

LOOTY GOES
TO
HEAVEN
洛蒂上天堂



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Looty Goes to Heaven

A dog was taken by British troops during the looting of the Summer Palace (Yuanmingyuan) in Beijing, near the end of the second Opium War in 1860. She was gifted to Queen Victoria and renamed “Looty.”

Looty was one of five Pekingese dogs that were taken from the Yuanmingyuan. They were the first of the breed to be brought to England. Looty lived for eleven years at Windsor Castle and Sandringham House. She died in 1872.

The Opium Wars made Hong Kong into a British colony. The English word “loot” comes from the Hindi “lūt,” adopted during the British colonization of India.

I.

When Looty died it began as a pulling motion. She felt her organs being stretched into a thin, elastic string, a buoyancy from her tail to her nose, then a gentle bouncing, like being rocked. The bouncing increased in frequency and shrunk in height until it was a humming that vibrated in a sharp core in her body. Then the sharpness increased until her insides became a blade, with infinite edges, that cut on all sides, and as the blade increased in length so did she, and the cutting was simultaneous and imperceptible.



The gate to heaven was a perfectly round hole in a thicket of thorny bushes. There was only one small twig that disturbed the perfect circle. Looty started moving closer but a person wearing a tall silk hat with two quivering antennae stepped out of the hole. They snipped the twig with a pair of shining scissors. Then the person turned to look at her. A very flat, round green face was surrounded by long, black, messy hair. Crimson eyes pointed down at a low, round nose with big nostrils. The hat's antennae left faint glowing trails

in the air as they waved.

Looty yelped, and in making the noise, realized that she was now a kind of cloud. She felt sensitive all over, like her whole body was a nose. She could feel her yelp reverberate through the air, which was also her body, and it was both pleasurable and scary.

The green-faced person, without taking their red eyes off of Looty, began to rummage through their many pockets, shrugging their arms in and out of many different sleeves. It seemed like their robe had an infinite number of sleeves and pockets, covered in many tiny patches stitched evenly by hand. Inside some of the pockets were nuts, others had needles and bundles of thread, others had miniature lightbulbs, and others had rolled-up scrolls.

Looty, to her embarrassment, started whining.

The green-faced person brought their finger up to their mouth and went, “Shhhhhhh.” Their voice was low and gravelly, and the sound rippled through Looty.

They said, “The other name for heaven is hell.” Then they pulled out a scroll that was tied with a stained, baby-blue ribbon and tugged it loose. The scroll unfurled towards Looty, one end coming to rest exactly in front of Looty’s paw, making it tingle.

III.

Looty was born at the first palace in the midst of several concurrent wars.

Because it was a palace, her home remained removed from most of the destruction and suffering. There was a village right outside the grounds but few villagers ever came inside. Looty’s mother and the other dogs reminisced about how before this latest war they would get daily massages and meals fed by hand, but their complaints didn’t affect Looty.

She spent most of her time in one of the libraries. In her favourite corner of the culinary section, she laid behind a stool that held a dusty sculpture of a large celtuce spear. It was carved of a milky, light-green stone, and she studied it for so long that she understood its personality.

Her mother tried to encourage Looty to join in on games, especially the begging contests where they would try to see who could get the most treats out of the caretakers, but Looty didn’t like the possibility of getting yelled at by an annoyed person. So between the celtuce spear, the pond, and her bed, Looty made sure she was completely occupied.

But when Moon arrived, Looty found that she

was actually desperately and deliciously unsatisfied.

It was autumn, the mushrooms pushing out through the sludge. Moon was deposited one morning in one of the dog rooms by a caretaker. She had been gifted to the palace by a merchant seeking favour, for the purpose of being bred. She had a little spot of black between her eyes that rhymed with spots of black on the top of her feet, and she moved in a way that hinted at a spirit for escape.

Moon saw Looty from across the room and came over like she knew exactly what she was doing. Looty had never had that kind of plain attention before. Looty brought Moon to the celtuce spear and felt pure joy when Moon jumped up to lick the dust off the tip.

They slept with their feet on top of each other.

III。

Back then, Looty's name was not Looty, it was Flower Bud, but Looty didn't like it. She felt it was only assigned to her because of the rule that all the dogs were to be named after beautiful, precious things.

Moon said, "I think it suits you. But what would you prefer instead?"

"I dunno, what about Stinky Wind Tormentor?" Looty replied.

Moon laughed, because Stinky Wind was what all the dogs called the Emperor. His rich meals made him constantly gassy, which he tried to hide with perfume, and he was full of fake affection. The dogs would mentally prepare themselves whenever he entered their rooms. During one of his visits he cooed extravagantly over Moon, which gave her the excuse to follow him around, jumping up and biting his face over and over until he couldn't keep up the pretense anymore and had to throw Moon off of him in disgust. Moon then skipped around the room, licking her lips with great relish and making eye contact with the other dogs, really stretching her tongue out to make them laugh, until one of them, Cinnabar, lost control of her bladder in a delirium.

Moon got away with doing stuff like that because she was a breeding dog. She had fur on her ears that reached all the way down to the floor while Looty's stopped growing after a certain length. She was constantly being fed different meal plans and measured and fed a new plan and measured again. The caretakers were especially obsessed with assessing her

shit. They would pick it up constantly and peer into it like they were looking for messages.

Moon's first litter was the easiest, and her fourth the hardest. The dog caretakers removed two out of the five puppies from the fourth because they deemed them to be "weak." Moon cried for days afterwards, a cry that was small and high-pitched.

Each of Moon's living twenty-eight children were given official names, and Looty and Moon also gave them nicknames that were more appropriate for their generally annoying personalities. The four that died were named secretly by Moon, she didn't tell anyone else their names.

IV.

The day that the British and French troops broke into the palace, Looty and Moon had been hiding for several weeks already. The Emperor had left for the season a few months ago, as usual, but then almost all of the attendants and caretakers disappeared one day as well. Most of them took dogs along with them to

sell, including all of Moon's children. There were only a couple of guards left and they were not so much patrolling as nervously darting around the grounds, whispering theories about why the barbarians were so touchy. One caretaker who was devoted to the dogs stayed behind and put food out for them, but there was less of it everyday.

"When do you think we should go?" Looty asked. "So we *are* going to the village?" Moon replied.

Their quiet arguing was interrupted by loud laughter and the stomping of boots down the hall. The laughter and stomping paused in front of the library and the vase at the entrance clattered to the floor. A strange, metallic smell filled the air. Moon and Looty stopped breathing.

After a moment, the boots moved away, but then, in their bellies, they felt the distant vibration of many more boots.

Looty looked at Moon to see what to do. She understood Moon's expression saying, *It's gonna be OK, we have to go, let's go now.* Moon darted out from the bookcase and Looty followed, and they ran as fast as they could, out from the library, down the hallway, towards the gardens, towards the exterior walls.

As they were running through the courtyard Looty spotted the caretaker, her clothing all disheveled

and eyes wild, running towards them. She hesitated, which made Moon slow down too. When Moon saw Looty looking at the caretaker, she cried “No!” but Looty’s hesitation allowed the caretaker to catch up. The caretaker looked at them both and decided to make a grab for Moon. She managed to get a hold of Moon’s tail and lift her up, Moon screaming.

Then Looty saw Moon struggling in the caretaker’s arms, and then the caretaker sprinting towards the gates to a meeting hall, and then appearing from around a corner, a tall man in a red jacket and white pants chasing the two of them.



Looty stayed frozen underneath the Emperor’s bed beside the piss pot, her mind completely blank, ruled by nothing, until she was dragged out by her hind legs. The man in the red jacket who pulled her out chuckled and gripped her tightly in his arms, his metallic smell suffocating. He marched her past the rooms of the palace in which at least half of everything had been smashed and laid in bits on the floor.

She was brought outside to one of the great halls, where there was a swarm of men in red jackets, a couple of them standing on top of a lacquer table

beside a giant pile of unsmashed things, screens, chairs, wall hangings, sculptures, furs, scrolls, jars, jewellery, bolts of silk. All the things that represented power and mastery. The incense burner that shaped smoke into a thousand twirling strands. A book of paintings on silk, depicting scenes from a play about a love affair at the end of a dynasty. Maybe the celtsuce spear. Even a clock that had been gifted to the Emperor by a British lord. All of it was now this heap, about to be dissolved into cash. To celebrate, some of the red-jacketed men had wrapped furs around their necks and were dancing and waggling their arms. Others were pointing and clapping along. Someone called out to the man who was clutching her, “I bid five hundred for the dog! Haha!” The man holding Looty snorted and kept walking. A bowl fell off someone’s head and bounced once on the floor.



There were four other dogs in the wooden cage, but none of them were Moon.

Looty cried so much on the long boat journey that she felt inside-out. Her interior was all dry and parched but her exterior all wet and bloody.

One night a man brought her out on deck and held her out over the water. He said, "Look at this, little doggy, this is the ocean, now stop crying, little bitch!"

Looty felt the glimmering expanse. It sucked at her from all sides.



One of the other dogs in the cage was Cinnabar. She was the goofiest out of all the palace dogs, with two moods, either 100% frenzied or nearly comatose. This was because she was profoundly devoted to one of the caretakers. In the caretaker's absence Cinnabar would just lie there, her head on her paws, eyes open and unblinking. But when the caretaker returned Cinnabar would shake with excitement and chase a piece of dust around the room for hours, captivated by her own passion. In the cage she shook so hard that the boards started rattling, adding to the already intolerable din. Cinnabar looked at the other dogs and said, "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry," still shaking. Looty moved over to wrap her body around hers and wiped her tears on the back of her neck.

VI.

Back at the gate to heaven, Looty watched a hedgehog waddle its way through the hole in the thicket.

Before she could go in, she had to give the green-faced person a true account of her life. The green-faced person said, in their gravelly voice, "It can be as short or as long as you like. The only condition is that it must be absolutely true."

The green-faced person said, "True in the sense that it is what will be forgotten. Once it is written down on the scroll, then you will forget it."

The antennae on their hat gave a tiny wave at the conclusion of this statement.

"Or, actually, we will all forget it. I will forget it too," they added.

