

YINGHAN DUIZHIAO

英汉对照

纯正地道的英文  
优美流畅的译文

羽灵  
编译

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黑龙江科学技术出版社



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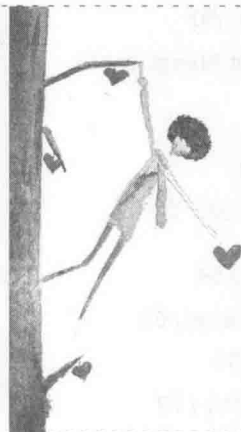
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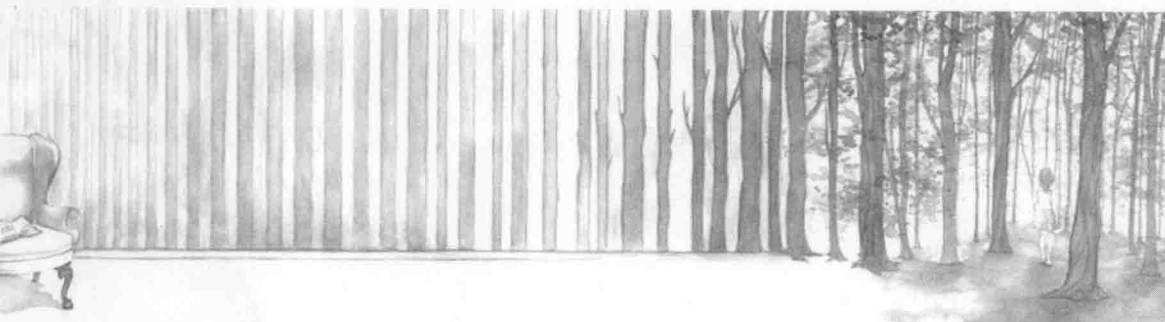


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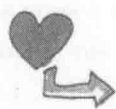
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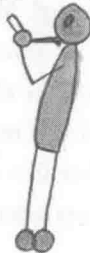
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## 说出你的爱 Speak out Your Love

无论哪一种爱,当你将其宣之于口,  
你收获的将不只是感动。







## 与爱无缘

### Lost in Love

Elevator stopped at the 9th floor of the **skyscraper**<sup>1</sup> I was working in and in walked the queen of my hearts. She didn't have the features of a supermodel by any means, except for her dark black eyes. They were as sharp and piercing as a needle and had the depth of an ocean. They had an eloquence of a master **orator**<sup>2</sup>. Otherwise her beauty was very elusive and it was quit a mystery as to why she had such an eye-catching presence. Probably it was the way she looked at you, or just the way she carried herself. She obviously didn't have a fetish for wearing good clothes, but she had that unusual quality of coming out as a comfortable and confident individual no matter what she wore. She was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth, nor could her clothes be compared to royal gown by any means, but she had a grace of a princess in her walk. As I looked amazed at her, I almost grew oblivious of my existence.

Suddenly I realized that we both were alone in the elevator. This was the moment I had been waiting for, indeed praying for, for quite a for months now. But now that it had arrived, I was dumb-found. I tried hard to gather all the courage I could and speak to her, to tell her what I felt about her, but my voice failed me. It was the month of May, when summer is at its peak, but my body was actually **shivering**<sup>3</sup>. My hands and feet turned cold. I could not believe it, for I knew it was "now or never". This was the first time that I was alone in her company, and if I do not tell her what I felt about her, I would never ever be able to.

I still remember the first time I saw her, of all the places, in my bosses cabin. It was her first day and the boss was introducing her to the office norms. She listened with apt attention to all the 'dos' and 'don'ts' as if they were commandments



coming straight from the creator's mouth. Then she left to assume her duty.

I was so mesmerized by her charm that I was transported to a **fantasyland**<sup>4</sup>, and did not hear a word of what the boss told me. The next I saw her was in the office canteen. There she was sitting all alone in one corner having her lunch. If one were to search for a trace of nervousness in her face, he was in for a disappointment. She had a cool and calm **composure**<sup>5</sup>, so confident that it would **deter**<sup>6</sup> a potential prankster think twice

before making his move. Unknowingly I began heading towards her. As I was at a distance of a couple of metres from her she got up, having finished her lunch, and walked out of the canteen at almost a lightning speed. I had failed in my first attempt to get introduced to her.

Since that day I had given all the hopes of me daring to play with fire ever again. The romantic inside me withdrew in the shell of my dreamland. Thereafter I often saw her in the office canteen, at the bus stop, in the corridor and just about everywhere. Now her grace appeared as assertiveness to me, her confidence more of arrogance. As day passed by I grew more and more sure of my incapacity to express my feelings to her.

