

在角色的目光里看见自己

读完《百年孤独》，我心底最挥之不去的人物，并不是布恩迪亚家族中那些传奇的、壮丽的、近乎神话的形象，而是阿玛兰塔。她的孤独与倔强，如同藏在人群背后的暗涌，让人看似难以靠近，却又总在某个时刻与自己的心悄然相撞。于是，“你在我心中”这句话，对我而言不再是浪漫的告白，而变成了阅读后的余音，是对人物命运的一种深深贴近。

阿玛兰塔的一生几乎被拒绝与自我封闭贯穿。她一次次推开别人，同时也一次次把自己困在内心无法逃出的角落。读到她在生命将尽时，仍为年轻时无法解释的心结感到痛苦，我忽然生出微妙的刺痛。那是一种只有在意识到“我也曾如此”时才会出现的共鸣。她的孤独像是一面镜子，让我想起某些不愿轻易示人的心绪——那些被羞怯、被恐惧、被自我否定层层包裹的感受。

阅读过程中，我的情绪从最初的旁观，逐渐滑向理解，再到怜惜，最后变成一种难以言说的温柔。我开始意识到，马尔克斯之所以让阿玛兰塔存在，并不是为了让她成为家族编织中的配角，而是为了提醒读者：每个人心中都潜藏着被时间拉长的阴影，只是深浅不同。

作品中的主题——孤独、命运轮回、人与人之间的错过——不断触碰着我。阿玛兰塔选择把自己的心关起来，不是因为她天性冷漠，而是因为她太敏感，怕伤人，也怕被伤。读到这里时，我忽然明白了“你在我心中”的另一层含义：它不是某个特定人物，而是某一种心境，是阅读时被唤醒的内在共鸣。

这种体验让我想到自己的成长经历。我曾在某个阶段，因为害怕失败而拒绝尝试，因为害怕不同而回避表达。那时的我，就像阿玛兰塔的影子。阅读这段文字时，我仿佛被一种温柔的力量轻轻触碰，让我看到了自己曾经的局促，也提醒我重新审视那些被我藏起的心事。

从《百年孤独》中，我获得的启示并不是要避免孤独，而是理解孤独、接纳孤独，并学会在孤独中仍与世界保持联系。阿玛兰塔的生命或许带着遗憾，但她的形象成为我阅读中最深的记忆之一。她让我意识到，每一个在文字中被看见的灵魂，都会在某一个时刻悄悄住进读者心里。

Seeing Myself in the Eyes of the Character

After reading *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, the character who lingered in my thoughts was not the heroic or mythical figures of the Buendía family, but Amaranta. Her loneliness and stubbornness, hidden beneath the surface, felt like an undercurrent—quiet yet powerful enough to collide with something deep inside me. The phrase “you are in my heart” became less a romantic expression and more a quiet echo from my reading, a subtle connection to her fate.

Amaranta's life is marked by rejection and self-imposed isolation. She keeps others at a distance while trapping herself within an emotional maze. Reading about her unresolved pain near the end of her life struck me unexpectedly, as if touching a long-forgotten corner of my own heart. Her loneliness felt like a mirror, reflecting

the insecurities, shyness, and unspoken fears I once carried.

As the story unfolded, my emotions shifted from detachment to understanding, then to compassion, and finally to a gentle tenderness. I realized Amaranta exists not as a background figure in the family's myth, but as a symbol of the silent shadows within each of us.

The novel's themes—solitude, destiny, and missed connections—kept resonating with me. Amaranta is not cold by nature; she is simply too sensitive, afraid to hurt and afraid to be hurt. This made me understand another meaning of “you are in my heart”: it is not a person but a state of mind awakened during reading.

Her story reminded me of my own past, when I avoided risks and hid my thoughts out of fear. In those memories, I could almost see the silhouette of Amaranta. The book gently nudged me to face those buried emotions and see them with kindness rather than shame.

