



## 編者的話

據說一個科研小組在原始森林裏迷失了路，大家疲累不堪。更令人沮喪的是隊長老教授奄奄一息。之際，老教授託付給眾人一個小木箱，說：「這是我一生的心血，你們一定要走出去，把它交給院」眾人把心中的悲痛轉化為力量，終於走出了森林。返回大學後，那盛滿着老教授「一生心血」的箱被打開，但裏面只是一塊石頭！

人生路上，我們不時需要激勵與啟發，賜予我們奮鬥的力量，前進的方向。假使人們沒有長遠的夢就跟動物沒有兩樣，存在的目的就只是為了生理維繫和繁衍。或者像沒有方向的人，漫無目的在大蕩，他唯一知道的，就是讓自己的船不要沉沒。當我們真心追尋夢想，每一天都是繽紛的，因為我道每小時都是實現夢想的一部分。

每個組織有自己的使命、存在的意義和認同的價值。這是評估定位和制定方向的基礎。清晰的方向織經得起時間考驗。世界每天不斷在變動，而每一個組織也必需跟隨社會的步伐改進；但不變的是一份使命。

啟思在第二次世界大戰後創刊，當時是一份醫學文獻；隨後改版為一份周刊，對象為醫學及護理學近年啟思以季刊形式出版，在印刷素質和科技上尋求改進，例如嘗試使用光碟出版，增加彩頁數量高可讀性。但啟思依然是一個自由發表的園地，不受幹事會或其他組織影響立場，是一份為沙宣道度身訂做的刊物。我深信啟思自創刊一直堅持同一份的信念和價值，這也是我們認同的啟思精神。來年啟思工作愉快。

「啟思啟我思  
我思啟啟思」

梁景峰 總編輯

## Editorial

Finally it comes to the last issue. On behalf of my Board members, I would like to thank all of you for your support throughout the year...

So, to show our gratitude...

In this issue, we included more of the usual goodies and I hope you'll find the places for lunch interesting. These are genuinely the places my Editors and I go normally and we're in fact risking a longer queue for seats to introduce them to you. Sometimes, it's really all for the good of our readers! And here's this continuation of the Ghost Tale from last time. I promise there IS a ghost but whether it's real or not, I cannot guarantee...

It is always rewarding to write more. Sometimes you can never realize how foolish your thoughts are until you write them down and read them to yourself aloud. If you happen to have clever ideas, it's all the better. You can giggle to yourself when your readers try to quote them!

It was really fun...

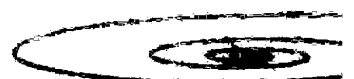
May the spirit of Caduceus prosper.

Jessica Lai  
General Editor

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## 搖搖板的秘訣——平衡

吳基恩

香港大學學生會醫學會

內務副主席

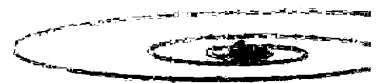
現時醫院管理局是向香港醫科畢業生提供專科培訓的唯一機構，又壟斷了整個醫療市場，令現在的醫學生畢業後，除非能夠接受專科培訓，否則只有如小孩對大巨人般在私人市場跟醫管局爭病人；因此，局方絕對有必要聘請全部畢業生及為年輕醫生提供完整的專科培訓的機會。筆者不希望在此向任何人或者機構聲討責任，最重要都是找出良方妙藥，達致「聘請全部畢業生及為年輕醫生提供完整的專科培訓的機會」這個目標，為未來撒種灌水。

現時全港大約百分之九十三的住院病人都住進了公立醫院，而私家醫院接收的病人則不足百分之七；明顯地可以看出市民過份依賴公營醫療服務，導致公營醫療機構負荷過重，但同時私營醫療機構則有病人不足〔有稱「朝三暮四」、「出前一丁」等等〕的問題，這絕對反映現時公私人力資源分配完全失衡之情況。

在資源有限的情況下，醫管局便不應再繼續承諾向所有市民提供醫療服務，因為私營醫療機構亦能提供部份服務，其中也有質素一流的，為什麼不讓能負擔得來的市民接受私營服務呢？現時不論貧富，公營醫療機構均會提供劃一收費服務，此政策嚴重加重了公營醫療機構的負擔，因為醫管局對於每一位使用公營醫療機構服務的病人的收費已

作出了大部份的補貼，但政府每年給予醫管局的撥款並不會因住院病人佔有率增加而提高；而由於大部份資源均用以補貼病人的醫療費用，因此醫管局並不能增加聘請新入職醫生的的人數，亦不能提供完整的專科培訓的機會，例如不再跟第一次專科試不及格的醫生續約（須知這是個要求非常高的考試，每年及格率不高）。結論是，醫管局不應再繼續不論貧富向所有的市民承諾提供劃一低收費服務。

以上提議，並非新論，事實上，同樣的提案也曾被提出過，但終歸有人以「未能保證最低收入的一群人可以享受一流的服務」為理由而大力反對。但其實，醫管局應向所有人收取一個成本費用，在此之上向不同經濟能力的人提供不同等級的補貼，一來符合用者自負原則，又能保證不論貧富均能享受最優質的醫療服務，總比現在公私資源完全失衡、眼看未來香港醫療發展從此走向下坡好。事實上類同的做法（有錢多給，少錢少給）並非罕見，例子包括公共汽車的老人優惠、電影院的學生優惠、薪奉稅、外國大學的學費資助等等，比比皆是，都證明了按經濟能力分等收費既公平，又能提供足夠的金錢為行業發展提供動力。筆者在此呼籲各位同學齊心推動公私人力資源平衡分配，使香港的醫療服務可以令市民的健康繼續保持在國際上的第一等水平。





## 當中醫遇上西醫

蘇子謙

歷史悠久的中醫，在中國和香港均為人所熟知。但港大的中醫，正式來說只經歷了兩個寒暑。筆者是中醫二年級學生。因種種原因，筆者經常接觸西醫系（Medicine）和護理系（Nursing）的同學，發覺他們大部份無論對中醫課程或中醫學生皆認識不深。於是漸漸地，我好像負起了推廣中醫的責任。另外，醫學院向來是西醫主導，再加上中醫和西醫分別實在太大，中醫學生要融入醫學院這大家庭，實非容易。當了一年中醫學生，感受甚深。剛巧今夏讀到區結成所著的《當中醫遇上西醫》，自覺書名觸動心靈，於是取題為此。是為序。

### 一、神秘的中醫學生

中醫學生本不神秘，但對於 Medicine 和 Nursing 學生來說，中醫學生從來都是這麼神秘。怎麼神秘？第一，神秘的課程。我們的科目很多很廣。先有中醫科目如基礎理論、診斷學、黃帝內經等，再有西醫科目如 Anatomy, Physiology, Biochemistry 等，再加上中英文課和 Broadening Courses，只是一年級就有十四門課。在溫習考試時，吃力得很！極長兼從來沒有 Day Off 的上課時間，又是中醫課程的一大特色。上個學期我們就曾經締造了一天連上八小時 Lectures 的創舉！所以在醫學院裏很難找到中醫學生的蹤跡，因為我們常被困在課室中作困獸鬥！

第二、神秘的學院。很多人都不知道中醫藥學院的位置。這使 Medicine 和 Nursing 的同學更難遇上中醫學生。中醫藥學院是在舊翼的物業處大樓中，即陳蕉琴樓的後面。中醫藥學院和 New Medical Complex (NMC) 只相隔一條馬路，但兩者卻有天淵之別！一座是又舊又細的樓宇，一座是宏偉之極的 State-of-the-art。心裏不禁想，中醫在香港的地位真是那麼低嗎？

第三、神秘的中醫學。Medicine 和 Nursing 同學普遍對中醫學認識不深。這又再為中醫學生添上一份神秘感。又有人認為中醫古老，把我稱作「古代人」！（她的論據是我的相貌似古代人，吾不信矣！）有關中醫學的

認識，在此不詳談。但若你對中醫學有任何疑問，歡迎隨時致電給我，我將盡力解答。

### 二、中醫人在 Med Fac

Med Fac，首先要談的是 New Medical Complex (NMC)。NMC 雖然宏偉，但我卻認為它不如 Main Building。一座（西）醫學院大樓理應有一點文化氣息。例如 NMC 可建成有希臘特色的大樓，有一個倒「V」的樓頂，門前有多條大柱支撐着，這可表現出西醫學源於希臘。Main Building 帶一點英國傳統古色古香的味，這才使人感受到真正的大學氣氛。但現在的 NMC，不像是一所大學，而像是數碼港大樓一般，只有軀殼而沒有內涵，沒有靈魂。另外，我想談談醫學院學生的口語。不計「撻皮」、「潛」等港大口語，Med Fac 學生喜愛說「R 乜 R 物」。有「R」講、「R」飲、「R」來等。我想「R」的意思只能意會，不能明言。我想最貼近的意思是不請自來，不問擅取吧。至於「R」的起源，和其他港大 slangs 一樣，無從稽考。最後我想談談「潛」。有潛必有浮，如浮 Hall，潛 Hall，浮樓，潛樓等。但有一是例外的。是「潛 Lib」。Med Lib 只有潛沒有浮。原因不太明確。我估計第一是因為 Med Lib 在 NMC 的最底層，有潛書海之感；第二是因為常在 Med Lib 讀書之人，大多不好動。久而久之，潛意漸生。潛 Lib 是一件每個 Med Fac 學生必做之事，但太潛是不好的。我試用周易八卦來解釋。乾卦中的初九爻，爻辭是「潛龍勿用」。意思是潛在水底之龍不飛上天空行雲佈雨。這像一個只懂「潛」Lib 而不懂多外出和病人接觸或多認識朋友的醫學生。那有甚麼用？勿用者，無用也。但太浮也是不行的。上九爻，爻辭是「亢龍有悔」。亢龍，一條飛得太高太亢進的龍；有悔，考試必肥也。

### 三、中醫人在 Health Com

我是第一個加入 Health Committee 的中醫學生。老實說，起初上莊時那感覺是怪怪的。沒有一個人是我認識的，裏面只有我一個



中醫學生。再加上我是 Social Secretary。我必須要和其他莊友打好關係。要熟絡並不困難，困難的是搞 Social Gathering。Health Com 人雖然平日有一起去做 Service，但一起去玩的機會不多。Health Com 十六個人，要搞一次讓大家全部出席的 Social Gathering，根本無可能。不過這問題我相信在每一個莊也會出現。Soc Sec 真不易做。

此外，我在 Health Com Service 學到的量血壓、量血糖等是我在上課時學不到的。「出 Service」使我體驗了西醫對病人所作的基本檢查技巧。這是在 Medicine 和 Nursing 學生身上所學到。另一方面，有時在 Service 時我也給病人把把脈、看看舌。其他 Medicine 和 Nursing 學生對此感興趣，問我得到甚麼診斷。我學藝粗淺，很多時我也不敢說得肯定，只會說一些大體的病況，以求含糊過關！有一次我們 Health Com 去遊船河，有一莊友暈船浪而欲嘔，即使吃下「暈浪片」也不解。我聽說「內關穴」可以止嘔，儘管一試。我馬上按她內關穴，不出一分鐘，她告訴我大有改善。但因當時「情況危急」，一時用力過度，為她帶來瘀痕，在此致歉。無論如何，Health Com 是我和 Medicine 和 Nursing 學生交流最多的地方。起初我想在 Service 中加入中醫體檢的手法，但困難在於中醫不用血糖機等機器，中醫靠的自身的本領。所以要教非中醫學生把脈等中醫手段，並非那麼容易。最後，我想說做 Service 是很有意思的，希望大家能多點參與！

