



我为英语狂  
BEING CRAZY WITH ENGLISH



# 当英语 成为时尚

## 一盏茶的寂寞

A CUP OF LONELINESS

杨 泱 / 编译

ENGLISH  
FASHION

有一种语言，无处不在，

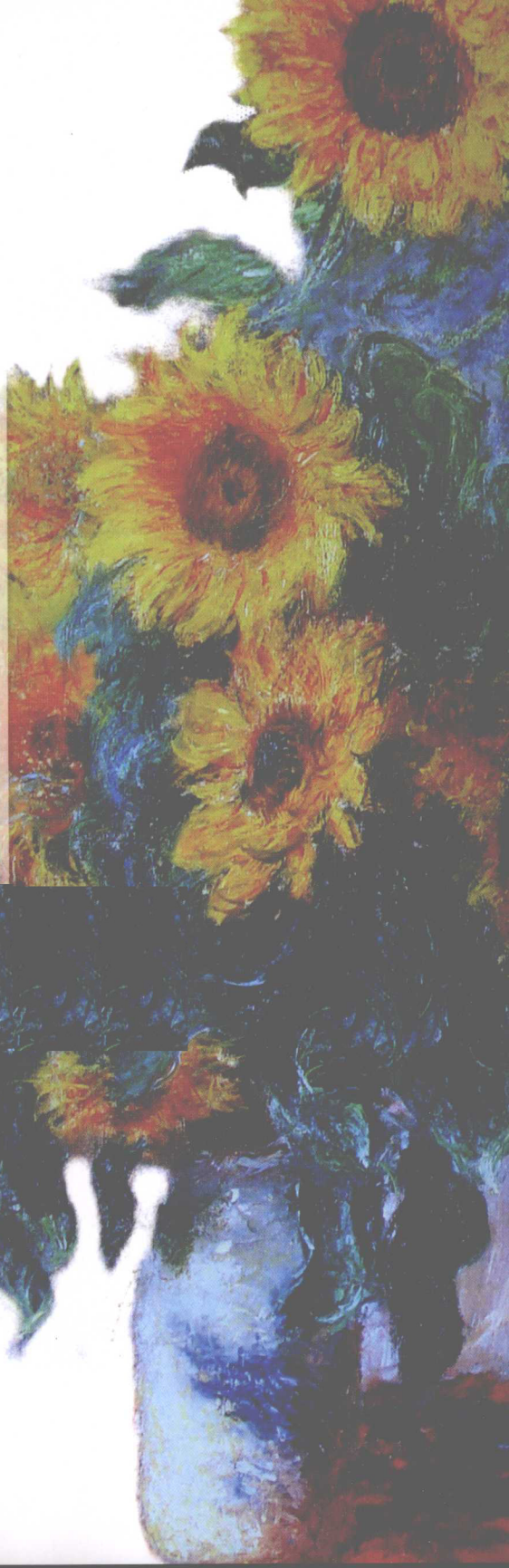
它被用来撰写了大多数对人类文明产生过影响的重要文献，

它不仅成为全球沟通中被一致认可的明星品牌，

更是当今社会深受追捧的时尚，

它的名字叫英语。

 企业管理出版社  
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BEAKS CRAZY WITH ENGLISH

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## 前言

高压、快节奏是现代人，尤其是现代都市人生活的两大显著特点。黄昏时分，从任意一座写字楼的落地窗向下望去，车如流水，在错综盘旋的马路与高架桥间飞速穿梭；伫立道旁的路灯也瞬间警醒，垂着一尘不变的面具脸任由各色车灯从趾尖滑过；铮亮的灯罩散发出微暗的光华，像夜间茅舍中老太点起的蜡烛，照亮了飞速打圈的梭和线。都市人就这样使尽浑身解数紧扣着转盘上的一个点，努力使自己与外界保持协调，但时不时还是会向那股巨大的离心力妥协，被动无奈地游离于边缘之上。

对于同时深受现代文明之发达及其无可避免的压力的人们来说，怎样面对逆境是自己终其一生的课题。因此，适合地排解抑郁，关注心理健康似乎成了我们每一个人刻不容缓的要务。本书正是出于这样的初衷而编写成的，希望读者在工作学习之余、在茶余饭后，在品读中英两种文字的同时，能得到片刻的心灵慰藉。

全书精选了西方文学中的经典名篇，并配以译作、文章导读及背景知识链接，确保读者能最大限度地从中吸取精华。本书中有许多值得读者品味的人物：如《勃里尔小姐》中的勃里尔、《泥土》中的玛丽亚和《曾经沧海》中的爱丽丝·欣德曼。她们同为三个注定孤独一生的女子：勃里尔醉心于她每周末的公园小憩，像偷窥者一样潜入公园中老老小小、男男女女的生活，殊不知自己在别人眼中已是一个穿着过时、言行木讷的老妪；玛丽亚在抓阄游戏中触碰到孩子们恶作剧般地从花园掘来的那盆泥土的一刻，就极具象征





