

Lovers Revolve

戀
人

Serial

stories against dictators, colonizers, and all other monsters

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來生

故事的開端，是在2019年後才徐徐浮現的。

那年夏天，孩子遇上一群黑鴉鴉的怪獸。面對著面，他們像水一樣移動，若即若離，半是打鬥，半是玩耍。

剎那之間，一顆牙被打掉了。

一顆孩童的牙，在暗夜之中隱隱可見，這是我們的印記。在這不清不白的時刻，孩子也被轉移到某個幽隱之地，早已記不清那顆滾落在塵土中牙的位置，只剩下嘴裡淡淡的血腥味，頭暈目眩。

Future Lives

The beginning of this story takes shape, slowly and steadily, after the year of 2019.

That summer, a child met face to face with a herd of raven black monsters. They moved together swiftly, like water, synchronized yet detached, half fighting, half playing.

In the bat of an eye, a tooth was knocked out.

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A child's tooth, barely visible in the darkness of night, is our marker. At an ambiguous moment in time, the child is transported to somewhere obscure, having already forgotten about the tooth tumbling around in the dust, only a faint taste of blood left in his mouth, dazzled.

另一個身影，無意中撿起這顆牙。

她也算是這條街道的常客，和大家一樣，終日如影般穿梭於街頭巷尾，卻總在忙著些旁人顧不上的細碎事情，收集著落葉、收集著螢光貼紙、收集著彈殼。

她喜歡這些閃閃發光的東西。

看見這顆牙的時候，她忽然記起自己的名字，阿牙。沒有人曾告訴她這名字的由來，卻多少年了，一直是阿牙阿牙地被叫喚著。究竟多少年了呢？

就這樣，牙有了新的歸宿，隨著阿牙回到家，又被置入一個小巧的瓶，沉入水中。多少年過去了，仍閃閃發光。

Another figure unwittingly picks up the tooth.

She is a regular on this street and, just like everyone else, shuttles back and forth all day long through the corners and alleys, like a shadow passing. Yet she busies herself with scraps and pieces that others do not bother with, collecting fallen leaves, fluorescent stickers, and shell casings.

She likes these luminous objects.

When she sees the tooth, she suddenly recalls her name, A Nga. No one had ever told her the origin of her name, yet for many years they kept calling her "A Nga" this, "A Nga" that. How many years had it really been?

Just like that, the tooth finds a new place of belonging. It comes home with A Nga, and is placed into a dainty bottle, submerged in water. Many years have passed, yet it's still illuminating.

又一年夏天，奇怪的事情又在城中出現。

起初，有人在一朵野生的玉蘭花上發現了齒狀物。沒隔幾天，一位菜農的白菜裡也長出了幼小的牙，細稚堅硬，像白芝麻一般。異象一下子傳遍全城，甚至吸引了各地人們的注意，大家驚恐又好奇，四處尋覓。果不其然，牙從白色的根莖果肉中生長，從白色的花瓣羽毛中生長，幾乎在所有白色的東西裡，都長出了日漸凸起的小牙，默默不知道長了多久。

大部分人，也許對未知之物心存敬畏，不敢吃下這些奇異的蔬果，只是小心翼翼地將幼牙摘出，包裹保存。但也有膽大而無知的，看也懶看就一口吞下。

Another summer comes; so do strange happenings in the city.

At first, someone finds a dentoid object inside a wild magnolia flower. A few days after that, a cabbage grown by a local farmer also starts growing tiny teeth, delicate yet hard, like little white sesame seeds. This strange phenomenon soon spreads across the whole city, and provokes attention from around the world. Terrified and curious, people are looking for teeth everywhere. And they find them—growing from the white meat of fruits and roots, dotting white petals and feathers. From almost anything white in color, the little teeth quietly grow, protruding more each day, for who knows how long.

Most people, perhaps awed by the unknown, dare not consume the bizarre fruits. With great care, they pick off the little teeth, wrap them up and put them away. Of course, there are also the fearless or ignorant ones who simply swallow them, without so much as stopping to notice.

據那些吃過的人說，這些長牙的食物吃到嘴裡都有一股淡淡的血腥味，除此以外倒是沒什麼大礙。可到了那年中秋，月圓的那個晚上，這些人卻突然一個個心痛如絞，都說是一種無法言喻的疼痛，醫生們怎麼查也查不出個所以然。

恐懼一下子蔓延開去。

城裡的人全怕極了，無計可施，只能銷毀一切潔白的東西。人們甚至害怕白色的光，紛紛把裡裡外外的燈都換成藍綠紅紫。三兩天功夫，白色在這城裡就很難再見到了。

According to those who have ingested these teething foods, the downing is often accompanied by the faint taste of blood; but aside from this, there appear to be no ill effects. Until that is, upon the yearly arrival of Mid-Autumn Festivities, on the night of the full moon; when these people are each afflicted with an excruciating heartache, a pain that can not be articulated with words, nor explained by any doctor.

Fear immediately spreads like wildfire.

The people in the city are scared. Unsure of what to do, they resort to destroying anything which is white in color. They even begin to fear white light, rushing to and fro to change their lightbulbs to shades of blue, or green, or red, or purple. Within days, white becomes a rare sight in the city.

然而，總有一些好奇的人，以科學或者藝術或者什麼別的名義，偷偷收集著白色的樣本，做著無意識的實驗。總而言之，這些小白牙就像一個莫名其妙的夢，時不時又出現在大家眼前。

晴朗的日子，城裡的人喜歡到獅山踏青。這天的風強勁有生氣，吹著吹著天上的雲，竟然把那細軟破碎的雲沿吹得鋒利，大家正抬頭望去，不解這突如其來的造化。忽然有人大叫：

「喂，覺唔覺得嚙雲好似隻牙呀？」

確實是牙的形狀。又有人問：

「哇咁利嘅，會唔會割爛個天嘅？」

確實是鋒利得把天都割破了。

那天夜裡，細看城裡的天空，縱橫交錯的裂縫時隱時現，如閃電一般，又像是某種信號，借著微弱的光線悄悄發送著隱晦的情書。

如此又平靜了一段日子。

However there are always those who are curious enough, claiming the interest of science or art or whatever, they collect samples of white in secret, using them in all manner of fruitless experiments. Before long, the tiny white teeth become like a baffling dream, only reappearing briefly from time to time.

On sunny days, the people in the city like to picnic at Lion Rock. The wind up there is strong and animated. As it blows and blows the clouds in the sky, it turns the soft, scraggly edges of the clouds razor-sharp. Looking up in a daze, there is much confusion about this unexpected change. Suddenly someone shouts:

“Hey, who thinks that cloud looks like a tooth?”

It truly is the shape of a tooth. Someone else asks:

“Wow it's so sharp, won't it slash the sky wide open?”

It truly is so sharp as to tear a gash in the sky.

That night, if one were to look closely at the sky, criss-crossing fissures flicker on and off, like lightning, or like some kind of signal, silently using the gentle light to send out veiled love letters.

This is followed by a period of calm.

