

## Spring Fever

Peter could no longer remain in doors, not another minute. The beautiful spring days gave him strange feelings. It left him helpless with no control over himself. He took his hat and walked out of his office. Peter kept going until he reached Highland Amusement park. He knew this park; here he had felt the first excitement of love more than 25 years ago. Now he was a married man with a wife and 12 years old boy and he loved them dearly, but it was spring and some-how he felt free as the wind, the way he felt in his twenties when he thought he had the world in his hands.

The whole park was over-whelmed by a holiday atmosphere as if life had opened a new road for the people. He felt the same way deep down within him. He wanted something to happen to him, something new and different. He thought of his wife knitting her sweater. Billy would be playing his toy or fixing his bicycle. If he had been at home with them, he would be fixing the flower bed and working around the house. But he did not feel that way now. The fever of adventure rose within him. He was carried away by a rebellion against the principle he had respected.

Inside the amusement park, he stopped in front a shooting gallery<sup>1)</sup> and watched the man shoot down white ten ducks and birds. The gallery owner turned to Peter and said: "Come on. Try your luck, win a nice prize for your girlfriend. " Peter laughed. "Ok. Brother. " He said: "I will try it. " He picked up a rifle<sup>2)</sup>, aimed at the moving ducks and pulled the trigger<sup>3)</sup> quickly shot after shot, and he won a big doll.

He walked away and then he saw a young woman. Without hesitation, Peter held the doll out to her and said, "Pardon me, but would you do me a favour? I feel funny carrying this doll around. So would you mind taking it? It needs a mother. " The girl shook off her surprise and laughed. "Well. If it embarrasses<sup>4)</sup> you, I suppose there is nothing else I can do." She accepted the doll and thanked him. "It's lovely. Where ever did you get it? " "I won it at the shooting gallery. " He told her and almost without realizing it, he was walking beside her up the path through the park.

They began to talk of different things. The girl told him her name was Louise. She thought he was about 33 years, more than 12 years younger than he really was, and this delighted Peter. Now chatting, laughing with this dark hair blue eyed girl, he seemed to go back again through the years to those days when he was young and free. He knew clearly he could not possibly mean anything to her and he could not forget he was a family man with responsibilities and a son who loved him and looked up to him. And yet it was strange that he couldn't stop now. "Let's go to the Ferris wheel. Do you like that? " Peter asked her. Louise's face lit up and Peter noticed how eager her eyes were.

She sat closely against him and the great wheel turned and sent them skyward<sup>5)</sup>. He felt her finger holding his own and warm blood rose within him. The world seemed so much more alive, almost new again. After the Ferris wheel, they tried a small motor boat, and after that they had ice cream and cake. They entered a dance hall. Peter discovered himself as a good dancer as ever and in dancing he forgot everything, his wife, his child and everything.

He was 2 1 again. This blue eyed girl at his side, this lovely stranger leaned upon<sup>6)</sup> him, clung to<sup>7)</sup> him, was his sweetheart. Louise said, "I wonder why, but I do so much enjoy being with you. Somehow you seem different. Where do you live? I have never seen you before. I'd like to, well what I mean is don't you think we two get along so nicely?" "You are perfectly right. Louise, shall we dance some more?" "Peter," She spoke his name as if she were truly his girlfriend, as if she had taken him for her own. "Peter, don't you believe that we should see each other again?" She leaned closer. Soon Peter was not sure of himself.

Sooner or later he knew it would come to this. He tried to remain calm. Finally he said: "That is easy. Let me have your telephone number and I'll give you a call." When the sun was setting, Peter took her home in his car. Though she probably expected him to, he made no attempt to kiss her. He didn't even ask her to let him into her house.

The next day Peter was back at his desk, but his mind was not on his work. He kept thinking of the blue eyed girl. He had her telephone number in his notebook. The day in the park need not remain just a memory. It could be made really alive again. It was just a matter of phone call and there would be other days even more interesting, more exciting, fuller in meaning. However, he was after all a married man. He did love his wife dearly. If anything happened that hurt his marriage he knew he would never get over it. That was one thing that really meant every thing to him. He rose from his chair, walked to the open window and looked out upon the April world.

He got a sudden strange feeling at this moment. He could hear the sweet voice of Louise with the spring breeze, he could see the lovely smile of Louise among the flowers. He got a kind of strange sickness inside. She would be waiting, expecting his phone call. He could even picture her impatience. She had told him so clearly that they must see each other again, because they were meant for each other. He returned to the desk without knowing what to do.

He slowly took out the little notebook, and laid on the desk. He picked up the phone. He started to get his number, stopped for a moment, then went a head and completed the call. A voice answered. He recognized it at once. It was Louise of course. He listened quietly and it was painful, terribly painful. He almost broke down. But he put the phone back. He took a deep breath, picked up the phone again. This time he spoke, "Is that you Billy? Home from school already? Tell mother I'll be home earlier for supper. We are going to plant those new roses you and your mother love, OK?"

