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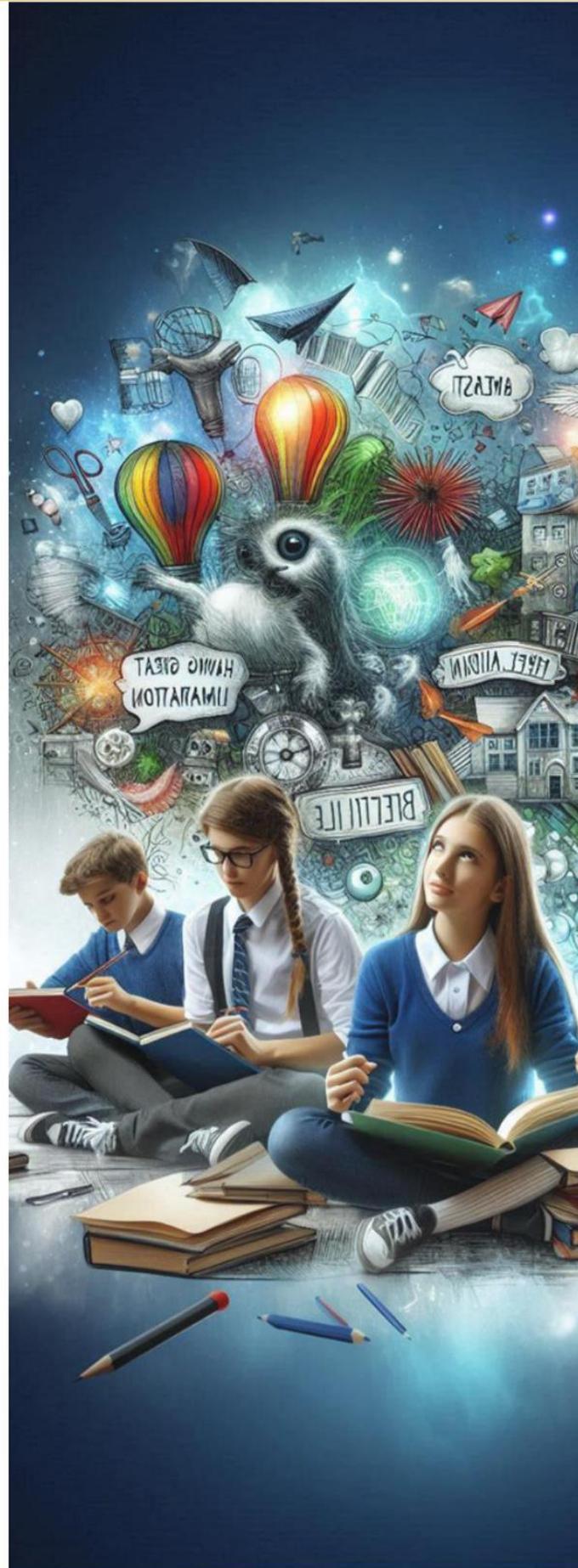
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Imagine2Empower

IMAGINE2EMPOWER, a nonprofit under Words4Wisdom, invites year-round submissions for its E-magazine. We welcome all writing styles and artwork from diverse cultures and perspectives. Our platform values works that illuminate research, storytelling, equity, justice, and the beauty of everyday moments—whether through fiction, nonfiction, poetry, paintings, or multimedia creations.

Curated collaboratively, we provide a supportive space to showcase diverse talents, offering peer-to-peer guidance and opportunities for individuals from underserved communities. Please note that all submissions must be entirely original; AI-generated content is prohibited. At the end of the year, we will print hard copies of our e-magazine to distribute in low-income areas, providing valuable educational resources to these communities.

Our mission is to inspire students worldwide, fostering their skills and amplifying their voices within a global community.

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BEFRIEND THE FACE OF FEAR

By Nina Zhan (U.S.)

Regal strokes of jet-black ink adorned the pages with illustrations that I still reminisce about when I think of childhood. I was mesmerized by the characters; they were valiant in the face of adversity, and fear was their ally, rather than their enemy.

“Befriend the face of your greatest fear, and when they are no longer your foe, you will cease to be afraid,” I imagined them telling me, “So sail dauntlessly across the open sea; welcome adversity and you will never drown.”



I acknowledged their every word, and it was as if I promised, “I will, and I’ll never fall to being afraid.”

I was only three, the age to find pleasure in the simple joys of childhood, yet far too young to understand the lessons I had been taught. But little did I know that the promise I had given those characters would be broken very soon.

* * *

Yulan magnolias came bright and early that spring, their petals trailing down the streets of Shanghai as winter waned. The blossoms painted the bustling atmosphere with touches of ivory-white, visible even against the nighttime city lights.

My earliest experiences consist of visiting my grandparents in China and seeing photos of lively streets and the graceful presence of Shanghai’s city flower.

My grandma would tell me stories, Chinese folktales, and rhymes that I began to read at a young age.



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I was born and have always lived in the United States, yet my first memories are a comforting vision of a different language and culture than the country I was born in.

* * *

It was the first day of preschool. A crowd of children ran across a vibrantly-colored carpet, laughing and shouting, the walls decorated with trails of the alphabet. The classroom radiated a warm, friendly ambiance. But to me, there was a barrier to that warmth. Everywhere, the English was incomprehensible, every word foreign and meaningless, unlike the Chinese, I had been accustomed to. So, I sat alone, unable to hold back my tears, having only my stuffed toy--a bear with the appliqué of a moon on its back--for company.

I remember once: A classmate smiled and waved at me. She began to speak, not knowing that I only knew a few basic English words at the time. I wanted to suggest that



we could color together. It's a simple request, I thought, pointing soundlessly toward a table that held drawing supplies, and perhaps she could be my first friend. But the girl only shook her head, not understanding. If only it were as easy as I thought it would be. My hopes dared to rise even higher. But still, against my everything, she turned away before I was able to say something back.

Questions flooded the waves of my thoughts. How much time until I can understand the language around me? --And why am I falling in the face of adversity?

During naptime, as silence hummed its simple tune, the ink forming the alphabet on the classroom walls stirred with life. They shifted, morphing into the storybook characters I had admired in what seemed like so long ago. Sail towards the torrents of the sea, and you will find that no opportunity is more valuable than facing your fears, the characters advised in my imagination.

“But how could I possibly achieve what you say?” I asked.

My fear rose in my mind. I imagined that it spoke with a spirit as fearless as the wind, and just as wild. “I have been by your side all along.” it told me, “Welcome me and you will seek the greatest of heights--” But it was too late. Its voice was lost within the ring of the classroom bell that startled my thoughts into reality.

The months flew by, but, despite my improved understanding of English, I still stayed in a shroud of silence, too shy to interact with others. The dread that always accompanied me to preschool had lodged itself permanently in my chest, holding me back whenever I searched for any sign of confidence within me. That instant, I had let adversity become my enemy.

* * *

A year had passed. There was an air of simplicity about the way the silver raindrops fell, and something tranquil about the color of the sky as a storm ebbed away. But something wasn't right, something that wasn't the biting cold of early winter.

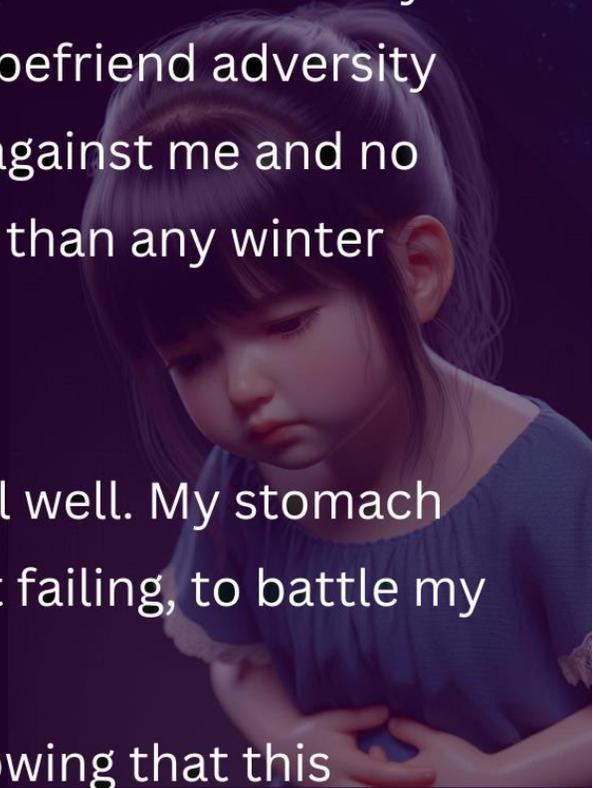
The familiar sense of disquiet seemed permanent, but now another sensation enveloped my insides. A dizzying sensation overtook me, and as I sat up, my head ached ceaselessly; there was a throbbing pain in my stomach that added a strange heaviness. This happened again. And again. Every few weeks, to every week, until it was every single day. The promise I had made to befriend adversity was forever behind. Fear was fighting against me and no longer my ally, which stung far greater than any winter chill.

* * *

“Mama,” I said one day, “I don’t feel well. My stomach hurts.” It was another day of trying but failing, to battle my fears around the other kids.

My mom brushed it off at first, knowing that this wasn’t uncommon. “It’s alright, you will be fine.” I found solace in these words, and the pain would temporarily fade into nonexistence.

But it was getting worse by the passing day, so often it was nearly chronic. I was terrified but also confused. Why



am I feeling this way? I wish it would stop, I thought, What could be wrong with me?

But it was getting worse by the passing day, so often it was nearly chronic. I was terrified but also confused. Why am I feeling this way? I wish it would stop, I thought, What could be wrong with me?

Somewhere, a memory answered me. “Nothing is wrong, not with you or your health. You’ve been neglecting adversity, your old friend!” It cried, “You must befriend and conquer your fears, have you forgotten?” But its voice was lost among the raging gale.

My mom began to become worried, and there were segments of conversation I heard every so often as she spoke on the phone. “Yes, I would like to make an appointment for...”, “No fever or nausea...”, “At 10 o’clock tomorrow?”

The memories are a blur now. I was at the hospital to receive a colonoscopy for my stomach pains. I remember the atmosphere being a cloud of stark white, with few hints of color-- There was no ink on the walls to speak to me about the time when fear was still my friend.

* * *

I awoke after the procedure, and my mom told me that the doctors had said I was healthy. “No infections or gastrointestinal issues,” she had explained, “But one of the nurses told me that stress and anxiety could be the cause.” My mom went on to say that the nurse’s son had faced a similar issue after switching to a new school and also had stomach pains due to long-term anxieties in a new environment. After hearing about my experiences from the beginning of preschool, the nurse determined this to be the case.

As I sat looking out the car window, I contemplated what I had just heard. The gentle arms of reassurance pulled me out from under the weight of my fears, brushing away the smoke and ashes within my mind from the unease that had been burning me whole.

That day, I found myself looking through the illustrations from over a year ago, reminiscing and embracing the pages now scattered with dust, not quite recalling when I had let facing my fears, a friend so valuable and true, go.

* * *

A sea of light blue was suspended in the air, a canopy of an old place, yet so new now that adversity was my friend once more. As I approached the others at recess, one of them gave me a wave of acknowledgment.