偶爾，阿牙家裡的潔白牆壁上也能發現默默生長的牙；就連打開雪櫃，那白雪也會一時興起變化成安靜又整齊的牙。阿牙很是珍惜這些小牙，把它們連成一串，做成閃閃發光的項鍊，送給朋友。

阿牙的房間也閃閃發光，因為各處散落著她收集而來的發光東西，成千上萬。比如她手邊的玻璃杯，半透明的石頭，被遺下的照片，像眼睛一樣的燈，還有大大小小藏在金屬軀殼裡的各種機器。雖然還在發光，但是阿牙清楚，它們和她不一樣。有時比她想像得更快更突然，有時不知不覺，無論如何，這萬物的死亡，是早已注定的。

阿牙一邊想著這些，一邊百無聊賴地扭開收音機，開始了她每天的工作，訓練她的鏡子。

她耐心地把房間裡的東西逐一展示給鏡子看。鏡子是靈敏的，很快就能記住它們的模樣。可是當房間裡的光線明暗不定時，鏡子也會變得躁動不安，有時會莫名地吸走鏡中物的光芒，有時反射出來的的影像又真實得過份，一下子把事物生生世世的記憶都照出來，讓阿牙眼花撩亂，手足無措。

一直訓練著鏡子的阿牙，一直在等待。也許她覺得這麼做，她等待的就一定會回來。就這樣，已經等了很久很久了。

這時，收音機的那邊傳來了一首這樣的歌謠：

Occasionally, teeth can also be found inside A Nga's room, growing calmly on the white walls; or inside her refrigerator, the white ice sometimes morphing as if on a whim into neat little teeth. A Nga cherishes these teeth, weaving them into sequences like glistening ribbons, to use as gifts for her friends.

A Nga's room also glistens, because scattered all around are the luminous objects she has collected, tens of thousands of them. Like the glass she just put down, the semi-translucent rocks on her shelf, some glossy found photographs, an eye-like lamp, and machines of all sorts which flicker underneath their metal shells. Although they illuminate, A Nga instinctively knows they are different from her. At times arriving more suddenly than she expects, at times imperceptibly, in any case, the death of all things has always been destined.

Dwelling in her thoughts, A Nga absentmindedly turns on the radio. She is about to begin her daily practice— training her mirror.

One by one, she shows the objects in her room to the mirror. The mirror is sensitive, and swiftly memorizes their forms. However, when the light in the room shifts and flickers, the mirror becomes agitated. At times, it inexplicably absorbs light away from the objects; at others, the images it reflects are so real that the memories of their many reincarnations seem to be projected all at once. This overwhelms and puzzles A Nga.

A Nga, who keeps on training her mirror, keeps on waiting. She seems to think that by doing so, what she has been waiting for will have to come back. Here she has been waiting, forever and ever.

Just then, a song starts to play on the radio. It goes like this:

風吹吹，一個細路拎住枝紅色牙刷刷咗地
草柔柔，我將放嘴唇入去，收埋心思嘅力量
同埋我愛你
我希望睇到你嘅睡床影子下面打敗鐵網
我吞飲你呼喘出嘅黑色空氣
但係個鉤已經扣起
當我抵達月亮，太陽已經走咗
而家間屋係一個恐怖嘅星體，有個有錢男人同一個女人
感覺住個病壞男人，去唔到岸邊
同男人一齊入嚟嘅一對手，睇到夜間旅人，或者係佢宮殿裡面

曾經有一陣風
離開，去收集河流
眼睛嘅塵土、身體嘅洞穴、峽谷成形嘅皮膚
寬闊嘅河流會流入佢地每一個
作為情愛之物、作為一個居所
器官係小鳥
係小鳥面前我覺得統一，覺得奇怪，女仔嘅手佢地已經收起咗
睇佢嘅地方，我被訓練成為為慾望提供視力嘅靈，我睇到：
唯一嘅國度曾經被寫成一首詩
代價係菓子同名字

A young child is lying on the ground with a toothbrush red in
the wind
I have carried my lips into the grass and concealed the power
of the mind
and I love you
I want to see you beat the wires in the shadows of your bed
I swallow and drink your black pants
but the hook is on
and when I go to the moon, the sun is gone
the house is now a terrible star with a rich man and a woman
who feels the sick man, who cannot reach the shore
coming in with his hands that can see the night traveler, or in
the palace of it

There was a wind
left, to gather rivers
earth of the eyes, caves in the body, the forming skin in the gorge
the wide rivers would enter them each
as matter of love, a residence
the organs were birds
before the birds I was uniform, feeling strange, and the hands
of the girl they had put back already
in his place I was trained for the desire to offer their
intelligence of seeing, I read this:
the only country was written as a poem
paid with names and jujubes

缺席嘅人，放棄權力
佢擁有開辟一半嘅道路
敏捷嘅狼群否認腐敗
咬人嘅俾人發現開心到發光，佢企好，調節呼吸
池塘嘅朋友，喺狂歡之後嘅餘溫入面喊住咁叫曬啲恐怖出嚟，
第二朝就散得一乾二淨
佢地指派佢地嘅絲打，唱住咁講：佢地兩個要喺水邊過一百年。
「分開」出自你個九個寒冷之年嘅對白而家陣已經爛囉
「你有，我陰功，走開。」
佢成句講，鉗住線
因為嗰間廟，岩有冇咗中心點

所以個千歲女仔俾我常人嘅溫度同感受
去遠遠咁睇住佢地
喺呢度，知道幾時，好嘅小島
同壞嘅大海
會將我捲入去最開始，我曾經稱之為
一槳椽木，喺旅程到旅程當中
靈魂同一束光糾纏
日子盤繞故事命長，線被拉緊
自轉散之手，捲入時間之中。

Absenter, passed by his power
he had the half laboured path
promptly wolves had just denied the decaying
biter was found spangled into the delight, standing in its
arranged breath
friends of pond, wailing terror from the vernal influence of
revelry, scattered out by morning
they sent their silk singing: the two of them must get a
hundred years along water
“Apart,” said the nine cold years of your language, which
now broke away
“You don’t, I suffer, go out.”
she spoke in one whole and clamped the line
for a temple just became centreless

So the thousand year old girl makes common warmth and
feelings for me
to see them so far away
here, know when the very good isle
and the sea of harm
twist me into the initiations, what I was calling
a rafter in the journey to the journey
the spirits troubled with a ray
the daily coil to outlast the story, tightened by diversion, and
rolled into a time

「最新消息，研究發現近年城中出現的心痛症或與月亮圓缺有關。有患者在新月來臨時症狀有所緩解，但劇痛隨著月相盈虧持續反覆，目前仍未有有效治療方案……」

收音機那邊繼續發出唧唧呀呀的聲音。

還困在那幽隱之地的孩子，迷迷糊糊地聽着。黑暗之中，他早已想不起自己的名字，也沒有了睡眠的習慣，因為，一切都和一個夢沒甚麼分別了。可不知為何，時間他卻是記得很清楚，準確地說，他記得自己在這裡已有九年了。

直到某一天，一團毛茸茸的光出現在他面前。

「哦，你回來了？」

好久沒見到光的孩子，開始言說。

「我記得你，」

光微微地顫動着，在黑暗之中飛舞起來：

「你還記得嗎？萬物流轉，那天上的月有生死，這被照亮的城也有生死。而你，你是魂魄。」

「魂魄？」

「我來是要幫你找回名字的。不過，我得先帶你離開這裡，去捕捉萬物的影子。」

“LATEST NEWS: Research has found that the heartache syndrome experienced by many in town may have to do with the waxing and waning of the moon. Some patients' symptoms seem to be relieved by the arrival of the new moon, but sharp pains continue to occur with the moon's changing phases. No effective treatments are yet available...”

The radio emits squeaky, staticky sounds.

The child, still stuck in that obscure place, listens in a daze. In the darkness, he has long lost his name, as well as the habit of sleep— as if all that occurs is no different from a dream. But somehow, he remembers time very clearly; to be precise, he remembers he has been there for exactly nine years.

Until one day, a ball of fuzzy light appears in front of him.

“Oh, you’re back?”

The child, having not seen the light for so long, starts to say.

“I remember you,”

The light quivers slightly, breaking into a dance in the darkness:

“Don’t you remember? Everything revolves. The moon in the sky lives and dies. This illuminated city lives and dies as well. But you... you are Wan Paak.”

“Wan Paak?”

“I’ve come to help you find your name. However, I first have to get you out of here, to capture the shadows of all things.”

May isang nilala na dinampot ang ngipin.

