



咖啡与书香系列丛书

被风吹乱的

夏天

The Gentle Breeze in Summer

盛丹丹◎编译



NLIC2970861910

养，一种境界

不可缺少的一抹风景

小洞缓缓流淌的溪流

美文是一棵果实累累的树
代替，有幸福也有悲伤

明亮、亲切

美文是守候在宁静夜晚的一盏路灯

一种体验，一种心态

人生是

人生是润物细无声的温婉情怀

人生是轻风徐来乐淘淘的怡然神态

人生是游走于风轻云淡间沉稳的步履

人生是越过千山万水宁静致远的心情



天津大学出版社

TIANJIN UNIVERSITY PRESS



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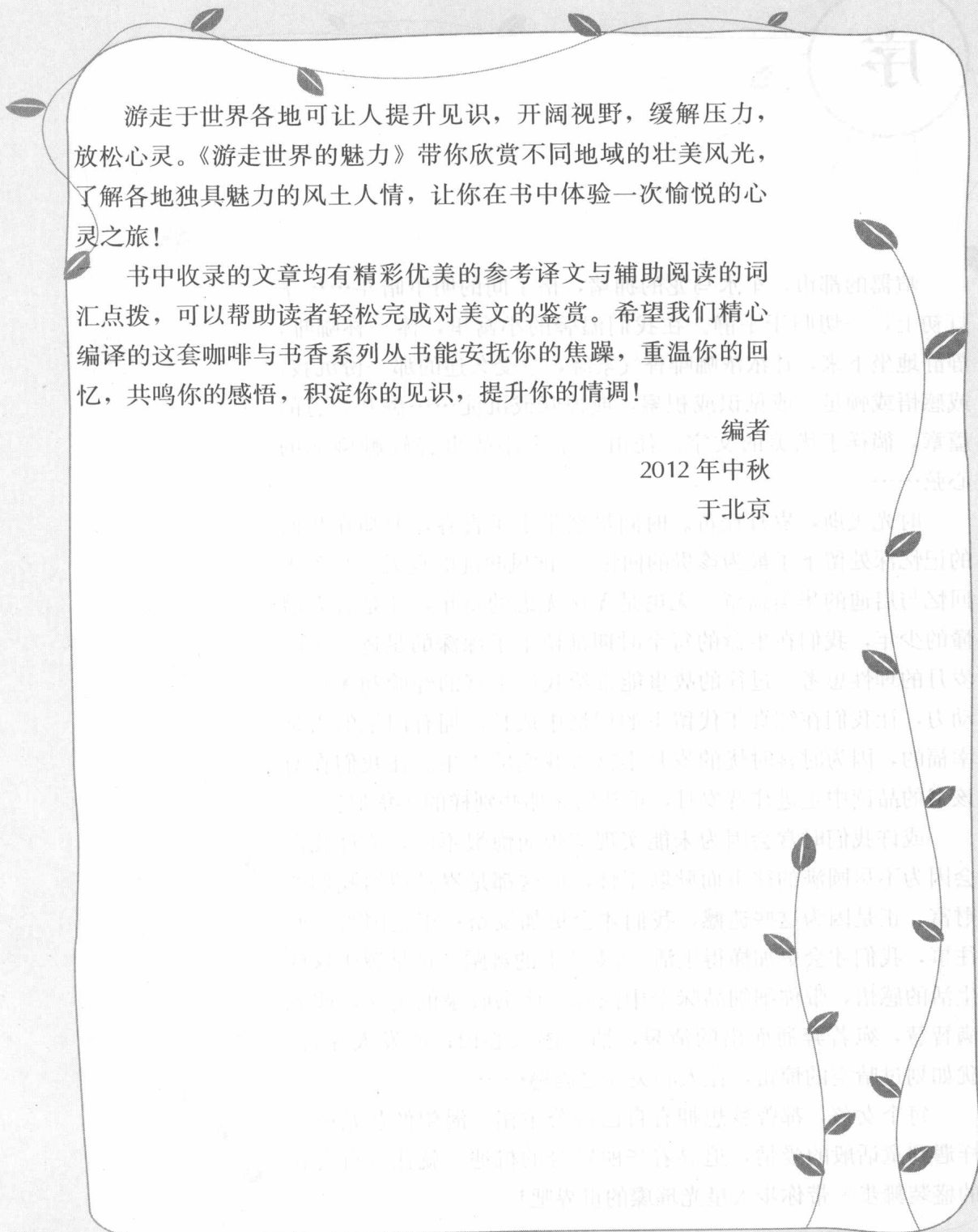
序