#### 四、中醫人在 Council

醫學會評議會（以下簡稱 Council）對很多人來說，又討厭又害怕，但對某一些人，卻是樂此不疲。前一類人是大多數，他們認為 Council 只是一個無理取鬧，沒有實質作用，集體浪費時間的會議。若你是 Health Exhibition 或 Medic Festival 的 Committee，你就會明白。我並不完全贊同這些看法。但 Council 的 Efficiency 低是鐵一般的事實。要通過一份 Proposal，短則四、五小時，長則超過十二小時。有些人更認為過一份 Proposal 的時間愈長，愈顯得 Council 做事的認真。但我想強調的是，通常在 Council「作戰到底」，不斷問問題的只有幾位，有些更不是 Councilor。經過十多小時的疲勞戰後，所得

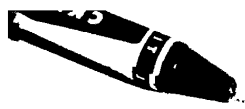
到的益處是甚麼？想一想，好像不太多。另外一類人對 Council 樂此不疲，他們喜愛糾纏於一些不太重要的地方，他們視 Council 為他們表現成政客 (Politician) 的地方，陶醉於「插」人。無可否認，他們是 Council 的核心，但當他們忙於讀書時，這些中堅分子就不會出現在 Council。這些只有權利而沒有責任 (Responsibility) 的人，充其量只是一些劣質政客。

我是第一位並唯一一位中醫 Councilor。但我自問對 Council 的參與度並不高。大多數只在討論和中醫同學有關的議題時，我才會問問題。我盡量出席 Council，目的只是讓人知道中醫 (TCM) 學生也是 Council 的一部份。對！Council 的人和文件都叫我們做 TCM，全寫是 Traditional Chinese Medicine。我認為這個字是錯譯。首先，略懂中醫史的人都知道，中醫二千年來也是開放的，它充分吸收了古代西方和印度醫學。現代的中醫也是一樣，中醫不斷在進步。Traditional 這個字，使人感到保守、守舊，這是錯的。中醫的「中」不是解「中醫」，「中」是「中庸」之意。不偏之謂中，不易之謂庸。中醫治病着重生理平衡（陰陽平衡），故中醫者，中庸之道也。Chinese 一字，也是錯譯。但「中庸」之義，的確難譯。故普遍中醫學仍叫作 Chinese Medicine。

#### 五、中醫遇上西醫

題目的「中醫」是單數，指我；「西醫」是眾數，指其他 Medicine 和 Nursing 同學。讀了一年中醫，在醫學院生活了一年，所感受的當然不止那麼少。本文只談及其中一小部份，我想中醫學生的確要「浮」一點，使其他學系的更認識我們。

「西醫」亦可是單數。中醫遇上西醫，是兩個個體的相遇。遇上的「遇」有偶然的意思，即「不期而遇」的「遇」。遇上是第一步，並不太重要；遇上之後如何，才最重要。和香港所談的「中西結合」一樣，要結合，只是遇上是不夠的，努力去發展才最重要。寫到這時，正坐在某商場的餐廳。時正夕陽，商場的玻璃把西斜的陽光反射在桌上。舉頭看夕陽，心裏突然來了一陣感觸。往日暢談遊西山，此時無語問蒼天。



## 輕揚醫話——第一話

風輕揚

讀中醫向來都不是一件容易的事，溫病四大家之一的葉天士，在臨終時告訴兒子：「醫可為而不可為。必天資敏悟，讀萬卷書，而後可借術以濟世。不然，鮮有不殺人者，是以藥餌為刀刃也。吾死，子孫慎勿輕言醫。」

葉天士對溫病學說的發展作出很多貢獻，去年在國內和香港，溫病學說就是指導中醫治療非典型肺炎的理論。一位醫學大宗師對自己的子孫都說「勿輕言醫」，所以無論中醫西醫，做個醫師並非 Easy，在香港大學讀中醫更加不簡單。我們除了要「上知天文，下知地理，中知人事」（即是要懂得古文、文學、現代醫學科學、中國哲學、心理學，當然少不了中醫學、針灸、推拿……）之外，還要經常於 main campus、沙宣道和瑪麗醫院這糾纏不清的三角關係之間徘徊（此情況以二年級同學為甚，有時甚至要用十分鐘時間從瑪麗病理大樓跑去乘車到 main campus 上課，簡直令人吃不消）。不過這又未必是一件壞事，古人曰：「讀萬卷書不如行萬里路」，多去 main campus，就可以多玩點 main campus 的活動，可以多逛一兩次 mega sale，多聽點午間座談會，又可以多去點學社聯會的 soc 房，還有 Main Library……

由於平時中醫學生上 lecture、清 lecture、背誦中醫歌訣等壓力已經能夠令到他們透不過氣來，在百忙中還能騰空時間出來，幫手搞 Medic Ocamp，做一個『醒一點的「OC」』，跟西醫和護理的同學溝通時，show 出來謙虛又大方得體的人，不是太多。

這次隨筆寫來，除了吐吐中醫學生的苦水之外，也淺談學中醫的好處。有很多時你身邊的人（甚至是路過的途人）在有意無意間知道你是讀中醫的話，他們都會主動地伸出他們的手：「嚟啦，摸下我啦……」運氣好的話一天可以摸十數次；一些略懂推拿按摩

的中醫同學更具優勢，特別是在一些需要過夜的活動，例如迎新營，他們就更加忙得透不過氣，因為他們身邊的人都會伏在床上，對他們說：「XXX，你快 d 過嚟啦，我好想要你……」雖然做「臨時骨佬」確實辛苦了一些，但是從中有很多開心的事都是「盡在不言中」。

另外，很多時候有人會問我們「中醫是不是科學，可不可信？」我可以告訴你，中醫是一門科學，而且是可信的，雖不能在這篇文章上一一道來，但請你們回看中國和香港在十九世紀前的歷史，當時中國醫藥是百姓健康的第一條防線；而至今飲薑茶治感冒、秋天吃雪梨潤燥等中醫概念，亦已根深蒂固於很多中國人心中……

希望將來能夠多點跟各位 MBBS 和 Nursing 同學仔交流一下，雖然沙宣道把 Estate Building 跟 New Medical Complex 分隔開，但不是一條沙宣道便會把中醫人和 MBBS、Nursing 人分隔開的，當各位在 Bayview 吃飯，在 Med Lib 讀書，在 Cal Lab 印東西，見到中醫同學仔的時候，大可主動走過去，伸出手來讓他摸一下，躺在檯上讓他幫你按摩一下；或者在 MedLib 一樓的中文醫藥書籍中，找一兩本書，認識一下中醫。以下是我推薦的三本書：

中醫文化對談錄 / 張大釗編著

[醫] R601.Z43 2002

走近中醫：對生命和疾病的全新探索 /

唐云著 [醫] R601.T3628 2004

思考中醫：對自然與生命的時間解讀：

傷寒論導論 / 劉力紅著

[醫] R127.1.C4253 L584 2002

正是：

風流倜儻不是我 輕舉妄動撞板多  
揚清抑濁陰陽現 尚有後話下次見





## 你快樂嗎？

文若

同學，你活得快樂嗎？

如果你的答案是正面的，恭喜你！因為在醫學院讀書有時真的好像吃苦瓜和喝廿四味。但倒過來，若是你覺得自己活得並不快活，那我就介紹一位大師給你認識。好，現在請伸出你的手掌。

有請大師……

我：「為什麼我們常常都過得不快樂？」

大姆指說：『那是因為你們不懂得使自己快樂。』

「那我如何做才可以變得快樂一點？」

『我們五兄弟不是一直都在提示你嗎？可能你太不留意我們了……』

「對不起……你可以告訴我一次嗎？」

『好吧。你告訴我，你常碰到不如意的事嗎？』

「又不是，只是有時看見那一大堆的筆記便很氣餒，很想放棄。當我一有這感覺，我便是會失落數天……這感覺像把我的世界塗上一層灰色，甚麼都是灰暗的。」

『你試想想，當一個人苦惱得拿緊拳頭時，對解決事情有幫助嗎？畢竟沒有，這樣做只會使手指窒息。所以，千萬別讓苦惱淹沒你。』

「我就是常常這樣做……而且在失意時我會變得很挑剔，甚麼事也批評。」

『唔，你別忘記，不論何時何地，當你把手指指向別人時，其他的手指都是朝着自己的啊。』

「那我應該要寬容對人和事？」

『你說，把我倒吊或是把我直立，哪一樣花多些氣力？』

「把你倒吊起來我得要把手臂扭着，當然是花力一點。」

『沒錯，批評就是比稱讚來得費力。多

點豎起姆指稱讚，你自己也會變得開朗啊！其實要快樂很簡單：只要凡事抱着一個欣賞的態度。』

「哈。那我應該多點稱讚自己呢！」

『當然可以！但要注意不要過份自滿啊。一個常把姆指指向自己的人，肯定沒有留意他的其他手指都是指向地下的……』

「很有道理！但是我還是有問題。剛才你說都只是從心理上出發的。有實質使我快樂的方法嗎？」

『當然有。你試把手垂下來，然後放鬆你的手指。你覺得這時手掌的姿態怎樣？』

「唔……它像是正在和別人握手。」

『你對了！人最放鬆舒適的時候便是和其他人連成一起——不論那人是自己的家人、朋友，或是情人。所以，當你感到失落時，便主動一點找別人傾訴，分享大家的感覺。沒有人可以獨自走過人生這一條路呢。尤其是那一段沙宣道……嘿嘿嘿……』

「我明白了。原來我們很容易因為只掛着忙碌，而忽略了身邊的人呢。我們常以為自己是一個人，其實只是自己看不見別人對自己的愛了。」

『沒錯。愛就是使自己快樂的「鑽石方法」。但是，接受愛只是這方法的一小部份……』

「啊！那大部份是……給予愛。」

『我想，你已經明白如何能使自己快樂了。當你雙手捧着你的真心送給別人，你便會看見一個奇景：就是十根指頭都是朝着對方！你想想，看到別人能被愛心包圍，不是最快樂的事嗎？』

「我完全明白了！」

原來，快樂的秘訣一直都在我們的「手上」。

同學，你會活得快樂嗎？





## Final Destination

### Grumpy Guy

Medical school is long regarded as a symbol of prestige, a hallmark of success and the way to fortune. Being a doctor has always been the choice of career. Day and night, teenagers stretch their limits in order to get a few distinctions in public exams, paving their roads to success. Getting into medical school means getting into the dreamland, in which you are already half way through the road to fame and prosperity.

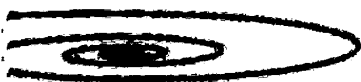
If you randomly pick some fellows in the Faculty and ask them of the driving force which has propelled them into medical school, the reply will always be 'I want to save lives and help others', 'It's cool to be a doctor', 'I don't have any preference, but medical school seems to be a decent choice for me'. Rarely could you get a response as 'I do medicine for fame and money'. Come on, what's so shameful in saying that? What's wrong with being frugal? One doesn't have to put on such a disguise. What's more hilarious is that, many really do think that they are working for the sake of humanity as a complication of putting on such disguise for a long time. At the very beginning, they chose medicine because of its fame and status, then of course, they have to instill those fundamental qualities of honor into themselves in order to achieve the fame and status they've long craved for. Gradually, the disguise they were wearing and the genuine character of them became one. Wow, what a perfect script. One day if doctors were in no different cast as a clerk, it would be amusing to hear the moans of those who finally unveil their true selves.

Another genre of people here are those

who gave in to various pressures and got into the medical school for no reason. Parental expectation is an ubiquitous factor which is simple but forceful. Such scenes which have been illustrated in TV soaps ages ago need no more explanations. Parents are virtually the boss until one can earn his own living. One simply has to compromise if the doors of negotiations are slammed shut. The story is all the time as ordinary as that. Peer pressure is something which worth our attention more. It is shockingly common that many of us go into medical school for no reason but to follow the trend. Traditionally, kids with good grades would go into law school or medical school. Gradually, a barrage is formed between these so called prestigious schools and other academic fields. It is labelled as inferior to get into something other than medicine and law. Everyone works his ass off to be 'prestigious'. Whose fault? Who cares.