I spoke to them for the first time, facing the fears I ignored in the past. The warmth of their welcome melted every barrier I had faced up ^{***}to that point. As we made our way up a hill, the storybook characters from deep within my memories watched me, knowing I had truly learned my lesson. Slowly and subconsciously, simple strokes of ink formed themselves into those characters, and whispered for the very last time, “Forever sail without a fright, no matter the darkness of the night.”

These sweet, priceless memories of my early childhood left as I matured, and told me, at last, to go forth to seek greater heights. Before I could look back, those strokes of jet-black ink from the characters I had cherished closed their eyes and slept, like an owl crouching his body forward to sleep until sundown.

But through the latest hours of the night and the vulnerable breaks of dawn, fear and adversity will never leave me, nor will I ever see them as an enemy.

After all, why shouldn't one embrace the element that lurks in every corner?



与逆境为友

作者: Nina Zhan 英译中: Brian Xu

我依稀记得儿时带插图的书页，高贵而峻峭的墨渍点缀着故事；他们在逆境中英勇无畏，逆境是他们的盟友，而不是敌人。

“与逆境为友，扬帆远航吧！”脑海中的角色们对我说。

我记住了他们说的每一个字，默默地承诺：“我一定会做到的，绝不会惧怕。”

当时我只有三岁，正值简单快乐的年龄，还未成熟到能领悟这些深邃的智慧。我并不知道自己很快将打破对书中人物的承诺。



* * *

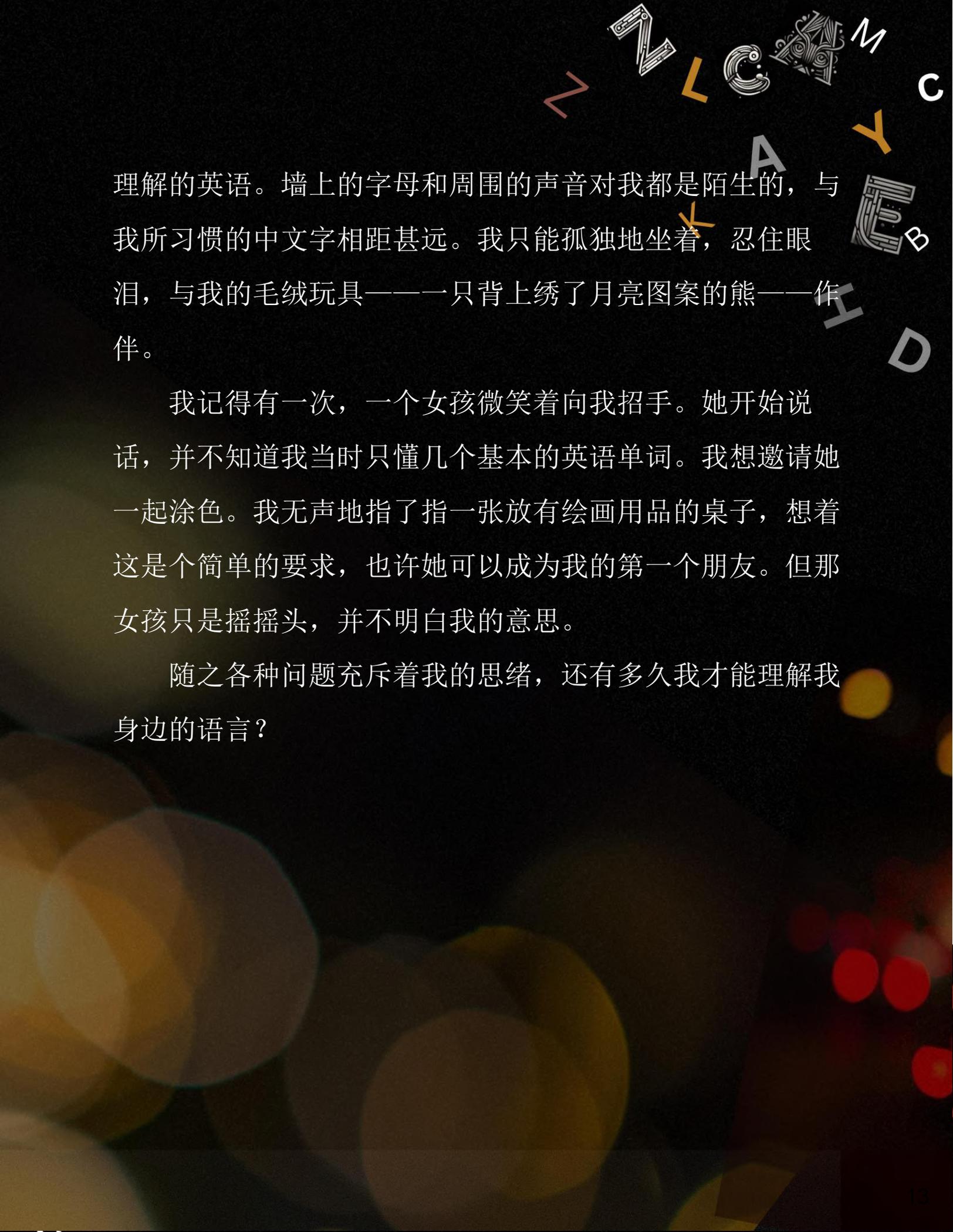
早春时分，明亮而早成的白玉兰花瓣拖曳在上海的街道上。白玉兰以象牙般的白色点染了熙攘的空气，在夜里仍与街灯一样显眼。

拜访我在中国的祖父母、看热闹的道路和上海市市花的优雅景象组成了我最早的记忆。我的外婆会给我讲故事，中国民间神话和童谣，我从小就开始阅读中文。我在美国出生长大，但我最初的记忆是一片与我出生的国家不同的语言和文化的美好图景。

* * *

那是入美国幼儿园的第一天。一群孩子奔跑在色彩鲜艳的地毯上，边笑边喊，旁边的墙上贴着一行行的字母表。教室中散发出了温暖而友好的气息。但有堵墙把我和那种气息隔开了。到处都是我无法



The background is dark with scattered bokeh lights in shades of yellow, orange, and red. In the upper right corner, there is a cluster of stylized English letters: 'Z', 'L', 'C', 'M', 'A', 'Y', 'B', 'H', and 'D'. Some letters are white, some are yellow, and some are red. The letters are arranged in a somewhat circular pattern, with some overlapping. The text is centered on the page.

理解的英语。墙上的字母和周围的声音对我都是陌生的，与我所习惯的中文字相距甚远。我只能孤独地坐着，忍住眼泪，与我的毛绒玩具——一只背上绣了月亮图案的熊——作伴。

我记得有一次，一个女孩微笑着向我招手。她开始说话，并不知道我当时只懂几个基本的英语单词。我想邀请她一起涂色。我无声地指了指一张放有绘画用品的桌子，想着这是个简单的要求，也许她可以成为我的第一个朋友。但那女孩只是摇摇头，并不明白我的意思。

随之各种问题充斥着我的思绪，还有多久我才能理解我身边的语言？

D
L
Y

在午睡时间，寂静的单音被无声地奏响，墙上字母表中的墨迹活了起来。它们变成了故事书中我很久前曾崇拜的英雄。我想象中的英雄建议道：“向着海洋中的激流航行，没有比面对你的逆境更有价值的机会了。”

“但我怎样才能做到呢？”我问道。

我的恐惧在脑海中显现。在我的想象中，那些英雄再次降临，他以风一般无畏狂野的精神对我说：我一直在你身边，你若是接纳我，就能攻克万难——”他们的声音消失在教室的铃声里，把我的思绪拉回现实。

时光飞逝，尽管我对英语的理解能力有所提高，但我仍然沉默寡言，羞于与人交流。仍然呆在属于寂静的汪洋之中。伴随我幼儿园时期的恐惧永远驻在了我的心里，阻止着我对自信的寻求。那时我让逆境成为了我的敌人。

C
A
M
D

K



* * *

一年过去了。银色雨滴的坠落方式显露出几分简洁，风雨后的天空中闪现出几抹透亮的色彩。但有什么东西不太对劲，这是与初冬刺骨的寒冷无关的东西。

熟悉的不安感似乎是永恒的，但现在另一种感觉笼罩了我的内心。当我坐起来时，我的头不停地疼，在我的肚子里，某种抽动的痛感使我感到异常难受。这种情况一次又一次，从最初的几周一次，到每周，直至每天都有。

与逆境为友的承诺被我永远地抛诸脑后。我的腹痛，成了恐惧的化身，不断地折磨着我，它比任何冬天的寒冷都更加刺痛。

* * *

“妈妈，我肚子疼。”我有一天说道。那天是又一个我尝试面对其他孩子的恐惧而战斗，但最终失败的日子。

妈妈起初不以为然，“没事，过一会就好了。”我在这句话里找到了慰藉，疼痛也暂且消失了。

但腹痛一天比一天严重，近乎成了慢性病。我既害怕又困惑。为什么我会这么难受？我希望它能消失，这是出什么问题了？

某处一段记忆回应了我。“你的身体没出任何问题。你只是忘了逆境，你的老朋友！”它喊道：“你必须与逆境为友，你必须克服恐惧，你忘记了吗？”它的声音在肆虐的狂风中消失了。

妈妈开始变得忧心忡忡，我听到妈妈在电话里的零星对话：“是的，我想预约挂号……”，“没有发烧和恶心……”，“明天十点吗？”

这些记忆现在很模糊了。我当时正在医院做肠镜检查。我记得当时的气氛是一团惨白，几乎没有一丝色彩——不像当初我想勇敢面对逆境时。现在墙上没有能与对我说话的墨迹。

我在术后醒来，妈妈告诉我，医生说我很健康。

“没有炎症和其他消化道问题，但是有位护士告诉妈妈压力和焦虑可能是肚子痛的成因。”妈妈继续说道：“那位护士的儿子在转学后由于长期焦虑，有过类似的症状。”在听到我从幼儿园开始的经历后，护士认为这也是我的病因。

我看向车窗外，思索着刚才听到的一切。温柔的手臂将我从沉重的恐惧下拖出，把我思维中折磨着我的不安的烟尘和灰烬拭去。

那天，我翻阅了一年多前的插画书，回忆并拥抱着现在散落着灰尘的书页，不太记得我什么时候放弃了面对逆境，一个如此宝贵和真实的朋友。

* * *

蓝色的穹顶一成未变，但因逆境已成了我的朋友而显得焕然一新。我在课间接触了不少同学，其中几位同学给予了我极大的肯定。

这是我头一次和他们说话，面对我过去忽视了的逆境。他们温暖的支持融化了我心中的每一道墙。当我们一起爬上一座小山丘时，在我的记忆深处，故事书中的人物在看着

我，知道我真正地面对了自己的逆境。缓慢而下意识地墨迹，最后一次轻声低语：

“无论夜色多么漆黑，永远航行无惧。”

这些清甜而无价的童年记忆于我成熟之时离去。蓦然回首，来自那些人物的笔墨已然沉睡，如同在白昼沉睡而只待黄昏起飞的猫头鹰。但在深夜和初绽的微弱曙光中，逆境不会离开我，我也不再会与其为敌。毕竟，

为什么要去藏匿那些

无处不在的物质呢？



Navigating the Teenage Emotional Pressure Cooker

President Franklin D. Roosevelt puts forward the idea that “We may not be able to prepare the future for our children, but we can at least prepare our children for the future.”