Looty watched a white rat, three millipedes, a hairless cat, a puffer fish, and now this hedgehog, all in the form of shivering clouds, give their true accounts, while she sat there, stuck. It seemed very unfair that she had to determine at this moment what her account would be when so many other things had been determined for her, and that it would all be forgotten, and also that there was no one else here to help her remember or forget, when how could

anything be remembered or forgotten without someone else? And what if she left something or someone out of this true and final account? Would that something or someone be lost forever? Would the something or someone she left out be so lost that the effects would travel through time, to hurt or diminish what she could not remember in this moment?

And, to make it even worse, everyone had started the true account of their life with their true name, and she did not think hers was either Looty or Flower Bud.

The green-faced person watched the back of the hedgehog until it disappeared entirely into the thicket, and said, "You can keep thinking about it for a little while longer, but you can't stay here forever."

The green-faced person sat down on the worn dimple of a rock. They pulled out a nut from one of their pockets and started nibbling on it, and rifled through another sleeve until they found a small, salmon-coloured, plastic clock. They turned its dials with their long fingers while holding it in the same hand, narrowing their eyes to make sure the time was correct.

VII.

When Looty met the Queen for the first time she took the opportunity to be a little bit sick. The man awkwardly held Looty up in front of him while kneeling in front of the Queen and with the man's hands squeezing her belly like that, it was easy to gag and spit up a little bit over herself. The man apologized and the Queen acted like she didn't mind while Looty got wiped down by a servant.

Then the man told the Queen the story of how they had stumbled upon Looty and four other dogs on the verge of getting their throats cut by a sobbing imperial consort in one of the private quarters of the Chinese palace, and had rescued them just in time, leaving the consort to slit her own throat.

The man said, "They would rather kill them than let us have them."

The Queen replied, "What an interesting little dog."

Then the Queen said, "Her name from now on is Looty, to commemorate your men's bravery and daring," and she gingerly picked Looty up and examined the long fur on her paws, cooing just enough.

Then the man gave the Queen the Emperor's cap, covered with small beaded figures, and a jade-

covered accordion book of a Buddhist sutra. The Queen admired the objects, with Looty still in her lap, and the man left, pleased. Then the Queen put Looty down on the floor, making Looty gag again, the sound of which brought one of the servants over to pick her up and take her away.



There was a warm, yeasty smell to this palace that overwhelmed Looty as she was carried through the hallways. The men in red jackets were everywhere. Looty couldn't stop thinking about the red-jacketed man running towards Moon and the caretaker, and how she had hesitated, and what must have happened next. She gagged again at the plate of oatmeal mash and meat broth that was put down in front of her, and the servant didn't bother trying to coax her to eat any of it.

In the middle of the night, she woke startled from a dream where she was in a tiled room and she was trying to get out, but when she pawed at the tiles they disintegrated under her nails, they were made with an old, powdery cake that was very sweet and that, even if she scratched it away, regenerated itself.

VIII.

Looty wondered if being renamed had changed something inside her, because she felt different, like something had been lodged inside her, some kind of pointy irritant that shifted uncomfortably with movement.

She tried to distract herself by scratching at a big bald spot that had appeared on her belly, worrying at it with her tongue, the soreness occupying her body so that she didn't have to think about anything else. The spot grew and grew, getting more and more raw, leaking a layer of pus that dried into a crust that she licked away too.

The dog caretakers tried to keep her from it by putting a horrible-tasting ointment on her belly but Looty was not deterred. They said, "Poor thing," and cooed at her at first but as she kept on doing it, they became more impatient, a bit disgusted by her, which was a small victory for Looty because she hated how they treated her like she was so pathetic, so sad, and assumed she was so homesick.

As she licked her belly, Looty thought about how Moon had been good at outwardly putting up with her caretakers' experiments but how sometimes her

act would fall apart. Looty would put some of her own meals aside to give to Moon when they changed her diet. But once in a while Moon sulked and refused what Looty had saved. She would insult Looty by saying that she had a special diet because she was special and not all the dogs were special like her, and then turn her back to her.

Looty had felt completely lost when Moon was in these bad moods. She would immediately start going over all of her weaknesses and faults, certain that Moon's unhappiness would destroy them both. She would sit there, trapped in her helplessness, unable to console Moon, and also acutely aware of this inability, which made her even more helpless, which was like the state she was in now, circling around herself in a frozen, swirling orbit.

IX.

Looty started a fantasy where she had her own palace all to herself. She was the empress of the palace and she had to build the palace and its grounds all from

scratch in her head, so she had to spend all of her time working on it. She started with a few buildings at first, thinking about their shape and size and materials, and then plotted out the gardens and ponds and bridges and paths, the flowers and shrubs and trees, and then added more buildings, and then the interiors of the buildings, the rooms and their furnishings and decorations. No one else lived in this palace, it was empty except for her. It was filled with the perfect, undisturbed harmony of objects. Every time Looty returned to working on it she would first refresh herself by surveying every part of what had already been made, every detail that she had decided upon, which took longer and longer as she kept building it. She didn't want to forget any part of it, which was surprisingly hard even though it was her own fantasy, she had made it all up.

X.

The caretakers would speculate about what Looty's life at the first palace had been like. They had heard

fascinating stories about Chinese torture and executions and they concluded that Looty's life must have been filled with incredible cruelty.

One of them exclaimed, "Look at her flat little nose!" Another one wondered, "I wonder how her face got so flat?"

Which turned into the story that she had been bonked on the wall repeatedly as a baby to make her face so flat. This was repeated amongst the caretakers until they got bored of it, the fact of "the bonked one" as boring as all the other facts.

Looty forced herself to respond to her new name quickly so that the caretakers would leave her alone.



The next time Looty met the Queen was at a special tea with the Queen's daughter-in-law, the Princess; some consorts; and a visiting gentleman from China who had been presented to the royals as a mandarin but was actually an opium trader. He had helped make some British opium traders, and in the process, himself, very rich. The servants laid out a spread of tea, sandwiches, and cakes, and put a little red bow on the top of Looty's head and a couple of jingling bells around her neck. She was brought into the room on a

little pillow of yellow silk, which had been custom-made for her out of silk taken from the first palace, and everybody smiled when she entered.

The caretaker presented her first to the Chinese man. In his lap, Looty could tell that he wasn't especially interested in her; his body was alert and aimed towards the Queen, but he still made a show of saying "Good doggy" in English and then in Cantonese. The Queen murmured appreciatively at the foreign language.

Then he passed her to the Princess, who exclaimed, "Poor thing, what a sweet little thing," and pet her all over, kissing her nose over and over. "She must be so lonely! Coming from so far away!" The Princess started asking the Chinese man a series of questions about the Pekingese breed. "What were they fed at the palace? What gave them their special walk? Was only the Emperor allowed to touch them? Was anyone else outside of the royal palace allowed to buy or breed them?"

At first the opium trader didn't know what to say, he hadn't been expecting an interrogation about small dogs. On his way over he actually had been worrying about using the correct English word for "foreigner." The Chinese character that meant both "foreigner" and "barbarian" had been outlawed by the British in

China, so he wasn't sure what was acceptable in English, and he was scared he'd use an inappropriate word in front of Queen, revealing himself. But seeing the greedy interest in the Princess' face and the corresponding disinterest in the Queen's, he quickly realized that he could say anything he wanted about dogs. So he talked for as long as he could, repeating the few things he had heard about the Emperor's pets and fluffing them up with anecdotes about other random dogs he had met throughout his life. He mixed up imperial decrees with dog personalities, Manchu traditions with basic pet care, until he confused himself. Thankfully he had a story saved for the end of his rambling, one he had heard before, about how the Pekingese was the result of a lion falling in love with a marmoset. The Buddha had granted the lovers their wish by shrinking the lion down to the marmoset's size. The opium trader added, "The Buddha didn't make the marmoset lion-sized because the rest of the animals thought (and the Buddha agreed) that it would be too creepy!" This last tale pleased the Princess so much she gave Looty another long kiss on the forehead and said, "It would be so cute if she had a little husband, with her own little family!"

Looty for the most part had been looking at a tapestry hanging on the wall that had a dragon flying

through one corner of the sky. The dragon was rainbow-coloured, with a long tail that looped around itself and ended in a curlicue. Its back was arched, its teeth bared, its chin and nose hairs streaming in the wind. It looked like it was flying up directly towards the edge of the tapestry, to break through the surface between the picture and the room.

But when the Princess said "family," Looty reflexively dug her nails into the Princess' thighs, which made the Princess nearly drop her cup of tea. She then pinched Looty hard, which made Looty squeal and jump out of her lap directly onto a platter of prune cakes. The nasty cakes squished between her toes and she hopped out of them onto a consort's lap, knocking over the tower of liver pâté and sweet pickle sandwiches, which fell onto the giant teapot, making it crash to the floor. The consort let out a guttural yell and shoved Looty off of her taffeta skirts and Looty landed belly up in the slurry of sugar, liver, and tea that oozed a path across the floor.

The Queen pretended like nothing had happened and the Chinese visitor tried to follow suit, but his face showed that he hoped what the Chinese dog had done wouldn't be used against him later. The Princess was furious for a moment but then said, "Of course! She's not properly trained," and as the servants rushed in to

clean up and remove Looty, she asked the opium trader, “Could you find me a stud so I can have some of my own?”



After the tea, Looty was sent by the Queen to live with the Princess at a different palace.

XI.

Every time Looty went over her true account at the gate to heaven she found a new reason to be dissatisfied with it, either she forgot something, or got something wrong, or she remembered something that she wished she had done differently and so didn't know how to tell.

The salmon clock dinged, indicating to the green-faced person that it was time to reveal to Looty the other option.

Across from the hole in the thicket, down a bit of a slope, was a deep pit carved out of a dusty red clay. The edges of the pit were sharp and it was filled with

darkness, but there was a slight flickering in the centre of the darkness.

The green-faced person said, “At the bottom of that pit is a pool of bright yellow water, which is a way out of heaven. If you are unable to give your true account then you will have to take that path to go back.”

Looty looked up at them, “Really?”

The green-faced person replied, “For real. If you take it, you will go back exactly as you are now, in exactly the state that you are in. You will remain that way, and then you will have to die again to come back here.”

The green-faced person ran their long fingers through a knot in their hair and added, “Approximately thirty-two percent of all creatures decide to go back, and about half of those who do end up back here again.”

“What happens to the ones who don't come back here?” Looty asked.

“They get stuck,” the green-faced person said, “which is sometimes what is needed.”

