

英语街 · 有美一朵

# 每个故事 都有自己的星光

Every Story Has Its  
Own Glimmer

全彩美图  
双语典藏

讲完这个故事，也该对  
你说晚安了，愿你梦里星光  
璀璨，醒后风和日暖。

《青春美文》编辑部 编

河南人民出版社

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就算你已飞不动，

我依然会是载你的风

I Will Be Your Wings When You Can't Fly



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你总是这样，像火堆一样让我汲取源源不断的温暖，像灯塔一样照亮我成长的路途。那么当你有一天累了、倦了时，请换我成为你的依靠，一直到老。

You have always been like a bonfire that keeps me warm, like a lighthouse that lightens up my path. So when you feel tired and exhausted, please let me be your support till the end.







# 每一次离别时， 都请好好抱紧

王宇昆

## 1

高三那年的冬天，她给我做了许多次早餐，千篇一律的野菜饼配两个煮鸡蛋，或者自己擀面条，煮一碗热乎乎的鸡蛋面。那是她最不拿手的料理，因为我的嘴巴挑，没那么容易满足。那当然也是她最拿手的料理，出生在北方农村的她最懂得如何烹制筋道的面食。

那些早晨，我要么吃完一个大饼骑单车赶去上学，实在来不及就揣一个在兜里，到学校时，饼还热乎着。后来，我还是厌倦了这没有新意的味道，不再叫她给我做野菜鸡蛋饼。但她还是早早就起床，坐在黑暗的客厅中央，等着到点叫我起床。冬天的早晨那么冷，她穿了两层秋裤站在厨房门口，双手不停摸索着围裙，掏出几块钱让我出去买点吃的。

我把单车抬下楼，她就站在门外看着，每天都是这样，我在楼道里大喊一声“我走啦”，她应一声，然后我听见关门声的回音。

对于她来说，我的吃饭问题是最大的难题，小时候挑食，无论怎样努力都无法做出我喜欢吃的东西，长大后我的毛病改了，可她却没力气再费心思变出什么花样了。

她好像把小区外面速食店里的东西都买了个遍，通过各种各样的食物来试探我的喜好，喜欢了就会一直买下去，不喜欢了就不再换另一样。她那么省吃俭用的一个人，剩饭放馊了也不舍得扔，对我却没有止境地放任。



# *Please Hold Me Tight Every Time We Say Goodbye*

Wang Yukun

## 1

It was a winter in my senior year. She has made me numerous breakfasts with the same vegetable pie and two boiled eggs. And sometimes she would make the noodles by herself and cook a bowl of warm egg noodles, which was the most difficult dish for her. Well, I was very picky about food. And of course, born in northern countryside, she was very good at this dish, as she knew best about how to cook the tasty chewy noodles.

For all those mornings, I would either finish one big pie and rush for school by bike, or put it in my pocket and find it still warm when I arrived at school. But later, I got tired of the same flavor every day and asked her to stop making me those vegetable egg pies. She would still get up early in the morning and sit in the middle of the dark living room, waiting for the time to wake me up. Those winter mornings were so cold, and she would stand at the kitchen door wearing two layers of pants with her hands groping in her apron, trying to find some money for me to buy breakfast.

She would stand at the door and watch me carry the bike downstairs every day. I yelled from the hallway, "I am leaving". And she would respond with the echoing sound of closing door.

As for her, how to feed me was the most difficult task. I was picky about food when I was young. No matter how hard she tried, the food was never my favorite. As I grew older I quitted the habit, but it seemed that she could no longer make the effort to create something new.

She seemed to have purchased all the food from the convenience store in our neighborhood and used them to test my likings. If I liked it, she would keep buying till I changed my flavor. She kept a thrifty life and spared no food even if it has gone bad. But for me, she would indulge me with no limit.



印象中，她总是偷偷给我塞零花钱，推来推去之后我还是收下，她会再补上一句“奶奶最亲你了”。不知道为什么，我挺厌烦这句话，厌烦的原因连我自己都无法理解。

我厌恶她疏于打理的家，我厌恶她洗不干净的脸，我也厌恶她省吃俭用的性格。

可再多的厌恶，也无法阻碍太阳每天升起，日子每天刷新，她还是按时把我叫起来，帮我准备好买早餐的钱，把水果洗好，等着我晚自习下课回家吃。

那些年，她成为我生活中的一部分，我们很少聊天，只是偶尔交流今晚准备了什么水果，明天要吃什么。我们很少分享彼此的情绪，她会偷偷记下我的坏毛病，然后告诉我的父母，我也会故意给她一些不好的脸色，不去搭话，不愿理睬。

我因为一些她听不懂的事情伤心着，她因为一些我不会多加关心的事情哭着，但生活终究以这种相互磨合却平淡的方式度过。她迈着硬朗的步子去给我买早点，孜孜不倦地讲着超市里的蔬菜的价格，我抱怨着喊想再多睡一会，推着单车睡眠惺忪地说：“我去上学啦。”

那段回忆里，因为她“一不留神”地闯入，却成了至为深刻的部分。深刻得就像冬日里她踩着冰，拎着早点回家的身影，永远地定格在清晨天蒙蒙亮的颜色里。

## 2

她在自家阳台上种了一排辣椒，辣椒成熟后就摘下几颗炒菜用，辣味十足。她经常向我炫耀这点小成就，笑得很开心。

In my memory, she would always secretly give me allowances. I would take them in the end after shoving around. She would said, "Grandma loves you." Not knowing why, I was really upset about those words and I couldn't even understand the reason.

