

我是玉蘭花

I'm a White Michelia

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在臺北的鄉下裏，有一棵大家都喜愛的樹爺爺。樹爺爺總是喜歡張開他溫暖的大手，在風的交響樂中增添一些美妙的節奏——沙沙、沙沙。樹爺爺總是這麼唱，唱到我悄悄地從他的手掌上長大。

我喜歡樹爺爺對我說的床邊故事，也喜歡樹爺爺為我準備的食物，我和樹爺爺好比無法分開的生命體。直到那一天早上，和往常一樣，我早上起了床，和其他玉蘭兄弟們道早安，也和樹爺爺聊聊天。結果來了個身穿破舊衣的男孩，他手擔著一個菜籃子，將我們一個接著一個從樹爺爺的手掌中裝進籃子裏。我從不曾離開過樹爺爺，這讓我很害怕，不知不覺就暈了過去。

當醒來時，我被吊在半空中。一根細細的鐵絲從我腰間叉過，綠色的鮮血從傷口不停地滲出。那位男孩拎著我和其他兄弟們，在危險的馬路虎口中穿梭。有輛車停了下來，搖下車窗，遞出了三塊銅板，男孩接了過去，便將我交給了這位老婆婆。

在臺北的都市裏，我們是一串廉價的花，被綁在一個洞口前方。這位老婆婆好像很喜歡我的體香，但是我好想告訴她我病了。冷冷的狂風吹著我，身上的血雖然乾了，但是心中的波濤依舊澎湃洶湧。

樹爺爺，你好嗎？玉蘭我快不行了，兄弟們大半都死了，我也跟…著…去…了…喔！❀

There lived a grandpa tree in the countryside of Taipei. Everyone admired it. Grandpa tree enjoyed opening his huge bands of branches which added enchanting rhythm to the wind's symphony. "Sarsa, sarsa," sang the grandpa tree, and he still sang while I started to grow slowly into his palm.

I liked the way grandpa tree told me bedtime stories, and I liked the food he prepared for me. Grandpa tree and I were like a soul that couldn't be separated; we were the same soul until the very day... as usual I woke up in the morning, greeted my magnolia friends and chatted with grandpa tree. A young boy, dressed in ragged clothing, came carrying a basket. He plucked my friends and me out of grandpa tree's palm and put us into his basket. I had never ever left grandpa tree before. I was horrified and that was the last thing I remembered before I blacked out.

When I awakened, I was hanging in the middle of the air and a thin wire was around my waist. It caused green blood to ooze from the injury. The boy was weaving back and forth through busy dangerous traffic, dangling my friends and me from a piece of wire. A car stopped, the passenger rolled down the window, handed three coins to the boy and the boy handed me to a grandma.

I was taken to the metropolitan area of Taipei, wired with a bunch of cheap flowers and tied in front of a hole. The grandma seemed to like my fragrance but I really wanted to tell her I was sick. The freezing cold whipped against my face. Although the blood from my injury had dried out, the turbulent feeling in my heart was still there.

"Grandpa tree, how are you? I, Magnolia, can no longer remain alive. At least half of the magnolia blossoms died and now, it is my turn." ❀