的命运；而爱丽丝·欣德曼在雨中歇斯底里裸奔的一幕，更是嘶声力竭地道出了一个孤独灵魂祈求人间联系的呐喊。目睹了主人公们的不幸后，我们是不是就此止步，只一味地唏嘘感慨了呢？答案自然是否定的。悲剧的魅力在于它能使人们在观看的同时得到情感的宣泄，这对于个人的身心健康是有积极意义的。同时，悲剧把生活中可能发生的最坏结局呈现在人们眼前，在某种程度上也给人们在心灵打了一剂预防针，既让他们防微杜渐，及早地察觉到可能导致悲剧的诱因，又将现实较为真实地摆在人们面前，等待他们用理性的视角去审视，去应对。本书想为读者提供的正是这样的一些帮助。

最后，希望读者在阅读过程中能对所选篇目有更多的感悟。由于编写仓促，本书难免有疏忽之处，敬请各位予以批评指正，不甚感激。

编 者





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一小时的故事



Miss Brill

by Katherine Mansfield

## 勃里尔小姐

文章  
点睛

《勃里尔小姐》更像是一幅素描。她不知不觉中发现为自己构建的生活轰然间坍塌，蓦然地意识到了别人眼中的自己原来是一个孤独的没人愿意理睬的老女人，最好是龟缩在自己的房间里不要露脸，她所钟爱的毛围脖在他们眼里也一如她本人般古怪而可笑。勃里尔先前为自己建立的生活氛围的确带有自以为是意味，她并没有意识到自己平日里所坐的位置恰恰是在一群和自己年龄相仿的老者中间，她就像自己的名字一样的孤独：

是一个单身独居、无人相陪的老小姐，一个被置身事外的生活的旁观者，静坐在那里观望着别人的喜怒哀乐。年轻人的话毁灭了她的美好感觉，她匆匆忙忙地逃离了公园，躲开了人群。她通常会在途经的面包店里为自己选上一块甜饼，这是她一天欢愉和甜蜜感觉的最有力的收尾和强化，但是她现在径直地逃回了家，她的家才是她待的地方，就像是围脖一样地给她以庇护和暖意，但即便是在自己的家里，她心底深处那被压抑的软弱的哭泣也没有痛痛快快地被释放。整个短篇不过是一幅画像，一张速写，但对人物的诠释，对生活的揭示却是深沉而又厚重的。

Although it was so brilliantly fine-the blue sky powdered with<sup>[1]</sup> gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques<sup>[2]</sup>-Miss Brill was



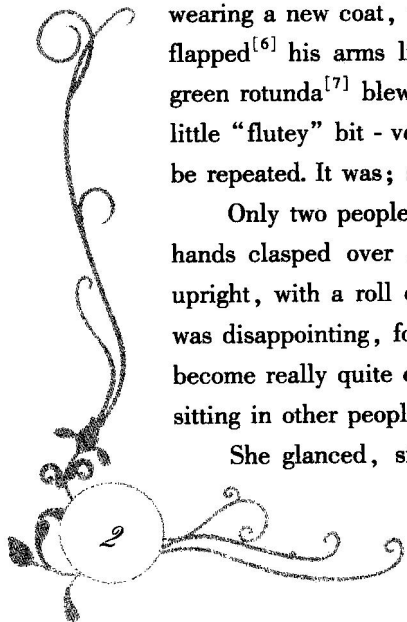


glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless, but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting - from nowhere, from the sky. Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. "What has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown<sup>[3]</sup>! . . . But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn't at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind - a little dab of black sealing-wax when the time came - when it was absolutely necessary . . . Little rogue<sup>[4]</sup>! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad - no, not sad, exactly - something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like some one playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He scraped<sup>[5]</sup> with his foot and flapped<sup>[6]</sup> his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandsmen sitting in the green rotunda<sup>[7]</sup> blew out their cheeks and glared at the music. Now there came a little "flutey" bit - very pretty! - a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her "special" seat: a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking-stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last



Sunday, too, hadn't been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she'd gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles; she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they'd be sure to break and they'd never keep on. And he'd been so patient. He'd suggested everything - gold rims, the kind that curve round your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. "They'll always be sliding down my nose!" Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on a bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower-beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups paraded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping<sup>[8]</sup> and laughing: little boys with big white silk bows under their chins; little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace. And sometimes a tiny staggerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down "flop", until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and - Miss Brill had often noticed - there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even, even cupboards!