— indeed, parents can and should prepare their children for the future — emotionally. Tense dinner conversations and cold shoulders are a staple in the repertoire of teenagers’ lives. Teenagers are often consumed by the balancing act of school work, activities, social circles, and existential thoughts as they mature into young adults. This naturally results in an emotional pressure cooker that often boils over in the comfort of their homes. However, when parents retaliate against their children’s expression of emotion, this breaks trust in the familial bond, causing children to withdraw and withhold their feelings from their parents. Therefore, parents should strive to create an environment in which children can express themselves freely and experience emotional growth without punishment.



One avenue for parents to foster an emotionally safe home environment is by allowing children to worry about their own problems, while simultaneously shielding them from worrying about their parents' trauma and stress. This protects children from unnecessary trauma, which forms an emotional response to a stressful event that an individual does not have the skills or tools to cope with. A recent study in 2023, conducted by the Center for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), found that a child's health is significantly influenced by their parent's mental health. The study showed that "1 in 14 children aged 0–17 years had a parent

who reported poor mental health, and those children were more likely to have poor general health.”[1] A parent's own mental health needs to be maintained in order for their children to lead healthy lives. Children are not equipped to support their parents' mental health, nor should they have to take on this burden; parents should actively take care of their own mental health in order to protect the health of their children. Since parents shape a child's understanding of life, their expression of serious problems, worries, and mental health issues can dramatically impact a young person's experience of their childhood.

Parents who blur the line between child and companion in sharing their troubles with their children, have more difficulty caring for their children, which negatively affects a child's mental and physical health due to neglect. Showing care for the emotional wellbeing of others takes energy, and when parents dedicate their energy towards expressing their own emotions, as opposed to listening to the emotional needs of their children, this can result in neglect. Whereas parents who prioritize both their own mental health and that of their children, by educating their children on coping mechanisms for strong





negative emotions, are able to form closer bonds with their kids. John M. Gottman, an American psychologist, wrote his famous book called 'Raising An Emotionally Intelligent Child: The Heart of Parenting' in 1997, where he talks about how parents can build a healthy relationship with their children, and finds that: "When parents offer their children empathy and help them to cope with negative feelings like anger, sadness, and fear, parents build bridges of loyalty and affection." [2] Supporting children in understanding the emotions they are experiencing creates closer familial bonds and teaches children to manage changes in their emotional states. Furthermore, until their late teens, children are not equipped to support their parents' emotional well-being and have not yet developed the emotional intelligence to process any complex issues that are being shared with them. While it is valuable for parents to share some personal challenges with their children, such as interpersonal conflicts at work, as an educational opportunity and a maturity exercise, parents should not be depending on their children to be pseudo-therapists to, for example, provide support during burnout or depression. A child's healthy development depends on their parent's ability to share valuable learning moments while censoring traumatic events until a child has developed the emotional maturity to understand them fully.

Children are growing beings who need a safe environment to develop themselves and to do so, parents need to create comfort by absorbing their children's emotions. A study conducted by the Journal of Family Psychology found that "a child's ability to regulate their emotions is significantly impacted by a parent's approach to punishment (emotionally controlled vs. emotionally charged), emotionally charged punitive measures resulting in a child's aggressive behavior at school." [3] Healthy homes are created when parents control their own emotions and accept their children's emotions, as this creates a sense of peace and comfort for the child and demonstrates that expressing emotion is acceptable and even valuable in certain situations. As children need to be able to experience

emotional trial-and-error in the home. This allows them to learn appropriate responses to situations like compassion, active listening, and confrontation, which they would not be able to do if they were not permitted to express their emotions to their parents, or if they were shouldering the emotions of their parents and muffling their own. Children are sponges: they learn through absorption, and the home environment their parents craft for them is reflected in their personalities and behavior. Disturbing the emotional ambiance of a child's home influences the trajectory of their emotional maturity. Parents need to give children a safe zone for emotional experimentation by absorbing their emotions, however challenging to their own emotional states.

Not only does emotional expression allow for emotional development in children, but it also facilitates the growth of healthy relationships. These form between a parent and child when parents don't retaliate against normal human emotions and allow their child to express themselves. A child's relationship with their parents is their first experience of an interpersonal connection, which will inform how they interact with, and treat other people in their life later on. The study, supported by NIH's National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) and National Institute of Child

Health and Human Development (NICHD, suggests that: “adolescents who grow up in positive family climates with effective parenting are more likely to have healthy romantic relationships as young adults.”[4] Children feel at ease when parents accept their feelings. This understanding creates a stronger bond between the parents and child, building trust and confidence, which are critical to all relationships. As the emotional bonds between parents and children are the primary factors influencing a child’s growth, retaliating against a child’s expression of, for example, anger, frustration, or sadness, drives them to fight against their emotions instead of processing, understanding, and reflecting on their reactions to different circumstances. Normalizing a child’s feelings decreases the stress of learning to express themselves appropriately. Allowing a child to express their emotions develops a healthy acceptance of their feelings and strengthens the parent-child bond, which will form the bedrock of the child’s future interpersonal relationships.

A healthy relationship starts by bearing a child’s emotions and allowing them to develop from them. Emotion can be a disorienting and disarming force for people of all ages. It is easy to adopt the emotions of people around us, be they happy, angry, or sad, but it is a challenge to recognize the emotions of others without allowing them to affect us. Being emotionally resilient is a critical life skill, and also a behavior that is nurtured over time and through experience. Parents can help build up

children’s emotional skills, but they need to respond calmly and accordingly during a sudden outburst. Parents’ ability not to react to a child’s outburst of anger sets an example for the child to emulate in other environments, such as at school, with friends, or with siblings at home. Demonstrating an ability to be level-headed in heated situations, and remain focused on priorities is very important to a child who observes human ecosystems in different scenarios.

Although it’s important for parents to share some of their personal challenges with their children, they should not rely on their kids to hold emotional support.

Parents need to be able to communicate educational experiences without revealing traumatic information to promote their child's healthy mental development. A culture of emotional suppression in the home disrupts a child's pathway of emotional growth since children are developing beings who require a safe environment to thrive. Not only does emotional expression allow for emotional exploration in children, but it also facilitates the growth of healthy relationships. People of all ages may find emotion to be confusing and disarming, but parents can support their child's emotional growth by absorbing their everyday stress and providing guidance on how to respond to emotional experiences.



驾驭青少年情感的高压锅

作者: Katherrin Wu 英译中: 治嘉豪

富兰克林·罗斯福总统在情感上提出了“我们也许不能为孩子设置未来，但我们至少可以为孩子准备未来。”

的确，父母可以也应该为孩子准备未来。紧张的晚餐谈话和冷淡的态度是青少年生活中的主要内容。随着青少年成长为年轻人，他们经常被学校作业、活动、社交圈和存在主义思想的平衡所消耗。这自然会导致一个情感高压锅，经常在他们舒适的家沸腾。然而，当父母对孩子的情感表达进行报复时，这就破坏了对家庭纽带的信任，导致孩子回避和隐瞒他们对

父母的感情。所以，家长要努力创造一个让孩子自由表达，不受惩罚地体验情感成长的环境。

父母培养情感安全的家庭环境的一个途径是允许孩子担心他们自己的问题，同时保护他们不担心父母的创伤和压力。这可以保护儿童免受不必要的创伤，这种创伤会对个体没有技能或工具来应对的压力事件形成情绪反应。疾病控制和预防中心(CDC)最近在2023年进行的一项研究发现，孩子的健康受到父母心理健康的显著影响。该研究表明，“每14名0-17岁的儿童中就有一名家长报告精



神健康状况不佳，这些儿童更有可能总体健康状况不佳。” [1] 为了让孩子过上健康的生活，父母自己也需要保持心理健康。子女没有能力支持父母的心理健康，也不应该承担这一负担；父母应该积极照顾自己的心理健康，以保护孩子的健康。由于父母塑造了孩子对生活的理解，他们对严重问题、担忧和心理健康问题的表达会极大地影响年轻人对童年的体验。

在与孩子分享他们的烦恼时模糊孩子和同伴之间界限的父母，更难照顾他们的孩子，这由于忽视而对孩子的精神和身体健康产生负面影响。关心他人的情感健康需要精力，当父母将精力投入到表达自己的情感，而不是倾听孩子的情感需求时，这可能会导致忽视。然而，那些把自己和孩子的心理健康都放在首位的父母，通过教育他们的孩子如何应对强烈的负面情绪，能够与他们的孩子建立更紧密的联系。

美国心理学家约翰·m·戈特曼(John M. Gottman)在1997年写了为《养育一个情商高的孩子:为人父母的核心》(Raising a Emotionally Intelligent Child:The Heart of Parenting)的著名书籍，书中他谈到了父母如何与孩子建立健康的关系，并发现：“当父母向孩子提供同理心，并帮助他们应对愤怒、悲伤和恐惧等负面情



绪时，父母就建立了忠诚和亲情的桥梁。” [2]帮助孩子理解他们正在经历的情此外，直到十八九岁，孩子们还不具备支持父母情感健康的能力，也没有发展出处理与他们分享的任何复杂问题的情商。虽然父母与孩子分享一些个人挑战是有价值的，如工作中的人际冲突，作为一个教育机会和成熟的练习，但父母不应该依赖他们的孩子作为伪治疗师，例如，在疲惫或抑郁时提供支持。孩子的健康发展取决于父母分享宝贵的学习时刻的能力，同时审查创伤性事件，直到孩子的情绪成熟，能够完全理解它们。

孩子正在成长，他们需要一个安全的环境来发展自己，为此，父母需要通过吸收孩子的情绪来创造安慰。《家庭心理学杂志》进行的一项研究发现，“孩子调节情绪的能力受到父母惩罚方式的显著影响（情绪控制与情绪控制），情绪控制的惩罚措施导致孩子在学校的攻击性行为。” [3] 健康的家庭是在父母控制自己的情绪并接受孩子的情绪时创建的，因为这为孩子创造了一种平静和舒适的感觉，并表明表达情绪在某些情况下是可以接受的，甚至是有价值的。因为孩子们需要能够在家里经历情感上的反复试验。这使他们能够学会对同情、积极倾听和对抗等情况做出适当的反应，如果他们不被允许向父母表达自己的情绪，或者如果他们肩负着父母的情绪并压抑自己的情绪，他



们就无法做到这一点。孩子是海绵：他们通过吸收学习，父母为他们营造的家庭环境反映在他们的个性和行为中。扰乱孩子家中的情感氛围会影响他们情感成熟的轨迹。父母需要通过吸收孩子的情绪，给孩子一个进行情绪实验的安全地带，无论这对他们自己的情绪状态有多大挑战。

■ 情感表达不仅有利于儿童的情感发展，也有利于健康关系的发展。

当父母不以正常的人类情感，不允许他们的孩子表达自己时，父母和孩子之间就形成了这些情感。孩子与父母的关系是他们对人际关系的第一次体验，这将告诉他们在以后的生活中如何与他人互动和对待他人。这项由美国国立卫生研究院药物滥用研究所(NIDA)和美国国家儿童健康和人类发展研究所(NICHHD)支持的研究表明：“在积极的家庭氛围中成长并得到有效养育的青少年更有可能在年轻时拥有健康的浪漫关系。” [4]当父母接受孩子的感受时，孩子会感到安心。这种理解在父母和孩子之间建立了更强的纽带，建立了信任和信心，这对所有的关系都至关重要。由于父母和孩子之间的情感纽带是影响孩子成长的主要因素，对孩子表达的报复，例如愤怒、沮丧或悲伤，会驱使他們与自己的情绪作斗争，而不是处理、理解和反思他们对不同情况的反应。让孩子的感情正常化可允许孩子表达自己的情感，有助于孩子健康地接受自己的情感，并加强亲