XII.

Back at the palace, Looty dreaded the arrival of every new dog, worried that it was going to be a mate for her, but the opium trader never returned to visit them again. The Princess was exasperated because even with extra training, the Chinese dog remained very unfriendly, but she soon had reason to forget about Looty after she was gifted a Spaniel from Russia.



One winter Waldina, a Dachshund, gave birth to a litter of five puppies. Unlike what had happened to Moon's children at the first palace, puppies that were diagnosed as "weak" here were not removed by the caretakers, but they were also not given any extra care or support. Instead, they were expected to figure out their own survival. The litter had two puppies that needed a bit more attention but the caretakers steadfastly gave all of them the same amount of milk and warmth, until one of them died. The other, named Waldina after her mother, was quiet and stayed on the periphery of everything, and Looty grew attached to her. Waldina the Mother babied her and

was glad to see Looty take an interest, and so Looty took on the role of being another caretaker.

Waldina the Second would bring Looty outside and describe to her the exact nature of a breeze as it blew over them. She could name what kinds of trees and animals and water it had touched. Waldina was also deeply bloodthirsty. Looty would often find her with her nose stuck between some furniture and a wall, inhaling deeply in the direction of a mouse hole she could not reach. She alternated between deep huffs and a desperate whine, and she would only be satisfied after she had fully dismembered and eaten the mouse and was nuzzling a scrap of grey fur.

Looty said to Waldina the Second, "Your name is ridiculous." Waldina pouted. "It's not that bad."

"You need a different name," Looty said. "I think it should be Gust, like the wind."

"LOL, sure," Waldina said.



Looty developed new fears as she got older, specifically of heights and of reflections of herself in polished surfaces. She tripped over herself in a hallway when she caught a glimpse of what she thought was a dead dog in the centre of a new silver plate acquired by the Princess.

Looty remembered the first time she had told Moon that she was scared and how hard it had been to do. It was after Moon had been poked at by a caretaker, she had been mean to Looty all day. They were sitting together uncomfortably by the pond, Looty tracing the scum with her paw, upset and spinning, feeling like she was going to explode. She had to force out a whisper, "I'm just scared." It sounded so stupid and obvious out loud that she laughed a bit afterwards. But then Moon burst into tears. Looty naming it had made Moon realize how she felt too. Without Looty, she wouldn't have recognized it.

Their love had been this recognition, of sameness and difference, in each other and themselves. Now Looty tried to keep this recognition inside her but it was hard to do because it strained to get out.

XIII.

At the gate to heaven, the green-faced person washed each scroll on which a true account had been written with a little rag in a porcelain dish of water. The red

ink floated off the parchment, the words intact but distorting in the water's movement. The green-faced person then poured the water into the mouth of a funnel stuck in the ground. The water and words fell into the funnel and through a twisted pipe, splashing out into a big underground reservoir whose walls were stained red, where the ink slowly decomposed.

XIV.

What did it mean to be a dog? Did it mean being an object of pity? Did it mean being a sponge for excess feelings? Did it mean being a receptacle, a measure of other creatures' capacity for affection? A creature used to test questions of "How much can I love?" Or, "How much love do I deserve?"

Or, conversely, did it mean being a radiant source of feeling? Did it mean being a creature that produced unlimited empathy and love in others, that created the possibilities of commitment? A creature that generated true reciprocity, as in shared effects, shared consequences, shared significance?



Near the end of Looty's life she was reunited with Cinnabar.

When Looty had been gifted to the Queen, Cinnabar had been gifted to a Duchess. The Duchess was invited over for tea but Cinnabar was no longer the same dog that Looty had known. Upon arriving in the garden she was reluctant to acknowledge Looty, and Looty had to chase after her, rounding her up near a hedge, to confirm that it was her. They were both old dogs now but Cinnabar's eyes were dull. She greeted Looty but didn't hold her gaze.

Looty made a shy comment about a plant in the garden she liked, which Cinnabar ignored. After a long, painful silence, Cinnabar finally said, "How do you deal with it? You seem happy." Looty withered, she didn't know what to say.

Cinnabar then told Looty that she had been sent to the Duchess with Pillow, another dog from the first palace. Looty remembered that Pillow had been a bit younger than her mother, and the day that Looty's mother had died, he had given Looty a peck on the forehead. Cinnabar said that Pillow passed away a few months after arriving, he never recovered from the

journey. "Pillow was really sweet," Cinnabar said. They sat there, silent again. Looty couldn't help but picture herself dead. What if she had died after arriving at the palace? She pictured the Queen looking at her dead body.

Then Cinnabar unleashed about how much she hated her home, how she had hated it from the start, the smells, the textures, the energy of the people, all of it was horrible. They had renamed her "Guh," a fake Chinese word, which made no sense, and she was allergic to everything, everything made her itchy and sore. The Duchess barely paid any attention to her, only liked to show her off at functions, and instead doted on her other dog, a Staghound, and "He's a fucking idiot," Cinnabar said, "He's jealous of me for no reason."

A raven landed on the hedge and looked at them. It was almost bigger than Looty, with a burnt smell and black feathers that glowed blue. Cinnabar started barking but the raven pretended to ignore her, which only made Cinnabar more angry and bark more. She barked and barked until she was hoarse, and then she had to leave.



Afterwards Looty wandered around in circles, unable to be still. She thought, Cinnabar is so fucked up, and then she felt bad for thinking that, but it kept repeating in her head.

The sun sunk behind a stand of trees. The big summer blooms were fully wilted, the petals dissolving into slime.

In the kennels Gust asked Looty what had happened. Looty had never told Gust, or any other dog at this palace, the whole story before, with all the difficult parts, and she wasn't sure if she wanted to do it now. She had imagined telling Gust at some point when she was older, after she had a chance to organize it in a neater way, with a clear lesson.

Gust asked, "So what happened to your friend?"

Looty said, "She was the most devoted dog," and started explaining how Cinnabar used to be at the first palace, but Gust's attention wandered for a second, her eyes following a fly, and it confirmed for Looty that it wasn't the right time. She would have to continue to wait.

She told Gust to go away and burrowed her face into her straw bed.

Looty imagined a time that would be right. A far away time, filled with spinning stars.

XV.

When Looty died she was sleeping. No one noticed until the following morning. Gust cried hard for her and the other dogs bowed their heads.

Gust never understood why Looty hadn't told her more about the first palace. She could only assume a life of pure opulence and bliss, the most exceptional and strange luxuries, a world of amazing texture.

Looty was buried on the palace grounds. Gust marked the spot by writing Looty's name with her nose.

XVI.

Back at the gate to heaven, Looty pictured what it would be like to go back to earth.

She pictured her cloud self passing through the yellow pool, being chilled by the yellow water.

She pictured coming out the other side as smoke from a fire and snaking through the air in long, lazy swoops, towards the palace of the Queen.

She pictured dropping down through a chimney, coming out above the licking flames, slipping through the hallways and under the Queen's bedroom door.

Then gliding around the periphery of the room towards the bed, sliding under its foot and curling back up towards the Queen's head. Floating above the head resting on the satin pillow, until the Queen felt the chill and opened her eyes with a sharp inhale. Then darting into the Queen's ear and settling there.

The Queen calling her doctors and priests and all of them completely confused about her earache. The Queen unable to focus on anything else, becoming possessed by the mysterious, cold pain.

Then one day, leaving, without the Queen ever knowing what had happened. But before leaving, whispering a message for her to share with all the other queens and kings and emperors and empresses.



Looty then pictured her cloud self splitting up into a crowd of many smaller clouds. Each cloud raw and sticky. Each cloud catching onto something, a flapping curtain, a tuft of fur, the bottom of a shoe. Each is filled with relief at no longer having to be unique, and can't be shaken loose.



Looty then tried to picture what was on the other side of the gate to heaven.

Timeline 年表

Many parts of the story are based on true events.

The following is a timeline that partially covers the causes and effects of the Opium Wars, the popularization of Pekingese dogs in Britain, and the tea trade in Birmingham.

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本故事多數情節改編自真實事件。

下列年表一部分結合了鴉片戰爭的起因及後續效應，亦包涵北京犬風行英國以及伯明翰茶葉貿易之編年。

1839

The first Opium War begins. The war is lobbied for by British merchants who have been smuggling vast quantities of opium into China in order to purchase tea and other goods at profitable margins. The merchants demand free, unfettered access to Chinese markets, and oppose the Qing government's actions towards stopping the opium trade. The opium is grown by peasant farmers in British-controlled India, who are forced to do so at a loss.¹

During the 1800s, opium was one of the most significant products in global trade. Historians argue that opium “was the product that made the British Empire one on which the sun never set.”²

第一次鴉片戰爭爆發。持續向中國走私大量鴉片的英商通過遊說開啟了這場戰事，以從中收購茶葉等商品。英商以此要求開放中國市場，並反對清政府銷煙的行動。原料供應則來自英屬印度的農民，他們被迫廉價種植鴉片。¹

鴉片是19世紀全球貿易中最重要的產品之一。歷史學家甚至認為是「讓大英帝國躍升為日不落帝國的關鍵商品。」²

1842

China is defeated militarily and the British merchants prevail as Chinese control of the trade system is abolished in the Treaty of Nanjing. Another major concession is that the island of Hong Kong becomes property of the British.

中國在軍事上頻頻受挫，《南京條約》也使其喪失商貿體系的自主權。中國另一個重大讓步則是拱手讓予英國的香港島。

1842-1856

The word “loot” comes into common usage between the first and second Opium Wars. Unlike “pillage” and “plunder,” it specifically refers to the

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adventure and profit available to enterprising soldiers in colonial expeditions.³

代表戰利品的「loot」這個詞彙在兩次鴉片戰爭期間開始流行。不同於一般掠奪物，它特指回鑲拓殖探險的士兵冒險而得的利潤。³

1845

Queen Victoria is gifted a Chow-Chow, or a “Chinese Edible Dog,” as they were known at the time.

維多利亞女王獲贈一隻喬喬，當時這種鬆獅犬以「中國食用犬」而聞名。

1856

The second Opium War begins.

