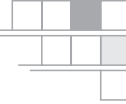


The Beginning of an Odyssey

00' Stephen

1996 Volume 28 Issue 1



“The next station is medicine.”

“Passengers please mind the...”

Bill vacillated for a while but still decided to step on the train.

The compartment was full of enthusiastic youngsters, who seemed to be bright. Bill took a seat besides a girl. From her chatter with her friends, Bill knew they all had gorgeous past. Yet he was not afraid, and prepared to work to survive, if it's required.

The express started its long journey. Bill fell into deep thoughts. He recalled that his parents told him to catch this train as it could lead him to success. Recollecting the dream in childhood, he envisioned his ideal would be reached traveling with this train...

However, after the first station, Bill felt something was wrong — his budding lateral thinking was converted to an extraordinary database. Several turbos were also found installed in the part of his brain monitoring reading. In his schoolbag, his darling novels of Agatha Christie and Michael Crichton were replaced by texts of Mr. Snell and Stryer. What's more peculiar, his will power index was nearly ten-fold!

“I totally can't acclimatise to this terrible environment! Did I make the wrong decision!” Bill lamented, “I'm really exhausted!” He held his head, and thought, “If I quit the train now, it will surely disappoint my parents. If I keep on being tortured, I definitely will be mad!”

The train gradually slowed down. Passengers took this time as a break. Bill tried to get a better glance over the scene outside. From far away he saw a boy distributing leaflets. Though few passers-by showed interests in the leaflets, the sweating boy was consistently keen on his work. Bill was deeply touched. He reflected, “for little pay, a boy even dare face his barriers. How come I grumble here?”

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Suddenly, the train ran its engine again. Bill turned to the compartment. It became much more wonderful — competition and hostility disappeared. People worked nicely for their ideals. He began to understand that problems themselves weren't big deals. What really matters is how he perceives them.

Time flies. The express is still moving. People are rushing. Bill is having his journey meaningfully, happily.....

1997 卷 29 期 2

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