

李 影 / 编译

LIYING
WORKS



Matchless

and Affecting Stories in Life

那些 触动 我心扉的故事



我的故事里是谁的人生?

谁的人生里有我的故事?

哪些故事让我潸然泪下?

哪些故事

让我有了继续去远方的动力?

篇篇珠玑, 像《小王子》一样。

江苏人民出版社

那些触动我心扉的故事

李影 / 编译



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Chapter 1

岁月如歌的光阴



Life's best lessons are learned by living.

人生最好的启示来自于生活。

A Day at the Tradition 传统赛的一天

© Christine Clifford

Several years ago I was diagnosed with cancer. It was the most difficult time I have ever faced. I think it was my sense of humor that allowed me to hold onto my **sanity**^①. Like many people who have gone through chemotherapy, I lost all of my hair and I was bald as a cue ball. I always had enjoyed wearing hats, so when my hair deserted me, I ordered several special hats with the hair already attached. It was easy and I never had to worry about how my hair looked.

I have always been a big golf fan. In fact, I have been to twenty-three straight U.S. Opens. At one point during my cancer treatments, my husband John and I decided to get away from the cold Minnesota winter and took a trip to Scottsdale, Arizona. There was a Senior PGA Tour event called The Tradition being played, and that seemed like just the ticket to lift my spirits.

The first day of the tournament brought out a huge gallery. It was a beautiful day, and I was in heaven. I was standing just off the third tee, behind the fairway ropes, watching my three favorite golfers in the world approach the tee box: Jack

① sanity ['sænitɪ] n. 神志正常；心智健康；头脑清楚；通情达理

几年前我被诊断出癌症，这是我人生中最艰难的一段时期。我想，正是由于我的幽默感，才让我还能保持高度的理智。正如许多经历过化疗的人一样，我的头发都掉光了，看起来就像是一颗光亮的台球。我原本就十分喜爱戴帽子，所以当我全秃了以后，我就买了几顶自带头发的那种帽子。这样很方便，我也不用担心我的发型是否好看。

我是一个狂热的高尔夫球迷。事实上，我去过 23 场美国高尔夫公开赛的现场。有一次，在我的癌症治疗期间，我和丈夫约翰决定离开明尼苏达州的寒冷冬天，前往亚利桑那州的斯科茨代尔旅行。那儿正举行职业高球员协会（PGA）宿将巡回赛，这一传统赛事似乎让我的精神为之一振。

第一天的锦标赛仿佛上演在一个巨型画廊里，如此美丽，至若天堂。我站在第三个球座的旁边，前面就是球道绳索，能一眼看见我最喜欢的三个高尔夫球手：杰克·尼克劳斯、雷蒙德·弗洛伊德和汤姆·维斯科普夫在发球台上的飒爽英姿。

Nicklaus, Raymond Floyd and Tom Weiskopf.

Just as they arrived at the tee, the unimaginable happened. A huge gust of wind came up from out of nowhere and blew my hat and hair right off my head and into the middle of the fairway! The thousands of **spectators**^① lining the fairway fell into an awkward silence, all eyes on me. Even my golf idols were watching me, as my hair was in their flight path. I was mortified! Embarrassed as I was, I knew I couldn't just stand there. Someone had to do something to get things moving again.

So I took a deep breath, went under the ropes and out into the middle of the fairway. I grabbed my hat and hair, nestled them back on my head as best I could. Then I turned to the golfers and loudly announced, "Gentlemen, the wind is blowing from left to right."

They said the laughter could be heard all the way to the nineteenth hole.

① spectator ['spek.tetə] n. 观众，旁观者

正当他们走到球座旁时，意想不到的事情发生了。不知道从哪儿刮来一阵大风，将我配有头发的帽子吹到了赛道中央！万千的观众顿时鸦雀无声，气氛极为尴尬，我被各种眼光包围着。甚至连我的高尔夫偶像也盯着我看，因为我的帽子和头发占了他们的赛道。真苦恼！这情况尴尬至极，我知道我不能只呆站在那里，总得有谁来打破这个僵局。

于是，我深吸了一口气，沿着绳索往下走到了赛道中间。我抓起这顶带假发的帽子，尽可能优雅地将它重新戴回头顶。然后我转向了高尔夫球手们，向他们大声喊道：“嘿，先生们，风向是从左往右的！”

据说，当时 1 到 19 号洞口的观众席都洋溢起欢乐的笑声。

My Father's Music

父亲的音乐

© Wayne Kalyn

I remember the day Dad first lugged the heavy accordion up our front stoop, taxing his small frame. He gathered my mother and me in the living room and opened the case as if it were a treasure chest. “Here it is,” he said. “Once you learn to play, it’ll stay with you for life.”

If my thin smile didn’t match his full-fledged grin, it was because I had prayed for a guitar or a piano. For the next two weeks, the accordion was stored in the hall closet. Then one evening Dad announced that I would start lessons the following week. In disbelief I shot my eyes toward Mom for support. The firm set of her jaw told me I was out of luck.

Spending \$300 for an accordion and \$5 per lesson was out of character for my father. He was practical always—something he learned growing up on a Pennsylvania farm. Clothes, heat and sometimes even food were scarce.

