

## Examples of Sinophone Literature in Thailand

### 偷

他在灯下写微型小说。近来他对微型小说上了瘾。他有很大的创作冲劲，整天都在苦思微型小说。

这时夜已三更，他的一篇微型小说尚无法完成。经过好多次折磨而竭力坚持的精神，终于在鸡鸣声中崩溃，他伏案而睡。

突然有一人在他书房中出现，半夜三更，闯进人家房里来，非鬼则盗。他是不信有鬼的唯物主义者，因此他断定来者是个窃贼无疑。

他正要大声叫喊，将贼惊走，突然间念头一转，这不是一个很好的“微型”素材么？不过不少几个细节，还要细加观察。于是他把即要喊出来的叫声吞下喉去。他要窥看这窃贼怎生下手，选择那些东西偷。

小偷在书房里环视一周，眼光射在东边的书架上。

小偷走向书架，选出了一本《致富速成指南》，脸上浮上了笑意，连连翻看。读了一回，小偷摇摇头，冷笑，便把《致富速成指南》放回。

小偷朝书桌走来，见到了桌上的微型小说稿，狂喜，便把微型小说稿纳人怀中，转身欲出。

他心中大急：“此贼果真识货，专偷人家心血。别的东西丢之无妨，这微型小说稿千万不可失。”于是他赶上前去，要擒小偷。

他扑了一空，惊醒过来。只见孤灯依旧，稿纸依旧。

稿纸上依旧只写着一个字——《偷》。

（司马功。司马攻微型小说自选集。上海：上海文艺出版社。2008，12）

## Pilfering

He writes a piece of flash fiction in the light of the lamp. He has become addicted to this piece recently. He has a lot of creative enthusiasm and spends all day thinking about this particular story.

By this time, it is already nighttime, sometime between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m., and his story has not yet been completed. After struggling and agonizing about the story for such a long time, and trying to keep himself awake, he finally collapses and falls asleep with the break of dawn. Suddenly someone appears in his study. In the middle of the night, this someone broke into his home. If he was a ghost, he would surely be here to steal. But since he is a materialist he does not believe in ghosts, so he concludes the intruder must undoubtedly be a thief.

Therefore, he is about to shout out loudly to scare the thief off, when he suddenly has an idea: “Isn’t that the perfect material for a short story?” Yet, many details need to be carefully observed. So he swallows the scream that was about to come out and approaches the pilferer. He secretly wants to see which objects the thief would touch, which things he would pilfer. The petty thief forever looks around in the study until his eyes land on the right side of his bookshelf. He walks over to the bookshelf and takes out a book – *A Quick Guide on How to Get Rich*. With a cautious smile he browses through the book. After reading a chapter, he shakes his head with a grin and puts it back.

The thief walks over to the desk and sees the manuscript of the short story on the table.

Delighted he takes the story, turns around and wants to leave.

He gets anxious: “This thief is really a connoisseur and he steals the most valuable things from other people’s homes. It doesn’t matter if other things are being lost, but this short story mustn’t be lost.” So he rushes forward to catch the thief.

He jumps awake seeing only the light of the lamp; the draft of the story still lying there like before. There is still only one word written on the piece of paper: “Pilfering”.

(Sima Gong 2008. Translated by Rebecca Ehrenwirth)

繆斯和我

望天  
飄下一首抒情詩

觀海  
涌出一首敘事詩

不約而來  
揮之不去

2010年2月2日

(曾心。曾心自選集：小時三百首。澳門：銀河出版社。2011，155)

The Muse and I

Gazing into the sky  
Rattling down a lyric poem

Looking at the sea  
Sputtering a narrative poem

She came uninvited  
And is impossible to get rid of

(February 2, 2010)

(Zeng Xin 2011. Translated by Rebecca Ehrenwirth)

茶叶

一张绿卡  
通行世界  
走进千家万户  
紫砂壶里流出  
——家乡的山水  
    祖辈的茶道

2003年8月18日

(曾心。凉亭。曼谷：留种大学出版社。2006，59)

Tea

A green card  
Passes through the world  
Enters innumerable households  
Out of the Zisha teapot  
Flows  
    the hometown's landscape  
    the ancestor's tea ceremony

(August 18, 2003)

(Zeng Xin 2006. Translated by Rebecca Ehrenwirth)