第二次鴉片戰爭爆發。

1860

An auction of looted objects from the Summer Palace (Yuanmingyuan) is held on its grounds by British troops. The auction follows British prize law, which legalizes and organizes looting through the record-keeping and division of sales to soldiers.⁴

The palace is later destroyed by the British troops, justified as retaliation for the Chinese treatment of some British soldiers, including those from an Indian regiment. The burning of villages adjacent to the palace gardens is also mentioned in a few historical accounts.⁵

After China is defeated again this year, the Tianjin Treaty is signed and part of Kowloon, adjacent to Hong Kong, is ceded to the British. Another treaty provision is the banning of the Chinese character “*yi*,” which the British translate as “barbarian,” but could also be translated as “foreigner.” The British perceive this word to be insulting.⁶

英軍在北京圓明園舉辦了一場戰利品拍賣會。這場拍賣會沿用英國獎賞法規定——通過戰利品記錄和分配的管理制度，使得掠奪本身具有了合法性和組織性。⁴

後來，英軍以遭到中國政府對於他們和印度兵團的不公待遇為由，摧毀圓明園作為報復。在部分歷史記錄中，亦有附近村莊同樣遭遇到焚燒的記載。⁵

中國於同年再次戰敗，並與各國簽訂《天津條約》，將毗鄰香港島的九龍割讓英國。條約明確指出，禁對西人使用「夷」這個字眼——這是當時中國人泛指外國人的通稱，在英國人看來，夷暗指蠻，是侮辱用詞。⁶

1862

Looty is photographed by William Bambridge. Of the four other Pekingese dogs brought to the England, two are gifted to the Duchess of Richmond and the other two kept by Lord John Hay.⁷

Looted objects from the Summer Palace are shown at the International Exhibition of 1862.

北京犬洛蒂的照片由威廉·班布里奇拍攝。在四隻被帶到英國的北京犬中，兩隻贈與里士滿公爵夫人，另外兩隻則交由海約翰爵士飼養。⁷

圓明園戰利品在 1862 年世界博覽會展出。

1863

John Sumner of Birmingham publishes *A Popular Treatise on Tea*, which opens with an epigraph from the poem “Charity” by William Cowper:

“The bond of commerce was design’d
 To associate all the branches of mankind;
 And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
 Trade is the golden girdle of the globe....”⁸

伯明翰茶商約翰·薩姆納出版《茶之淺論》，以威廉·柯珀的詩歌《慈悲》作為卷首引言：

商貿，被建設成為
 連結人類的紐帶；
 若無窮財富是長袍，
 貿易，就是世界的黃金腰帶……⁸

1865

A system of indentured labour is introduced to the fledgling tea industry in British-controlled Assam, India, which enables the mass relocation of workers to this remote region. They are bound by highly restrictive penal contracts, which criminalize noncompliance through prison, forced labour, and other punishments. These are part of a body of legislation called “master and servant” laws, used throughout the British Empire.⁹

Assam becomes a major tea-producing region of the world, and in the following three decades colonial Indian tea production surpasses the Chinese industry.

在英屬印度的阿薩姆邦，一種新的契約勞工制度被引進茶葉這個初生產業，引發大量工人遷至此偏遠地帶。他們被合約中嚴苛的懲罰性條款高度限制，這些條款使得那些不順從的勞工受到刑事犯罪的威脅——他們為免於牢獄之災或其

他懲罰而淪為任人宰割的勞動力。這種契約制度是當時大英帝國「主僕法」立法體系的一部分。⁹

阿薩姆邦逐漸成為世界最主要的茶葉生產地。在而後的三十年間，英國殖民地印度的茶葉產量就逐漸超越中國。

1891

The first Crufts dog show is held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, in Islington. Around 2,000 dogs are entered, including some Pomeranians of Queen Victoria's.¹⁰

第一屆克魯弗茲犬展在英國伊斯靈頓的皇家農業廳舉辦，約兩千隻狗參加，其中包括維多利亞女王的若干博美犬。¹⁰

1892

Birmingham Dogs Home, a dog welfare charity, is founded on land donated by Sir Alfred Gooch Bart on New Canal Street in the Digbeth neighbourhood, on the plot of land that will later become the site of the Ty-Phoo tea factory. The Gooches are one of the primary landowners in Digbeth and Southside, Birmingham.¹¹

公益慈善機構「伯明翰狗狗之家」位於伯明翰迪格貝斯區新運河街，由阿爾弗雷德·古奇爵士捐贈地塊，而英國經典茶飲品牌 Ty-Phoo 茶廠也在同一區。古奇家族是伯明翰迪格貝斯和南部地區的大地主。¹¹

1898

Additional land known as the New Territories near Kowloon and Hong Kong is leased to the British for a ninety-nine year term, expiring June 1997.

中國將毗鄰九龍和香港島的新界地塊租借給英國，租期九十九年，於1997年6月到期。

1899

Francis Galton, the lead proponent of eugenics, participates in the Crystal Palace Dog Show of 1899, taking standardized photos of champion dogs.¹² Galton was born in Birmingham, of a prominent family that made its wealth from weapons manufacturing. His theory of eugenics proposes that talent runs in families and that human reproduction should be managed to eliminate weaknesses. His ideas were deeply wrong, but Galton saw himself

as proof of them because Charles Darwin was his cousin.¹³

弗朗西斯·高爾頓是善種學的主要倡導人之一。他在1899年水晶宮犬展中為冠軍犬拍攝了一組均質化的肖像照片。¹²高爾頓出生於伯明翰，他的家族以武器製造起家。他所推崇的善種主義提出：人的智慧由家族遺傳，所以應當對人類繁殖加以管控來消除基因因上的弱勢。高爾頓的觀念顯然錯了，但他以自身的天才家族作為例證——達爾文是他的表親。¹³

1900

Beijing and the surrounding province are looted by British and other foreign troops after the repression of the Boxer Uprising, an anti-Christian, anti-Western, Chinese popular movement. Described as “a carnival of loot,” the looting lasts several months, and Western markets are flooded with Chinese art objects.¹⁴

在一場反基督教和反西方國家的義和團起義被鎮壓後，北京及周邊省份也遭英國及其他聯軍洗劫，持續數月。這場「掠奪的狂歡」也讓中國藝術品大量流入西方市場。¹⁴

1901

Lady Gooch of the Gooch Estate is photographed with a Pekingese named Pekin Yen at a Pekingese dog event for aristocratic women. At this time the Pekingese is a very fashionable lapdog.¹⁵

古奇小姐在一場為貴族女性組織的北京犬玩賞活動中與一隻名為「北京燕」的北京犬合影——當時是非常時髦的玩賞犬種。¹⁵

1903

John Sumner founds the Ty-Phoo tea brand in Birmingham. The name “Ty-Phoo” comes from the Chinese word for “doctor,” to promote the drink’s healthful qualities.

約翰·薩姆納於伯明翰成立茶葉品牌 Ty-Phoo，源於中文「大夫」，推廣茶飲在強身健體上的作用。

1909

Francis Galton is gifted an albino Pekingese puppy named Wee Ling by his protégé, Karl Pearson. Pearson is trying (and failing) to create a breed of albino Pekingese dogs through inbreeding. The dogs suffer from high mortality, illness, and infertility. Pearson determined Wee Ling to be suitable as a gift to Galton because, as per the goals of eugenics, the puppy is “the most intelligent of the litter.” However, Wee Ling is still of “a horrid temper, and bites with his little sharp teeth and swears in Chinese dog-language.” Wee Ling is also infertile. He only lives with Galton for six months.¹⁶

弗朗西斯·高爾頓從他的門徒卡爾·皮爾遜處獲贈一隻白化的北京犬，名為威靈。皮爾遜當時試圖通過近親繁殖的方法來創造白化的北京犬種，後失敗。這些配種犬大多有高死亡率，疾病和不孕的風險，而皮爾遜依然決定將威靈贈送給高爾頓作為禮物。因為根據善種，這隻小狗是「一窩中最聰明的」。可惜，威靈依然被認為「脾氣兇悍，會用它的小尖牙咬人，還會用中文狗語罵人」。威靈不能生育，也只陪伴了高爾頓六個月的時間。¹⁶

1914=1962

The Pekingese is the most popular breed of pedigree toy dog in Britain.¹⁷

北京犬仍高居英國最受歡迎的純種玩賞犬種。¹⁷

1978

The Ty-Phoo tea factory in Digbeth, Birmingham, closes down, and production moves to Liverpool.

Ty-Phoo 關閉位於伯明翰迪格貝斯的工廠，生產轉移到了利物浦。

1984

The British and Chinese governments agree on terms by which China will regain possession of Hong Kong on June 30, 1997, at the end of the ninety-nine year lease of the New Territories, as the city of Hong Kong now effectively encompasses Hong Kong Island, Kowloon, and the New Territories.

現今香港包括港島，九龍和新界。英國與中國政府達成協議，中國將在新界九十九年租約到期時（1997年6月30日）恢復對於香港的主權。

1991

The Crufts dog show moves to Birmingham.

克魯弗茲犬展搬至伯明翰舉辦。

1997

The ninety-nine year “lease” of Hong Kong ends and it is returned to Chinese rule.

香港結束長達九十九年的「租期」，主權回歸中國。

2003

A Pekingese named Yakee A Dangerous Liaison wins “Best in Show” at Crufts.