I hated the mess at her home, her dirty face and her frugal living style.

Regardless of the hatred, the sun still rose every morning, and the day still went by. She would wake me up on time and prepare money for me to buy breakfast; she would wash the fruits and wait for me to come home from school.

For all those years, she has been a part of my life. We barely talked. Occasionally we shared about what to eat tomorrow and what fruit to prepare for tonight. We never shared our hearts, but she would secretly keep notes of my bad habits and pass that along to my parents. And I would deliberately be angry with her and ignore her words.

I was grieving for something that she would not understand; and she was crying for something that I would not care about. But life went on as simple as we adjusted ourselves to each other. She went to buy me breakfast with her strong and firm steps and talked about the price of vegetables in the market tirelessly. I would complain how I wish I could sleep longer as I pushed away the bike with a drowsy look, "I am leaving for school."

Her accidental break into my life has become the deepest part in my memory. It was so deep that the image of her carrying breakfast on thin ice on a winter day was frozen in the color of dawn forever.

## 2

She planted a line of peppers in our balcony. When they were ripe, she would pick up some for dishes and the spices were so hot. She would often show off this small accomplishment in front of me and laugh so happily.





大二这个假期我回来，她却把那一排辣椒全给剪了，没有人知道为什么，也没有人企图拦下她，她只是看着那些光秃秃的辣椒，傻呵呵地笑。

再没人能看透她的心思了，她拿着一个钱包，里面装着几百块钱，时不时手里还握着一把筷子。

她开始咳嗽，喘不上来气，每天需要吸氧，吃饭也越来越少，整个人一天天消瘦到只剩下骨头。

以前那个胖乎乎的老太太再也没有矫健的身影，只剩干瘪的身体、凌乱的头发和胡言乱语。

连续住了3次院后，她惶恐地睁着眼睛说：“孩子们把我送进了监狱。”嚷着要回家，所以最后只得送她回家保守治疗。她每天要吃10种药物，咽下各种红红绿绿的胶囊。这种邪恶的力量，医学解释为肺癌晚期。所有人都瞒着她，但她好像也察觉出了什么，知道自己的身体愈发糟糕。

我摸着她的胳膊，不停地说话，逗她开心。她抓着我，嘴里不停地念叨着那句“奶奶最亲你了”，转眼又忘记了我的名字。

好像就是那么一瞬间，从前所有的嫌隙都不见了。像当初她给我买早点一样，我走遍大街小巷去买能引起她食欲的东西。像当初她劝我一样，我趴在床边劝她开心一点。她抓着我的胳膊，我笑着对她说：“什么坎都能迈过去的。”

When I came back from the vacation in my second year, I found that she had cut off all the peppers. No one knew the reason and no one intended to stop her. She just giggled at the bare pepper tree.

Nobody could read her mind any more. She would hold a purse filled with a few hundreds and sometimes she would hold a pair of chopsticks, all in her hands.

She started coughing and having difficulty in breathing. Everyday she needed to breathe in oxygen and her appetite has been worn down. As days went by, she was reduced to mere skin and bones.

The chubby old lady was no longer in her robust figure. She was left with a dry body, messy hair and a mouthful of nonsense.

She was in hospital for three times. "My kids have put me in prison," she would yell with a frightened look in her eyes. So in the end they had to send her back home for further treatment. Everyday she had to take more than ten kinds of medicine and swallow all those green and red pills. This evil spirit was called the advanced lung cancer in medical words. We kept this from her, but it seemed like she had figured out something and known that the condition of her body was going downhill.

I touched her arm and kept on telling her jokes to cheer her up. She grabbed my hand and kept mumbling, "Grandma loves you the most". And the next second she would forget my name.

It was just that moment that all the previous enmity has gone. I walked through streets to find something that would intrigue her appetite, just like what she did to me before. I persuaded her to cheer up by the bed just like how she persuaded me. She would hold onto my elbow, and I would say, "Everything shall be alright."



