



MY SWEET

My World Is
Very Small,
But Just
Sweet

我要用最诚的爱来迎接今天。因为，这是一切冒险事业得以成功的最大秘诀。

我的世界很小，
但是刚刚好

每天读一点暖心英文

Everyday Warm English Notes

汉英对照

读故事 记单词 学语法

暖小昕 / 编译

北京联合出版公司
Beijing United Publishing Co., Ltd.

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My World Is Very Small, But Just Right

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但是刚刚好**

每天读一点暖心英文



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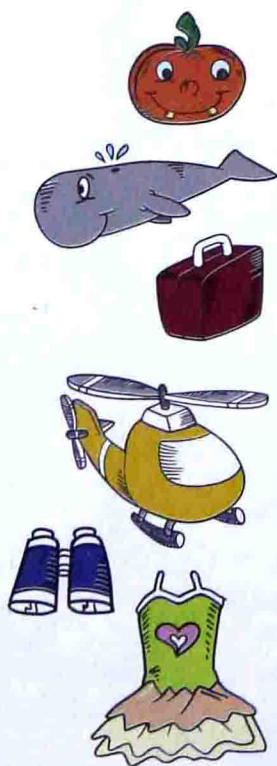
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逝去的愛

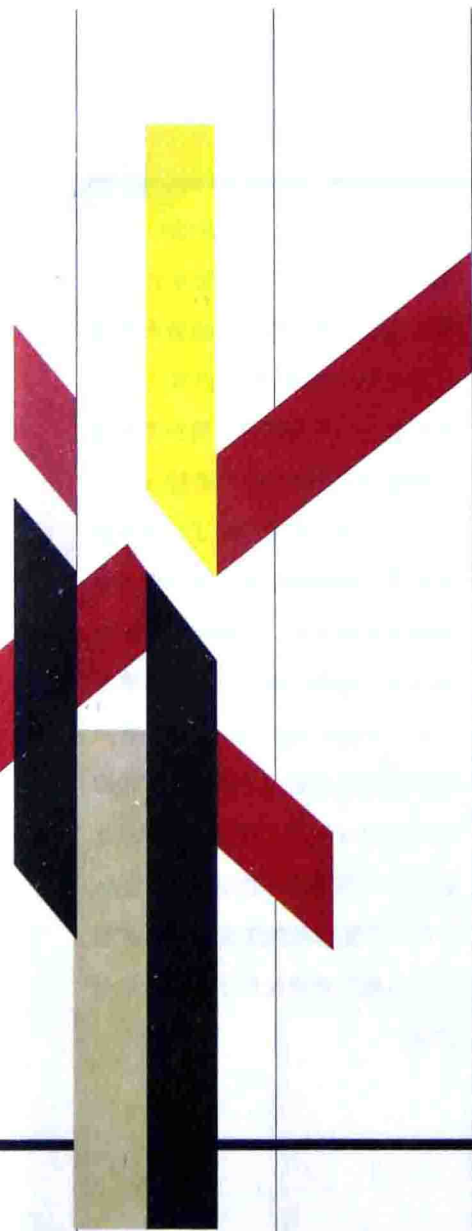
First Love

【美】约翰·沃尔特斯 / John W.



我记得，当时的阳光洒落在她的发丝上。她转过头，我们四目相对，在那间吵闹的五年级教室里，我感觉到了一些东西，觉得心底遭到了一击。我的初恋就此开始了。

她叫雷切尔，我从小学到中学一直很迷恋她，看到她，我的心就怦怦地跳，有她在时，我说话就有些结巴。我就像夏日里一只不幸的小昆虫，被一扇窗前微弱的灯光吸引，在黑暗的夜晚徘徊在她的窗前。




当看到她上学或是放学回家，走在林荫小路上时，我整个人就呆住了，她看起来总是那么镇定自若。在家时，我回想着与她的每一次邂逅，一想到自己的不足之处便心生懊恼。即便如此，当我们正值青春年少时，我仍然感受到她对我深情的宽容。