雅基犬舍繁育的北京犬「危險關係」在克魯弗茲犬展中獲冠軍。

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洛蒂上天堂

1860年，第二次鴉片戰爭接近尾聲時，有隻狗在英軍搶劫北京圓明園時給順帶劫走。她被贈予維多利亞女王，得名「洛蒂」（英文名「Looty」，直譯為「戰利品」）。

洛蒂是從圓明園被帶走的五隻北京犬之一，英國自此才有了北京犬這個品種。洛蒂在溫莎城堡和桑德靈厄姆莊園生活了十一年，於1872年去世。

鴉片戰爭讓香港淪為英國殖民地。英文單詞「loot」源自英國殖民印度時期印地語的「lūt」。

第一章

洛蒂死了。那時彷彿有什麼在拉扯著世間的一切。洛蒂的五臟六腑被拉成一根細細的皮筋，從頭到腳都飄浮著，微微跳動，好像在搖籃裡。隨著跳動的頻率越來越快，振幅也越來越低，最後化作一股嗡嗡聲在她身體裡顫動，逐漸變得尖銳起來。她的內臟化作一把鋒利無比的刀，萬千刀刃切割著她身體的每一處。那刀越來越長，洛蒂的身體也越來越長。刀割著她，她卻並不感到痛。



天堂的入口就在這片荊棘叢生的灌木叢中，入口是個圓溜溜的小洞。一根細小的樹枝伸在洞口，破壞了完美的圓。洛蒂才靠攏過去，一人就從洞裡走了出來，戴著一頂高高的絲質帽子，帽子上兩隻觸角顫顫巍巍。這人拿出銀閃閃的剪刀剪掉了小樹枝，然後轉過身看著洛蒂。一張綠臉又平又圓，長長的黑頭髮亂糟糟的。紅眼睛下面一隻塌鼻子，圓鼻頭，兩個大鼻孔。帽子上的觸角在空中劃過，留下微弱的光痕。

洛蒂大叫起來，這才發現她好似雲彩一般，輕盈敏感，整個身體彷彿就是一隻鼻子。她感覺她的叫聲在空氣中迴盪，也迴盪在她的身體裡，她感到

爽快又有些害怕。

青面客的紅眼睛一直盯著洛蒂，同時又在衣服口袋裡翻找東西，手臂在袖子裡進進出出。這人的長袍似乎有無數袖子和口袋，袖子和口袋是碎布縫製的，針腳齊齊整整。有些口袋裡裝著堅果，有些裝著針線，還有些裝著小燈泡，捆著的卷軸。

洛蒂哀鳴起來，自己都覺得難為情。

青面客舉起手指放到嘴邊，噓了一聲，聲音低沉沙啞，水波般蕩漾過洛蒂的身體。

那人說：「天堂，又名地獄。」說完，拿出一卷卷軸。上面繫著一條淡藍色絲帶，不怎麼乾淨。鬆開絲帶，卷軸展開來，長卷正好攤到洛蒂的腳邊，讓她直打哆嗦。

第二章

洛蒂生在舊皇宮裡。那一年，戰事頻繁。

她住在皇宮，並沒有經歷太多戰火和苦難。離皇宮不遠，有個村子，村民卻從未踏足宮裡。洛蒂的母親和別的狗兒們懷念從前沒有戰爭的日子，每天有固定的按摩，也會有人親手餵食，但洛蒂只把這些話當耳邊風。

她很多時光都在藏書樓度過。她尤其喜歡待在食譜書籍區的角落。她總是趴在一張台凳後面，凳上擺著一支很大的長矛，樣子像青筍，上面落滿了灰。長矛是玉石雕刻而成，溫潤清淺的綠。洛蒂花了不少時間研究它，了解它的特性。

洛蒂的母親總想法子叫洛蒂和大家一起玩，尤其是那種討食比賽——看誰最後能從狗監那兒贏得最多好吃的。洛蒂不樂意被人大聲呵斥，況且還是讓她討厭的傢伙。她流連在長矛，池塘和她的小床之間，從不覺得無聊。

直到月兒出現，洛蒂才意識到，她渴望瘋狂和甜美的內心其實從未得到過滿足。

秋天到了，蘑菇從污泥中鑽出來。一天早上，月兒被管家安置到其中一間狗屋。一個生意人為撈好處，把她獻進宮裡做配種的狗。月兒眉間有個小黑點，恰好她腳上也有黑色的斑點，她走路的樣子，像是個隨時要逃的魂兒。

月兒在房間另一頭看見洛蒂，徑直朝她走來，神情篤定。洛蒂從未領受過如此直截了當的關注。她帶月兒去看翡翠長矛，月兒跳起來舔掉長矛尖兒上的灰，洛蒂喜不自禁。

夜裡，她們腳搭腳的睡著了。

第三章

那時，洛蒂還不叫洛蒂，而是蕾兒。洛蒂並不喜歡這個名字。她覺得「蕾兒」就是按著宮裡給狗取名的規矩，隨著那些漂亮稀罕的物件兒叫的。

月兒說：「我覺得挺適合妳呀。不然，妳想叫什麼名字？」

「呃，不知道唉，妳覺得『臭屁虐虐生』怎麼樣？」洛蒂答。

月兒大笑，「臭屁」是宮裡的狗給皇上取的外號。他山珍海味吃多了，總是肚子脹，愛放屁，噴了香水也不頂用。他還假惺惺，喜歡裝作愛狗。每次皇上來狗屋，所有的狗都得做好思想準備。有一回，他沒完沒了逗月兒，月兒乾脆就跟在他後面跑來跑去，好幾次跳起來咬他的臉，皇上最後忍無可忍，再也假裝不下去，很不耐煩的把月兒從他身上推開。月兒蹦蹦跳跳跑過房間，津津有味地舔著嘴，眼睛看看這狗又看看那狗，還使勁伸長舌頭逗著玩兒，有隻叫硃砂的狗笑到不行，亢奮的尿了一地。

月兒如此搗蛋還不受懲罰，因為她是繁殖犬。她耳朵上的長毛一直垂到地上，而洛蒂的毛髮到了一定長度就不再長了。月兒吃的東西也總是換來換去，試過不同的食譜，狗監特別在意她拉的臭臭，他們不停撿起一條又一條，細細的端詳，彷彿要從中發現什麼秘密。

月兒生第一窩小狗最順利，第四窩最難。當時，狗監還從一窩五隻小狗裡拿走兩隻體弱的，只留下三隻狗寶寶。月兒連哭了好幾天，哭聲又細又尖。

月兒生下的寶貝，活下來二十八隻，每一隻都取了正式的大名。洛蒂和月兒還依著他們都不怎麼討人喜歡的個性，給他們每個取了小名兒。四隻沒有活下來的，月兒也都悄悄給取了名字，只有她心裡知道。

第四章

英法聯軍闖入皇宮的那天，洛蒂和月兒已經躲了好幾個星期。而皇上早在幾個月前就避暑去了。但是有一天，所有的狗監和侍從竟也突然不見了。他們大多數人都把狗拿出宮賣了，其中也有月兒的孩子們。剩下的幾個守衛並沒有怎麼巡邏，而是緊張地在宮裡亂竄，彼此私下交換著這些莽撞夷兵竟如此難纏的說法。儘管一位好心的狗監留了下來，但每天的食物仍變得越來越少。

「我們這時候要不要也走吧？」洛蒂問。「那我們要去村裡？」月兒回道。

大廳裡傳來響亮的笑聲和軍靴的腳步聲，打斷

了她們的低聲爭論。她們聽到笑聲和腳步聲停在了藏書樓外，接著入口處的花瓶啪一聲摔碎了。空氣中瀰漫著一種怪怪的金屬味，逼得月兒和洛蒂屏住了呼吸。

隨後，藏書樓外的腳步聲消失了，但走遠的無數腳步的震動，卻在她們的肚子裡泛起了回聲。

洛蒂看著月兒，想知道該怎麼做。她明白月兒的表情，說「沒事兒，得走了，我們走吧」。月兒跳出書櫃，洛蒂跟在後面，她們飛快跑出藏書樓，跑過連廊，跑過花園，一直朝宮牆跑去。

她們跑進院子的時候，洛蒂看到了狗監，衣衫凌亂，眼神慌張，朝她們跑來。洛蒂猶豫了一下，月兒也慢了下來。月兒見洛蒂與狗監的四目相對，隨即大喊：「不！」，洛蒂猶豫了一下，這讓狗監有了可乘之機，追上了她們。狗監看了看她倆，決定從月兒下手，便揪住月兒的尾巴。在尖叫聲中，月兒被她一把抱起。

洛蒂看著月兒在臂彎裡掙扎著，狗監三步兩步衝向通往議事廳的門廊。這時，拐角閃出一個紅衣白褲的高個兒，追著她倆。



洛蒂躲在龍塌底下的夜壺旁，一動不動，腦子一片空白，然後被人抓住後腿拖了出來。竟是那個紅衣人。他哈哈笑了笑一聲，將洛蒂緊緊抱住，身上的

金屬味讓她感到窒息。他帶著她大步穿過宮中無數房間，沿路所見之物大半都已被打碎，散落一地。

她被帶到外面的一個大廳，那裡有一群紅衣人，有幾個站在填漆長桌上，桌旁高高的堆著完好的屏風、椅子、壁掛、雕塑、毛皮、卷軸、罐子、珠寶，一摞摞的綾羅綢緞——一切都彰顯著權力和主宰。青烟裊裊的香爐、講述末代王朝愛情的緞面冊頁、翡翠長矛，還有那座英國貴族進獻給皇上的座鐘；所有這些都將化為白花花的銀子。為了慶祝，幾個紅衣人把貂皮纏在脖子上，手舞足蹈。別的人一邊指點一邊拍手鼓掌。有人對抱著洛蒂的男人叫嚷：「我出五百，把狗給我！哈哈！」抱著洛蒂的男人哼了一聲，走開了。有人的頭上落下一個碗，掉在地還彈了起來。

第五章

木籠子裡還有四隻狗，沒有月兒。

洛蒂在漫長的乘船旅程中哭得悲傷欲絕，她感覺整個身體都空了。她感覺內心枯竭，可是整個身子卻濕漉漉，血淋淋的。

一天晚上，有人把她帶到甲板上，抓著她，伸

到水面上。他說：「狗狗，看，這是大海；別再哭了，妳這個小婊砸！」

洛蒂感覺到那波光粼粼的廣闊空間，從四方將她吞噬。



硃砂是籠子裡的另一隻狗，她是宮裡所有狗狗當中最逗比的，只有兩種情緒：要麼萬分狂野，要麼就跟植物沒兩樣。這都因為她對其中一位狗監非常上心。狗監若不在，硃砂就躺著，頭枕在爪子上，瞪著兩眼，一眨不眨；每次狗監回來她就激動得渾身發抖，在房間裡追著灰塵能跑上好幾個小時，陶醉其中。她在籠裡身子抖得厲害，木板都跟著嘎嘎作響，本來已經叮叮咚咚吵得厲害，現在更吵了。硃砂看著另外幾隻狗直說，「對不起，真的很抱歉，」說著身子仍然抖個不停。洛蒂靠過去挨著她，用她的脖頸蹭去硃砂臉上的淚水。

