



kuàng zhù měi jǐng 框住美景

jìn nián lái, 26 lǐ xiān qǐ le zài gǔ pǔ jiē xiàng huà bì huà de rè cháo.
近年来，26 哩掀起了在古朴街巷画壁画的热潮。
huáng hūn, chéng ēn hé bà ba mā ma dūn zài yì pái lǎo jiù fáng zi de hòu
黄昏，承恩和爸爸妈妈蹲在一排老旧房子的后
xiàng tā máng lù dì tì huàn shǒu zhōng de tiáo sè pán bà ma zhèng jù jīng huì shén
巷。他忙碌地替换手中的调色盘，爸妈正聚精会神
dì gěi bì huà zhe sè
地给壁画着色。

sì nián qián, bà ma hé yì bān ài hào yì shù de shè yǒu men dé dào lǎo
四年前，爸妈和一班爱好艺术的社友们，得到老
jiē diàn zhǔ hé wū zhǔ de yǔn xǔ hòu měi nián dōu huì zài shì hé de dì diǎn huà bì
街店主和屋主的允许后，每年都会画在适合的地点画壁
huà bì huà jì zǎi zhe nóng cūn fēng mào de jīng jì huó dòng bì huà fā yáng zhe cūn
画。壁画记载着农村风貌的经济活动；壁画发扬着村
mín yōu liáng de yǐn shí wén huà bì huà zhǎn xiàn zhe zhèn shàng hái tóng men wú xié de tóng
民优良的饮食文化；壁画展现着镇上孩童们无邪的童
qù shēng huó
趣生活。

Framing a beautiful scene

In recent years, '26 Miles' (a town in Kulai, Johore) has set off a booming trend in street mural painting in quaint streets and alleys.

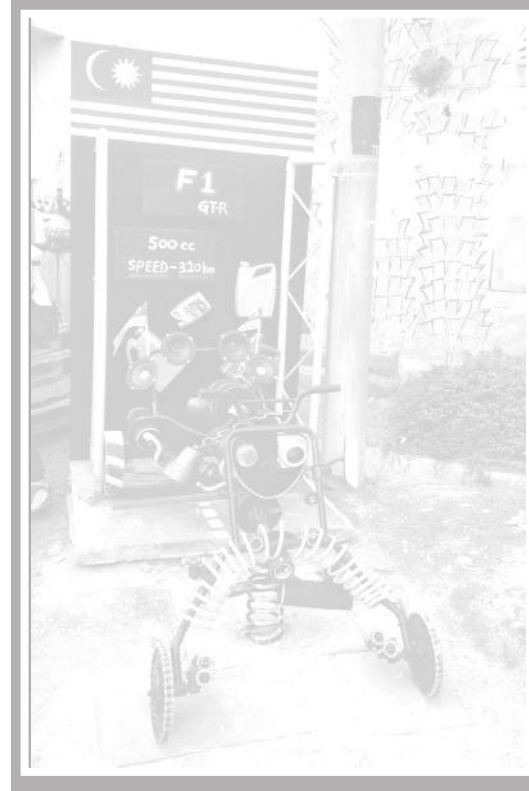
At dusk, Cheng En and his parents squatted in the back alley of a row of old houses. He was busy replacing the palette in his hand, and his parents were attentively colouring the murals.

Four years ago, his parents and a group of art-loving friends got the permission from the shop and house owners of the old street. With permission, every year they draw and paint murals in suitable locations. The murals depict the economic activities of the rural folks; they also showcase the excellent cuisine of the villagers; and portray the innocence and carefree childhood of the children in the town.



jīn nián yǒu diǎn bù yí yàng chú le bì huà
今年，有点不一样。除了壁画，
shè yǒu men hái gòu sī zhì zuò lì tǐ zuò pǐn bǎ pò
社友们还构思制作立体作品，把破
tóng làn tiě gǎi zào chéng jī qì rén chú le xuān yáng fèi
铜烂铁改造成机器人。除了宣扬废
wù lì yòng yě gǔ lì fā huī chuàng zào lì
物利用，也鼓励发挥创造力。

ā zhè zhǔ yì zhēn bú cuò chéng
“啊！这主意真不错。”承
ēn yì xiǎng dào lǎo fáng zi páng biān zhàn lì yí gè tiě pí
恩一想到老房子旁边站立一个铁皮
jī qì rén jiù lián xiǎng dào lǜ yě xiān zōng lǐ
机器人，就联想到《绿野仙踪》里
de tiě qiáo fū qù nián nà fú cǎi hú jiāo de bì
的铁樵夫。去年，那幅采胡椒的壁
huà páng biān bǎi le yí fù tī zi tā jiù céng bǎ zì
画旁边摆了一副梯子，他就曾把自
jǐ huàn xiǎng chéng mó dòu zhōng dēng tiān de jié kè
己幻想成《魔豆》中登天的杰克
ne
呢！



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It's a bit different this year. In addition to murals, the art community also conceived the idea to make three-dimensional art by transforming scrap metal into robots. This is to promote recycling, and to encourage creativity.

"Ah! This is a great idea." Cheng En thought of the tin robot standing next to the old house, it reminded him of the tin man in "The Wizard of Oz." Last year, a ladder was placed next to the mural of someone picking pepper. He imagined himself as Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk" who ascended to the sky!

