

心如花园  
双语悦读

# 清晨 许个愿

*A Morning Wish*

双语悦读编辑组 编

Work like you don't need the money.  
Love like you've never been hurt.  
Dance like nobody's watching.  
Sing like nobody's listening.  
Live like it's Heaven on Earth.

去工作吧，就好像你不需要金钱。  
去爱吧，就好像你从未受过伤害。  
去跳舞吧，就好像没有人在观望。  
去歌唱吧，就好像没有人在倾听。  
去生活吧，就好像这个世界是天堂。

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*The Blessed Dress*  
带来好运的  
婚纱









## Bells of an Ice-Cream Cart

### 冰激凌车的铃声

Behind me, I keep hearing faint bells. Thinking them to be bells around some cow's neck, I don't bother to turn around. Plus it's kilometer number 32 of 35 at 12:30 pm; I could care less where those bells are coming from.

At the next rest stop, four of us find a shady spot to rest for a couple minutes. Everyone is exhausted as Kumar declares, "I'm now officially tired."

Just then, I see a young man pushing an old ice-cream cart, wiping the sweat off his brow. "Ting, ting, ting," the bells keep ringing from his cart. He pauses momentarily, looking to me as if to say, "Do you want to buy some ice-cream?"

"No, bro, we are on a walking pilgrimage. We can't eat ice-cream." I tell him. He nods and keeps pushing the cart.

Couple of minutes later, all of us start walking again.

As I stand up, I wonder if I can "turn it up". So many times, in my moments of inspiration, I feel incredibly heroic and then I always end up saying

to myself, "Yeah, but can you feel this way in your weakest moments?" Fortunately, or unfortunately, I am reminded of that feeling and say to myself, "Here it is. Here's your test." Part of me is anxious, as if I'm about to jump onto a crazy Disneyland ride. Yet a bigger part of me is pumped-up to knock down the fear and laziness.

All of a sudden, I forget about my busted knee, hurting toe, and thirsty throat. Instead, I remember my tennis playing days when you often have to dig deep within to find that extra juice. I reiterate my "put it all on the line" mantra for this pilgrimage.

A gush of energy passes through me and I start walking fast. Incredibly fast.

Pretty soon, I start hearing bells again. This time it's in front of me, the same ice-cream cart that has passed us earlier. As I am walking towards it, I visualize a nice, cold, Indianized vanilla ice-cream topped with fruity sugar syrup on my parched tongue. Heaven for my sweet-tooth, especially on a hot day.

For so long, perhaps longer than I can remember, my senses have always gotten the best of me. But right now, I'm pumped-up. I'm ready.

I cross the road so I'm right behind the cart. And right in the next moment, I start pushing the cart. The young man pushing the cart looks to me quizzically, as I explain, "It's really hot and you've

been pushing this heavy cart for a while. Allow me to push it so you can take a little break.” Not knowing what to say, he lets go of one of his hands on the cart and lets me push.

We start chatting. His name is Bhatt, he has two kids, and lives in a nearby village. By moving his cart for about 12 kilometers everyday, for about 12 hours, he manages to make up to 200 rupees per day.

In the middle of exchanging personal life information, I pop in a weird question, “Bhatt, do you like ice-cream?” After thinking about it for a while, he says, “Yeah, I like it, but I generally don’t eat it.”

“Do you have good ice-creams? What all do you get?” I asked him as if we’re old buddies by now. Perhaps thinking that he’s made a customer out of me, he eagerly says, “Oh, oh, lots of them. There’s this 1 rupee ice-cream, this mango ice-cream and this 15 rupee chocobar too.”

“Bhatt, today, I want to buy you an ice-cream. Will you eat it?” I catch him off guard. “Um, ummm...” he mumbles and rearranges the cap on his head that seems too small for his head. I explain further, “I can’t have an ice-cream but it would give me great joy to see you eat an ice-cream. We are brothers, aren’t we? So whether you have it or I have it, it would give me the same joy. Go ahead, go ahead and grab your favorite ice-cream.”

I stop the cart that I've been pushing. Convinced by my argument, he opens the refrigerated compartment of his cart and grabs one ice-cream. I tell him to pick his absolute favorite one and he exchanges the one in his hand for another one. It's a 5 rupee raspberry ice-cream.

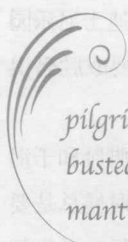
With a wide smile on his face, he slurps away the ice-cream on this hot day. No one has ever bought him an ice-cream before.

By this simple act, our conversations take a spiritual turn. None of his hands are holding the cart now; he is busy trying to eat the ice-cream before it melts. I casually place a 5 rupee coin on his cart.

"Do you pray, Bhatt?" I ask him point-blank. Instead of looking up ahead at the road, he turns his head to the right and looks at me squarely in my eyes, "Oh yes. Every single day." In that moment, it was almost as if he silently connected our experience with that part of his being.

My three kilometers are up. Like old tree leaves whose time has come, my physical complaints and ice-cream fantasies fall on the ground, somewhere along the way. The cart rests at an intersection where Bhatt is to go right, and I head for left. We part ways.

