

我父亲 是 恐怖分子

一个关于选择的故事

罗永浩感动推荐

扎克

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ff Giles) 著
张秋晴译

"Well, I know it's been a long time coming for us," she says when we're sitting in front of bubbling eyes. The weary in her voice is typical of what we've been through. "I can't wait where we're going, and I do like us. We just sit there and laugh." She adds that during their time in New Jersey, "the longer we sat, the more my mother posed and the more I had to say something like 'is this going to help.' My son got up and started dancing around me, and I thought he was going to break my arm." Her mother, though, was not soothed by the boy's antics. "She said I was seven years old, and I didn't have it in me to make him stop," she recalls. "I'm not a mother, and I'm not a wife, and only I can tell my story with the memories. Never has my mother, if I'm honest, been a good mother to me. I'm not a good mother to my son. I'm not a good wife to my husband. I'm not a good friend to my best friend. I'm not a good neighbor to my neighbors. I'm not a good person to anyone. I'm not a good person to myself."

And when you need to pull your trousers down this size, and wrap it up tight. Usualy your sister will help you." She moves toward the door. "Yoko, I, yoko...on..." "Yoko?" I say. It's the first word I've managed to since I stumbled out from under my bed. My brain buzzes. "Where should I put in the sheet? Where...that?

"Well, I say, 'I'm in New York' and he says 'I recognize you.' Since I'm not back in my town, I'm in New York, who would put in a phone card? ... Well, my good friend, Shy Oberstein, I want to do it as my mother says. She looks at dog to me. Whatever will be, she says. I don't know if I am coming back, turns, and she's gone. One time, we go upstairs, my sister, my brother, and I had down to the living room. My mother has called my father's cousin in Brooklyn, call him Uncle One, or just Uncle, and she's telling him he's headed home. He was so flushed. She's clutching the phone with her left hand and, we right, exuberantly calling the telephone where it's come loose around her ear. The TV plays in the background. Breaking news. We interrupt the program

mother calms her, watching, and hums to lull it off. She talks to Ammu Ibrahim awhile longer, her back to us. When she hangs up, the phone begins ringing. It's a jolting sound in the middle of the night, too loud and like it knows something. My mother answers. It is one of Babu's friends from the mosque, a driver named Motahary. Everyone calls him Red because of his hair. Red sounds desperate to reach my father. "He's not here," my mother says. She is

She says, "I'm sorry, I have to hang up now." She tries to squeeze in one more word. "It's about you," she says. "I'm not here." My mother says, "Really?"

Everything we could possibly envy—and more—is piled by the door threatening to topple at any second. My mother paces around, checking and recheck purses. She has all of our birth certificates, proof, if anyone demands it, that she is our mother. My father, El Sayyid Noor, was born in Egypt. But my mother was born in Pittsburgh. Before she visited the Shabaka in a local mosque and became a Muslim—before she took the name Nouria—the went by Lila Mills. "Your Uncle Ibrahim is coming for us," she tells me when she sees me sitting up and rubbing my eyes. The worry in her voice is mixed with a momentary sense of relief.

now. "If he ever gets here," I will not ask where we are going, and no one tells me. We just wait. We wait for longer than I should take Anna to drive Brooklyn to New Jersey. And the longer we wait, the faster my mother paces and the more I feel like something in my chest is going to burst. My sister puts her arm around me. I try to be brave, I put an arm around my brother. "Yo Alachi!" my mother says. This is making me insane. I nod like I understand.

mother shakes me awake in my bed. There's been an accident, she says. I am seven years old, a chubby kid in age. Mutant Ninja Turtles primaries. I'm accustomed to being roused before dawn, but only by my father, and only to pray on my little rug with the name. Never by my mother. It's eleven o'clock at night. My father is not home. Lately, he has been staying at the mosque in Jersey City, deeper and deeper into the night. He is still Babo longish, hairy, loving, warm. Just this morning he tried to teach me, yet again, how to tie my shoes. Has he been in an accident? What is it?

oddities? Is he hunting for them? I can't get the questions out because I'm so scared of the answers. My mother flings open a white sheet—*it mushrooms* like a cloud—the curtains are spread to it on the floor. "Look in my eyes," Z, she says, her face so lovelorn that without her I hardly recognize her. "You're getting dressed quickly, you can. And then you need to say things on the sheet, and wrap it up tight. Okay? Your sister will help you." She moves to the door. "I'll be back in a minute." What? I say. It's the first word I've managed since I lumbered out from under my He-Man blanket. What would I say? "What...things?" I'm so confused. She. I thought I wanted to do my mother's voice. She stands to look at me. "Whatever's in the box, I don't care."

