

盛典 GRAND CEREMONY 诺奖之行

我是一个讲故事的人。因为讲故事我获得了诺贝尔文学奖。我获奖后发生了很多精彩的故事，这些故事，让我坚信真理和正义是存在的。今后的岁月里，我将继续讲我的故事。

莫言



Mo Yan: I will continue telling my stories

years ago, the wife of the general secretary of the Swedish Academy had a girl. It is the beginning of a beautiful story."

When I was a young child, I had many brothers and sisters. I had a peach orchard east of the village. Last year we were forced to move her grave farther away from the village in order to make room for a proposed rail line. When we dug up the grave, we saw that the coffin had rotted away and that her body had merged with the damp earth around it. So we dug up some of that soil, a symbolic act, and took it to the new gravesite. That was when I grasped the knowledge that my mother had become part of the earth, and that when I spoke to mother earth, I was really speaking to my mother.

My mother was the youngest child. My earliest memory was of taking our only vacuum

bottle to the public canteen for drinking water. Weakened by hunger, I dropped the bottle and broke it. Scared witless, I hid all that day in a haystack. Toward evening, I heard my mother calling my childhood name, so I crawled out of my hiding place, prepared to receive a beating or a scolding. But Mother didn't hit me, didn't even scold me. She just rubbed my head and heaved a sigh.

My most painful memory involved going out in the collective's field with Mother to glean ears of wheat. The gleaners scattered when they spotted the watchman. But Mother, who had bound feet, could not run; she was caught and slapped so hard by the watchman, a hulk of a man, that she fell to the ground. The watchman confiscated the wheat we'd gleaned and



NOBELPRIZE 2012
Stockholm

Chinese writer Mo Yan, winner of the 2012 Nobel Prize in Literature, described himself as a storyteller in a lecture at the Swedish Academy on Friday afternoon.

walked off whistling. As she sat on the ground, her lip bleeding, Mother wore a look of hopelessness "I'll never forget. Years later, when I encountered the watchman, now a gray-haired old man, in the marketplace, Mother had to stop me from going up to avenge her. "Son," she said evenly, "the man who hit me and this man are not the same person."

My clearest memory is of a Moon Festival day, at noontime, one of those rare occasions when we ate jiaozi at home, one bowl apiece. An aging beggar came to our door while we were at the table, and when I tried to send him away with half a bowlful of dried sweet potatoes, he reacted angrily: "I'm an old man," he

said. "You people are eating jiaozi, but want to feed me sweet potatoes. How heartless can you be?" I reacted just as angrily: "We're lucky if we eat jiaozi a couple of times a year, one small bowlful apiece, barely enough to get a taste! You should be thankful we're giving you sweet potatoes, and if you don't want them, you can get the hell out of here!" After (dressing me down) reprimanding me, Mother dumped her half bowlful of jiaozi into the old man's bowl. My most remorseful memory involves helping Mother sell cabbages at market, and me overcharging an old villager one jiao - intentionally or not, I can't recall - before heading off to school. When I came home that afternoon, I saw that Mother was crying,

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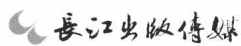
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Nobel Laureate Mo Yan

围绕着我去年瑞典颁奖这件事，很多人写了文章编了书。

有的人道听途说，有的人望风捕影，有的人虽有忠实报道之心，

但由于条件限制未能获得第一手资料，

因此，难免出现许多与事实相去甚远的信息，为了恢复事实真相，

也为了让关心这件事的读者朋友了解这件事的全部过程以及在这过程中我的一些零星感受与随机所想，编写了这本书。

——莫言

something she rarely did. Instead of scolding me, she merely said softly, "Son, you embarrassed your mother today."

