

《再给我三个月（节选）》译文赏析

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摘要：译文语料节选自美国作家 Sarah Echavarre 所写的《再给我三个月》Three More Months。克洛伊·霍华德是个工作狂，因此牺牲了很多陪伴生命中最重要的人——母亲的时间。在与母亲为此争吵之后，她想要做出改变，打算回家看望母亲。但就在她到家的几个小时前，母亲去世了，这使她陷入了悲伤和自责中。但在举行葬礼的几天前，母亲竟然活了过来，原来克洛伊穿越到了母亲尚健在的三月。于是她尽全力弥补母亲，甚至竭力避免母亲的死亡。故事中的物象丰满，情节引人入胜，母女之间的感情催人泪下。笔者翻译的是第一章的一部分，讲述了克洛伊边工作边和母亲电话聊天，母亲极其想念女儿，关心她的身体并和她分享工作中的趣事，而女儿因工作忙得焦头烂额，敷衍母亲甚至走神，但同样关心母亲的健康，母女之间互相牵挂，但又不想让对方为自己担心，字里行间透露着浓浓的母女之爱。

关键词：聊天；关心；母女之爱

I need to fix this. Now. I swipe my phone from the kitchen counter, ignoring the missed call and text alerts, and dial her. She picks up on the second ring.

我需要处理一下这条信息。马上。我抄起放在厨房灶台上的手机拨打了她的电话，并没注意到有多少未接电话和短信提醒。在手机响到第二声便接了起来。

“Anak!” By the way she bellows her preferred Filipino term of endearment for me, I can tell she's grinning.

“阿纳克！”顺便说一下，她喊出她喜欢的菲律宾词语来表达对我的亲昵，我能听出她在咧着嘴笑。

Her tone is a relief and a joy to hear. Then that familiar crushing disappointment hits me. This is the kind of love and forgiveness parents have for their kids, even when the kids are well into adulthood. If anyone else cut off communication with you for weeks on end, you'd likely not be in a hurry to talk to them.

她的语气听起来让人宽慰和开心。但之后，那种熟悉的极度失望让我心痛。这是父母对孩子的那种爱和宽恕，即使他们已经成年了。换成其他任何人连续几周都不和你联系，你可能也不会急于和他们交谈。

But Mom is always excited to hear from me.

但妈妈听到我的声音总是很兴奋。

“Mom. Hi.” I do my best to inject a dose of cheer into my voice.

“妈妈。嗨。”我尽量使我的声音带着一丝欢乐。

“How are you doing? Good? You're not working yourself too hard, are you?”

“你怎么样？还好吗？工作没有太拼命吧？”

Bombarding me with multiple questions at once is her trademark move whenever there's been a long gap in our conversations. I pause and swallow to keep from groaning out of fatigue.

每当间隔很长时间才通话时，她就会用一连串问题轰炸我，这是她的一贯举动。我停下来，咽了咽口水，以免因为疲劳而发出叹息。

“Only a little.” I chuckle to make things sound light. It comes off like I'm being strangled.

“只稍稍努力了些。”我咯咯笑着表现地很轻松。喉咙却像被什么东西堵住了。

The way she tsks on the other end of the line tells me she doesn't buy it one bit. “You sound tired.”

她在电话那端发出“啧啧”声，表示一点都不相信。“你听起来很累。”

“I'm fine. It's just . . . I'm on the interview committee for this job opening we have in the pharmacy. I got bogged down reviewing applications.”

“我很好。只是……我是药房的招聘面试委员会的成员。对求职申请的审阅让我焦头烂额。”

“Mm-hmm.”

“嗯——嗯”

Her annoyed hum in lieu of actual words says it all. I can picture her disappointed stance perfectly because I do it when I'm annoyed too. That narrow gaze, crossed arms, the disapproving look on her face broadcasting just how much she hates that her only daughter, who used to visit home once a month, has become a textbook workaholic and hasn't seen her in months.

她用恼怒的嗡嗡声代替了讲话，足以说明一切。我完全可以想象她失望的姿态，因为我在生气的时候也会这么做。她眯起眼睛，交叉双臂，脸上的不满表明她多么痛恨她唯一的女儿成了教科书式的工作狂。这个女儿曾经每月回家一次，而如今已经好几个月没来看望她了。

“I'm sorry it's been a while since I've called.” I hope my apology is enough to get things back on track. I want this conversation to at least be pleasant.