第六章

在天堂的入口，洛蒂看著一隻刺猬搖搖擺擺穿過灌木叢中的洞。

在她進去之前，她必須如實的講述她的一生。青面客聲音沙啞的說：「妳想說多說少都行，但是必須保證妳所說的真實不虛。」

青面客又說：「我所說的『真』就是那些會被遺忘的。只要記在卷軸上的，妳都不會記得。」

說完這句話，那人帽子上的觸角微微一顫。

「我們終將遺忘，我也不例外。」那人補充道。

洛蒂看著一隻白鼠、三隻千足蟲、一隻無毛貓、一條河豚，然後是那隻刺猬——牠們現在都化作一朵朵顫動的雲彩，如實講述牠們的一生。她坐在那，一時不知從何說起。現在就要她決定說什麼不說什麼，似乎很不公平。很多事情都不是她能決定的。這會兒這裡也沒有什麼人能幫她回憶從前或者忘記過去。如果沒有別人她怎麼能回憶或者忘記？她所說的都必須是事實，而且說了就不能改，要是她忘了什麼人或者什麼事，可怎麼辦？那這些人這些事會不會永遠被遺忘，彷彿從沒發生，從沒來過這個世界？若是這樣，穿過時間的長河，他們會不會因此受苦，只是因為她忘記了，沒有提起。

還有更糟的呢，別人講自己的人生用的都是真名，可她覺得自己既不是洛蒂也不是蕾兒。

青面客看著刺猬的背影，待牠完全消失在灌木叢中，才道：「妳還可以再想想，但不能一直待在這裡。」

青面客在一塊岩石的酒窩處坐了下來，從口袋裡掏出堅果，小口小口的吃了起來，手又在另一個袖子裡翻了個遍，找到一個鮭魚色塑膠小鐘。這人用修長的手指轉動著錶針，另一隻手握著它，眯著眼睛對錶。

第七章

第一次晉見女王時，洛蒂趁機裝病。抱著洛蒂的男人笨手笨腳的，跪在女王面前，手捏到了洛蒂小腹，她也順勢嘔吐，濕了自己一身。男人急忙賠罪，女王表現得彷彿並不介意的樣子，僕人則在一旁清潔洛蒂。

然後，這人告訴女王他們是如何在中國宮殿裡偶然發現了洛蒂和其他四隻狗，以及牠們是如何差點被一位哭泣的皇妃割喉，並在危機時刻救下牠們，只留下妃子自我了斷。

那人說：「他們寧可殺掉狗，也不想活著給我們。」

女王說：「這小狗真有趣。」

女王接著說：「從現在起，她就叫洛蒂，以標榜你們的大勇無畏。」她小心翼翼地把洛蒂抱起來，察看了她腳上的長毛，禮貌性的逗了逗她。

隨後，那人又將一頂嵌著小珠子的天子禮冠和一本小玉皮佛經摺頁獻給女王。女王很欣賞這些貢品，一面將洛蒂放在她的腿上，男子高興地離開了。女王把洛蒂放到地上，洛蒂發出要吐的聲音，聽得一個僕人趕忙過來，將她帶走。



洛蒂被僕人抱著穿過連廊時，宮裡散發著暖暖的一股酵母味很是薰人。宮殿裡到處都是紅衣人，洛蒂不禁想起追逐月兒和狗監的紅衣男子，還想著她是如何猶豫了片刻、以及隨後發生的事。她又吐了，這次是在她面前的燕麥肉羹，僕人也懶得哄她吃。

半夜，她從夢中驚醒。她夢見自己在一個四面鋪滿瓷磚的房間，她想逃出去，每次她的爪子觸到瓷磚，瓷磚就像甜膩膩，放久了的蛋糕，碎成粉末。她每次扒開瓷磚，粉末很快就會再還原成瓷磚。

第八章

洛蒂不知道她的新名字是否讓她變了，她感覺自己不一樣了，就像是身體裡進了什麼東西，尖的，只要她一動，那東西也跟著動，讓她感到很不舒服。

為了轉移注意力，她試圖用反覆抓撓而出現在腹部的一個大禿點，用舌頭舔癒，身上的痛使她不去想別的事情。那塊禿點變得越來越大，越來越痛，滲出一層膿液，結了痂，又被她舔掉了。

為了不讓洛蒂撓那塊疤，狗監在她肚子上塗了味道難聞的藥膏，但洛蒂還是抓個不停。最初，他們只是說一聲「小可憐」，逗逗她，後來見她照樣撓，就失去耐心，有點討厭她，不過洛蒂反而為此竊喜。因為她恨他們對待她的方式，好像她就是很悲慘，自以為是的覺得她肯定太想家了。

洛蒂舔著肚子，想起月兒總是忍讓狗監的各種怪主意，但她也有些忍不了的時候。每當狗監又給月兒換狗糧，洛蒂總會留一些自己的給她。但有時月兒會發怒，會羞辱洛蒂，說自己有特殊待遇，就因為她與眾不同，而並不是每隻狗都能有她這樣的待遇，月兒還會走開，不理睬洛蒂。

每當月兒像這樣心情不好，洛蒂便會感到茫然不知所措。她馬上開始反省自己全部的缺點和犯過的錯。她確信，如果月兒不開心，對她們倆都是災難。洛蒂這時候會呆坐在一旁，感到無助，她安慰

不了月兒，這種深深的無力感，讓她覺得更加無助，就像她現在這樣——在一個冰封的漩渦裡打轉。

第九章

洛蒂開始幻想她有一座自己的宮殿，她就是宮殿的主人。她在腦海裡一點一點修建起宮殿，從打地基開始，她把所有時間都花在這上面。先是幾座房子，她想像著它們的形狀、大小、材料，又建了花園、池塘、石橋和小徑，種上了各種花草、灌木和大樹，後來她又建了幾座新房，想像裡面的樣子，格局和家具擺飾。只有她一個人住在這所宮殿裡，她不在的時候，宮殿就空著。宮殿裡各樣東西都是那麼和諧，有一種安全感。每次洛蒂在腦海裡繼續她的工程，她都會先檢查一遍已經建好的每樣東西，仔細審視每一個細節，因此她花的時間越來越長。想記住宮殿的每一處，這很不容易，即使這些都在她的頭腦中，全是她的想像。

第十章

狗監會猜想洛蒂以前的宮廷生活。他們聽說過一些關於中國凌遲酷刑和處決犯人的精彩故事，因此得出的結論是：洛蒂以前的日子一定是萬分悲慘。

有個狗監大驚小怪的說：「看她的塌鼻子！」另一個說：「我不明白她的臉怎麼這麼扁？」

然後，謠言很快就流傳開了：洛蒂小時候，被反覆崩崩崩的拍打在宮牆上，臉才變得這麼扁。這個故事在狗監中傳來傳去，說的多了便不再稀奇，才終於散去。

洛蒂強迫自己聽到新名字的時候快快行動，免得狗監找她麻煩。



洛蒂再次見到女王，是女王和她公主兒媳一起喝茶。在場的還有幾位王妃，以及一位來訪的中國紳士。這位訪客被介紹給皇室的時候，身份是官員，但實際上是個鴉片販子。他幫英國的鴉片商人發了大財，自己也撈了不少油水。僕人們在桌上擺好各式茶點、三明治，還有蛋糕，在洛蒂的頭頂上別了一個小巧的紅蝴蝶結，在她脖子上掛了些小鈴鐺。她被放在一個小枕頭上給帶進了房間，枕頭還是用舊皇宮取來的黃色緞面專門給她定做的。她進來時，每個人

臉上都泛起笑意。

狗監先把她介紹給了那個中國男士。洛蒂坐在他的腿上，她看得出來，他對她並沒有多大興趣。他畢恭畢敬的面向女王坐著，表演似的用英文和廣東話說著「狗狗好乖」。女王對著他說的外語讚賞地喃喃自語。

男士把洛蒂遞給公主，公主大聲說：「小可憐，多可愛的小東西啊。」她從頭到腳撫摸洛蒂，一遍遍的親她的小鼻子，「她一定很寂寞吧！從那麼遠的地方來！」公主對中國男士問了一系列關於北京犬的問題。「皇宮裡給她餵什麼吃？怎麼訓練成她這麼特別的走路方式？是不是只有皇上才能摸她？皇宮以外的人是否可以買到北京犬，或者用她來配種生小狗？」

起先鴉片商人被這問題給被難倒了，不知道怎麼回答。他壓根兒沒想到公主會追根究底的盤問有關於小狗的事兒。來的路上，他一直為英語中的「外國人」該怎麼表述而犯難——在漢語裡，代表外國人的「夷」有蠻夷之意，早被英國明令禁止使用。他唯恐自己在女王面前一時沒忍住蹦出這個詞兒，露了餡。但一看向熱頭上的傻公主，再看向女王的冷漠表情，他意識到他完全可以信口開河，胡說八道。於是他就開始瞎扯，講起皇上的御犬，除了他聽說過的三兩件軼事，還把自己見過的幾個沒來頭的狗也添油加醋的瞎編在御犬身上。他一股腦兒把皇室律令和狗狗的個性混為一談，滿族傳統與基本

的寵物護理扯在一起，把自己都兜暈了。好在一通長篇大論之後，他還分享了一則謠言，那就是北京犬是獅子與狻猊的愛情結晶。佛陀將獅子的身形縮小到狻猊這般大，成全了一對愛侶的心願。接著他補充說，佛陀沒把狻猊變得跟獅子一樣大，是因為別的動物覺得那樣太恐怖，佛陀自己也這麼想。公主聽畢大悅，給了洛蒂額頭一個深深的吻，說道：「再幫她討個小老公，有個小家庭，豈不可愛。」

洛蒂大部分時間都在看牆上的壁掛，那裡有條龍從角落飛出天空。牠色彩斑斕，像彩虹，修長的尾巴環繞著自己，末端捲成花飾。牠的背部拱著，露出牙齒，下巴和鼻子裡的毛隨風飄揚，看起來像是要飛到壁掛的邊際，從畫裡飛出去。

聽到公主說「家」的時候，洛蒂不禁條件反射般的地把指甲摳進公主的大腿，公主差點把茶杯給扔了。她使勁掐了洛蒂一把，洛蒂大叫，從公主腿上縱身一躍，一下落在了李子蛋糕上。蛋糕在她的趾間像黏糊糊的泥巴，於是她又跳到了一個王妃的腿上，結果碰翻了鵝肝醬和甜醃菜三明治的茶點架。架子倒下來撞倒了大茶壺，茶壺掉到地上碎了。王妃尖叫一聲，一把推下塔夫綢裙上的洛蒂。洛蒂就這麼肚皮朝天的倒在流了一地的糖，鵝肝醬和茶水裡。

