

A photograph of two young girls in a lush rainforest. The girl in the foreground is wearing a long, flowing green dress with a pink and yellow sash. She has long dark hair and is looking directly at the camera. The girl behind her is wearing a blue dress and is also looking at the camera. They are surrounded by dense green foliage and tree trunks.

Lilinda Margraf & Livanda Margraf

LINDA & VANDA'S RAINFORESTS



NEW WORLD PRESS

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

姐姐的雨林: 英文/(德)林姐(Margraf,L.),
(德)宛姐(Margraf,V.)著;王海荣译. -- 北京:新
世界出版社, 2016.5

ISBN 978-7-5104-5178-2

I. ①姐 II. ①林 ②宛 ③王 III. ①散文集
- 德国 - 现代 - 英文 IV. ①I516.65

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2014)第234500号

LINDA & VANDA'S RAINFORESTS
姐姐的雨林

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出版发行: 新世界出版社

社 址: 北京西城区百万庄大街24号(100037)

发行部: (010)6899 5968 (010)6899 8705(传真)

总编室: (010)6899 5424 (010)6832 6679(传真)

<http://www.nwp.cn>

<http://www.nwp.com.cn>

版权部: +8610 6899 6306

版权部电子信箱: nwpcd@sina.com

印 刷: 北京易丰印捷科技股份有限公司

经 销: 新华书店

开 本: 880×1230 1/32

字 数: 50千字 印张: 4.625

版 次: 2016年6月第1版 2016年6月北京第1次印刷

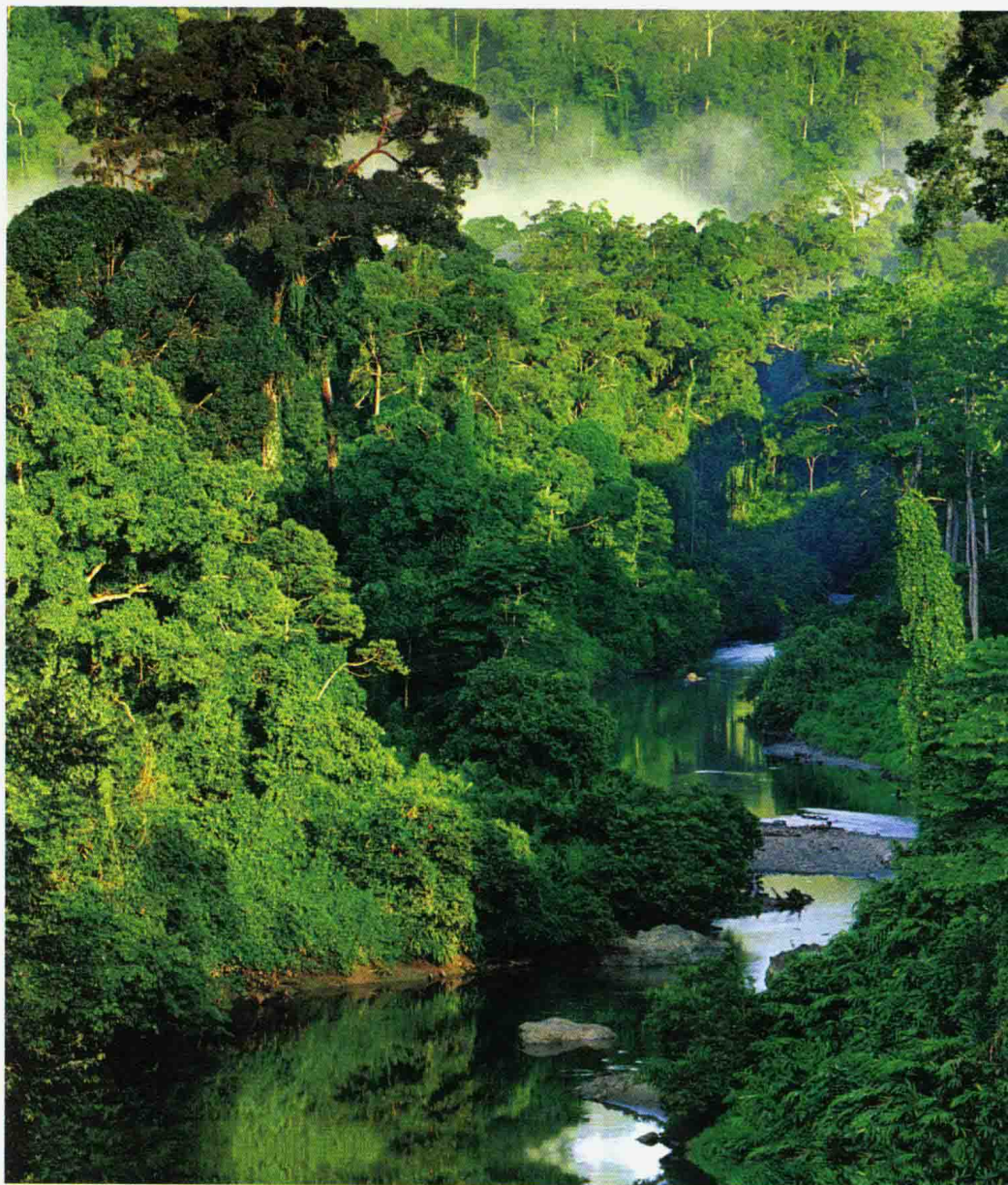
书 号: ISBN 978-7-5104-5178-2

定 价: 98.00 元

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Tropical rainforests are the most beautiful places in the world





But rainforests on the Earth are
dwindling replaced by rubber and
banana trees everywhere





Letting rainforests stand up again
And become our gardens
Are the wishes of Mom and Dad

Linda (left)
Vanda (right)

Preface 1

Two Children from a Fairy Tale

The first time I set my eyes on them, they struck me as children walking out of a fairy tale. They are Linda and Vanda. With beautiful faces, pure eyes and casual composure, they are ethereal. Are these pretty children from heaven?