很抱歉，我已经有一段时间没打电话来了。”我希望我的道歉能够让谈话回到既定的轨道。我希望这次交流至少是愉快的。

“How is work going for you?” I ask when she doesn't say anything right away.

“你的工作怎么样？”见她什么都没说，我问。

Mom's job is a safe direction to veer in. She's the overnight customer service manager for a grocery store in my hometown of Kearney, which is smack-dab in the middle of Nebraska. It's nearly three hours away from where I live in Omaha. Her store is part of a nationwide chain that's open twenty-four hours every day of the year. She always has plenty of stories to tell about bizarre customers or quirky employees.

把话题转移到妈妈的工作是安全的。她是科尔尼一家杂货店的夜间客户服务经理。科尔尼是我的家乡，位于内布拉斯加州的正中心，离我在奥马哈的住址有将近三个小时的路程。她的商店全国连锁，一年 365 天营业，每天 24 小时运转。她总是有很多稀奇古怪的顾客或稀奇古怪的员工的故事要讲。

“Busy as ever,” she says, her voice a tad lighter. “You wouldn't believe what happened last night. Some customer came into the store so drunk he couldn't even walk straight.”

“跟往常一样忙，”她说，语气柔和了一点。“你一定想不到昨晚发生了什么事。有个顾客醉醺醺地进入商店，连路都走不直了。”

“Really?” I spin around to the kitchen island and flip open my laptop, half listening as she recalls how the drunk customer crashed into a candy bar display in the middle of one of the aisles. I skim through an

email from one of the pharmacy residents. She's asking me to proofread a PowerPoint slide that she's presenting at a regional conference next week about beta-blockers.

“是吗？”我转过身来到厨房岛台，打开笔记本电脑，一边听她回忆那位醉醺醺的顾客如何撞到一条过道中间的糖块陈列柜的，一边浏览一位药房住院医师的电子邮件。她说让我校对一张幻灯片，她将在下周的一个关于β-受体阻滞剂的区域会议上展示。

“There were chocolate bars everywhere,” she says. “It was a mess.”

“巧克力棒洒得到处都是，”她说。“乱成一团。”

I make a “hmm” noise as I skim through the info on my laptop screen.

我一边浏览笔记本电脑屏幕上的信息，一边“嗯”的一声。

“And then, he fell asleep!” Mom's high-pitched voice cuts into my mental review. “Can you believe that? On top of a pile of candy bars, he just started snoozing. How is that even comfortable?”

“然后，他就睡着了！”妈妈尖锐的声音打断了我审阅时的思考。“你信吗？”躺在一堆糖块上，他就开始打盹了。这怎么会舒服呢？”

“Ha. Yeah, I don't know.” I frown as one half of my brain attempts to read through the resident's notes while the other half listens to her story. Silently, I move my lips as I follow along with the text on the screen.

哈。嗯，我不知道。”我皱着眉头，因为我一边听她讲故事，一边浏览住院医师笔记。我的嘴唇跟着屏幕上的文字，无声地动着。

Beta-blockers are used to control heart rhythm, treat angina, and reduce high blood pressure.

β-受体阻滞剂用于控制心律、治疗心绞痛和降低高血压。

Beta-blockers work by blocking the effect of the hormone epinephrine, also known as adrenaline.

β-受体阻滞剂通过阻断肾上腺素发挥效应而起作用。

Beta-blockers cause the heart to beat more slowly and with less force, which lowers blood pressure.

β-受体阻滞剂会使心跳缓慢无力，从而降低血压。

Side effects of beta-blockers include dizziness, weakness, fatigue, cold hands and feet, headache, upset stomach, dry mouth, or—

β-受体阻滞剂的副作用有头晕、虚弱、疲劳、手脚冰凉、头痛、胃不适、口干、或——

“Did you say something about blood pressure?” she asks.

“你刚刚提到血压了吗？”她问。

My lips stop moving when I realize I must have been reading out loud.

我意识到我一定是出声读了出来，嘴唇就停止了移动。

“Are you even listening to me, Chloe?”