喧嚣的都市，车水马龙的拥堵，格子间的明争暗斗……华灯初上，一切归于平静。在我们温馨的小窝里，捧一杯咖啡，静静地坐下来，让浓浓咖啡香气萦绕，享受久违的那一份沉寂，或感悟或顿足，或见识或积累，或惊叹或沉淀……翻开智慧的篇章，徜徉于优美的文字，任由一个个小故事轻轻触碰你的心弦……

时光飞逝，岁月荏苒。时间虽然带走了青春，但却在我们的记忆深处留下了最为珍贵的回忆。《被风吹乱的夏天》是关于回忆与启迪的华美篇章。无论是无忧无虑的童年，还是青春懵懂的少年，我们在生命的每个时期都留下了深深的足迹。历经岁月的理性思考，过往的故事能带给我们丰富的经验和无尽的动力，让我们在纯真年代留下的记忆中成长。拥有回忆的人是幸福的，因为时喜时忧的岁月丰富着我们的人生。让我们在对该书的品读中走进往昔岁月，重新回味那些别样的年华吧！

或许我们时常会因为未能实现梦想而悔恨不已，或许我们会因为不尽圆满的往事而耿耿于怀，但这都是岁月留给我们的财富。正是因为这些遗憾，我们才会更加发奋；正是因为这些往事，我们才会更加懂得生活。《麦芒上的舞蹈》正是源于这些生活的感悟，带你细细品味个中滋味。该书收录的美文，或充满智慧，宛若奔涌而出的清泉，悄然渗入心田；或发人深省，犹如划过晴空的惊雷，让人心灵为之震撼……

每个女孩，都曾梦想拥有自己的公主裙，渴望像灰姑娘一样遇到童话般的爱情，追寻着华丽转身的机遇。就让《自赏我的盛装舞步》带你步入星光璀璨的世界吧！



游走于世界各地可让人提升见识，开阔视野，缓解压力，放松心灵。《游走世界的魅力》带你欣赏不同地域的壮美风光，了解各地独具魅力的风土人情，让你在书中体验一次愉悦的心灵之旅！

书中收录的文章均有精彩优美的参考译文与辅助阅读的词汇点拨，可以帮助读者轻松完成对美文的鉴赏。希望我们精心编译的这套咖啡与书香系列丛书能安抚你的焦躁，重温你的回忆，共鸣你的感悟，积淀你的见识，提升你的情调！

编者

2012 年中秋

于北京

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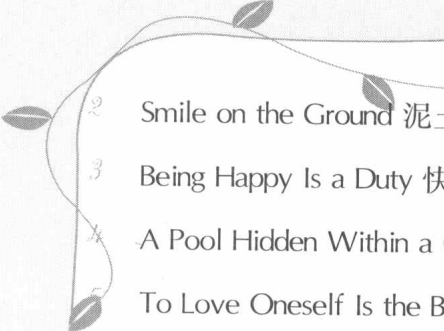
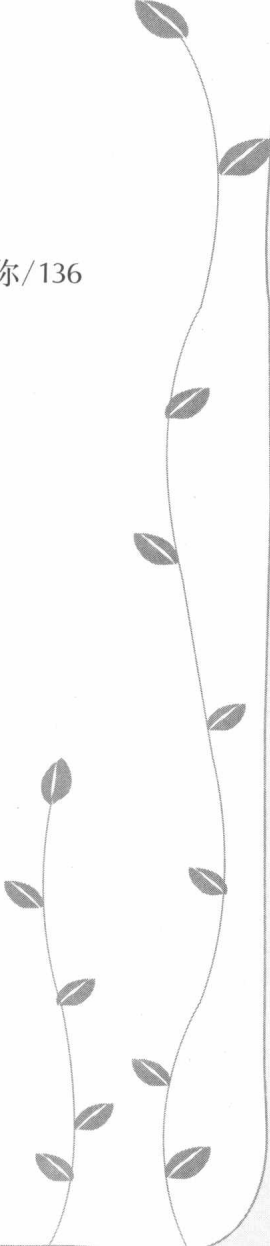
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Part 1

我爱那新鲜初放的绿





1 Spring Thaw 春天的融化



beset [bi'set] v. 困扰,

使苦恼

forsaken [fə'sekən] adj.