What I gained from the novel was not a way to escape solitude, but a way to accept it and remain connected to the world despite it. Amaranta may carry regret, but she remains the character who touched me most deeply. Through her, I realized that every soul seen through words will quietly take up residence in the reader's heart.

当命运的回声撞入心底

第一次读《活着》，我只觉得压抑；第二次读，我开始理解；第三次读，我终于意识到，福贵的命运之所以震撼人心，并不是因为他的苦难本身有多特别，而是在他身上，我们总能找到某些属于自己的影子。阅读到后半段，我忽然生出一种难以言说的情绪，那是一种既疼痛又温柔的触动。“你在我心中”，有了更真实的意义。

福贵经历的一切，在现实中几乎难以想象。一位父亲送走子女、一名丈夫送走妻子、一位老人最终只剩下土地和牛陪伴。但余华笔下的福贵从不抱怨。他像是在无数次灾难中学会了低头，又在无数次失去中学会抬眼看天。他的坚韧不是壮烈的，而是沉默的，是用呼吸延续出来的力量。

读到这些时，我的情绪产生了明显变化。刚开始，我只是旁观者，替他心痛；后来，我开始问自己：如果命运把类似的痛苦丢给我，我是否有勇气继续活下去？而当我继续阅读，我渐渐意识到，《活着》不是让我替福贵痛，而是让我直视生活本身的重量。

福贵的身上有一种朴素的爱，对家人的牵挂，对生命的尊重，对岁月的顺从。正是这些平常的情感，把我牢牢牵回现实，让我想到自己家中那些平凡却无比真实的时刻——父母静静劳作的身影、深夜里亮着的灯、一次次吵架后仍留在饭桌上的那碗热粥。这些看似普通的情感，正是让我在阅读中突然意识到：“原来你一直在我心中。”

我也开始重新审视“苦难”这个词。它不是文学的装饰，也不仅是福贵的遭遇，而是生活的一部分。每个人都有自己的暗流，只是深浅不同。《活着》让我明白，与其逃避，不如坦然面对；与其抱怨，不如珍惜眼前；与其沉浸自怜，不如继续向前。

读完后，我的心像被轻轻敲开了一条缝。福贵的形象不再停留在纸上，而成为一种提醒：无论生活如何荒凉，都要努力活下去，因为活着本身，就是意义。这样的力量，在某个夜晚静静地落进我的心里，像是一次命运的回声。

When the Echo of Fate Reaches the Heart

The first time I read *To Live*, I felt only heaviness. The second time, I began to understand. By the third reading, I finally realized that the shock of Fugui's fate does not come from how extraordinary his suffering is, but from how easily we can see pieces of ourselves reflected in him. As I reached the latter part of the novel, a quiet and tender ache rose within me—giving new meaning to the phrase “you are in my heart.”

Fugui's losses are almost unimaginable: a father who buries his children, a husband who buries his wife, an old man left with only land and an ox. Yet he never complains. His endurance is not heroic but quiet, shaped by breath after breath of persistence.

As I read, my emotions shifted. At first I felt pity. Then I began to ask: if life handed me similar suffering, would I have the strength to continue? Gradually, I realized that the novel is not meant to make me grieve for Fugui, but to confront the weight of life itself.

Fugui's simple love—his attachment to family, his respect for life, his acceptance of time—pulled me back to memories of my own home: parents working silently, warm lights left on at night, a bowl of food waiting after an argument. These ordinary moments revealed themselves as the quiet truths that had always lived in my heart.

The novel also reshaped my understanding of suffering. It is not decorative tragedy, nor solely Fugui's burden—it is part of human life. Everyone carries an unseen current of pain. *To Live* taught me that rather than running away, it is better to face life directly; rather than complaining, it is better to cherish; rather than dwelling in self-pity, it is better to keep moving.

By the end, Fugui was no longer just a character. He became a reminder: no matter how barren life becomes, continuing to live is itself a form of meaning. That quiet strength settled into my heart like the soft echo of fate.

