

## 第一梯次：【角色與定點空間】發想用文本：國王的新衣

### 國王的新衣

很久很久以前，有一位國王非常喜歡穿漂亮的新衣服，他把所有的錢都花在做新衣服上面，一點都不關心他的王國！他既不在乎閱兵，去不喜歡去劇院看戲，除非是要穿著漂亮的新衣服上街去炫耀一番，否則他甚至不喜歡乘著馬車去遊街。這位國王每隔一個鐘頭就要換一套新衣服。人們通常提到國王時總會說：「國王在會議室裡。」，但是對於這位愛穿新衣服的國王啊，他的臣民提到他時都會說：「我們的國王在更衣室裡呢！」

國王居住在這世界上最繁忙的城市裡，每天都有世界各地的人來到這裡，有天，兩個騙子來到國王的城市，他們打聽到國王的癖好，想出一條賺錢的計策。他們說自己是織工，而且能夠織出世界上誰也意想不到的美麗的布，這種布的質料與花色不但好看，而且還有一種特異的功能——那就是不稱職、或者愚蠢的人看不見由這種布織出來的衣服。他們在國王面前盡情吹噓自己的本領，以及介紹這種絕無僅有的美麗的布，說得國王暈頭轉向，國王心裡想：「那不正是我最想要的衣服嗎？」，「如果我穿上這種衣服，不就可以一眼看出在我的王國裡誰最不稱職？誰是傻子？」，一想到自己將能穿上這既美麗又具特異功能的新衣服，國王非常興奮，立即下令這兩個織工馬上動手織布，還付給他們一袋金幣。

這兩個騙子在王宮的裁縫室裡裝模作樣地織起布來，可是在織布機上什麼東西也沒有。他們接著又向國王要求要最好的生絲和黃金……「親愛的國王啊，這都是為了要織出最好的布所需要的呀！」騙子織工這樣說。其實，國王給的生絲與黃金都進了他們的口袋。

國王很想知道這二個織工日以繼夜地織布，到底織出了什麼珍奇寶貝，不過他又想起織工說的話「……不稱職的或者是愚蠢的人，是看不見這種美麗又奇特的布的！」，心裡也感到不自在，雖然他認為自己用不著害怕，卻想派個人去瞧瞧比較妥當，畢竟他已經投資了大筆黃金和上等生絲。現在全城的人都知道國王派人裁製一種具有特異功能的新衣，也都想利用這件衣服來試試自己的鄰居有多傻。國王派出一位老臣去探個究竟，「這位老臣是最誠實、最稱職的部屬，只有他能夠看出這種布到底生成什麼樣子，就派他去吧。」

善良又誠實的老臣一到織工的裁縫室，東張西望了老半天，眼睛瞪得像銅鈴一樣大，「天阿，我怎麼看也看不到一塊布！」但他不敢把心裡的話說出口。兩個騙子還要求他走近織布機再仔細看清楚。

「大人，這真的是世界上最完美的布吧？啊，我覺得這是我們這一輩子織出最美麗的布！您瞧，這花色，多鮮豔！……」

「啊，大人，您走到這裡來看看這塊布的圖樣，簡直是巧奪天工！……」

他們兩人指著空空的織布機，你一言我一語，說得煞有其事，老臣拼命睜大眼睛想看出花樣，可是實在是沒有東西可看啊！他想：「這，這到底是怎一回事啊？老天啊，難道我是一個既不稱職又愚笨的人嗎？我從來沒有懷疑過自己。喔，不！我不能讓別人知道我不見這塊布。」

「大人，您沒有別的意見嗎？」一個正在織布的騙子假裝很忙的樣子，一邊織布一邊回頭問國王的老臣。「沒，……沒有，我覺得這塊布實在是太美了！瞧瞧這花紋跟這炫麗奪目的色彩。我要趕緊回去向國王稟告。」老臣扶著眼鏡心虛地應對著這兩個騙子。「太好了，能夠得到您這樣的稱讚，國王那裡就請您多作解釋了。」兩個騙子一齊對老臣說，接著不斷替老臣解說一大串的名詞，希望他能照樣向國王呈報，老臣仔細地聽著，生怕漏了一個字，後來，他真的把在織工那裡聽來的名詞，一字不漏地向國王報告。