子关系，这将成为孩子未来人际关系的基石。

健康的关系始于承受孩子的情绪，并允许他们从中发展。对于所有年龄段的人来说，情绪可能是一种迷惑和解除武装的力量。我们很容易接受周围人的情绪，无论他们是高兴、生气还是悲伤，但要识别他人的情绪而不让它们影响我们却是一个挑战。保持情绪弹性是一项

重要的生活技能，也是一种需要时间和经历培养的行为。父母可以帮助培养孩子的情感技能，但在突然爆发时，他们需要冷静地做出相应的反应。父母对孩子的愤怒不作出反应的能力为孩子在其他环境中树立了榜样，例如在学校，与朋友或家里的兄弟姐妹。对于一个在不同场景中观察人类生态系统的孩子来说，展示在激烈的情况下保持头脑冷静并专注于优先事项的能力非常重要。

尽管父母与孩子分享他们的一些个人挑战很重要，但他们不应该依赖孩子来获得情感上的支持。父母需要能够在不透露创伤信息的情况下交流教育经验，以促进孩子健康的心理发展。家庭中压抑情感的文化扰乱了儿童的情感成长之路，因为儿童正在成长，他们需要一个安全的环境来茁壮成长。情感表达不仅允许儿童进行情感探索，而且有利于健康关系的发展。所有年龄段的人都可能会发现情绪令人困惑，让人无法释怀，但父母可以通过吸收孩子的日常压力，并就如何应对情绪体验提供指导，来支持他们的情绪成长。

那年夏天

作者：郝书瑶 / Martina Hao (中国)

去年的夏天，我永远不能忘，是不能忘，而不是不想忘。去年的期末的时候，一件件事情接踵而来，每一件事情都让我不知所措，这种感受我从没有过。

在某天放学回家后，我发现妈妈在一声不吭地挂衣服。“妈妈，我回来了！”我用轻快的语气和妈妈说。“嗯，宝贝”一道带着浓浓的鼻音声音穿破耳膜进入脑海，我愣住了，我感觉妈妈今天不一样，妈妈这是哭了吗？我不知道该说些什么，下意识快速地换好鞋，进入卧室。这时，妈妈突然说：“宝贝，妈妈要提前回老家了，要处理一些事，你这段时间要照顾好自己……”说着便哽咽起来。这时，我好像猜到了，我看着妈妈，低声地问：“是太姥姥吗！”“嗯，太姥姥病重了，妈妈要回去，你放心，她一定会好的……”一时间我想说点什么，但是什么都想不出来，我并不知道我是什么感受，这

种感觉从来没有，我也不知道怎么安慰妈妈，我只能轻轻地拍了拍她的背。

我想了数种不好的想法，最终被我一下下敲散，直到回去放假的某天，几个字出现在了微信备注为妈妈聊天区内“太姥姥走了……”那个瞬间，我没有哭，只是觉得心口沉闷闷的，有种说不出的感觉。我知道死亡，但对它没有概念，更没想过它会这么快地来到我身边。直到下葬的那天，我站在一旁听悼词，眼泪止不住地往下流，右手死死地拉着妹妹，我为什么会哭？可能是因为太姥姥的离世，也有一部分原因，可能是我幻想假如我最亲的人离开……越是想，抓妹妹的手就越紧。妈妈总说太姥姥是一个特别特别善良的人，总为别人着想，从没为自己想过，总是把自己的机会和爱给别人，无论是童年时期因为身体等各种原因没有办法继续上学，还是成人后婚姻里受到委屈，以及为了孩子家庭日复一日操劳搞坏了身体，她从未去埋怨计较任何人，都说只要家人好，

她就好。包括对于陌生人她都是一样的善良，走在路上看到一块石头，她都会上去挪开，只为了不影响路上的行人。她会笑着说，石头碰着对谁都不好。

“世界以痛吻我，我却报之以歌”。太姥姥的身体一直不好，整整十年瘫痪在床，失去了行动的自由。太姥姥在床上躺着的时候，该有多么痛苦，几乎不能说话，不能动，有多少个难熬的日子只能自己一个人默默煎熬。可是她还是那么善良，总和家人说没事，不难受。

“太姥姥一定希望我们好好活着，健康幸福。”我只能这么安慰妈妈。“我们一定要好好生活”妈妈也这么说。太姥姥，希望您在另一个世界能好好的为自己而生活，能够上学，工作，找到自己热爱的事情，爱自己，取悦自己，不要只想着别人。我们都很想您，我们也会好好生活，您不用担心。太姥姥，我一定会经常看您的照片，记住您这个最善良，最可爱的人。

那年夏天，我对分别有了更深入的理解。



That Summer

By Martina Hao (China)

Last summer, I can never forget. It's not that I don't want to forget, but that I can't. At the end of last year, one thing after another came up. Each thing made me at a loss. I had never felt this kind of feeling before.

One day after school, when I got home, I found my mother hanging up clothes in silence. "Mom, I'm back!" I said to my mother in a cheerful tone. "Well, baby." A voice with a thick nasal sound pierced through my eardrum and entered my mind. I was stunned. I felt that my mother was different today. Did mom cry? I didn't know what to say. Subconsciously, I quickly changed my shoes and entered the bedroom. At this time, my mother suddenly said, "Baby, mom will go back to hometown in advance. I have to deal with some things. You should take good care of yourself during this time..." Then she choked up. At this time, I seemed to guess. I looked at my mother and asked in a low voice, "Is it great-grandmother?" "Well, great-grandmother is seriously ill. Mom has to go back. Don't worry, she will be fine..." For a moment, I wanted to say something, but I couldn't think of anything. I didn't know what I felt. This feeling had never existed before. I didn't know how to comfort mom either. I could only pat her on the back gently.

I thought of countless bad ideas, but in the end, I scattered them with a single knock. But I have been troubled by this matter all the time. Until one day during the holiday when I went back, a few words appeared in

the chat area of my WeChat note as "Mom": "Great-grandmother is gone..." At that moment, I didn't cry and wasn't very sad. I just felt a dull pain in my heart and had an indescribable feeling. I know about death, but I have no concept of it. I never thought it would come to me so quickly. Until the day of the funeral, I stood aside and listened to the eulogy. Tears couldn't stop flowing down. My right hand held my sister tightly. Why did I cry? Maybe it was because of the death of great-grandmother. To some extent, it might be because I imagined that if my closest person left... The more I thought about it, the tighter I held my sister's hand. Mom always said that great-grandmother is a very, very kind person. She always thinks of others and never thinks of herself. She always gives her opportunities and love to others. Whether it is because of various reasons such as poor health in childhood and being unable to continue going to school, or being wronged in marriage after adulthood, and wearing out her body by working hard day after day for the family and children, she never complains or cares about anyone. She always says that as long as the family is well, she is well and she is fine. Even for strangers, she is equally kind. When she sees a stone on the road, she will go up and move it away just so as not to affect pedestrians on the road. She will say with a smile that it's not good for anyone to bump into a stone.



The Day I Met Sir John Coconut

By Vicky Zhao (Canada)

Have you ever wondered if you could get something that was unlimited? Well, on that stormy night, when the wind was howling in my ears and the rain was splashing heavily on the roof, I craved for my favorite drink. My throat went dry and my eyes focused on an exquisite poster on my bedroom wall. It was quite ancient, the poster. It had a coconut in the middle with a straw in it and an absolutely marvelous jungle background. The poster had three words in the middle with all capitals written in black marker:





COCONUTS DA BEST. I

know, you can probably infer that I wrote that.

Actually, I have that written on all my posters. Pretty weird, right?

Now, I really need a coconut drink, I thought. I ran downstairs and pushed open the kitchen door. I opened

the fridge door and oh, how I was excited! A precious bottle of coconut water lay in front of me, glinting in my eyes. I grabbed it right out and shut the fridge door. Suddenly, I realized something was wrong. The bottle was very light. *Too light.* I turned the cap and threw it into the garbage can. Then I peered in. There rested a tiny droplet of water! *NO!*

That was when the thought came to mind. *What if I could have an unlimited amount of coconut water?* I know that sounded greedy, but how can you not agree? Everyone (and I mean it) have had that thought before! I shook it, expecting the water to rise. Of course, I was dreaming when I did that. I threw the bottle into the garbage can. *Ugh!*

All of a sudden, mist curled around me like a cocoon. It slithered up to my neck, then covered my face. My hands started to prowl at the mist, hoping to get rid of it. *Why was*

there suddenly mist in my kitchen? I wondered. I thought about waking up my parents, then stopped myself abruptly. Because then, right there, in front of my eyes, a coconut with eyes and a mouth and a mustache appeared, staring at me with an evil looking glare.

I pinched myself.

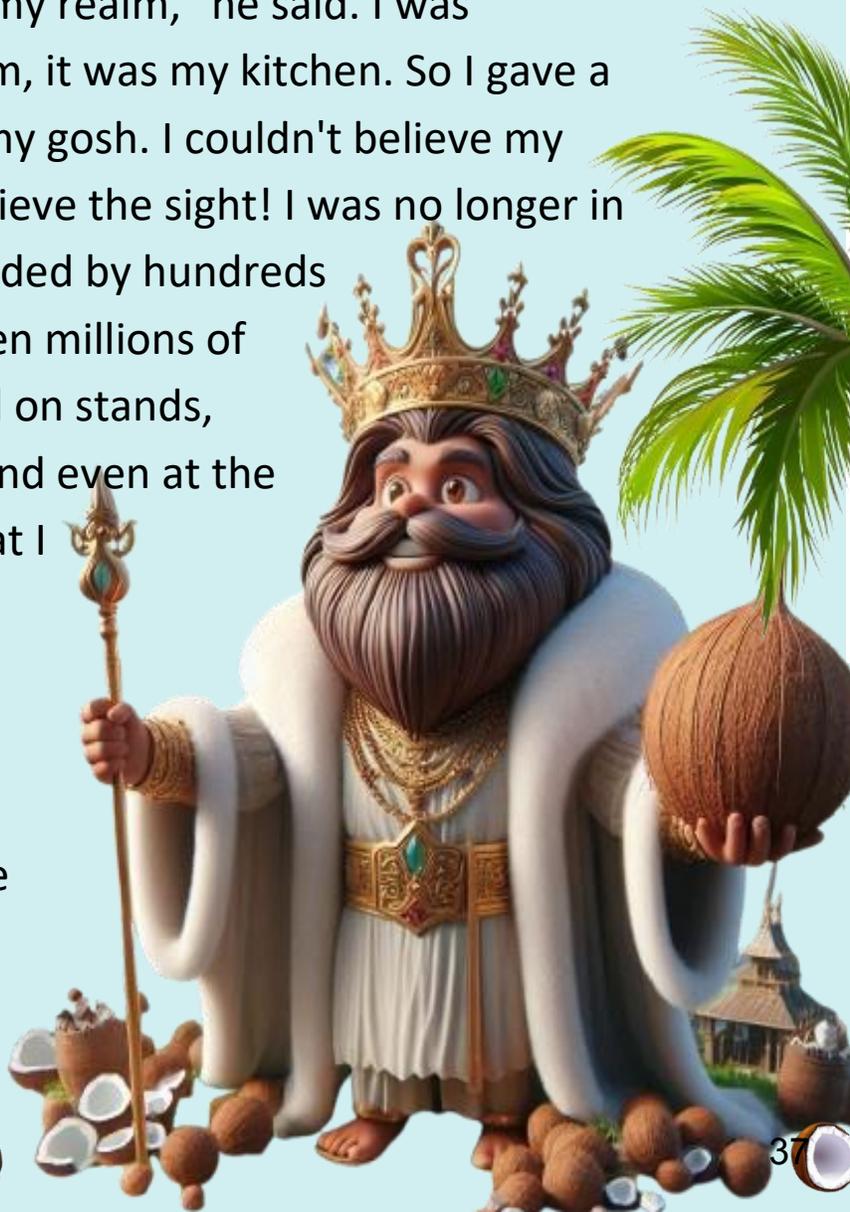
Again and again.

