

The background of the page is a repeating pattern of light gray envelopes and postmarks. Each envelope is shown from a slightly different angle, some open and some closed. The postmarks are circular and contain illegible text. The overall tone is soft and nostalgic.

*I Miss You*  
(1)

The background of the page is a repeating pattern of light gray envelopes and postmarks. The envelopes are shown from various angles, some open and some closed, scattered across the entire surface. The postmarks are small, circular stamps with illegible text, also scattered throughout. The overall color palette is a soft, muted gray.

我想念你  
(1)

(1)

Dear Jenny,

The author writes his book while I write my letter. I am, in a way, luckier than he: he writes for thousands of people whom he does not know, while I am writing for someone whom I know, (She is the sweetest girl I have ever known. You may ask: who is she? The answer is – YOU!) Besides, his book may reach a critic who will find faults with him; but this my letter will reach a friendly reader, the only reader, who will probably forgive me my faults, if any.

Since I am no author, since I have no prospective critics to keep an eye on me<sup>①</sup>, I can put down on paper whatever I want to, and say whatever I like, in my own way. Should there be any fixed rules of writing, I would be the last man on earth to concern myself with them.

I do miss you, Jenny. I still remember, as clearly as if it were only yesterday, the evening that we were walking along Pokfulam Road.

“Will you miss me, after you get back to Singapore?”  
I asked.

(1)

珍妮：

作家寫他的書，我寫我的信。在某一點上說，我比他幸運：他寫給千萬個他不認識的人看，而我寫給我認識的人看（她是我心目中最溫柔的小姐。你會問：她是誰？回答是——你！）還有，作家的書會落到一個向他吹毛求疵的批評家的手上；但是我這封信將會落到一個友愛的讀者、那唯一的讀者的手上，那讀者多半會寬恕我的過失——如果我有過失的話。

既然我不是什麼作家，也不用擔心會有批評家「釘」著我，我可以隨意把自己要寫的寫於紙上，把自己喜歡說的說出來。假如寫作有什麼鐵定的法則，我也不理會這些法則呢。（末一句直譯：我將是世界上最後一人理會這些法則。）

我實在想念你，珍妮。我仍記得我們一同走在薄扶林道上的那個黃昏，我記得那樣清楚，好像才不過是昨天的事——

「你回到新加坡之後，會想念我嗎？」我問。

“And you?”

“I’m going to miss you,” said I.

“I’ll write to you,” you gave me a smile and said.

The next day I did not see you off: on the one hand I was rather busy with my office work then, and on the other you had told me not to.

Last night, I read your letter over and over again. It brought me back to those summer days we spent together last year in Hong Kong. How time flies! It has been more than six months now since you left here for your home town. I am glad, as I used to be, to have had your letter. It is a very nice one indeed! If I were your teacher, I would give it full marks. But, as it is, you are six years younger than I am. I wish I could write as fluently as you do. I have nothing to be proud of myself, except sincerity.

Jenny, I miss you very much.

Yours very sincerely,

See-Ming

① keep an eye on: watch 監視；注視

「你呢？」

「我會想念你的。」我說。

「我會寫信給你。」你向我微笑，說。

第二天我沒有送行：一方面我當時寫字樓的工作相當忙，另一方面你囑咐過我不用送。

昨天晚上，我把你的信讀了一遍又一遍。它使我回想起去年我們一同在香港度過的夏日。時間過得多快！你離此回家，到現在已經六個月多了。收到來信我很高興，像以往一樣高興。信寫得真好！假如我是你的老師，我會給它個滿分。但事實上，你大可以做我的老師，雖然你比我年輕六歲。但願我能寫得像你那樣流暢。我沒有什麼可以值得驕傲的——除了真誠。

珍妮，我非常想念你。

你的誠懇的朋友

思明

The background of the page is a repeating pattern of envelopes and postmarks. Each envelope is depicted in a simple, sketchy style, showing the flap and a circular postmark. The envelopes are scattered across the page, creating a textured, paper-like appearance. The text is centered over this pattern.

*A Book and a Smile*  
(2A)

The background of the page is a repeating pattern of light gray envelopes and letters. Each envelope is shown from a slightly different angle, some open and some closed. The letters are scattered around the envelopes, some appearing as simple lines of text and others as more complex shapes. The overall effect is a dense, textured background that suggests communication and correspondence.

書與微笑  
(2A)

(2A)

I am writing this in a small cafe, the one called “Tai On” on Caine Road, not far from my lodgings. Compared with those in the noisy streets downtown, this one is rather quiet. Here was where we first met, remember? I always think: if it had not been for this cafe, for that day, for that coincidence, we might never have known each other. And things would have been completely different for us if we had for the first time met at another place, at another time. It was strange that I should have come across you at a place like this!

It was a Saturday afternoon, two weeks after your arrival in Hong Kong, that I dropped in here to have a cup of coffee.

No sooner had I ordered my coffee, then a Tagore’s book caught my eye. It must have been left by someone, who, I thought, must be a careless fellow. I could not help picking up the book from my seat and opening it. You know, how I am fond of books and literature! I found a Jenny Chan’s signature in it. A question rose in my mind: what kind of girl or woman was she?...

(2A)

我寫此信時，是在堅道上那家離我住處不遠，叫做「泰安」的小咖啡店裡。和市區中熙熙攘攘的街道上那些咖啡店相比，這一家算是較為清靜的了。記得嗎？我們第一次相逢，就是在這裡。我常常想：假如沒有這咖啡店，沒有那一天，沒有那一次巧遇，我們也許一輩子也不會相識。又假如我們的第一次相逢是在另一個地方，另一個時候，情形可能會完全兩樣。是怎樣的奇遇呀，我竟然在這樣的一個地方遇見你！

是你到香港兩個星期後的一天，那個星期六下午，我到這兒來喝咖啡。

我剛剛叫過咖啡，一本泰戈爾的書一下子引起我的注意。一定是誰走時忘了拿書；我想，這人準是個粗心大意的傢伙。我禁不住把書從座上拿起來打開看。你知道，我是怎樣喜愛書籍與文學呀。我發現裡面有一個陳珍妮的簽名。我心裡盤想：她是怎樣的一個小姐或者女人呢？……

A young girl in cheong-sam entered when I was deciding to give the waiter the book so that he could return it to the owner, in case the latter came back for it.

I saw her (YOU!) talk to the waiter standing by the counter. He shook his head.

You came to me. I rose from my seat. You told me what you had left at my booth seat, and that it happened only five minutes before.

“How do I know you’re the owner of the book?”

“I can prove it.”

“Well——”

“You see, my name is——” You told me your full name after a moment’s hesitation.

“This Tagore is yours all right, Miss Chan,” I smiled.

So did you. I could see your lovely dimples. It was such a beautiful smile.

Even now, your first smile is always in my thoughts.

我決定把書交給侍者，好讓他交還失主——如果失主回來拿書的話。而這時，一位身穿旗袍的年輕小姐走進來了。

我看見她（你！）跟那個站在櫃台旁邊的侍者談話。他搖頭。

你走到我的面前來。我從座位站起。你告訴我，你在我的卡位上留下什麼，說那只不過是五分鐘前的事。

「我怎麼知道你是不是這本書的失主？」

「這我可以證明。」

「那麼——」

「嗯，我叫做——」猶豫了一陣之後，你把姓名說出。

「對，這本泰戈爾是你的，陳小姐。」我笑。

你也笑了。我看得見你那可愛的笑渦，是那樣美麗的微笑。

即使如今，你那第一次的微笑也常常在我腦海中出現。