

梧桐树下

漠园

祝晓羽 (Rain Zhu) 著、译



THE DESERT GARDEN

无论前生今世，无论仙境人间，我们的爱永恒。

天津人民出版社

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引子.....

漠园是一片无边无际的银色沙漠，永远被夜空笼罩。这是每个人在出生前必须经过的地方，而且要一个人走过。只要进入沙堡，一个生命便降临人世。

漠园充满了危险。脾气暴躁的伯爵在沙漠里刮起狂暴的风。杀手不停地杀人，永远沿着你的脚印一路跟来。你可能会遇见押送人，沉默地拖着一个放着死去生灵的破担架。

惟一安全的地方是祖母的屋子，那温暖的灯光在远方闪烁，让人获得宁静和力量。

杀手从不靠近祖母的屋子。伯爵会来到屋

外，凝视橘黄色的灯光，然后悄然离去。押送人长年累月地叹息。在他们的心中，到底隐藏着怎样的痛苦记忆？

有一天，一个人世间的女孩意外地回到了漠园，揭开了曾在那里发生过的神秘往事。

“当爱变为无法承受的痛苦，记忆选择遗忘；当要重新去爱，记忆选择苏醒。”

Prologue

The Desert Garden was an infinite silver desert eternally covered by the dark sky; it was a place everyone had to go through before his or her birth and always went alone. Once entering the Sand Castle, a new life would be born.

The Desert Garden was filled with danger. The irritable Count



would bring the blustering wind to the desert, and the unstoppable Killer always tracked your footprints. You might also have the chance to meet the Transporter, silently dragging the dead on a broken stretcher.

The only safe place was Grandma's house where light warmly sparkles through the distance, providing quietness and strength.

The Killer would never come close to Grandma's house, but the Count did. He would lay his eyes on that orange light and then disappear without a sound. The Transporter never stopped sighing through all these years; what kind of bitter memories were buried in their minds?

Until one day, a girl from the human world accidentally returned to the Desert Garden and started to discover the secret in the mysterious past.

"When love becomes unbearable pain, memory chooses to forget.
When it wants to love again, memory chooses to wake up."

一 老妇人、玉米粥、雨声

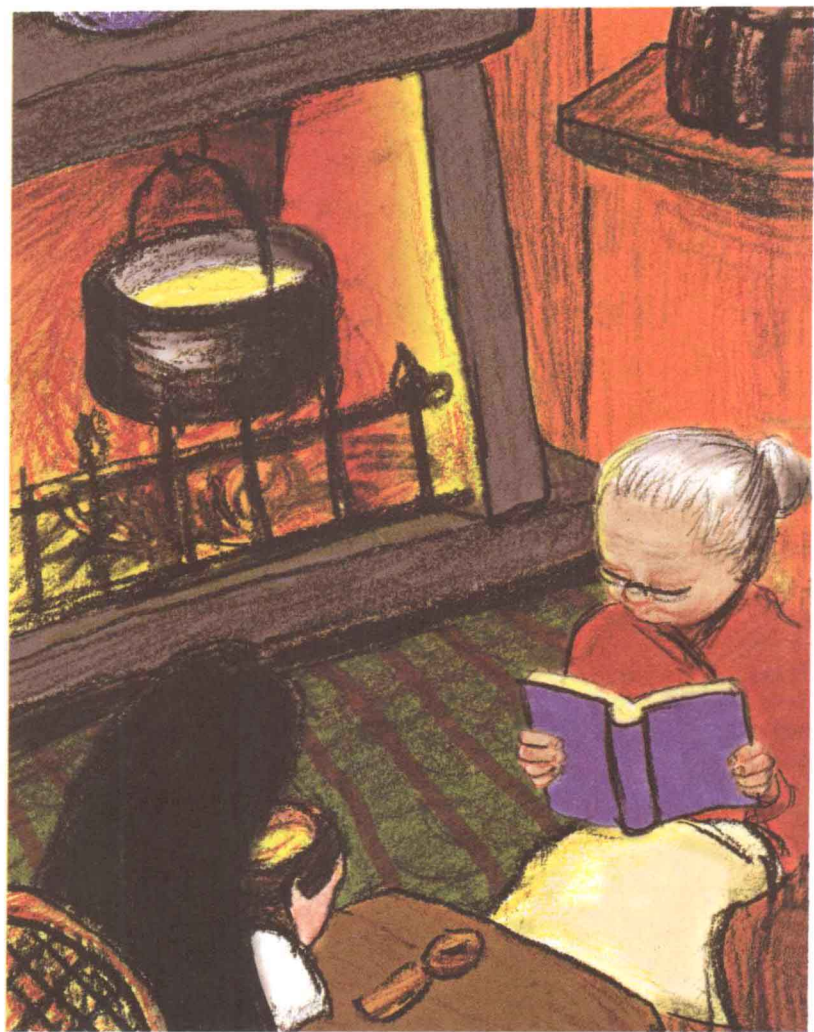
老妇人弯腰往壁炉里添了块柴，好让火更旺些。我坐在她对面，手里捧着一碗喝了一半的玉米粥。