"I'm a good girl," says my mother. "I do what my mother says." She sighs to look at me. "I know who you are," she says. "I'm your reading book." She turns, and she's gone. Once we've passed, my sister, my brother, and I pad down to the living room. My mother has a visitor, a student from Brooklyn—we call him Uncle Ibrahim, or just Ammu—and she's talking to him heatedly now. Her face is flushed. She's clutching the patterned headband, with her right, restlessly adjusting her hair where it's come loose around her ear. The TV plays in the background. Breaking news about the recession. My mother catches up with us, and she's smiling. "I'm so happy to see you all again," she says. "I'm so glad you're here."

The phone begins ringing. It's a jolting sound in the middle of the night too loud and like it knows something. My mother answers. It is one of Bob's friends from the mosque, a taxi driver named Mahmud. Everyone calls him Red because of his hair. Red sounds desperate to reach my father. "He's not here," mother says. She listens for a moment. "Okay," she says, and hangs up. The phone rings again. That terrible noise. This time, I can't figure out who's calling.

mother says, "Really?" She says, "Asking about us? The police?" A little later, I wake up on a blanket on the living room floor. Somewhere in the media a phone, I've nodded off. Everything we could possibly carry—saint icons—is piled by the door, threatening to topple at any second. My mother pores over, checking and rechecking her purse. She has a stack of birth certificates, proof, if anyone demands it, that she is our mother. My father, El Sayed Nasar, was in Egypt. But my mother was born in Pittsburgh before she reached the Shishkhan in a local mosque and became a Muslim—before she took the name

In Egypt, but my mother was born in Mississippi, and she and her husband had a farm in Louisiana and a home in New Orleans. I never saw her until we moved to New Mexico—she went by Karen Mills. "Your Uncle Lindon is coming for us," she told me when she saw me sitting up and rubbing my eyes. The worry in her is tinged with impatience now. "If he ever gets here, I do not ask where we are going, and no one tells me. We just wait. We wait for longer than it should take."

bursting sister puts on her one-piece. I used to be uncool and my mom would shake her head over me. Now I'm cool. I'm cool because I'm cool. I'm eleven tonight. My mother lets me home alone. I can be home alone with my brother. To Allah! my mother says. This is making me insane. I need to be a kid again, she says. I am seven years old, a chubby lil' hog with never-had-my-milk teeth, but only once. I just want to play and play with the minnows. Never let my mind even stay in the mosque in Jersey City deeper and deeper into the night. But he is still Baba to

lunny, loving form. "Is this morning hard to get up again? How to tie my shoes. Has he been in an accident? What kind of accident? Is he hurt? Does he need help? I get the questions out of me before the answers. My mother flings open a white sheet—it mushrooms briefly, like a cloud—then read it on the floor. "Look in my eyes, Z," she says, her face so twisted with worry that I hardly recognize her. "You need to get dressed as quickly as possible. And then you need to put your things on the shelf and woooooo off! Okay? Your sister will help you." She moves toward the door.

"And when you need to put your things on the shelf, and when by night, *Cathy*, our new maid will help you. She knows how to make the bed, too."

"What," I say. "It's the first word I've managed to since I stumbled out from under my *Hesitant blanket*. What should I put in the shoe? Why I'm a good lad. Shy. Obedient. I want to do as my mother says. She stops to look at me. 'Whatever will fit,' she says. 'I don't know if we're lemons, and she's gone. Once we've packed, my sister, my brother, and I pace down to the living room. My mother has called my father's old self off his *Uncle Hesitant*, and he comes, and she tells him he hasn't been home since his wife died. She's a widow, and she's been alone ever since."

