



---17 岁华

**斎男孩王淼的日记** 

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The diary of a Chinese boy seeking his root back to China

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故乡天空——17 岁华裔男孩王淼的日记

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### **PREFACE**

James Wang left China to live in the U. S. when he was five. His memory about his homeland has been washed away a long time ago. He sees kids around him with mostly yellow haired and he feels that he is somehow an alien. He bleached his hair blonde to make himself more American. He helieves the only place to live is America and the only thing that can be eaten is a hamburger.

During the summer of the year 2000, we finally convinced him to join the "Chinese Youth Home Run Tour". He was on his way home for the first time in his life.

The beauty of his homeland makes him feel like a dream. How can those temples built thousands years ago still he there? What is the Buddha thinking while he is smiling and looking down at people from above? There are people, people, and people. Everyone has yellow skin but black hair. James was so exhausted every night that he

# 前 害

王淼 5 岁离开中国到了美国,从此再没有回去过。关于故乡的回忆淡得只剩下一丝丝。他看到周围的孩子黄头发多,黑头发少,觉得自己有一点儿异类。于是把自己的头发染黄。他相信世界上惟一能住的地方是美国,惟一能吃的东西是汉堡包。

公元 2000 年的夏天,我们终于说服他参加了"华人青少年寻根旅游团",第一次踏上了回乡之路。

故乡的美丽使他迷醉,千年的古刹,俯视众生的大佛使他沉思,每天都面对数不清的黄皮肤,黑头发。王淼每天都累得像做了一天苦工,躺到床上再也不想起来。但是第二天他又咬着牙爬起来,他要看更多,更多。尽管也遇到一些不惬意的事情,他最后终于悟出:"我是属于这



collapsed into bed with a hope that he could become a mummy and never need to wake up again. But the next day, he would force himself to jump up because he wanted to see more and more. Although there was something not that pleasant, he finally realized that I belong to here.

Every night when his roomates fell asleep, it was time for James to write this diary. This is really not easy for a 17-year old kid who needs a lot of sleep.

Many Chinese American kids have read this diary. They laughed, they teared, and they laughed. They said more kids should read this.

Our son likes music. He touches a string from within his heart. This melody flies away and will surely stimulate more sweet sympathy from inside of other kids.

The Parents of James M. Wang



里的。"



每天晚上伙伴们睡下后,王淼就咬牙苦撑着写这本日记。对一个 17 岁的渴睡的少年来说, 这还真不容易。

有许多华人的孩子读了这本日记。他们笑, 他们流泪,他们说应该让更多的孩子读到这本日 记。

我们的孩子喜欢音乐。他拨动了一根心弦,这乐声悠然远扬,一定会在更多的孩子心中引起甜美的共鸣。

王淼的父母



#### 7\13\2000

"Happy Birthday!" my mother said as she woke me up for my last day in America. "Now hurry up and get your stuff ready because you have a plane to catch", she added. As my birthday present, my parents were giving me the best gift anyone could ever ask for, a trip back to my homeland. I could hardly even remember China because I had left when I was only 5 years old. In fact, I could not remember it at all. I tried to bring back memories of my old bome, my old school, my old friends, but nothing came back. I didn't have a clue what China even looked like.

I packed my bags eagerly and hurried out to the car. I spent the whole ride to the airport staring at the sky and thinking about how I would be staring at the sky from the other side of the world in less than a day. The time it took to get to the airport seemed to pass by so slowly. After an eternity, I finally boarded the plane and was on my way back to China. There were 25 other kids going with me also to visit their homeland. We were to make a stop in Japan just to switch planes because no flight flew directly from Houston to China. The flight there was not too bad because the plane was well equipped with movies and video games.

As we approached Japan, I gazed out of my window to see the most beautiful ocean I had ever seen. Large waves crashed against each other as the sunlight reflected off of them. Dolphins leaped up into the air once in a while to catch a breath of the crisp afternoon air. Far off in the distance the clouds created a heaven I could only imagine. I sat in my seat and just stared out my window not wanting this flight to end. Unfortunately, land soon ap-



## ₩ 七月十三日

"生日快乐!"妈妈叫醒了我。这是我离开美国那天。"赶快起床吧,准备好你的行装,你要赶早上的飞机呢。"这是我的父母给我最好的生日礼物:一次回家乡的旅游。我对中国几乎没有什么印象了,因为我5岁就离开中国了。我试着想从记忆中找到我的老屋、我的幼儿园和我的小朋友,可是我什么也想不起来了。我一点儿也不知道中国到底是什么样子。

