

## 倘若鸟儿回还中英文故事

我甚至孤身一人住在离家几英里远的城市，强迫自己独立，一切都由自己动手。但把我放在船上等于剥夺了我所获得的一切，而我不想让自己感到懦弱无助。

Charles saw them both at the same time: a small white bird and the girl wheeling down the walk. The bird glided downward and rested in the grass; the girl directed the chair smoothly along the sunlit, shadowy walk. She stopped to watch the ducks on the pond and when she shoved the wheels again, Charles stood up. "May I push you?" he called, running across the grass to her. The white bird flew to the top of a tree.

查尔斯是在同一时刻看到他们俩的：一只白色的小鸟和坐着轮椅沿着小径悠然而来的女孩。小鸟滑翔而下，栖息在草地上；女孩则平稳地驾着轮椅，穿行在阳光下婆娑的树影之间。她停下来看了看池塘里的鸭子，当她再次用手推动轮椅时，查尔斯一下子站了起来。“我来推你好吗？”他一边喊道，一边穿过草地朝她奔去。那只小鸟嗖地飞上了树梢。

It was mostly he who talked and he seemed afraid to stop for fear she'd ask him to leave her by herself. Nothing in her face had supported the idea of helplessness conveyed by the wheelchair, and he knew that his assistance was not viewed as a favor. He asked the cause of her handicap.

大部分时间都是他在喋喋不休，他似乎害怕话一停，她就会请他离开，好让她独自呆着。从她的脸上看不出有任何缘于轮椅的无助表情，因而他知道，他的帮助并没有被看作是一种恩惠。他问起她致残的原因。

"It was an automobile accident when I was 12," Amy explained.

“我12岁那年出了一场车祸，”艾米解释说。

They went for lunch, and he would have felt awkward except that she knew completely how to take care of herself.

他们一起去吃午餐。幸好她能完全照料自己，不然他可就尴尬了。

"Do you live with someone?" he asked the next day when they met.

“你和什么人住在一起吗？”第二天见面时他问。

"Just myself," she answered. Asking the question made him feel uneasy because of his own loneliness even though he was hoping for this answer.

“就我自己，”她答道。尽管他希望得到这样一个答案，但是问这个问题仍然让他有些不安，因为他自己也过得很孤独。

He came to like to feel the white handles in his grasp, to walk between the two white-rimmed metal wheels. And he grew almost more familiar with the slight wave at the back of her hair than with her eyes or her mouth. Once, he said to the wave at the back of her hair, "I hope I'm the only chair-pusher in your life," but she had only smiled a little and her eyes had admitted nothing.

他开始喜欢把轮椅的白色手柄握在手里的感觉，喜欢在那两只镶有白边的金属轮子中间推车行走。他对他披在身后的、微微起伏的长发愈加熟悉，几乎超过了对她的眼睛和嘴唇的熟悉程度。有一次，他对着她波浪一般起伏的长发说：“真希望我是你生命中惟一为你推轮椅的人。”但她只是莞尔一笑，眼里没有任何表示。

She cooked dinner for him once in June. He expected her to be proud of her ability to do everything from her seat in the wheelchair—and was faintly disappointed to see that she would not feel pride at what was, for her, simply a matter of course. He watched his own hand pick up the salt shaker and place it on one of the higher unused shelves, and awaited her plea for assistance. He didn't know why he'd done it, but the look in her eyes made him realize how cruel his prank was. To make her forget what he'd done, he told her about the little white bird in the park.

6月里，她曾为他烧过一顿晚餐。她坐在轮椅上样样事情都能做，他以为她会为此而自豪的，但她仅仅把这视为一件理所当然的事，并无自豪感可言。发现这一点后，他未免有些怅然若失。他望着自己的手拿起盐瓶，把它放到一块较高的、不常用的碗柜搁板上，然后等着她请求帮助。他不明白自己为什么要这样做，但她的眼神让他意识到，他的恶作剧有多么残酷。为了让她忘掉他刚才的蠢行，他跟她谈起了公园里的那只小白鸟。

"I've seen it, too," she said. "I read a poem once about a little white bird that came to rest on a windowsill and the lady who lived in the house began to put out food for it. Soon the lady fell in love, but it was a mismatched love. Every day the little bird came to the window and the lady put out food. When the love affair was over, the little white bird never returned, but the woman went on putting out the crumbs every day for years and the wind just blew them away."