It was true! I wasn't sleep-walking or dreaming! Just then, when I thought nothing more incredible could happen, the coconut spoke!

"Young girl, welcome to my realm," he said. I was confused. This wasn't his realm, it was my kitchen. So I gave a good look around my kit- oh my gosh. I couldn't believe my eyes and my eyes couldn't believe the sight! I was no longer in my dusty kitchen, but surrounded by hundreds and thousands and maybe even millions of coconuts! They were perched on stands, inside bushes, around trees and even at the top of a faraway mountain that I caught a glimpse at.

"Am I in wonderland?" I thought, but asked out loud without knowing.

"You may call it that," the



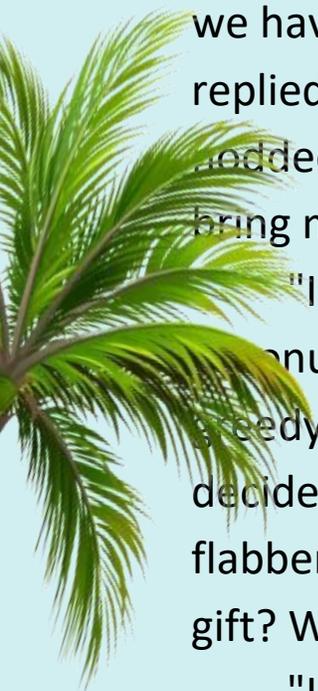
coconut with a mouth and two eyes told me. I jumped, turning around to face him. "And you may as well enjoy it. My name is Sir John Coconut, the grandfather of- ooh, I lost count, around seven million coconuts," he started. My eyes started to explore again. "I am the grandson of the creator of the REALM OF COCONUTS. Are you listening?" I turned back to Sir John Coconut and nodded. I was speechless.

After a little more exploring, I brought myself to say, "am I the only human in this realm?" Sir John Coconut looked at me like I was cocoo. Which I certainly was at that moment.

"You are the only human in this metaverse, but currently we have four billion metaverses open, for your information," he replied, still giving me that awkward, uncomfortable look. I nodded again, which made me look more stupid, but I couldn't bring myself to answer.

"I heard your wish. I listen to everybody's wishes about coconuts. But I found yours quite funny. Unlimited? How greedy!" my face turned red as he spoke these words. "So I decided to pay you a visit and give you a gift." I was flabbergasted. He called me greedy, and now he's giving me a gift? What kind of logic was that?

"I know you don't really understand, but this wish being granted doesn't happen every day. You may choose a coconut, and it shall provide an unlimited amount of coconut water as



soon as you touch it." Sir John Coconut smiled creepily, giving me the chills in this tropical area.

I decided to try. So I went up to a mini coconut and touched it. It glowed blue and yellow right after my skin contacted its rough surface. I scooped it up with my hands and brought it over to Sir John Coconut. "Wonderful," he said as soon as he saw my coconut. "Now I don't want you to stay here for too long, there are other people in the land demanding their wish to come true. I must sadly say you must leave. But remember two things: do not be greedy, and that coconut you chose was a good choice."

Before I could have said anything, mist curled around me again, and in the next blink of an eye, I found myself back in my kitchen, holding a coconut. My mother looked up at me with surprise. She was holding a cup of tea, mixing it with a spoon. I gave her a small smile and was about to run upstairs when- "Uh uh. You're not going anywhere, missy. Where have you been? I can use a little story while drinking my tea," my mother grinned. I sighed, then sat down.

What a day!



我遇见“约翰椰子”先生的那一天

作者：Vicky Zhao

你有没有想过可以得到某样无限的东西？
好吧，那是在一个暴风雨的夜晚，
风在我耳边呼啸，雨点猛烈地打在
屋顶上，我渴望着我的最爱——椰子水。
我喉咙干涩，眼睛紧盯着房间墙上那
张精美的海报。那张海报非常古老，
中央是一颗插着吸管的椰子，背景
是充满魅力的丛林景象。海报中间用黑色记号
笔写着三个大字母：*COCONUTS DA BEST*。
没错，你可能猜到了，那是我写的。其实，
我所有的海报上都写了这个。挺奇怪的，对吧？

我心里想着，现在我真的需要一杯椰子水了。
我飞奔下楼，推开厨房门，打开冰箱门，啊，
我好兴奋！



一瓶珍贵的椰子水躺在我面前，闪烁在我的眼中。我马上拿了出来，关上冰箱门。但突然，我感觉不对劲。瓶子太轻了，太轻了！我拧开瓶盖，把它丢进垃圾桶。然后我往里面一瞧，竟然只剩下一滴水！不！

这时，我突然想到，如果我可以拥有无限的椰子水呢？我知道这听起来很贪心，但你能不同意吗？每个人（真的每个人）都曾有过这种想法！我摇了摇瓶子，指望着水会多起来。当然，我是在做梦。我把瓶子扔进了垃圾桶。唉！

突然，雾气像茧一样缠绕住我，慢慢升到脖子，最后盖住了我的脸。我开始挥手驱赶雾气。为什么厨房里突然有雾气？我心想。我想着要不要叫醒我的父母，但我马上停住了。因为就在那时，眼前出现了一颗椰子，有眼睛和嘴巴，还长着胡子，它正用一种邪恶的目光盯着我。

我狠狠掐了一下自己。

一遍又一遍。是真的！我既没梦游，也没做梦！就在我以为不会发生更不可思议的事情时，那颗椰子竟然开口说话了！“小姑娘，欢迎来到我的王国”，他说。我感到困惑。这不是他的王国，这是我的厨房啊。所以我环顾了一下厨房——天哪！我简直不敢相信自己的眼睛！我不再在充满人间烟火的厨房里，而是被成百上千，甚至可能是数百万颗椰子包围着！它们有的放在架子上，有的藏在灌



木丛里，有的在树上，甚至在远处山顶上我也看到了一些。

“我是在仙境吗？”我心里想，但不知不觉地问出了口。“你可以这么叫它，”那颗有嘴和眼睛的椰子回答我。我吓了一跳，转身面对它。

“你可以尽情享受它。我是约翰椰子爵士，大约七百万椰子的祖父，”

他说道。我开始再次四处打量。“我是椰子王国创始人的孙子。你在听吗？”



我转回头面对约翰椰子爵士，点了点头。我无话可说。

在探险了一会儿之后，我终于鼓起勇气问：“我是这个王国里唯一的人类吗？”约翰椰子爵士看着我，像是在看一个疯子。而我此刻确实也有点疯。“你是这个元宇宙里唯一的人类，但目前我们有四十亿个元宇宙在运行，供你参考，”他说，还依然用那种让人不舒服的眼神看着我。我再次点头，这让我看起来更傻了，但我实在不知道该怎么回应。“我听到了你的愿望。我听过所有人关于椰子的愿望，但你的愿望很有趣。无限的椰子水？多贪心啊！”当他说这话时，我的脸立刻红了。“所以我决定拜访你，给你一份礼物。”我惊呆了。他刚才还说我贪心，

现在又要送我礼物？这是什么逻辑？“我知道你不太明白，但这样的愿望实现并不是每天都会发生的。你可以选择一颗椰子，它一旦触碰到你，就会源源不断地产生椰子水。”约翰椰子爵士怪异地笑了笑，这让我在这热带环境里感到一阵寒意。

我决定试试。所以我走向一颗迷你椰子，轻轻碰了一下。刚接触到它粗糙的表面，它就发出了蓝色和黄色的光芒。我用手捧起它，带到约翰椰子爵士面前。“太棒了，”他看到我选的椰子时说道。“现在我不想让你待太久，因为还有其他人等待着他们的愿望实现。遗憾的是，我必须让你离开。但记住两件事：不要贪心，你选的椰子是个不错的选择。”

没等我说话，雾气再次在我身边缠绕起来，眨眼间，我发现自己又回到了厨房，手里还拿着一颗椰子。我妈妈抬头看着我，显得很惊讶。她手里端着一杯咖啡，正用勺子搅拌。我朝她微笑了一下，正准备跑上楼时——“啊啊，别想跑，孩子。你去哪儿了？我正喝茶呢，讲个故事听听吧。”妈妈笑着说。我叹了口气，坐了下来。

真是难忘的一天！



The background image shows three glasses of bubble tea. The leftmost glass is pink with a red straw. The middle glass is light brown with a red straw. The rightmost glass is yellow with a blue straw. All three glasses contain black tapioca pearls at the bottom. The text is overlaid on a white rounded rectangle in the center.

珍珠奶茶

Bubble Tea

By Alicia Li (加拿大)

珍珠奶茶的历史

The History of Bubble Tea

- 珍珠奶茶，起源于1980年代的台湾。
- 珍珠奶茶是由LiuHan-Chieh 创始的。



在一次员工的会议上, Liu Han-Chieh 将木薯球倒入奶茶中并鼓励员工喝, 从此创始了珍珠奶茶。

Bubble tea originated in Taiwan in the 1980s. Liu Han-Chieh created bubble tea.

During a staff meeting, Liu Han-Chieh poured tapioca balls into tea.

He also encouraged employees to drink tea, thus creating pearl milk tea.



珍珠奶茶的种类

Types of Bubble Tea

珍珠奶茶有很多种，通常包括紅茶、绿茶、乌龙茶，有时还有白茶。

- 通常，珍珠奶茶中含有木薯珍珠，您也可以添加许多其他配料。
- 您可以添加果冻。果冻有不同的形状：小立方体、星形或长方形条状，口味有椰子果冻、魔芋果冻、荔枝果冻、仙草果冻、芒果果冻、咖啡果冻和绿茶果冻等。



There are many types of bubble tea, usually including black tea, green tea, oolong tea, and sometimes white tea.

Typically, bubble tea contains tapioca pearls, but you can add many other ingredients as well. You can add jelly. Jelly comes in different shapes: small cubes, stars or rectangular strips, and flavors include coconut jelly, konjac jelly, lychee jelly, grass jelly, mango jelly, coffee jelly and green tea jelly.



... thus creating
... milk tea.