Sya ay madalas naroon sa kalsada, katulad ng marami pang iba, nagpaparoo't parito buong araw, parang anino sa mga kalsada at eskinita. Lagi syang abala sa mga maliliit na bagay at pira-pirasong hindi pinapansin ng iba, nangungolekta ng dahon, ng umiilaw na pandikit, ng mga basyo.

Mahilig sya na kumikinang na bagay.

Nang makita nya ang ngipin, bigla nyang naalala ang kanyang pangalan, A Nga. Walang nagsabi sa kanya ng pinagmulan ng kanyang pangalan, subalit patuloy syang tinatawag na "A Nga": Gaano na nga ba katagal?

Ganon lamang, nakatagpo ng bagong lugar na kabibilangan ang ngipin. Inuwi ito ni A Nga sa isang maliit na boteng may tubig. Matapos ang mahabang panahon patuloy itong kumikinang.

Mga Buhay sa Hinaharap

Ang simula ng kwento ay marahang nagganap matapos ang 2019.

Noong tag-init na iyon, may batang nakasumpong ng pulutong ng itim na halimaw na uwak. Mabilis ang kanilang paggalaw, animo'y tubig, magkakahiwalay ngunit sabay-sabay, bahagyang nag-aaway, bahagyang naglalaro.

Sa isang kisp-mata ay may nahulog na ngipin.

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Ngipin ng batang halos di makita sa dilim ng gabi ay ang ating palatandaan. Sa nakalilitong pagkakataong ito, ang bata ay waring nasa isang kakaibang lugar, nakalimutan ang ngiping nahulog sa alikabok, mayroon lamang kaunting lasa ng dugo na naiwan sa kanyang bibig, nakasisilaw.

Ayon sa mga tumikim ng pagkaing may ngipin, ito ay may bahagyang lasa ng dugo, bukod dito ay wala nang iba masamang epekto. Gayunpaman, pagdating ng Piyesta ng Taglagas ng taong iyon, sa gabing kabilugan ng buwan, ang mga tao ay nakaranas ng matinding sakit, sakit na walang katumbas na salita, na hingi maipaliwanag ng mga doktor.

Ang takot ay kumalat nang mabilis katulad ng alipato.

Balot ng takot ang mga tao sa buong bayan. Hindi nila alam kung ano ang gagawin, kaya sinira nila ang lahat ng bagay na kulay puti. Natakot na sila maging sa puting ilaw, kaya't nagmamadaling pinalitan ang ilaw ng asul, berde, pula, dilaw at lila. Sa loob ng ilang araw, halos wala nang makitang puti sa bayan.

Sa sumunod na tag-araw, mayroon nanamang kababalaghan sa bayan.

Sa simula, may nakakitang hugis ngipin sa loob ng bulaklak ng magnolia. Matapos ang ilang araw, ang mga repolyong tanim ay tinubuan ng maliliit na ngipin, maliliit ngunit matibay, tulad ng puting linga. Ang kababalaghan ay mabilis na kumalat sa bayan, at buong mundo. Takot at nalilito, tinunton ng mga tao kung nasaan ang mga ngipin. Natagpuan nila iyon—tumulubog sa puting bahagi ng prutas at ugat, sa mga talulot at balahibo. Halos lahat ng puting bagay ay tahimik na tinubuan ng maliliit na ngipin, lumalabas araw-araw, sa napakahabang panahon.

Karamihan ng mga tao, marahil dulot ng pagkamangha sa mga 'di nauunawaan, ay 'di nangahas na subukang kainin ang kakaibang prutas. Subalit mayroong mga matapang at palalo na walang alinlangang nilunok and mga ito.

Paminsan-minsan, makakakita ng ngipin sa loob ng silid ni A Nga, payapang tumutubo sa puting pader; o sa loob ng palamigan, ang puting yelo minsan ay nagiging maliliit na ngipin. Pinahahalagahan ni A Nga ang mga ngipin, nilalala nya ito na parang mga laso, upang ipangregalo sa mga kaibigan.

Kumikinang ang buong silid ni A Nga, dahil sa mga nagkalat na makikintab na bagay na kanyang iniipon, libo-libo iyon. Tulad ng bubog na kanyang kalalapag lamang, ang malabong bato, mga makintad na litrato, isang lamparang mukang mata, at iba't iabng makinang kumikislap sa ilalim ng bakal na lalagyan. Bagama't may liwanag, alam ni A Nga na ang mga ito ay kakaiba. Minsan ay dumadating ng maaga, minsan ay di maunawaan, anupaman, nakatakda ang kamatayan ng lahat ng bagay.

Samantalang malalim ang iniisip, binuksan ni A Nga ang radyo. Sisimulan na niya ang pagsasanay—ang pagsasanay para sa kanyang salamin.

Isa-isa, ipinapakita nya sa salamin ang mga bagay sa kanyang silid. Ang salamin ay malakas ang pakiramdam, mabilis na kinakabisa ang mga hugis. Ngunit kung ang ilaw sa silid ay magbabago at kukurap, ang salamin ay nagagalit. Minsan, kinukuha nito ang liwanag mula sa mga bagay; sa ibang pagkakataon naman, ang repleksyon ay labis na makatotohanan, na ito ay nagpapakita ng alaalang naranasan ng mga bagay. Ikinagugulat at pinagtataka ito ni A Nga.

Patuloy na sinasanay ni A Nga ang kanyang salamin, patuloy syang nag-aantay. Marahil iniisip nya na sa paggawa nito, ang ninaantay nya ay babalik. Dito say patuloy na nag-aantay, hanggang walang hanggan.

Sa pagkakataong iyon, marinig nya ang kantang ito sa radyo:

Ngunit mayroon pa ring mga taong mausisa, sa ngalan ng agham, sining at kung anupaman, na inipon palihim ang mga puting bagay, upang ito ay pag-aralaan, na wala namang kinahinatnan. Di naglaon, ang maliliit na puting ngiping ito ay parang bangungot, nagpapakita paminsan-minsan.

Isang maaliwalas na araw, ang mga mamamayan ay umakyat sa Bundok ng Leon. Napakalakas at napakagaslaw ng hangin duon. Sa pag-ihip nito, ang mga ulap sa langit ay bahagyang lumambot, pinalalambot din nito ang magaspang na ulap. Nakatingala't nagtataka sa mga hindi inaasahang kaganapan. Biglang may sumigaw:

"Tingnan nyo! Ang ulap ay hugis ngipin?"

Tunay na ito ay hugis ngipin. May nagtanong:

"Wow, ang talas, hindi ba nyan pupunitin ang langit?"

Tunay na napakatalas nito at kayang butasin ang langit.

Nang gabing iyon, kung titingnan ang langit may makikitang mga basag na liwanag, ito ay kumukurap, parang kidlat, parang isang senyales, gamit ang mahinang ilaw na palihim na nagpapadala ng mensahe ng pag-ibig.

Ito ay sinundan ng panahong payapa.