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

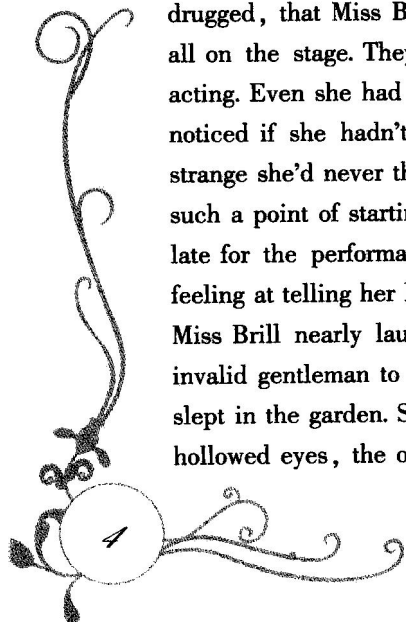
Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddley-um tum ta! blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm-in-arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-coloured donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not! And now an ermine toque<sup>[9]</sup> and a gentleman in gray met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was



the same colour as the shabby ermine, and her hand, in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him - delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been - everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming - didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps? ... But he shook his head, lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, "The Brute"! "The Brute"! over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she'd seen someone else, much nicer, just over there, and pattered<sup>[10]</sup> away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gayly than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled<sup>[11]</sup> along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast<sup>[12]</sup>.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemn and then slowly trotted<sup>[13]</sup> off, like a little "theatre" dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week - so as not to be late for the performance - and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out aloud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose<sup>[14]</sup>. If he'd been dead she





mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress! "An actress!" The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. "An actress - are ye?" And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently; "Yes, I have been an actress for a long time. "

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just a faint chill - a something, what was it? -not sadness - no, not sadness - a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches - they would come in with a kind of accompaniment - something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful-moving. . . And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought - though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

"No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't. "

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all - who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug<sup>[15]</sup> at home?"

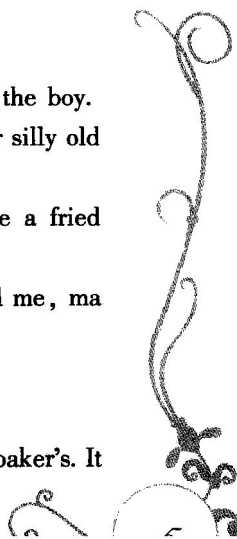
"It's her fur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting. "

"Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, ma petite chère-"

"No, not here," said the girl. "Not yet. "

.....

On her way home she usually bought a slice of honey - cake at the baker's. It



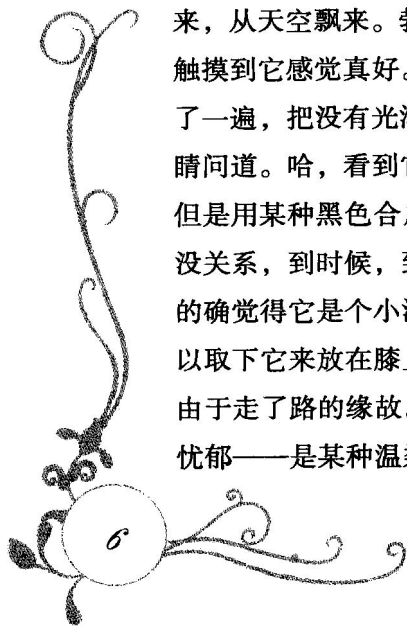
was her Sunday treat<sup>[15]</sup>. Sometimes there was an almond<sup>[16]</sup> in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond it was like carrying home a tiny present - a surprise-something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

