

我只是想認識你 Just Getting to Know You

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本人對於王文華，用幽默冷嘲的筆鋒，訴說城市生活的點點滴滴，興趣非常。

希望籍此英譯創作，讓更多人認識筆調洋派，總是叫讀者回會心微笑的王文華。

台北市政府

我衝上捷運，第一眼就看到她。她手機鈴聲響起，她看了一眼，按掉來電。

我走到她旁邊，她低頭打著簡訊，我在她對面坐下。

「好漂亮的包包……」我說。她沒有回應。

「是Chanel嗎……」我再問。

Taipei City Hall

I rushed and hopped on the metro. And there she caught my eye. Her mobe was ringing. She glanced at her phone, clicked it off.

I got nearer, sitting across from her. She was text-messaging with her head down.

“What a beautiful bag?” I said. She did not reply.

“Is that a Chanel?” I asked again.

她抬起頭，我趁勝追擊：「你的包包很好看……」

好看？我哪懂時尚？一年前，我還把「Chanel」發音成「Discovery Channel」的「Channel」。

對我來說，香奈兒和香吉士的差別不大。她沒有出聲，我自問自答，「我很喜歡這種綠色---」

「你也有一個嗎？」她開口。

「我？」

「你的口氣好像是收藏家。」她說。

「我哪有這麼多錢？我收藏郵票，不收藏包包。」

她笑笑，我在她被手機搶回去前留住她，

「你坐這班車回家嗎？」

她皺眉，好像我問了她的年齡。

She looked up, and I hit the iron asking, “Your bag looks really gorgeous...”

Looked gorgeous? What on earth did I know about fashion? A year ago, I even still mispronounced ‘Chanel’ as ‘Channel’, as in Discovery.

Honestly, Chanel or Channel, they did not make much difference to me. She said nothing but I said to myself, “I really like this green...”

“You have one too?” She finally said.

“Me?”

“You sound as though you’re a collector,” she said.

“How on earth could I have so much money? I collect stamps, not bags.”

She smiled faintly. I managed to stop her before the mob took her away again.

“Are you taking this train home?”

She frowned, as if I were asking her age.

「我沒有別的意思，我都坐板南線回家，從來沒有看過你。」

「我看過你。」她說。

「真的？」

「我看過你好幾次。你都帶著不同的女人。」

這句話像是時尚雜誌的頁緣，看似無害，卻可以把手指割開。

「不會吧，我約會都坐計程車。」

她笑一笑，「那我可能看錯了。也許她們不是你的女友，只是你在捷運上搭訕的對象。」

「哇……」我讚嘆，「你這麼討厭被搭訕？」

「算你倒楣，平常我覺得是種讚美，但今天我很煩。」

「跟你在打的簡訊有關嗎？」

「你怎麼知道？」

“Don’t get me wrong. I’m used to taking the Banqiao line, and I’ve never seen you before.”

“But I have seen you,” she said.

“Really?”

“I saw you many times, but each time you were with a different woman.”

It sounded harmless, like the edge of a fashion magazine’s page, but was enough to rip the flesh of your finger.

“I don’t think so. I always take the taxi when dating.”

She managed a weak smile. “Perhaps I was mistaken. Maybe they were not your girlfriends but some random girls you chat-up on the metro.”

“Wow...” I exclaimed. “You’re so displeased with my chat-up?”

“You’re not in luck today. I often take this as a compliment. But today, I’m awfully annoyed.”

“Something to do with your texting?”

“How do you know?”

「你打簡訊時的表情，比跟我講話時還激動。」

她苦笑，把手機放進包包。但不到五秒鐘，又把手機抓在手上。

「要不要我幫忙？」我問。

「幫忙？」

國父紀念館

車在國父紀念館停下，我說：「國父不是說：『物種以競爭為原則，人類則以互助為原則』嗎？」

她搖搖頭，「我只記得『華僑為革命之母』。」她邊說邊看手機，好像那是血壓計。

「一定跟男人有關。」我說。

「你不要自做聰明。」

“You looked even more agitated when texting than when you were chatting with me.”

She gave a bitter smile, putting her mobe back into her bag. But less than five seconds, she grabbed hold of it again.

“Want help?” I asked.

“Help?”

Sun Yat-Sen Memorial Hall

The train stopped at Sun Yat-Sen Memorial Hall. “Didn’t the founding father of our nation say, ‘The principle in the evolution of plants and animals is guided by natural selection, while the principle in the evolution of mankind is based on mutual aid’?”