我急忙打好行李上了车。去机场的整个路上我仰望着天空想,只要半天的时间,我们就会看到地球那一半的天空了。去机场的路是如此漫长,经过了似乎无限长的时间,我终于登上了飞向中国的飞机。一共有 25 个孩子和我一起进行这次家乡之旅。我们将在东京停留转机,因为没有从休斯敦直接飞往中国的飞机。这次飞行感觉很好,因为飞机上有很多电影和电子游戏。

快到日本时,我瞭望窗外,看到了生平从未见过的最美丽的海景。巨浪在阳光闪烁下互相冲击,海豚不时跃出水面呼吸一下下午的新鲜空气。远处,白云组成似境般的图画,我坐在那里真希望这次飞行永远没有结束。可惜飞机已经开始下降,陆地开始显现。到达东京机场时,景色有点令人失望。



peared as the plane began to descend. Upon arriving at Tokyo airport, I was rather disappointed at what I saw.

Dark and dreary clouds blanketed the sky and the desolate surroundings made the whole country seem dead. There was a two hour long wait at the Tokyo airport before the next plane would depart. I expected everyone here to be Japanese but there were people from all over the world and the main language spoken was still English. I guess I will have to wait until I get to China to experience a serious change. During the wait for our next departure, our group's instructor decided that we needed to rehearse a song that we will sing for a group of students the next day. I thought she was kidding because there were hundreds of other people sitting besida us and walking all around us. Turns out she wasn't so we all got in a big circle on the floor and started to sing. People walking by turned their heads to look at us and some of them even stopped to ensure their eyes that they were actually seeing a group of crazy kids sitting on the floor of Tokyo airport singing. Everyone was extremely uncomfortable at first because we were making fools of ourselves; but pretty soon we all just figured we would never see these people again so we might as well just relax and enjoy ourselves. This plan actually worked and we ended up having a good time in a weird sort of way. Two hours after this rather strange experience, we were on another plane heading for China.

I was exhausted and I needed some sleep. The sun had been shining for about 20 hours now and it was getting pretty annoying. It eventually faded away and so did I. My friend sitting beside me woke me up a couple hours later and told me to look out the window. We were about to approach land and I could see little boats



沉重的暗云挡住了视线,地面显得荒凉而了无生气。我们需要在东京机场等待两个小时。我以为在这儿人人说日语,实际上人们来自世界各地,多数人还是说英语。看来还是要等到了中国,才会发生什么变化吧。在等待下趟班机的工夫,我们的带队老师决定带领我们练习唱一首歌,这是准备明天我们要为中国的学生演唱的。我原以为她在开玩笑,因为候机厅里有很多人。结果她还是真的要唱,于是我们在地板上坐成一个大圆圈开始唱了。周围的旅客都奇怪地看着我们,过路的人也好奇地停下来,看这一群傻孩子坐在东京机场的地板上大声地唱。开始的时候,我们人人都感到非常不自在,因为觉得我们在犯傻。后来我们想开了,反正我们再也见不到这些人了,何不放松一下呢。于是我们以这样古怪的方式愉快地度过了这段时间。两小时后,我们登上了飞往中国的飞机。

我感到昏昏欲睡,因为太阳已经照耀了将近 20 个小时了,令人感到有点儿烦闷。现在她终于渐渐暗淡下去了,我也和她一样。大约两小时后,我的同伴叫醒了我,让我快看窗外,我们已经快着陆了。我看到很多小船在上海的海面游动。我突然感到有些担心,飞机很快



floating all across the coast of Shanghai. I suddenly got the feeling that something was wrong when the plane started to descend while we were still flying over the ocean. It flew lower and lower until I began to reach for my seat to use as a float when we crashed into the freezing cold water below.

The distance between the plane and the water reached about 100 feet when I finally saw land. My heart began to beat again and I reminded myself that breathing helps people stay alive. The plane landed seconds later to my relief.

As I stepped off the plane and into Shanghai's airport, the first thing I noticed was all the huge billboards of products posted everywhere. The place looked like a giant shopping mall and it was almost completely empty. While I was checking through with security, one of the police guards walked up to me and started making fun of my hair (I bleached it blonde a few deys before I came on this trip). He called me a name in Chinese that I couldn't understand so I called him a name in English that he couldn't understand. We were both satisfied and went our separate ways. As I walked away from him and further through the airport, I was shocked at all the Asian people. This may sound stupid because I am in China but I don't remember ever seeing this many Asian people before.