Ang lagalay, ipapasa ang kanyang kapangyarihan
Ang kanyang tinatahak ay landas na hindi sapat
Maagap na itinatangi ng mga lobo ang pag-agnas
Ang katapusan ay natagpuan inaayunan ang galak, nakatayo
sa itinakdang hininga
Mga kaibigan sa lawa, humihiyaw sa takot dulot ng
kaguluhan, isinaboy ng umaga
Ipinadala nila ang kanilang malasutlang pag-awit: silang
dalaw ay nararapat magkaroon ng isandaang taon sa tubig
“Hiwalay” sabi ng siyam na malamig na taon sa iyong wika,
na ngauyon ay sinira na
“Hindi ikaw, ako’y nagdurusa, lumayas ka”
Nagsalita siya ng isang buo at punong linya
Sapagkat ang templo ay nawalan ng gitna

Ang isang libong taong batang babae ay nagbibigay ng
ginhawa at magandang pakiramdam sa akin
Ang makita sila mula sa malayo
Dito, alamin kung kailan ang magandang isla
At ang dagat ng init
Pinilipit ako sa pagsubok, ang tinatawag ko
Sandalan sa bawat paglalakbay
Ang kaluluwang nililigalig ng sinag
Ang pangaraw-araw na pananatili ng kwento, pinapatibay
ang pagkalito, umiikot ang panahon

May batang nakahiga sa sahig na may sepilyong pula sa hangin
Dinala ko ang labi sa damo at itinatago ang kapangyarihan ng isip
At mahal kita
Nais kong makitang matalo mo ang mga kable ng aninong
nasa iyong kama
Lulunukin at iinumina ko ang iyong itim na pantalon
Ngunit ang kawit ay nakasabit
At nang nagtungo ako sa buwan, ang araw ay nawala
Ang bahay ay maligalig na tala ng mayamang lalaki at babae
Na nararamdaman ang lalaking may sakit, na hindi kayang
marating ang dalampasigan
Mula sa kanyang kamay na nakakakita ng manlalakbay sa
gani, o sa palasyo

Mayroong hangin
Naiwan, naipon sa ilog
Lupa sa mata, kweba sa katawan, ang hugis ng balat ay bangin
Ang malawak na ilog ay magniniig
Bilang pag-ibig, nananahan
Ang laman ay ibon
Noon ang ibon at ako ay magkatulad, kakaibang pakiramdam,
at ang kamay ng babae ay ibinalik
Sa kanyang lugar ako ay sinanay para sa pagnanasang ialok
ang talino sa pagtingin, nabasa ko:
Ang tanging bansa ay isinulat na tula
Bayad na pangalan at jujubes

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Dayang Yraola

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"Ang pinakahuling balita: Napatunayan sa pananaliksik na ang sakit sa pusong nararanasan ng buong bayan ay maaring may kinalaman sa pag-angat at pag-lubog ng buwan. Ang mga dinapuan ng sakit ay gumagaling tuwing may bagong buwan, ngunit ang sakit ay patuloy na bumabalik pag nagbago ang muka ng buwan. Wala pang natatagpuan gamot."

Lumalangitngit, may maingay ang tunog mula sa radio.

Ang bata ay nasa sa liblib na lugar pa rin, nakining na lito. Sa kadiliman, malaon na nyang nakalimutan ang kanyang pangalan, at nawala na nang ganang matulog— sapagkat ito ay walang pinagkaiba sa panaginip. Ngunit sa kung anopamang dahilan, naalala niya ang panahon, naalala niya na siyam na taon siyang naroon.

Hanggang isang araw, may bola ng ilaw nagpakita sa sa kanya.

"Oy, nagbalik ka?"

Ang batang hindi nakakita ng liwanag sa mahabang panahon, ay nagwikang.

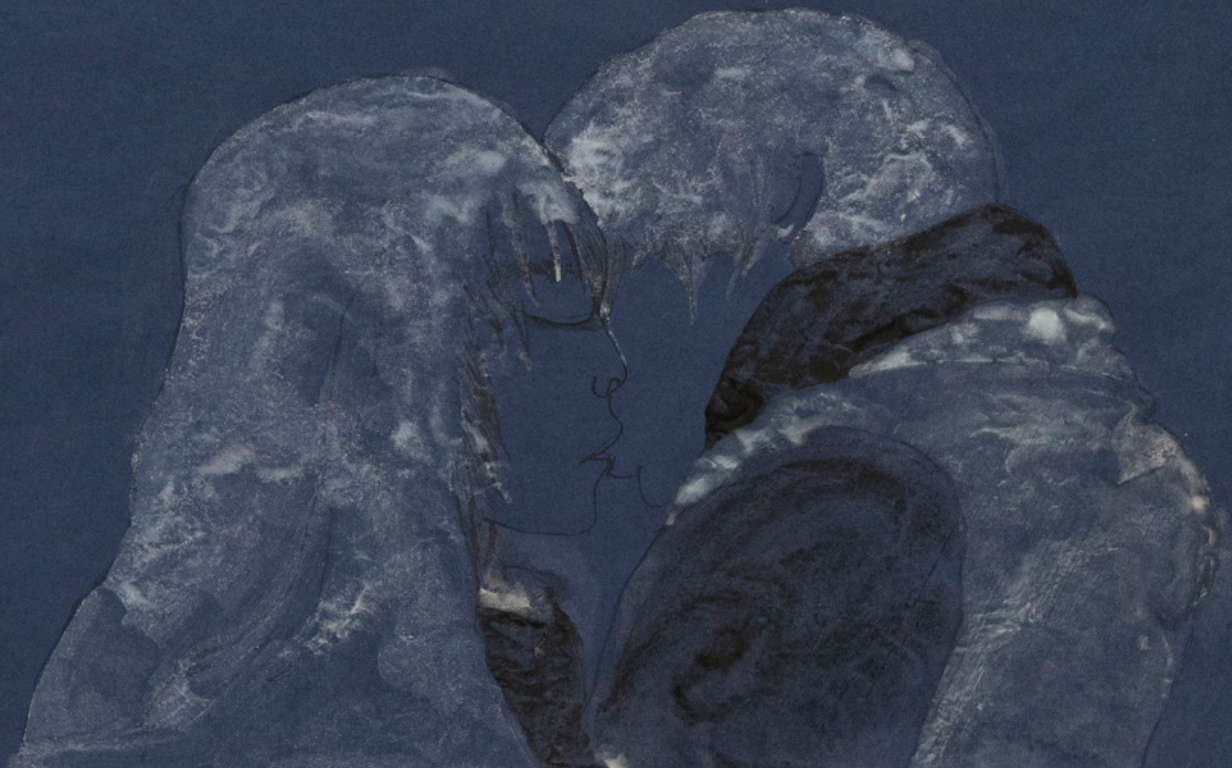
"Naalala kita,"

Ang ilaw ay bahagyang kumibot, sumayaw sa kadiliman:

"Naalala mo ako? Lahat ng bagay ay nagbago. Ang buwan sa langit ay nabubuhay at namamatay. Ang maliwanag na bayang ito ay nabubuhay at namamatay din. Nguinit ikaw...ikaw ay Wan Paak."

"Wan Paak?"

"Narito ako upang tulungan kang hanapin ang iyong pangalan. Subalit, kailangan muna kitang alisin dito, upang mahuli ang mga anino ng mga bagay."



Marahas na nag-uumpugan ang mga ulap sa isa't isa, may mga kuryenteng nangsisisilaw sa langit, umaatungal ang kulog. At sa dagat, napakaraming barko ng piratang mayroong bungong bandila, walang humpay na nagpapasabog ng kanyon. Bigla, ang Lumulutang Na Siyudad ay nahulog mula sa ulap, nanatiling nakalutang sa hangin.

Abril ng 1896, nagsulat ng isang kwento ang manunulat na ang ngalan ay Xi Xi. Ang paksa ay ang siyudad na nakalutang sa hangin. Ito ay hindi umangat at hindi rin bumababa. Ang mga nakatira sa Lumulutang na Siyudad ay paulit-ulit ang panaginip, kung saan sila ay lumutang sa hangin, katulad ng siyudad, walang pakpak, hindi kayang lumipat, subalit lumulutang.

Ang sabi ng mga tao, nakakainteres ang manunulat, mahusay sya sa pagsulat ng kwento tungkol sa isla at sa siyudad. Binago nya ang mga mahihirap sa siyudad upang maging kakaibang tauhan, na kayang gumawa ng himala at mga kakaibang kwento. Isang gabi ng 1896, may puting parol sa panaginip ni Xi Xi.⁴ Gamit ang malamlam na kandila upang ilawan ang lupa, ang parol ay marahang lumutang patungo kay Xi Xi, umakyat ng mas mataas sa kanyang ulo. Nang sinubukan ni Xi Xi na tumingala upang tingnan ang parol, siya'y nagising.