“身上暖和了些了么？”她边问边用火钳拨灰。

“好多了。”我答。热乎乎的粥流进肚子，寒冷的身体立刻温暖起来。

“可喜欢我熬的粥？”她拉了拉身上的羊毛披肩，又问道。

“喜欢，很好喝。”我诚心诚意地说。这间屋子中的一切我都喜欢：熊熊燃烧的壁炉，老式的藤椅，古旧的木头书柜，煮粥的铁锅，还有白发苍苍、身体微胖的她。



她坐在炉边的那张大摇椅里，对我和蔼地笑，像炉火和玉米粥一般温暖的笑。

于是老人家再度起身，拿走我的碗，为我添粥。铁锅“咕嘟咕嘟”冒着热气，玉米的香气随着这“咕嘟咕嘟”的节奏溢满了她温暖的小屋。老妇人拉过一张矮木桌，横在我面前，端上盛满热粥的碗，又拿来一只小巧的木勺。

“乖孩子，这回慢慢吃。我给你念个故事。”她不知何时从书柜中拿了一本厚厚的硬皮书，架起一副金丝边老花镜，像全世界的祖母一样，借着烛光，对着一个孩子，翻开了纸页发黄的故事书。

我是孩子吗？我是谁？我想再思索些什么，可脑子里却空空如也。只好用勺子一小口一小口地吃着粥，听着一位老太太用再慈祥不过的声音，慢慢念着一个个远古时代的故事。这时，还有雨声从门外传来。

可我知道那不是下雨声，而是风声。风吹起无数



沙粒，无数沙粒又落到沙粒上，它们相互摩擦，擦出轻轻的、动人的、下雨般的“沙沙”声响。

我转过头，向后方看了看。那里有一扇拱形的红木窗，滚了花边的天鹅绒窗帘半掩着。透过另一半裸露的玻璃，可以看到在窗外永恒的夜空下，是一片无边无际的银色沙漠。

是的，沙漠。我和老妇人，就在这沙漠中惟一的房子里。

1. The Old Lady, Grits, and the Sound of Rain



The old lady stooped to add more wood to the dying embers.

I sat opposite to her, holding a now half-empty bowl of sweet grits.

"Feeling warmer?" asked the old lady using a poker prodded the fire back to life.

"Much better." I replied noticing that the warm grits had ended my shivering.

"Like the grits?" she asked while wrapping herself in a wool shawl.



"Yes, very nice." I answered sincerely. I like every little thing in this house: the glowing fireplace, the older-style cane chair, the ancient wood bookshelf, the iron kettle that had absorbed the heat of grits. Most of all I liked this stumpy old lady with snowy white hair, sitting in that big rocking chair beside the fireplace, she was smiling at me genially, warm like the fire and sweet like the grits.

Then the old lady stood up again, took my bowl to add more grits for me. The iron kettle started to boil with a sound like someone was mumbling; while the aroma of the boiling grits floated under the rhythm of the sound, soon filled up her warm little house. The old lady pulled over a small wood table and placed it in front of me. Then she placed before me a little, wooden spoon and bowl filled with grits.

"My child, take it easy this time. Let me read you a story." Not noticing when she had already taken out a book with hard cover from the bookshelf, and put on a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. In the candlelight, she opened the storybook with yellowed pages and started to read, in the way that all Grandmas in the world can.

二 故事开始于灰黑的雨夜

那天晚上，我一如既往地站在117路站头等车。我的学校是寄宿制的，每个礼拜天晚上都得回去。

我打着伞瑟瑟发抖，我不喜欢寒冷的天气，尤其不喜欢这样的天气还下雨。我对雨水有天生的恐惧，它们阴冷无比，铺天盖地而来，让人不安。眼前更现实的问题是，雨水打湿了我最好看的一条长裙，淡绿色的。

我的心情和天气一样糟糕。刚和好朋友小G在电话里不开心。我承认错在我，她只是满腔热情地帮我筹划我的16岁生日派对而已。而我，我就是提不起精神来，我一贯和周围的世界格格不入。这个城市里的一切都太