的酷热都像是被驱散了。

If you leave our town without tasting Miaowan's 'fairy tofu' it will be your loss. The complicated process involved in making this treat makes it truly a 'food of the gods'. Its main ingredient is wild mulberry leaves hand-picked in nearby mountains. A brimming basketful is only enough to



make one small loaf of precious fairy tofu. The fresh leaves are washed, crushed, strained, and filtered multiple times. The extracted liquid is then put into a container, left to cool, and then added to water. This water bath gives the 'tofu' its form while softening its astringent edge. Fairy tofu is best served chilled, paired with chili oil, topped with scallion, pepper, and garlic, and seasoned with just a pinch of salt and a few drops of sesame oil. Dig into a savory dish of green fairy tofu topped with a gleaming coat of crimson red. The tofu still has traces of crushed mulberry leaves, showing its natural origins and making it a deliciously natural treat. Sour and spicy notes first excite your palate before the slight bitterness of the fairy tofu tones the flavors down, subtly paving the way for this delightfully full and complex culinary experience. Fairy tofu has a pleasant bitterness that is reminiscent of spring-fed water. It evokes the 'taste' of the passage of time and fondly remembered friendships. Send the sultry heat of summer packing from your first, satisfying bite of fairy tofu.

如果运气好的话，去镇上还可以见到难得的庙会。刚入“唱大戏”的场子，



就看到一个黑脸长胡子的人踱来踱去，溜圆的眼睛瞪的老大，着实将我吓了一跳，嘴里咿咿呀呀的唱着，丝毫提不起我的兴趣。我最愿意看的是一个很老的小生，腰间套了一个毛驴，卖力的扭动着身姿。这时，腰间的毛驴好似活了一般。“锵锵锵，哐哐哐”不远处锣鼓喧天，黑压压的一片，好像还有铃铛撞击空气的声音，这怕是



舞狮队的来了吧！好不容易挤进人群，只见一头“雄狮”在木桩上跳动，狮头由一人操控，狮身则像是披了一层红色的狮毯，狮身和舞狮人的腿上都缀着一圈一圈的流苏。狮子时而在木桩上跳动，欢快的扭着屁股；时而歪着头，眨巴眨巴眼睛；时而张张嘴，好似要向我们吐露心声。红色的流苏也随着轻盈的步伐而跳动，好似敲打白色鼓面时的震颤，狮子身上的铃铛卖弄着清脆的喉咙，交杂在掌声，欢呼声，嘈杂声中。

If you are lucky, you may see one of Miaowan' s infrequent temple festivals. In my first festival experience, I came face-to-face with a black-faced figure with a long beard walking in grandiose strides. I stared dumbfounded at this larger-than-life image in front of me. I babbled incoherently, unable to engage at all. I was most interested in the old "Xiao Sheng" , wearing a donkey over his loins and gyrating energetically back and forth. His movements seemed to bring the donkey to life. Soon after, the sounds of gongs and drums grabbed everyone' s attention, but all I could see was the dense, dark mass of the crowd in front of me. The sounds reminded me of the sound of bells striking air. Could it be the start of the lion dance? I wondered. I pushed my way forward into the crowd, but still could only see the top of the lion dancing atop a wooden pole, its head being maneuvered by one of the lion dancers. The lion' s body was covered by a red blanket and its body and the legs of the dancers underneath all sported tassels. The lion would sometimes jump onto the wooden pole to dance, playfully wagging its rear end; sometimes cock its head and bat its eyes; and sometimes open its cavernous maw, seemingly ready to let out a roar. The red tassels danced playfully as well, seemingly in sync with the lively beat of the drums. The bell around its neck symbolized the lion' s melodious



throat, which joined in the cacophony of spirited clapping, shouting, and other noises of the festival.