Mother contracted a serious lung disease when I was still in my teens. Hunger, disease, and too much work made things extremely hard on our family. The road ahead looked especially bleak, and I had a bad feeling about the future, worried that Mother might take her own life. Every day, the first thing I did when I walked in the door after a day of hard labor was call out for Mother. Hearing her voice was like giving my heart a new lease on life. But not hearing her threw me into a panic. I'd go looking for her in the side building and in the mill. One day, after searching everywhere and not finding her, I sat down in the yard and cried like a baby. That is how she found me when she walked into the yard carrying a bundle of firewood on her back. She was very unhappy with me, but I could not tell her what I was afraid of. She knew anyway. "Son," she said, "don't worry, there may be no joy in my life, but I won't leave you till the God of the Underworld calls me."

I was born ugly. Villagers often laughed in my face, and school bullies sometimes beat me up because of it. I'd run home crying, where my mother would say, "You're not ugly, Son. You've got a nose and two eyes, and there's nothing wrong with your arms and legs, so how could you be ugly? If you have a good heart and always do the right thing, what is considered ugly becomes beautiful." Later on, when I moved to the city, there were educated people who laughed at me behind my back, some even to my face; but when I recalled what Mother had said, I just calmly offered my apologies.

My illiterate mother held people who could read in high regard. We were so poor we often did not know where our next meal was coming from, yet she never denied my request to buy a book or something to write with. By nature hard working, she had no use for lazy children, yet I could skip my chores as long as I had my nose in a book.

A storyteller once came to the marketplace, and I sneaked off to listen to him. She was unhappy with me for forgetting

my chores. But that night, while she was stitching padded clothes for us under the weak light of a kerosene lamp, I couldn't keep from retelling stories I'd heard that day. She listened impatiently at first, since in her eyes professional storytellers were smooth-talking men in a dubious profession. Nothing good ever came out of their mouths. But slowly she was dragged into my retold stories, and from that day on, she never gave me chores on market day, unspoken permission to go to the marketplace and listen to new stories. As repayment for Mother's kindness and a way to demonstrate my memory, I'd retell the stories for her in vivid detail. It did not take long to find retelling someone else's stories unsatisfying, so I began embellishing my narration. I'd say things I knew would please Mother, even changed the ending once in a while. And she wasn't the only member of my audience, which later included my older sisters, my aunts, even my maternal grandmother. Sometimes, after my mother had listened to one of my stories, she'd ask in a care-laden voice, almost as if to herself: "What will you be like when you grow up, son? Might you wind up prattling for a living one day?"

I knew why she was worried. Talkative kids are not well thought of in our village, for they can bring trouble to themselves and to their families. There is a bit of a young me in the talkative boy who falls afoul of villagers in my story "Bulls." Mother habitually cautioned me not to talk so much, wanting me to be a taciturn, smooth and steady youngster. Instead I was possessed of a dangerous combination - remarkable speaking skills and the powerful desire that went with them. My ability to tell stories brought her joy, but that created a dilemma for her.

A popular saying goes "It is easier to change the course of a river than a person's nature." Despite my parents' tireless guidance, my natural desire to talk never went away, and that is what makes my name - Mo Yan, or "don't speak" - an ironic expression of self-mockery. After dropping out of elementary school, I was too small for heavy labor, so I became a cattle- and sheep-herder on a nearby

grass riverbank. The sight of my former schoolmates playing in the schoolyard when I drove my animals past the gate always saddened me and made me aware of how tough it is for anyone - even a child - to leave the group. I turned the animals loose on the riverbank to graze beneath a sky as blue as the ocean and grass-carpeted land as far as the eye could see - not another person in sight, no human sounds, nothing but bird calls above me. I was all by myself and terribly lonely; my heart felt empty. Sometimes I lay in the grass and watched clouds float lazily by, which gave rise to all sorts of fanciful images. That part of the country is known for its tales of foxes in the form of beautiful young women, and I would fantasize a fox-turned-beautiful girl coming to tend animals with me. She never did come. Once, however, a fiery red fox bounded out of the brush in front of me, scaring my legs right out from under me. I was still sitting there trembling long after the fox had vanished. Sometimes I'd crouch down beside the cows and gaze into their deep blue eyes, eyes that captured my reflection. At times I'd have a dialogue with birds in the sky, mimicking their cries, while at other times I'd divulge my hopes and desires to a tree. But the birds ignored me, and so did the trees. Years later, after I'd become a novelist, I wrote some of those fantasies into my novels and stories. People frequently bombard me with compliments on my vivid imagination, and lovers of literature often ask me to divulge my secret to developing a rich imagination. My only response is a wan smile.