Doctors heal others. Who heals the doctors? Concealed behind that white sacred gown is a scorched soul. No matter what's your claim for choosing medicine, the fact remains that your soul, your energy, your devotion will slowly be drained by the hectic life in medicine. If you are entering medical school as a blissful little kid full of dedication, the coming years will look especially bleak. What drives us through now is the determination to get out of this hell as soon as possible. Well, at least there is still a glimpse of light at the end of the gloom.

Think thrice before you take the train to this final destination.



*From the previous issue:*

*It fell.*

*My precious fell.*

*I lost it to the pitch-black night.*

*Seventeen floors beneath my feet stood the ruins of the Old Mental House on the east side of High Street. On an eerie night before the exams, there was a gleam of red light radiating from the haunted mansion in the midst of dire darkness. I was too scared to look. I drew the curtains of my bedroom window ferociously, hoping to shut the evil out. And, as such,*

## THE TALE GOES ON...

Jessica Lai

Before the windows I hung a chain of wind chimes. It was a cherished gift from my loving Grandmamma who had long passed away. "May the magic of the chimes bring forth to you an extraordinary journey," she used to say. Carefully had I tied the chimes to the window frame. Carefully had I listened to its tinkling, the sound that brought me relief and tranquility in times of fear and despair.

Down, down it fell, my eyes tracking its course. The cursed curtains had knocked the chimes out of the open window. Its tinkle faded as it dropped straight towards its dreaded destination.

I pondered — Was it out of my miserable imagination that the red gleam invoking such fear had grown in brightness, or more precisely, boosted its mysterious bloom? I could not tell.

\*\*\* \*\*

With each step I took, my sins deepened — with every inch I proceeded, I cursed the Creator of curiosity, Creator of all human senses and that of stupidity. If only I were blind, I were lame, I had less

impulsive boldness...

Why had I ever wished to come?

Before I could gather my consciousness, I found myself remorsefully standing behind the grave gates of the Old Mental Hospital. Up till the present day it remains a mystery how I broke through the bolted gates and the barred doorway in the first place — perhaps my memory has faded as with the many details that followed. But though my mind lacked lucidity, my senses were not numbed. The walls were defective. The roof had collapsed. Cracks crept down from the ceiling and branched and winded like the poison ivy in a deserted garden. The windows bore no glass — all had been shattered. The filthy drapes hung loosely over the shutters, which rattled softly with the wind.

"The wind? Was the air not stagnant as hell?"

I chose to ignore my query, for the emerging answer was far more sinister and bothersome than the question itself. Whether the wind was released from Hell, whether Hell had decided to breathe I dared not think — but its breath must have been cold. The chill was climbing slowly up my



## The Tale

spine, one vertebra a time, drilling into the marrow, and continuing its course.

It was a dark night, and in the faint yellow light of a distant street lamp, I could barely make out my way. I tripped and fell and struggled up again. Obstacles were scattered diffusely on the floor and I never cared to examine their nature closely - an object holds no earthly nature when it belongs not to the earthly world. Thirty years ago, in that vile bonfire that consumed the building, a great many were trapped behind the thatched gate, burned dead alive - their bodies never retrieved. If I were to trip over the remains of their presence, I dreaded to know.

It was on my third fall that I looked out and recaptured the mysterious glimpse of light. It was high, high up, dimly visible through a collapsed portion of the ceiling. I remembered my Grandmama's chimes. I remembered hearing its call - the familiar tinkle, swift and eager.

And I answered.

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The mansion was huge, and housed many floors, connected by spiral stairs. As my limbs propelled my body forward, I could feel the mansion responding. The floorboards cracked. The topography of the stairs had created a strong current, turning the chill into a gale. When the whooshing wind intermingled with the intense tinkle of the wind chimes, it was as if the house was howling and lamenting. I felt its quivers and palpitations. Yes, the Old Mental Hospital was alive. It was aroused from its dormancy — if not death.

Despite my fear, I had to go, I had to reach the top of the stars — partly because of my Grandmama's chimes, partly because,

in fact, I knew not the way back. The stairs had extended for many floors, and never seemed to end. When I looked back, no more than a few steps were visible and the rest had faded into the pitch darkness. Walking up led to uncertainty, down, to a fearful abyss.

The red light flared with rage, growing brighter with every inch I neared. No, I never got nearer. Despite my tedious climb, I persisted on the same single flight of stairs. It had drawn nearer to me.

*"Campfire's burning.*

*Campfire's burning.*

*Draw Nearer. Draw Nearer.*

*In the Gloom. In the Gloom.*

*Let's sing and be merry."*

Indeed! It was no gleam of light. When I could finally make it out, it was a roaring fireball, rolling fiercely towards me. Like a snowball, it grew as it rolled, rolling as it grew. The wind chimes' tinkle was a fire







bell ringing. The ringing intensified, it was deafening, hammering through my skull. Within finite time the fire shall strike me and enkindle my soul and heart. Yet I could not run. My soles were glued to the floor.

Yes I would die there, I was very much assured. Just as I closed my eyes and prepared to assume my doom, the tinkling ceased. Silence predominated. A rush of wind blew straight on my face, after which, nothing but my own self stirred. All was still, very, very, still. My eyelashes twitched. My palms perspired. I opened my eyes...

And once more regretted... if only I had fainted...

Standing before me was a gaunt, hollow figure — a woman's silhouette with a glary stare. Her protruding eyes gleamed with menace — gory like that of fire, like that of blood. Her merciless stare went straight into my eyes — through my cornea, my humors, my retina, through my nerves and struck my soul. I knew she had been calling for me, but I would not ask why. All I wished was to wake up from my nightmare.

She reached out with her bony hand. And I am only fair to say so, for it was genuinely just bones. She was going to choke me to death.

"Trespasser."

Her fingers pointed towards my nose.

"This is my dwelling."

I could not think. Her voice was coarse, but truly overwhelming.

"You have intruded a world not belonging to yours. You have aroused evil from its sleep."

I knew, and I was frantic. But I couldn't just sing a lullaby and put it back to sleep, could I?

"You are summoned here for a purpose," she chanted solemnly, and held a small object up to her ear. "This used to belong to me."

She blew gently at it and I heard the familiar ting-a-ling of my Grandmama's wind chimes. Alas, it was cursed.

I knew I could not just turn my back and run away — there wasn't a way anyway. Among her many grandchildren, Grandmama had handed the chimes down to me. So maybe she had known I was meant to be here in the first place. Or maybe I wasn't meant to leave.

"What do you want of me? If you want to kill me, do it now. Slave me if you will." I gathered my courage and tried desperately to suppress the tremor in my voice.

And she smiled, viciously.

"I need your help."

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"In the fire I lost my child, my only child," she said with affection and I listened with compassion — not that her ghostly appearance was no longer terrifying. Her eyes remained gory but I thought I saw a glimpse of moving passion.

"Look at me. Thirty years ago, in that horrid fire, I was trapped right at this spot."

I looked at her. I could hardly tell from the few wiggling curls still rooted on her



## The Tale

half rotten scalp if they were long or short. They reminded me of Medusa — the snake-haired woman. A fragment of a nightdress draped on her bony shoulder — I could not tell its color. Half of the face was scorched by burning heat. And what was left was wearied and sad, as was her tale.

“The hospital was abandoned in the 1970s, and since then no one but drug addicts and impish teenagers have taken interest in it. IMPISH! IMPISH TEENAGES.”

Suddenly she broke into a rage but then quickly calmed herself.

“What can I say of others? I was an evil woman myself. I deserved this. I deserved ten times more than this. But my poor child...my poor, poor child, what had he done?” she paused, “I used to live in the neighbourhood. I had a husband, who was poor and sold fish in the market. Ah... the filthy market — filthy hawkers, filthy food. Is it still around?”

I nodded. My Grandmama was also a hawker.

“My husband was the kind of man who would never get rich. He was too honest, too lame. Everyone loved him, but not me. The world was out there, and I wanted to see it myself. I thought I would be poor and miserable for the rest of my life unless I ran away. Oh yes, I did escape from him, I escaped with a man who owned a car and who bought me pretty roses. I was beautiful then.”

She smiled sweetly at the intangible past.

“We had a son at that time, my husband and I. I didn't want to leave him, I can swear on that. I planned to come back for him once I settled in. But I never did. I left my husband but was shortly abandoned by the man who bought roses for me. Roses sting. They really do.”

She looked at her fingers, as if there really was a prickle.

“I was forced out of my newly furnished home. I was homeless. I had no place to go but to wander all the way back here. I wanted to go back to my husband, and beg for his forgiveness. I was not shameless, indeed, and fumbled with the words to use. It was way past midnight when I walked past this mansion so I decided I would spend the night here and go to my husband first thing in the morning.”

“And there was the fire?”

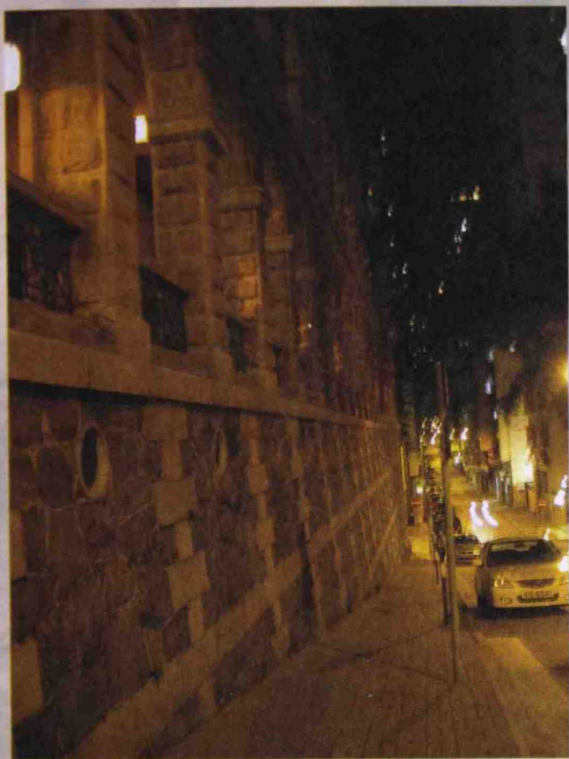
“And there was MY SON. He was here with his disgraceful friends. They were building a bonfire when I climbed in through the window downstairs. It's all my fault... all my fault. If I had spent more time teaching him the right ways, if I had loved him more, he wouldn't have been with those people. He would have been at home, sleeping peacefully in bed! He was just twelve... and had left my womb for no more than a short dozen of years...”



“Did he see you?”

“See me? I made sure he did. I screamed at him and asked him why he was with such an appalling gang. He screamed back, calling me a whore, a woman of the street. He said I had





abandoned my husband and son for money, said I was a selfish woman. He accused me of having no love for him. He said I was not to be forgiven. He said I was no mother, that I was not fit to be one. Was that true? Was that true? Oh! Oh! Oh! How his words scorched my soul.”

I could hear agony.

“We argued right in this room. No, we did not argue. It was he condemning my morals and I defending what I had left, what I clinched dearly on to. ‘I love you, son. I love you,’ I chanted and chanted. But he refused to listen. He wanted to leave. He turned his back on me. Oh no, he shan’t leave me. I shall keep him to me, FOREVER.”

Suddenly she reached out her bony phalanges and forcefully grabbed my shirt. I dodged. She stared fiercely at me, but I knew she was not looking at me. She was looking straight through me, like an X-ray, at the past.

“I grasped his shirt...I grasped his shirt.