“恩恩，你有什么想法，不妨提出来。”爸爸说。

“让我好好想想，我要发表一幅独一无二的立体画！”当时承恩是这么笑着回答的。

如今，壁画都完成得七七八八了，可是承恩的旷世佳作还没有灵感！唉，这不还在给爸妈端调色盘当助手吗？

承恩低下头叹息，心里很是后悔：真是的。谁能创作出独一无二的作品啊？

暖和的微风拂来，承恩被额头前晃动的细发弄得痒痒的，不禁甩了甩头，手抖了一下。“小心，别打翻了调色盘。”妈妈提醒。

“En En, if you have any ideas let us know,"Dad said.

“Let me think about it, I want to paint a unique three-dimensional painting!" Cheng En replied with a smile.

Now the murals are almost completed, but Cheng En's has no inspiration yet for his art! Sigh, isn't he still assisting his parents refilling the palettes?

Cheng En lowered his head and sighed, regretting in his heart: Really. Who can create a unique and one-of-a-kind artwork?

The warm breeze blew, and Cheng En was tickled by the fine hair moving in front of his forehead. Feeling itchy, he swayed his head and shook his hands. “Be careful, don't knock over the palette," Mom reminded.

chéng ēn huí guò shén lái yīng le yì shēng duì bu qǐ jì xù duān
承恩回过神来，应了一声：“对不起！”继续端
hǎo tiáo sè pán
好调色盘。

tā wú liáo dì tái qǐ tóu xī bian de yún céng shè chū de jīn sè yáng guāng
他无聊地抬起头，西边的云层射出的金色阳光，
yǐ jīng bú zài cì yǎn chén āi kē lì zài yí dào dào guāng xiàn zhōng fēi wǔ
已经不再刺眼，尘埃颗粒在一道道光线中飞舞……老
fáng zi páng de diàn dēng zhù yán mián bù jué de diàn xiàn jǐ zhī zǎo guī de juàn niǎo
房子旁的电灯柱，延绵不绝的电线，几只早归的倦鸟
yǐ jīng zhàn hǎo wèi zi zhěng lǐ yǔ yì yīng gāi shì dǎ suàn zài nà er guò yè le
已经占好位子，整理羽翼，应该是打算在那儿过夜了。

xī yáng wú xiàn hǎo zhǐ shì jìn huáng hūn jīn sè yáng guāng sì yǒng shì
“夕阳无限好，只是近黄昏”，金色阳光似勇士
shǒu zhōng ruì lì de bǎo jiàn bān yí dào dào dì chān yún céng wú nài zài rì zhuǎn
手中锐利的宝剑般，一道道地刺穿云层，无奈在日转
xīng yí zhī xià zhú jiàn shī qù guāng huī càn làn chéng ēn xiǎng qǐ xué guò de táng shī
星移之下，逐渐失去光辉灿烂。承恩想起学过的唐诗，
zhèng shì zhè ge shí hòu zuì hǎo de xiě zhào
正是这个时候最好的写照。

Cheng En came back to his senses and responded, "I'm sorry!" and continued to hold the palette.

He raised his head in boredom. The golden sunlight shone through the clouds from the west was no longer blinding, dust particles were flying in the rays of light... The lamp posts next to the old house, the endless electric wires, and a few tired birds who had returned early had already taken up their places in the nest and started smoothing out their wings, they looked like they plan to spend the night there.

"The sunset is beautiful, but it's just near dusk" (Chinese idiom - sunset is beautiful but unfortunately it is so short-lived). The golden sunlight pierced through the clouds one by one like a sharp sword in the hands of a warrior, but gradually lost its brilliance as the sun and the stars shift. Cheng En remembered the Tang poetry he had studied, which portrays the scene so well.

“爸爸，您看！”承恩挥手指向西边的天空，“有光，有云，有鸟，有老房子，有电灯柱，风儿吹，景色一直变幻……不如我们在这儿设一个空的画框，游客无论什么时候来访，都能欣赏到一幅独一无二的画作呢！”

爸爸妈妈循着承恩所指的方向望去。一点也没错！站在这个角度，小镇淳朴秀丽的景色一览无遗。

“上天亲自来参与这个创意平台了呢！”爸爸用左右手的拇指和食指，构成一个框架，左右移动，上下移动，寻找最佳角度。

“不过，该给这作品取个什么名字呢？”承恩模仿着爸爸的动作，心里却萌生疑问。

“就叫‘此时此刻’吧！因为上天每时每刻都给我们预备了美好的景色！”说完，妈妈也放下画笔，对着天空架起手指框架。

“Dad, look! Cheng En waved his hand and pointed to the sky in the west, “There is light, there are clouds, birds, old houses, electric lamp posts, the wind blows, and the scenery keeps changing.... why don't we set up an empty picture frame here. No matter when a tourist visits, they can always enjoy a unique ‘painting’!”

Mom and Dad looked in the direction Cheng En pointed. He is right! Standing from this angle, the simple and beautiful scenery of the town can all be captured in one glance.

“The heavens personally came to participate in this creative platform!” Dad uses his left and right thumb and index finger to form a frame, moving left and right, up and down, looking for the best angle.

“But what name should I give this work?” Cheng En imitated dad’s actions, but has doubts in his heart.

“Just call it ‘In The Moment’! Because the heavens always prepare us a beautiful view!” After speaking, his mother also puts down her brush and set it up her finger frame against the sky.