我们还不够成熟，根本不可能发展稳定的恋爱关系。她自幼受正统犹太教的家庭熏陶，而我因信奉天主教心存顾忌，这使我们表现得清心寡欲，有如谦谦君子，就连亲吻都遥不可及，无论这种渴望是多么强烈。在一场舞会上，我设法拥抱了她一下——当然，有大人在场。我们的拥抱让她咯咯地笑了起来，她那纯洁干脆的笑声让我痛恨自己所想的一切。

总而言之，我对雷切尔的爱一直是单恋。中学毕业后，她考上了大学，我参了军。第二次世界大战爆发后，我被派到海外。有一段时间，我们保持着联系，她的来信成为那些难熬的漫长岁月中的一抹亮色。有一次，她给我寄了一张她的泳装照，我浮想联翩，在回信里提到是否可能结婚。她的回信几乎立即少了，也很少提及个人的事情。

我回国后做的第一件事就是去找雷切尔。她母亲开了门，说雷切尔已经不住在这里了，她与在大学里认识的一个医学院的学生结了婚。“我还以为她写信通知你了。”她的母亲说。



我最终在等待复员时收到了她的“亲爱的约翰”一信。她委婉地解释了不能和我结婚的原因。回首过去，我真的恢复得很快，尽管在开始的几个月里，我认为自己活不下去了。就像雷切尔一样，我找到了另一个人，我学会用一种深情和永恒的责任感去爱她，而这种责任感一直延续到现在。

可是，最近，在相隔 40 余年之后，我接到了雷切尔打来的电话，她的丈夫过世了。她经过我所在的城镇，通过我们都认识的一个朋友打听到了我的住址，我们相约见面。

我感到好奇而兴奋，在过去的这些年里，我没有挂念过她，她突然在一个早晨给我打了电话，这让我很惊讶。见到她时，我又感到很震惊，这位坐在餐桌前，头发花白的女人就是我梦寐以求的雷切尔吗？就是那个照片上体态轻盈的美人鱼吗？

因为很久不见，我们互相寒暄，谈了共同关心的话题。我们就像老朋友那样聊天，很快发现我们都已经是祖父母了。

“你还记得这个吗？”她递给我一张破旧的纸条，那是我在学校时为她写的一首诗。我仔细看了

这首格律粗糙、韵律苍白的诗。她望着我的脸，从我的手里把纸抢走，并装进了包里，好像很怕我会毁掉它。

我告诉她有关相片的事，告诉她我是如何带着它度过了整个战争。


“我们不可能在一起，这你是知道的。”她说。

“你为何如此确定？”我反问她，“哦，姑娘，我的爱尔兰道德感和你犹太人的责任心，那一定非常完美！”

我们的笑声惊动了旁边的人，在余下的时间里，我们都只是偷偷地看着对方。我想，我们从对方身上看到我们一直保留在心中的形象破灭了。

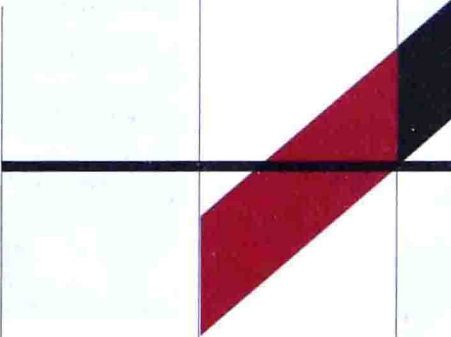
在我送她上出租车之前，她转向我，说：“我只是想再看你一眼，告诉你一些事情。”她的双眼凝视着我，“我想谢谢你曾经那么爱我。”我们吻了一下，她离开了。





我在商店的橱窗里看见了自己：灰白的头发在晚风中拂动。我决定步行回家，她的吻还在我的唇上燃烧，我感到有点儿晕，于是坐在公园的一张长凳上。在我身旁，花草树木正在夕阳的照耀下熠熠发光，压在我心上的某个东西消失了，某件事情圆满了。我眼前的景象是如此之美，我快乐得想要叫喊，想要唱歌跳舞。

如同一切事物一样，这一切很快就过去了，不一会儿，我起身回家了。



I remember the way the light touched her hair. She turned her head, and our eyes met, a momentary awareness in that raucous fifth-grade classroom. I felt as though I'd been struck a blow under the heart. Thus began my first love affair.