最美不过家乡景。青山绿水好风光，庙宇林立展神秘，迎神庙会热闹开，特色食品惹人馋。面对这样的庙湾，难道不为之心动吗？期待您来庙湾一睹风采，共赏古朴风光！

Nothing is more beautiful than hometown scenery - blue mountains, green waters, and idyllic vistas. Our many temples show our mysterious spiritual side; our temple festivals are clamorous and exciting; and our cuisine inspires a voracious appetite. Doesn't knowing a bit about Miaowan, make you eager for more? I hope you will come to Miaowan to see it all for yourself; to share in our sublime scenery.

專家評語一

「最美不过家乡景」，作者以温柔之笔，细细描画庙湾，犹如画轴展开，层次分明的展现了庙湾的特色及风情。

Reviewer I

“Nothing is more beautiful than hometown scenery.” The author's lovingly crafted description of Miaowan unfolds like a scroll painting, clearly and distinctly presenting the unique character and ambiance of the area.

專家評語二

文字细腻有致，井然中自有深致。能聚焦重点进行抒描。重点掌握轻重得宜，



而且总收意旨时更能巧妙点题，特色于简练文字中，毕显可见，甚佳。

Reviewer II

The author's well-chosen words give this essay depth and practiced refinement. Key points are targeted and then each is given careful literary treatment. The essay is well balanced, with key points well framed by the overall intent. This essay is remarkable for its concise wording. An exceptional effort!





山水化湖

An Ink Wash Painting Come to Brilliant Life

小学组 白金奖 四川巴中师范附属实验小学罗文瀚

Luo Wenhan, Primary School Group, The Affiliated Experimental
Elementary School of Bazhong Normal College, Sichuan Province

人们都说“峨眉的山·九寨的水”是最美的，而在我的家乡，巴中城的西南



角，有一处水域，在群山的环抱之中，秀丽无比，被称之为山水化湖。蔓延的青山托着一汪巨大的湖泊，天幕之下，如一颗蓝色的宝石熠熠生辉。

It is a common saying that “The mountains of Emei and the waters of Jiuzhai Valley” are the most beautiful. But, in the southwestern

corner of my hometown of Bazhong there is a body of water surrounded by mountains that is beautiful beyond measure. This is Shanshuihua Lake – a true “ink wash painting come to life.” The green-blue mountains appear as if pulling upon a massive lake. Beneath the heavens, she is like a glistening blue gem.

汽车驶过一段有着月亮型的现代化路灯区后，就进入了山水化湖。围着湖泊，是一条新修的柏油小道。小道旁，那苍翠欲滴的树木多得都要挤到小道上来了，



有斜伸着一只手臂的，有柔柔地垂下身子的。小道旁挨着山的那一边，有的地方竟然成群地开满了各色不知名的小花，有浅黄的、淡紫的、洁白的……她们开得那样欢快，赶趟儿似的，似乎谁也不肯落后。我惊叹着绿的纯粹，花的娇艳，于是张开嘴，深深地吸了一口气，连灵魂也浸染了一抹花香。啊，呼吸到的每一口空气都清香无比，令人陶醉！我好想变成一只饕餮，来一场视觉，嗅觉的盛宴。不，还有听觉的，嘘，哪里来的稚嫩的鸟声？我细细地搜寻了一会儿，终究不见鸟影，只闻鸟声。这里真好，不用养鸟，自有鸟语盈耳。

Once you've crossed that section of road marked by modern, moon-shaped streetlamps, you have entered Shanshuihua Lake District. The newly built narrow asphalt roadway that encircles this lake is hemmed in on both sides with verdant trees seemingly eager to reclaim that ribbon of black. Some stretch out with expectant arms; others droop softly downward. On the mountain side of the road, are patches overflowing with a cacophony of colorful flowers – some pale yellow, others lavender, still others pure white. They bloom with such carefree abandon, enjoying the moment ... none wanting to fall behind. I marvel at the pristine greens and delicately charming flowers. I open my mouth wide and take a deep breath. Even my soul is touched by the flowery aromas that linger in the air. Ahh ... each breath fragrant beyond measure – an intoxicating experience! I wish I could transform into a Tao' tie (mythical beast) and fully engage in this feast for the eyes and olfactory. No ... but I've neglected the auditory experiences. Oh! From where comes this vernal birdcall? I follow it for a while, but to no avail. Its call is all I have. This place is wonderful, with no birds to care for yet birdsongs aplenty to fill the ear.