女王裝作一副若無其事的樣子，中國男士也想跟風，可是從他臉上的表情看得出，他可不想洛蒂闖的禍將來給自己惹上麻煩。公主發了一通火，隨

即又說：「好吧，她的確是沒受過適當的訓練」。僕人急忙進來打掃乾淨，還把洛蒂抱走了。這一邊公主問鴉片商：「我想有自己的北京犬，你能找人配種嗎？」



那次喝茶之後，女王送洛蒂去了另一座宮殿，和公主同住。

第十一章

每次洛蒂走到天堂門口，回想她要講什麼的時候，她總能找到個理由讓她不甚滿意，不是遺漏了，就是記錯了，又或是她想起一些事，卻後悔當初不該那麼做，以至於她不曉得要怎麼講。

鮭魚色的小鐘叮叮作響，提醒青面客是時候告訴洛蒂還有別的選擇。

走過灌木叢中的洞口，順著斜坡下去是個紅土刨開的深坑。坑壁光滑齊整好像刀削一般，坑內漆黑一片，只有正中間閃爍著一絲微光。

青面客道：「坑底有一池明黃色的水潭，那是

離開天堂的通道。如果妳真的無法一五一十講述妳的故事，就得從那兒離開，回妳原來的地方去。」

洛蒂抬頭看著那人，「真的？」

「千真萬確，」青面客答道。「如果妳選擇穿過通道，妳還會是現在的樣子，現在的狀態，直到妳再次死去，重回這裡。」青面客用長長的手指捋了捋頭髮上的一個結，又說：「所有生物裡大概有三分之一做了這樣的選擇，而他們當中又有一半確實回到了這裡。」

「那些沒回來的都怎樣了？」洛蒂問。

「他們困在了原地，」青面客說，「有時候就得這樣。」

第十二章

在宮裡的時候，每次有新來的狗，洛蒂都擔心的要命，生怕是來給她配種的。鴉片商人倒再也沒有回訪。公主非常氣惱，因為即使經過額外的訓練，洛蒂還和原來一個樣兒，不好相處。但她很快就忘了還有洛蒂這回事，有人從俄羅斯給她弄來一條西班牙獵犬。



有一年冬天，一隻名為瓦爾迪娜的臘腸犬生下了五隻小狗。跟從前月兒在宮裡生小狗不同，在這裡剛生下的瘦弱小狗不會被狗監帶走，但也不會得到特殊照顧。他們全靠自己活下來，有兩隻小狗需要多一點關照，但是狗監一貫都是每一隻都給一樣多的牛奶，一樣的溫度，結果有一隻狗娃兒就沒活下來。另一隻小狗，以她媽媽的名字命名為瓦爾迪娜，總是安安靜靜，也不爭不搶，洛蒂漸漸對她心生喜愛。媽媽大瓦爾迪娜很是寶貝小瓦爾迪娜，她看到洛蒂關照女兒，很高興。這下，洛蒂便照顧起小狗來。

小瓦爾迪娜會帶著洛蒂去外面，風吹過她們，小瓦爾迪娜會給她描述風是什麼樣的。吹過了樹林，吹過各種動物，吹過池塘，她能一一說出它們的名字。小瓦爾迪娜非常嗜血。洛蒂經常發現她把鼻子伸到家具和牆壁的縫隙之間，衝著一個她搆不到的老鼠洞使勁聞。她一會兒深深地吸氣，一會兒又嗚嗚叫，只有撕碎了老鼠的身體吞進肚裡，然後鼻子拱拱殘留的一小片灰色鼠毛，她才感到心滿意足。

洛蒂對小瓦爾迪娜說：「妳的名字太扯淡了。」小瓦爾迪娜撇撇嘴，「還好啦。」

「妳得有個新名字，」洛蒂說。「應該叫凱斯特（Gust），像風一樣。」

「哈哈，好呀。」小瓦爾迪娜說。



洛蒂年齡漸長，也新添了煩惱。她開始恐高，又怕在擦得銜亮的鏡面看見自己的模樣。有一次，洛蒂瞥見公主新得來的一面銀盤，裡面映出死狗的身影，不禁在走廊裡自己絆了一跤。

洛蒂想起她第一次對月兒提起自己的恐懼，想想當時開口說出來還挺不容易呢。那天狗監戳了月兒，一整天她對洛蒂說話都沒好氣。她們坐在池塘邊，很不自在，洛蒂用爪子來回扒著水邊的浮渣，她氣得轉來轉去，感覺馬上要爆發了。她勉強擠出一句，「我好害怕。」聽著好傻，又如此顯然，她不禁啞然失笑。月兒卻突然哭了，眼淚撲撲的流。洛蒂竟道出了月兒心中的感受。要不是洛蒂，月兒就不會認出自己的恐懼。

她們相愛便是因為這種相知，理解彼此的共同點，也理解彼此的不同。洛蒂想把這種理解深深藏在心裡，卻不容易做到，免不了會真情流露。

第十三章

在天堂之門，青面客用一小塊抹布在瓷碗裡把每一卷書洗淨，書裡記載著一個個真實的人生。朱墨從紙上褪去，字跡卻依然留在書頁上，隨著攪動的水而失了原來的模樣。地上有個漏斗，青面客把水倒進漏斗的口兒。水和字流進漏斗，流過彎彎曲曲的管子，嘩啦啦沖進地下的大池子，滲開的墨汁染紅了池子的牆面。

第十四章

狗存在的意義是什麼呢？是讓人心生憐憫，還是像海綿一樣吸收那些無處安放的情感？或者是接納，衡量人類和其他生靈愛的能力？又或者，我們因狗的存在才得以追問：「我可以愛得多深？我值得多少愛？」

反過來說，狗的存在本身就是愛的源泉嗎？激發我們無盡的愛心和同理心，使我們有機會成為忠誠而值得信賴的人？讓我們懂得互助互愛，同甘共苦，所有生靈都命運相連？



就在洛蒂臨終前，她和硃砂重逢了。

洛蒂送給了女王，硃砂送給了公爵夫人。有一次女王邀請公爵夫人一起喝茶，硃砂變了，不再是從前洛蒂認識的那個硃砂。她來到花園的時候，不想承認她和洛蒂相識。洛蒂不得不追過去，把她圍在籬笆那兒，這才確認她就是硃砂。她們都老了，硃砂眼神黯然無光。她向洛蒂打招呼，但並沒有看她。

洛蒂喜歡園子裡的一株植物，她害羞地評論了一句，硃砂沒有理會她。沉默許久，硃砂終於開口，她說：「這些年妳是怎麼過來的？妳看起來過得挺好。」一時間，洛蒂感到很頹喪，她不知該如何回答。

硃砂說，還有一隻舊皇宮的狗也送給了公爵夫人，名字叫「枕頭」。洛蒂記得枕頭，他比洛蒂的母親小，洛蒂母親死的那天，他在洛蒂額頭輕吻了一下。硃砂說枕頭來英國沒幾個月就死了，長途旅行把他的身體拖垮了，來了一直沒有恢復。「枕頭真的很好，」硃砂說。她們就那麼坐著，又沉默下來。洛蒂不禁想像她會怎樣離開這個世界。假如她一到這裡就死掉了呢？她想像著女王看著她屍體的樣子。

硃砂喋喋不休的說起來她有多憎恨她的新家，她從第一天起就沒喜歡過那裡，那裡的氣味，質感，那裡精力旺盛的人，一切都那麼令人厭煩。他們給

她改了個新名字，叫「Guh」，就是一個瞎編的中國字，不代表任何意思。任何東西都會讓她過敏，渾身發癢，渾身不舒服。公爵夫人幾乎不理她，只喜歡在活動中展示並炫耀她。公爵夫人反而寵愛她的另一隻狗——一隻獵鹿犬。「他真他媽的是個白癡，」硃砂說道，「他無緣無故嫉妒我。」

籬笆上落下一隻烏鴉，靜靜的看著她們。烏鴉幾乎比洛蒂還大，身上散發著一股燒焦的味道，黑色的羽毛泛著藍幽幽的光。硃砂汪汪叫起來，烏鴉沒聽見似的，硃砂很是氣惱、她叫的更響了。她叫啊叫啊，喉嚨都啞了，最後只好走開了。



之後，洛蒂在原地轉來轉去，無法靜下心來。她心想，硃砂真是一塌糊塗，這樣想她感到心裡難受，可這個想法在她腦海裡揮之不去。

太陽落到一排樹後面去了。夏天盛開的大朵大朵的花都慢慢凋謝了，花瓣掉落枯萎，化作泥土，不再有往昔的美麗。

在狗窩裡，凱斯特問洛蒂發生了什麼事。洛蒂從沒對這裡的狗狗提起過她的傷心往事，現在她也不想說。她曾經想過，等她年紀再大一些的時候，再告訴凱斯特，等她有機會理順一點，可以好好給她講講。

凱斯特問：「你的朋友怎麼了？」

洛蒂說，「沒有誰比硃砂更忠心耿耿了，」她講起硃砂以前在舊皇宮的事情，凱斯特卻走神了，目光飄向一隻飛蠅。洛蒂明白，現在還不是時候。她還得再等等。

她支開凱斯特，把臉埋進乾草鋪成的床。

洛蒂想像著那個合適的時機。它是那麼遙遠，漫天的星星，轉啊轉，閃閃發光。

第十五章

洛蒂在睡夢中逝去，第二天早上才有人發現。凱斯特痛哭哀嚎，別的狗都低頭致哀。

凱斯特一直不明白，洛蒂為什麼沒有告訴她舊皇宮的事。在她的想像中，那樣的生活富足奢華，充滿幸福，到處是奇珍異寶，那是怎樣一個奇妙而美好的世界。

洛蒂被葬在皇宮的土地上。凱斯特用她的鼻頭寫下洛蒂的名字，記錄下地點。

第十六章

去往天堂的入口，洛蒂想像著回到地球的情形。

想像中，化作雲朵的她穿過那一池黃色的水，變得冰涼。

她想像著自己從池水的另一端出去，像是從火中升起的一縷輕煙，悠悠蕩蕩，飄向女王的宮殿。

她想像著順著煙囪裡落下去，遇到跳動的火焰，穿過長長的走廊，從女王寢室的門下偷偷溜進去。

然後沿著屋角滑過，滑到床腳，又繚繞升起，飄向女王的頭邊。女王頭枕著緞面的枕頭，洛蒂懸在她頭頂上方，女王感到一絲涼意，她睜開眼睛，深吸了一口氣。洛蒂鑽進女王的耳朵裡，停在那兒。