## 春 情

彼得再也呆不住了，哪怕是一分钟。窗外绚丽的春色赋予他一种新奇的感受，使他无法自抑。于是，他鬼使神差地拾起了帽子，走出了办公室。彼得在高地乐园前停下了脚步。他熟知这座公园，25年前的初恋就是在这里开始的。现在他已是家有妻室，儿子也12岁了。他深爱着他们。但是，眼前的盎然春意令他魂不守舍，他仿佛感到一种轻风般的自由，体验到二十几岁时那种踌躇满志的感觉。

公园里到处洋溢着假日的气氛，生活对每个人都仿佛刚刚开始。这种氛围深深地感染了他。他渴望会发生什么，一种崭新的、迥异的事情。他想起了妻子，也许正在家编织着毛衣。

儿子比利兴许正摆弄着他的玩具，或是在修理自行车。如果他也在家，可能会正在清理花坛，屋前屋后地忙活着。但是，他此时不想这样。他心中涌起一阵冒险的冲动，有一种要打破常规的欲望。

他来到了游乐园的打靶厅，一位男子射倒了10只鸭和鸟。老板转脸对彼得说，“来呀，试试运气。为你的女友挣个漂亮的奖品。”彼得笑道，“行啊，伙计。我来碰碰运气。”他拿起一支步枪，瞄准移动着的鸭子，连续扣动了扳机。他赢得了一个大布娃娃。

离开靶场，他看见一个年轻女子，便毫不犹豫地走近，将娃娃递了过去，“对不起，您能帮我个忙吗？我抱着这个娃娃未免有点滑稽。您介意带走它吗？它需要个妈妈。”年轻女子先是一怔，而后笑了起来，“好的，如果您实在觉得难为情，我想只能如此了。”她接过娃娃，向彼得道了声谢。“真漂亮。您是哪儿弄到的？”“是我打靶的战利品。”彼得边说边不由自主地与年轻女子并肩走在公园的小路上。

他们开始无话不谈。年轻女子告诉彼得她叫路易丝。她猜彼得大约33岁。比他的实际年龄要小12岁。这颇令彼得欢喜。与这位黑发碧眼女郎的边聊边笑使他又重温了青春洒脱的时光。他明白自己对她并不意味着什么，他不能忘记他是一个负有责任的丈夫，他更不能忘记深爱着他、敬仰着他的儿子。奇怪的是他此时已身不由己。“你愿意跟我去坐大观览车吗？”彼得提议道。路易丝的脸颊变得绯红。彼得从她的眼神中看得出她内心里的渴望。

巨大的转盘将他们送向天空。她紧紧地偎倚在他的身上。彼得感觉到她的纤手握住了自己的手。他不禁情意萌动。世界仿佛一下子变得更富有活力、几乎焕然一新。从观览车中下来，他们又坐了汽艇，吃了冰激凌和蛋糕，然后走进了一家舞场。彼得再次找回了舞星的感觉。而此时，妻子、儿子、一切的一切在翩翩的舞姿中被抛到了九霄云外。

他又成了21岁的小伙子。依傍着他的这位陌生的碧眼妙女就是他的情侣。“我也弄不明白，可我确实喜欢你在一起。”路易丝说道，“你的确与众不同。你住在哪里？我怎么从没见过你。我想，我的意思是，你不觉得我们俩相处得好吗？”“路易丝，你讲得很对。我们再跳会儿舞吧？”“彼得，”她直呼出他的名字，好像她已是他的女友，好像他已成她的私有。“彼得，你觉得我们还能再见面吗？”她倚得更紧了。彼得顿时感到不知所措。

这一切早晚他都得面对。于是他极力保持住镇静，最后说道，“很容易。你留下电话，我会与你联系的。”当夕阳西下的时候，彼得开车将她送回了家。虽然她也许渴望得到，但是彼得没有吻她。他甚至没有提出进她的屋里看看的请求。

第二天上班的时候，彼得心猿意马。他仍在想那位碧眼女郎。笔记本中就有她的电话号码。公园里的一天不应仅仅成为一段记忆，而可以再现。一个电话将可能使未来的日子更加有趣、更加精彩、更富有意义。可是，他毕竟已有家室，他深爱他的妻子。如果婚姻发生任何的裂痕，他知道他会难以自拔。婚姻是他的一切。他起身踱到窗前，眺望窗外四月的世界。

这时，突然一种异样的感觉又充斥了他的脑海。春风中，他听见了路易丝甜美的声音；花丛里，他见到了路易丝可爱的笑脸。他心里感到一种难以言状的苦楚。路易丝会正在等着他，期盼电话中传来他的声音。他甚至可以想像得出她的焦躁不安。她明确地讲过他们必须相见，因为他们彼此心心相通。彼得回到了办公桌，他真地迷茫了。

他慢慢地掏出了小笔记本，放在了桌上。他拿起了电话，开始拨号，他的手停了一下，然后继续。话筒中传来一个声音。他立刻听出来了。当然是路易丝的声音。他默默地听着，心中痛苦万分，精神几近崩溃，但他还是挂上了电话。他深深地吸了一口气，再次拿起了电话。这一次他开口了，“是你吗？比利。放学了？告诉妈妈我今天早点回家吃饭。我们一起种你和妈妈喜欢的玫瑰花，好吗？”

### NOTE 注释：

shooting gallery 射击场

rifle ['raɪfl] n. 来复枪, 步枪

trigger ['trɪɡə] n. 扳机

embarrass [ɪm'bærəs] vt. 使困窘, 使局促不安

skyward ['skaɪwəd] adv. 向天空地

lean upon 依靠

cling to 依附, 依靠