-we call him Uncle Ibrahim, or just Ammu-and she's talking to him heartily now. Her voice is flushed. She's clutching the phone with her left hand at her right, nervously adjusting her hijab where it's come loose around her ear. The TV plays in the background. Breaking news. We interrupt. My mother catches up, whispering, and turns to tell it off. She looks to Ammu, Ibrahim, and me longer, her book to us. When she hangs up, the ringing. It's a jolting sound in the middle of the night too loud and like it knows something. My mother answers. It is one of Bob's friends from

a taxi driver named Mahmoud. Everyone calls him Red because of his hair. Red sounds desperate to reach my father. "He's not here," my mother says, a message of dismay, "she says, and hangs up. The phone rings again. That terrible noise. This time, I can't figure out who's calling. My mother asks, "Auntie? Asking about us? Is the police?" A little later, I wake up one blanket on the living room floor. Somehow, in the midst of the chaos, I dreamt we could possibly carry—and more—is carried by the door, threatening to knock or snap now. My mother comes down, shivering.

"The voice...possibly louder and more..." stopped by the door.
"I'm going to sleep or any second. I may have for peace unbroken, a son,
her name. She'll tell us of her birth certificates, proof if anyone demands it, that she is my mother. My father, El Sayyid Nasir, was born in Egypt
in 1905. He died in 1980 in Pittsburgh. Before she reached the Shohada in a local mosque and became a Muslim--before she took the name Khalid Nasir
and me. Yes. Uncle Ibrahim is coming for us," she tells me when she sees the sitting up and rubbing my eyes. The worry in her voice is tinged
with exhaustion. "I hope and pray that we will be safe and we will be safe. We will be safe." Her words are like a lullaby, and I fall asleep.

below. I'll never get here. I do not ask where we are going, and no one tells me. We just wait. We wait for longer than it should take Ann Brooklyn to New Jersey. And the longer I wait, the faster my mother paces, and the more I feel like my chest is going to burst. I want an arm around me. I try to be brave. I lay the longer, I put an arm around my brother. "Are Allah?" my mother says. "This is making me insane." My mother shakes me awake in my bed: "There's been an accident," she says. I am seven years old, a chubby kid in *Teenage Mutant Ninja*

I am accustomed to being roused before dawn, but only by my father, and only to pray on my little rug with the minarets. Never by my mother at night. My father is not home. Lately, he has been staying at the mosque in Jersey City deeper and deeper into the night. But he is still Bobo to funny, loving, warm. Just this morning he tried to teach me, yet again, how to tie my shoes. Has he been on an oxident? What kind of oxident? Is he hurt? dead? I can't ask the questions out because I'm too scared of the answer. My mother flings open a white screen—it must smell heavily like a noun—

"You can. And then you need to put your things onto this sheet, and wrap it up tight. Okay? Your sister will help you." She moves toward the door. "You yells. Let's go." "Wait," I say. It's the first word I've managed to since I stumbled out from under my Ben-Hor blanket. "What should you do in the sheet?" "Whatever you want to do. The choices are yours. You can sleep in it, or you can play in it, or you can just sit in it and look at it. You can do whatever you want to do."

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一个关于选择的故事

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图书在版编目（CIP）数据

我父亲是恐怖分子：一个关于选择的故事 / (美) 易卜拉欣, (美) 盖尔斯著 ; 张秋晴译. — 北京 : 中信出版社, 2016.1

(TED思想的力量系列)

书名原文: The Terrorist's Son: A Story of Choice

ISBN 978-7-5086-5241-2

I. ①我… II. ①易… ②盖… ③张… III. ①传记文
学—美国—现代 IV. ①I712.55

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2015)第116010号

The Terrorist's son: A Story of Choice

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Published by arrangement with the original publisher, Simon & Schuster, Inc.