在阅读中遇见另一个自己

《岛上书店》看似讲述的是一家书店的跌宕命运，但真正的核心，是人与人之间微妙的温情与相互拯救。书中的艾丽斯、阿米莉亚、F·艾尔等每一个角色，都像是被作者悄悄放进读者心里的“种子”。读完后，我一直在回味其中的一句话：“我们不是因为完美而被爱，我们是因为不完美而被理解。”当我再次回想这些角色的故事时，我意识到，“你在我心中”，不仅是对书中人物的告白，也是我对阅读本身的告白。

主人公艾尔曾在失去妻子、失去对生活的热情后几乎陷入崩溃。他像是对命运举起白旗，却又被一个孩子、几位邻居、一些偶然的相遇慢慢托住。他的孤独、倔强、迟钝，却又渴望被理解的心，让我感到一种强烈的真实与熟悉。我曾以为自己与他完全不同，但在阅读途中，某些时刻我突然感到刺痛——原来我也曾这样渴望有人敲开我的心门。

阅读这部作品时，我的情绪经历了柔软、沉默、被治愈等不同的阶段。书店倒闭时，我感到遗憾；小女孩玛雅慢慢走出阴影时，我心里像被点亮了一盏灯；艾尔最终再次面对未来时，我又感觉到一种难以言说的释怀。故事里的每一次温柔举动，像是从纸页间伸出的一只手，轻轻拍在人的肩上。

这些情节引起了关于“被理解”这件事的思考。在我人生的一段低谷期，我也经历过类似的孤独：无人倾诉，内心焦虑，生活像是失去了色彩。那时，有一位朋友经常安静地陪在我身边，不多说话，但她的存在本身就是力量。读到艾尔周围那些默默守望他的人时，我忽然想起那段经历，内心涌起一种温热的怀念。

书中的主题并不宏大，却极其真实：每个人都有缺口，而我们之间的相遇，正是为了试着填补这些缺口。作品让我意识到，世界并不会因为温柔而改变，但温柔会改变世界里的某个人。阅读完这本书，某种深藏的力量静静地在心中生长，让我更愿意去理解他人、拥抱自己。

《岛上书店》让我重新相信，文字不仅能讲述故事，还能照亮灵魂。在阅读的过程中，我看见了艾尔，也看见了当时的自己，更看见了那个正在努力前行的自己。

Meeting Another Version of Myself Through Reading

The Storied Life of A.J. Fikry may seem to revolve around the ups and downs of a small bookstore, but at its core, it is a story about quiet warmth and mutual salvation. Each character—A.J., Amelia, Maya—feels like a seed the author plants gently in the reader's heart. As I reflected on the story, a line echoed in my mind: “We are not loved because we are perfect; we are loved because we are understood.” At that moment, I realized that “you are in my heart” applies not only to the characters but also to reading itself.

A.J., who loses his wife and enthusiasm for life, initially seems defeated. Yet he is slowly lifted by a child, a few neighbors, and unexpected moments of

connection. His loneliness and stubbornness, combined with his desire to be understood, felt strikingly real. I once assumed I was nothing like him, but as I read, I found myself touched by the same longing for someone to gently open the door to my heart.

My emotions shifted throughout the book: regret when the bookstore struggled, warmth as Maya healed, and relief when A.J. finally faced the future again. Each tender gesture in the story felt like a hand reaching through the pages, resting softly on my shoulder.

The book made me reflect deeply on what it means to be understood. During a difficult period of my life, I experienced a similar isolation. A quiet friend stood by me through that time, her presence a silent source of strength. Reading about A.J.'s companions reminded me of that warmth from the past.

The themes of the novel are simple yet profoundly true: everyone carries imperfections, and human connections help fill those gaps. The story taught me that while gentleness may not change the world, it can change someone's world. That awareness has quietly grown inside me since finishing the book.

The Storied Life of A.J. Fikry renewed my belief that books do more than tell stories—they illuminate the soul. Through reading, I saw A.J., I saw my past self, and I saw the version of myself still learning to walk forward.