荒凉的; 被弃的; 孤独的

Every April I am **beset** by the same concern that spring might not occur this year. The landscape looks **forsaken**, with hills, sky and forest forming a single gray meld, like the wash an artist paints on a canvas before the masterwork. My spirits ebb, as they did during an April snowfall when I first came to Maine 15 years ago. "Just wait," a neighbor counseled. "You'll wake up one morning and spring will just be here."

And, on May 3 that year I awoke to a green so startling as to be almost electric, as if spring were simply a matter of flipping a switch. Hills, sky and forest revealed their purples, blues and greens. Leaves had unfurled, goldfinches had arrived at the feeder and daffodils were fighting their way heavenward.

saturate ['sætʃəret] v.

使充满, 使充斥

Then there was the old apple tree. It sits on an undeveloped lot in my neighborhood. It belongs to no one and therefore to everyone. The tree's dark twisted branches sprawl in unpruned abandon. Each spring it blossoms so profusely that the air becomes **saturated** with the aroma of apple. When I drive by with my windows rolled down, it gives me the feeling of moving in another element, like a kid on a water slide.

pruner ['prunə] n. 修

树枝用的剪刀

Until last year, I thought I was the only one aware of this tree. And then one day, in a fit of spring madness, I set out with **pruner** and lopper to remove a few errant branches. No sooner had I arrived under its boughs than neighbors opened their windows and stepped onto their porches. These were people I barely knew and



seldom spoke to, but it was as if I had come unbidden into their personal gardens.

My mobile-home neighbor was the first to speak, “You’re not cutting it down, are you?” Another neighbor winced as I lopped off a branch. “Don’t kill it, now,” he cautioned. Soon half the neighborhood had joined me under the apple **arbor**. It struck me that I had lived there for five years and only now was learning these people’s names, what they did for a living and how they passed the winter. It was as if the old apple tree gathering us under its boughs for the dual purpose of acquaintanceship and shared wonder. I couldn’t help recalling Robert Frost’s words:

The trees that have it in their pent-up buds

To darken nature and be summer woods

One thaw led to another. Just the other day I saw one of my neighbors at the local store. He remarked how this recent winter had been especially long and lamented not having seen or spoken at length to anyone in our neighborhood. And then, **recouping** his thoughts, he looked at me and said, “We need to prune that apple tree again.”

arbor [ˈɑrbər] *n.* 棚架;

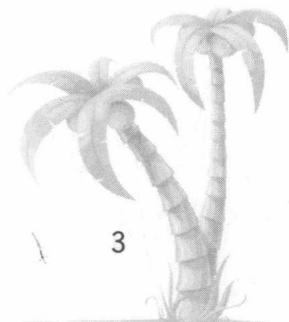
凉亭

recoup [riˈkʊp] *v.* 收

回; 偿还

每年4月我总会不由地担心——今年的春天可能不会来了吧。四周看起来很荒凉，山上、天空和森林都灰蒙蒙的，就像画家的名作完成之前画布上的颜料一样。我情绪低沉，15年前我初次来到缅因州，遇到4月里下的一场雪，现在的心情与那时的差不多。“等等看。”一个邻居劝我道，“说不定哪一天你一觉醒来，春天已经来了。”

果不其然，那年的5月3日，我一觉醒来，发现（窗外）绿意逼人，简直让人惊异，就好像春天的来临只需轻点按钮即可。山上、天空和森林恢复了紫色、蓝色和绿色。树叶舒展开



来，黄雀翩翩飞来觅食，水仙也朝着天竞相生长。

然后就是那棵老苹果树了，它长在我家附近的一块荒地中。它不属于任何人，所以也就归每个人所有。苹果树乌黑、虬曲的枝条因未经修剪而恣意蔓生。每到春天，它便绽开花蕾，空气中弥漫着苹果的芳香。当我开着车窗驱车路过的时候，它让我觉得是到了另一个天地，如同孩子乘坐水上滑梯一般。

