

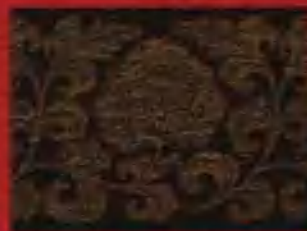
遥遥黄河源

中华儿童文学名家名作书系
希望出版社

The Remote Head of the Yellow River

SERIES OF MASTERPIECES OF CHINESE
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

HOPE PUBLISHING HOUSE



中华儿童文学名家
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CHENG LI

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总策划 卞之明

主 编 据林勇

责任编辑 陈 炜 华 程

助理责编 李 军

翻 译 程 前

英文审校 马卓华

绘 画 李 帆

摄 影 王泉珍

美术设计 华 程

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陈丽

Plotter Zhuang Zhiming

Editor-in-Chief Ju Linyong

Executive Editor Chen Wei

Hua Cheng

Assistant Editor Li Jun

Translator Cheng Qian

English Proof-Reader

Joshua Haynes Mandell

Painter Li Fan

Photographer Wang Quanzhen

Art Designer Hua Cheng

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陈丽，笔名鹿子，曾出版过中、长篇小说九本，如《纯洁的地方》、《黎明》、《陌生的来客》、《相逢在天涯》、《水无涯，情无涯》、《蓝虎》等；出版过散文集五本，如《爱的花束》、《冰恋》、《沉默的旅伴》、《孤帆》等。

Chen Li, pennamed Lu Zi, has published nine novelettes and novels like *A Pure Place*, *At Daybreak*, *A Strange Visitor*, *Meeting Afar*, *Boundless Water and Boundless Love* and *A Blue Tiger* and five collections of essays like *Bouquets of Love*, *Icy Love*, *A Wordless Co - Traveller* and *A Lonely Sail*.

作品介绍

风雪弥漫的大草原上，一个从内地去寻父的少年艰难地跋涉着。父亲为测量冰河而葬身于水下，他生命的华光和继母的高尚品格给后辈以莫大的震动，少年人悟到十八岁的人生应该从这里开始

Introduction

An abstract of The Remote Head of the Yellow River: A boy from the inland was trudging in the prairie in a snow-storm in the hope of finding his father, who died underwater while measuring the icy river. The splendour of his father's life and the lofty personality of his step-mother greatly thrilled him, which made him realize that his adult life should start here.

两千多公里的路程，梦幻般地甩在身后了。

路晔，一个十七岁的少年，背着行囊怯生生地出了车站。

高原的风干燥、凉爽，天空碧蓝，云儿比中原盛开的棉花还要柔软、洁白。又是一个天地，别有一番异乡风味。

迎面扑来一阵高亢的吆喝声：“羊肉串！羊肉串！”

“酸奶！两毛一碗！”“奶茶，奶茶，不香不要钱！”在这一片异乡口音中蓦地响起熟悉的乡音：“捞面条，蒜汁捞面条！”听起来分外亲切，路晔不知不觉循声来到摊子前。他一开口，卖蒜面的老汉就听出来是老乡，忙使铁箴篱捞了冒尖一海碗面条，浇上半勺香油蒜汁，外加一大勺鸡蛋卤。

A journey of more than two thousand kilometers already thrown behind as if it had been a dream, Lu Ye, a seventeen-year-old boy, now found himself timidly standing outside a station with his baggage on his back.

Even the wind on the plateau seemed dry and cool beneath a dark blue sky where clouds looked softer and whiter than the blooming cotton bolls in central China. What a strange world! What a new feel!

He was greeted by a hail of vending calls, Kabab! Kabab!~, "Yogurt! Twenty cents a bowl!" and "Milky tea, if shoddy, for nil!~". From among the voices talking in strange dialects was suddenly heard a familiar accent, "Noodles, noodles with meshed garlic!" It sounded so warm that he followed the calls to a stall. The old noodle vender recognized him to be a fellow-townsmen by his accent, hurriedly strained a bowlful of noodles with an iron strainer and poured half a spoon of sesame oil and meshed garlic on top, with a big ladle of egg gravy thrown in.