But today she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room - her room like a cupboard - and sat down on the red eiderdown. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

~~~~~

#### 凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德

尽管阳光明媚——蓝天涂上了金色，巨大的光点犹如泼洒在公共花园里的白葡萄酒——勃里尔小姐很高兴自己还是决定戴上了狐皮围巾。空气中一丝风也没有，但当你张开嘴时，却有那么一丝丝凉意。那感觉犹如你要吸一小口冰水时从杯子里冒出的凉气那样。不时有一片落叶从无人知晓的地方飘来，从天空飘来。勃里尔小姐抬起手来摸着狐皮围巾。可爱的小东西！再次触摸到它感觉真好。下午她把它从盒子里拿了出来，抖掉防蛀粉，好好地刷了一遍，把没有光泽的小眼睛擦得又恢复了生气。“我怎么了？”忧伤的小眼睛问道。哈，看到它们从红鸭绒垫上再次亮闪闪地盯着她，实在是令人高兴，但是用某种黑色合成物做的鼻子很不结实了，一定是不知怎么被撞了一下。没关系，到时候，到绝对必要的时候用黑色的火漆擦一擦小淘气！是的，她的确觉得它是个小淘气。这个小淘气就在她左耳边咬住自己的尾巴。她本可以取下它来放在膝上抚弄一下，她感到手和胳膊略微有些刺痛，她想可能是由于走了路的缘故。当她呼吸时，似乎有一种轻柔忧郁的东西——不，不是忧郁——是某种温柔的东西在她的胸中移动。





今天下午出来的人很多，比上周日多多了，而且乐队演奏得也好像更加响亮、欢快。那是因为演出季节开始了。尽管乐队每逢周日都演奏，但不是演出季节时总是不太一样。就好像一个人只演奏给家里人听那样，没有陌生人在场，演得怎样都没关系。指挥不也穿了一件新上衣吗？她肯定那是新的。他像一只正要鸣叫的公鸡那样一只脚踏着地，摆动着双臂。坐在绿色圆亭里的乐队成员们鼓起两腮，眼睛盯着乐谱。这时传来“长笛般”柔和清亮的一小段音乐——十分悦耳——长串活泼的急降。她知道这一段一定会重复出现的。是的，重复了，她抬起头来笑了。

只有两个人和她一起坐在她的“专座”上，一位是穿着丝绒上衣相貌出众的老头，双手握着一根巨大的雕花手杖；还有一个身材高大的老太太，笔直地坐着，绣花围裙上放着一卷织着的毛活。他们都不说话，令人非常失望，因为勃里尔小姐总是期待着别人的谈话，她觉得自己能够十分老练、不动声色地听别人的谈话，十分在行地利用别人在她周围谈话的时机短暂地介入别人的生活。

她斜眼看了看这对老人，他们也许很快就会走的。上周日也不如平时那么有趣。那天有一个英国人和他的妻子，男人戴了顶非常难看的巴拿马草帽，女人穿了双带扣长筒靴。所有的时间里她都在说她如何应该戴眼镜，她知道需要眼镜，可买眼镜也不行，也许会打碎，总是戴不住。而男人是那么耐心，他什么建议都提了，金丝镜框，那种镜腿弯曲紧扣耳朵的镜框，眼镜鼻梁侧面安上小垫。不行，什么也无法使她满意。“它总是会从鼻子上滑下来的！”勃里尔小姐真想抓住她好好地摇她几下。

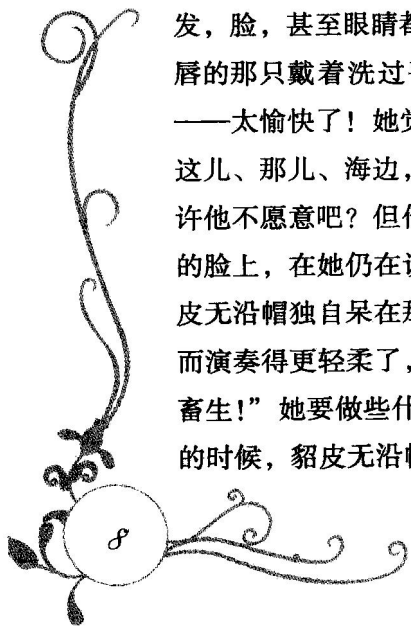
那两个老人坐在座位上，仍像雕像一样一声不响。没关系，总有许多人可看。在花圃前和乐队所在的圆亭前，成双成对或三五成群的人们来回漫步，时而停下来交谈、打招呼，或从一个把花盘搁在栏杆上的老乞丐手里买上一把花。孩子们在他们中间奔跑着，打闹着，大声笑着，男孩子们下巴底下戴着大个的白色丝绸蝴蝶领结，女孩子们打扮得就像法国玩具娃娃，穿着丝绸带花边的衣服。有时一个刚刚学步的小家伙突然从树下摇摇晃晃地走出来，