Chinese Simplified Translation copyright © 2015 by CITIC PRESS CORPORATION

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我父亲是恐怖分子——一个关于选择的故事

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策划推广: 中信出版社 (China CITIC Press)

出版发行: 中信出版集团股份有限公司

(北京市朝阳区惠新东桥甲4号富盛大厦2座 邮编 100029)

(CITIC Publishing Group)

承印者: 北京通州皇家印刷厂

开 本: 880mm×1230mm 1/32

印 张: 4 字 数: 56千字

版 次: 2016年1月第1版

印 次: 2016年1月第1次印刷

京权图字: 01-2015-6588

广告经营许可证: 京朝工商广字第8087号

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5086-5241-2/I · 643

定 价: 36.00元

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凡购本社图书, 如有缺页、倒页、脱页, 由发行公司负责退换。

服务热线: 010-84849555 服务传真: 010-84849000

投稿邮箱: author@citicpub.com

地 日

人不过是其思想的外化。心有所思，人即成之。

译者序 / 逃离仇恨的基因

张秋晴

2015年年初，刚从欧洲回来，我就接到旧时在TED to China（TED是technology、entertainment、design的首字母缩写，即技术、娱乐、设计）译制部老友Kevin的消息，说中信打算把TED Books引进中国，正在物色翻译，问我有没有兴趣。当时工作上项目压得紧，还有些迟疑，但是看到邮件里发来的一本书，立刻眼前一亮——正是这本《我父亲是恐怖分子：一个关于选择的故事》。

之所以和这本书产生火花，起初是因为我对国际事务与宗教的兴趣与经历。在大学期间，我大部分的时间和精力，都投入到了英语辩论上，足迹跨越欧亚，结交了来自不同国家和地区，有着不同信仰和成长经历的辩友。在看

到校园之外更广阔世界的同时，也认识到自己对国际关系认知的匮乏。因此，在马德里IE商学院上学期间，特地多选了IE国际关系学院的课程，师从前任联合国驻科索沃、卢旺达和海地官员，欧洲智库FRIDE的主席何塞·路易斯·埃雷罗教授。在这门围绕当代国际冲突与争端解决问题展开的课程中，教授反复提及约翰·加尔通（John Galtung）的“文化暴力”概念，即选择性地放大并具有目的性地诠释文化中的某一方面，并用之为直接性或结构性的暴力进行辩护。书中的当代宗教激进主义正是这一概念的典例，通过对宗教经典的极端主义解读，为其进行直接性暴力行为（恐怖主义袭击）进行辩护，并以此对结构性暴力（如对同性恋和犹太人的歧视与仇恨）加以正当化与合理化。因此，对于商科出身的我而言，翻译这本书成了在课业和工作之外，对国际关系这一领域学术热忱的延伸。跟随着扎克的笔触，翻译着他成长过程中的点点滴滴，让我对文化诠释在正当化暴力中所能起到的强大作用，有了更加深刻的认识和感悟。

但在翻译这本书的过程中，让我感触更深的，是作者

贯穿全书的三个观点。

其一，他人灌输的偏见无法战胜个人对真实世界的经
验。书中，长大成人的扎克在游乐园的第一份暑期工作，
让他逃离父亲与继父的阴影，接触到真实世界中形形色色
的人。他们不再被标签化、妖魔化，不再是袭击的目标，
而是现实中有血有肉、真诚友好的人。这让作者开始质疑
成长过程中被反复灌输的教条，开始真正用自己的眼光去
评判世界，用自己的脑袋独立思考。这让我回想起自己在
巴以地区旅行时，萍水相逢却热情收留我的犹太人和穆斯
林朋友，以及在平静的巴勒斯坦小镇上，来自以色列的天
使投资人和风险投资人聆听巴勒斯坦地区创业者的项目展
示，带有公益性质地进行投资的场景，打破了我对这个地
区充满贪婪与仇恨的印象。的确，当距离缩进，亲眼目睹，
亲身经历时，虽不能完全排除文化与信仰的影响，但总比他人选择性的复述与刻画要来的更为真实。