在這之後，兩個騙子繼續向國王騙來更多的黃金與生絲，而織布機上仍然是一根絲線也沒有！

又過了幾天，國王再度派遣一位誠實的大臣去看看奇特的布究竟什麼時候織好。這位大臣看到的並不比前面那位老臣還多，兩架織布機上空空的，沒有東西。那兩個騙子織工殷切地詢問是否看到那不存在的、美麗的布……「大人，您一定看見了吧？這可是我們這輩子織過最美麗的布喔！」

大臣心想：「我不笨啊，大概是我不適合擔任現在的職位吧？這真好笑！不過，無論如何我也不能讓別人看出～我看不到這塊布。」，接下來這位大臣隨口誇讚織工的技巧與布匹的花色是多麼棒，還說自己非常喜歡呢！回去後，他對國王稟告說：「是的，那真的很美呀！」

城鎮裡所有的人們都討論著這件神奇的衣服。國王也忍不住想親眼看看織工們這陣子的成績。他特地選出向來器重的大臣陪同前去探看美麗的布，其中當然包括了前面去查看的兩位大臣。當國王抵達裁縫室的時候，織工裝出一副精神專注的樣子，而織布機上一根線也沒有。兩位大臣對著國王說：「陛下您看，這是多麼精美的布啊，全世界再也找不到這麼華麗的布！」，他們以為隨行的大臣們應該都能看到這塊布才對。

「天啊，這是怎麼回事？什麼都看不到呀？難道我是愚蠢的人嗎？不配做皇帝嗎？我一生從沒遇到如此可怕的事情。」

國王也只能點點頭表示已經看到。「真是太美了，我非常、非常滿意！」，國王又只得裝出認真看織工織布的樣子，他才不願把事實說出來讓臣子們笑話。跟隨的官員也是裝作仔細在看織布，附和著國王對織工的讚賞，甚至建議國王穿上這奇異的布裁剪的新衣裳親自參加即將舉行的慶典大遊行。國王高興得賞賜給織工勳章並且封他們倆為爵士，號稱「御聘織師」。

第二天早晨就要舉行遊行大典了，全國人民都會參加。這兩個騙子織工在前一天夜裡，點起滿屋子的蠟燭，希望人們看到他們是多麼忙碌地在完成國王的新衣，他們假裝從織布機上拿下布料，讓大剪刀在空中不停舞動，捏著沒有穿線的細針左右編縫。最後，他倆同時喊道：「請看啊，國王的新衣服終於做好了！」

國王帶著他所有的隨從來到裁縫室。織工倆人手舉得高高的，像抓著什麼東西似的，對著國王說：「陛下，這是您的新褲子、新袍子、新外衣……。」，「這套衣服穿起來像蜘蛛絲一樣的輕所以感覺身上沒穿衣服似的。這正是新衣服的妙處。」

隨從們異口同聲地應答：「一點也不錯！」，事實上他們沒看到織工手上有任何一件衣服。

「我們有這個榮幸為您著裝嗎？」織工問。「現在我們將為國王在大鏡子前換上這套新衣。」，國王把身上的衣服統統脫光，騙子織工裝模作樣地為國王穿上一層一層的衣服，一會兒像在腰上繫上細繩、一會兒又像拉起長長外披的後裾，國王在鏡子前擺身、扭腰，完全就像在試試衣服是否合身！大家看得目瞪口呆卻也只是言不由衷地讚美國王：「陛下，這實在是剪裁得好合身呢！」，「瞧，花色多麼別緻啊！從來沒有看過這麼高貴的衣裳！」

「陛下，只等您一出門遊行典禮就可以開始了。」禮官向國王報告。國王還在鏡子前東張西望：「合身吧？我覺得真不錯耶！」，他的目的是要大家知道他很認真在欣賞新衣服。隨從大臣一個個用手在地上摸就像為國王拉起長披的後裾，他們都不敢讓別人知道他們根本什麼也沒瞧見，即使手上只不過托著空氣。於是，國王在禮官準備好的華蓋下邁向遊行的路線。站在大街上的和在窗邊觀望的人們竟也齊聲讚美國王的新衣：「哇！多麼美麗的衣服啊！好合身呢！」，這群人誰也不希望被別人恥笑看不見那奇異的新衣服而暴露自己是個傻瓜！國王的衣服從來沒有像這樣被高聲稱讚，興奮得忘記自己也曾懷疑這套衣服的存在。

「哈！國王他沒有穿衣服耶！一件也沒穿啊！」人群中冒出童稚的聲音，一個小孩說出了事實。

「天阿！我真是太抱歉了。」尷尬的爸爸急忙解釋。「他只是個單純的男孩，沒看過什麼好東西。」但很快遞，這天真而誠實的聲音像風一樣地傳開，所有的百姓都在耳語：「國王什麼衣服也沒穿。」所有人都明白了事實。