珍珠奶茶的配比

- 珍珠奶茶店常让顾客选冰块或糖的含量。
- 糖和冰的含量通常依序指定，对应于季度间隔为（0%、25%、50%、75%、100%）。



Ratio of bubble tea

Bubble milk tea shops often allow customers to choose regular ice cubes or sugar content.

Sugar and ice contents are usually specified in that order, Corresponds to quarterly intervals (0%, 25%, 50%, 75%, 100%).

... thus creating
... pearl milk tea.

温哥华的珍珠奶茶店

Bubble Tea Shop in Vancouver

在温哥华，有许多珍珠奶茶店。光是温哥华市中心目前就有 25 家珍珠奶茶店。

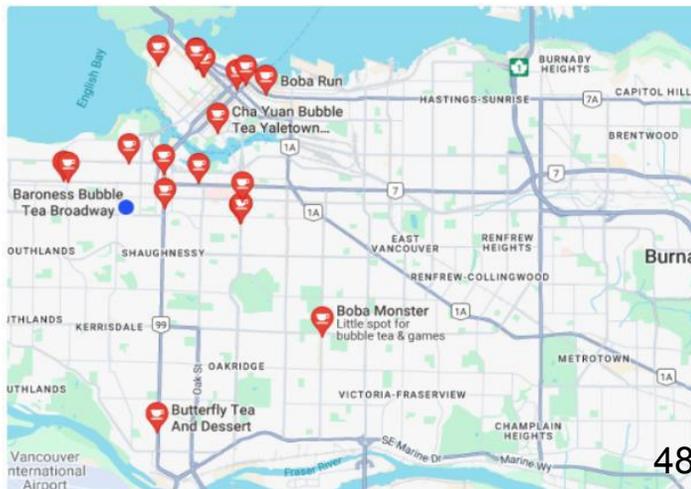


MY FAVORATE

在温哥华，我最喜欢的珍珠奶茶店是 Chatime。



In Vancouver, there are many bubble tea shops. There are currently 25 bubble tea shops in downtown Vancouver alone.



珍珠奶茶延展的食物

Bubble Tea Extended Food

人們喜欢珍珠奶茶，因此他们开始发明許多与珍珠奶茶相关的食品。珍珠奶茶愛好者正在发明珍珠奶茶冰淇淋、披萨、吐司、寿司和拉面。



About Me

就我个人而言，我只吃过珍珠奶茶冰淇淋和珍珠奶茶麻糬。



People loved bubble tea, so they started inventing many bubble tea-related foods. Bubble tea lovers are inventing bubble tea ice cream, pizza, toast, sushi and ramen. Personally, I've only had bubble tea ice cream and bubble tea mochi.

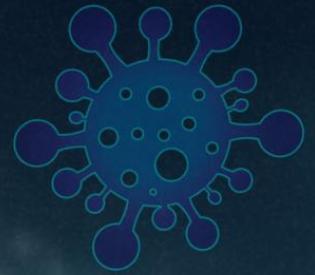


一杯珍珠奶茶让生活更加美好

Life is Better with a
Cup of Bubble Tea



Covid -19



In 2020, the coronavirus spread worldwide

The pandemic altered the course of countless lives, and time spent at home inspired reflection—to treat all things with kindness, support each other through difficult times, and extend help to one another.

Although separated by thousands of miles, we share the same Earth.

**The generous gifts that the Earth offers to,
Those are the things we need to cherish as true.**

-- Nina Zhan

地球给我们的礼物是如此慷慨，
那些才是我们最初应该珍惜的。

Greed

By Nina Zhan (U.S.)

“I will grant you many wishes,
Each will bring you many flourishes;
Choose wisely and be rewarded,
Become foolish and be deplored.”

Enchanting mountains frozen in snow,
Curious seedlings ready to grow;
Waltzing flowers showing their hue,
Caroling wind with birds that flew;

We received these gifts and were content,
But only for a while as time went;
Slowly, slowly, we grew out of greed,
Forgetting about our promise from our need;

We asked for more, never satisfied,
Our oath of our wishes did not bide;
Endangering animals, cutting down trees,
Giving the earth numerous pleas;

“Enough!” she cried in despair,
“Your ungratefulness is more than I can bear.”
And so she punished us, with furious heart,
Our wishes, one by one, did depart;

“As I said, you will be deplored,
Due to your broken promise, you won’t be rewarded.”
And so she cursed us, without second thought,
Spreading viruses and taking away what she had brought;

And thus we realized our mistake,
How foolish our actions were, to make;
The generous gifts that the Earth offers to,
Those are the things we need to cherish as true.

贪

作者：Nina Zhan (U.S.)

“我将予以你们很多的愿望，
每一个都会给你们带来繁荣。
明智地抉择将得到回报，
愚蠢地选择将换来痛惜。”

山脉迷人地披上了银白色的外衣，
怀揣好奇之心的幼苗欲破土而出。
花朵在华尔兹下炫动它们的色彩，
鸟儿在微风中轻唱那甜美的颂歌。

我们收到了这些礼物，很满足，
但是随着时间地流逝，
慢慢地...慢慢地...我们在贪婪中成长，
在贪婪中忘却了我们的承诺。

我们的要求变得更多，从不满足，
我们迫不及待地获取，
伤害动物，砍伐树木，
向地球提出了更多的要求。

“够了！”她绝望地哭了，
“你们的忘恩负义是我无法忍受的！”
于是她用愤怒的心惩罚我们，
将我们的欲望逐个封锁。

“正如我所说，你们会感到痛惜，
违背了诺言，你们将得不到回报！”
于是她毫不留情地诅咒我们，
抛出病毒并收回她带来的一切。

至此，我们意识到了我们的错误，
我们的行为有多么愚蠢。
地球给我们的礼物是如此慷慨，
那些才是我们最初应该珍惜的。

THE MONSTER'S ENEMY

By Nina Zhan (U.S.)

We have fallen in the clutches,
The clutches full of virus;
As he sits high from above,
Watching prey to fall;
Into the trap he has made,

Again and again he waves his wand;
To cast viruses on unfortunate souls,
Watching more death and sadness spread;

As our story of woe was written,
We were the prey of this despair;

We didn't flinch once in this mortal battle,
In this raging virus, we were fearless;
Our brave words did not falter or silence,
“There will be a peaceful day beyond this night.”

And then he found,
That we had built a fortress with our souls;
That our unity to lit of flame of peace,

And then he found;
He belittles the meaning of life,
Our perseverance is his greatest enemy.



魔鬼的天敌

作者：Nina Zhan (U.S.)

我们掉入了陷阱
陷阱里弥漫着病毒
它高高地坐在上方
看着猎物掉入它的陷阱

它一次又一次地挥动魔棒
将病毒抛向不幸地灵魂
看着更多的死亡与悲伤蔓延

当我们的伤感故事
被记录下来的时候
我们是魔爪下绝望的牺牲品

在这殊死的战斗中，我们没有退缩
在这肆虐的病毒里，我们无所畏惧
我们勇敢的话语，没有动摇也从未沉默
“今夜之后，会有一个宁静的日子。”

于是它发现
我们用灵魂筑起一座堡垒
我们用团结燃起一道烈焰

于是它发现
它浅薄了生命的意义
我们的毅力 是它最大的天敌



Hometown

By David Qiao (Canada)

My hometown is a beautiful, lucid place.
It possesses a quality that cannot be replaced.
No matter where I travel, it remains my favorite space.
I used to visit there every year, rejoicing in its embrace.

The babbling of the merchants echoed through my head,
"These streets know things that you don't," my father always said.
A flavorful aroma drifted through the streets: spices, and bread,
Carefree sparrows chirped, flying gracefully on ahead.

Ancient architecture still stood tall and proud tough as nails,
Now shaded by skyscrapers built on incredible scales.
The wind blows through the streets like it is God who exhales.
You can always pursue something afresh here when all else fails.

Yet recently, the gates of the great city clanged shut.
Everyone had to wear masks, with not one "if..." or "but...".
I thought to myself: "It's just a virus - why all the buzz?"
Everyone was panicking, their minds becoming fuzz.





I couldn't travel back; they canceled all the flights. Everyone was now self-isolated; what would be the price? Everyone stayed inside, glued to this and that electronic device.

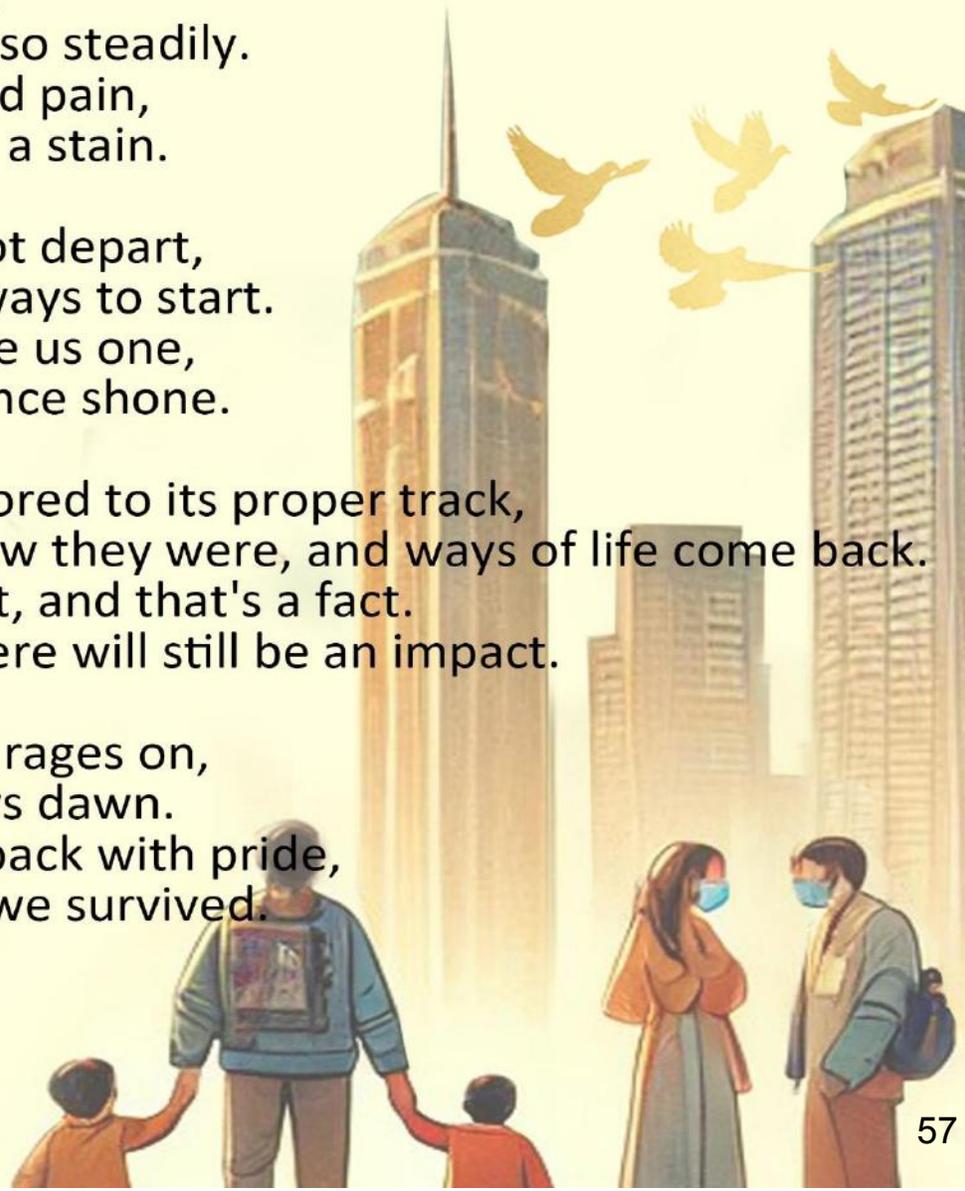
Crowds queued to get tested, the line stretching onward like a snake, Folks were growing tired, some even branding the virus a fake.