其二，个人可以选择自己的命运。书中，年幼的扎克
在仇恨与暴力的阴影中长大，他父亲的同伙希望他能“子
承父业”，负责他父亲案子的FBI（美国联邦调查局）探

员则害怕他步父亲的后尘。而扎克用自己的经历证明，无论环境如何，最终做出选择，决定命运的还是自己。这让人想起法国哲学家让-保罗·萨特的格言：“存在先于本质。”人不同于物，是面向未来的，具备无限可能的“自为”主体，他的行为表征的存在塑造了他的本质。人是自由的，正因为他有选择自己采取何种行动的能力，能够利用自己的超越性看到自己行动在因果作用下产生的影响，做出自己想要的选择，成为自己想要成为的人，让自己的存在决定自己的本质。正因为一个人的本质是由他的行为来定义的，所以评价人的依据，不是他的固有身份，而是他的所作所为。这一存在主义推论，与作者在书中向母亲坦言，自己从此只以行为评判他人的故事也是一致的。

其三，非暴力才是解决问题的最终办法。如果说通过真实经历打破偏见能够消除文化中对直接与结构性暴力的合理化诠释，让非暴力变得理论上可行的话，明确个人选择能够超越环境影响，决定未来结果的存在主义，则让非暴力变得事实上可行。扎克用自己的故事说明，支持恐怖主义暴力的偏见与谎言最终会被打破，而个人能够也应该

坚持非暴力，“赋予对手人性，意识到自己与他们所共同感受到的渴望与恐惧，共同合作，化解矛盾，而非以暴制暴。”这种富于同情心和人道主义的非暴力，才是人类社会应有的解决争端的手段。否则，用暴力制造恐惧，让双方相互妖魔化并予以暴力反击，用仇恨制造仇恨，冲突将不会有停止的一天。

最后，感谢TED to China的牵线搭桥和中信出版社的辛勤工作，TED的口号正是“睿思博传”（Ideas worth spreading），希望更多人能参与其中，将这样深刻的故事引入中国，让更多人发现它的价值。

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第一章

1990年11月5日，
新泽西州，
克里夫赛德帕克市

母亲摇醒了睡梦中的我。“出事了。”她说。

当时我还是个年仅七岁的小胖孩，穿着忍者神龟的睡衣。我早已习惯天还没亮就被叫醒，但叫醒我的一向是父亲，他会让我带上我的小毯子去宣礼塔祷告。而那天，叫醒我的却是母亲。

已经晚上十一点了，父亲还没回来。最近，他总是待在泽西市的清真寺，回家的时间越来越晚。但对我来说，他还是那个亲爱的父亲——一个风趣、慈爱、温暖的人。就在今天早晨，他还不厌其烦地教我怎么系鞋带。他出什么事了吗？什么样的事故？他受伤了吗？他还活着吗？对答案的恐惧，让这些问题在我脑海中挥之不去。

母亲猛地抖开一张雪白的床单——仿佛一朵白云瞬间绽放在空中——然后俯身将床单平铺在地上。“看着我的眼睛，小扎克，”她愁容满面，仿佛变了一个人。“把衣服穿上，越快越好。然后把你东西都放到这张床单上，再包起来绑紧，明白了吗？你姐姐会帮你的。”说完，她走向卧室门口。“快点，小扎克，快点，动起来。”

“等等，”这是我从太空超人毯子里跌跌撞撞爬出来后勉强吐出的第一句话。“我该把什么东西放到床单上？你指的是什么样的……东西？”

我是个乖孩子，腼腆，听话。我想尽量按照母亲吩咐的去做。

她停下脚步，转身看着我。“什么都可以，能放进去就行。”她说，“我不知道我们还能不能回到这个家。”

她转过身，消失在门外。

我和姐姐、弟弟一把东西打包好，就轻手轻脚地走到客厅。母亲打电话给父亲在布鲁克林的堂兄——我们管他叫易卜拉欣叔叔，有时也直接叫他“Ammu”（阿拉伯语，意为“叔叔”）。他们正在激烈地争论。母亲的脸涨

