



Difficulty lv: 4/5

超級浪漫派的一個故事

a hypothesis

假設

無可避免
的相撞

changed

簡單

次序

熱愛者

因果關係

THERE WOULD BE TIMES, particularly at first, when Regan would attempt to identify the moment things had set themselves on a path to inevitable collision. Moments had become intensely important to Regan, more so than they had ever been. Considering it was Aldo who had altered the shapes and paths of her thinking, it was probably his fault that she now considered everything in terms of time.

extremely

Her own hypothesis was fairly elementary: There was a single moment responsible for every sequence thereafter. Regan wasn't the science enthusiast Aldo was—and certainly not the genius he was, either—but her view of causality was methodical enough. Everything was a consequence that rippled out from some fixed point of entry, and it had become a game of hers (probably stolen from him) to expose the genesis from which everything else had sprung.

After that time

inversion
有條理的

Had it begun the moment Aldo met her eye? Was it when he said her name, or when he told her his? Had it been the moment she'd told him Get up, you can't sit there, or did it have nothing to do with him at all? Could even that moment have been the product of something begun days, weeks, even lifetimes prior? before

With Regan, everything came down to sacredness. She liked, in the

神聖

嚮導

time between **docent** tours, to wander her favorite parts of the Art Institute, which she **typically** selected to match the **religiosity** of her moods. Which was not to say she **gravitated to** religious art specifically; more often she aimed to match her private longings with the god (who was sometimes God, but not always) being **worshipped** through a polished frame. In early Catholic paintings, she looked for **awe**. In modern work, for **sleekness**. In **contemporary**, the vibrancy of dislocation. **Deities** themselves had changed over time, but the act of devotion had not. That was the **torment** of it, of art, and the **perpetual** idolatry of its creation. For every sensation Regan could **conjure**, there was an artist who had beautifully suffered the same. strong religious feeling

usually
attracted to

elegance
gods
折磨

past

Lack of seriousness
諷刺
征服
看似荒謬
Familiar

The wandering was a **foregone** conclusion—a constant, as Aldo would say—but the armory, that day, was not. When Regan had chosen to visit the armory in the past it had been because it stood for the sacredness of purpose: there was no **frivolity** here. Instead there was the **irony** of peace; empty shells of weaponry, **garish** red walls, fossils of **conquest**. It reminded her of a time when people still committed their violence eye to eye, which gave her a **paradoxical** sense of **gratification**. 拜祭
敬畏
當代
永遠

It was **intimate** because it was not. It was religious because it was not. It was beautiful because, at the heart of it, it was twisted and soulless and ugly, and therefore it mirrored something **masochistic** in Regan herself. make appear

Her choice of the armory that day implied Significance; it had the ripple effect of Consequence, cosmically so. But then what had been the cause? Had she met Aldo there because fate had willfully **intervened**, or because they already possessed such similar forms of **rumination**? Was it inevitable, god descending from machine, or was it because she had been vacant where he was **vacant**, and therefore both would inevitably seek to be filled? 過分鮮艷
pleasure
受虐狂的

Did it matter where it started, and would it matter where it would end? Either yes, it mattered very much, because everything was a consequence of something and therefore what became of them was somehow **predetermined**, or no, it did not matter at all, because beginnings and endings were not **as important as** the moments that 插入
沉思

預先決定

could have happened or the outcomes that might have been. **Either** it was everything to know the whole story, to look back and see the shape of it while standing along its periphery; **or** it was nothing, because things in their entirety were less **fragile** and therefore less beautiful than the pieces within the frame. 脆弱

By the end, Regan would know the answer. Having turned a corner from where she'd been, she would come to recognize that it was less a question of when everything had happened and more a **surrendering** to when there had been no turning back. It was always a matter of time in the end, just as it had been in the beginning.

投降

Because for once, in a moment that was either everything or nothing, there would be someone else in Regan's universe, and from there everything would be as it was, only very slightly different.