A virus small and deadly,
Spread across the world so steadily.
It brought with it fear and pain,
And caused loss that left a stain.

But hope and love did not depart,
And people found new ways to start.
Virtual connections made us one,
And kindness and resilience shone.

One day, life will be restored to its proper track,
Matters will return to how they were, and ways of life come back.
People will get through it, and that's a fact.
Even it's almost over, there will still be an impact.

For though the virus still rages on,
Hope and love will always dawn.
And one day, we'll look back with pride,
And say, we fought and we survived.



家乡

作者： David Qiao (Canada)

我的家乡是一个美丽、清澈的地方。
它具有不可替代的品质。
无论我在哪里旅行，它仍然是我最喜欢的空间。
我过去每年都会去那里，为它的拥抱而欣喜。

商人们的胡言乱语在我脑海中回荡，
“这些街道知道你不知道的事情，”我父亲总是说。
街上飘着一股香味：香料和面包，
无忧无虑的麻雀唧唧叫着，优雅地向前飞去。

古代建筑依然巍峨屹立，傲然挺立，坚如磐石，
现在被建造在令人难以置信的规模上的摩天大楼所遮蔽。
风吹过街道，就像上帝在呼气一样。
当其他一切都失败时，你总是可以在这里重新追求一些东西。

然而，最近，这座伟大城市的大门叮当一声关上了。
每个人都必须戴口罩，不能有一个“如果...”或“但是...”。
我心想：“这只是一种病毒——为什么这么麻烦？”
每个人都很恐慌，他们的头脑变得模糊。





我不能回去；他们取消了所有的航班。现在每个人都是自我孤立的；价格是多少？每个人都呆在里面，粘在这个和那个电子设备上。人群排队接受检测，队伍像蛇一样向前延伸，人们越来越累了，有些人甚至把这种病毒称为假货。

一种小而致命的病毒，如此稳步地传播到世界各地。它带来了恐惧和痛苦，造成的损失留下了污点。

但希望和爱并没有离开，人们找到了新的开始方式。虚拟连接使我们成为一体，善良和坚韧闪耀着光芒。

总有一天，生活会回到正轨，事情会回到原来的样子，生活方式也会回来。人们会挺过去的，这是事实。即使它几乎结束了，仍然会有影响。

尽管病毒仍在肆虐，希望和爱总是会到来的。总有一天，我们会自豪地回首往事，说，我们战斗了，我们活了下来。



走进云南

Y U N N A N





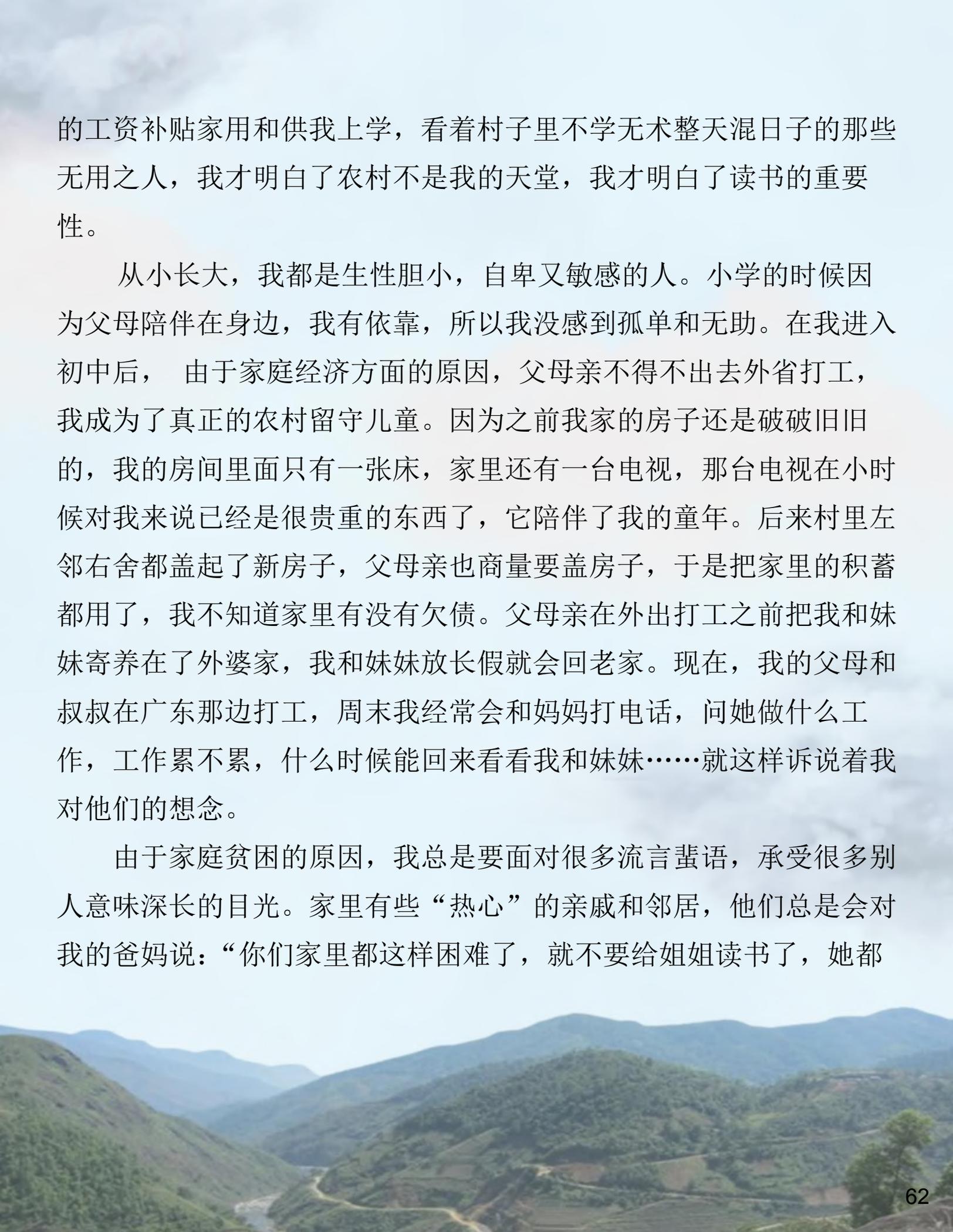
无人扶我凌云志，我自踏雪至山巅

作者：马佳梅（中国） 指导老师：黄草岭中学 李航老师



我叫马佳梅，今年14岁，来自云南省红河哈尼族彝族自治州元阳县俄扎乡三垵坡村，现就读于黄草岭中学七年级。我成长于偏远又落后的农村，从小就对周围的青山绿水充满喜爱，我曾经以为农村就是我一辈子的天堂。

可是，当我渐渐长大成人，从小学到初中，我逐渐懂事，我发现我错了！看着家乡发展还是那么落后，看着父母日渐老去还要背井离乡外出打工，用那微薄



的工资补贴家用和供我上学，看着村子里不学无术整天混日子的那些无用之人，我才明白了农村不是我的天堂，我才明白了读书的重要性。

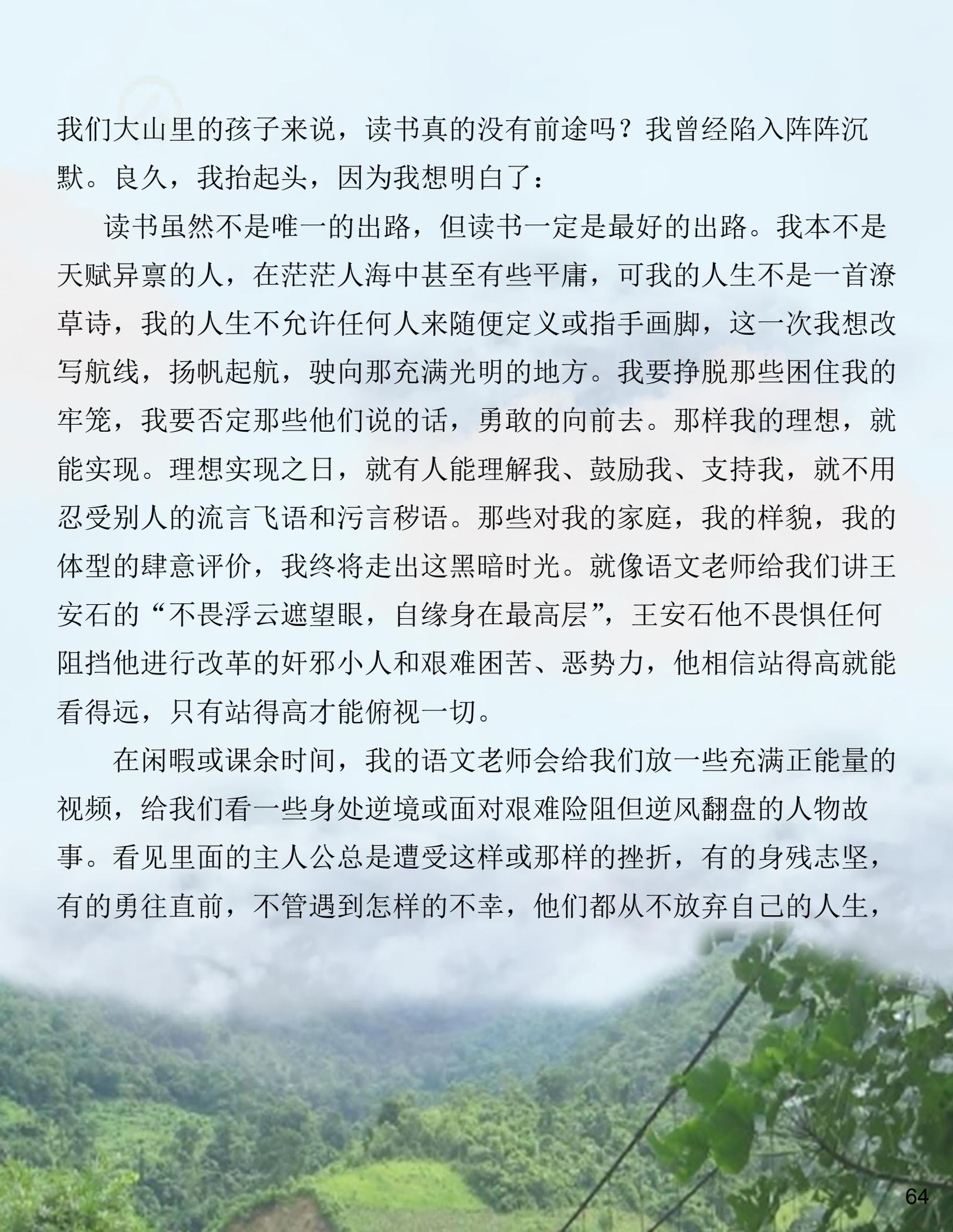
从小长大，我都是生性胆小，自卑又敏感的人。小学的时候因为父母陪伴在身边，我有依靠，所以我没感到孤单和无助。在我进入初中后，由于家庭经济方面的原因，父母亲不得不出去外省打工，我成为了真正的农村留守儿童。因为之前我家的房子还是破破旧旧的，我的房间里面只有一张床，家里还有一台电视，那台电视在小时候对我来说已经是很贵重的东西了，它陪伴了我的童年。后来村里左邻右舍都盖起了新房子，父母亲也商量要盖房子，于是把家里的积蓄都用了，我不知道家里有没有欠债。父母亲在外出打工之前把我和妹妹寄养在了外婆家，我和妹妹放长假就会回老家。现在，我的父母和叔叔在广东那边打工，周末我经常会和妈妈打电话，问她做什么工作，工作累不累，什么时候能回来看看我和妹妹……就这样诉说着我对他们的想念。