Suddenly I got a jerk, which transported back to the present the lift stopped at the 15th floor. An old couple entered the elevator. I cursed myself for letting an opportunity go unused. As I stared at my dream girl, the old couple stared at me as if they were her guardians trying to protect her from an untrustworthy Romeo. Surprisingly the girl was totally oblivious of my stares. Probably she did not even remember having met me before let alone talked to me. I decided not to care about the old couple and decided to confront her. As I made an effort to move lift my feet and walk towards her, the elevator stopped and the door opened. Out walked she and

the old couple followed her. There I stood staring in infinity, not believing that I had missed yet another chance, probably the last one, to speak to her. How right I was, for it indeed proved to be the last opportunity chance had provided me. That was the last I saw her. On making an enquiry, I was informed that she had left the job, and indeed the country, for her marriage with an NRI.

1. skyscraper ['skaɪskreɪpə] *n.* 摩天楼
2. orator ['ɔrətə] *n.* 演说者
3. shiver ['ʃɪvə] *v.* 颤抖
4. fantasyland ['fæntəsilænd] *n.* 梦境, 幻境
5. composure [kəm'pəʊzə] *n.* 镇静, 沉着
6. deter [di'tə:] *v.* 阻止

电梯停在了高楼的第九层,那正是我过去办公所在的楼层。这时,电梯外走进来一位女子,她简直就是我心目中的女王!虽然,她没有超级名模的容颜,但她那乌黑的双眼摄人心魄,并像大海一般深邃。那是一双会说话的眼睛。除此之外,她的美也是如此神秘,让人无法捉摸。她引人注目的外表着实是一个谜,也许这就是她表现自我的独特方式。显然,她并不崇尚华丽的衣装,但她却有着与众不同的气质,使她无论穿什么款式的衣服都会给人一种得体、自信的感觉。她并非出自显贵人家,也没有华丽的衣服,但她走路的姿态却像公主般优雅。我为她而着迷,完全忘记了自己的存在。

刹那间,我意识到电梯里只有我们两个人。这曾是我企盼了很久时刻!但当它真的到来的时候,我却不知所措。我努力鼓起勇气想对她表白,却无法开口。此时正值夏日炎炎的五月,我却分明感觉到自己的身体在发抖,手脚也变得冰凉。我想,这是个千载难逢的机会啊。这是我们的第一次单独相遇,如果现在不对她开口的话,以后也许就再也不会会有这样的机会了。

现在,我仍能清晰地记得在老板办公室里第一次见到她的情景。那是她上班的第一天,老板正在向她介绍公司的办公细则。她全神贯注地听着那些“可以做的”还有“不可以做的”事情,就如同那些话是造物主口中的戒律。之后,她就去工作了。

我被她深深地迷住了,仿佛被带到了梦境之中,那天老板对我说的话我

一个字也没有听到。第二次与她相见是在公司的食堂里，她独自一人坐在角落里吃着午餐。如果谁想从她的神情中找到一丝的胆怯，那一定是徒劳的。她特有的一种淡漠而又沉静的气质，相信就是平日里爱开玩笑的人若是想开口和她说话，也一定要考虑再三。我不知不觉地向她走去。就在距她一米之遥的地方，她刚好吃完了饭，快步离开了食堂。就这样，第一次想向她开口表白爱慕之情的尝试以失败告终。

从那天起，在我的心中就燃起了不灭的希望之火。内心的那份情感隐藏在梦境之中。我的视线一直追随着她，食堂、公交车站、走廊……如今，她优雅的气质在我看来就是一种独有的自信，而且绝不是自大。随着时光一天天地流逝，我越发地肯定自己没有办法向她倾诉自己的感情了。

一阵震颤过后，电梯停在了十五楼，我又被拉回了现实。这时，一对年迈的夫妇走进了电梯。此刻，我为自己这样失去一个机会而懊悔不已。我一直盯着我的梦中女孩儿，那对年迈的夫妇也同样盯着我，他们就如同是女孩儿的守护者一样，坚定不移地防备着一个不可信赖的狂热的觊觎者。让我吃惊的是，那女孩儿竟然没有注意到我，她似乎从未与我谋面，更不必说与我交谈了。于是，我决定不再顾忌那对夫妇而去直面那个女孩儿。当我正要向她靠近时，电梯却停了下来。门开了，她走了出去，那对老夫妇也紧随其后。我呆呆地站在那里看着他们离去，不相信自己又失去了一次好机会，或许这真的就是最后一次了。我猜的不错，从此以后，我再也没有见到她。后来，我得知她已辞掉了这份工作，确切地说是离开了这座城市，和一位科研人员完婚去了。



机会因为难得才让人感到珍贵。当你酝酿已久的计划得到实施的机会时，你要紧紧地抓牢它，千万不可错过。如果稍一迟疑，你可能再也无法实现它，从而造成一生的遗憾。同样，如果遇到你所喜欢的人，就应该大胆地向对方表达你的爱意，否则，你将错失爱的机缘。



## 那些心里话

### Words from the Heart

Most people need to hear those three little words “I love you”. Once in a while, they hear them just in time.