“我也看见了，”她说。“我曾经读过一首诗，诗中的小白鸟经常飞来栖息在一户人家的窗台上，女主人开始拿出食物喂它。很快，女主人便爱上了这只鸟儿，可这场爱恋并不般配。小鸟每天飞到窗前，女主人便每天捧出食物。恋情结束之后，小白鸟一去不返，可女主人连着几年日复一日地把面包屑放到窗台上，任风把它们吹走。”

In July he took her boating frequently. The most awkward event, she felt, was getting in and out of the boat. For Charles, however, these "freight handlings," as she came to call it, seemed to be the highlight of the outings. In the boat she felt helpless, unable to move around, sitting in one spot. Also, she was unable to swim, should the boat turn over. Charles didn't observe her discomfort; she did note how much he enjoyed being in control. When he called for her one day in early August, she refused to.

7月里，他时常带她去划船。最令她感到不自在的是只能由查尔斯把她抱上抱下，她称之为“货物装卸”。但对查尔斯而言，那样的时刻仿佛就是他们户外活动的最精彩部分。她在船上感到很无助，只能坐在一个地方，没法四处活动。而且如果翻船，她可不会游泳。查尔斯对她的不安不予体察。她却发现了他是多么喜欢控制别人。8月初的一天，他来喊她去划船，她说什么也不肯去。

They would, instead, she said, go for a walk in which she would move herself by the strength of her own arms and he would walk beside her.

她建议他们不妨出去散散步，这样她可以凭自己的臂力推动自己，他则可以走在她身边。

"Why don't you just rest your arms and let me push you?"

“你为什么不让自己的胳膊轻松一下，让我来推你呢？”

"No."

“不用。”

"Your arms will get sore<sup>14</sup>. I've been helping you do it for three months now."

“你的胳膊会酸的。三个月来一直是我在推你呀！”

"I wheeled myself for 12 years before you came along."

“可在你出现之前，我推了自己12年。”

"But I don't like having to walk beside you while you push yourself!"

“但我不愿你自己推自己而我却只能袖手旁观！”

"Do you think I liked sitting helpless in your boat every weekend for the past two months?"

“你以为过去两个月的每个周末，我就喜欢无可奈何地坐在你的船上吗？”

He never considered this and was shocked into silence. Finally he said quietly, "I never realized that, Amy. You're in a wheelchair all the time - I never thought you'd mind sitting in the boat. It's the same thing."

他从未考虑过这个问题，一时间惊讶得说不出话。最后他平静地说道：“我从未意识到这一点，艾米。你一直坐在轮椅里——我没想过让你坐在船上你会介意。我以为这是一回事。”

"It is not the same thing. In this chair, I can move by myself; I can go anywhere I need to go. That boat traps me so I can't do anything - I couldn't even save myself if something happened and I fell out."

“这不是一回事。坐在轮椅里，我能自己行动，需要去哪儿就可以去哪儿。而那条船却困住了我，让我无计可施——万一发生什么事，我掉到了水里，我甚至连自救都不会。”

"But I'm there. Don't you think I could save you or help you move or whatever it is you want?"

“可是有我在呀！难道你认为我救不了你，不能帮你活动或是干你想干的任何事吗？”

"Yes, but Charles - the point is I've spent 12 years learning to manage by myself. I even live in a city that's miles from my family so I'll have to be independent and do things for myself. Being placed in the boat takes all that I've won away from me. Can't you see why I object to it? I don't want to feel helpless."