Our Taoist master Laozi said it best: "Fortune depends on misfortune. Misfortune is hidden in fortune." I left school as a child, often went hungry, was constantly lonely, and had no books to read. But for those reasons, like the writer of a previous generation, Shen Congwen, I had an early start on reading the great book of life. My experience of going to the marketplace to listen to a storyteller was but one page of that book. After leaving school, I was thrown uncomfortably into the world of adults, where I embarked on the long journey of learning through listening. Two hundred years ago, one of the great storytellers of all



I grew up in an environment immersed with folk culture, which inevitably came into my novels when I pick up a pen to write. This has definitely affected -- even decided -- my works' artistic style.

time - Pu Songling - lived near where I grew up, and where many people, me included, carried on the tradition he had perfected. Wherever I happened to be - working the fields with the collective, in production team cowsheds or stables, on my grandparents' heated kang, even on ox carts bouncing and swaying down the road, my ears filled with tales of the supernatural, historical romances, and strange and captivating stories, all tied to the natural environment and clan histories, and all of which created a powerful reality in my mind.

Even in my wildest dreams, I could not have envisioned a day when all this would be the stuff of my own fiction, for I was just a boy who loved stories, who was infatuated with the tales people around me were telling. Back then I was, without a doubt, a theist, believing that all living creatures were endowed with souls. I'd stop and pay my respects to a towering old tree; if I saw a bird, I was sure it could become human any time it wanted; and I suspected every stranger I met of being a transformed beast. At night, terrible fears accompanied me on my way home after my work points were tallied, so I'd sing at the top of my lungs as I ran to build up a bit of courage. My voice, which was changing at the time, produced scratchy, squeaky songs that grated on the ears of any villager who heard me.

I spent my first twenty-one years in that village, never traveling farther from home than to Qingdao, by train, where I nearly got lost amid the giant stacks of wood in a lumber mill. When my mother asked me what I'd seen in Qingdao, I reported sadly that all I'd seen were stacks of lumber. But that trip to Qingdao planted in me a powerful desire to leave

and opening of her doors to the outside, I would not be a writer today.

In the midst of mind-numbing military life, I welcomed the ideological emancipation and literary fervor of the nineteen-eighties, and evolved from a boy who listened to stories and passed them on by word of mouth into someone who experimented with writing them down. It was a rocky road at first, a time when I had not yet discovered how rich a source of literary material my two decades of village life could be. I thought that literature was all about good people doing good things, stories of heroic deeds and model citizens, so that the few pieces of mine that were published had little literary value.

In the fall of 1984 I was accepted into the Literature Department of the PLA Art Academy, where, under the guidance of my revered mentor, the renowned writer Xu Huazhong, I wrote a series of stories and novellas, including: "Autumn Floods," "Dry River," "The Transparent Carrot," and "Red Sorghum." Northeast Gaomi Township made its first appearance in "Autumn Floods," and from that moment on, like a wandering peasant who finds his own piece of land, this literary vagabond found a place he could call his own. I must say that in the course of er domain, Nor Township, I was by the American Faulkner and Gabriel Garcia had not read extensively, but by the bold, u they created i writing, and le that a writer n that belongs

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诺贝尔奖基金会为莫言设计的标识。

标识由莫言的英文首字母 M 和 N 组成，

M 犹如皇冠，N 宛若禾苗，

完美地诠释了本届诺贝尔文学奖得主的文学风格。

盛典前后

读者朋友：

诺贝尔奖颁奖典礼确实是个隆重的典礼，而能作为一个获奖者参加这样的典礼确实是十分的光荣。尽管我多次说过在世界范围内还有许多有资格甚至比我更有资格获得这个奖项的人，但我获奖已经是个事实。起初，面对着全球性的喧嚣，我的确感到有点纳闷，不就是一个诺贝尔文学奖吗？怎么会弄成这样子？置身于聚光灯下，置身于争议之中，我由焦虑回归淡定，一切也就如同冷眼旁观了。