I pulled and dragged and tugged. But he wouldn’t listen. He pushed me to the ground and I sprained my ankle. I couldn’t get up. But I continued to beg for his forgiveness. I took out these chimes,” she held up my Grandmama’s chimes, “I used to hang them by his baby cot. It was the only thing I took with me when I left my husband. He had to know them! I saw him start when he saw the chimes. I saw him fumble. He was my son after all!”

“The prankish gangsters downstairs had started their bonfire. They were singing a campfire song. It was like this.

*“Campfire’s burning.*

*Campfire’s burning.*

*Draw Nearer. Draw Nearer.*

*In the Gloom. In the Gloom.*

*Let’s sing and be merry.”*

I tried to hand the chimes to my son, as if this would arouse his pity for his poor mother. I held them out. He was struggling whether to take them. I looked passionately into his eyes.”

“Did he take it?”

“He would have, I am sure, if he was ever given the chance. But no, God forbade it. All of a sudden, the fire broke out. The bonfire could not be contained and turned into a horrendous flare. I heard the children screaming downstairs. There were flames everywhere. All the curtains, the wooden furniture... the spiral stairs turned into a dragon-like inferno. I heard my son yelling at me. But he never took my chimes. He never did.”

She wept in despair.

“Did you try to escape?”

“I could not stir because of my sprained ankle. I tried to get up but in vain. My son wanted to help. But I hurried him



away. 'You must go,' I said frantically, 'Mama will come after you.' I promised with such faith that even I myself believed in such a lie. It was much easier for him to escape alone than with a wounded mother."

"And he left without you?"

"Last time, I left without him," She smiled, gently, "now we break even."

I remembered her son was only twelve. After all, he was just a child and any child would have turned to his mother for protection. Any child would have believed in his mother in such a frantic situation. She spoke triumphantly. It was a mother's triumph.

"I saw him run away, with fast and steady strides, and tears down his cheeks. How proud he made me, being such a strong and brave boy. Then the smoke choked me, and I fainted. When I woke up, I was as what you now see me. And in such form, I have persisted in this gloomy mansion for thirty years."

"What do you want from me?" I felt that her story had come to an end, and I, for whatever reason, was summoned to add the finishing touch.

"Had my son escaped safely, I knew not. I had no reason to dwell but to know that he grew up well and lived on happily. However, I am forbidden to leave the Old Mental Hospital in search of my son. Promise me you will find him for me and hand him this, as my last token of love and blessing to him." She held out the wind chimes once again.

I took the chimes. I wonder how they first

got into Grandmama's possession. I never figured out.

"I promise."

I could hear her death knell.

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After my exams, I did as I had promised. I went to see her son — who now, apart from having a scar on his forearm, bore no signs of the tragedy that happened thirty years ago at the Old Mental Hospital. But I know deep in his heart, the remembrance for his mother had never faded. Guilt of leaving her behind had dug deep inside his soul, the same guilt SHE has imposed on her deadely consciousness for the past thirty years. I know, because he cried bitterly when I handed him the chimes.



## 健康展覽 2004



健康展覽 2004《肌膚之親》終於在十月三日圓滿結束了，經過了八個月的辛勞工作之後，終於看見了成果。

由港大醫學會主辦的健康展覽是一年一度的盛事，今年，我們於十月二日至十月三日，在香港中央圖書館，舉辦了一個以皮膚健康為主題，名為《肌膚之親》的健康展覽，是次展覽共吸引了接近三千名市民進場參觀。加上十月一日的開幕典禮，共三天展覽活動。展覽內容主要分為五大部分：皮膚的結構和作用、皮膚護理、皮膚病、皮膚新資訊及美麗與健康的皮膚之比較。展覽形式除了有基本的四十九塊展板之外，還有展品、錄影帶播放、遊戲和由皮膚科專科醫生主講的健康講座。於展覽期間，我們還舉辦了一個為小學生而設的親子填色比賽，吸引了來自二十間學校的一百六十多名學生參加，反應踴躍。

《肌膚之親》健康展覽早於今年年初時

開始籌備，由二月開始組織籌委會，三月籌寫計劃書，四月由醫學生評議會通過計劃書後，我們便正式開始各項籌備工作。

我們需要尋找贊助商，因為健康展覽的經費都是由籌委會一手一腳籌募的。我們也要搜集資料，用來撰寫展板及資料冊的文字。宣傳的工作也不能少，我們印製了海報、宣傳單張、橫額和宣傳紙巾包，也拍攝了廣告於Roadshow及校園電視播放，我們還於報紙刊登了一則廣告。到了接近展覽的時期，我們還需要招募和訓練負責當天展覽的工作人員，也就是我們醫學院裏一、二年級，醫學系、護理系和中醫的同學們。



因此，這個健康展覽有賴十七位籌委會成員，各位顧問教授和醫生，醫學院的職員及百多位學生工作人員的共同合作，才能達到成果。以後每年，港大學生會醫學會都會繼續籌辦同類活動，希望到時能得到你的參與和支持。





## 陳波教路 如何在沙宣道「覓食」？

相信各位同學都已試過在沙宣道度過午飯時間了，未知一年級的同學是否適應沙宣道的膳食呢？其他同學又是否滿意於沙宣道午膳呢？你又是否試過一大班人在醫學院門口躊躇？不知該往哪裏吃飯才好？不論你的答案是甚麼，以下將為你介紹一些可供沙宣道學生吃午飯的地方。

### 如果你的午飯時間只得不足一小時……

不好意思，你的選擇確實不多。很自然的，你會去順圖灣景餐廳解決了便算。（即是 Bayview 啊）至於食物的價錢與質素嘛……見仁見智吧。相信大家都已試過了，不用在此多說。如果你仍未試過，快去試試吧！另外，灣景亦設有中菜廳，不論餐廳的設計，以至食物的質素，都較快餐好一點。如果選擇食物的策略得宜，每人只須十多元便可填飽肚子。



怎麼？灣景也不夠快？那麼醫學圖書館門口的灣景露天茶座便能滿足你的需要。「茶座」位於圖書館門口，演講廳（lecture theatres）下面，簡直就是為趕上課和在圖書館讀書的同學而設。午餐的食物多是從七樓西餐廳運下來的，質素有一定的保證，但價格就較灣景餐廳和中菜廳昂貴。

好像給灣景壟斷了？你還有選擇的，到三間宿舍下面的七十一便利店，你可以吃杯麵和用微波爐「叮」飯，也可以買雪糕和補



充零食。如果之前的課堂有數分鐘空閒的時間，你可以撥電話去 Pizza Hut「叫外賣」。

如果你碰巧在瑪麗醫院上課，你便可在那裏享用午膳（當然，你也可以從醫學院上去的）。K座（即七十一樓上）一樓有快餐店，形式和大家樂差不多，出示港大學生證有折扣優惠。二樓有醫生餐廳，但學生必須於十二時前或二時後方可入內進食。想飲茶的可以到護士宿舍下面的美膳閣。



### 如果你有接近兩小時的午飯時間……

你可以到蒙民偉樓七樓的西餐廳用膳，那裏環境幽雅，有無敵海景，食物選擇多（每星期的餐牌都是不同的），甜品尤其好吃，但最便宜的午餐也要四十元正，不是所有同學也能負擔得起。





兩小時，絕對足夠你去跳出沙宣道這個框框。最接近的地方應該是置富花園商場。從醫學院乘坐的士，十五至十八元便可到達。商場內有美食廣場，也有數間餐廳和美酒樓。特別推介是商場旁的 Fresh and Fresh Cafe，二十五元的午餐，有湯、蒜蓉飽、主菜（粉／麵／飯）、甜品、咖啡或茶，絕對能滿足愛吃的你的需要。太多了，令你吃不消？其實這午餐的份量可以當二人餐使用的……（註：下午一時前結賬更九折優惠。）



那邊廂，西環也是極受歡迎的地方。從沙宣道可以乘坐的士，又或是上山坐巴士（4, 7, 37B, 71, 91, 94），便可直達西環。最著名的午飯地點，莫過於明星海鮮酒家，價格媲美灣景中菜廳（車費當然未計算在內），但食物選擇遠較中菜廳為多，而佈置也比較堂皇，由於那裏的空間充足，基本上一定有位坐，亦不用擔心吃完了便會被趕走。

當然，要數西環區可供大家選擇的地方，確有如恆河沙數。以下僅列出一些食肆



供大家參考：高消費的可以到西寶城內的金龍船酒家、仙跡岩、Cafe Panash，還有大學本部內研究生堂；較慳儉的可以去本部的美心快餐、Super Sandwiches、學生會餐廳，也可以從東閘沿興漢道前往飲冰室或小息站。

### 天地堂？放學了？



有這麼多的時間，當然要找點娛樂了。除了上集介紹過的數碼港戲院外（筆者按：戲院已更新了票價的安排，詳情可以到數碼港戲院網站瀏覽），另一個好地方是香港仔中心 Neway 卡拉 OK。在瑪麗天橋底乘坐香港仔紅色小巴，只須三元和約十五分鐘即可到達。該處的食物質素尚算不俗，只有益力多味檸蜜比較特別。

不夠健康？可以預約何世光體育中心的羽毛球場或乒乓球場，然後在西環吃飯。

另類選擇：回家吃飯、又或是回宿舍睡覺、更可以留在圖書館讀書。





## Revenge of the Nerds

As I sat in another seemingly “dry” Biochemistry lab, my horizons were suddenly expanded as I witnessed an off-key Berkeley nerd sing Ricky Martin’s “She Bangs” on an American Idol audition, thanks to a resourceful classmate and his laptop. Without cable TV access, it’s easy to feel both homesick and out of touch with the American pop culture, and thus the urge to connect with anything from home makes itself blaringly known. Enter William Hung.

What is it about this American Idol loser that attracts so much attention from all over the world? To most people, he probably wouldn’t be given a second glance on the street, except in the classroom where he probably pulls up the bell curve. As intelligent and likeable as William Hung may be, he is probably the last person one would expect to receive a legitimate record deal and to perform in a music video with half-naked dancers prancing around him. With his goofy smile and unique choice of clothing, he just does not fit the pop star image. Call me jealous, (OK, may be a little), or close-minded, but a guy like him without much musical talent just doesn’t cut it as a pop star- or a sex symbol, as proclaimed by dozens of ladies on his website. So, why has William Hung become such a phenomenon?

There are many reasons why Americans may like Hung, and even why I genuinely like him. His complete honesty in admitting that he has had no professional training but was still happy with his audition endeared thousands of people to him instantly. And seeing a regular, normal, every-day person rise to stardom is appealing if not encouraging to the rest of us. His very participation in the American Idol competition celebrates the American ideals of succeeding and rising to the top while having hopes and courage in a world that is increasingly uncertain. William Hung represents all that most people hope to achieve in their lifetime, and that is why we relate to him.

However, whether we admit it or not, the media, American Idol and those of us who perpetuate it have turned Hung into a joke. This nerdy, karaoke-loving Asian student can’t help his accent or how people pronounce his name, but when packaged together with his desire to be a star, suddenly the mocking and laughing is perfectly accepted. Hung isn’t a Chinese comedian who is looking for an audience to laugh at his jokes, yet he finds himself in the spotlight where people are doing just that. Only, it’s not that funny to him. In one interview by Rolling Stone magazine, Hung said, “OK, so I’m not famous for the right







reasons. I'm infamous, a joke. It doesn't make me feel good because I'm a genuine person...". The problem is that Hung should never have made it as far as the stage, and certainly not to a record deal. He should have been screened out way before then. But he wasn't. I'm convinced he was put in the spotlight for reasons that have nothing to do with him being a "genuine" person.

