

La Lumière de l'Innocence

The Light of First Resolve

初心之光

颯晨子 著 (法文、中文)

《初心之光》 義工 英譯

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About the Author : Levendivin is a long-time volunteer with the Dharma Realm Buddhist Association. Skilled in design and illustration, she has created artwork for many *Instilling Goodness Books* (IGB) publications and designed the color pages for *Vajra Bodhi Sea* magazine from 2012 to 2018. She currently resides in France. *The Light of First Resolve* is her first formally published novel in French, written for readers aged 8–12, and is currently available in French on Amazon.



封面設計 颯晨子 Cover Design By Levendivin

安曉是個二十歲的年輕人，個子中等，相貌清秀，臉上總是掛著一抹淡淡的微笑。他的眼睛清澈得像山間的溪水，透著一股不經世事的純真。安曉的人品善良，甚至有些單純，別人佔他便宜，他也從不計較，吃虧後仍以笑對人。

這天，安曉揹著一籃子剛燒製好的陶器，推著攤車走進市集。籃子裏裝滿了精緻的茶杯、湯匙和小茶壺，都是他和外婆熬夜趕製的。市集裏人聲鼎沸，攤販們吆喝著，顧客們討價還價，熱鬧非凡。安曉找了個角落，

Andie was twenty years old, a young man of average height with delicate features and a gentle demeanor. A faint smile always rested on his face. His eyes were as clear as a mountain stream, reflecting an innocence untouched by the ways of the world. Kindhearted and perhaps a little naïve, Andie never minded when others took advantage of him. Even when he got the short end of the stick, he would still meet people with a smile.

One day, Andie pushed his cart into the marketplace carrying a basket of pottery on his back. Inside were

剛擺好攤子，一個看起來頗為吝嗇的中年男人走了過來。

「這茶杯怎麼賣？」男人隨手拿起一個青花茶杯，語氣粗魯。

「五文錢一個。」安曉微笑著回答。

「五文？太貴了吧！」男人皺起眉頭，手指在茶杯邊緣敲了敲，「這做工也不怎麼樣，三文錢，賣不賣？」

安曉看了看那個茶杯，杯身上的青花紋路是他一筆一劃細心描繪的，燒製時還差點燙傷了手。但他只是輕輕點頭，「好，三文就三文。」

男人得意地笑了笑，丟下三枚銅錢，拿起茶杯轉身就走。旁邊的攤販看不過去，低聲對安曉說：「你傻啊？那茶杯至少值七文錢，他擺明佔你便宜！」

安曉撿起銅錢，放進口袋裏，依舊笑著說：「沒關係，他能喜歡我的杯子，我就很開心了。」

這就是安曉，一個肯吃虧的男孩。他的家境並不富裕，與外婆兩人相依為命，住在山腳下一間簡陋的小屋裏。外婆年事已高，手腳不再靈活，但依然堅持每天幫安曉捏製陶器。安曉則負責燒製和販賣，兩人靠這微薄的收入勉強維持生計。

市集結束後，安曉揹著空籃子回家。夕陽的餘暉灑在他的肩上，映出他單薄的身影。他心裏盤算著，今天賣了十幾件陶器，雖然賺得不多，但足夠買些米和藥材給外婆了。想到這裏，他的嘴角又揚起了那抹熟悉的微笑。

安曉依舊每天推著一車餐具上市鎮販賣。這天，市集格外熱鬧，人潮湧動，吆喝聲、談笑聲此起彼落。安曉將車停在一個角

finely made teacups, spoons, and small teapots—all crafted by him and his grandmother over many long nights. The market buzzed with noise; vendors shouted their wares and customers haggled over prices, making the scene lively and chaotic. Andie found a corner and had just set up his stall when a middle-aged man with a pinch-faced, stingy look walked over.

“How much is this teacup?” The man asked gruffly, picking up a blue-and-white porcelain cup.

“Five coins,” Andie replied with a smile.

“Five coins? That’s too expensive!” The man frowned, tapping the rim of the cup with his finger. “The workmanship isn’t even that good. Three coins—take it or leave it.”

Andie looked at the teacup. He had painted the blue patterns on its surface stroke by stroke, and he had nearly burned himself firing it in the kiln. Still, he nodded gently. “All right. Three coins it is.”

The man smiled smugly, tossed down three copper coins, grabbed the cup, and walked away. A nearby vendor couldn’t stand watching it and whispered to Andie, “Are you a fool? That cup is worth at least seven coins. He clearly ripped you off!”