Dad was a **supervisor**^① in a company that serviced jet engines. Weekends, he tinkered in the cellar, turning scraps of plywood into a utility cabinet or fixing

① supervisor ['sjupəˌvaɪzə] n. 监督者，管理者；镇长

我还记得那一天——瘦弱的父亲将沉重的手风琴费力地拖到前门的情景。他招呼我和妈妈到客厅里来，然后打开了这个他视若珍宝的箱子。“看这个，”他说，“一旦你学会了它，它便会成为你终身的伙伴。”

和他发自内心的笑容不同，我只是勉强地笑了笑。因为我期待已久的，其实是一把吉他或一台钢琴。在接下来的两周里，那架手风琴都一直被放在走廊的壁橱里。一天傍晚，父亲突然宣布，我从下周起就要开始学手风琴了。带着疑惑，我赶忙向妈妈使眼色以求支援。可她紧绷的下巴告诉我，我不走运了。

花 300 美元买一架手风琴，每次上课再花 5 美元，这着实不符合父亲的性格。他一直是比较务实的——这是他在宾夕法尼亚州的农场习来的。衣物、暖气，甚至有时候连食物都会紧缺。

爸爸在一家为喷气式飞机提供引擎服务的公司担任主管。周末，他也总是在地下室里捣鼓，把一些胶合板的边角料做成实用的柜子，或者用一

a broken toy with spare parts. Quiet and shy, he was never more comfortable than when at his workbench.

Only music carried Dad away from his world of tools and projects. On a Sunday drive, he turned the radio on immediately. At red lights, I'd notice his foot tapping in time. He seemed to hang on every note.

Still, I wasn't prepared when, **rummaging**^① in a closet, I found a case that looked to me like a tiny guitar's. Opening it, I saw the polished glow of a beautiful violin. "It's your father's," Mom said. "His parents bought it for him. I guess he got too busy on the farm to ever learn to play it." I tried to imagine Dad's rough hands on this delicate instrument—and couldn't.

I was ordered to practice half an hour every day, and every day I tried to get out of it. My future seemed to be outside playing ball, not in the house mastering songs I would soon forget. But my parents hounded me to practice.

Gradually, to my surprise, I was able to string notes together and coordinate my hands to play simple songs. Often, after supper, my father would request a tune or two. As he sat in his easy chair, I would fumble through "Lady of Spain" and "Beer Barrel Polka".

"Very nice, better than last week," he'd say. Then I would follow into a melody of his favorites, "Red River Valley" and "Home on the Range", and he would drift off to sleep, the newspaper folded on his lap. I took it as a compliment that he could relax under the spell of my playing.

One July evening I was giving an almost flawless rendition of "Come Back to Sorrento", and my parents called me to an open window. An elderly neighbor,

① rummage ['rʌmɪdʒ] v. 翻查；搜出；翻箱倒柜



些零件把坏了的玩具修好。他性格内向腼腆，没有什么地方比工作台更能让他感到舒适了。

只有音乐能让父亲走出他那满是工具和材料的世界。在一个周日，我们驾车外出的时候，他一上车就打开了收音机。遇到红灯时，我注意到他的脚在有节奏地打着拍子，貌似还挺合拍的。

然而，当我在壁橱里翻找出一个像是装小吉他的盒子时，还是挺意外的。打开一看，是一把锃亮而漂亮的小提琴。“这是你父亲的，”妈妈说，“你祖父母买给他的。我想他平时忙于农务，所以没有时间学。”我试着想象父亲那粗糙的手在这精致的乐器上拨弄的场景——简直无法想象。

爸爸要求我每天练琴半小时，但我每天都想躲开。我的未来应该是在户外打球，而不是在屋里重复着这些让我很快就会忘记的歌曲。但父母总是不断地敦促我练习。

令我惊喜的是，我渐渐能把几个零散的音符串联在一起，演奏出简单的歌曲了，手的协调性也好多了。晚饭后，父亲常常让我拉上一两首曲子。他躺在老爷椅里，听我笨拙地拉完《西班牙女郎》和《波尔卡啤酒桶》。

他会说：“非常好，比上周好多了。”然后我就继续拉他喜欢的曲子《红河谷》和《山上之家》，他会在我的歌声中慢慢入睡，报纸就叠在膝盖上。我把这看作一种赞扬：他能够在我的琴声中得到放松。



rarely seen outside her house, was leaning against our car humming dreamily to the tune. When I finished, she smiled broadly and called out, “I remember that song as a child in Italy. Beautiful, just beautiful.”

Throughout the summer, Mr. Zelli's lessons grew more difficult. It took me a week and a half to master them now. All the while I could hear my buddies outside playing heated games of stickball. I'd also hear an occasional **taunt**^①; “Hey, where's your monkey and cup?”

Such humiliation paled, though, beside the impending fall recital. I would have to play a solo on a local movie theater's stage. I wanted to skip the whole thing. Emotions boiled over in the car one Sunday afternoon. “I don't want to play a solo.” I said. “You have to,” replied my father.

“Why?” I shouted. “Because you didn't get to play your violin when you were a kid? Why should I have to play this stupid instrument when you never had to play yours?” Dad pulled the car over and pointed at me. “Because you can bring people joy. You can touch their hearts. That's a gift I won't let you throw away.” He added softly, “Someday you'll have the chance I never had: you'll play beautiful music for your family. And you'll understand why you've worked so hard.”

I was speechless. I had rarely heard Dad speak with such feeling about anything, much less the accordion. From then on, I practiced without my parents' making me.

The evening of the concert Mom wore glittery earrings and more makeup than I could remember. Dad got out of work early, put on a suit and tie, and

① taunt [tɔnt] n. 嘲弄，奚落；讥讽；嘲弄的对象，笑柄