I was literally the only person there with blonde hair. Obviously Chinese people in China have not discovered bleach yet. Our group was soon on our bus and on our way to the hotel we were staying at. On the way, I noticed that Shanghai hed tons of tall buildings that seemed to stretch up from underground. We drove and durve for nearly 2 hours on the highway and these buildings

下降,可是我们还在海面上。飞机越飞越低,我赶快查看我的座垫下的救生衣,我心想万一飞机降落在冰冷的海水中,它可以帮我浮起来。

故乡天空

当飞机离海面还有差不多 100 英尺时, 我终于看到了陆地。我的心脏重新开始跳动, 我才想起来人要呼吸才能活着。飞机终于着陆了, 我这才松了口气。

下了飞机走进上海机场大厅,我首先看到的是,到处都是巨大的广告牌,这儿倒更像一个大型购物中心,不过没有货物而已。当我通过安全检查时,一个警察向我走过来,他盯着我的头发发笑。(我在这次旅游的前几天把头发染成黄色了。)他说了一句我听不懂的中文,我回了一句他听不懂的英文。于是我们两人都很满意地各自走开。走过机场的通道时,我惊奇地发现这里有这么多黄种人。这样说可能有点犯傻,因为这是在中国,但是我记得我以前从来没有见过这么多黄种人。我大概是惟一一个黄头发的人,看来,中国人还没有发现染发这回事。

我们的团队很快上了大客车向旅馆开去。在路上我 发现上海有这么多的摩天大楼,我们沿着高速公路开了 将近两个小时,摩天大楼还是连绵不断。这大概是世界 上最大的城市吧,肯定是我见过的最大的城市。



just did not end. This must be one of the largest cities in the world, certainly the largest one I had ever been in.

When we arrived at the hotel, I was ready to pick up my room key and go to sleep when something grabbed me. "You're finally here James!" said a woman's voice in Chinese. I stared at her for a few seconds trying to figure out who she was. After giving up on this impossible task, I decided that I would just pretend to know her. "How are you? You're my mother's friend right?" I asked in English. (I can understand Chinese but I haven't spoken it in years) She just looked at me and smiled. "What are you doing here?" I tried next. I got the same reaction. It was becoming apparent to me she did not comprehend a word I was saving. I realized that I was going to have to speak Chinese. "My mother's friend is you?" I managed in Chinese. I knew I had messed it up because her son turned around and started laughing under his breath. "I'm your mother's blah blah blah ..." she said in Chinese. (I think she and my mother are related in some way). She talked on and on until she finally got to the point that she was here to wish me a happy birthday. In the mist of all this excite, I had forgotten that today was my birthday. She gave me a gift and I thanked her to the best of my ability in Chinese. Then I retired to my hotel room, dropped onto the bed, and was fast asleep.

我们终于到了住宿的旅馆, 当我拿了钥匙准备回房 间睡觉时,我听到有人叫我: "James,你终于来了。" 一 位女士在用中文和我说话。我注视她足有几秒钟以后, 还是想不起来她是谁,后来干脆不想了,我决定假装认 识她."你好,你是我妈妈的朋友吧?"我用英语问。(我 能听懂中文, 但是我有好多年没有说了。) 她望着我笑, 很明显她没有听懂我的话。我明白我必须说中文了。 "我妈妈的朋友是你?"我试着说中文。我见她的儿子转 过头忍住笑,我知道说得不太对。"我是你妈妈的什么。 什么,……"她继续说中文。(我想她是我妈妈的什么亲 戚。) 她又说了许多, 然后祝贺我生日快乐。我才记起来 今天是我的生日。她给我一个生日礼物,我用尽可能好 的中文表示感谢。我终于回到了房间,倒在床上,很快 就进入了梦乡。湿



#### 7\14\2000

A loud ringing broke my dreams as I sat up in my bed wondering where the sound was coming from. I picked up the phone and heard my instructor telling me to wakebecause it was time for the day to begin. I looked over at the clock that read 6:00 a.m., hung up on her, and went back to sleep. The phone eventually kept ringing and I was forced to wake up. I woodered who had planned this trip, especially the part with me waking up at six every morning. I had nothing to do for an hour because I refused to eat the hotel food after finding a bug in my chicken nugget. So I decided that I would go and take a walk on the streets of Shanghai. Bad idea. Once again, I was the only one amongst the thousands of Asian people who had blonde hair. There were people everywhere: walking along the street, riding bikes, or just loitering on the sidewalk. The one thing they all had in common was that they were all staring at my iair. People were actually stopping in their tracks to stare at me. One guy on a bike passed me and turned back around to stare at me and ran straight into a bus that had stopped in front of him. I decided that I should probably go back inside my hotel since heing a traffic hazard was not on my things to do list in China. Also, the number of people almost frightened me. The street before me must have had a population count by itself. I quickly turned around and headed back inside the hotel.

About an hour later, everyone was finished with his or her food and we were on the bus and ready to go. As we drove through the streets of Shanghai, I noticed that Chinese people were apparently suicidal. Some people on bikes would ride inches away