Andie picked up the coins, slipped them into his pocket, and said with the same calm smile, “It’s all right. I’m just happy he liked my cup.”

That was Andie, a boy willing to lose out for the sake of others. His family was not well-off; he lived with his grandmother in a simple, shabby house at the foot of the mountain, where they relied on each other for survival. His grandmother was frail with age, her hands no longer nimble, yet she still insisted on helping Andie shape the clay every day. Andie was responsible for firing the pottery and selling it at the market. Together, they barely made ends meet on his modest income.

When the market closed, Andie headed home with an empty basket. The glow of the setting sun fell across his shoulders, outlining his slender figure. As he walked, he calculated that he had sold over a dozen pieces that day. Though the earnings were small, they would be enough to buy rice and medicinal herbs for his grandmother. At that thought, the familiar smile returned to his lips.

Every day, Andie pushed his cart of tableware into the town market. That day, the marketplace was especially lively; the air buzzed with the cries of vendors and bursts of laughter from the packed crowd. Andie parked his cart in a corner and carefully arranged his teacups, teapots, and spoons. Each piece had been handmade by him and his grandmother, every one infused with their time and effort.

落，小心翼翼地將茶杯、茶壺和湯匙擺好。這些餐具都是他和外婆親手製作的，每一件都凝聚了他們的心血。

正當安曉專心地整理攤位時，一個身材魁梧、滿臉橫肉的男人走了過來。他顯然喝了不少酒，腳步踉蹌，眼神飄忽。男人一邊走一邊大聲嚷嚷，周圍的人紛紛避讓，生怕惹上麻煩。

突然，男人一個不穩，撞上了安曉的攤子。只聽「哐啣」一聲，幾個精緻的茶杯從攤子上摔落，碎成了好幾片。安曉愣了一下，趕緊蹲下身去撿碎片，心裏有些心疼，但還是抬起頭，對男人說：「這位大哥，您沒事吧？」男人站穩身子，低頭看了看地上的碎片，又看了看安曉，臉上露出一絲不耐煩的神色。「你這攤子怎麼擺的？擋著路幹什麼！」他粗聲粗氣地吼道。

安曉站起身，語氣平靜卻帶著一絲無奈，「對不起，是我沒注意。不過，這些茶杯是我賣的貨，您看能不能賠我一點錢……」

「賠錢？」男人瞪大了眼睛，聲音提高了八度，「你自己把攤子擺在這兒礙事，還敢叫我賠錢？信不信我砸了你的攤子！」

說著，男人舉起拳頭，作勢要打安曉。周圍的人見狀，紛紛退開，沒人敢上前勸阻。安曉心裏有些害怕，但他並沒有退縮，只是低聲說道：「大哥，您別生氣，是我不好。這些茶杯……就算了，您沒事就好。」

男人哼了一聲，放下拳頭，狠狠地瞪了安曉一眼，「算你識相！」說完，他搖搖晃晃地離開了，留下滿地的碎片和一片狼藉的攤子。

旁邊的攤販見男人走了，才敢湊過來，低聲對安曉說：「你怎麼就這麼算了？那傢伙明明是自己撞過來的，還這麼囂張！」

安曉彎下腰，繼續收拾地上的碎片，輕聲說道：「沒關係，他可能心情不好吧。再說，爭執下去也沒什麼意義，只會讓事情變得更糟。」

攤販嘆了口氣，搖搖頭，「你啊，就是太善良了，這樣會吃虧的。」

安曉沒有回應，只是默默地將碎片收拾乾淨，重新整理好攤位，繼續等待客人上門。雖然損失了幾個茶杯，但他心裏並沒有太多怨氣。他總覺得，與其和人爭吵，不如多花點心思在

Just as Andie was focused on setting up his stall, a burly man with a coarse, menacing face strode toward him. He had clearly been drinking heavily, his steps were unsteady and his gaze unfocused. He shouted as he walked, and people quickly scrambled out of his way to avoid trouble.

Suddenly, the man lurched forward and crashed into Andie's stall. With a loud clatter, several delicate teacups tumbled from the display and shattered. Startled, Andie quickly crouched down to gather the shards. His heart sank at the sight of the destruction, yet he looked up at the man and asked gently, "Sir, are you all right?"

The man steadied himself, glancing from the broken pottery on the ground to Andie, irritation flashing across his face. "Watch where you put your stall!" he barked. "Why are you blocking the way?"