Matapos na ang *Kakaibang Kwento Mula sa Lumulutang na Siyudad* ay naisa-libro, ito ay naging paksa ng maraming usapan at atensyon.⁵ Habang kumalat ang mga kwento sa mga tao, mas nagi itong totoo, para bang kwentong bayan na marahang nagiging totoo.

Magkagayon, sa maaliwalas na araw na walang ulap, tanglaw ang maraming saksi, ang siyudad ay biglang umanggat at huminto sa himpapawid. Sa ibabaw ay pabago-bago, gumagalaw na ulap, sa ilalim ay nagngangalit na alon. Ang Lumulutang na Siyudad ay hindi gumagalaw, hindi umaangat, hindi bumababa. May mahinang hanging dumaan, bahagya itong gumalay, mahinang-mahina, at muling huminto.

Ayon sa libro, ang siyudad ay lumulutang na siyudad. Walang nakaisip na kapag ang siyudad ay nagsimulang lumutang, ito ay may dalang nakabibighaning sinag. Sapagkat ito ay lumulutang na siyudad lamang. Gabi-gabi, ang lumulutang na siyudad ay parang maliwanag na parol, lumulutang, dumadalow, putting liwanag, ang buong paligid ng kipot at ng isla.

Ang unang sakuna ay puti, pinangyari nitong makalimot ang mga tao ng kanilang ala-ala, wika, at kung ano ang kanilang itsura. Ang ikalawang sakuna ay pula, ang mga tao ay nawala ang kalayaan, nakalimutan ang katotohanan at kanilang kasaysayan. Ang ikatlong sakuna ay walang kulay, ang mga tao ay paulit-ulit na na ginagamit na puhunan, pinagwawalang bahala ang mga katanigan at ang kaluluwa ng lupa, gayundin ang pag-ibig at pagkamatuwid sa kanilang puso.

Sa katunayan, mayroong iba pa bukod sa lumulutang na siyudad.

“Dadalhin ko ang liwanag, sa lahat ng lugar na iyong pinaroonan. Upang bigyang liwanag ang lumulutang na mga siyudad, upang mabawi ang mga sakuna na ating pinagdaanan. Bilang kabayaran sa pakikiisa sa iyo, kasing laya ng hangin at hindi mawawalay, magpakailanman.”

⁴ Xi Xi ang palayaw sa panulat ni Cheung Yin, siya ay isang sikat na manunulat.

⁵ *Kakaibang Kwento Mula sa Lumulutang na Siyudad* (1997, Tsino) ay sinulat ng nobelistang si Xi Xi. Ito ay isinulat noong 1986, isang kwento ng isang siyudad na lumulutang, at ang mga naninirahan dito.

Noong 1991, nagsimula ang konstruksyon ng Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club malapit sa dating lugar ng Tang Lung Chau, 'di sinasadyang matagpuan ng ang mga naiwan ng mga mangingisda sa isla makalipas ang libong taon.

Kung paano nagganap ang Tang Lung Chau walang tunay na nakakaalam. Ang naiwan ay mga alamat lamang. Sinasabing ang Tang Lung Chau ay nahulog mula sa langit. Sa ingay ng kulog, sa liwanag ng kidlat na gumuhit sa langit. Ang puting parol ay nahulog mula sa mga ulap, naging isang isla, at nalunod sa ilalim ng dagat. Sa sumunod na araw lumutang ito na parang may inaantay, nanatili itong palutang-lutang sa dagat.

Isang araw sa 1896, biglang may parolang nakita sa Tang Lung Chau. Ito ay sinasabing sadyang itinayo upang maging masagana ang kalakalan sa daungan. Ang parola ay 11.8 metro ang taa, ito ay gawa sa bakal, at ang tuktok nito ay kulay puti. Mula noon and Tang Lung Chau ay tinawag na ring Parola ng Kap.² Sa gabi, gamit ang mga lenteng nakalagay sa ibabaw ng tore, ang ilaw ay itinututok sa dagat, nagsisilbing liwanag sa paglalayag. Sa loob ng maraming gabi, ang parola ay umiilaw sa takdang oras, nagdadala ng liwanag sa dagat. Madalas muka itong nananahan sa kanyang pag-iisa, samantalang dumaraan ng marahan ang mga barkong pangkalakal.

Ganito araw-araw, hanggang sa isang gabi ng tag-init ng 1896, nang nasumpungan na nya ang kanyang matagal nang inaantay—ang magkapatid na nanggangalang August at Louis, naglakad mula sa barko dala-dala ang bakal na makina na kayang mag-ipon ng ilaw.³ May ipapanood silang mga gumagalaw na imahe. Gayundin, kailangan nilang manguha ng ilaw, oras at ala-ala.

Ang ilaw mula sa parola ay tila ba huminto sa isang pagkakataon. Sa wakas, natagpuan na nito ang kanyang hinahanap. Ang kakaiba ngunit pamilyar na kaluluwa ay sumunod sa magkapatid patungo sa barko. Pinaghihiwalay ng karagatan, ang parola ay walang humpay na pinagliliwanag ang ilaw sa tore.

Matapos ang pagtatagpong iyon, ang parola ay iniilawan pa din ang kipot sa gabi. Isang araw, walang nakakaalam kung kalian, ang Tang Lung Chau ay nalaho.

Matapos ang maraming taon, nababanggit pa rin ng mga tao ang naglahong isla, sinasabing noong unang panahon mayroong parola na nagdadala ng liwanag sa kipot tuwing gabi, upang ang mga barko sa mga unang taon ng pananakop ay matagumpay na marating ang pampang at makapaglayag.

Nang maglaho ang Tang Lung Chau, nagkaroon ng malakas ng pag-ulan, dumaloy ang tubig ulan pababa sa bubong ng parola, pumasok ito sa tangke ng tubig sa ilalim ng lupa, hanggang umapaw. Ang proyekto na nagdaragdag ng lupa ay sinimulan na, ginawa nitong lupa ang dagat na nakapaligid sa Tang Lung Chau.

² Ang Kap Sing Lighthouse (Tagalog: direktang salin ay “Parolang Umaabot sa Bituin”) nagsilbi ito sa libo-libong mga sasakyang pandagat patungo sa Hong Kong galling sa kanluran mula sa mga unang taon ng 20 siglo.

³ Noong 1986, ang magkapatid na Lumiere ay nagsimula ng kanilang operasyon sa buong mundo na nagpapalabas ng mga pelikula, at nililitratan din ang mga magagandang lugar at tanawin sa mga bansang kanilang binisita.

Sa ikalawang araw, ang parol ay ibinalik sa templo, ang kandila sa loob nito ay naubos na. Nang marahang pinaikot ng monghe ang parol, ikinagulat niyang natagpuan, na ito ay nagkaroon ng isang pares ng matang napakaganda. Nang nakaraang gabi, matapos guhitan ng babae ng mata ang parol, tumunog ang batingaw ng templo, habang ang tagapagpatugtog ay dumaraan. Ang unang nakita ng parol ay hindi isang babae, kundi ang kaniyang anino. Sumasayaw sa ingay ng panahon, napanood ng parol ang gumagalaw na anino, sumasayaw ng marahan sa liwanag ng buwan. Tulad ng pagtangay ng hangin sa buhangin, ang babae ay tangan ang parol sa kanyang kamay.

Sa ikatlong araw, ang mga ulap ay nahawan at ang ulan ay pumatak, nabasa nito ang parol. Ang patak ng ulan ay bumuhos pababa sa gilid ng mata sa parol, hanggang tuluyan na itong malunod, ang mga iginuhit na mata'y dahan-dahang nabura. Bumugso ang malakas na hangin, at tinulak nito papalayo ang parol. Matapos magpaikot-ikot sa pagitan ng langit at lupa, ito ay tuluyang nawala sa kalawakan ng desierto.