I met Connie the day she was admitted to the **hospice**<sup>1</sup> ward, where I worked as a volunteer.

Her husband, Bill, stood nervously nearby as she was transferred from the gurney to the hospital bed. Although Connie was in the final stages of her fight against cancer, she was alert and cheerful. We got her settled in. I finished marking her name on all the hospital supplies she would be using, then asked if she needed anything.

“Oh, yes,” she said, “would you please show me how to use the TV? I enjoy the soaps so much and I don’t want to get behind on what’s happening.” Connie was a romantic. She loved soap operas, romance novels and movies with a good love story. As we became acquainted, she confided how frustrating it was to be married 32 years to a man who often called her “a silly woman.”

“Oh, I know Bill loves me,” she said, “but he has never been one to say he loves me, or send cards to me.” She sighed and looked out the window at the trees in the courtyard. “I’d give anything if he’d say ‘I love you,’ but it’s just not in his nature.”

Bill visited Connie every day. In the beginning, he sat next to the bed while she watched the soaps. Later, when she began sleeping more, he paced up and down the hallway outside her room. Soon, when she no longer watched television and had fewer waking moments, I began spending more of my volunteer time with Bill.

He talked about having worked as a carpenter and how he liked to go fishing.

He and Connie had no children, but they'd been enjoying retirement by traveling, until Connie got sick. Bill could not express his feelings about the fact that his wife was dying.

One day, over coffee in the cafeteria, I got him on the subject of women and how we need romance in our lives; how we love to get sentimental cards and love letters.

"Do you tell Connie you love her?" I asked (knowing his answer), and he looked at me as if I was crazy.

"I don't have to," he said. "She knows I do! "

"I'm sure she knows," I said, reaching over and touching his hands rough, carpenter's hands that were gripping the cup as if it were the only thing he had to hang onto "but she needs to hear it, Bill. She needs to hear what she has meant to you all these years. Please think about it."

We walked back to Connie's room. Bill disappeared inside, and I left to visit another patient. Later, I saw Bill sitting by the bed. He was holding Connie's hand as she slept. The date was February 12.

Two days later I walked down the hospice ward at noon. There stood Bill, leaning up against the wall in the hallway, staring at the floor. I already knew from the head nurse that Connie had died at 11 A.M.

When Bill saw me, he allowed himself to come into my arms for a long time. His face was wet with tears and he was **trembling**<sup>2</sup>. Finally, he leaned back against the wall and took a deep breath.

"I have to say something," he said. "I have to say how good I feel about telling her." He stopped to blow his nose. "I thought a lot about what you said, and this morning I told her how much I loved her... and loved being married to her. You should have seen her smile! "

I went into the room to say my own good bye to Connie. There, on the bedside table, was a large Valentine card from Bill. You know, the sentimental kind that says, "To my wonderful wife ... I love you."

1. hospice ['hɒspɪs] *n.* 旅客住宿处,收容所,济贫院

2. trembling ['tremblɪŋ] *n.* 发抖,担心,战栗 *adj.* 发抖的,担心的,战栗的

很多人都希望听到那三个不常被表达的字——“我爱你”。有时,我们会在最需要的时候听到它。

我是在康妮住进收容院病房的那一天见到她的,在那里,我是一个志愿者。

她的丈夫比尔,从她被推进病房的时候起,就一直焦急地守在她的身边。虽然康妮已经处在与癌症抗争的晚期了,但她依旧精神饱满,一副很愉快的样子。当把她安顿好后,我又在为她提供的所有用品上标注了她的名字,然后问她还需要些什么。

“哦,是的,”她回答说,“能告诉我这台电视机怎么用吗?我特别喜欢看肥皂剧,很想知道接下来都发生了什么事。”康妮是个十分浪漫的人。她喜欢看肥皂剧、浪漫小说,还有经典爱情电影。当我们熟识了以后,她告诉我,她和一个经常叫她“傻女人”的男人生活了三十二年是件多么令人沮丧的事情。

