

MY OWN DESERT PLACE

It is a winter night in the middle part of Taiwan. There is no stars, no moon, nothing, but the gloomy cloud roars tremendously in the sky as the freezing wind blows like the sound of hundreds of planes taking off from the ground. Out side my window-pane the snow is falling down like silver to show its appreciation to earth-people for the coming of Lunar New Year. As I look through the field from my window-pane, I see many weeds, stubble and grass covered with white snow as they are uncultivated. The paths and the leaves of the trees covered with snow just like the silver paths and silver trees from heaven as they reflect its beauties from the light of my room shines on them. In the out side world, however; there is nothing existed but darkness itself - nothing existed but nothingness and loneliness.

At this moment, all the creaturas in the world are resting for they have finished their daily duties. Lions and tigers are resting in their dens to reserve the energy for the next day. Horses are resting in their stables as they serve their afford to mankind for the whole day, and many others are too resting in their lairs peacekully. But there is a nothingness neither hot nor cold, deadnor alive - a nothingness frightening in its utter nothingness and emptiness.

By this time, nobody is inside my room except me sitting behind the window-pane of dormitory. I am not going to sleep because here in this wilderness and emptiness I have not learn how to sleep. I am alien. I close my eyes and instantly sink into the whole of emptiness of which I am a part, and the emptiness goes on with me in it, for I am alien to it. In the mood of quiet terror I express not only a fear of the emptiness around me but also a great, more persistent fear of the emptiness within me. I have experienced these kinds of night of terror not for one day, two days....., but for so many days and nights already. With whom am I to talk during lonely hour?- these snowy fields, these silent crazy trees, those stupid stars that twinkle foolily at me? What is the sense of all things in the world? Who am I, and how long must I sit in this empty room, thinking all this senseless rubbish? My only concern is how to escape the horrors of loneliness! I don't know how long it will be lasted and I believe no one will know even me until a flash of inspiration come to me to take over these miraculous predicament.

Of course, as I am juvenile - No, Never I shall not move from where I am even the emptiness, the silence, and the loneliness scare me, fear me, Generalsaid, "I must fight if I would win. Anything worth hairing is worth fighting for...." So I must have a high degree of control a kind of self-mastery which prevail emptiness and loneliness. As I am in

室，我有點不安，婦人卻說：「蓋棉被沒關係，不要弄溼。」婦人離開，我：「好甜的話，總算。」何：「人講的，總算。」

車子十二點的，我們先去派出所，從窗子可以看到車子是否來了，婦人這樣告訴我們。派出所一位主管，一位老工友，電話只能通到六公里外的向陽。工友招待我們坐下，王則在窗子探望，那大彎路，車子從轉彎處出來時，即可看到。工友很有經驗地說：「車子大概不會來了，這種天氣。」我們又陷入極端的恐慌。主管說：「現在溫度，只有十度。」可怕！十度，那夜晚呢？我拍拍何的手：「大難不死，大難不死。」

十二點十分，車子早該來了，我們失望極了，主管向工友說：「你打電話到向陽去，問車子來了沒有。」工友搖電話，對方答車子來了！我們高聲歡呼，喜悅之情筆墨難以形容。我們趕快整裝待發。但我們還是不安，車子慢一秒，我們的情緒就安定不下。外面風雨仍大，有一點濛濛的。

車子終於在轉彎處出現，那速度真美，我一上車對車掌說：「我真想吻你，大難不死。」此後，我疲倦得不能再注意些什麼，只知道啞口↓向陽↓利稻↓海端↓碧山↓關山。

伏爾泰在憨第德裏說：「旅行，最大的好處，就是回家可以向人家吹牛。」



重考片斷
* * 一個掙扎的記憶 * *
欣

一條路走四年
一串夢做幾十回
一個理想在天際
一季青春在蹉跎
一首落譜的歌
一曲低溫的感
也曾過一個年輕的春天
也慕過一個純情的少女

行過半關長城一萬裡
今吟兩句樂行一萬里
夜深忽覺紅闌干
萬聲壯浪紅闌干



the most concerned is whether I can resist it or not, everything here is not to doubt but to do till I find the happiness. But, nevertheless; there is always emptiness or loneliness scare myself with my own desert place.

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