**The world of grandma**

**Li Juan**

What kind of existence did Altay have for her? Every time, she was cleaned up by me, and her hair was meticulously combed. Holding me with one hand and a cane in the other, she walked slowly through the crowd, looking around.

When finding the flower on the sidewalk, she smiled: “It looks excellent! Lao Zi is coming to steal tonight...”

When glancing at someone squatting on the roadside who tells others their fortune, she said with the big voice that she thought only I can heard: “He is cheating. Let’s keep quiet and squint to the side to see how he cheats money...”

In front of the aquarium window, she raised her stick and pointed: “Here’s a red fish, here’s a white fish, here’s a black fish...”

“Mrs. Qin, please don't break it.” The owner of the aquarium worried.

“Okay, I know. I'm not a little baby.” It’s surprising that she understood it.

She took great delight in shopping in the supermarket. Immersing in the ocean of the commodities, she looked the goods on the shelves one by one carefully and whispered to me:“ Watch out！We have to pay for damage!”

However, our dog Sai Hu was not allowed to enter the supermarket. I tied him to the shopping cart at the entrance of the shopping mall. Sai Hu was terrified and struggled desperately. We couldn’t bear it, but we had no alternative.

Grandma bent down and stroked his head with difficulty, and said, “You have to be obedient and wait for us for a while, and we’ll be back in a moment.”

Sai Hu has been with my grandma since he was one month old and they stay together all day. The two lives have been snuggled together for a long time, and slowly they become infected with each other. He was covered with pure grandmother’s scent.

He looked at me with his beautiful round eyes, and I felt so guilty——as if I was really intended to abandon him.

Since then, we had a hard time shopping in the supermarket. Grandmother was even more anxious, she kept muttering: “Sai Hu looks extremely beautiful, who took it away from me I will cry to death.”

On the one hand, I slandered: “Who wants such a dirty dog?” On the other hand, I couldn’t help having the same concern.

Every time she returned home after shopping, she was so tired that she sat down on her camp bed, while unbuttoning her jacket, while yelling, “It’s so exhausted, I’ll never go out again.”

However, the next day, she looked at the blue sky outside the window and said, “Lao Zi hasn’t gone out for a long time...”

At that time, I hated myself for not having time, and I hated my poverty.

I lied to her, “We’ll go out tomorrow.” But I want to shed tears.

In addition, most of the time she was always confused and always didn’t know where she was. She often packed her bags every morning after getting up and said she wanted to go home. She always asked the neighbors for directions to the train station.

But she didn’t know that Altay had no railway yet. All she knew was that the train was the only hope. The train meant the most determined departure.

In her long past life, only the train had taken her the longest way and to the farthest place. Only the train can get her out of all predicament, as if it was her last resort.

Every day she lay on the balcony and watched me go to work. When she returned to her empty room, she began to imagine the train journey, that was the greatest passion at the end of her life.

She fell asleep in passion and after waking up was lying on the balcony again. Until she saw me coming home.

She no longer knew what time was going on, while she no longer knew what fate was all about.

She always ran downstairs quietly by herself while I am at work, dragging her luggage with her. She was lost twice, once by a neighbor, and once I found her in the wet market.

At that time, she was standing there, her white hair in disarray and panic. When she saw me, her anger flared up instantly. It seemed that I had put her in this situation.

But she wasn’t angry with me, but just indignantly told me what happened just now.

Once I came home and found a rag tied to the doorknob, thinking it was a prank played by a neighbor’s child, so I untied it and threw it away.

When I came home the next day, I found another one. Later, it was found that there was also tied to the door of the unit.

It turned out that every time she sneaked out and went back home, she couldn’t recognize the door of our unit and didn’t remember the floor of my house. For her, the houses in the community are all the same, and the city is like a maze. As a result, she made a mark.

These rags are her best effort to adapt to life in a foreign land.

I was annoyed and said to her, “Grandma, please don’t run around anymore, what should I do if you get lost or wrestle? ”

She used to be physically strong, but since she fell two years before, she has been getting worse every day.

In front of her, I removed the rags from the door and confiscated her keys.

She cursed and cried that she wanted to return to Sichuan, dragging her luggage in the middle of the night and leaving.

I was exhausted and discouraged.

The next day I locked her at home when I went to work. She couldn’t open the door and cried in despair inside the door.

I wiped my tears and went downstairs. I must make a lot of money, and one day I must take my grandmother out of here.

——That was my grandest and most urgent wish when the age of twenty-five.

It was in that rental house that Sai Hu became a mother for the first time and gave birth to four puppies. Grandma was endlessly happy and made a lot of arrangement.

However, within a few days she was confused again. One day at dinner, holding the bowl for half a day before saying to me ,“ It turns out that these milk dogs were born to Sai Hu? I thought you bought it back and complained about why you bought so many...”

Before I could respond, she suddenly mentioned another incident, saying that eighty years ago, there is a family surnamed Ge with gabions cage wild bees, and gradually domesticated into home bees. Each time “cut honey” can “cut” thirty barrels, and then “boil yellow wax” ...... The details are in detail and realistic, making me skin crawl.

Before I could come to my senses, she talked about the dream she had the night before. She said someone accused her in a dream that she was not good. She asked, “What’s bad?” The other said: “Tuan Tuan (the hometown dialect means ‘everywhere’) is not good.”

She laughed as she spoke: “Why am I not doing well anywhere?”

But just this morning, she said otherwise. The person in the dream obviously said that she was good. She asked, “Where is it good?” The other party said, “Everything is good.”

Then I reminded her and helped her repeat the original dream, causing her to put down her chopsticks and think about it for a long time in confusion.

I suddenly realized that I was too deeply involved in her world.

She no longer had a fellow traveler. She had long since lost her way She was slowly approaching death and slowly reconciling with it in her lost journey.

But I was only pulling her, irresponsibly competing with death for her.

How far away I am from her, I am farther away from her than death is from her.

I lived with her, teetering on the edge of her time all day long—strange, unimaginably lonely times. Like time in a silkworm cocoon. I shouldn’t have tested this cocoon, I shouldn't have disturbed her maze again and again. ——With worldly, selfish love.

Every day I came back home from work and went up to the third floor, she showed up at the top of the stairs on time with her crutches. It was the most solemn welcome I could have in this life. At that moment, she struggles to withdraw from her world. Outside of her world, all she couldn’t put down were Sai Hu and me. I relied on her love for me, grabbed her remaining clear mind, and shook her desperately to keep her. I promised her in every possible way that as long as she did not die, I would take her back to Sichuan, take the train back, take the car back, take the plane back, and do everything I could to return. Go back to eat sugar cane, eat bean jelly, eat all the food she missed, see all the old people she missed... But I can’t. Nothing can be done.

The day my mother picked up my grandmother, I took them to the bus terminal and back to the empty and quiet rental house where I saw another piece of rag tied to the doorknob. Finally, I cried out loud.

I am a liar, a liar whose desire is greater than my ability. The grandmother, who was deceived, stood at the entrance of the stairs on crutches and waited. She is fragile, and so are her aspirations. I couldn't support her at all, nor could I support her. In fact, I have long been vaguely aware that only death can make her spread her wings and soar.

修改建议：整体来说，翻译的还可以，能够表达出原文的意思。但是也存在一些问题，比如，表达方式不符合英文习惯，句式结构有些问题，动词时态有些地方前后不一致等等。具体见批注。请再仔细斟酌修改，结合自己翻译的体会，可以开始撰写译文反思。