Andie stood up. His voice was calm, though he sounded helpless. "I'm sorry! I wasn't careful. But these teacups were my livelihood. Could you pay for the ones you broke...?"

"Pay you?" The man's eyes widened, his voice rising sharply. "You're the one who got in my way, and you dare ask me to pay? I ought to smash your whole stall!"

As he spoke, the man raised a fist, threatening to strike. The crowd recoiled, no one daring to step in. Andie felt a flicker of fear, but he stood his ground. In a low voice, he said, "Please don't be angry. Forget the teacups. As long as you aren't hurt, that's what matters."

The man snorted, lowered his fist, and shot Andie a fierce glare. "At least you know your place!" he spat, then staggered off, leaving behind the shattered pottery and a wrecked stall.

Only after the man had gone did the nearby vendors dare to approach. One of them whispered to Andie, "Why did you just let it go? That guy ran right into you, he was completely in the wrong!"

Andie bent down and continued picking up the broken pieces, speaking softly. "It's all right. Maybe he was just in a bad mood. Besides, arguing wouldn't

製作陶器上，這樣才能讓外婆過上好日子。

市集結束後，安曉收拾好賣剩的餐具，推著車準備回家。天色漸暗，街道上的行人漸漸稀少。就在他經過一條小巷時，忽然聽到一陣微弱的嗚咽聲。他停下腳步，循聲望去，發現一隻瘦弱的白狗蜷縮在路邊，眼神無助地望著他，肚子癟癟的，顯然已經餓了很久。

安曉蹲下身，輕聲對白狗說：「你餓了嗎？」

白狗似乎聽懂了他的話，搖了搖尾巴，眼神中透出一絲期待。安曉摸了摸口袋，裏面只剩下幾文錢，是他今天賣餐具賺來的。他猶豫了一下，站起身，走到附近的包子攤，用最後的錢買了一個熱騰騰的肉包子。

他將包子掰成小塊，放在白狗面前。白狗立刻狼吞虎嚥地吃了起來，尾巴搖得更歡了。吃完後，白狗抬起頭，用濕潤的眼睛看著安曉，彷彿在表達感激之情。安曉輕輕摸了摸牠的頭，低聲說：「吃飽了就快回家吧，別再餓著了。」

白狗蹭了蹭他的手，隨後轉身跑進了巷子深處，消失在暮色中。

安曉看著白狗離去的方向，心裏湧起一股暖意。雖然今天賺的錢不多，還花了一些給白狗買包子，但他並不覺得可惜。他推起車，繼續往家的方向走去，嘴角依舊掛著那抹熟悉的微笑。

安曉回到家後，簡單地吃了點東西，便開始製作杯子、湯匙和茶壺。這些工作雖然繁瑣，但他早已習慣。然而，這天他感到特別疲憊，手指有些發麻，眼睛也開始發痠。他看了看桌上未完成的陶器，嘆了口氣，心想：「今天實在太累了，還是早點休息吧，明天再繼續。」

他收拾好工具，簡單洗漱後便躺上

do any good, it would only make things worse.”

The vendor sighed and shook his head. “You’re just too kind. People are going to walk all over you.”

Andie said nothing. He quietly cleaned up the shards, rearranged his stall, and waited for the next customer. Although he had lost several teacups, he felt little resentment. He believed that energy was better spent on his craft than on arguments, so that one day, he could provide a better life for his grandmother.

When the market closed, Andie packed up his unsold wares and began pushing his cart home. Dusk was falling, and the crowds on the street were thinning out. As he passed a narrow alley, he suddenly heard a faint whimper. He stopped to investigate and found a scrawny white dog curled up by the roadside, looking at him helplessly. Its belly was sunken—clearly, it had been starving for a long time.

Andie crouched down. “Are you hungry?” he asked softly.

The white dog seemed to understand. It wagged its tail, a flicker of hope shining in its eyes. Andie reached into his pocket and fingered the few coins inside—his hard-won earnings for the day. He hesitated for a moment, then stood up and walked to a nearby stall, using the money to buy a steaming hot meat bun.

He broke the bun into small pieces and placed them in front of the dog. The animal wolfed them down, its tail wagging furiously. When it finished, the dog looked up at Andie with moist, grateful eyes, as if trying to thank him. Andie gently patted its head.

“Now that you’ve eaten, go on home,” he whispered. “Don’t go hungry again.”

