

Lolita

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April 17, 2018

Today, I want to talk about a story, which is beautiful and sorrowful. The author is Vladimir Nabokov, he is Russian, however he wrote this story in English. And it is also fluent and touching. At the beginning, he said: "Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul." This sentence hit my heart when I first read it. It was so moving that I forgot it's what a middle-aged man said to a underage girl, moreover he was her stepfather.

However, though the story is a little weird, it's indubitable that the love is true whatever others say. There is also a poem in the end. Now I am writing it here, and I want to tell you, fearless is having fears but jumping anyway.

My car is limping, Dolores Haze
And the last long lap is the hardest
And I shall be dumped where the weed decays
And the rest is rust and slardust