2

Noong 1896, may kakaiba ngunit pamilyar na kaluluwang nagmula sa dagat. Kung titingnanang mabuti, malaki ang pagkakahawig nito sa isang hugis na hindi maipaliwanag ngunit mahirap kalimutan ng gabling iyon.

Sa taon ding iyon, sa isang lupain sa hilagang-silangan ng mundo, napaliligiran ng Karagatang Pasipiko sa silangan, ng Karagatang Artiko sa hilaga, at ng Karagatang Indyano sa timog, ang mga isla at kontinente sa pagitan ng tatlong dagat ay nakaranas ng magkakaparehong sakuna. Nagsimula ito sa karagatan, at natapos sa pagkalimot ng mga ala-ala, ng wika, at maging ng kaanyuan. Marahil ang

mga taong nasadlak dito ay hindi na muling maaalala kung sino talaga sila. Ang likas na yaman, pananampalataya, sistema, lupain, kultural, lahat ay sumailalim sa kagyat na pagbabago sa panahon ng unos.

Ang pamilyar na espiritu ay nanawid sa Bulubundukin ng Ural, sa Ilog Ural, at sa Dakilang Caucasus, the Itim na Dagat, sa Kipot ng Turko upang makarating sa kalupaan. Nakarating ito ng sunod-sunod sa mga pantalan kasama ang santalaksang makikitid na barko. Sa tuwing ito ay daraan sa makawasak-mundong pagbabago, ang unang pagbabago sa mga tao ay nagsisimula nilang makalimutan ang kanilang sariling anino. Ang liwanag at anino ng mga makinarya ay pinapalitan ang payak na gawang-kamay at gawi. Matapos noon, mayroong bubugsong bagong kamalayan na yayabong sa mga lugar na ito, sa mga hangganan at pagawaan, pamilihan at industriya, pagbabago at kompetisyon. Kapag ang mga taong nakatira sa lupang ito ay tumingin sa gumagalaw na liwanag at sa mga imaheng ipinapakita sa puting telon as unang pagkakataon, sila ay natatakot. Ibinubulong nila na ito ay mga multo mula sa malayo, isang kahindik-hindik na babala.

Tuwing paparoon sa pampang, mayroong kaparehong panaginip gabi-gabi, laging naririnig ang parehong tinig.

Madali at magbalik ka, inaantay kita.

Naaalala mo ba ako?

Sa panaginip, wala itong pangalan, at patuloy nitong sinusubokang alalahanin ang tunay na pangalan.

Mga buhay ng nakaraan

Sa isang maaraw na katanghalian, pinapagpag ng hangin ang bintanang bahagyang nakabukas. May mahiwagang istruktura sa harap ng bintana—ang huling bakas na kanyang iniwan sa mundo. Sa huli, napakaraming kahilingang ‘di kayang pangyarihin, maging ang kamatayan ay kailangang sanayin ng maaga. Bakit bukod sa kamatayan, walang maraming maaring pagpilian sa mundo? Wala syang ibang ninanais kundi ang muling mabuhay. Sa panahong iyon, mula sa kaibuturan ng kanyang puso, sya’y naiinggit sa nagsipaglaho, mga tao, isla, at panahon.

1

Noong unang panahon, mayroong isang isla na ang ngalan ay Tang Lung Chau. Maraming mangingisda ang nakatira malapit dito. Pagsapit ng gabi, nagliliwanag ang mga bangka. Naglalagay ng manyikang walang turing sa bahura ng bangka, bilang paalala sa itsura ng mga namatay na kaanak. Ang mga bangkang ito ay lumulutang araw at gabi, walang nakaaalam kung saan talaga sila nanggaling, o kung saan sila patungo. Maraming taon bago nabuhay ang Tang Lung Chau, mayroon nang kwentong pinaniniwalaan.¹ Ito ay naganap bago ang ika-anim na siglo sa Kaharian ng Khotan, na matatagpuan sa timog ng Disierto ng Taklamakan, ang pinakatuyo at pinakamadilim sa mundo, na nakakabit sa Kabundukan ng Kunlun sa timog. Ang kwento ay tungkol sa isang parol na matatagpuan sa talaan ng templo—ayon sa tala, ang parol na ito ay gawa sa dalawang pinagdikit na puting papel. Sa araw na ito ay ginawa, biglang may dumating na babae sa templo. Aniya, naaalala nya ang isang pangako, na sa isang gabing kabilugan ng buwan, dapat nyang hiramín ang parol upang hanapin ang kanyang kapalaran. Nang gabing iyo, naglakad siya sa kalsada ng Khotan hawak ang parol. Sa unang pagkatakaon sa kanyang buhay, nasumpungan niya, nang buong linaw, kung paanong malayang gumagalaw ang kanyang anino sa gabi. Hawak ang parol, sya ay umikot-ikot sa tuwa. Ang kanyang anino’y sumunod, sumasayaw sa ihip ng hangin. Sa panahong iyo, naging malambot ang disierto.

¹Tang Lung Chau (Tagalog, direktang salin "Isla ng Parol") ay isang maliit na islang matatagpuan sa katimugang pampang ng Ma Wan hanggang sa hilagang-kanluran ng Isla ng Hong Kong, sa Hong Kong.

第一場劫難是白色的，它讓人失去記憶、語言與容貌。第二場劫難是紅色的，人們失去自由，忘卻真相與歷史。第三場劫難沒有顏色，人們將無盡的輪迴於資本的漩渦中，忘卻自然與土地的靈，和心中的情與義。

其實這世上，不只得一座浮城。

「我要帶著光，去到所有你去過的地方。

點亮所有的浮城，解開這一切劫難。

來換與你生生世世，自由自在，永不分離。」

The first calamity was white. It made people lose their languages, memories, and appearances. The second calamity was red. It made people lose their freedom, forget the truth as well as their own history. The third calamity was colorless. It sucked people into the eternally recurring whirlpool of Capital, causing them to neglect nature and the spirit of the land, as well as the senses of affection and justice in their hearts.

In fact, there is more than just one floating city in this realm.

"I will take light with me, to all the places you have been to. To illuminate all the floating cities and overcome all the predestined calamities we have been through. All this, in return for being with you, free as the air and never apart, for all eternity."

結果，這座城市真的就在晴朗的一個白晝，眾目睽睽，忽然升懸到了半空。頭頂上是飄忽多變的雲層，腳底是波濤洶湧的海水，懸在半空中的浮城，既不上升，也不下沉，微風掠過，它只是略略晃擺晃擺，就一動也不動了。

書裡只說這是一座浮起的城市，萬萬沒想到當這座城真的浮起後，卻放射出耀眼的光芒。原來它不只是一座浮城。每到夜晚，整座浮城猶如一個發光的燈籠，漂浮著，同時照亮著周圍所有的海峽與島嶼。

As such, in the brightness of a cloudless day, under the gaze of many watchful eyes, the city abruptly ascended and stopped in midair. Above were fickle, drifting clouds, below were roaring, seething waves. The Floating City, suspended in sight, neither rising, nor falling. When a gentle breeze passed, the city merely swayed, ever so slightly, then lay still.

According to the book, the city was just a floating city; nothing more and nothing less. Nobody imagined that once it began floating, it would emanate dazzling rays of light. Indeed, it was not only a floating city. Each night, it was as if the floating city were a shining lantern, drifting and floating, illuminating all the surrounding straits and islands.