She shook her head, “I can only recall ‘Overseas Chinese are the Mother of Revolution.’” She said while checking out her mobe, as if it was a blood pressure monitor.

“I bet it has something to do with men.” I said.

“Don’t flatter yourself.”

「還是跟女人有關？那我更有興趣了！」

「你怎麼知道不是跟我媽有關？」

「沒有人會傳那麼多簡訊給媽媽。」

手機叫起來，新簡訊。她迅速看一眼，立刻刪掉。

「要你辦3G門號的廣告？」我問。

「超市打85折。」

我笑了出來，「讓我幫你。」

「你又不認識我，憑怎麼幫我？」

「憑我是男人，而我騙過女人。」

忠孝敦化

「我以前都在這裡下，然後跑去跳舞。」我說。

「你今天本來也是要在這裡下吧。」

“Or about women? In that case, I’d be more interested!”

“How do you know it isn’t about my mom?”

“Nobody’ll text so many times to her mom.”

New text message alert. She swiftly glanced at the text, and deleted it right away.

“3G text advert?” I asked.

“Supermarket promotion. 15% off.”

I burst out laughing, “Let me help you.”

“You don’t know me. Who’re you to help me?”

“I’m a man, and I’ve cheated on women.”

Zhongxiao Dunhua

“I used to get off here to go dancing,” I said.

“You’re supposed to get off here today as well.”

她又噙我一下，我不想回嘴，「你好像對男人沒甚麼好感？」

「好感當然有，只是撐不過兩個禮拜。」

「沒錯，我們男人跟牛奶差不多。」

「你倒滿坦誠的。」

「我當然也可以一路胡扯到新埔站，但我猜對你是不管用的。」

「我不好騙？」

「你是那種會黑吃黑的女人，還是不要騙你比較好。」

她笑開來，牙齒像剛剛刷過的浴缸。

「你錯了，我很好騙的。你四處看看，凡是那些把手機拿在手上等電話的，都很好騙。」

「那你幹嘛等？打給他啊！」

「沒人接。」

She retorted again, but I did not bother with a defense. “You sound like you don’t very much like men.”

“Of course I do, but it can’t last more than two weeks.”

“You’re right. We men and milk are pretty much the same.”

“You’re pretty honest.”

“Of course, I can simply blabber on all the way to Xinpu station, but I know you’ll never fall for this.”

“So, I’m not that easily fooled?”

“You’re sort of double-scam woman. It’s better not to cheat on you.”

She summoned up a cheese smile. Her teeth looked like a tub after a scrub.

“You’re wrong. I’m easily fooled. Look around. See those with their mobes in their hands, they’re easy to cheat.”

“So, what’re you waiting for? Ring him up!”

“No one answered.”

「簡訊也沒回？」我追問。

「很明顯，他跟別人在一起。」她說。

「你都知道了嘛，那還等甚麼？」

「氣不過。」

我看著她，想起自己也曾狂call對方，別人也曾狂call過我。

20世紀的人在家門口大吼，21世紀的人在鍵盤前狂call。音量變小，焦慮升高。

「這樣吧……」我向前傾，提出建議，「我們給他一點教訓。」

「怎麼說？」

「我們嚇嚇他。」

她沉默了一會兒，主動問，「怎麼嚇？」

“Not even a text back?” I continued.

“Apparently, he’s with somebody.” She said.

“You knew it already. Why still waiting?”

“I’m pissed.”

Looking at her, images of my past, the relentless making and receiving of calls floated around my head.

In the 20th century, people yelled outside your apartment. Whereas in the 21st century, people text frenetically at the keypad. Volume was getting less though, but tension was escalating.

“How about this....” I leaned forward, bringing up an idea, “Let us teach him a lesson.”

“What you mean?”

“We scare him.”

She remained silent for a while, and asked voluntarily, “How?”

「你把他電話給我，我打給他。他看到不是你的號碼，應該會就接。我跟他說你割腕自殺，現在在台大醫院。我是急診室的醫生，看到你手機上的號碼，所以打給他。」

她聽進去，卻不出聲。我們四目相對，好像在比誰先眨眼。

「你怎麼會想到這麼變態的玩笑？」

「我被這樣整過。」

“You give me his phone number, I’ll do the call. As the display number isn’t yours, he’d probably answer it. I’ll tell him you slit your wrist to commit suicide, and are now in the NTU hospital. As for me, I’m the ER doc. I phone because I’ve found his number on your mobe.

She listened, but did not respond. We were gazing into each other’s eyes, just like a game to see who blinked first would lose.

“How could you think up such a sick joke?”

“I’m a victim myself.”