

**The Fishing Village Upon Nightfall    Li Jeyeon**

**Translation by Yang Yang 5A**

Tiny trails of light beams,  
On the distant mountain peak,  
Remnants of sunset afterglow,  
In golden yellow.

The calm water surface,  
As though over shallow,  
Reflects the intermittent light,  
Forming an in-water circle.

Routes of fishermen you shall follow,  
Passing through fences made of bamboo,  
You'll see the homes of my fellows,  
Their thatch cottages in the distance.

Towards their home there's a zigzag road,  
Neighboring woods as you go,  
Where flourishing trees are found the most,  
In the steepest of slope they grow.

Little egrets in twos,  
Playing at the green shores.  
Crows returning to their nests,  
Far away in the verdant hills.

You will hear some fine chit-chat from time to time,  
Happiness and enjoyment beyond the fields of reed flowers.  
May I have my baijiu,  
In exchange for your fish and shrimp.

**Nightfall fishing village Li Jeyeon**

**Translation by Yue Ho Tsun 5A**

Sunset's afterglow seeps through the sky-high mountains from afar,  
Lake's ebbs and flows mirror bits of the beautiful twilight.

Striding along the trail in the thick jungle, I gaze at the cosy cottage  
Surrounded by a wall of slender bamboo, 'tis where the fishermen reside.

Pairs of white egrets frolic in the verdant coast,  
Jet black ravens soar above the lush hills.

Overhearing the sporadic chuckles in a field of reeds,  
I discover the gleeful fishermen and barter wine for seafood.

**Dusk of a Fishing Village Li Jeyeon**

**Translation by Ho Wun Ying 5IB**

Rays of the setting sun remain on the mountain peaks in a distance,  
Ripples on the lake reflect the flickering sunset.

The bamboo and hay huts are the fishermen's home,  
Forests reside by the path.

Little egrets play around in pairs by the green shore,  
Returning crows flutter in the lush mountains.

Sounds of laughter are heard across the reeds,  
Baijiu for fish and shrimp.