得通红，左手紧紧握着手机，右手则紧张地整理着耳边散开的头巾。电视还开着。有突发消息，“节目暂停，现插播一则新闻……”母亲发现我们在看电视，慌忙冲过来关掉。

她背过身，和易卜拉欣叔叔又谈了一会儿。手机刚挂，家里的电话又响了起来。这夜半响起的铃声听起来甚是刺耳，特别吵闹，仿佛知道些什么似的。

母亲过去接了电话。是爸爸在清真寺的一个朋友打来的，一个叫马哈茂德的出租车司机。因为他长着一头红发，大家都叫他红毛。红毛听上去急着找我父亲。“他不在。”母亲回答道，又听他说了一会儿。“好吧。”她说，然后放下了电话。

电话又响了起来，还是那种可怕的噪声。

这回我没听出电话那头是谁。“真的吗？”母亲说，“他们问起我们？警察？”

又过了一会儿，我迷迷糊糊地在客厅的一块地毯上醒了过来。不知怎的，在这一片混乱中，我竟打了个盹儿。所有好带走、不好带走的东西都堆在了门前，摇摇晃晃，随时可能倒下。母亲来回踱着步，一遍又一遍地检查她钱

包里的东西。她手里拿着我们三个人的出生证明：万一有人来查，她好证明自己是我们的亲生母亲。我父亲，埃尔-塞伊德·诺塞尔，出生在埃及，我母亲则出生在美国的匹兹堡。在当地的一个清真寺诵读了清真言后，她入教成了穆斯林。在她改叫海迪彻·诺塞尔之前，她的名字是卡伦·米尔斯。

“你的易卜拉欣叔叔正赶过来接我们，”她看着坐在地上、揉着双眼我说道，“如果他真能赶过来的话。”她充满担忧的声音里又添了一丝烦躁。

我没问我们要去哪儿，也没有人告诉我。我们就那么干等着。我们等待的时间，远远超出了叔叔开车从布鲁克林到新泽西要花的时间。我们等得越久，母亲来回踱步的速度也越快，我越发觉得胸腔就要炸开来。我佯装勇敢，一手搂紧我的弟弟。

“啊，安拉！”母亲叫道，“再这样下去我就要疯了。”

我似懂非懂地，点了点头。

母亲没有告诉我的是，梅厄·卡赫纳，一名激进派拉比和犹太防卫联盟的创始人，在纽约市一家万豪酒店的宴会厅里发表演讲后遭到一名阿拉伯裔枪手的枪击。枪手随后逃离现场，并在逃跑过程中射伤了一名老人的腿。他冲进早在酒店门前等待的一辆出租车，但又突然跳下车，持枪在街上狂奔。美国邮政署的一名执法人员刚好路过，与他展开交火。最终，枪手倒在了大街上。新闻主播们反复强调一个可怕的细节：卡赫纳拉比和枪手都被击中颈部。两人都命不久矣。

现在，电视台正在滚动直播这件事。一小时前，当我和姐姐、弟弟在睡梦中度过我们最后一段童真时光时，母亲无意间听到电视中传来梅厄·卡赫纳的名字，她抬起头看着屏幕，第一眼看到的是那个阿拉伯裔枪手的画面。她的心跳停了一拍：那是我的父亲。

凌晨一点，易卜拉欣叔叔的车才停在了我们家公寓前。他花了这么长时间，是因为他等他的妻儿都准备好了才出的门。他之所以坚持要他们一起过来，是因为作为一个虔诚的穆斯林，他可不能冒险和一个不是自己妻子的女人——也就是我的妈妈——单独待在车里。车里已经坐了五个人，我们四个人只能想办法挤进去。我能感受到母亲内心燃起的怒火：她和叔叔一样虔诚，但反正她自己的孩子也要一起坐在车里，干吗浪费这么多时间等他老婆孩子一起来呢？

上了车，我们驶过一条隧道，苍白的灯光在头顶闪过。车子里拥挤得让人发疯，大家手缠手，脚绊脚，挤作一团。母亲想上厕所，易卜拉欣叔叔问要不要在路边停一下。她摇了摇头，说：“我们赶快把孩子送到布鲁克林，然后再去医院，好吧？我们得尽快赶过去。快点走吧。”

这是大家第一次提到“医院”二字。父亲现在就在医院，因为他出了事故，也就是说他受伤了，但这也说明他还