“你能。可是，查尔斯——问题在于我花了12年的时间才学会自理。我甚至孤身一人住在离家几英里远的城市，强迫自己独立，一切都由自己动手。把我放在船上等于剥夺了我所获得的一切。难道你不明白我为什么反对你那样做吗？我不想让自己感到懦弱无助。”

As they went down the path Charles selfishly only thought of his own needs, finally he lost control and said, "Amy, I need to have you dependent upon me." He grabbed the wheelchair and pushed her along. She had to let go of the wheels or injure herself. He could not see the anger in her eyes, and it was just as well for it was an anger he would not have understood.

他们沿着小路继续往前走，最后他失去了控制，说：“艾米，我需要你依赖我。”查尔斯只在自己心里私地想着自己的需要。他一把抓过轮椅，推着她飞跑起来。结果她只得把手从轮子上放开，以免伤着自己。他看不到她眼眸中的愤怒，这样也好，因为那种愤怒不是他所能理解的。

She would not answer her telephone the next morning but in his mail that afternoon came an envelope that he knew had come from Amy. The handwriting was not beautiful, but it was without question hers. Inside was only a card on which she had written:

第二天早上，她不愿接他打来的电话。不过下午，在他收到的邮件中有一封信，他知道那准是艾米写来的。字写得并不漂亮，但无疑是她的笔迹。里面只有一张卡片，她在上面写道：

If you want something badly enough,

You must let it go free.

If it comes back to you,

It's yours.

If it doesn't,

You really never had it anyway.

(Anonymous)

如果你渴望爱情，

就必须给它自由。

倘若鸟儿回还，  
它就不再飞走。  
若它去无影踪，  
你从未真正拥有。

(无名氏)

He ran out of his apartment, refusing to believe that Amy might no longer be in her home. As he was running towards her apartment, he kept hearing a roar in his ears: "You must let it go free; you must let it go free."

他冲出公寓大楼，不相信艾米会搬家。他朝她的公寓狂奔而去，一路上只有一个声音不绝于耳：“给它自由；你必须给它自由！”

But he thought: I can't risk it, she is mine, can't give her a chance not to belong to me, can't let her think she doesn't need me, she must need me. Oh God, I have to have her.

但是他想：我不能冒这个险，她是我的；我决不能放手，决不能让她不属于我，决不能让她以为她不需要我；她一定需要我。哦，上帝，我必须得到她！

But her apartment was empty. Somehow in the hours overnight, she had packed - by herself - and moved by herself. The rooms were now impersonal; their cold stillness could not respond when he fell to the floor and sobbed.

然而她的公寓空空如也。她一定是在头天夜里花了几个小时打好行装——自己动手——独自离去。此刻，房间里不再有任何生命的气息。他倒地啜泣，回答他的只有一片阴冷的寂静。

By the middle of August he had heard nothing from Amy. He went often to the park but avoided looking for the white bird.

到了8月中旬，他依然没收到艾米的任何消息。他时常去公园，但总是小心翼翼地不去寻找那只小白鸟。

September came and had almost gone before he finally received a letter. The handwriting was without question hers. The postmark was that of a city many miles distant. He tore open the envelope and at first thought it was empty. Then he noticed a single white feather had fallen from it. In his mind, the white bird rose in flight and its wings let fly one feather. Were it not for the feather, no one would have known that the white bird had ever been. Thus he knew Amy would not be back, and it was many hours before he let the feather drop out of his hand.

9月不觉来临，又即将悄然逝去，他终于收到了另一封熟悉的来信。无疑是她的笔迹。邮戳标明寄自另一个遥远的城市。他撕开信封，最初还以为里面空无一物，随后才发现有一根从信封中飘落的洁白羽毛。他的脑海里幻化出那只小白鸟，它振翅飞翔，一片羽毛从它的翅上抖落。倘若不是鸟儿在离去时留下这片羽毛为证，有谁会知道小白鸟曾经来过？他幡然醒悟：艾米再也不会回来了。不知过了多久，他才让那根羽毛从手中悄然滑落。