女王召來御醫和牧師，卻對莫名的耳痛束手無策。入耳的寒毒把女王折磨得完全無心處理其他事情。

突然有一天，洛蒂離開了，女王無從知曉到底發生了什麼。離開之前，洛蒂對女王低語，要她說給每一位王后、國王、皇帝和皇后聽。



接著洛蒂想像著化作雲朵的她開始不斷分裂，分成很多很多小小的雲。每一片都是新的，黏乎乎的。每一片都落在一樣東西上，風吹起的窗簾，一塊毛

皮，鞋子的鞋底。每一片雲朵都輕鬆自在，他們不必追求與眾不同，也不會被拋開掉落。



然後，洛蒂想像著天堂另一端的景象。

Images 圖版



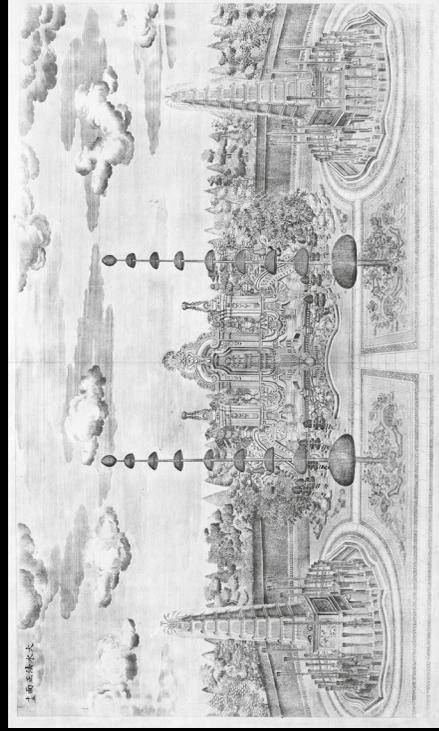
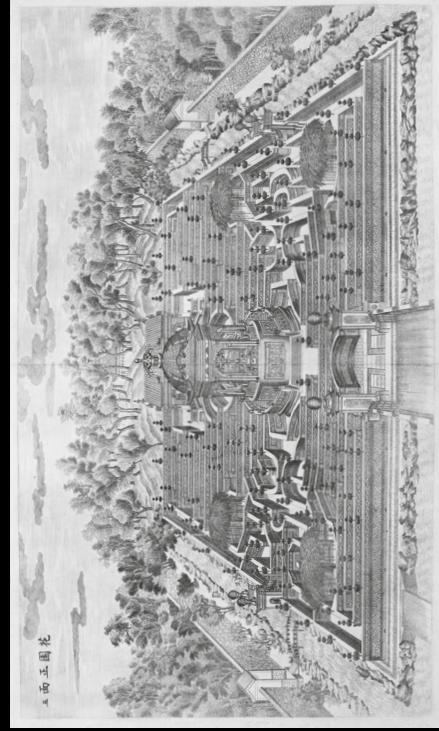
Looty, photographed by
William Bambridge, 1865.

洛蒂，威廉·班布里奇攝，1865年。

圖說：

洛蒂
中國犬

由陸軍第九十九團Dunn上尉
於1861年4月從圓明園帶走

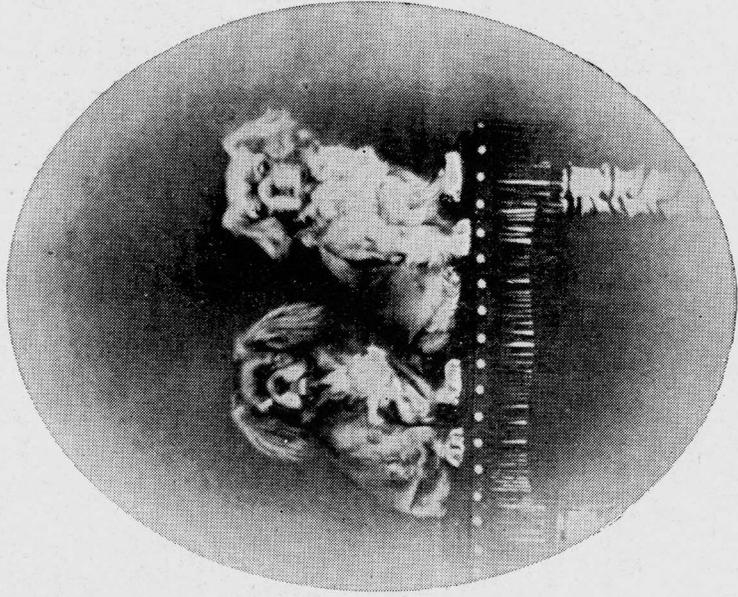


*The Twenty Views of the European
Palaces of the Yuanmingyuan* by Yi Lantai,
1783–1786.

The European-style buildings
of the Summer Palace (Yuanmingyuan)
were designed by French and Italian
Jesuits for the Qing emperors.

《圓明園歐式宮殿二十景》，伊爾
泰繪，1783至1786年。

圓明園的歐式建築由法國
與義大利耶穌會士為清皇帝設計。



THE ORIGINAL GOODWOOD PEKINGESE
GUH AND MEH.

The two dogs from the Summer Palace that were gifted to the Duchess of Richmond.

里士滿公爵夫人的兩隻圓明園狗狗。

圖說：
古德伍德莊園的北京犬「Guh」與「Meh」。

Princess Alexandra with a Pekingese,
1910.

亞歷山德拉公主和一隻北京犬，
1910年。



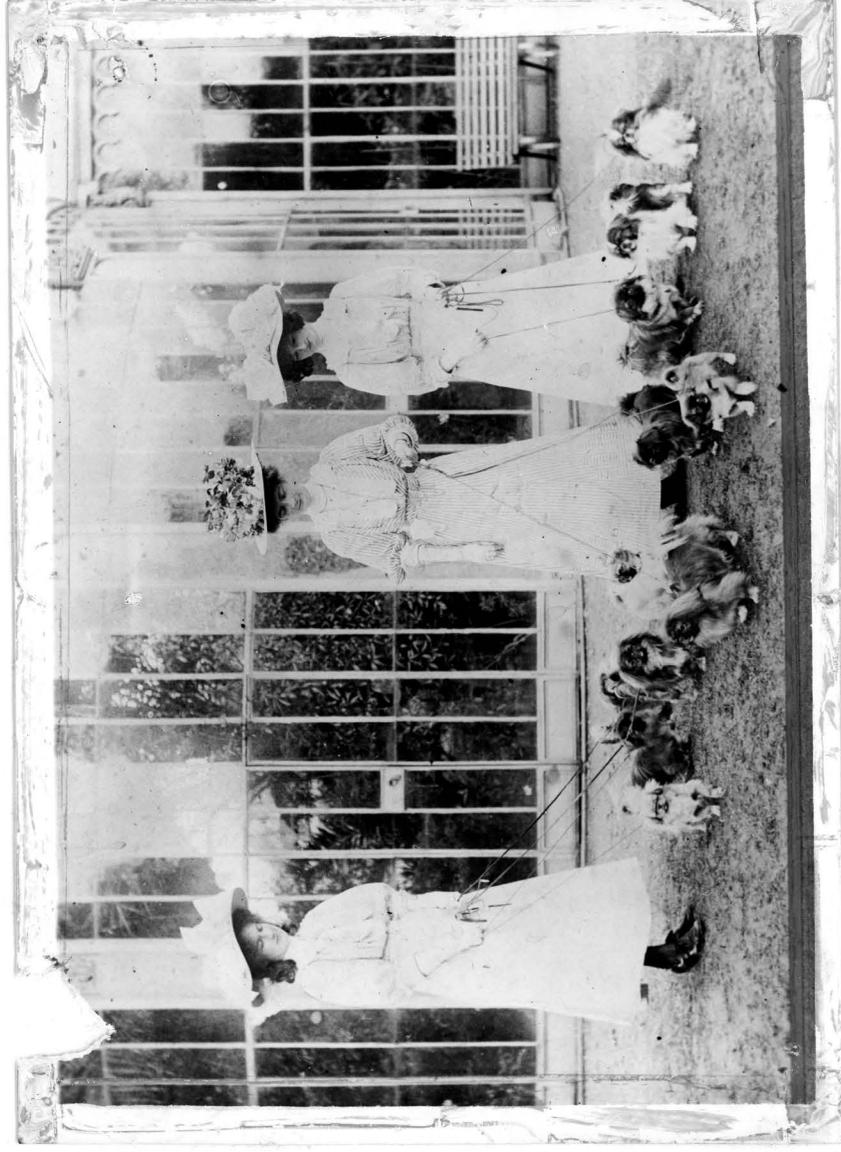


Lady Gooch with Pekin Yen.
From *Ladies' Field*, 31 August 1901.

古奇夫人與「北京燕」。
《仕女場》雜誌，1901年8月31日。

Pekingese and their owners at
a show at a botanical garden.

下圖為植物園活動中的北京犬與
牠們的主人。



THE MISSES ASHTON CROSS IN 1907 AT A SHOW AT
THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.



Selection of photos of champion dogs taken by Francis Galton at the Crystal Palace exhibition, 1899.

水晶宮博覽會冠軍犬選錄，弗朗西斯·高爾頓攝於1899年。



PLATE XXXVIII



Francis Galton, aged 87, on the steps at Fox Holm, Cobham, in 1906, with the faithful Gifi and the albino puppy Wee Ling.

Francis Galton (sitting) with his servant, Gifi, and Wee Ling, the albino Pekingese gifted to Galton by Karl Pearson.

Photo by Fox Holm, Cobham, September 1909.

弗朗西斯·高爾頓（坐）和他的僕人吉菲，還有一隻白化北京犬威靈。該犬為卡爾·皮爾森送給高爾頓的禮物。

福克斯·霍爾姆攝，1909年。

Amy Ching-Yan Lam 林靜昕
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講她的一生，講她在中陰世的經歷