They are from a tropical rainforest, where they live in a log cabin. Outside their door is an eyeful of verdant and vibrant trees, chirping birds and fragrant flowers. Birds wake them up in the morning and elephants visit them from time to time. They are part of nature.

Their knowledgeable and wise father and romantic and gentle mother bridged racial and cultural divides with their love for each other, and out of love for the Earth, they left the bustling city to rehabilitate rainforests in Xishuangbanna. They planted orchids around their cottage, and in fact named their two daughters after these elegant flowers.

Nature, art, life and love – they lacked none of these. Dreams, imagination, freedom and responsibility, they always had. It was a beautiful fairy tale, until the day their father suddenly passed away, and wildfire ravaged the rainforest.

Almost overnight, the world became strange and ugly. I wondered how these young girls had taken this until I read their words: Father has turned into a rainforest Buddha, who is sowing the seeds of his soul in heaven. The girls reunite with their father on the pages of the books they read, and when they see orchids smiling at them.

Maybe it has dawned on them that the best education they have

received is about growth. Out of a seed a forest can grow, and out of a wish a new world can be created. A life that gathers the essence of heaven and Earth, bathes in sunlight and showers, and stubbornly stretches toward the sky, seeking a space to grow and an opportunity to reproduce – who can stop it from growing?

The best gift they have received is their knowledge about eternity: spring, summer, autumn and winter come and go, and flowers bloom and fade. Pain is rewarded with growth, and death is the prelude to reincarnation. Who can afford to ignore hope?

Fortunately, the girls can still enjoy the warm embrace of their mother, who has put the four-leaf clover that her husband picked into a book, which brings sweet delight, as always, to her daughters' eyes. Strong love has given her the strength to face the world.

With their father guarding the rainforests, Linda and Vanda continue to chase their dreams. Wherever they go, there is nature; and wherever there is love, there is a fairy tale.

Yang Lan

Celebrated Chinese TV show host, philanthropist and United Nations Children's Fund ambassador in China

Preface 2

Give the Girls a Garden

When creating new life, all mothers are selfless. I looked forward to the birth of my children as if waiting for blessings from heaven.

A little nascent life is bound to her biological parents as if she is a gift from God. The mother, like a devout believer, would like to offer her children a shrine or temple. The girls' father is a master gardener who sends nothing but flowers. We can imagine no better gift for our children than a garden. This mysterious garden shall be an infinitely growing rainforest.

I prayed for a baby's arrival. By the time Linda was born, I had spent two years planting plants, whose names I did not even know, on a plot used to grow rubber trees. Then all sorts of small animals came to settle there. I formed a habit of chatting with flowers and grasses, and I begged heaven and Earth to bless me with children! Linda arrived

through my prayers, followed by angelic Vanda. Like any diligent mother, I learned to please my children. I earnestly unraveled the secrets of the garden, and carefully learned from nature and my husband. I realized that cultivating beautiful lives takes an entire life system.

In this way, I have become a down-to-earth woman and hardworking mother, and a gardener who can give my girls a garden.

I would like to thank my daughters and their father, and all the creatures in the rainforest garden that have accompanied my daughters.

I know that my girls can give this world a garden much larger than I can.

Li Minguo

Written in the year 2010

Little Waxberries

*My children, on our mountain
Grows a kind of little waxberry
As tiny as your little fingers
She turns red
Before spring showers fall
When she becomes purple
Off she drops.*

*When you stroll and spot her
Watch your step
Pick her up
And carefully gaze
Gently caress
Her wrinkled and bumpy skin
She is small
But it takes a long time for the tree bearing her to grow up
She is the little fruit of a big tree.*

*The closer to the city
The bigger the fruits
Only in the mountain*

*Can you eat things
Small and sweet like these.*

*Soft are the little waxberries
Hard are their seeds
They drop and grow on their own
And can hardly be sown.*

*My children, you will certainly remember
How such a little waxberry feels
In your mouth
She tastes you
Just like you taste her
Timidly and softly
Like a first kiss.*

*Sweet and juicy little waxberries
If you eat too many of them
You like to stick out your tongue
And show Mom your delight
Oh, it is purplish red.*

Preface 3

Father Is a Rainforest Buddha

Father said that every life has an ancient soul. No matter how long we have lived on Earth, we should do something good for our soul. If you cannot find such things to do, life will be meaningless.

Father knew many plants and animals since childhood. That knowledge came from his mother. In this world, besides music, Father's best friends were plants. He published many books about rainforests. One publishing house, Margraf Verlag, bears our family name. It was founded by Father and still exists today.

Back then, many people in the world thought that rainforests only existed in fairy tales, but Father thought of ways to tell the world that rainforests are real. Yet today, many things and species he knew have already disappeared, so they can only be found in fairy tales.

Father left Germany after his mom left the world. He always traveled to places with a large number of plants. His favorite places were tropical

rainforests, and he had been to all the places they could be found.

He found that rainforests are the most beautiful kind of forest, and that they also hide the largest number of secrets. People living in rainforests are the happiest. Rainforests have everything, even Mom. Yet fewer and fewer people understand them, and those who don't know their secrets will never know.

Father left us because he has another way to work, that is, being a rainforest Buddha. Those who believe in him know that he is present. We believe in Father, and know that he is in the rainforest. So we stay in the rainforest. Father is very happy, and so are we.

We love you, Dad.

Linda and Vanda