“学生？”老汉把面端到跟前，打量着他身上带肩饰的制服。“嗯。”香辣的蒜汁弄得他满头冒汗，嘴里塞了一大块鸡蛋，只好连连点头。“过暑假？有亲戚在这儿？”“哦，嗯。”老汉揉了揉眼睛：“我那儿在老家，几年没来了，个头怕跟你差不多……”

平平常常的吃食摊旁，平平常常的陌生人的搭讪，路畔听了却怦然心动：

“哦，哪个父亲不思念自己的儿子？要是自己的父亲也……”他不敢再想下去，胡乱扒了几口，付了钱，就离去了。

“A student?” the old man brought the noodles to him, gazing at his shoulder-marked uniform. “Yes,” sweating all over his face for the hot, fragrant, meshed garlic and with a big piece of egg in his mouth, he could only keep nodding. “For summer holiday? Have relatives here?” “Yes, yes.” The old man rubbed his eyes, “My son is in our hometown. It has been several years since he last was here. I’m afraid he’s now as tall as you…”

A few casual words between total strangers at a common food stall touched a tender chord in him. “Er, whose father doesn’t miss his son? What if my father also…” he dared not go on with his train of thought. Having swallowed several mouthfuls of food down in a hurry, and the bill paid, he set out.



他没有歇脚，接着登上西去的长途汽车，投身到一望无际的茫茫草原上。一连两天，汽车都行进在如绿绒毯似的浅草地上。黄河水在深深的沟壑里像游龙般地穿行。天空偶尔掠过一群褐色的斑头雁、洁白的鸥鸟。不时可见死马和死牦牛留下的骨架，黑洞洞的眼窝骇人地直视苍穹。牧民们都搬到巴颜喀拉山下的夏窝子草场去了，草原上竟连一座帐篷也见不到，荒漠得令人感到悲凉。

狭窄的车箱里弥漫着一股令人作呕的膻味。几个身披羊皮大氅的藏族大叔，赤裸着酱红色的胳膊，不时从怀里掏出一瓶白酒，咕咚喝

He did not stop for a rest, but got on a westbound long distance bus, speeding into a boundless prairie. For two days the bus kept running on the green, felt-like shallow grassland. The Yellow River meandered in the deep valleys and occasionally a flock of brown barhead geese or white hagdons swept across the sky. Now and then one could see the skeletons of horses or yaks with dark eye sockets pointing dreadfully into the firmament. The herdsmen had all moved to the summer pastures at the foot of the Bayankala mountains so that hardly a single tent could be seen, which made the scene melancholy and desolate.

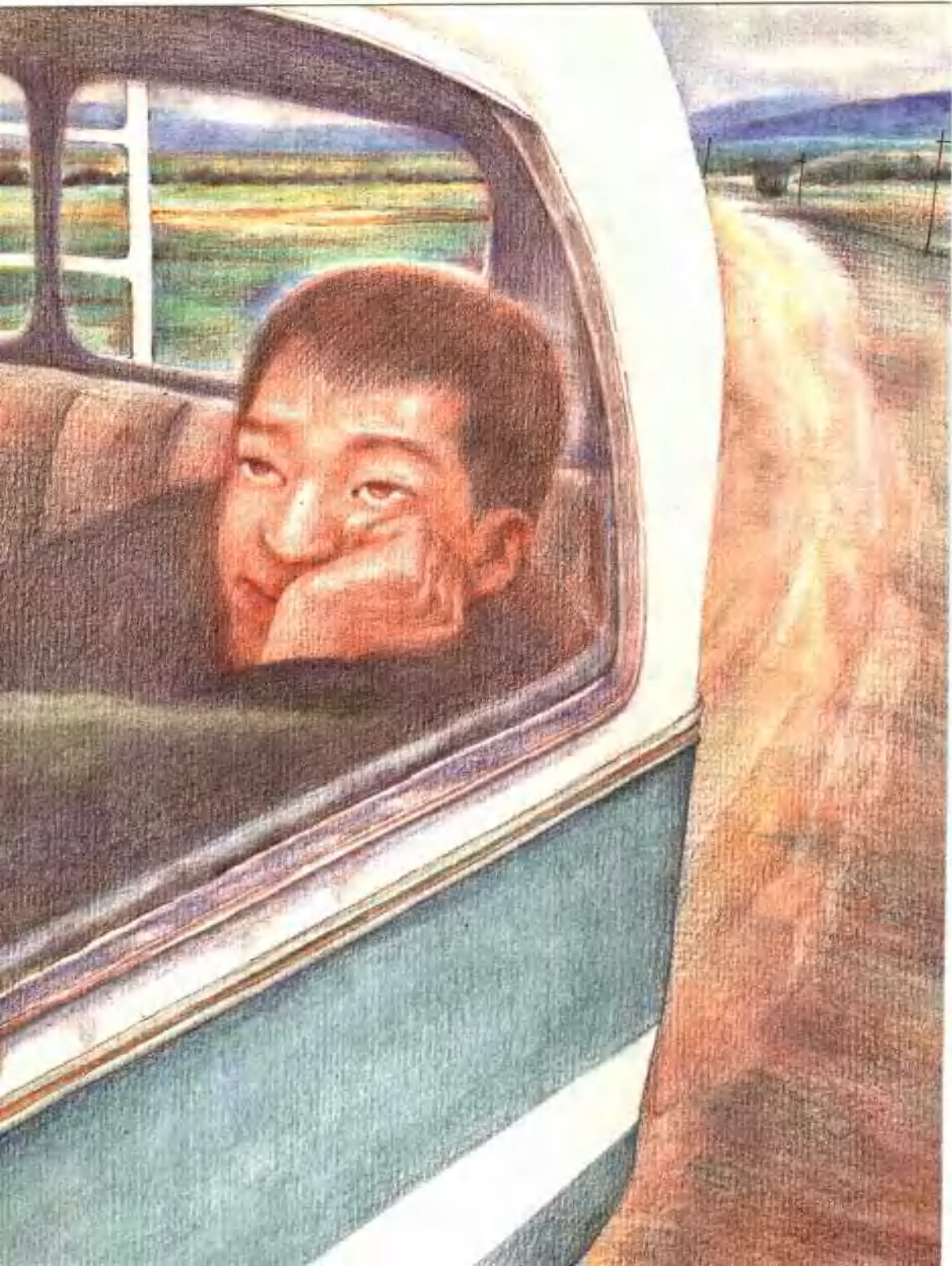
The crowded bus was permeated with a nauseating mutton smell. A few Tibetan men, in sheep pelt overcoats and with naked, dark, reddish-brown arms exposed, produced at times bottles of liquor from their breasts and