小道的尽头，是泛着波光的湖水，我怎么可能放过难得与湖水亲近的机会呢，缠着爸爸坐上游湖的小船，向湖的另一端出发。湖面上缓缓地腾起细细的波浪，就像电影里的慢镜头，那细细的波浪洁白如雪，在阳光下，有时会闪闪发光，好看极了。到了湖中央，船停了下来，连那细细的波浪也消失了，此时的化湖水平如镜，真是“舟行碧波上，人在画中游”。

This small road ends at the glimmering waters of the lake. How could I have left without touching her waters? Hugging my father, I board the small boat. We shove off, heading toward the opposite side of the lake. The water surface is capped by delicate swells. They move by us in a cadence reminiscent of a slow-motion film scene. The crest of each wave, as white as snow, glistens so magnificently in the sunlight. We stop for a moment in the middle of the lake. Now, even the waves seem to have disappeared. The lake's surface is as smooth as a mirror. It is like the poem: "A boat crossing blue waves; Passengers wandering an artist's canvas."

趁船静下来的这会儿，水里的鱼儿可就不得了了，有的鱼儿高高的跃出水面，似乎在跟我们打招呼；有的鱼儿调皮地衔起一根树枝，难道是要给自己搭个巢？还有的鱼儿三五成群地聚集在一起，好像正在开着小会，它们在密谋什么？



Taking advantage of this pause in our journey, the waters around us came alive with fish. Some jumped high out of the water, seeming to be saying to us – "Hi!" ; others were carrying sticks in their mouths. Could it



be they were building a nest? Still others clustered into small groups, seeming for all the world to be convening secretive meetings. What could they be planning?

在船向回行驶的时候，湖面上出现了华丽的一幕，因为临近中午，湖面上出现了许多“钻石”。这些“钻石”不停的闪烁，晶莹剔透。当我上前想把它们掬在手中，在手就差一点儿就要碰到它们时，它们又奇迹般的躲开了，活像一个调皮的小娃娃，在跟我捉迷藏。

After the boat turned around and we began heading back, I saw upon the waters a magnificent sight. It was nearly noon and the rippled surface of the lake had been transformed into a field of glinting 'diamonds' that shimmered and danced under the noonday sun. I reached out my hand to grab a handful and, when just within reach, they vanished from sight, like a mischievous little dolly playing a game of hide and seek with me.

没入林荫的环湖公路深处，映入眼帘的是那连接两岸的红桥，这座红色的桥就镶嵌在一簇绿色之中，远处青山如黛，近处柳树成荫，她就是那“万绿丛中的一点红”。它那红色边框倒映在明镜般的水中，像极了一只红色的眼睛，满含深情。我傻傻地看着，一阵轻风拂过水面，荡起一层又一层微波，似乎那红色的眼扑闪扑闪地眨着，她是在欢迎我吗？我兴奋极了！我跑向桥头，向着平铺到远方的湖水大声呼喊：我来了！

Plunging into the innermost, forest-shaded reaches of the lakeshore road, the red bridge spanning the lake's narrows hove into view. This fiery red bridge was stunningly inlaid into a setting of forest green and framed by a backdrop of steel-grey mountains and a foreground of willow tree groves.



She was the “red dot amidst a mighty green forest.” Her red frame reflected on the mirror-like waters below, looking for all intents and purposes like a pair of red, impassioned eyes. I stood; words failed me. A breeze caressed the surface of the lake churning up line after line of ripples, making it look as if the bridge was now winking its eyes at me. Does she like me? I wondered. The mere thought excited me! I ran toward the bridgehead and shouted to that great expanse of water. I’ m here!