围绕着我于瑞典领奖这件事，很多人写了文章编了书。有的人道听途说，有的人望风捕影，有的人虽有忠实报道之心，但由于条件限制未能获得第一手资料，因此，难免出现许多与事实相去甚远的信息，为了恢复事实真相，也为了让关心这件事的读者朋友了解这件事的全部过程以及在这过程中我的一些零星感受与随机所想，就委托“莫言文学村”编写了这本书。

本书中收录的我的演讲和访谈，是最忠实于我的原话的；这本书中所用的照片，许多是第一次发表；这本书无论是在资料利用、文图编排及装帧设计等方面，都体现了编者一丝不苟、精益求精的精神——这不是我王婆自夸，而是以书为证。

“莫言文学村”是由禾田、笑笑、苗昂、潘耕、赵学美、崔海林、陈志宏、张世军、张犁、王艺璇等组成的一个编辑小组。他们有的写文章，有的整理图片，有的装帧设计，可谓集思广益、通力合作，编成了这本《盛典》。

我希望这本书能赢得读者的喜爱，我也希望在不久的将来，有中国的作家或诗人再去斯市参加盛典。

借此机会，向关心这件事的读者朋友们表达我衷心的感谢！

莫言

2013年3月12日

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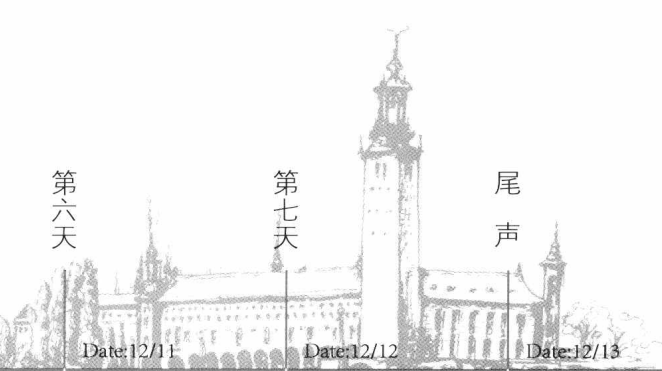
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序曲 | 2012年12月5日



5 December
Nobelprize 2012

飞雪迎宾 快闪传情

MO YAN NOBEL LAUREATE

Mo Yan's visit to Sweden to collect his Nobel Prize is prompting wild speculation in China. People are eager, and nervous, to see how a Chinese writer will present himself on the Nobel stage to a global audience.

Grand Ceremony



2012年12月4日夜间，瑞典首都斯德哥尔摩忽降暴风雪。雪下得张扬肆意，热烈妄为，狂风卷虐着从天而降的小雪团，几个小时就将这座百年老城带入了一个纯白的梦幻世界。也许这是斯堪的纳维亚特有的冬季迎宾仪式——它以最冰清圣洁的姿态，迎接这一年的诺贝尔奖获得者的到来。

斯德哥尔摩街上的积雪已没过行人腿肚，一夜的暴风雪导致阿兰达机场关闭。莫言一行虽然到了芬兰首都赫尔辛基，却无法转机降落斯城。中国人都知道一句老话“贵人出门多风雨”，中国人还常说“好事多磨”，看来，这场暴风雪倒像是莫言诺贝尔之行的一个不错的兆头。12月5日夜间，莫言一行只好滞留在赫尔辛基兰塔西普机场酒店。酒店的大厅里挤满了因航班取消而滞留