上，大口，又掏出熟羊腿，用洁白发亮的门牙咬住，嚓地撕下带血的肉，津津有味地嚼着。路晔侧过脸，从眼角窥视他们，其中一位留着两撇俏皮胡子的大叔举起羊脚，龇着白牙，用生硬的汉语招呼：“喂，小弗(伙)子，来一块！”一见他捂住鼻子直摇头，他们毫不见怪，反而朗声大笑。他们一个个脸膛黑红发亮，颧骨和嘴唇因高原强烈紫外线的照射呈暗紫色。那一阵阵膻味就是从羊皮大氅里散发出来的。他想象不出自己的父亲几十年来如何生活在他们中间，如何生活在这一片荒漠的草原上。

gulped down a mouthful or two, and then produced a cooked mutton-leg, which they tore into shreds, still bloody. With their shiny, white front teeth, they chewed with gusto. Lu Ye turned his face away, but peeped at them out of the corners of his eyes. A man with a funny moustache held up a sheep-foot, and with his white teeth shown, greeted him in awkward mandarin, "Hi, little kid, have a piece!" They were not offended, and even laughed when they saw him cover his mouth and keep shaking his head. Seeing their brown reddish shiny faces with cheekbones and lips radiating a dark purple, resulting from the plateau's strong ultraviolet rays, and smelling of the odor from their pelt overcoats, he could hardly imagine how his father had managed to live among them in this desolate prairie.

想到这儿，他下意识地伸手到胸前的口袋里摸了一下，那儿放着临行前母亲交给他的的一封信。就凭着这封亲笔信，他只身一人到黄河源头去寻找十七年来从未见过面的父亲。父亲会认出自己吗？会不会把自己当成一个陌生人拒之于门外？他未免有点儿惶恐不安起来。这时，汽车已经驶到海拔四千米的高原上，脑袋顿时嗡嗡作响，胸口憋闷得喘不过气来。他赶紧把手按在母亲的亲笔信上，好像那是一帖护身符，能保佑自己一路平安、事事如意。临行前母亲那委婉的话音又一次在耳边响起来：“小晔，不管怎么样，他毕竟是你的亲生父亲，你快满十八岁了，也该去见他一次。就是不看在我的份上，也要看在亲骨肉份上，他不会亏待你的。”

Thinking of this, he unconsciously groped in his breast pocket, where was kept a letter his mother gave him upon his departure. It was with this signed letter that he set off for the head of the Yellow River for his father, whom he had not seen for seventeen years. Would his father recognize him? Wouldn't he shut the door in his face as a stranger? He could not help but begin to feel uneasy. Now the bus had reached an altitude of 4,000 meters and his head began buzzing and he gasped for air. He put his hand tightly where his mother's letter was kept as if it were an amulet that could bless him with a safe journey and good luck in everything. Once again Mother's mild voice rang in his ear, "Xiao Ye, after all, he is your father. You're going to be eighteen years old and should go to see him, even if just this one time. Even if you don't like to do me this favor, you should think of him as your father. He won't let you down."