听爸爸说，这座桥是最近几年才建成的，是的，它看上去很新。山水化湖如



今美如仙境，然而很多年前，在爸爸的心中可不是这样的。爸爸感慨：那时候这一条河阻断了我们进镇子的路，进镇子要绕行很远很远。我小时候最大的梦想就是坐船赶一次集.....我仿佛看见了一个衣着破旧的小孩坐在山上一块巨大的石头上遥望，水的那一边有着让他垂涎欲滴的葱油饼，有着懵懂的希望。

Dad said this bridge was built only recently. Yes, I could see it still looked quite new. Today, Shanshuihua Lake is a heavenly sight to behold. But my father remembers a different time, a time of lament. Back then, this river blocked our way to town, requiring us to make a long detour to the nearest crossing. One of my greatest desires as a child was to take a boat to market. I could almost see myself back then sitting in ragged clothes on a boulder, looking plaintively out across the river toward the land beyond. On the other side of that river was a mouthwatering scallion pancake beckoning



me to come. It was a frivolous desire.

我忽然变得感伤起来，“巴山楚水凄凉地”，章怀太子李贤被贬来到这里，也曾曾在巴中的某一座山头深情又绝望地遥望长安。在诗人与太子眼中，巴中是他们人生低谷的那一声声悲戚的长叹。哦，我想起来了，世人解释“巴”：源于象形，是一条大蛇。巴中原来是毒蛇出没的地方吗？原来我们的祖辈在这里，离文明很远。

I felt a rush of sentimentality and an affinity for the “isolation of Bashan and Chushui” felt by Li Xian, the heir to the throne of the Tang Dynasty, during his banishment here. He too once sat atop one of these peaks in Bazhong and looked forlornly in the direction of the capital Chang’an. In the eyes of poets and princes, Bazhong was where one goes to experience the nadir of life. It was then I remembered: the character ‘ba’ traces its origins to a pictograph of a giant snake. Thus, could ‘Bazhong’ denote a place where poisonous snakes roam? So, my ancestors here were truly far from the light of civilization.

爸爸好像看出了什么，突然说：“我带你去看看四周的产业园吧！”我坐在车里，两旁是成片的园区，每一个园区由灰白色的路隔开，像用直尺画得一样整齐。有的种着矮矮的树木，有的是连成片的绿苗……园区不远处有两层的小楼连成一排，有的楼下还停着小轿车。

Dad seems to have gotten wind of my thoughts. He said, “Let’s go take a look at some of the industrial parks in the area!” From the car, I could see both sides of the roadway lined with these parks, each separated by grey cement roads running straight as an arrow in between. Some had newly transplanted trees, while others were covered in newly planted grass. Not far from these parks, I could see row upon row of two-story homes, some



with a car parked out in front.

隐隐的青山染绿了化湖的水，
化湖的水浸润着连绵的山，山水化
湖是山与水深情的拥抱。山水化湖
是一幅无需装裱的画卷，她幸福地
向世人展示她的魅力。

The grey mountains have tinted
green the waters of this lake, while lake waters have bled into those same
mountains. Shanshuihua Lake is blessed by the affectionate embrace of
mountains and water. A painting in need of no further embellishments, she
warmly reveals her charms to the world.



專家評語一

一、美如仙境的「山水化湖」是巴中城最秀丽的天然景致。作者描述和爸爸坐上小船畅游湖光山色，享受了一场视觉、嗅觉和听觉的盛宴，沉浸在这一山水画卷中，使人心旷神怡。环湖公路上的红桥，连接两岸，不仅改善了巴蜀的交通，且承载了儿时的希望。作者触景生情，想起了被贬谪的诗人远来巴地，离京城十分遥远；而如今，进步的建设，缩短了彼此的距离，更体会到置身山水化湖间的幸福！

二、通篇写景之笔，清丽自然，譬喻巧妙，摹写精细，生动精采。

Reviewer I

1) Stunningly beautiful Shanshuihua Lake is Bazhong City' s most



magnificent natural scenic attraction. The author describes a boat trip he took with his father out onto the lake, enjoying the ‘banquet’ of sights, smells and sounds there. Being immersed in this ink wash painting pleases the soul. The red bridge on the lakeshore roadway that bridges the two banks has not only improved transportation in the Bashu area but also carries the author’s childhood hopes. The author strikes an emotional chord in recalling the poets of old who once found themselves here, far from their beloved capital city. Today, modern development has brought all closer together and opened up the opportunity to appreciate the aesthetics of Shanshuihua Lake.