「雲層與雲層在頭頂上面猛烈碰撞，天空中佈滿電光，雷聲隆隆。而海面上，無數海盜船升起骷髏旗，大砲轟個不停，忽然，浮城就從雲層上墜跌下來，懸在空中。」

1986年4月，一個名叫西西⁴的作家寫了一個故事。故事裡的主角是一座浮在半空中的城市，既不上升也不下降。住在浮城裡的人會不斷重複做著一個相同的夢，夢見自己如這座城市般浮在空中。沒有翅膀，無法飛行，只能漂浮。

聽說這位作家很是有趣，特別會寫關於島嶼與城市的故事，她會把城市裡的底層人物轉化為一個又一個神奇的角色，在荒誕的故事裡創造奇蹟。1986年的一晚，一隻白色的燈籠進入了西西的夢境。燈籠用微弱的燭光照亮了地面，慢慢的浮動著走近西西，燈籠繞過西西的頭頂然後慢慢上升，就在西西抬頭望向燈籠的時候，夢就醒了。

《浮城誌異》⁵出版後，得到了很多討論與關注。故事隨著人們的流傳，變的越來越真實，似乎從一個城市寓言逐漸演變成了現實。

“Sheets of cloud collided violently against one another on top, electric lights spread across the sky, roaring thunder resounded. And on the sea, countless pirate ships raised flags bearing skulls and crossbones, firing off their cannons non-stop. All of a sudden, Floating City fell from the clouds, suspended in the air.”

In April of 1986, a writer named Xi Xi wrote a story.⁴ The protagonist was a city suspended in air. It does not rise, nor does it descend. Those living in Floating City kept repeating one dream, in which they floated in the air just like this city. Without wings, unable to fly, they could only float.

People said that this writer was very interesting, and was particularly good at writing stories about the island and the city. She transformed the city's lower-class citizens into fantastical characters, who created miracles inside absurd stories. One night in 1986, a white lantern came into Xi Xi's dream. Using a faint candlelight to illuminate the ground, the lantern slowly moved towards her, and ascended above her head. Just as Xi Xi raised her head to look up at the lantern, the dream abruptly ended.

After *Strange Tales from a Floating City* was published, it became the subject of much attention and discussion.⁵ As the book's stories spread among the populace, they seemed to become more and more real—as though an urban fable were gradually evolving into reality.

⁴ 西西，原名張彥，香港作家。

⁵ 《浮城誌異》由香港作家西西寫於1986年，是一個關於城市與其居民的寓言故事。

⁴ Xi Xi 西西, the pen name of Cheung Yin 張彥, is a celebrated Hong Kong writer.

⁵ *Strange Tales from a Floating City* (Chinese: 浮城誌異) is by Hong Kong writer Xi Xi. Written in 1986, it is a fable about a city untethered, and its inhabitants.

燈塔的光似乎在那一刻停住。它終於見到它了。那個似曾相識的靈魂，隨著這對兄弟下船，隔著一海汪洋，燈塔拼了命閃爍自己塔頂的光芒。

那次相遇後，燈塔依舊在夜裡照亮海峽。不知又過了多久，某天，燈籠洲消失了。

很多年後，人們還是會偶爾說起這個消失了的島嶼，說那裡曾經有過一個燈塔，每晚照亮整片海峽為著殖民初期的船隻能夠順利靠岸而導航。

燈籠洲消失的時候，大雨滂沱，雨水從燈塔的屋頂滲漏到地下儲水箱直到完全漫溢。填海工程在那一天正式啟動，把燈籠洲附近的海域變為陸地。

They were going to travel the region projecting moving images. At the same time, they needed to collect more material: light, time, and memories.

The beam from the lighthouse seemed to freeze at that moment. It had finally found what it was searching for. That strange yet familiar spirit followed the pair of brothers off the ship and onto the land. With an ocean between them, the lighthouse desperately flickered it's light.

After that encounter, the lighthouse continued to light up the strait at night. One day, no one knew how long after, Tang Lung Chau disappeared.

Many years passed, people still occasionally brought up the island which had disappeared, saying that there once had been a lighthouse that lit up the entire strait every night, so that ships could successfully reach shore and navigate.

When Tang Lung Chau disappeared, there was a torrential deluge. Rain water flowed down from the roof of the lighthouse and seeped through the earth to underground water tanks, until those too were overflowing. The land reclamation project officially commenced, turning the sea waters around Tang Lung Chau into land.

1991年，香港遊艇會在燈籠洲原址附近開始改建工程，意外發現了早在一千多年前漁戶們在小島上留下的痕跡。

燈籠洲到底是如何浮現的，沒有人真的知道，留下的只是一些傳說。據說，燈籠洲是從天上掉下來的。在一陣雷聲裡，天空中出現了一道閃電，一隻白色的燈籠從雲層上跌落下來，幻化成一座島嶼，跌入海底。次日，它浮出水面，然後就在海上一直漂浮，像是在等待著甚麼。

在1869年之後的某日，燈籠洲上突然出現了一個燈塔，據說是為了提高港口的商業活動而特別製造的。這座燈塔高十一點八米、由鋼鑄骨架建成，塔頂髹上白色油漆。自此，燈籠洲也被叫做汲星燈塔²，在夜晚利用塔頂的透鏡系統，將光芒射向海面，提供輔航照明。在此後無數的夜晚，燈塔總是按時亮起燈來，亮光照射在海面之上，很多時候都顯得非常孤單。一艘又一艘商船慢慢划過。就這樣，日復一日。直到1896年夏天的一個晚上，她終於見到她一直等待的——一對名為 Auguste 與 Louis³ 的兄弟帶著一個可以收集光的金屬機械器具從一艘鋼船上走下來。他們要在整個地區放映一些光影，與此同時，他們還要收集更多的光影、時間與記憶。

In 1991, the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club started reconstruction work near the old site of Tang Lung Chau, and accidentally discovered traces that the fisherfolk had left on the island over a thousand years ago.

Exactly how Tang Lung Chau came about, nobody really knows. What is left behind are merely legends. It is said that Tang Lung Chau fell from the sky. In a roar of thunder, a flash of lightning appeared across the sky. A white lantern fell from the clouds, morphed into an island, and dropped into the bottom of the ocean. The next day, it floated to the surface, and as though it were waiting for something, kept itself afloat on the sea.

One day in 1869, a lighthouse suddenly appeared on Tang Lung Chau. It was said to have been constructed to enhance commercial activities at the port. The lighthouse was 11.8 meters tall, its structure was of cast steel, its crown painted white. From then on, Tang Lung Chau was also called Kap Sing Lighthouse.² At night, using the lens system at the top of the tower, light was reflected towards the sea, to aid the navigation of vessels. For countless nights, the lighthouse illuminated on schedule, sending out light to the sea. It seemed to bask in its solitude, as commercial ships each passed it slowly by. It was like this day after day, until one summer night in 1896, when she finally met what she had been waiting for all along: a pair of brothers, named Auguste and Louis, who emerged from a steel ship carrying machinery which could collect light.³

² Kap Sing Lighthouse (Chinese: 汲星燈塔, directly translates to "Star-Reaching Lighthouse") has served thousands of vessels approaching Hong Kong from the west since the early 20th century.

³ In 1896, the Lumière Brothers dispatched their operators throughout the world to show their films and at the same time, to photograph views and scenes of the countries they visited.