父亲，到底是什么模样
儿什么脾性？和继父是同样
的人吗？继父平易近人，待
自己也还不错，可惜，三年
前去世了。他和妈妈权且挪
到姥爷家，和大舅、二舅家
合住一院。起先还好，渐渐
地矛盾出现了。大舅母提出
各家自安电表，免得电费分
摊不均。安了电表，矛盾暂
时缓和。可是厨房公用，只
好每家各接一个灯头。谁家
进来做晚饭洗碗，开谁家的
电灯。有时三家同时做饭，
六平方米的小厨房里三盏电

What did his father look like
and what was his disposi-
tion? Was he the same as his
step-father? He was easy
to approach and had treated
him fairly well. But unfortu-
nately, he died three years
ago. Mother and he had to
move to his maternal grand-
father's house to live with the
elderly relatives. Things had
gone fairly well before dis-
agreements gradually sur-
faced. The eldest uncle's
wife declared that each fam-
ily should install a separate
electricity meter so as to
avoid an unfair distribution of
electricity charges. The in-
stallation of the meters miti-
gated the disagreements for
the time being. But the
kitchen was still shared by
three families, so each had
to install a lamp holder and he
who was cooking or doing
washing up had to stand in
his own light. Sometimes
when the three families were
cooking at the same time the
three lights were all on in the

灯同时大放光华。一次，自己家的灯泡坏了，大舅母做好饭，离去时毫不留情面，啪嗒拉灭了自家的电灯。他正帮母亲熬小豆粥，一时黑灯瞎火，粥汤溢了满锅台，慌乱之中又拉亮了二舅母家的灯。想不到二舅母正好进来，哼地冷笑一声：“怪不得这么费电！”几天之后，大舅母又说厨房碗柜里的卤牛肉不翼而飞，噼噼啪啪拍打儿子的屁股：“是不是你偷吃啦？”从这天起，大舅母、二舅母家的碗柜上添了两把锁。三家亲骨肉之间，为了一盏灯、一块肉，常常闹得不愉快，到后来竟弄得像乌眼鸡一般。

small kitchen that was only six square meters. Once it happened that his own lamp broke down while he was helping his mother to cook gruel when the eldest uncle's wife turned off her light without any mercy upon finishing her cooking. In sudden darkness, gruel spilt over the top of the kitchen range. In a hurry, he turned on the light that belonged to the elder uncle's wife, but she happened to come in and showed a sardonic grin, saying, "No wonder my meter goes so fast!" A few days later, the eldest uncle's wife said that her seasoned beef, kept in the kitchen cupboard, was gone and slapped her son on the bottom, "Have you stolen it for a snack?" From that day on, their cupboards were locked up. The three families were kin, yet they were not on good terms, either for a lamp, or a lump of meat, and later they had a total falling out with each other.

也许正因为处在这种不愉快的气氛中，母亲才萌发了要自己千里寻父的主意吧！

十七年来和父亲惟一的联系，就是每月去邮局领取从黄河源头寄来的二十元抚养费。再有五个月，自己满十八周岁、和父亲的惟一联系，按照法律的规定将一刀两断，从此，永无见面的可能。也许，有朝一日，父亲退休回到中原定居，两人即使对面相遇，也如同路人，想起来多么可怕而可悲。

It was probably under these unpleasant circumstances that Mother began to brood over letting him go to see his father thousands of miles away.

The only contact he had kept for all these years with his father was the monthly remittance of 20 yuan from the head of the Yellow River, which he went to the post office to fetch each month. In another five months, he was to be eighteen years old. That very contact with his father, as stipulated by the law, would be severed. From then on, there would be no possibility for a reunion. It was horrible and tragic to think that they would treat each other as total strangers when they came across each other sometime after his father retired and came back to central China.