2) A light and natural descriptive essay of natural scenery with clever metaphors, a deft writing style, and lively descriptions.

專家評語二

山水景物的描写，需要极佳的笔力与丰富的内涵。本文使用了白描、譬喻、拟人等多重手法，将湖光山色点染得活灵活现，如在目前。更加入了历史典故，人事变迁于其中，在波光粼粼中，增添了思古之幽情，而更显丰富。

Reviewer II

Describing scenery in ink wash paintings requires exceptional literary skill and rich descriptions. This essay breathes vivid, immediate life into this scene using direct descriptions, metaphor, and personification. Historical references and changes across time were introduced. The description of glinting waves added a touch of classical elegance and richness as well.



最美的土

Hometown Soil is Best

小学组 白金奖 陕西渭南市华阴市城关小学党冯欣怡

Dangfeng Xinyi, Primary School Group, Huayin Chengguan Elementary School, Weinan City, Shaanxi Province

“八百里秦川·千万里江山·乡情唱不尽·故事说不完·扯开了嗓子一声喊·喊得那巨灵劈华山·喊得那老龙出秦川·喊得那黄河拐了弯……”朋友·当你在这粗犷的老腔的指引下·踏上这方沃土·我想给你说说它。



The land of the Qin; Mountains and rivers unending; Songs of home always have another refrain; Stories of home are always followed by another; Shout at the bleeding edge of my lungs; A shout that splits Mt. Hua in twain; A shout that shakes Dragon Qin from its slumber; A

shout that curls the mighty Yellow River ...” My friend, when you heed these rough Shaanxi opera commands and step onto this fertile land, I want to tell you this ...

南面·那巍峨耸立的“莲花”，就是寇准笔下那“只有天在上·更无山与齐”的华山；北面·那飘飘的“玉带”，是“蒹葭苍苍·白露为霜·所谓伊人·在水一方”中的渭水；这里是“回眸一笑百媚生·六宫粉黛无颜色”的美人杨贵妃的故



乡；是“关西夫子”——杨震的故里。走在那“接天莲叶无穷碧，映日荷花别样红”的万亩荷塘边，感受这依山傍水，山清水秀，人杰地灵的华阴，何其美哉！

To the south, Mt. Hua stands as a magnificent and towering 'lotus blossom'. Kou Zhun (961-1023) glorified Mt. Hua as "There is only heaven above, with no other mountain to compare." To the north, is Wei River, a dark-green reed girded by a 'jade belt'. This is the home of Yang Guifei, one of ancient China's four great beauties, as well as "Guanxi Fuzi" Yang Zhen. Walk along the city's expansive lotus pond, where "Lotus leaves stretch to meet the horizon and the sun casts a roseate glow on lotus flowers," and experience the nexus of mountains and water. This city that has produced so many exceptional people is an exceptional place itself.

西岳华山山势险峻，以往登华山必须由玉泉院出发，顺着澄澈清凉的山泉而上，经五里关、石门、莎萝坪、毛女洞、云门至青柯坪。从青柯坪到北峰是登华山最艰险的路程之一。期间经回心石，往上是危崖峭壁、突兀凌空的千尺幢、百尺峡。此处是山崖裂出的一道缝子，人在缝隙中攀登而上，山路如从直升飞机吊下来的悬梯一般，攀登起来惊心动魄。老君犁沟、上天梯、苍龙岭皆是在峭壁绝崖上凿出，鹞子翻身则是三面临空，兼之奇峰、怪石、云海、鸣泉、飞瀑、古迹等景观，引得不少中外游人慕名来探险，但登到险处，皆胆战心惊，半途而返。而两条索道的开通，让更多渴慕华山奇险的游人如愿以偿。热情的华阴人甘为向导，兴致勃勃地为你讲述“劈山救母”“陈抟与宋太祖对弈”“华山论剑”等传说，他们娓娓道来，仿佛那些故事是从他们心中流出来一般。