Overall, it's quite obvious that Hung isn't out there and admired for his talent. There are some attempts by talk shows to display him as just a sweet guy, but the reason he is on those shows to begin with is all because of the joke. According to Rolling Stone magazine, he's nothing more than a "bona fide dweeb." And if Hung is an aware and active participant in the joke, whatever his intentions, then he is just as much to blame for the results as those who are exploiting him. However, in many interviews Hung comes across as completely naive, with no inkling of how people are really seeing him. Who, then, does the blame fall to? Why has the joke gone on for so long? Why do people continue to laugh, point fingers, and exploit this young man who has given his best and has no regrets?

Maybe it's because we all see a part of ourselves in him and it's easier to laugh at him than it is to laugh at ourselves. Each of us has failed at one thing or another, each

of us has made a fool of ourselves more times than we like to admit, and each of us has an undying need to feel like we're better than someone else. Or maybe it's because in a world of reality television, the reality isn't so real. We've seen the same characters, the same personalities, the same plots and storylines too many times to tell. Yet, here comes William Hung — 100 percent real, and 100 percent mocked.

But like all jokes, this one has its own punch line. Regardless of how goofy, naive, or unsophisticated the media portrays William Hung to be, he is a true winner. He may pronounce his words funny when he sings, he may not have the best taste in clothes, he might not ever have his buck-teeth fixed, but do you know what sets him apart from the rest of us? He has heart. He is immovable in his determination, and he should be looked up to as a role model for following his dreams. William Hung is a hero for the underdogs, the ones that never should have had a chance.

At the end of the day, American Idol Judges Simon Cowell and Paula Abdul sum it up the best, (respectively), "You can't sing, you can't dance...", but "William, you're the best." He is a man who has taken the "it-list" to a whole new level. Just keep that civil-engineering bon-bon of yours shaking and do us nerds some justice!







潮流  
與  
健康



## 潮流與健康

緊貼衣著的潮流，是年青人的專利。然而在花多眼亂的潮流背後，大家又有沒有注意服飾與健康的關係呢？在今期《啟思》的專題中，我們將探討一下時下流行的潮流裝扮：隱形眼鏡隱藏着眼部健康問題？頭髮常常「整色整水」，有害嗎？低腰褲影響腰骨？五寸高跟鞋，你真能支持得住？

### 沒有「四眼」的日子

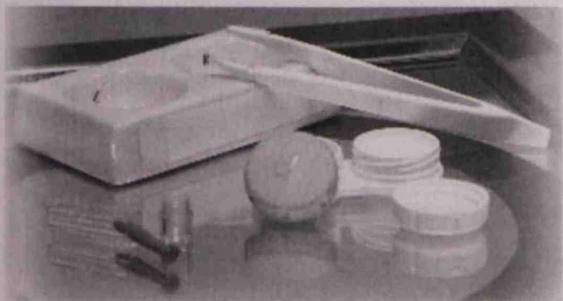
隱形眼鏡的使用在香港越來越普遍，根據消費者委員會的資料顯示，截至二零零一年十一月，本港約有四十七萬人使用隱形眼鏡，而使用人數更有上升的趨勢。相信不少同學都正在或曾經試過使用隱形眼鏡，但對如何正當地使用隱形眼鏡又有多少認識呢？

隱形眼鏡是一種直接接觸眼球的眼鏡，最初是由德國光學家在一八八七年發明，主要分硬式、軟式和拋棄式三種：

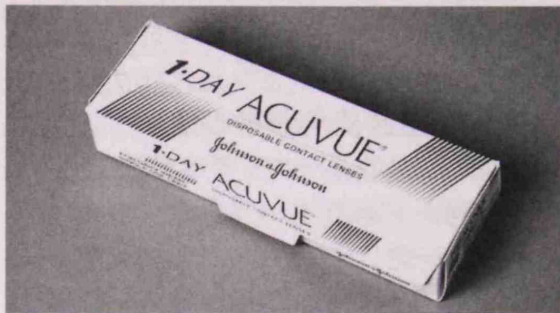
- **硬式隱形眼鏡**：材質較硬，不透氣、不吸水，因而較能使視力維持不變。



- **軟式隱形眼鏡**：含水分、較軟，且舒適易配戴，但也因此容易使表面弧度改變，而引起短暫的視力變化；若改為採用較薄或超薄且含水量低的設計，則可避免此問題。



- **拋棄式隱形眼鏡**：是目前被認為安全、舒適、便利的隱形眼鏡，它用完即棄，可避免因鏡片清洗不徹底，導致眼睛分泌物和蛋白質積聚而造成刺激。



### 隱形眼鏡的合適用途

近視患者配戴隱形眼鏡，雖說與配戴普通眼鏡各有優點，而且應用範圍也比普通眼鏡廣泛，但也要視乎個人的適應程度，並非任何人都可以配戴。隱形眼鏡主要適用於以下情況：

1. 矯正深度近視——如果你有一千度以上的近視，普通鏡片通常會太重，並會引起視物變小、鏡片周邊有稜線等問題，所以深度近視患者不宜配戴普通眼鏡。
2. 兩眼屈光度數相差超過 3D（即雙眼近視度數相差多於 300 度）——這些人如勉強配戴普通眼鏡，會引起頭昏。
3. 角膜混合散光或不規則散光——配戴隱形眼鏡，可矯正高度散光及不規則散光。
4. 職業需要——如藝員或運動員，配戴普通眼鏡會影響工作或比賽。
5. 單眼無晶體——一些人因先天性或外傷性白內障接受了單眼白內障手術後，沒有植入人工晶體，令兩眼屈光度相差太大，因此應該配戴隱形眼鏡。
6. 治療眼角膜病——治療眼角膜病時，可以用隱形眼鏡來幫助藥水沁透。
7. 倒睫、眼臉缺損及眼臉閉合不全——配戴隱形眼鏡可使眼睛免受睫毛及外界灰塵的刺激。

8. 白化病病人和虹膜缺損病人——有假虹膜圖案及中央透光的隱形眼鏡，可幫助這些病人減輕怕光症狀。
9. 美容用途——有假眼角膜圖案的隱形眼鏡可作美容用途，幫助有角膜白斑傷痕的人回復自信。普通人亦流行用隱形眼鏡改變眼睛色彩。當然，因美觀而戴隱形眼鏡亦無不妥。

### 甚麼人不適合使用隱形眼鏡？

隱形眼鏡並非所有人都適合配戴，例如患有角膜炎、結膜炎、虹膜炎、青光眼等，都不適合配戴；如果眼睛特別敏感，淚水分泌不足，或是眼皮比較緊，也是不能配戴的。

醫藥專家建議，配戴隱形眼鏡的人在患感冒時，最好改戴普通眼鏡。感冒患者手上往往帶有大量病菌，它們很容易在取、戴隱形眼鏡時進入眼中。此外，感冒常伴有輕微的視網膜炎，戴隱形眼鏡會使炎症加重。許多抗感冒、止咳和止痛藥物中都含有抑制眼淚的成分。淚腺分泌量減少會使隱形眼鏡濕潤度不足、透明度降低，進而影響視力。某些激素、抗生素、作用於植物神經的藥物、抗組胺藥物、抗抑鬱藥或抑制神經末梢興奮的副交感神經阻滯藥，也會減少淚腺分泌的作用。



### 使用隱形眼鏡引起的問題

基本上，只要你適合配戴隱形眼鏡，其使用是十分安全的。除非你不正當的使用，否則引起併發症的機會很微。較常見的問題有：

1. **角膜損傷**：隱形眼鏡始終是異物，角膜很多時會有一點點受損；如配戴時不小心，鏡片或指甲便會刮損角膜。癥狀包括：眼紅、刺痛、怕光、視力模糊等，如損傷的範圍較大，應立即停止配戴隱形眼鏡，盡快就醫。
2. **乾涸**：這問題多困擾本身淚水較少的人，他們眼睛感到乾涸的機會比常人高。這些人應縮短戴用時間，並根據視光師的指示滴隱形眼鏡專用的人造淚水來滋潤眼睛。
3. **角膜缺氧**：如太長時間戴着隱形眼鏡（例如睡覺時忘記脫下），尤其是透氧度較低的隱形眼鏡，可引致角膜缺氧。缺氧可引致角膜水腫及血管增生，嚴重的可導致失明。
4. **敏感**：對清洗藥水（防腐劑）敏感，可引致結膜炎或角膜炎。
5. **細菌感染**：這是最嚴重但不常見的併發症，可引致角膜潰瘍，感染源包括：細菌、真菌、亞米巴變形蟲。
6. **角膜上皮脫落**：配戴過緊的隱形眼鏡，在長期缺氧之下，角膜會沉積一些新陳代謝物質，久而久之造成糜爛，使整片角膜上皮脫落。
7. **角膜潰瘍**：角膜上皮脫落之後，若繼續配戴又不仔細清洗，隱形眼鏡會被細菌沾滿，終將導致整個角膜潰瘍。
8. **巨大乳頭結膜炎**：由於鏡片太髒使積聚在鏡片上的蛋白質長期與結膜接觸，或是結膜對浸泡液產生過敏，甚至是硬式鏡片的週邊磨得不夠光滑刺激結膜，都會引起此症。

為了預防併發症，視光師建議應至少每日進行一次簡單的三步自我測評，問問自己：





- 鏡片戴在眼睛上感覺起來如何？
- 我的眼睛看起來如何？
- 我是否持續地看得清楚？

如你發現任何問題，必須立即脫下你的鏡片，並向你的眼科視光師查詢專業意見，以防導致更嚴重的損傷。

## 正確保養之道

配戴隱形眼鏡首重保養之道，稍不注意，鏡片將成為細菌繁殖的溫床，如何保養隱形眼鏡，才能使它配戴安全、使用期限加長呢？我們有一些提示：

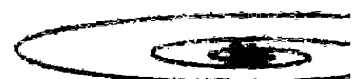
1. 務必在操作隱形眼鏡前清洗、沖淨並抹乾你的雙手。
2. 使用視光師建議的鏡片護理系統，並仔細遵從在護理藥水標籤上的說明和指導。
3. 務必使用未過期的鏡片護理液。
4. 不同的護理液不能混在一起使用，而且不是所有的護理液都適用於各種鏡片。
5. 不要變更或混用鏡片護理系統，除非護理藥水標籤上有標示。
6. 有些護理藥水可能有一種以上的功能，這些都會在標籤上標示。
7. 務必按照你的眼科視光師建議的程序進行鏡片的卸除、清潔、沖洗和消毒。記着，使用任何清潔劑都不能代替消毒。
8. 千萬不要用自來水沖洗你的鏡片。理由有兩個：
  - 自來水含有很多雜質，會染污和損壞你的鏡片，並可能導致眼睛的感染和損傷。
  - 你可能將鏡片丟失於下水道。
9. 先清潔一隻鏡片（每次總是同一隻開始以避免混淆），用推薦使用的生理鹽水或消毒藥水沖洗乾淨，除去鏡片表面的清潔劑、粘液和粘膜。將鏡片放入儲存盒中。對另一鏡片重複同樣的步驟。
10. 清潔之後，用眼科視光師或鏡片生產商推薦使用的系統進行消毒。遵照在消毒藥水標籤上的指導。
11. 在再使用之前消毒鏡片，並置於緊閉合的盒子中。
12. 鏡片不戴時，應將你的鏡片完全浸入推薦使用的消毒液中。如果你不是連續配戴鏡片，準備在幾星期後再配戴，垂詢你的眼科視光師關於如何儲存你的鏡片的建議。
13. 有些拋棄型隱形眼鏡不能用熱力消毒。
14. 將鏡片從鏡盒中取出後，倒空鏡盒並用鏡盒生產商推薦的溶液沖洗鏡盒，然後將鏡盒置於空氣中風乾。鏡盒再使用時，重新注滿新鮮的儲存液。定期更換鏡盒。
15. 睡覺前一定要脫下清洗。
16. 你的眼科視光師可能會建議你使用潤滑劑。潤滑劑可用於濕潤鏡片，使你配戴更舒適。切勿用唾液或其他非建議使用的溶液來濕潤和潤滑你的鏡片。
17. 在你眼科視光師建議配戴的時間到了以後必須丟棄鏡片。
 