國王聽到了耳語，全身顫抖，突然了解到百姓們是對的，可是在心裡卻又想著要撐到遊行結束，因此他不得不擺出驕傲的姿態，在民眾的訕笑與指點中一路走下去，後面跟隨的大臣們也只好繼續托著不存在的長披肩後裾。

遊行結束後，國王派了軍隊要去逮捕兩名膽敢欺騙他的騙子，但他們早已帶著錢和珍貴的黃金與金絲跑離了城市。在國王的有生之年，依舊常有人拿國王沒穿衣服去遊行的故事開玩笑。

## The Emperor's New Clothes

Many, many years ago lived an emperor, who thought so much of new clothes that he spent all his money in order to obtain them. His only ambition was to be always well dressed. He did not care for his soldiers, and going to the theatre did not interest him. The only thing, in fact, he thought anything of was to go out and show himself off with new clothes as often as possible. He had a coat for every hour of the day. As often as you would say of a normal king "He is busy ruling the kingdom," you could say of him, "The emperor is in his dressing-room trying on new gear."

The great city where he lived was a very busy place, every day many strangers from all parts of the globe arrived. One day, two swindlers came to this city and pretended to everyone that they were weavers. They said that they could make the finest cloth anyone could imagine. Their colours and patterns, they said, were not only very beautiful, but were made of a special material invisible to any person who was stupid.

*That must be wonderful cloth,* thought the emperor. *If I were to be dressed in a suit made of this cloth I would be able to find out which people in my kingdom are stupid and therefore should not be in their jobs. I must have this cloth made for me without delay.*

And he gave a large sum of money to those rascals, in advance, so that they should get to work immediately. They set up two looms and pretended to be very hard at work. They asked for the finest silk and the most precious gold-cloth. All the expensive material they got they hid away for themselves and worked at the empty looms till late at night.

*I'd love to know how they are getting on with the cloth,* thought the emperor. But he felt worried when he remembered that anyone who couldn't see it was stupid. He thought that of course he would be able to see it, but decided to send someone else first to check it out, just in case. Everybody in the town knew how remarkable the clothes were and were dying to see how bad or stupid their neighbours were.

*I shall send my honest old minister to the weavers,* thought the emperor. *He can see how it looks, for he is very clever.*

The good old minister went into the room where the swindlers sat before the empty looms. *Goodness gracious!* he thought and opened his eyes wide, *I cannot see anything at all,* but he did not say so. Both swindlers told him to come near and asked him if he did not admire the lovely pattern and the beautiful colours, pointing to the empty looms. The poor old minister tried his very best, but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to be seen. *Oh dear,* he thought, *Can I be so stupid? I would never have thought so, and nobody must find out! Is it possible that I am too stupid to do my job? No, I cannot admit that I wasn't able to see the cloth.*

"Have you got nothing to say?" said one of the swindlers, while he pretended to be busy weaving.

"Oh, it is very pretty, really beautiful," replied the old minister looking through his glasses. "What a beautiful pattern, what brilliant colours! I will tell the emperor that I like the cloth very much."

"We are pleased to hear that," said the two weavers and described to him the colours and explained the curious pattern. The old minister listened carefully, so he would be able to tell the emperor what they said and so he did.

Now the swindlers asked for more money, silk and gold-cloth, which they said they required for weaving. They kept everything for themselves and not a thread came near the loom, but they continued, as before, to pretend to work at the empty looms.

Soon afterwards the emperor sent another good man to the weavers to see how they were getting on, and if the cloth was nearly finished. Like the old minister, he looked and looked but could see nothing, as there was nothing to be seen.

“Is it not a beautiful piece of cloth?” asked the two rascals, showing and explaining the fantastic pattern, which, however, did not exist.

*I think I am not stupid, thought the man. Maybe I am not clever enough for my job. I must not let any one know that* and he praised the cloth, which he did not see and praised the beautiful colours and the fine pattern. “It is very excellent,” he said to the emperor.

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Everybody in the whole town talked about the precious cloth. At last the emperor wished to see it himself, while it was still on the loom. With a number of assistants, including the two who had already been there, he went to the two clever swindlers, who now worked as hard as they could, but without using any thread.

“Is it not magnificent?” said the two old men who had been there before. “Your Majesty must admire the colours and the pattern.” And then they pointed to the empty looms, for they expected that the others could see the cloth.