The ascent up Mt. Hua's steep western slope begins for hikers at Jade Spring Pavilion, who follow the cool, clear waters upward past Wuliguan, Shimen, Shaluoping, Maonü Cave, and Yunmen to Qingkeping. The climb



between Qingkeping and North Peak is one of the most difficult of the journey. Once you pass Huixin Rock, you have sharp cliffs, the incredibly steep Qianchi Zhuang and Baichi Gorge. Here is where hikers ascend through a narrow crevasse in the living rock face on stairs that are more like a rope ladder unfurled from a helicopter above. The climb is nothing if not terrifying. Laojun Furrow, Shangtianti (Stairway to Heaven), and Canglong Ridge all stand in every hiker's way. Yaozi Fanshen (Sparrow Hawk Cliff) is an open cliff face climb with views of craggy peaks, oddly shaped stone protrusions, cloud seas, natural springs, towering waterfalls, and historic sites that is popular with hikers from near and far. But the dangerous nature of this trek has caused many to turn back halfway. The opening of a second ropeway has opened the mountain to even more visitors wanting to test their mettle and claw their way further up Mt. Huashan's craggy face. The friendly residents of Huayin City, the trek guides here, are more than willing to share local tales such as "Cracking the Mountain to Rescue Mother", "The Sage and the Emperor", and "Duel on Hua Mountain" with you, interweaving details so vivid you may think they had witnessed the events themselves.

华山脚下的城市文化公园，是市民休闲健身的好去处。碧波粼粼的湖面上，几只白羽毛的鸭子悠闲地拍着翅膀，仿佛在为那跳肚皮舞的女子们拍手叫好；跳广场舞的大妈们也不甘示弱，那腰肢也扭得格外妖娆，她们的脸上露出心满意足的笑容；你方唱罢我方登场，刚直高亢的秦腔一开嗓子，那磅礴豪迈的气魄真是震惊四座，爱好秦腔的大爷大娘，她们每天不出来唱两嗓子，总觉得缺点什么！

The city cultural park at the base of Mt. Hua is a popular spot for locals to



relax and exercise. Several ducks cruising the jadeite-green surface of the lake flap their wings appearing to all like a group of graceful belly dancers out on a lark. Not to be outdone, the mothers square dancing in the park twist and turn with eye-catching abandon, their faces beaming with satisfied smiles. You sing, I dance; a boisterous Shaanxi opera troupe gives an introductory shout, electrifying the assembled onlookers. These elderly Shaanxi opera aficionados are regulars here, believing a day without bellowing out a tune or two simply wouldn't be complete.

炎炎夏日，万亩荷塘便成为人们休闲纳凉之地。放眼望去莲叶何田田，鱼戏莲叶间，你瞧：荷塘边姑娘们一个个搔首弄姿，或自拍，或合影，咯咯的笑声随风飘荡，朝阳映着荷花照在姑娘们的脸上，真是“人面荷花相映红”呀！

On sultry summer days, the sprawling lotus pond here is a popular spot for locals to beat the heat, drink in scenes of beautiful lotus fields, and watch fish flitting playfully beneath their leaves. See over there? Ladies striking poses, taking selfies or group pictures together, laughing playfully in the mild breeze. The sunlight reflecting off pond waters casts ripples of light and shadow across these beauties' faces. It is truly "Crimson reflected off faces and lotus flowers" !