The dog nuzzled his hand, then turned and trotted deeper into the alley, disappearing into the twilight.

Watching the dog leave, Andie felt a warmth rise in his heart. Although he hadn’t earned much that day, and had spent a good chunk of it on the dog, he felt no regret. He pushed his cart onward, the familiar smile still resting on his lips.

Back home, Andie ate a simple meal and went straight to work shaping clay into cups, spoons, and teapots. It was tedious work, but he was used to it. Tonight, however, the exhaustion hit him hard; his fingers were numb, and his eyes ached. He looked at the unfinished pottery on the table and sighed. I’m truly exhausted today, he thought. I should rest now and finish tomorrow.

了床。窗外的月光灑進房間，映出他略顯疲憊的臉龐。沒多久，他便沉沉睡去。

這晚，安曉做了一個夢，一個異常真實的夢。他夢見自己站在屋後的那棵老樹下，樹腳下有一片茂密的草叢，草叢中隱約透出一絲微弱的光芒。他好奇地走近，發現草叢下竟藏著一個古舊的木盒，盒子的邊緣鑲著精緻的花紋，光芒正是從盒子的縫隙中透出來的。

安曉蹲下身，伸手想撥開草叢，仔細看看這個盒子。就在他的手指即將觸碰到盒子時，他突然從夢中驚醒，猛地坐起身來。

房間裏一片漆黑，只有月光透過窗戶灑在地上。安曉的心跳得很快，額頭上還冒著冷汗。他深吸了一口氣，試圖平復心情，但那個夢境卻在他腦海中揮之不去。

「那個盒子……為什麼會夢到它？」他喃喃自語，心裏充滿了疑惑和好奇。

最終，他招架不住好奇心的誘惑，決定去屋後看看。他披上外衣，輕手輕腳地走出房間，生怕吵醒正在熟睡的外婆。

屋後的老樹在月光下顯得格外蒼老，樹幹上的紋路像是歲月刻下的痕跡。安曉沿著夢中的記憶，一步步走到樹腳下。他蹲下身，撥開茂密的草叢，心臟不由自主地加快了跳動。

就在這時，他的手指觸碰到了一個堅硬的物體。他屏住呼吸，輕輕撥開草叢，一個古舊的木盒赫然出現在他眼前——正是夢中的那個盒子！盒子的邊緣鑲著精緻的花紋，蓋子的縫隙中透出一絲若隱若現的光芒，彷彿在呼喚他打開。

安曉的手微微顫抖，心裏既興奮又緊張。他不知道這個盒子裏藏著什麼，也不知道它為什麼會出現在這裏。但他知道，這個盒子或許會改變他的命運……

☞待續

He put away his tools, washed up, and lay down on his bed. Moonlight streamed through the window, casting a pale glow over his weary face. Before long, he fell into a deep sleep.

That night, Andie had an unusually vivid dream. He dreamed he was standing beneath the old tree behind his house. At its base lay a thick patch of grass, and from within it shone a faint, mysterious light. Curious, he stepped closer and discovered an ancient wooden box hidden in the overgrowth. Its lid was inlaid with delicate patterns, and light seeped out through the cracks.

Andie crouched down and reached out to part the grass. Just as his fingers were about to brush the box, he jerked awake, sitting bolt upright in bed.

The room was dark, save for the moonlight spilling onto the floor. His heart pounded, and his forehead was damp with cold sweat. He took a deep breath, trying to steady himself, but the image from the dream lingered vividly in his mind.

“That box…” he murmured to himself, his mind racing with questions. “Why would I dream of that?”

Unable to resist the pull of curiosity any longer, he decided to investigate behind the house. He slipped on his coat and crept out of the room, treading softly to avoid waking his grandmother, who was sound asleep nearby.

The old tree in the backyard looked particularly ancient in the moonlight, its trunk etched with patterns like the scars of time itself. Guided by the memory of his dream, Andie approached the base of the tree. He crouched and parted the thick grass, his heart pounding against his ribs.

Suddenly, his fingers brushed against something hard. He held his breath and pushed the grass aside. There, right before his eyes, was an old wooden box—the very same one from his dream. Intricate patterns lined its edges, and a faint, flickering glow seeped from the narrow gap in the lid, beckoning him to open it.

Andie's hands trembled. He was filled with a mixture of excitement and unease. He had no idea what lay inside, nor why it was there, yet he sensed this box might change his destiny.

☞To be continued