*What is this? thought the emperor, I do not see anything at all. That is terrible! Am I stupid? Too stupid to be an emperor? That would indeed be the most terrible thing that could happen to me.*

“Really,” he said, turning to the weavers, “your cloth is wonderful, really wonderful.” He nodded contentedly as he looked at the empty loom, because he didn’t want to say that he couldn’t see anything. All his attendants, who were with him, looked and looked, and although they could not see anything more than the others, they said, like the emperor, “It is very beautiful.” And all advised him to wear the new magnificent clothes at a great procession which was soon to take place. “It is magnificent, beautiful, excellent,” they said. Everybody seemed to be delighted, and the emperor appointed the two swindlers “Imperial Court weavers.”

The whole night before the day on which the procession was to take place, these two rascals pretended to work, and burned more than sixteen candles. They wanted people to see that they were busy finishing the emperor’s new clothes. They pretended to

take the cloth from the loom, and worked about in the air with big scissors, and sewed with needles without thread. At last they said: "The emperor's new clothes are ready now."

The emperor and all his barons then came to the hall. The swindlers held their arms up as if they held something in their hands and said: "These are the trousers!" "This is the coat!" and "Here is the cloak!" and so on. "They are all as light as a cobweb, so light in fact, that it feels as if you have nothing on at all, but that is just the beauty of the clothes."

"Indeed!" said all the assistants, but they could not see anything, for there was nothing to be seen.

"Does it please your Majesty now to undress," said the swindlers, "that we may help your Majesty in putting on the new suit in front of the mirror?"

The emperor undressed and the swindlers pretended to put the new suit on him, one piece after another. The emperor looked at himself in the glass from all sides.

"How well they look! How well they fit!" said all. "What a beautiful pattern! What fine colours! That is a magnificent suit of clothes!"

It was announced that it was time to start the procession.

"I am ready," said the emperor. "Does not my suit fit me wonderfully?" Then he turned once more to the looking-glass, so that people would think he was admiring his clothes again.

Two boys were there to walk behind the emperor, to hold up the train of the emperor's clothes, that is the material from his clothes that would otherwise trail behind on the ground. They stretched their hands to the ground as if they lifted up the train and pretended to hold something in their hands. They did not like people to know that they could not see or feel anything.

The emperor marched in the procession under a beautiful canopy and all who saw him in the street and out of the windows exclaimed: "Indeed, the emperor's new suit is amazing! What a long train he has! How well it fits him!" Nobody wanted to admit they saw nothing, for then it would mean they were too stupid. Never were the emperor's clothes more admired.

At last a little boy piped up. "But he has nothing on at all! He's completely nude!"

“Good heavens! I’m sorry about that,” said the embarrassed father. “He’s just a simple boy who doesn’t know any better.” But soon, the whole crowd was whispering what the child had said.

“He *does* have nothing on at all!” cried all the people, realising the truth.

The emperor suddenly realised they were right, but he thought to himself, *Now I must keep pretending until the end or I’ll look even more stupid.*

So the emperor tried to walk with even greater dignity, while the crowd laughed and teased him all the way to the end.

Afterwards he sent his soldiers to arrest the two swindlers, but they had fled the city with all the money and precious material. For the rest of his days, people joked about the time the emperor went for a parade with no clothes on and he never lived it down.



### 第三梯沉浸式劇場創作工作坊上課需知

參加者需要帶自己方便記錄的工具（筆記本、平板、手機）。我們鼓勵學生帶來你覺得發展你的片段會需要的東西（個人的相片、毯子，投影儀，食物.....任何能啟發你片段的東西。）

To make sure the personal project of each participant is well organized we need to know:

1- which theme/concept they want to work on.

他們要工作的主題？

2- why are they interested by it? What's their personal connection? Why do they choose to do it?

他為什麼對這個主題感興趣？他與這個主題的個人連結？他為何選擇這個主題？

3- they should send a text that talks about it that they find interesting. It could be a theatre play, an article they've read, a poem, the lyrics of a song, a transcribed scene from a film...

請他找到一個討論該主題、引起他興趣的文本。可以是一個劇本、一篇他讀到的文章、一首詩、一首歌的歌詞、一段電影劇本的場景……

4- one picture/image that is representative of the project or that evokes what they want to explore.

一個可以代表該主題的圖片／畫面，或一個喚起他想探索更多的畫面

5- one piece of music or song that is representative of the project or that evokes what they want to explore.