每逢赶集的日子，西桥周边更是车水马龙。带着露水的香菜，刚从土里拔出的还带着缨子的红白萝卜，绿的青椒，粉嘟嘟的西红柿，长条的蒜薹，嫩绿的西葫芦都鲜嫩嫩地躺着；双泉村的九眼贡莲，八一村的红薯粉条，华阳的豆腐、松子、核桃更是菜场的“地头蛇”；这边笼里的公鸡在打鸣，那边笼里的鸭





子嘎嘎嘎，一条鲤鱼从盆里跃出，又被摊主抓起来扔回同伴们身边。村里的大叔大妈，小伙儿小媳妇们采购完，不再急着赶回家。他们早上吃的香甜软糯的甑糕已消化殆尽，肚子又在咕咕叫了，小媳妇腋下揽着孩子，坐在小摊前，要一碗荞麦凉粉，辣的吸溜吸溜，却仍旧吃的有滋有味，吃完还觉得不够过瘾，索性把剩下的汤汁喝个精光，看来确实是个资深吃货；而小伙儿则要去吃一碗油旺煎香、酸辣爽口的大刀面，再垫上一个“胖女人肉夹馍”，享受过这标配套餐，赶集才算完美；大叔大妈们的兴趣却是浓香四溢、热辣爽滑的麻食菜，来个锅盔掰成碎块儿泡在碗里，真是华阴人每逢赶集必吃的美味佳肴。这样的日子使他们心里乐开了花，他们甘愿尽全力为这片热土豁出劲儿来干！

On market day, West Bridge is inundated by a sea of people and vehicles. Freshly picked coriander, white radishes capped with green tassels, green peppers, pink tomatoes, lanky garlic shoots, and tender summer squash are all here for the asking. Lotus seeds from Shuangquan; sweet potato vermicelli from Bayi; tofu, pine nuts, and walnuts from Huayang -- are all staples of this market. Over here, caged roosters give spirited calls; over there, caged ducks go quack, quack, quack. A young mother with child in arm pulls up a chair and orders a bowl of buckwheat noodle soup. Despite the overpoweringly piquant spices, she clearly savors this familiar treat, thinking indeed that one bowl may not suffice and slurping down the last drop. She certainly appears the seasoned gourmand. Her babe in arms enjoys a bowl of fragrant oil pasties and sour-and-hot thick-cut noodles paired with a Shaanxi pork burger from Pang Nüren. Such signature dishes make a trip to the market complete. Most seasoned market-goers stop in for a fragrant bowl of spicy, thick ma' shi with vegetables. The pot-baked bread chunks in the bowl make this dish a market favorite for Huayin



residents, setting their day off on the right foot and inspiring them to invest their all in this shared land of ours.

东方刚露出鱼肚白，马路上就已有许多行色匆匆的人了，他们有的边走边和



同伴谈论着工作，有的牵着孩子送往学校，有的手提早餐，吃完就自然地把餐盒放进垃圾箱，清洁工向他们投来赞赏的眼神；小学生们来到校门口自觉排队等候进校，一双双小手捧书晨读的情形俨然是街道上一道最亮丽的风景。

In the soft light before sunrise, the streets already bustle with activity. Some people are busily discussing the coming day's work; others are leading their children to school; still others are carrying their breakfast and, once finished, toss their cardboard boxes into the garbage, earning gleams of approval from nearby street cleaners. Primary school students line up smartly in front of school gates, waiting patiently to begin their daily studies. Little hands carrying the morning's schoolbooks set the vibe for street scenes in the hours just after dawn.

华灯初上，华岳大道整洁干净，亮如白昼，人行道上健步走的人络绎不绝，五彩斑斓的灯光映着他们粲然如花的笑脸；滨河大道两旁的路灯状似荷花，俯视图之，宛如一盏盏河灯漂浮在水面上，令人无限遐想，滨河大道西侧的“一河两岸”景区建设如火如荼，不远的将来，一条纵贯华阴南北的水街便会如画般呈现在你的面前。

When the lights of evening switch on, Huayue Boulevard is impeccably



clean and as bright as day. Pedestrians stream endlessly by; the city' s multihued lights illuminating their smiling faces. Binhe Boulevard is flanked by lotus-shaped lights that, when viewed from above, seem suspended like rows of candles floating in a gentle stream. It is a scene that inspires endless imaginings. The "Riverbanks" Scenic Development on the west side of Binhe Boulevard glows as a new city hotspot. Not long from now, the new Water Street project will thread its way from south to north, giving Huayin City even more picturesque charm.