直到去年为止，我一直以为只有我一个人留意到这棵树的存在。后来有一天，在春天带来的疯狂冲动下，我拿着整枝器和修枝剪，想修剪一些凌乱的树枝。我刚到树枝下，邻居们就纷纷打开窗户，或者走到门廊前。这些人我几乎都不认识，也很少与他们说话，但眼前的情形就像我未经允许便擅自闯进他们的私家花园一般。

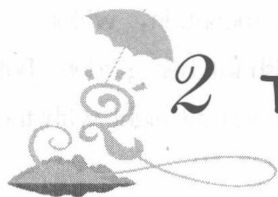
一位住在活动房屋中的邻居首先开口问道：“你不是要砍倒它吧？”当我剪掉一根树枝的时候，另一个邻居心疼得瑟缩了一下，提醒我：“喂，别把它弄死了。”不一会儿，附近几乎一半的人都跑过来和我一起站到了苹果树下。我猛然意识到我已经在这里住了五年，然而直到现在我才知道这些人的名字，以及他们以何为生、他们如何过冬。似乎这棵老苹果树是为了让我们彼此认识和共享大自然的美妙这个双重目的才把我们召集到它的树枝下的。这时，我情不自禁地想起了罗伯特·弗罗斯特的诗句：

把潭水汲入其新蕾的树木

夏日将有郁郁葱葱莽莽芊芊——

那次融洽的交流开了个好头。又一天，我在附近的店里看见一位邻居。他说去年冬天特别漫长，哀叹长时间见不着邻居，也没能跟他们说上话。然后，他收回思绪，看着我说：“我们需要再给那棵苹果树修修枝了。”





2 The Rose-tree 蔷薇丛



The old lady was proud of the great rose-tree in her garden, and was fond of telling how it had grown from a cutting she had brought years before from Italy, when she was first married.

She and her husband were travelling back in their carriage from Rome (it was before the time of railways) and on a bad piece of road south of Siena they broke down, and were forced to pass the night in a little house by the road-side. The accommodation was wretched of course; she spent a sleepless night, and rising early she stood, wrapped up, at her window, with the cool air blowing on her face, to watch the dawn.

She could still, after all these years, remember the blue mountains with the bright moon above them, and how a far-off town on one of the peaks had gradually grown whiter and whiter. Till the moon faded, the mountains were touched with the pink of the rising sun, and suddenly the town was lit by an **illumination**, one window after another catching and reflecting the sun's beam, till at last the whole little city twinkled and sparkled up in the sky like a nest of stars.

illumination

[ɪˌluməˈneɪʃən] *n.* 照

明, 光亮

That morning, finding they would have to wait while their carriage was being repaired, they drove in a local conveyance up to the city on the mountain, where they were told they would find better quarters; and there they stayed two or three days. It was one of the miniature Italian cities with a high church, a pretentious



piazza [pi'æzə] *n.* (尤

指意大利的) 广场;

市场

piazza, a few narrow streets and little palaces perched, all compact and complete, on the top of a mountain, within an enclosure of walls hardly larger than an English kitchen garden. But it was full of life and noise, echoing all day and all night with the sounds of feet and voices.

The café of the simple inn where they stayed was the meeting place of the notabilities of the little city; the sindaco, the avocado, the doctor, and a few others; and among them they noticed a beautiful, slim, talkative old man, with bright black eyes and snow-white hair, tall and straight and still with the figure of a youth, although the waiter told them with pride that the Conte was molto vecchio — would in fact be eighty in the following year. He was the last of his family, the waiter added — they had once been great and rich people — but he had no descendants; in fact the waiter mentioned with complacency, as if it were a story on which the locality prided itself, that the Conte had been unfortunate in love, and had never married.