“你还在听我说话吗，克洛伊？”

“Of course I am.” My face heats out of pure shame. “How is your blood pressure these days, Mom? I've been meaning to ask.” It's a shaky recovery, but I manage.

“我当然在听。”十足的羞愧让我的脸发烫。“最近你的血压怎么样，妈妈？我一直想问呢。”还好我勉强回到了正题上。

Her sigh rings heavy in response. My ears perk up, and all of my attention focuses on her. I don't like the sound of that. When she says nothing, I press her again.

她重重叹了一口气来回应。我不喜欢那种声音。我的耳朵竖了起来，所有的注意力都集中在她身上。听她一句话也没说，我又追问起来。

“I'm fine.”

“我很好”

“Are you? Like, the doctor says you're fine?”

“是吗？是医生这样说的吗？”

“Yes.” She practically spits out the word.

“是的。”她几乎是吐出这两个字的。

If there's one thing Mom is known for, it's this: she loves my younger brother, Andy, and me to the moon and back. She'd lie down in traffic for either one of us without a second thought. But when we try to tell her what to do, even if we know better, it drives her up the wall. She hates it even more than that annoying adolescent phase I went through where I used to call her by her name, Mabel, instead of Mom.

如果说有一件事我们最了解妈妈，那就是：她深爱我和我的弟弟安迪。为了我俩，她会毫不犹豫地付出生命。但当我们想要告诉她该做什么时，即使我们比她更明白，也会让她崩溃。她讨厌这一点甚于青春期的我，那时的我不叫她妈妈，而是叫她梅布尔。

“Chloe. I said I'm fine.”

“克洛伊。我说了我很好。”

I force myself to swallow through the sting of her annoyance. If I don't, I'll scoff. And if there's one thing Mom hates more than being fussed over by her adult kids, it's being scoffed at by her adult kids. It's disrespectful, she says. Every single time this has happened before, even when I apologize—and try to explain that I'm only concerned for her health and well-being—she doesn't care. She pulls her typical mom-guilt move. The one I'm one thousand percent sure she's pulling now, even though I can't see her.

我强迫自己忍受她的恼怒带给我的不适。如果忍受不了，我会嘲笑她。如果说有一件事比被她的成年孩子唠唠叨叨更令她讨厌的话，那就是被她的成年孩子嘲笑。她说这是不敬。以前每次发生这种情况时，即使我道歉，并努力解释我只是关心她的健康和幸福时，她也听不进去。她会做出一个母亲让孩子内疚时的通常举动。尽管我现在看不见她，我也百分之百确定她会这样做。

It's the pursed lips and the brow furrowed so deeply that I wonder if the lines will stay in her richly tanned skin forever. But when she eases her expression, her skin is always smooth again. It's like the lines were never there at all. The disappointment lingers, though. Like an invisible damp fog in the air.

那就是撅起嘴唇，深深皱起了眉头。我好奇这些皱纹是否会永远留在她晒得黝黑的皮肤上。但当她放松表情时，她的皮肤总是光滑如初，就好像皱纹从未来过。不过，失望仍挥之不去，就像空气中的水蒸气，看不到但感受得到。

I try again, this time with a gentler tone. “Mom. I ask because I care.”

我又试探了一下，这次的语气温和一些。“妈妈，我之所以这么问，是因为我在乎你。”

“No, you're fussing. I don't need you to fuss over me, Chloe.”

“不，你在对我指手画脚。我不需要你对我唠唠叨叨，克洛伊。”

Whenever she says my actual name and not anak or anakko, I know I'm testing her last nerve. The punch she puts at the second syllable of my name signals I can't sweet-talk or apologize my way out of my comment, no matter how well intentioned. It lands hard and sharp, like a rubber band snapping against the inside of my wrist. It's enough to make the muscles in my neck tense just the slightest bit.

每当她喊出我的真实名字，而不是阿纳克或阿纳扣，我就知道我在挑战她最后的耐心。她重读我名字的第二个音节，表明我已不能用甜言蜜语或道歉为自己的意见开脱了，哪怕出于好意。她的话掷地有声，尖锐刺耳，击打着我的神经，让我如坐针毡。

Sarah Echavarre 莎拉·埃查瓦拉