

有時搭上錯的列車，反而會帶你到對的地方
胡婷婷 摘自<原來是天使>

不知道從什麼時候開始，我離開了書房的書桌，喜歡在餐桌上寫作。或許是想製造在外面餐廳或咖啡廳裡寫作的氛圍，在人群中獨處。靜默，卻不寂寞。

Not knowing when it starts, I like to write on the dining table rather than the desk in my study room. Perhaps I want to create the atmosphere of writing at a restaurant and café. To be alone in the crowd, it is silence but not lonely.

我是一個很重視餐桌的人，它代表分享的時光。我特別選了這一張，因為它夠長，找一群朋友來家裡吃飯能坐得舒適寬敞。它是四長片厚木板拼起來的。爸媽第一次來家裡時，爸爸坐在長桌的一頭，雙手在木桌上滑過，說了一句，「這桌子表面不平。」

I am the person who emphasizes the dining table which to me stands for the time of sharing. I picked this one particularly. It is long enough for a group of friends to come to my house having a meal with ease. It is assembled by four long thick boards. When my parents came to my house for the first time, my father sat at the side of the table and slid over the surface of the table with his hands and said "It is uneven."

用了好幾個月的餐桌，我到那一刻才發現原來它不是平的。或許沒發現，是因為那個缺陷，就是我愛上它的地方。

I have used the table for several months. Not until the moment did I find out that it is not smooth. Maybe the reason why I did not perceive that defect is because it is what I fall in love with.

今天在這餐桌上，不知不覺坐了好久。寫了寫新的東西，改了改舊的文章。忽然抬頭看了下角落的鐘，一個下午的時間不知不覺悄悄逝去。其實，我並不是一直都能這樣的。從前，我是一個怎麼樣都靜不下來的人，沒事也非要找事做。在坐下專心看一本書和出門溜達閒晃中，我永遠選擇後者。我勤著動，卻受不了靜。每天都要把自己搞得很累，才覺得人生有意義。但是最近，我很享受靜。它讓我沉澱，讓我踏實，把散著的思緒從紛擾的外界凝聚回內心。或許是我開始更願意認真誠實面對自己，放下了用外界的東西來轉移我的注意力。或許是階段，或許是成長，也或許是一種回歸。

Unknowingly I sat so long writing something new and modifying old articles on the dining table. When I looked up at the clock in a sudden, I found the whole afternoon slipped away silently. In fact, I am not always able to do so. I used to be a

kind of person who cannot be static. I must find something to do. I always chose to go out hanging around before sat down and read a book intently. I was really restless, yet I just could not bear doing nothing. To consider my life meaningful, I exhausted myself every day.

But I am very enjoyable in quietness recently. It settles me down and gathers my thought from the tumultuous world back into my mind. Perhaps I start to be willing to face myself sincerely and honestly and stop diverting my attention from external affairs. It may be a stage, growth or a kind of return.

我一直想成為一種人，堅強、陽光、自信、永遠不需要人照顧擔心、永遠可以給人依靠。我是這種人，但我也同時脆弱、黑暗、自卑、渴望被呵護、期望能依賴。我逃向前者，逃避後者。逃久了，那堅強成了一種假象。真正的堅強在於你有多能接受你的脆弱。或許破碎之後，我被迫和脆弱相處，在拼湊之中，學習接受這一部分的我，接受這一部分之前不願接受的自己，而慢慢，就不再害怕靜。

I have always wanted to be the kind of person who is strong, optimistic, confident, independent and reliable, and I have become one. Meanwhile, I am also vulnerable, unconfident, and longing for caring and dependence. I have run away from the latter to the former for too long that I make it a mask for myself. Being really strong is to embrace your weakness. Maybe I am forced to dealing with that weakness after it is broken. Gradually putting together, I learn to accept this part of me including the part which I am not willing to accept before and never be afraid of the quietness again.

站起身，走向廚房，經過去年在小店裡買的老鏡子。我每天經過它至少數十次，但現在才想起，我好像從沒從它裡面好好看過自己。橢圓框上，古銅的漆有些剝落。我扯了衣袖的一角拭去鏡面上的灰塵，有歷史的鏡子，看到的是否更多？我撥了撥頭髮，看著這有好多面的我。忽然看見，我和所有人一樣，不完美，但我的缺陷卻讓我完整，也許這就是最值得被愛的地方。愛，或許就愛在不完美。

I stood up and walked through the old mirror which I bought from a small shop last year. I passed through the mirror at least dozens of times every day, but not until then did I find that I had never looked at myself in it. Its bronze paint on the oval frame had peeled off a little bit. I wiped out the dust on the mirror with my sleeve and thought whether an historical mirror can reflect more things. I fiddled my hair and looked at the multiple sides of me in the mirror. I suddenly realized that I am imperfect as everyone else, but my defect completes me and make it worthy to be

loved. Love is probably all about imperfection.

有時搭上錯的列車，反而會帶你到對的地方。沒有什麼事情是永遠不變，但我由衷希望，每一個改變都能在最終帶給我們更多的喜悅。明天的你和我都會比今天更好。

Sometimes, taking a wrong train may lead you to a right place. Nothing remains forever, but I hope that every change will eventually bring us more joy. You and I of tomorrow will be better than us today.