As the cart departs, I hear the bells jingle once again. This time, the sound is neither behind me nor in front of me. It's within me. I'm so happy to be alive.



pilgrimage	n.	朝圣
busted	adj.	损坏的; 受伤的
mantra	n.	祷文
convince	v.	说服
slurp	v.	出声地吃

我听到身后传来阵阵微弱的铃铛声。我想那是挂在牛脖子上的铃铛，就没费神转身去看。再加上，现在是中午 12:30，35 公里路程已走了 32 公里，我顾不上在意那铃铛声是从哪儿来的。

到了下一个休息点，我们四个人找了个阴凉地方准备休息几分钟。所有人都筋疲力尽。库马尔说道：“我现在可真是累了。”

这时，我看见一个年轻人，他一边推着一个老旧的冰激凌车，一边擦掉额头上的汗。“丁零，丁零，丁零”，从他的车上传来阵阵铃铛声。他停了片刻，看着我，好像在问：“你要买冰激凌吗？”

“不买，兄弟，我们在步行朝圣途中，不能吃冰激凌。”我对他说。他点点头，推着车继续往前走。

几分钟后，我们又开始继续赶路。

当我站起身时，我思忖着自己是否能够“调高能量”。好多次，在我精神振奋的时候，我都会感觉自己无比英勇，然而最后我总是对自己说：“不错，不过要是在你最脆弱的时候，你还会这么觉得吗？”不知是幸运还是不幸，此刻我又记起了那种感觉，便对自己说：“它来了。考验你的时候到了。”我



有点儿忐忑不安，好像自己就要跳上一列疯狂的迪士尼乐园的过山车。不过我更多的感觉则是斗志昂扬，我要战胜恐惧与懒惰。

突然间，我忘记了我那摔坏的膝盖、疼痛的脚趾和干渴的喉咙。取而代之的是，我想起了以前打网球的时候总是要向内心深处挖掘，以便获得更多的能量。我又反复念诵起朝圣之路上“全力以赴”的祷语。

一股能量之泉席卷了我，于是我开始快步前行，快得惊人。

很快地，我又听见了铃声。这次是在我的前方，是那辆刚刚从我们旁边经过的冰激凌车。当我朝它走过去时，我仿佛看见一支香甜的、冰凉的、印度风味的香草冰激凌，上面浇着水果糖浆，我好像正在用干燥的舌头舔着它。对于爱吃甜食的我，尤其是在这样炎热的天气里，这简直像在天堂。

有很长一段时间，长得超出我的记忆，我总是跟着感觉走。可是此刻，我斗志昂扬。我准备好了。

我穿过路，来到冰激凌车后面。接下来我开始推冰激凌车。推车的小伙子诧异地看着我，我解释道：“天这么热，你推这么重的车好久了。让我推一会儿，你可以稍微休息一下。”他不知该说什么，于是松开一只手，让我一同推。

我们聊了起来。他叫拜塔，有两个孩子，就住在附近村里。每天他推车差不多十二公里，约十二个小时，最多能挣到两百卢比。

在聊彼此的生活情况时，我突然问了一个怪问题：“拜塔，你喜欢吃冰激凌吗？”他想了一会儿，说道：“嗯，喜欢，不过通常我都不吃。”

“你的冰激凌好吃吗？都有哪些口味？”我问道，好像此

时我们是老朋友了。大概是觉得我可能会买他的冰激凌，他急忙说：“哦，哦，好多口味呢。这个是一卢比的，这个是芒果味的，还有这个十五卢比的，上面有层巧克力。”

“拜塔，今天我想请你吃一支冰激凌，好吗？”我的话让他措手不及。“呃，嗯……”他咕哝着，把帽子在头上转来转去，那帽子戴他头上似乎太小了。我又解释道：“我不能吃冰激凌，但是能看着你吃会让我特别开心。我们是哥们儿，是吧？所以不管是你吃还是我吃，我都一样高兴。来吧，来挑一支你喜欢的冰激凌。”

我停下了车子。我说服了他，他打开了车里的冷柜，拿出了一支冰激凌。我让他挑一支他最最喜欢的冰激凌，他便换了一支。那是一支五卢比的树莓味冰激凌。

他开心地笑着，在这个酷暑天里啧啧地吃着冰激凌。以前从来没人给他买过冰激凌。

在这个小小举动后，我们的话题转向了精神层面。他现在在两手都离开了车子。他得在冰激凌化掉前赶快吃完它。我随手将五卢比硬币放在他的车上。

“你祷告吗，拜塔？”我直接问道。他没有向路的前方看去，而是向右转过头，直直地看着我的眼睛说：“哦，当然，每天都会祷告。”在那一刻，好像他默默地将我们的经历与他自身联系在了一起。

我终于走完了余下的三公里路程。好像枯叶终将凋落，我的肉体苦痛和关于冰激凌的幻想也掉落在了路上的某处。冰激凌车停在十字路口，在那里拜塔将向右转，而我则朝左走，我们在这里分别。

当冰激凌车再度启程时，我又听见了铃声。这次，那声音既不是从我的背后也不是从我的前方传来，而是从我心中传出。我觉得活着真好。



## Information Please

### 请接信息台

When I was quite young, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember well the polished old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother used to talk to it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person—her name was “Information Please” and there was nothing she did not know. “Information Please” could supply anybody’s number and the correct time.

My first personal experience with this genie-in-the-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer. The pain was terrible, but there didn’t seem to be any reason in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway.

The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlour and dragged it to the landing. Climbing