如果覺得眼球或鏡片有異常的情況，應馬上去找視光師檢查，平日也應每隔半年或一年定期檢查眼睛。

## 用完即棄型隱形眼鏡就能解決問題？

「健康、方便」是「用完即棄」隱形眼鏡最大的優點。在香港，逾半隱形眼鏡使用者都是用即棄型的。

有些公司聲稱它們的「用完即棄」隱形眼鏡能省略每天清潔、保養等過程，並可連續戴用一週（甚至更久），這不但增加了戴用的方便，更減少了因鏡片污染而導致的眼疾併發症。對於工作繁忙、沒有時間護理鏡片的專業人仕而言，「用完即棄」隱形眼鏡讓他們既可享受其方便，又不用擔心鏡片遺失破損時，還要到眼鏡公司重新驗配。這可以節省時間，減輕許多配戴者心理上的負擔。「用完即棄」隱形眼鏡也可作為日戴型鏡片來使用，配戴時間更可延長至兩星期後再丟棄。



但是，根據消費者委員會的研究發現（《選擇》第三百零二期），即棄鏡片可供選擇的物理特質如大小、弧度等比傳統鏡片少，故此不是所有人都適合配戴即棄鏡的。以有散光的近視患者為例，目前仍無可戴用的「用完即棄」隱形眼鏡問世。另外，配戴即棄鏡片的時間亦不應超越建議的期限，且清潔程序也不能比普遍鏡片簡略。由於很多人都不清楚這一點而誤用即棄鏡，有些人甚至戴着鏡片睡覺，導致由即棄鏡引起角膜潰傷的機會比傳統鏡片多二點五倍，而眼睛感染的機會亦有所增加。但這些都不是鏡片品質的問題，而是消費者的誤解而已。

因此，大家配戴即棄鏡時，一定要注意鏡片的護理，否則貪圖一時方便換來的結果，便是對眼睛不可磨滅的損害。

## 沒「髮」擋的誘惑！

你心目中理想的女朋友，是否長髮披肩，斯文大方；抑或是一頭鬢髮，溫柔可愛？可惜，一個人天生的髮質各有不同，若希望自己擁有一頭順直的長髮，偏偏頭髮有點兒不聽話的曲曲彎彎；千方百計想有鬢髮？頭髮又總是跟自己作對。相信不少女孩子，甚至一些男生們，也曾有上述的煩惱。



## 直髮大法

首先談談直髮。筆者走訪多間髮型屋，發覺直髮的方式不外乎負離子直髮和遊離子直髮兩種。由於篇幅關係，筆者在此只集中介紹近年非常流行的負離子直髮。不少青年人對此亦趨之若鶩！能夠如願以償地得到一

頭直髮，固然令人高興；但其中包含的潛在危機，又有多少人能夠察覺到？

## 甚麼是負離子？

所謂負離子，就是指帶負電的微粒子，如空氣中帶有正電的微粒子被稱為正離子。而離子是指浮游在空氣中帶電子的原子。

由日本引入的「負離子直髮」，被視為頭髮矯型系統，原理是利用負離子，透過遠紅外線穿過頭髮表層滲入髮髓，從而令毛髮內的細胞更新，頭髮表面看來會更加貼服和柔順。

負離子可將頭髮內的水打散成微粒後重組。在使用負離子前，頭髮本身已用藥水將其構造打碎，使原本的曲髮失去應有的彈性及鬢曲，之後再用負離子夾將頭髮內的結構重組及拉直，由於頭髮的結構被調整過，所以洗完頭髮後不會變曲。

但如果經常做負離子，就會對頭髮造成一定程度的傷害，因為過程中使用的藥水及電熱鉗的高溫，都會直接破壞頭髮的皮質細胞，令頭髮變得脆弱，欠缺彈性及折斷，容易開叉。

怎樣才能好好護理直髮呢？負離子直髮效果一般維持3個月左右，之後選用配合負離子直髮的洗頭水及護髮素，就可補充因負離子直髮而失去的水份及蛋白質，令頭髮保持健康。此外，再做負離子直髮時，應提醒髮型師採用效力較低的藥水，減低對髮質的傷害。要直髮後的效果更持久，有些人建議在負離子後三天也不要洗頭，這樣直髮甚至可以維持超過半年呢！

有些人投訴在負離子直髮後頭髮有脫落的跡象，更有人感到頭皮疼痛。專家解釋，雖然「負離子直髮」本身不會導致大量脫髮，但市民染髮或電髮，或者做直髮護理時，化學物質強烈刺激頭皮，令毛囊發炎，感染細菌，便會出現頭皮腫痛。

消費者委員會投訴及諮詢部首席主任陳永佳表示，會方已發信予有關髮型屋，唯對



方未有任何答覆。消委會提醒市民，髮型屋良莠不齊，護髮項目亦五花八門，市民應小心選擇。

至於新興的「游離子直髮」與負離子護理性質類似，但只能有限度地令曲髮變直。當中最特別之處，是利用一部可調校溫度的臭氧機，藉噴出攝氏 40 度的熱霧，為頭髮消炎及殺菌，而游離子中的維他命E也會隨着毛囊擴張，進入頭髮內部組織，令頭髮保持柔滑富光澤。

### 曲髮的誘惑

除了流行的「負離子直髮」，近期亦有不少髮型屋引入「負離子曲髮」。消委會研究及普查部首席主任劉燕卿表示，近期收到一些市民有關「負離子直髮」投訴，包括在接受直髮後，頭髮不久便「打回原形」或變曲。

負離子曲髮利用一個內部為搪瓷，外部包上塑膠的髮卷，用前放在金屬板上，加熱至近攝氏二百度，然後才捲在經處理的頭髮上。拆下髮卷後，技術員需在頭髮上加入中和劑，再沖水後便完成，整個過程要三數小時以上。據髮型屋的專家表示，進行負離子曲髮時要特別小心，萬一不慎「鬆手」，高溫的髮卷掉下，便可能燙傷顧客面部。而一般髮型屋的技術人員為客人捲髮時，也需先穿上隔熱手套，避免直接接觸高溫髮卷。

是以消委會呼籲消費者接受「負離子曲髮」時要加倍小心，並採取適當的保護措施。例如曲髮時戴上保護式耳罩，以免燙傷耳朵或面部。



如果燙傷，頭皮留有疤痕，加上患者頭皮發炎期間心理壓力太大，更會有出現「斑禿」的危機，導致頭髮大量脫落。

### 染髮

染髮已經成了潮流時尚不可或缺的一部分，走進銅鑼灣、旺角的街頭，舉目所見都是各「色」其「色」的頭髮，就連年近古稀的公公婆婆，也來湊湊熱鬧，把僅餘的花白頭髮染成各種顏色，來個形象大革新。

頭髮確是形象觀感的重要一環，當大家不分青紅皂白去變「髮」時，會考慮甚麼呢？據一些調查所指，大部分染髮人士都會着重染髮的色澤和持久性、髮型屋的服務和價錢，而忽略了所用染髮劑之成份，更無知地相信染髮頂多只會損害頭髮，而不會構成其他健康問題。



目前市面上普遍使用的染髮劑大致分為植物性、金屬性、有機合成物三大類，其中近 90% 的染髮劑均含有硝基苯、苯胺等有毒化學物質。把頭髮着色是需要在高熱下進行的，而這些有機化學物在高溫下則更容易被皮膚所吸收。時下的「潮」人不斷努力營造與眾不同的形象，每星期都到髮型屋一趟，誓要染盡天下色彩，但他們要「型」、「潮」所付出的卻是損害健康的沉重代價。

美國《新聞周刊》曾引述一項調查發現，曾染髮的女性患上淋巴瘤的機會比沒有染髮的高百分之五十。雖然這個數據不能證明染髮和患淋巴瘤之間存在因果關係，但數

據顯示美國有 20% 至 40% 的女性染髮，而同時惡性淋巴瘤患者的數目也在迅速增加。日本美容科學專家小澤王春和學者們進行了一項研究，他們在一些雌老鼠上塗上染髮劑，及後發現這批白老鼠的子宮重量比其他的老鼠樣本減輕了。這項研究結果正顯示了染髮劑可直接或間接影響生殖器官。

此外，國際癌症期刊亦報導，據南加州醫學院的一項研究指出，一個月至少染髮一次，並長達十五年的人，患膀胱癌的機會是一般人的三倍，而經常接觸這些有機物質的理髮師，患此癌症的機會更比一般人高五倍。雖然這研究只能證明染髮劑是患膀胱癌的一個微小的危險因素（主要因素是吸煙），但這些研究都值得經常染髮的讀者一看。

染髮與癌症的因果關係尚待進一步研究，但其實染髮亦會帶來其他健康問題，而最常見的就是皮膚敏感，染髮劑含有一種名為「PPD」的化學物質，而某些人是會對「PPD」產生過敏反應的。一般情況敏感範圍只會是耳殼、眼蓋等部位，但嚴重如面部紅腫甚至全身出現過敏也不是罕見的。亦有研究指出，女性不應在月經、懷孕期間染髮，因為身體在抵抗力弱期間是更容易對有機化學物產生過敏反應的。

誠然，以上各種染髮對健康的影響的研究只屬初步階段，大家尚須等待更具影響力的研究發表才可作進一步的結論。在現階段來說，染髮仍是一個低風險的潮流。

## 修長雙腿的背後……

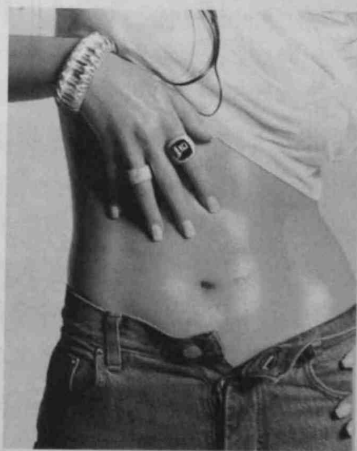
貼身、耐磨、不怕髒的牛仔褲，是時下年輕男女必備的服飾，尤其追求個性美、曲線美的人，更愛穿着緊得不能再緊的褲去展現好身材。這些牛仔緊身褲的剪裁可以把腿部肌肉修緊，修長腳部，令人看上去高挑一點，成為一位長腿美人。不過醫學界卻提出警告，指長期穿着太過緊身的低腰褲或牛仔褲，對身體健康影響很大。

首先，不方便透氣透汗的緊身褲有利於

細菌的入侵，身體的調節中樞系統不能正常運作，排汗降溫，令皮膚容易出現濕疹等皮膚病。尤其在腿上有傷口的人，穿了那麼緊身的褲後，除了容易引起細菌感染外，腿部的血液循環也會差了，因而延遲傷口的復原。股外側的神經也會因為緊身褲的關係受到壓迫，長期下來將致雙腿痠麻、腰痠，甚且可引致坐骨神經痛 (sciatica) 等問題。其實不只是低腰褲，許多男性喜歡把滿滿的荷包塞在臀部後面，同樣也跟穿緊身的低腰牛仔褲一樣，會壓迫臀部四周的神經，所以還是盡量避免的好。

更令人吃驚的是，有一次意大利軍方為部份地區的義務男青年軍進行體格檢查的時間，發現當中有大約一半的青年的外生殖器官發育不正常。有專定指出這種病態現象與長期穿着緊身褲和牛仔褲有關。由於那些緊身褲會壓迫男性外生殖器官，導致散熱不良，使睪丸溫度升高，干擾睪丸正常功能，尤其影響精子的產生，嚴重者可致不育。

