

Tī Hok-lu-mo-sah hit chōa 南北 ê 中央山脈, 有一个 koân 山真正出名, 叫做玉山。山尖 tú 天, 有時 tà 霧, 有時落雨, 有時出日, 也有時落雪透風, 景緻變化, 非常勇壯美麗。不而過, 聽講有一个秘密。Ùi hia koh 再起 lih 無佞 hng, 有一个所在無人所到、真少人知, kan-na tò a 一个阿婆, 專門 khioh 咱 thó-kák m̄ 愛 ê 舊 ang-á, 整理好勢, khng tī 櫥 á 內, 排 leh 看 súi。聽講已經真久--a。

這日 tī 後崛溪 hia khioh 著一身 hui-á 做 ê ang-á, 細細身舊舊, 色彩 iáu 真 chhiⁿ-súi, 可惜面已經損破幾 lōa tè, kha 也斷一節, 身軀 lù phaiⁿ 幾 lōa 位。阿婆細膩 kā ang-á 一 tè 一 tè 粘好鬥--起來, koh 是一个少年 ê 查某人, súi súi chhāi tī 櫥 á 內。斟酌看, ang-á 下底有 tng 一字「雲」kap 一字「xx」, tō 是伊 ê 名。才注意著 he ang-á 正 pēng 手骨欠一 kōaⁿ 紅石珠 á ê 手環, m̄ 知怎樣 phang--見去。著急叫伊查某 kiáⁿ 去 chhōe。

查某 kiáⁿ ùi 玉山落--來, 一路 pōaⁿ 過阿里山嶺、烏山嶺, 來到大內篾仔 Kha, 有一 chōa 細條 ê U-u 溪, 溪水淺淺到 kha 頭 u。Tī hia he 溪 oat 一个角, 水瀉--落來, cheng 著一 tè 山 phiāⁿ 石壁, 攏 phùn 水花, ná 一網活魚跳無停。過--去一 tah 烏樹林, 分做二又路, 一又向西 ùi 平地去, 一又向東 tòe 山 kiā 走。

伊向東來到一條大溪, 雙 pēng 是 ām-ām ê 林投, 大欖 soāiⁿ-á kap 埔薑, tō 是咱台南縣 ê 後崛溪。Hit 時 tú 好大雨 soah, 溪 á 起漲, 溪水 phong-phài, 溪岸兩個查埔人 kap 兩個母 á kiáⁿ khiā tī hia 看山, 攏 ak kah tâm lók-lók。Hit 个查某 gín-á 留長頭髮, 十八、九歲, áⁿ tī 老母身邊, tú 好手骨 hā 一 kōaⁿ 紅石 á 珠 ê 手

The peaks of the Central Range trace the spine of Formosa south to north. Among them is fabled Giòksan, scraper of skies, witness to fog and rain and sun and sometimes wind and snow — a changeful landscape of beauty and grandeur. Here lies a secret, some say. Not far but deeper in, in a place few have known and none have been, lives an old lady who salvages the dolls we have cast aside. She straightens them out. She puts them in cupboards to look at. This has been going on for ages, it is said.

On this day she finds a little china doll down at Back Pool River. It is old, but unfaded. Pity the face is broken here and there, the body badly worn. A leg is broken off below the knee. The old lady pieces the doll back together into the pretty young woman it had been and puts it up in a cupboard.

Then she notices writing stamped on the underside of the base: “雲” — hūn, *cloud* — and “xx”... And a bracelet of red gems is missing from the right forearm. Where could it have gotten to? She quickly summons her daughter to look for it.

Down comes the daughter from Giòksan, over the Alísan Range, over the Black Hills, down to a creek named U’u that comes up to the knees. Around Bih’ákha, in Tōalāi, the U’u twists as it tumbles and smashes into the foot of a cliff, bursting into flower like a full net of fish. Past there the trail enters dense woodland and forks, one way leading west into the plains, the other skirting the slopes eastward.

She veers east till she meets a great stream with dense thickets of pandanus on its banks, and great big mango trees, and *po’kiuⁿ*. This is Back Pool River of County Tâilâm. A storm has just passed. The stream is gushing, its waters abundant. On its banks stand two men and a mother and daughter, drenched, gazing into the hills. The long-haired girl is eighteen or nineteen, nesting at her mother’s wing, a bracelet of red gems around her wrist.

環。伊行 óa--去, kā 查某 gín-á 講:「這 kōaⁿ 紅珠 á 來 hêng--我。」查某 gín-á 應:「Che 手環是我阿媽 hō 我--ê。」伊問講:「你阿媽叫啥?」查某 gín-á 應:「名做水粉。」Koh 問:「阿媽 ê 老母叫啥?」「叫做水環。」「水環 ê 老母啥人?」查某 gín-á 搖頭, 應 bē 出--來。伊講:「恁阿媽 ê 阿媽叫做雲, kap 你全名。Che 手環是伊 ê。」查某 gín-á kā 手環 pak--落來, 交 hō 伊。問:「你啥人?」這時山谷 ê 天邊出兩 chōa khiau-khiau ê 彩虹, — chōa koân — chōa kē, tú 好 kēng tī 山 kap 天 ê 中央。查某人應講:「我 tō 是蓬萊。」人 tō 無看--去。Soah 聽著 hñg-hñg-hñg kài sêng 一群人 teh 唸歌:

土 kha ê 綠色四季相仝
山頂 ê 白雲一時一款
心情好 bái 不管
生成美麗免打扮
故鄉有近近 ê 玉山
玉山是迷戀 ê 愛人
M̄ 是仙境眠夢
雨來 kā 伊洗浴
風吹抹百花清芳
Tà 霧 moa thng chhun ê 內衫
出日掩黃金紗網
阮叫 chia 咱人 ê 故鄉
也是祕密 ê 仙境開放
故鄉有看 bē ià ê koân 山
我講蓬萊 ê 神 tòà tī 玉山

She approaches the girl. "Give me those red beads back."

The girl replies, "My grandma gave me this bracelet."

"What was her name?"

"Her name was Chúí Hún." *Powder.*

"Who was Chúí Hún's mother?"

"Her name was Chúí Khoân."

"Who was Chúí Khoân's mother?"

The girl shakes her head, not knowing.

"Your grandma's grandma's name was Hún" — *Cloud* — "just like yours. This bracelet was hers."

The girl slips off the bracelet and hands it over. "Who are you?"

Two rainbows — one high, one low — arch into view on the valley horizon, propping up sky over hills. "I am Hônglái," she answers. Then she is gone. A chorus seems to chant from vanishingly far...

Ever green is the earth, but in the heights
White are the clouds, and ever changing
Be the mood mellow, or raging
Inborn beauty needs no makeup to wear
Home is where Giòksan is near
Giòksan is our crush, a lovmate
Not some dreamtime fairyscape
She bathes in the rain
Winds ply her with many-flowered scent
Mist drapes her in the stripped-down essentials
Sun-times veil her goldenly
I call this our Home Land
Our secret, open wonderland
Our peaks never cloy the eye — hear me!
The spirit of Hônglái dwells on Giòksan