The old gentleman, however, seemed cheerful enough; and it was plain that he took an interest in the strangers, and wished to make their acquaintance. This was soon effected by the friendly waiter; and after a little talk the old man invited them to visit his villa and garden which were just outside the walls of the town. So the next afternoon, when the sun began to descend, and they saw in glimpses through door-ways and windows, blue shadows beginning to spread over the brown mountains, they went to pay their visit.

stucco ['stʌko] *n.* (涂

建筑物的外墙用的)

灰泥

It was not much of a place, a small, modernized, **stucco** villa, with a hot pebbly garden, and in it a stone basin with torpid goldfishes, and a statue of Diana and her hounds against the wall. But what gave a glory to it was a gigantic rose-tree which climbed over



the house, almost smothering the windows, and filling the air with the perfume of its sweetness. Yes, it was a fine rose, the Conte said proudly when they praised it, and he would tell the Signora about it. And as they sat there, drinking the wine he offered them, he alluded with the cheerful indifference of old age to his love-affair, as though he took for granted that they had heard of it already.

“The lady lived across the valley there beyond that hill. I was a young man then, for it was many years ago. I used to ride over to see her; it was a long way, but I rode fast, for young men, as no doubt the Signora knows, are impatient. But the lady was not kind, she would keep me waiting, oh, for hours; and one day when I had waited very long I grew very angry, and as I walked up and down in the garden where she had told me she would see me, I broke one of her roses, broke a branch from it; and when I saw what I had done, I hid it inside my coat — so — ; and when I came home I planted it, and the Signora sees how it has grown. If the Signora admires it, I must give her a cutting to plant also in her garden; I am told the English have beautiful gardens that are green, and not burnt with the sun like ours.”

The next day, when their mended carriage had come up to fetch them, and they were just starting to drive away from the inn, the Conte's old servant appeared with the rose-cutting neatly wrapped up, and the compliments and wishes for a *buon viaggio* from her master. The town collected to see them depart, and the children ran after the carriage until it went out the town. They heard a rush of feet behind them for a few moments, but soon they were far down towards the valley; the little town with all its noise and life was high above them on its mountain peak.

She had planted the rose at home, where it had grown and



fiber ['faɪbər] n. 纤维

flourished in a wonderful manner; and every June the great mass of leaves and shoots still broke out into a passionate splendor of scent and crimson color, as if in its root and **fibers** there still burnt the anger and thwarted desire of that Italian lover. Of course the old Conte must have died many years ago; she had forgotten his name, and had even forgotten the name of the mountain city that she had stayed in, after first seeing it twinkling at dawn in the sky, like a nest of stars.

老太太一直为她园中茂盛的蔷薇丛感到骄傲，还经常对别人讲，这蔷薇丛是怎么从一根由意大利带回的枝条开始逐渐成长起来的——那是好多年以前的事，那时她刚结婚。

当时她和丈夫正从罗马乘坐马车回国（那时还没有火车），一天在辛拿城南一段崎岖的路上，车子出了故障，他俩被迫到路边一所小宅子里过夜。住宿条件当然比较简陋。她度过了一个难眠之夜，次日便很早起身，披衣伫立窗前，在拂面的凉爽晨风中，看天色破晓。

虽然事隔多年，她仍然记得那青山朗月，远山之巅的一座城镇渐渐泛白。直到月亮慢慢落下，山峦被徐徐升起的朝阳染成绯红。城镇也被照亮起来，一扇扇窗户在朝霞下折射出异彩。最后整个小城在天空中泛起璀璨的光芒，宛若一簇星群。

早晨获知马车还在修理，他们要继续等，于是他们便搭乘当地的交通工具去了那座山上的小城，那里据说可以找到较好的住处；他们在那里逗留了两三天。那座城是典型的意大利式小城，有一座高耸的教堂，一个宽阔的广场，几条狭窄的街道，几栋矮小的楼房，紧凑而整齐，都集中在一座山顶之上，周围还有城墙环绕，其实占地比一个英国家庭的自家菜园也大不了多少。然而这里却充满了生活气息，人声鼎沸，彻夜不休。

他们下榻的旅店中的小餐馆是城中名流聚会的地方，包括市长、律师、医生以及一些其他人物。在这些人中他们注意到了一