在空地上停下，睁大眼睛张望着，突然“扑通”一下坐在地上，直到他娇小的母亲高抬着脚步像只小母鸡一样一边责备着一边冲过去把他救起。另外一些人坐在长凳上或是绿色的椅子上，但一个又一个星期日，几乎总是同样的一些人，而且勃里尔小姐常常注意到他们几乎所有的人身上都有一些奇怪之处。他们古怪、沉默，几乎都很老。看他们睁大眼睛的样子，好像是刚从黑暗的小屋子里出来，甚至——甚至是刚从小橱柜里出来。

在圆形大厅后面是垂着黄叶的细长的树木，穿过树叶可见一线大海，在那之外便是漂浮着金色纹脉白云的蓝天。

踏—踏—踏—踢踏！踢踏！踏—踢踏，踏，踏！乐队演奏着音乐。

两个穿红色衣服的年轻姑娘从附近走过，两个穿蓝色军装的年轻士兵同她们相遇。他们高声笑着分成两对挽臂而去。两个戴着可笑草帽的农妇神情庄重地牵着漂亮的暗灰色的毛驴走了过去。一个冷冰冰的，面色苍白的修女匆匆走过。一个美貌的女人向这边走来，将一束紫罗兰掉在地上，一个小男孩追上去把花递还给她，她接过去后又扔掉了，仿佛花被放了毒似的。天哪，勃里尔小姐真不知道该不该称赞这种行为。现在一个戴貂皮无沿帽的女人和一个穿灰衣服的男人正好在她面前相遇了。他身材高大、神态拘谨、举止庄重，而她戴的貂皮无沿帽是在她的头发是黄色时买的。而现在她的一切，头发，脸，甚至眼睛都和这顶破旧的貂皮帽一样颜色苍白了。她抬起来轻抹嘴唇的那只戴着洗过手套的手是只发黄的爪子。哈！她见到他真是太高兴了——太愉快了！她觉得他们是定好下午会面的。她描述她到了什么地方——这儿、那儿、海边，到处都去了。天气是这样可爱——难道他不同意吗？也许他不愿意吧？但他摇了摇头，点上一支香烟，徐徐地把一大口烟喷在了她的脸上，在她仍在谈笑风生时，把火柴轻轻向外一弹，继续走下去。只有貂皮无沿帽独自呆在那里，她笑得更加明快了。就连乐队也似乎知道她的感觉而演奏得更轻柔了，乐队轻柔地演奏着，鼓点声一遍又一遍地敲出：“畜生！畜生！”她要做什么呢？现在会发生什么事？然而就在勃里尔小姐想着这些的时候，貂皮无沿帽转过身去，好像看见了就在那边有另一个更好的人似地



扬起手，嗒嗒地走了。乐队又一次改变节奏，演奏得比任何时候都更快，更欢，坐在勃里尔小姐凳子上的老人站起身来走了。这个连鬓胡子很长的老头真滑稽，和着音乐的节拍蹒跚地走着，差点被四个并排走着的姑娘给撞倒。

啊，这一切是多么的迷人！多么令她欣喜！她是多么喜欢坐在这里，看着这一切！就像是一出戏，完全就像是一出戏。谁能相信背后的天空不是画出来的？但是直到一只棕色的小狗神色庄重地迈着小步走过来，然后又慢慢迈着小步走过去，就像一只“演戏”的小狗，一只被轻度麻醉的小狗那样，直到这时勃里尔小姐才发现这一切如此令人激动。他们全都在舞台上。他们不仅仅是观众，不仅仅在一边观看，他们也在演戏。就连她自己也是其中的一个角色，每个星期天都来。毫无疑问，如果她没有来，就会引起别人的注意，她毕竟是整个演出的一部分。奇怪，她过去从未这样想过。但是这也解释了她为什么每一个星期都要这样特意在同一时间离家——是为了不误演出——而且这也解释了为什么她在给来向她学习英语的学生讲她如何度过每个周日下午时会有这样古怪的羞怯的感觉。真是难怪！勃里尔小姐几乎笑出声来。她是在舞台上。她想起了那个生病的老人，她每周有四个下午趁他在花园里躺着时给他读报纸。她已经完全习惯了在棉布枕头上的那个虚弱的脑袋，那深深凹陷的眼睛，张着的嘴巴和高高的皱缩的鼻子。如果他死去，很可能她许多个星期都不会注意到，也不会在乎。但是他突然知道了给他读报纸的是个女演员！“一个女演员！”衰老的头抬了起来，昏花的眼中闪动着两个光点。“女演员——是你吗？”勃里尔小姐于是抚平报纸，仿佛这是她的台词，并且温柔地说道：“是的，我当演员已经很久了。”

乐队刚才一直在休息，现在又重新开始演奏了。他们演奏的乐曲热烈、明快，然而透着一丝凉意——一种难以言状的东西。是什么呢？——不是悲哀——不，不是悲哀——是一种使你想唱歌的气氛。曲调升华，升华，阳光灿烂，勃里尔小姐感到再过一会儿他们所有的人，剧团全体人员都会唱起来。那些年轻的人，那些在一起活动的笑着的人会先开始歌唱，然后坚定勇敢的男声会加入进来，然后她也加入，还有长凳上坐着的其他人——他们会以伴