那时候，我不敢去想明天会怎么样，我觉得这只是老天爷给她设了一道关卡，只要我们都努力跨过去，一切都没问题。我祈祷着每一个明天能够如愿到来，就如她艰难地熬过的每一个昨天。

80岁高龄，肺癌晚期，医生说只能选择保守治疗。

上周，我从西安回来的那天晚上，她只吃了两只海参，在这之前，听姑姑讲她已经一天没有进食了。那天下午下了雨，她痛苦喘息的声音被淹没在窗外的雨声里，我帮她倒了一杯热水，劝她下床再多吃一点饭，她把头埋在干瘪的胳膊里摇头。

就在我无计可施的时候，她突然抬起头，看着我的眼睛，有气无力地对我说：“孩子，你可以抱抱我吗？”

我看见她竟然使出了从来没有过的力气想要从床上坐起来，但最后还是没能成功。我扶起她，继续劝她要再多吃一点，没有多想地给了她一个草率的拥抱。她只是一遍遍地重复“吃不下去了”，又躺了回去。

她几乎只能在床上活动，每天只保持着躺着和睡着的两种状态，生命似乎愈近静止。第二天早上，父母要赶回去上班，所以一家人只好离开她返程。可谁也没想到，就在我们离开后的第二天，她就离开了这个世界。

那天下午，在回去的车上，迎面的冷气把我们湿润的眼睛吹干，所有人的眼眶都红了，都在极力压抑着自己的情绪。飞驰的汽车最终还是没有抵过时间的速度，我们没能见到她的最后一面，她已经永远地闭上了眼睛，安静地躺在那里。





At that time I dared not to think about tomorrow. I felt like that God has placed a barrier. As long as we worked hard, everything would be fine. I prayed that tomorrow would arrive as appointed, just like how she survived every yesterday.

3

She was suffering from the advanced lung cancer at the age of 80. Doctor suggested keeping a conservative treatment.

The night I came back from Xi'an last week, she only had two sea cucumbers. My aunt said she haven't eaten anything for the whole day. It rained that afternoon. The sounds of her painful gasps were lost in the raindrops outside the window. I poured her a glass of water and tried to persuade her to have more food. She would shake her head that was buried in her dry elbows.

Just as when I was getting nowhere, she lifted her head all of a sudden and looked at me in the eyes. "Kid, would you hold me?" she whispered.

She surprised me by trying to get out of bed with a strength I have never seen before. But she failed in the end. I lifted her up and continued to persuade her to eat more food. I gave her a sloppy hug without over thinking. She just kept on saying "I can't eat no more", and lay back to the bed.

She could only move in the bed and keep two positions every day, either lying or sleeping. It seemed that movement of life has its rest in her. The next morning my parents had to rush back for work. But no one would expect that she passed away the following day after we left.

That afternoon in the car on the way home, the cold air blowing in our face has dried our eyes with tears. We were all trying to repress our emotions, but time has out won the speed of the car. During the last time we saw her, she was lying there quietly with her eyes closed forever.



我忍住了号啕大哭，可眼泪顺着脸颊不停地流下来，从未面对过亲人离开这个世界的我，看着她，回忆起最后一次见她时的画面，跟她说的最后一句话，脑海里只剩下了那个没有紧紧抱住她的拥抱。然而，一切都留给了“对不起”。

她不再拥有温度，也不会再睁开眼睛注视着我。所有我之前认为没那么重要的事情，在这一刻全部变成了奢侈。我与她之间的记忆再也无法努力继续，只留给了回忆。一万个抱歉、一万滴眼泪也没有办法再延长时间，甚至连那株辣椒都不如，再也没有来年的重生，而是就这样悲伤地离开。

人这一辈子最难过、最痛苦的事情，除了永远地失去一个人，或许就是在你马上就要失去一个人的时候，却没能用力地抱紧她，没有再一次看清楚她的样子，没有让她感受到你的不舍与留恋，没有再得到一个开心的笑容，就连最后一次留恋也成了另一种心情。再多懊悔自责也无济于事，唯一能弥补的方式，就只剩下了“对不起”。

“对不起，我没能抱紧你。你不要害怕，天堂里不会再有哭泣，也别再惦记，想念的时候就变成一颗星星，月亮会替我用力抱紧你。”

I refrained from crying but tears were running nonstop down my cheeks. I have never experienced a loss of family. I remembered the last time I saw her, the last sentence she said. But I could only think about that sloppy hug. However, everything was now left with “I am sorry”.

She was no longer warm, and she would no longer open her eyes and look at me. All those trivial things I thought now became luxuries. All my memories of her could no longer be continued. Everything has been left with memory. A thousand regrets or tears would no longer extend one second of her life. I was no better than that pepper plant. There was no rebirth in the next year. Life had to leave like this sorrowfully.

The hardest and most painful thing in life, besides losing a person forever, was the chance that you failed to hold her close when you were about to lose her. You failed to see her face once again, and failed to let her know your feelings, failed to win her another smile. Even the last nostalgia became another mood, and the last effort has missed its chance. Regrets and resentments were useless. And the only way to remedy was “I am sorry”.

“I am sorry I did not hold you tight. Please do not be afraid. There is no tear in heaven. Don’t miss me. If you miss me, please become a star, for the moon shall hold you tight for me.”