一段可以代表該主題的音樂或歌，或一首啟發他想探索更多的歌

Carlos is basing the workshop on all his experience plus two books that you probably won't be able to find because they're rare, but if anybody finds them and wants to read them they are welcome (although this is not mandatory at all, it's just so you know where we draw our influences from):

The transformative power of performance by Erika Fischer Lichte.

Teatro Relacional by Juan Pedro Enrile Arrate.

Carlo（劇團導演）的工作經驗很大一部分是受啟發於兩本書，他們可能不是很好找，但如果有同學對老師們的工作方式感興趣，也很歡迎大家去找來參考。

- The transformative power of performance by Erika Fischer Lichte.
- Teatro Relacional by Juan Pedro Enrile Arrate.

### 第三梯學員課前作業（於課前翻譯後交給老師、翻譯做準備工作）

#### 吳宗恩

《半屏山的故事》

人物:老公公、小男孩、村民(甲、乙、丙) 旁白:從前，在高雄半屏山還是完整的時候。山下的村子裡，來了一個賣湯圓的老人，他挑了一擔香噴噴的熱湯圓

來到村子裡叫賣。

老公公:來ㄟ!好吃的湯圓!一文錢吃一碗，兩文錢吃到飽。

甲:咦!真的嗎?天底下哪有這種事?

乙:管他呢!就花兩文錢,吃他個夠本。試試看嘛!

丙:喂!好吃嗎?

丁:嗯，又甜又香，還真好吃呢!

眾人:老公公!給你兩文錢。〈你一言，我一語，眾人都對老公公喊著。〉

老公公:你們盡量吃吧!

旁白:一下子，一鍋湯圓都吃完了。

老公公:嘻嘻!你們可真能吃啊!

甲 :喂!你們看，那座山今天怎麼缺了一小塊啊!

眾人:有嗎?沒有吧!今天的湯圓真好吃呢!

丙:湯圓真好吃，老先生，明天你還會來嗎?

旁白:第二天，老公公又來賣湯圓了。

老公公:又香又甜的湯圓啣!花生加芝麻，一文錢吃一碗，兩文錢吃到飽。

聽到叫賣的聲音，大家都圍過來吃湯圓!

旁白:聽到叫賣的聲音，大家都圍過來吃湯圓。

老公公:吃慢點!吃慢點!湯圓還很多呢!

甲:咦!那座山今天怎麼又比昨天少一塊呢?

眾人:你是吃太飽，眼睛花了是不是?山每天都一樣，哪會多一塊、少一塊呢?

旁白:第三天，老先生又來了，大家一樣搶著吃湯圓，嘴巴忙得都沒空說話呢!就這樣，一天過了又一天，直到有一天，來了一個小男孩。

小男孩:老公公，我要買一碗湯圓。(他拿給老公公一文錢) 老公公:你為什麼不多花一文錢，吃個飽呢? 小男孩:每個人都吃那麼多，您怎麼賺錢呢?

老公公:好孩子，我終於找到你啦!你是我挑選徒弟的好人選!不瞞你說，我是村子後面那座山的神仙，很久以來，我一直想找一個不貪心的人來學我的法術，所以就挖山上的泥土，做成湯圓，每天挑到這兒來賣。好孩子，你願意做我的徒弟嗎?

眾人:啊!用泥土做湯圓?(大家跑過去一看，鍋裡剩下的湯圓，都變成灰色的泥丸子啦，大家不由的都抱著肚子，吐!吐!)

旁白:這時大家才後悔，為什麼自己要那麼貪心呢?因為這樣，大家就把那座缺了一半的山叫做「半屏山」。從此半屏山的故事就這樣被流傳了下來!

X X

### 賴麗婷

創作主題:

目前將以喬治歐威爾的「動物農莊」故事精神為基底，探討與對照台灣當代社會關於口號之下的「美好(拼)經濟」藍圖與精神性價值之間的距離與拉扯。

相關素材新聞報導

[https://m.facebook.com/story.php?story\\_fbid=20234760843\\_88580&id=591740160895520](https://m.facebook.com/story.php?story_fbid=20234760843_88580&id=591740160895520)

X X

### 郭建宏

創作主題:

個人、靈性、儀式

<https://youtu.be/uKFsyfbkvf0>

這是我目前的街頭表演  
因為之前都沒有錄，這次剛好有記錄到  
我想讓自己的街頭表演更有儀式性  
希望能成為一個完整的作品

X X

## 張偉來

創作主題:  
想嘗試 以 比較幽默/輕盈 的方式，去碰觸 沈重的主題 例如，逃亡/遷徙/災難 相關  
注意  
以 類似 成人版/殘酷版 童話方式;改編 或重新編創 帶有 魔幻色彩的人物故事

劇名:異鄉鳥(劇名暫定)

故事大綱:  
一群鄉下的鳥，居住在一棵河邊的大樹上。小河，大樹 一直以來都是他們的好朋友  
有天， 風老先生 帶來了消息。說，今年的寒冬會變很冷，他們必須去南方 以躲過災  
難。

一群鄉下鳥，  
跟隨著 有豐富經驗的 候鳥們。 第一次往南方的城市飛去。

在城市裡，他們碰見各種事。認識了 被養在鳥籠裡的 囚鳥。 一次，

在城市裡，異鄉鳥們分不清，高樓建築的 玻璃是虛幻的天空。

他們飛向 玻璃鏡子裡的天空。 結果，撞玻璃而死。

X X

## 張文易

創作主題:  
在台北無家者出沒的街頭，讓觀眾看到聽到屬於這群無聲的人的故事

創作理念 編劇:陳彥廷 蜉光

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當全世界離我而去的時候，你陪我走過一段。

---「趙慈好像.....我覺得她.....她好像懷孕了。」一切從女人的懷孕說起。到底要怎麼樣，才能在街頭討生活?

熱天到圖書館和超商乘涼、冷天躲在車站遮風、深夜時把公廁鎖起來沖澡、鉤 舊衣回收箱的衣服換穿、打聽好超商與便利商店的食物報廢時段、躲到地下道 裡睡覺、家當鎖在火車站內的寄物櫃檯，一天一百塊。

派報一天六百、舉廣告牌一天七百五、粗重工一天一千到一千二，體面一點的 當保全、超商店員、加油站工讀生，時間和勞力換取金錢，換到最便宜的便當 店，三餐一百塊以內解決。

還有，撿回收，加減賺。 很偶爾，真的要走不下去的時候，到協會去幫幫忙，付出勞力，換頓飯吃、找 人說說話。

五十五歲的阿成，投資失利、妻離子散。四十五歲的趙慈，遭惡意拋棄、常處 於精神崩潰的臨界點。二十歲的張文，輟學孤兒、從小在如遊牧民族般在親戚 家中流離。

叱吒商場的生意人、書香世家的閨女、迷戀尼采的年輕人，相聚於此時此刻-繁華城市的地下道內，路過的人嫌懼夾雜的眼神快步走過，三人在車水馬龍下 安然蜚游，既相依為命、又各自獨立;既受枷鎖箝制，卻又無比自由。昏黃燈 光明滅，臨睡前，三人說說談談，又是一天。

我們身處的世界是同一個世界，同一個城市，這個故事，是講一群我們視而不見的人，而那也是我們，不同際遇、各人的眼光而已。

X X

黃凱臨

創作主題:  
因為自己的生命經驗，所以對於「老年孤獨」「獨老」這類的主題很有感

X X

莊芝翔

創作主題: 失物招領

原由是，曾經有一次搭高鐵的時候，遺忘了台中朋友給我的伴手禮和餐盒在置物架上。下車後立刻發現，我第一次尋求服務人員的協助，填寫了表單，詳細的描述放置的座號上方，但我卻說不出袋子的顏色，詳細裡面到底裝了甚麼，因為其實我和袋子相處的時間並不長，

東西也不貴重，但不想遺失的是朋友的心意，雖然短暫的被我遺忘。

當天稍晚就很順利地接到電話說東西找到了，也很順利地取回，取回後才發現，餐盒上寫著我的名字。

再取物的過程中，在服務人員背後有好多物品上面貼著小紙條，讓我不禁好奇和腦補，在車上可以遺失甚麼？遺失了甚麼會想找回來？或者遺失的東西其實已被遺忘？

互動的部分，也許可以嘗試詢問觀眾：您好，請問有甚麼需要幫忙的嗎？請問您掉的是甚麼東西呢？

倫敦的失物招領局相關新聞: <https://news.tvbs.com.tw/world/1081895>

X X

Lorenzo Ivan

金銀島作者 Robert Louis Stevenson 從夏威夷傳說啟發的短篇小說：“The Isle of Voices”

<https://gutenberg.spiegel.de/buch/the-isle-of-voices-4358/1>