“华阴老腔一声喊呐，家乡的田园是最美的土，民心里装着的是蓝个莹莹的天，抬眼望看今天，长风正破浪，沧海挂云帆，梦想架起那七彩虹啊，架起那彩虹就接云天……”

“One robust bellow of Huayin Shaanxi opera; Hometown soil is best; The hearts of the people burst with the dazzling warmth of the azure blue sky; Raise your head and see the day; Breezes roll in billowy waves; An open sea set with cloudy sails; Dreams are built on dazzling rainbows; rainbows that lead to that cloud-draped sky. ...”

專家評語一

笔力万钧，借景写土、写大地，写生命。用秦腔高唱入题，一路畅游大山大水的万种风情，再以秦腔作结，营造余音袅袅，余波荡漾之感，令人低回不已。

Reviewer I

Powerful and direct writing style; Using scenery to describe the local culture,



the local terroir, and life. Using Shaanxi opera as her opening, the author takes readers on a journey through the manifold pleasures of her hometown' s mountains and waters and then uses the opera to close out the essay, leaving a sweetly emotive 'taste' on the memory that lingers long afterward.

專家評語二

一、作者介绍家乡华阴依山傍水、地灵人杰，南面是巍峨耸立的的华山，北面是蒹葭诗篇中的渭水；是「回眸一笑百媚生，六宫粉黛无颜色」的美人杨贵妃的故乡，也是「关西夫子」杨震的故里。文中描述攀登西岳华山的路程，十分艰险。由玉泉院出发至青柯坪这一段山势，异常险峻；再到北峰，行经危崖峭壁，更是惊心动魄。沿途奇峰、怪石、云海、鸣泉、飞瀑、古迹等天然景观，吸引许多游人慕名前来探险。华山脚下的城市文化公园，是市民休闲健身的好去处，大爷在广场上一开嗓，刚直高亢的秦腔，气势磅礴、粗犷豪迈，震惊四座。园中万亩荷塘、莲叶田田，更是炎炎夏日的纳凉之地。华阴人每逢赶集的日子，必吃美味佳肴：荞麦凉粉、油旺煎香、大刀面、肉夹馍、麻食菜，浓香四溢，西桥周边永远是车水马龙的景象。

二、作者对家乡深情依恋，华阴是心中最美的土地。本篇文章凝炼，情深意挚，首尾呼应，是极其优秀的作品。

Reviewer II

1) The author introduces the mountains and waters of her hometown, Huayin, as well as its remarkable sights and people. Mt. Hua lies to the south of the city, while Wei River, celebrated in poetry across the ages, lies



to the north. Huayin is the birthplace of legendary beauty Yang Guifei as well as of “Guanxi Fuzi” Yang Zhen. The author describes the perilous dangers of scaling the western side of Huashan – particularly the heart-stopping section between Jade Spring and Qingkeping. The trek from the northern peak across the dangerous cliff is another hair-raising experience. The views of craggy peaks, oddly shaped stone protrusions, cloud seas, natural springs, towering waterfalls, and historic sites entice many travelers to its myriad exhilarating challenges. The cultural park at the base of Mt. Hua is a favorite of locals; a place where older men put on brassy Shaanxi performances that invariably electrify their appreciative crowds. The city’s sprawling lotus pond is an ideal respite to the heat of Huayin in summertime. Moreover, the city’s summer treats include buckwheat noodles, fragrant oil pasties, thick-cut noodles, Shaanxi pork burgers, and ma’ shi with vegetables. The fragrance of such culinary delights pervades the air of the regular market along West Bridge.



2) The author has deep affections for her hometown, saying that ‘hometown soil is best.’ The writing is sharp and concise and impassioned and deeply meaningful. The essay’s beginning and ending complement one another. This is a particularly outstanding effort.



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著者：西部故事平台

www.westchinastory.com

发行人：林光信

出版者：天津千才万事科技有限公司

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出版年月：2020.6初版



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