“哦,我知道比尔爱着我,”她说道,“可他却从未对我说过,连张贺卡也不寄给我。”她叹着气,凝望着窗外庭院里的花树。“如果他说出那句‘我爱你’,我宁愿付出一切,但那不是他的个性所为。”

比尔每天都会来看她。开始的时候,他坐在床边,而康妮则看着肥皂剧。后来,随着她昏睡的时候越来越多,他便开始在康妮病房外的走廊里踱来踱去。很快地,她不再看电视了,甚至连醒着的时候都少了,而作为志愿者的我,大多数的时间都是与比尔一起度过的。

从与比尔的谈话中得知,他一直是做木匠的,而且非常喜欢钓鱼。他与康妮没有孩子,但他们却钟爱四处旅游并以此为消遣,直到康妮变得很虚弱。对于他的妻子已病危的事实,比尔说他无法用言语来表达自己的内心感受。

一天,在自助餐厅喝咖啡的时候,我把比尔引入“女人”这一话题,谈到生活是多么需要浪漫,女人是多么渴望收到充满着柔情蜜意的卡片或者情书。

“你没有对康妮说过你爱她吗?”我明知故问。比尔吃惊地看着我,那种神情仿佛认为我在说疯话。

“我没有必要去说,”他回答道,“她知道我是爱着她的!”

“我当然能肯定她知道你爱着她。”我说道,并伸手拍了拍那双木匠的粗

糙的手,那双手紧紧地握着杯子,仿佛那杯子是他唯一可以支撑的东西了。“但是她需要听到那样的话语,比尔。她需要亲耳听到这些年来她对你究竟意味着什么。请你考虑一下吧。”

我们回到了康妮的房间。比尔走了进去,我则去照顾另一个病人。后来,我看到比尔坐在床边。康妮正熟睡着,比尔握着她的手。那天是二月十二日。

两天后的中午,我穿过收容所病房的过道,看见比尔站在走廊里,他背靠着墙壁,眼睛盯着地面。我已从护士长的口中得知,康妮在上午十一点离开了人世。

当比尔看到我的时候,他让我拥抱着他,许久,许久……他满脸泪水,浑身颤抖着。最后,他靠在了墙上,深深地吸了一口气。

“有些话,我非说不可,”他说道,“我不得不说,当我对她说出来的时候感觉是多么的美好。”他停了一下,揉了揉鼻子。“你说的话我想了很多,今天早上我告诉她我是多么爱她……多么庆幸能够与她成为夫妻。你真该看看她当时的笑容!”

我走进康妮的房间,亲自向她道别。在桌子旁边有一张很大的来自比尔的情人节卡片。你知道吗,那张充满了柔情的卡片上写着:“送给我心目中最完美的妻子……我爱你。”



当夫妻之间的情感从热烈的爱情过渡到相濡以沫的关怀时,那些曾经令人热血沸腾的“情话”也渐渐远离了彼此的生活,但这并不意味着夫妻间就不再需要它。其实,爱是需要表达的,因为它能温暖彼此的情感世界;爱更需要及时的表达,以免让你满腔的情感没有机会得以释放,为自己的人生徒留遗憾!





## 纸杯

## The Paper Cup

One night I was sitting in my kitchen half listening as my 15 year old brother Tommy antagonized my 12 year old brother Kevin. I didn't pay attention when Kevin charged up the stairs with the hurt on his face.

About 20 minutes later, as I was walking upstairs I heard Kevin crying inside the bathroom. I bit my tongue to stop myself from saying, "Come on Kev, don't be such a baby." Instead, I knocked on the door and asked, "Hey Kev, do you wanna talk?" No response.

I tried again, "Hey why don't you come out of there?" Again, no response.

So, joking around, I grabbed a stack of index cards and a pencil and wrote, "If you don't want to talk, we can write notes to each other."

An hour later I was still sitting on the floor outside the bathroom with two stacks of index cards in front of me. One was blank and one was cards from Kevin on which he had translated all his yucky feelings into words for me. By this time, I don't care about the rings of my precious phone and *Dawson's Creek* show downstairs. As I read one of Kevin's notes, tears came to my eyes. It said, "Nobody in this family cares about me. I'm not the youngest, and I'm not the oldest, and I'm not talented. Tommy thinks I'm a wuss and Dad wishes he had the other Kevin as a kid because he's better at basketball. And you're never around to even notice me."

Tears came to my eyes as I wrote back to him. It was true what he had said about me. I wrote back, "You know Kev, I really do love you and I'm sorry I don't always show it. I am here for you and you are loved in this family."

There was no response for a while, but then I heard a tearing sound coming from inside the bathroom. Kevin, who had run out of index cards wrote on a torn up paper