Her name was Rachel, and I mooned my way through grade and high school, stricken at the mere sight of her, tongue-tied in her presence. Does anyone, anymore, linger in the shadows of evening, drawn by the pale light of a window—her window—like some hapless summer insect?

I would catch sight of her, walking down an aisle of trees to or from school, and I'd become paralyzed. She always seemed so poised, so self-possessed. At home, I'd relive each encounter, writhing at the thought of my inadequacies. Even so, as we entered our teens, I sensed her affectionate tolerance for me.

"Going steady" implied a maturity we still lacked. Her Orthodox Jewish upbringing and my own Catholic scruples imposed a celibate grace that made even kissing a distant prospect, however fervently desired. I managed to hold her once at a dance—chaperoned, of course. Our embrace made her giggle, a sound so trusting that I hated myself for what I'd been thinking.

At any rate, my love for Rachel remained unrequited. We graduated from high school, she went on to college, and I joined the Army. When World War II engulfed us, I was sent overseas. For a time we corresponded, and her letters were the highlight of those grinding, endless years. Once she sent me a snapshot of herself in a bathing suit, which drove me to the wildest of fantasies. I mentioned the possibility of marriage in my next letter, and almost immediately her replies became less frequent, less personal.

The first thing I did when I returned to the States was to call on Rachel. Her mother answered the door. Rachel no longer lived there. She had married a medical student she'd met in college. "I thought she wrote you," her mother said.

Her "Dear John" letter finally caught up with me while I was awaiting discharge. She gently explained the impossibility of a marriage between us. Looking back on it, I must have recovered rather quickly, although for the first few months I believed I didn't want to live. Like Rachel, I found someone else, whom I learned to love with a deep and permanent commitment that has lasted to this day.

Then, recently, after an interval of more than 40 years, I heard from Rachel again. Her husband had died. She was passing through town and had learned of my whereabouts through a mutual friend. We agreed to meet.

I felt both curious and excited. In the last few years, I hadn't thought about her, and her sudden call one morning had taken me aback. The actual sight of her was a shock. This white-haired matron at the restaurant table was the Rachel of my dreams and desires, the supple mermaid of that snapshot?

Yet time had given us a common reference and respect. We talked as old friends, and quickly discovered we were both grandparents.

"Do you remember this?" She handed me a slip of worn paper. It was a poem I'd written her while still in school. I examined the crude meter and pallid rhymes. Watching my face, she snatched the poem from me and returned it to her purse, as though fearful I was going to destroy it.

I told her about the snapshot, how I'd carried it all through the war.

"It wouldn't have worked out, you know." she said.

"How can you be sure?" I countered. "Ah, colleen, it might have been grand indeed—my Irish conscience and your Jewish guilt!"

Our laughter startled people at a nearby table. During the time left to us, our glances were furtive, oblique. I think that what we saw in each other repudiated what we'd once been to ourselves, we immortals.

Before I put her into a taxi, she turned to me. "I just wanted to see you once more. To tell you something." Her eyes met mine. "I wanted to thank you for having loved me as you did." We kissed, and she left.

From a store window my reflection stared back at me, an aging man, with gray hair stirred by an evening breeze. I decided to walk home. Her kiss still burned on my lips. I felt faint, and sat on a park bench. All around me the grass and trees were shining in the surreal glow of sunset. Something was being lifted out of me. Something had been completed, and the scene before me was so beautiful that I wanted to shout and dance and sing for joy.

That soon passed, as everything must, and presently I was able to stand and start for home.

最后一封信

The Last Relationship

佚名 / Anonymous