的各国客人，大家都在排队登记入住。莫言的女儿管笑笑也加入了队列。莫言随意地坐在通往大厅酒吧的几级短短的木质阶梯上，等女儿办理登记手续。

管笑笑终于办好入住手续，将父母带到房间休息。虽然一切都安排妥当，她还是担心明日去往斯德哥尔摩的航班是否能顺利起飞。她又一次拨通了瑞典友人的电话，确认第二天的航班正常时，这才长长地舒了一口气。

万籁俱寂，寒冷与时差让莫言与妻子杜芹兰难以入眠。11年前的初春，莫言第一次来到瑞典，友人曾鼓励他：“莫言，你好好写，什么时候得个诺贝尔文学奖，给中国人争争光！”那个时候，诺贝尔文学奖对于莫言来说，还是一个梦。而如今，它却离莫言如此之近，

正因为如此之近，这倒更像是一个梦了。

如果说风雪迎宾是一种天意，那么，海外学子精心组织的“快闪”活动则更显人间真情。

“快闪”是在瑞典的中国留学生为莫言获得诺贝尔文学奖而准备的一场极具中国特色的庆祝活动。

12月5日傍晚，斯德哥尔摩市中心的Gallerian商场内热闹非凡，人们都在为了即将来临的圣诞节选购商品。商场中间的咖啡厅里也聚满了小憩的人们。突然，清亮有力的歌声吸引了大家的注意力：

“哎！妹妹你大胆地往前走啊，往前走，莫回回头……”

两位身着羊皮袄、白麻裤，头扎白羊肚毛巾的中国男孩，突然出现在咖啡厅里，他们放开歌喉，唱起电影《红高粱》



中的插曲《妹妹你大胆地往前走》。

突然，两人合唱变成了多人齐唱，声音一下子变得雄壮、豪迈。只见72名同样穿着的中国男子，气宇轩昂，边唱边向两个男孩靠拢：

“通天的大路，九千九百，九千九百九呀，嘿……”

过往的购物者都被惊呆了，纷纷驻足观看。

一段歌曲之后，小伙子们整齐划一地蹲下，摆出时下正流行的“航母 style”手势，指引大家向扶梯看去。只见，36位身着红色唐装的中国女子从扶梯上款款而下，她们美丽动人，姿态万千，与手捧酒碗的小伙子们高唱《酒神曲》。

嘹亮、浑厚的歌声吸引了几乎所有行人的关注。这些中国留学生的周围很快聚满了人，录音的、照相的、摄像的……有些观众随着歌声打起了拍子，有些则不管会不会歌词，都积极地参与了合唱。

“好酒！”随着留学生们有力地呼喝声，两道大红色条

幅从二楼腾空垂下——“莫言高密心，抱得诺奖归”、“瑞典留学人员祝贺莫言”。在一片热烈的掌声中，留学生们匆匆悄然散去，消失在熙熙攘攘的人群中。

创意并组织这次活动的留学生张弛说，当她身穿红棉袄从扶梯上下来表演时，一位瑞典老人不停地对她说：“干得好！”

随意聊了几句才发现，其实在这些留学生中，没有多少人读过莫言的书，在莫言获奖之前，甚至有些人没有听说过他的名字。但是，所有人都知道，他是中国人。他们认为：莫言获诺奖，中国人骄傲。与其说这些留学生在庆贺莫言，倒不如说，他们在庆贺中国。一位留学生说：“年年在这里看诺奖，年年看不到领奖的中国籍人！”

常年居住在海外的华人，他们对祖国的牵挂之情，也许是我们很难体会到的。凡是能与“中国”联系起来的新闻、消息，恐怕他们都会伸长了脖

子看，竖起了耳朵听。莫言获诺奖，是中国人的骄傲。

海外学子以青春时尚的“快闪”活动，浓郁的中国风情，表达了他们的爱国热情。其实，这不仅是瑞典留学生的桑梓情怀，也是所有海外学子对祖国的赤子之心。

12月6日清晨，张罗了一天的冰雪女神好似发现了因自己过度热情惹来的小麻烦。她将大雪急收进灰蓝色的天空，万物都屏住呼吸，等待贵客们的来临。

雪停了，芬兰清晨的空气依旧冷冽。莫言和妻子只睡了几个小时，早早起床，来到了机场酒店的自助餐厅。餐厅中有几位旅客认出了他们，含蓄地向莫言点头致意，莫言也回报以他一贯的温厚微笑。几位中国同胞和记者，来到莫言进