让故事成为心灵的回声

《小王子》是一部在不同年龄读会得到完全不同感受的作品。小时候，我只觉得它是一部童话；长大后再读，它却变成一面镜子，把我那些被忽略、被遗忘的感情折射出来。书中的小王子、狐狸、玫瑰，每一个角色都像是被作者放到心灵深处的隐喻。当我重读这段故事时，我突然意识到：“你在我心中”这句话，其实是阅读时留下的回声，是文字与心灵碰撞后最真实的回应。

最让我触动的是狐狸那句：“你若驯服了我，我们就彼此需要。”这句话看似简单，却在成年后的某个深夜击中了我。驯服不是占有，而是建立独一无二的关系，是彼此在世界中变得不可替代。回想自己的生活，我曾在某些关系中退缩过，也曾因害怕失去而不敢靠近。狐狸的这句话像是一把钥匙，让我意识到真诚的关系需要勇气，而我长期以来习惯用保护自己的方式来阻挡这种勇气。

小王子与玫瑰之间的误解，也让我产生很深的情感共鸣。他们彼此重要，却常常因为表达不当或敏感而伤害对方。这情节让我想到自己的亲密关系：明明在乎，却又常常因为害怕显得脆弱，而选择保持距离。读到这里，我忽然有种被故事安静拥抱的感觉，仿佛有人在耳边告诉我：你可以坦诚一点。

阅读过程中，我的心情经历了从轻松到刺痛，再从刺痛到释怀的变化。当小王子与飞行员告别、当他决定离开地球回到自己的星球时，我甚至感到一种难以形容的落寞。那种情绪不像悲伤，更像是一种成长带来的必然之痛。故事并不以激烈的方式呈现，而是以温柔的方式提醒读者：真正重要的东西，用眼睛是看不见的。

这些情感触动让我想起了自己生命中某些重要的人。他们让我成长，也让我在某个阶段意识到爱不是拥抱得更紧，而是理解得更深。我意识到，《小王子》之所以始终在我心中，是因为它用最简单的语言讲述了最复杂的心事。

最终我明白了：阅读不是为了逃避现实，而是为了更好地回到现实。《小王子》让我重新整理了内心的柔软与坚定，也让我更愿意在生活中保留那份纯净和勇气。当我合上书的那一刻，我知道，故事已经变成了我心里的回声。

Letting Stories Become Echoes of the Heart

The Little Prince is a book that offers completely different experiences depending on one's age. As a child, I saw it as a fairy tale; as an adult, it became a mirror reflecting the emotions I had forgotten or ignored. The prince, the fox, the rose—each character acts as a metaphor placed deep within the heart. When I reread the story, I realized that “you are in my heart” is not directed at a person but at the emotional echo left behind by reading.

The fox's line—“If you tame me, we shall need each other”—touched me most deeply. Taming is not possession; it is forming a unique bond. It reminded me of relationships in my own life where I withdrew out of fear or hesitated to draw close. The fox's words felt like a key, unlocking the understanding that genuine connection requires courage.

The misunderstandings between the prince and his rose also stirred something within me. They mattered deeply to each other, yet hurt one another out of insecurity and miscommunication. This reminded me of my own relationships, where caring too much sometimes caused me to hide my feelings. The story felt like a quiet embrace, gently encouraging me to be more honest.

My emotions shifted throughout the re-reading—from lightheartedness to a sting of pain, then to a sense of release. When the prince says goodbye to the aviator, a deep but soft ache rose in me. It felt like the inevitable pain of growing up.

These moments brought to mind the important people in my life who helped shape me. They taught me that love is not about holding tighter but understanding deeper. The Little Prince remains in my heart because it expresses the complexity of human emotion through the simplest words.

Ultimately, I realized that reading is not an escape from reality, but a way to return to it more fully. The book helped me rediscover my own softness and courage. When I closed it, I knew the story had already become an echo in my heart.