從對女性的角度來說，這類褲子也會影響女性的生殖器官發育。女性長期穿着窄身或厚硬質料、伸展性又少的褲子，不但



限制了臀部皮下脂肪的積聚，而且不利於盆骨的變寬增大，影響生育（過份狹窄的盆骨是難產的主要原因）。再說，穿着這類褲子不利於女性陰部的組織代謝，女性下體的分泌物如白帶和一些陰部汗腺的分泌物不易被吸收和揮發，加上不透氣不散熱的潮濕環境，完全有利於細菌的繁殖，從而容易產生陰道炎、尿道炎等疾病。

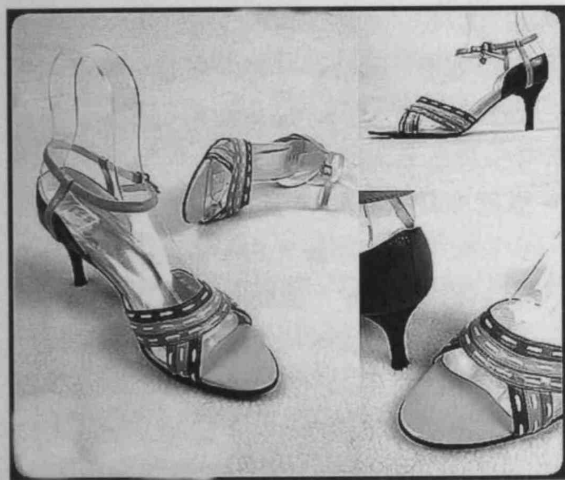




## 我有我道「履」!?

### 高跟鞋

高跟鞋向來都是現代女性的寵兒，而尖頭高跟鞋更是時尚之選。女性喜歡高跟鞋是有原因的，首先是因為穿高跟鞋是最簡便的一種改變身材比例、使腿部顯得修長的好方法。其次，在穿上高跟鞋之後，由於膝關節繃直，人的重心會向前移，自然就會挺胸收腹，保持抬頭挺胸的姿勢，看起來非常精神，也讓女人的曲線更突出。而心理醫生李維亦說，「穿高跟鞋有種心理治療(作用)，那讓你立刻覺得很棒……」但風光背後，卻是潛藏着許多危機的。



首先是錘狀趾。不合腳的鞋子，尤其是高跟鞋或是鞋頭太短、太緊的鞋子都會使腳趾彎曲而形成錘狀趾。槌頭趾的趾頭會有些疼痛，嚴重的話甚至會脫臼。因此鞋子表面最好由柔軟皮革製成，鞋頭要寬，以便讓腳趾有足夠的活動空間。

此外，由於人的腳在平放的狀態下是由拇指、小指和腳跟三個部位一起支撐身體重量的，但是穿了高跟鞋後，腳跟的負重被減輕，身體的重量基本都被轉移到腳的前部。時間長了容易造成前腳掌變寬，第一跖骨外翻，拇趾斜向外側，醫學上稱這種症狀為拇外翻。得了拇外翻，不但令腳形難看，足部的疼痛也令人難以忍受。

而當大拇指向外側彎曲，拇指根部的突起處長期與鞋磨擦，容易使那個部位的皮膚

及皮下組織增厚、紅腫，形成滑囊，引致拇囊炎。嚴重的局部紅腫會在潰爛後造成感染，病人連穿鞋都會感到困難，甚至不能行走，給患者的工作和生活造成嚴重影響。

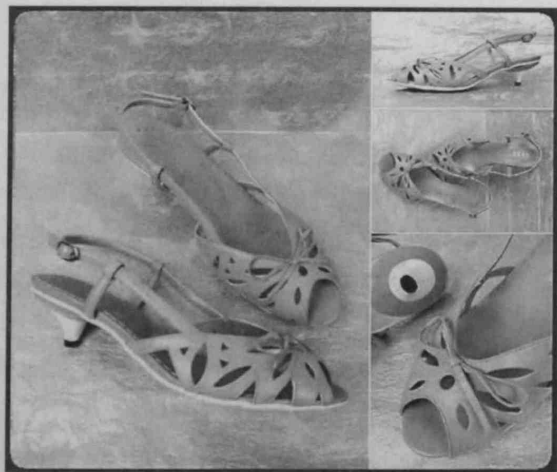
穿上高跟鞋會導致身體前傾，這樣的姿勢保持久了對骨盆極其有害。而穿着又窄又尖的高跟鞋也對膝蓋有害，嚴重更會引起骨關節炎。別以為鞋跟寬了就沒有問題，實際情況是：尖跟和寬跟的高跟鞋給你帶來的健康損害並沒有很大的分別，有時候甚至穿寬跟高跟鞋更不健康。高跟鞋對膝蓋的危害是指走路時增加了膝蓋平常所承受的壓力，叫做“膝蓋轉動力矩”。膝蓋所受的轉動力矩越大，膝蓋周圍的軟骨組織就越容易損壞，日後就會發展成骨關節炎。經過長期醫學觀察發現，穿寬跟高跟鞋時膝關節轉動力矩增加的幅度，比穿窄跟高跟鞋竟然還要高。另外，因為寬跟高跟鞋給人一種更穩的感覺，站立時也更舒服，便每天都穿著。雙腳的感覺雖是好了很多，但卻讓膝蓋遭受更長時間、更大幅度的磨損。骨關節炎的形成是個慢性的過程，當你發現身體大不如前的時候，它才跑出來發難添亂。

由於穿着高跟鞋使腳承受不當的壓力，站着時就會很容易覺得腳底酸痛、疲倦，而且有發熱現象。這些都是腳底肌肉炎的症狀。要預防腳底肌肉發炎，應該避免穿高跟鞋和太緊的鞋子，而且不要長期站立，以免腳底受壓迫。另外，使用較柔軟的鞋墊亦可減少腳底的酸痛。

鞋子若長期使腳底擠壓，或因摩擦腳部而引起皮膚角質層變厚，就可能使局部皮膚角質層過度增生。這種增生的皮膚角質層像圖釘一樣向皮膚深處生長，壓迫神經並引起劇痛，形成雞眼。雞眼中間有一個深入皮膚的堅硬核心，刺激此核心會有劇烈的刺痛感。雞眼一般可以由專科醫生進行外科手術切除，穿鞋方面則最好選擇寬鬆合腳的鞋子，或是使用特殊結構的功能鞋墊來減輕腳底所受的壓力。

尖頭皮鞋的空間狹小，對腳趾造成擠壓、磨擦，就跟古時女子“裹腳”的效果一樣。這樣擠壓趾甲可能會使其一側被壓彎，嵌入皮膚組織裏，也就是所謂的嵌甲。人的腳上原本定植着一些菌群，在正常情況下不會對人體造成危害，但如果發生了嵌甲，像金黃葡萄球菌等細菌就會乘虛而入，引發甲溝炎，也就是趾甲兩旁和根部的組織發炎。甲溝炎的徵狀為甲溝附近紅腫、熱痛，隨即出現白色膿點。如不及時處理，趾甲下會逐漸出現膿液，嚴重者一走路腳就疼痛難忍。如果原本患有真菌引起的腳癬，真菌侵入破損的皮膚，那麼後果就更為嚴重。

就像長時間坐着也能坐出病一樣，任何生活方式都要有量的限制，否則就會對我們的健康產生一定的影響，所以高跟鞋也要適當地穿。例如需要走較長時間或不太平坦的道路時盡量不穿高跟鞋，不選前端太或太窄的款式，保證鞋底軟硬度適中等等，既能支撐腳的弓度，又能化解走路時所產生的震動，才是好鞋子。在不是非穿高跟鞋不可的工作時間也最好讓腳歇歇，換上平底鞋，多些變化和調節，可以減少各種足腿部疾病的產生。如果真的非穿不可，最好在每晚睡覺前用溫水浸泡足部15至20分鐘，增強腳部血液循環。在穿着過程中一旦感到不適，應立即予以更換。



## 涼鞋

回想起炎炎夏日，是涼鞋大派用場的時候，平底的、細跟的、夾腳的、交叉繫帶子的，各式各式都紛紛出籠，看得人眼花撩亂。很多人都認為穿涼鞋最不會「焮腳」——腳部不易冒汗，能減少真菌滋生，所以深受大眾歡迎。但原來在涼鞋背後是隱藏着「傷腳」的危機，故此切勿掉以輕心。選錯了一雙涼鞋所引起的足患是絕對不容忽視的，就讓我們細心分析一下。

- **高跟涼鞋的毛病：**大家切勿以為高跟涼鞋並沒有狹窄的鞋頭，腳趾不會受壓，便會健康多了。其實由於它的高度，大部份高跟鞋存在的危機，它都照單全收，例如：腳趾變形、膝痛……等，都無一幸免。所以愛美的女仕們，還是暫時割愛，少穿為上。
- **厚底涼鞋的毛病：**厚底款式的涼鞋也是不少女仕們的心頭好。由於鞋底加厚，穿上後「高人一等」，但也就是這個原因，令腳板的自然活動能力消失。由於重心離地高，走路時難以保持平衡，所以扭傷、跌倒的機會亦大為增加。



我們走路時，最先離地的是腳跟，然後是腳底，最後是腳趾；但厚底涼鞋卻固定了我們走路時要用整隻腳受力，腳板的吸震能力減少，腰部受到的壓力卻增加，所以亦很容易引致腰酸背痛。

- **人字拖的毛病：**夾腳式的涼鞋多變又輕便，可是這種款式的弊病就在這個「人」字設計。腳趾和二指間由於給夾住了，經常與鞋軸摩擦，容易「起枕」，走路時





既不舒服又不自然。近年，人字拖非常流行，它們的底部設計，往往平坦而缺乏承托，走路時腳板完全貼地，特別容易令人疲倦，加上腳趾同時也會緊抓，久了不但會造成腳趾關節變形，更有可能會造成扁平足。（患者腳內側的縱向腳橋出了毛病而引致腳橋下塌，常因為韌帶及肌腱損耗及軟化所致。有扁平足的成年人很多都會附帶患有腳踝及步姿毛病。）

- **腳趾縫易藏細菌：**天氣炎熱，許多人都會選擇穿上透氣的涼鞋，以為這樣就可以保持足部衛生，但往往卻弄巧反拙。由於他們穿着涼鞋進出潮濕的地方後，卻忘記把腳擦乾，沒想到這種疏忽卻讓細菌全躲進了溫暖的腳趾甲縫，而導致黴菌感染。
- **足部容易受到外傷：**鞋有保護的功能，穿着涼鞋卻相反令我們的腳趾、足踝外露，極容易受到外物創傷。地鐵表示，每年都有三百宗扶手電梯意外，而涉及穿涼鞋的扶手電梯意外更有上升趨勢，今年上半年已有八宗這類個案，而去年全年只有兩宗。地鐵公司建議穿涼鞋的乘客，要特別注意自己的腳步，避免站近扶手電梯邊緣，以免讓裸露在外的腳趾被夾傷，發生意外。

雖然涼鞋的款式特別又吸引，可是從健康角度而言，最健康的涼鞋其實是平底、能配合足部形狀、而且鞋頭較闊的款式，而搭帶亦以不繫緊腳趾為佳，最重要是穿上後感覺舒適自然，那麼才會穿得通爽又健康。穿着涼鞋時要注意是否符合人體工學與是否完

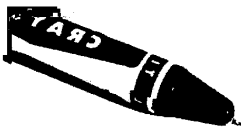
全貼腳，更要考慮織帶設計是否可拉扯，以貼合腳背。另外需注意穩定性是否足夠，以避免扭傷。

