

The Doll and a White Rose

I hurried into the local department store to grab some last minute Christmas gifts. I looked at all the people and grumbled¹⁾ to myself. I would be in here forever and I just had so much to do. Christmas was beginning to become such a drag. I kinda²⁾ wished that I could just sleep through Christmas. But I hurried the best I could through all the people to the toy department.

Once again I kind of mumbled to myself at the prices of all these toys. And wondered if the grandkids would even play with them. I found myself in the doll aisle³⁾. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a little boy about 5 holding a lovely doll. He kept touching her hair and he held her so gently. I could not seem to help myself. I just kept looking over at the little boy and wondered who the doll was for. I watched him turn to a woman and he called his aunt by name and said, "Are you sure I don't have enough money?" She replied a bit impatiently, "You know that you don't have enough money for it." The aunt told the little boy not to go anywhere that she had to go to get some other things and would be back in a few minutes. And then she left the aisle. The boy continued to hold the doll. After a bit I asked the boy who the doll was for. "It is the doll my sister wanted so badly for Christmas. She just knew that Santa would bring it." I told him that maybe Santa was going to bring it. "No, Santa can't go where my sister is... I have to give the doll to my Mamma to take to her." I asked him where his sister was. He looked at me with the saddest eyes and said: "She was gone to be with Jesus. My Daddy says that Mamma is going to have to go to be with her."

My heart nearly stopped beating. Then the boy looked at me again and said, "I told my Daddy to tell Mamma not to go yet. I told him to tell her to wait till I got back from the store." Then he asked me if I wanted to see his picture. I told him I would love to. He pulled out some pictures he'd had taken at the front of the store. "I want my Mamma to take this with her so she won't ever forget me. I love my Mamma so very much and I wish she did not have to leave me. But Daddy says she will need to be with my sister." I saw that the little boy had lowered his head and had grown so very quiet. While he was not looking I reached into my purse and pulled out a handful of bills. I asked the little boy, "Shall we count that money one more time?" He grew excited and said, "Yes, I just know it has to be enough." So I slipped my money in with his and we began to count it. Of course it was plenty for the doll. He softly said, "Thank you Jesus for giving me enough money." Then the boy said, "I just asked Jesus to give me enough money to buy this doll so Mamma can take it with her to give to my sister. And he heard my prayer. I wanted to ask him for enough to buy my Mamma a white rose, but I didn't ask him, but he gave me enough to buy the doll and a rose for my Mamma. She loves white roses so very, very much."

In a few minutes the aunt came back and I wheeled my cart away. I could not keep from thinking about the little boy as I finished my shopping in a totally different spirit than when I had started. And I kept remembering a story I had seen in the newspaper several days earlier about a drunk driver hitting a car and killing a little girl and the Mother was in serious condition. The family was deciding on whether to remove the life support. Now

surely this little boy did not belong with that story.

Two days later I read in the paper where the family had disconnected the life support and the young woman had died. I could not forget the little boy and just kept wondering if the two were somehow connected. Later that day, I could not help myself and I went out and bought some white roses and took them to the funeral⁴⁾ home where the young woman was. And there she was holding a lovely white rose, the beautiful doll, and the picture of the little boy in the store. I left there in tears, my life changed forever.

洋娃娃和一支白玫瑰

我急匆匆走进当地的百货商场想在最后关头抢购几件圣诞礼品。看到商场里人满为患，我不禁抱怨起来。在这儿我得耗费多少时间，可我有那么多事情要做。圣诞节对我开始成了累赘。我真有点希望蒙头一睡，把整个节日睡过去。但此时我还是见缝插针，穿过熙熙攘攘的人群挤到玩具部。

看到所有这些玩具的价钱我又不禁嘟囔起来，而且怀疑孙儿们甚至玩都不玩它们。不知不觉我走到了洋娃娃通道。从余光里我看到一个大约5岁的小男孩抱着一个很可爱的洋娃娃。他不住地抚摸她的头发，那么温柔地抱着她。我觉得似乎无法控制自己，不住地看着那小男孩，心想那洋娃娃是给谁的呢。我看见他转向一位女士叫着他那位阿姨的名字，然后说，“你能肯定我的钱不够吗？”她有些不耐烦地回答：“你知道你没那么多钱买它。”那阿姨告诉小男孩哪儿也别去，她去买点别的东西几分钟就回来。说完她离开了通道。那小男孩还抱着洋娃娃不放。过了一会儿我问小男孩那洋娃娃是给谁的。“这洋娃娃是我妹妹特别想得到的圣诞礼物。她只知道圣诞老人会带给她的。”我告诉她也许圣诞老人真会带给她呢。“不会的，圣诞老人不能去我妹妹待的地方……我只得把洋娃娃给我妈妈，让她带去给妹妹。”我问他妹妹在哪儿。他看着我，眼神是那么悲伤，说：“她已经跟上帝在一起了。我爸爸说妈妈也得跟她一起去。”

我的心几乎停止了跳动。那男孩又看了看我，说：“我告诉我爸爸跟妈妈说先别走。我告诉他跟她说等我从商场回来。”然后他问我想不想看看他的照片。我告诉他我当然愿意。他拿出一些他在商场前面照的相片。“我想让妈妈带上我的照片，这样她就永远不会忘记我了。我非常爱我的妈妈，我但愿她不要离开我。但爸爸说她要跟妹妹在一起。”我看着这小男孩低下头，一言不发了。趁他没看我时，我伸手从自己的钱包里拿出一些钱来。我对小男孩说：“咱们再来数数钱好吗？”他兴奋起来说道：“好呀，我就知道钱应该够。”这样我悄悄把拿出的钱混到他的钱里，然后我们一起数。当然现在钱是足够买那个洋娃娃了。他轻声说：“谢谢你上帝，给了我足够的钱。”然后他说：“我确实请求上帝给我足够的钱买这娃娃，好让妈妈带给我妹妹。他听到了我的祈求。我还想请求他给我钱为我妈妈买一支白玫瑰，但我没说出来，可他给我的钱足够买娃娃和给我妈妈的玫瑰花。我妈妈非常非常喜欢白玫瑰。”

几分钟后男孩的阿姨回来了，我推着购物车走了。我不住地想着那小男孩，买完东西后的心境跟刚进商场时迥然不同。我还不住地想起几天前在报纸上看到的一则消息：一个喝醉的司机撞上一辆汽车，撞死一个小女孩，而小女孩的母亲情况危急。受害者的家属还没决定是否不再维持母亲的生命。我想这小男孩当然跟那个故事没关。

两天之后我在报上读到那个家庭已经拿掉那些维持生命的器械，那年轻的妈妈已经去世。我无法忘记那个小男孩，总禁不住想他们之间是否有什么关系。那天晚些时候，我再也无法克制自己，出门买了些白玫瑰，带到给那位女士举行遗体告别的殡仪馆。我看到她躺在

学英语，练听力，上听力课堂！

那儿，手拿一支美丽的白玫瑰，怀抱一个漂亮的洋娃娃和小男孩在商场的照片。我含泪离去，我的生活从此改变了。

NOTE 注释：

1. grumble ['grʌmbəl] vi. 抱怨，发牢骚
2. kinda ['kaɪndə] adv. 有一点，有几分(=kind of)
3. aisle [aɪl] n. 走廊，过道
4. funeral ['fju:nərəl] n. 葬礼，出殡