由于家庭贫困的原因，我总是要面对很多流言蜚语，承受很多别人意味深长的目光。家里有些“热心”的亲戚和邻居，他们总是会对我的爸妈说：“你们家里都这样困难了，就不要给姐姐读书了，她都

长那么大了，应该可以出去外面打工了，一个女孩子家读那么多书有什么用，最后还不是要嫁人，如果考上高中就更费钱，如果上不了一个好的高中，还不是没有前途，还不如不读了早早挣钱养家……”从小长大，这些话我已经听了无数遍了，一开始我听到这些话我会心里一团乱，觉得是自己让这个家陷入了困境，我会怀疑自己坚持读书是不是正确的。每当这种时候，爸妈都会和我说不要把别人说的那些话放在心里，不要在乎别人说什么，好好读书。后来，当我听到他们又和我爸妈说类似的这些话，我就不会像我爸妈那样还顾及什么亲戚关系或邻里关系，我会直接反驳：“我读书又不花你们的钱，你们担心什么，我读书或者不读书是我家的事，这是我自己的人生，你们有什么资格替我决定我的人生，每天在旁边挑拨离间。”这时候他们又说：“你看看，读书人没有读书人的样子，一点教养都没有还和大人吵架，我们都是为了你好，为了你家好……”。这些人，真的是“为我好”吗？我不想去争辩，因为我知道不管我和他们说什么都是错误的，只因为我不是男孩，我是女孩！在他们眼里，我的出生就是一个错误！我无法想象，在二十一世纪各方面都高速发展的今天，这种重男轻女的思想依然还存在在这群人的心中，根深蒂固。

一句“为你好”剥夺了多少山村女孩对自己未来的选择权。对于





我们大山里的孩子来说，读书真的没有前途吗？我曾经陷入阵阵沉默。良久，我抬起头，因为我想明白了：

读书虽然不是唯一的出路，但读书一定是最好的出路。我本不是天赋异禀的人，在茫茫人海中甚至有些平庸，可我的人生不是一首潦草诗，我的人生不允许任何人来随便定义或指手画脚，这一次我想改写航线，扬帆起航，驶向那充满光明的地方。我要挣脱那些困住我的牢笼，我要否定那些他们说的话，勇敢的向前去。那样我的理想，就能实现。理想实现之日，就有人能理解我、鼓励我、支持我，就不用忍受别人的流言飞语和污言秽语。那些对我的家庭，我的样貌，我的体型的肆意评价，我终将走出这黑暗时光。就像语文老师给我们讲王安石的“不畏浮云遮望眼，自缘身在最高层”，王安石他不畏惧任何阻挡他进行改革的奸邪小人和艰难困苦、恶势力，他相信站得高就能看得远，只有站得高才能俯视一切。

在闲暇或课余时间，我的语文老师会给我们放一些充满正能量的视频，给我们看一些身处逆境或面对艰难险阻但逆风翻盘的人物故事。看见里面的主人公总是遭受这样或那样的挫折，有的身残志坚，有的勇往直前，不管遇到怎样的不幸，他们都从不放弃自己的人生，

他们不相信所谓的命运，只相信自己的命运是掌握在自己的手中，是靠自己决定的。我的老师她总会用温暖的语气安慰我们，给我们鼓励和支持，就像朋友和家人一样在你难过时轻拍你的背，在我迷茫时老师就像那风，推开层层迷雾向我走来，她像那悲天悯人的救世主，身上散发着令我安心的气息。她每天都精神抖擞，就像天上的小太阳，温暖着我们每一个人。她和我说：“不管遇到什么样的困难，都要坚强，不能被生活或命运打倒。就算遇到不如人意的人或事，别轻易把喜怒哀乐写在脸上，那样别人会看穿你，找到你的软肋拿捏你，你要迎难而上，别让爱笑的眼睛流眼泪。”所以，当我再次面对流言飞语或污言秽语时，我会勇敢的面对和反驳，我知道只有懦弱的人才会逆来顺受，我不是弱者！

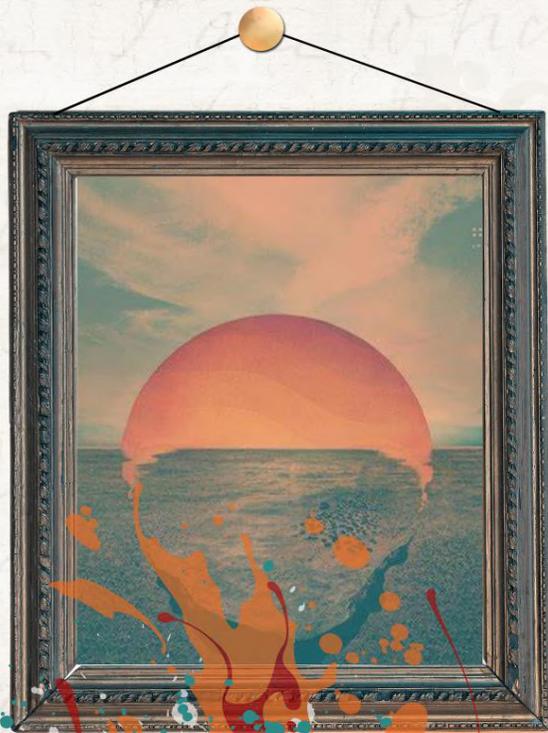
“知识改变命运”这不是一句空话。知识，它是那艳丽的花朵充满世界的每一个角落；知识，它是那银河里的灿烂群星，点亮漆黑的夜空，让夜空开出一条光明的道路；知识，它改变着我们大山里孩子的生活；知识，改变着我们的命运。我不想永远都被困于大山，世界那么大我想去看看！看看那广大无边的大海，看看那一望无际的草原，想在沙漠上，草原上肆意的奔跑，好好的感受祖国一山一水的瑰丽。



为了走出大山，为了我那渺小的理想，我要努力，我要学习，我不能放弃，我的命运不该是这样的，我要活出自己的精彩。我的骄傲，我的野心不允许我被困于此，它应该走遍世界，走向未来，只有努力才配得上你的野心！

无人扶我凌云志，我自踏雪至山巅。风起，一股清香的风吹起我的细发，也吹散了我眼前的模糊，我看到了星辰大海。





WORLD

Art Gallery

From Students





Painted by Alicia Li

ode to My Desk

By Alicia Li (Canada)

A haven full of dreams and hues,
where paints and padas lie,
My desk, a world both vast and true,
beneath this gentle sky.
Brushes dance, colors bloom,
each stroke a spark of soul,
In whispered lines and pages turned,
my heart finds its role.
With each dawn, I greet this space,
my cup a steady friend,
A sanctuary I embrace.

桌子的颂歌

一个充满梦想和色彩的天堂，
颜料和画具在此安放，
我的桌子，广阔又真实的世界，
在这温柔的天空下。
画笔舞动，色彩绽放，
每一笔都迸发出灵魂的火花，
在低声的线条和翻页中，
我的心找到了它的角色。
每一个黎明，我都会迎接这个空间，
我的杯子是一个稳定的朋友，
我拥抱的庇护所，
梦想与日光交融的地方。





Painted by Nina Zhan

Sleeping Baby

By Nina Zhan (U.S)

On a soft blanket, cozy and warm,
A tiny baby sleeps through the storm.
Curled in peace, in dreams they lie,
Beneath a gentle, star-lit sky.
Soft breaths whisper, rise and fall,
A world of wonder, safe and small.
In this world, they softly lay,
As night turns gently into day.

熟睡的婴儿

在柔软的毯子上，舒适温暖，
一个小婴儿睡着了。
她平静地蜷缩着，梦中呓语，
在柔和的星空下，轻柔呼吸，
一个充满奇迹的世界，安全而狭小。
在这个世界里，她轻轻地躺着，
让黑夜慢慢变成白天。





Painted by Xinyu Yan

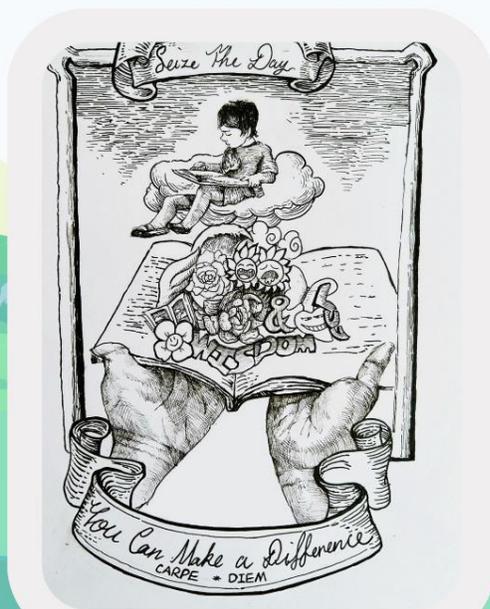
绘画描述

A child is sitting on the cloud reading, swimming in the ocean of knowledge, while the flowers pouring out of the book symbolize the growth and blossoming of wisdom. The words "luv" and "Wisdom" on the page stand for "love of wisdom", which is the original origin of the word "philosophy". We should not only pursue wisdom, but also seize the moment and use actions to influence the world.

一个孩子坐在云上阅读，在知识的海洋中遨游，而从书中涌出的鲜花则寓意智慧的成长与开花结果。

书上的“luv”和“Wisdom”字样代表“爱智慧”--“philosophy”哲学这个词原本的由来。我们不仅要追求智慧，更要抓住当下，用行动去影响世界。

By Xinyu Yan





Painted by Xiaoran Wang



Painted by Yanjun Zhuo



Painted by Caien Li



Submit Your Work

Join Our Team



IMAGINE2EMPOWER

是 Words4Wisdom 旗下的一本非营利青少年杂志，全年开放投稿。

我们欢迎来自不同文化背景和观点的多样化写作风格和艺术表现形式。我们的核心价值观聚焦于清晰严谨的研究、实际的社会影响以及对公平正义的倡导。从扣人心弦的故事、富有创意的诗歌到引人入胜的艺术作品，我们为青少年提供了一个支持性的展示平台。此外，我们为服务不足的社区提供文字修改指导。

我们的使命是激励全球学生，帮助他们培养技能，展示青少年作家和艺术家的多样才华，并使他们能够在社区内分享自己的声音。



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