餐的桌前，要求合影。莫言也一一满足了他们的愿望。

早上8点，莫言一行登上了飞往斯德哥尔摩的AY637航班。飞机上提供的瑞典报纸以大篇幅介绍即将到来的诺贝尔周以及文学奖获得者莫言的作品……

9点多，莫言终于到达了瑞典首都斯德哥尔摩。为期七日的诺贝尔周即将展开，万众瞩目的诺贝尔文学奖在等待着他，盛大隆重的国王晚宴在等待着他，热情四溢的华人团体在等待着他，仰首翘盼的中国留学生在等待着他，活泼可爱的赫尔比中学学生在等待着他，庄严华美的颁奖大厅在等待着他，神圣温馨的露西亚节也在等待着他……







2012年12月5日
赫尔辛基机场

AY052 航班降落在赫尔辛基机场是当地时间 14:25。我们出海关后，匆匆向转机口走，生怕误了飞往斯德哥尔摩的 AY637 航班。因为不久前瑞典驻华大使馆罗睿德在大使官邸宴请我们夫妇与女儿时，作陪的文化参赞伊爱娃女士曾提醒我们这两个航班间隔时间较短，须快走才能赶上。气喘吁吁地赶到登机口，看到很多人簇拥在那儿。电子屏幕提示：飞往斯德哥尔摩的 AY637 航班晚点两个小时。我们松了一口气，去商务舱休息室喝茶吃东西。

回想起十几年来数十次出国，类似的经历很多，每次都担心误机，但从来没误过机。

我们又到登机口，让女儿上前询问。女儿本科读的是山东大学英语系，有她陪我们出国，心中踏实许多。十几年来，我自己或与太太出国时，因为语言不通，每次都焦虑不安。我也曾发誓学点英语，但总是半途而废。在国内外与很多外国作家聚会，因不能直接交流，使很多本来可以成为朋友的人没有成为朋友，也使一些本来可以消除的误会成为永远的误会。

女儿回来说，航班又往后推延了四个小时。太太有些急，我却不急，因为有这么多人在一起。

过了一会儿，又遇到了上海文艺出版社副总编辑曹元勇和复旦大学中文系陈思和教授夫妇。人越多我心里越踏实。

又让女儿上前问询，回来说航班已取消，因为斯德哥尔摩机场已关闭。

此时的赫尔辛基机场已经混乱不堪。女儿与曹元勇上前打听，我们几个静候。打听到的结果是：取出托运行李，乘大巴到指定饭店住宿。明晨再赶回机场。

当我们拖着沉重的行李站在冰雪中等待大巴时，已是当地时间晚上七点。候车点排起长长的队伍。大巴终于来了，根本挤不上去，我们搭乘出租车赶往饭店。司机是一个小伙子，只穿着一件短袖圆领衫，他帮我们行李装到车上。我有点感慨，因为在北京机场搭乘过无数次出租车，很少能遇到帮我搬行李的司机。得诺奖后，在一次接受采访时，我曾说过，因为怕去的地方太近让出租车司机不高兴，我总是提前准备好一盒烟，先递上烟，然后再说到达地点。有一次搭乘的出租车司机是位女士，无法递烟，一说到达地点她就发起了牢骚，说趴了半夜，等了这么个烂活儿。我说您别说了，多给您十元钱可以吗？她一路上将车开得跌跌撞撞，我心中也很别扭。我看到有人写文章，把这件事也当成了我“懦弱”、“乡愿”的罪证，对此我只有叹息。出租车司机其实也是弱势群体，与他们争斗，实在也算不上英雄好汉。

入住饭店，已是晚上十点。我们躺下，迷糊了几个小时，就起床往机场赶。

莫言