穿着涼鞋的三個原則：一看材質，最好是質感輕盈柔軟的材質（如棉、麻、軟皮），以表現輕鬆、舒適的感覺；二看款式，最好是輕便時尚；三是腳的清潔度—趾甲要修，腳跟要去角質，以免影響外觀。不過，以上原則多數指休閒類的涼鞋；運動拖鞋及專業運動涼鞋，除非是年輕男女，否則並不適合平常上班穿着。

時尚鞋款愈來愈千變萬化，鞋的選擇往往跟場合、潮流及年齡掛鉤，選擇一雙能提供足夠承托力及保護足踝的鞋，對我們的健康有着極大影響。在香港，六十五歲以上的長者中，約有八成曾患上不同程度的足患，可惜長者一般都會忽略這些問題而不予理會，致令情況惡化。骨科醫生指出，長期削足就履穿錯鞋，最終受苦的都是自己。這不但會引致破皮、雞眼、長繭、腳趾滑液囊發炎、拇指外翻、變形、嵌甲等常見毛病；長此下去，還會引起腰背毛病、不孕、流產等症狀。人類足蹟遍天下，據一項統計調查顯示，人一生步行的路程可以環繞地球約五次。除步行外，日常許多活動都需要雙足的配合，如梳洗、購物、運動等，由此可見足部每天承受不少壓力，因此我們切勿忽視穿着合腳鞋的重要性。

### 小結

相信讀者閱畢上文後，於染髮、高跟鞋、低腰褲、隱形眼鏡等潮流對健康的影響也會有一定的認識。盲目追求潮流衣着的反面例子實在屢見不鮮。所謂潮流，其實也只是人所創造。跟隨潮流固然可以確保自己的時代感，但為此而迷失自我，又值得嗎？筆者認為，在追求潮流之餘，也要擁有自己的風格，更要保障健康，這才是真正的「潮」人哩！



## Life on the Fast Lane

June Leung

Talking about growing pains. Or more precisely, parenting pains. The anxiety really begins the moment we enter kindergarten, when we would become the greatest source of worry for our parents over the next two decades or so. This painstaking process involves gathering extensive information on various primary schools (preferably English-speaking and well-affiliated, cost being of secondary concern), strict monitoring of the kid's academic performance aided by a bit of private tuition, then moving house to an "elite-school district" — in hopes of getting this bright kid with great potential into one of those prestigious, traditional secondary schools. If thanks to the compassion of the gods, this attempt is successful — the child is halfway there, the parents' ultimate goal being that long yearned for acceptance letter to Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Stanford or Yale; or if they simply cannot imagine their child leaving them at such a young age, Medicine or Law (better still, a double degree — BBA/LLB) are local professional degrees that would do them fine.

Growing up in a middle class family in Hong Kong, it seems like we are not given much of a choice but to compete. But does the competition ever stop? Some say the competitive edge is innate in Hong Kongers. GPAs and quartiles define us, we fight to stay at the top. Girls do everything they can to stay in their prepubescent bodies, just to be slimmer than other girls. We splurge on cosmetics since the latest definition of beauty has become "whiteness with no blemishes". You are not cool if your mobile phone isn't. Guys work like there is no tomorrow for a Mercedes S-class or BMW 5 series, just because everybody else in Central drives one. Every day is a fight. Racing in stiletto heels, LV purse in hand, across the station platform against the closing train doors (don't MTR trains arrive every two minutes?); accelerating to 80 km/h at a yellow light, hand on horn in case the car in front decelerates. In this capitalist society

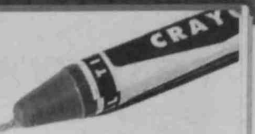
of ours, I suppose people are engineered to compete and grab all that they can. But is this all rational behaviour when it takes on the forms of dissatisfaction and aggression?

It seems like the greatest love of Hong Kong people in general, after gambling and soccer, might be complaining. I am generalizing, but yes, people complain a lot. So much that every Sunday the roads leading to the government headquarters are crammed with protesters with their handmade banners, cardboard coffins, distorted masks and balloons of Mr Tung and shattered bowls, yelling the hallmark slogan "Down with Tung Chee-Hwa!". Who could ever forget the SARS victims at Amoy Gardens, the climbing unemployment figures, the careless squandering of taxpayers' money on concerts and now that mess in the making on West Kowloon, right? The people of Hong Kong are yet anticipating the next class-clown act of that long-haired legislator whose most outstanding contribution to the council so far has been his middle finger - the same person Hong Kong elected to sit on the new Legislative Council. Is this a rational expression of frustration? And the complaining a constructive way to voice opinions?

We compete to be the best and complain if things or people don't meet what we expect of them. We live life on the fast lane — if something or someone stands in our way, we criticize. The knee-jerk reactions of most events that make tabloid headlines are finger-pointing and blame. This may stem from disappointment; we all look up to someone who can inspire. But does aggression always solve conflicts? Besides, how often do we pause and think, introspectively? We are not innately aggressive. Human beings are not born killers. More precisely, if our instinct was to fight and beat others, then our culture has shaped us this way. And perhaps this may







not be as obvious, when we are only exposed to one culture where most people think and act in pretty much the same way. Most decisions and judgments we make consciously, so before we do or say anything “just because everybody else does”, could we instead ask ourselves one simple question, what do we really get out of this?

In the short space of a century, Hong Kong has sprung from a tiny fishing port into the metropolitan hub — the Pearl of the Orient — we call it today. We have grown so fast that what unfortunately resulted from it was a lack of direction. A place where over 90% of the population are ethnic Chinese — under the rule of Her Majesty the Queen for almost a century. And now, seven years into Chinese rule, some of us are revolted by a regular two-minute broadcast of our national anthem before the Evening News on TV — with the reason of the Chinese government’s attempts to instill just a little bit of patriotism being a “blatant disregard towards people’s freedom of thought”. And yet, Hong Kongers have never been as enthusiastic about our country as we were when China swept the Olympic medals. Where do we belong? What on earth do we want ourselves to be?

If this came across as a tirade against everybody else in this city, please don’t get me wrong. I do love Hong Kong — this is the only place I call home. The hypocriticism of people I tried to demonstrate — I can

only speak for those in the same circle I grew up in. But let’s all engage in some constructive thinking — why not begin with better education of the young? A victim of the current rigid schooling chain and spoon-feeding education system myself, I firmly believe in the difference a proper “moral education” can make, one that stresses human values and relationships. A truly well-rounded education system builds on these moral principles through every academic subject as well as artistic, physical and social activities that provide students with a scope beyond their books. If calculus and religious studies (when religion is the last thing that should be imposed!) had to make way for well-rounded learning, so be it.

Young people should be given enough room to develop as human beings — to realize their potential and to think for themselves. Instead of competing with others, they should be encouraged to compete against themselves, to become better human beings with each experience they encounter. With personal fulfillment comes stability and less disgruntlement. Values and systems in the real world are ever changing. If the stubborn clinging on to obsolete beliefs does not change along with the real world, we are out of tune with reality. Know this potential for change, initiate it with real purpose, and you will find yourself in a place you truly belong to.



# Farewell note

說實話...

做啟思的時候並不快樂  
儘管我熱愛文字  
因為能體諒我苦處的人,好像不多...  
但那天在下莊的諮詢大會上,  
我如是聽聞:  
“初次認識啟思,源於有位啟思的姐姐在開學時給了我一本...”  
是我啊...  
我居然感動莫名...  
謝了...讀者們...  
Jez

在沙宣道上相遇已是一種緣份,  
有著同一個目標尤其難得;  
上了啟思這個莊後,  
得必定大過失;  
啟思令彼此間的友誼更加深厚,  
也使我们更加了解對方,  
縱使落莊在即,  
我相信這份珍貴的友誼  
一定會延續下去...  
Donald

轉瞬間,本年度的「啟思」已經到了最後一期了。回想剛開始時,抱著一嚮「上莊」滋味的心態,與一班朋友齊齊接過這份工作。在這一年裏,我體會到編製一本刊物的困難與喜悅,更想不到的是,醫學院裏真的是臥虎藏龍,文人雅士大不乏人,大家的心聲和創作都藉著「啟思」發表出來。希望下年度的莊員們繼續努力,把「啟思」做得更有聲有色。

BoBo

if it ain't broken, don't fix it, that's the words. Too often, we are asked on what should be the future direction of Caduceus, and even absurd questions like 'What is the Caduceus Spirit?' Since its first monthly-newsletter-form issue to the colorful-periodicals style, Caduceus has been in a process of evolution, which is slow but inevitable. Throughout the years Caduceus aims to add a little spark to the dull medical life in Sassoon Road, and I believe only through continuous evolution and exploration of different areas, which Caduceus has always been doing, we can continue that mission of adding that tiny spark. Cut those council-feel craps.

Kli

To me, Caduceus has been an enjoyable team effort and an opportunity to bring a hobby that I enjoyed into my life at university - which I would have found pretty dull without my friends on the Editorial Board and this little aperture for creativity. I hope we've been able to sneak a tiny bit of colour into your life too.

June

當初考慮是否加入成為啟思出版組的一份子的時候,心裡又擔心又充滿期待,一來自己也有自知之明,不善詞令又沒有什麼專業出版經驗的我加入啟思根本不會有什麼大貢獻,但我想即使做雜務都好,我也希望能夠協助出版一本有新概念,有吸引力的啟思,於是我就抱著邊學邊做的心態,和各位莊友一起合作了.每一次看到啟思的面世,我也感到很鼓舞,因為想不到我地可以出版一本那麼高水準的刊物,但感到興奮的同時,羞愧的感覺又要在瞬間呈現,因為相比起大家,我付出的實在太少,啟思的成功,真的完全有賴各位編輯連夜不眠的努力.最後,再一次多謝各位莊友的提點忍耐,還有我們的客人~讀者們的支持,想讓我的腦海又多了一份美好的大學回憶~

Janice

很高興可以認識各位好莊友  
因你們幫我在那陰陽失衡的護理班外  
擴展個人社交空間  
而啟思更讓我發揮了些藝術天份  
但還是做得不太好 請見諒  
了解你們多一點點 令我慢慢感受到  
我不但是護理系學生 也是醫學院的學生  
希望下莊繼續為啟思加油

Connie

人生是一個接一個的抉擇  
我可以選擇  
作為醫學院旅途上的過客  
也可以  
投入生活其中  
參與集體起哄  
幸運地 或不幸地  
我選擇了啟思  
也脫離了過客的行列

Ivy..vy

從前有人告訴我  
在大學裡很難交到真朋友  
因為大家將來都是競爭對手  
有著利益的關係

上了啟思這個莊  
令我改變了這個看法  
交到了一群好朋友  
亦令自己得到了  
在醫學課程裡  
難得的寫作機會

作為醫學生  
除專心讀書外  
全面的發展  
也是很重要的

chan ball

Mission acknowledged-->think-->'artist's block'  
(AGAIN~\_~)-->think think THINK-->  
\*DING!\*-->design design design-->  
deadlines deadlines deadlines!!!-->  
work work work....-->yeah~  
... 3 issues!! I have gone through this  
process (at least) 3 times! And I thought  
my creative juices have dried out long ago.  
Thank you all for giving me that little artistic  
spark in life.  
Kit

It's been a year since we first met as a group - a group of people who have a heart to publish something enjoyable to read, who have a desire to serve by providing our readers with a little something to read in times of dullness and boredom; it's been a year since we started from nothing to three issues of Caduceus. I won't say Caduceus has given any great impact or influence or help to our readers, I just feel that it's a small gift for all of us - in it, we find a little sense of humour, a little bit of information, a little visual enjoyment, a bit of soft reading materials, and a little bond that links us together as a family in the medical field, a group young people on Sassoon road. And on top of all, I'm truly grateful to have all of you around this year, working together, and more importantly, enjoying the process all along, no matter if it's smooth or tough. Those are the memories that we share.  
Charmaine