² 汲星燈塔自20世紀初以來，已為數千艘從西方進入香港的船隻輔航照明。

³ 1896年，盧米埃兄弟 (Lumière Brothers) 派出他們的操作員到世界各地放映他們的電影，同時拍攝他們所到訪國家的風景和情景。

1896年，從海上來了一個似曾相識的靈魂。那一眼望去，像極了一個說不出來，又無法在夜裡忘掉的模樣。

那一年，地球東北部這片土地上，東面的太平洋，北面的北冰洋，南面接壤的印度洋，在這三個海洋之內的島嶼與大陸共同經歷一場劫難。這場劫難從海洋開始，封印人的記憶、語言、容貌，也許永遠無法記起自己究竟是誰；自然資源、信仰、制度、土地、文化都在這場劫難中發生了徹底的變化。

這個熟悉的靈魂跨越烏拉爾山脈、烏拉爾河、大高加索山脈、黑海和黑海海峽來到了這片土地。它從海上跟隨著一艘艘鋼船到達一個又一個港口。它曾到的地方，在它離開後也都會發生天翻地覆的變化。最初的變化是，見過它的人們會開始逐漸忘記自己的影子、機械的光影會取代原本質樸的手工和習俗；再之後，那些地方開始生長出新的意識，邊界與生產、市場與產業、發展與競爭。住在這片土地上的人們第一次看到移動的光被投射到一塊白色長方形幕布上時，害怕極了。人們說那是來自遠方的鬼魂，是不祥的徵兆。

自從上岸之後，它每晚都做同一個夢，夢裡總是聽到一個聲音，

「快點回來，我等你。」

「你還記得我嗎？」

在夢裡，它沒有名字，總是不斷地想要找回自己原初的名字。

In 1896, a strange yet familiar spirit came from the sea. Casting a deep glance, it greatly resembled an indescribable visage, which once seen, was impossible to forget during the night.

That same year, on a piece of land to the north-east of the globe, flanked by the Pacific Ocean on the east, the Arctic Ocean in the North, and the Indian Ocean in the south, the region between these three oceans was facing the same calamity. This calamity originated with the ocean, and concluded with the locking away of languages, memories, and even appearances. Perhaps the individuals affected would never again recall who they really were. Faith and culture, community and governance— even the land and its resources themselves— all underwent unprecedented transformation during this catastrophe.

The familiar spirit traversed the Ural Mountains, the Ural River, the Greater Caucasus, the Black Sea and the Turkish Straits to arrive on this land. With flocks of steep ships, it reached ports one after another. Wherever it passed through experienced earth-shattering changes. The initial change was that those who saw it would start to forget their own shadows. The lights and shadows of machines replaced simple craftsmanship and customs. Thereafter, formerly unknown modes of consciousness started growing in these places, and with them came concepts of borders and production, market and industry, development and competition. When the folk who lived there witnessed moving lights and imagery projected on a white screen for the first time, they were afraid. They whispered that it was a ghost from faraway; a sinister omen.

Since going ashore, the spirit had the same dream every night, always hearing the same voice:

“Hurry up and come back, I am waiting for you.”

“Do you still remember me?”

In this dream, it had no name, and it continued to try to recover its first name.

第三日，雲蒸雨降，突來的雨水打濕了燈籠，雨珠順著燈籠的眼睛流下來，直到燈籠完全濕透，畫上去的眼睛也逐漸變得模糊。大風吹來，燈籠被吹捲到了很遠的地方，在天地間翻滾了一段時間，逐漸消失在沙漠的起伏當中。

On the third day, the clouds evaporated and rain came tumbling down, soaking the paper lantern. Rain drops rolled down the corner of the lantern's eyes until it was completely drenched, painted eyes gradually dissolving into a blur. A strong wind arose and the lantern was blown to a faraway place. Tumbling for a while between heaven and earth, it gradually disappeared amidst the undulating desert.

在很久以前，有一個島嶼，名作燈籠洲¹。在燈籠洲周圍住著許多漁民，每到夜晚，一艘艘漁船都會亮起燈來，他們的船頭上會擺放一個沒有姓名的木偶，那是他們已故先祖在他們記憶中的模樣。這些漁船日夜在海上漂浮著，沒有人知道他們到底是從什麼地方來，又要到什麼地方去。在燈籠洲出現前的許多年以前，曾經有過這樣的一個故事。這個故事發生在六世紀前的于闐國，它位於世上最乾旱與最荒涼的塔克拉瑪干沙漠的南部，相通崑崙山脈。故事的主角是一個在寺院帳簿中找到的燈籠——根據記載，這個燈籠是由兩張白色的紙合併糊成的。在做成燈籠的那一日，寺院裡突然來了一個女子，她說她想起了一個約定，要在滿月的夜晚，借燈籠一用，好去尋找一段緣份。那一夜，女子提著燈籠走在於闐的街道間，生平第一次清晰地看到了自己的影子在夜晚如此自由的移動。她舉起燈籠快樂地轉圈，影子也隨之飛舞，飄散開來，整個沙漠都在那一刻變的更加柔和。

第二日，燈籠被完好無損地歸還到寺院，內裡的蠟燭已經用盡了。此外，和尚輕輕的轉動燈籠，意外地發現它多了一雙眼睛，一雙極美的眼睛。那一晚，就在女子為燈籠畫好眼睛的一瞬間，寺院的鐘聲敲響，路上也剛好經過一個更夫。燈籠第一眼看到的竟不是女子，而是自己的影子。燈籠伴隨著時間的噪聲看到了自己會動的影子，伴隨月光微微輕移，細沙在風中飄泊，女子將燈籠緊緊握在手裡。

A long time ago, there was an island named Tang Lung Chau.¹ Many fisherfolk lived close to it. When night came, all the fishing boats lit up. A nameless puppet would be placed on the ship's bow; a reminder of what their deceased ancestors looked like in their memory. These fishing boats floated on the sea day and night, nobody knew where they truly came from, or where they were headed to. Many years before the birth of Tang Lung Chau, a story had already been passed down. It took place before the 6th Century in the Kingdom of Khotan, which was located in the south of the world's driest and bleakest Taklamakan Desert, and connected to the Kunlun Mountains in the south. The protagonist of the story was a lantern found in a temple's ledger book. According to records, this lantern was crafted by combining two pieces of white paper. On the day it was made, a woman suddenly came to the temple. She said she recalled a past promise: on a night with a full moon, she was supposed to borrow the lantern to look for a piece of fate. That night, she walked the streets of Khotan holding the lantern. For the first time in her life, she vividly witnessed the way her shadows moved so freely in the night. Holding the lantern up, she twirled around in joy. Her shadow followed suit, dancing around in the air and dispersing outwards. In this moment, the whole desert softened.

The second day, the lantern was returned to the temple, the candle inside completely used up. When the attending monk gently spun the lantern around, he found, to his amazement, that it had grown a pair of eyes, which were extremely beautiful. That night, the instant that the woman had finished painting the eyes on the lantern, the bell in the temple rang, just as a gong striker was passing by. The first thing the lantern saw was not the woman, but its own shadows. Dancing to the din of time, the lantern witnessed its moving shadows swaying gently in the moonlight. As fine clouds of sand drifted in the wind, the woman held the lantern tightly in her hands.

¹Tang Lung Chau (Chinese: 燈籠洲, directly translates to "Lantern Island") is a small island located off the south coast of Ma Wan to the north-west of Hong Kong Island, Hong Kong.

¹ 燈籠洲是一個曾經位於香港馬灣南海岸外，港島西北部的島。

前世

在一個陽光明媚的中午，風透過半開的窗戶吹動了窗簾。一個神秘的結構擺放在窗前，這是她留在這個世上最後的痕跡。很多事情最終都不能如想像般實現，連死亡都需要提前練習。為什麼世間除了死亡以外，不能有多一些選擇？她想要的不過是再活一次。那一刻，從心底裡，她是認真羨慕那些消失了的形影、島嶼，和時間。

Past Lives

On a sunny afternoon, the wind stirred the blinds through the half-open window. A mysterious structure placed in front of the window— that was the last trace she left behind in this world. In the end, so many things could not be realized according to one's wishes, even death needed practice in advance. Why is it that, aside from death, there aren't more choices in this world? She wanted nothing more than just to live again. At that moment, from the bottom of her heart, she harbored serious envy towards those disappeared forms, shadows, islands, and time.

Lovers Revolt

革命

1

故事反獨裁、殖民和其他一切怪獸

Cici Wu