

世界上最美丽的英文

The Most Beautiful English

感恩的心全集

体味优美清雅的文字 感悟朴素真切的情感

胡冬宁 顾先贵◎编译

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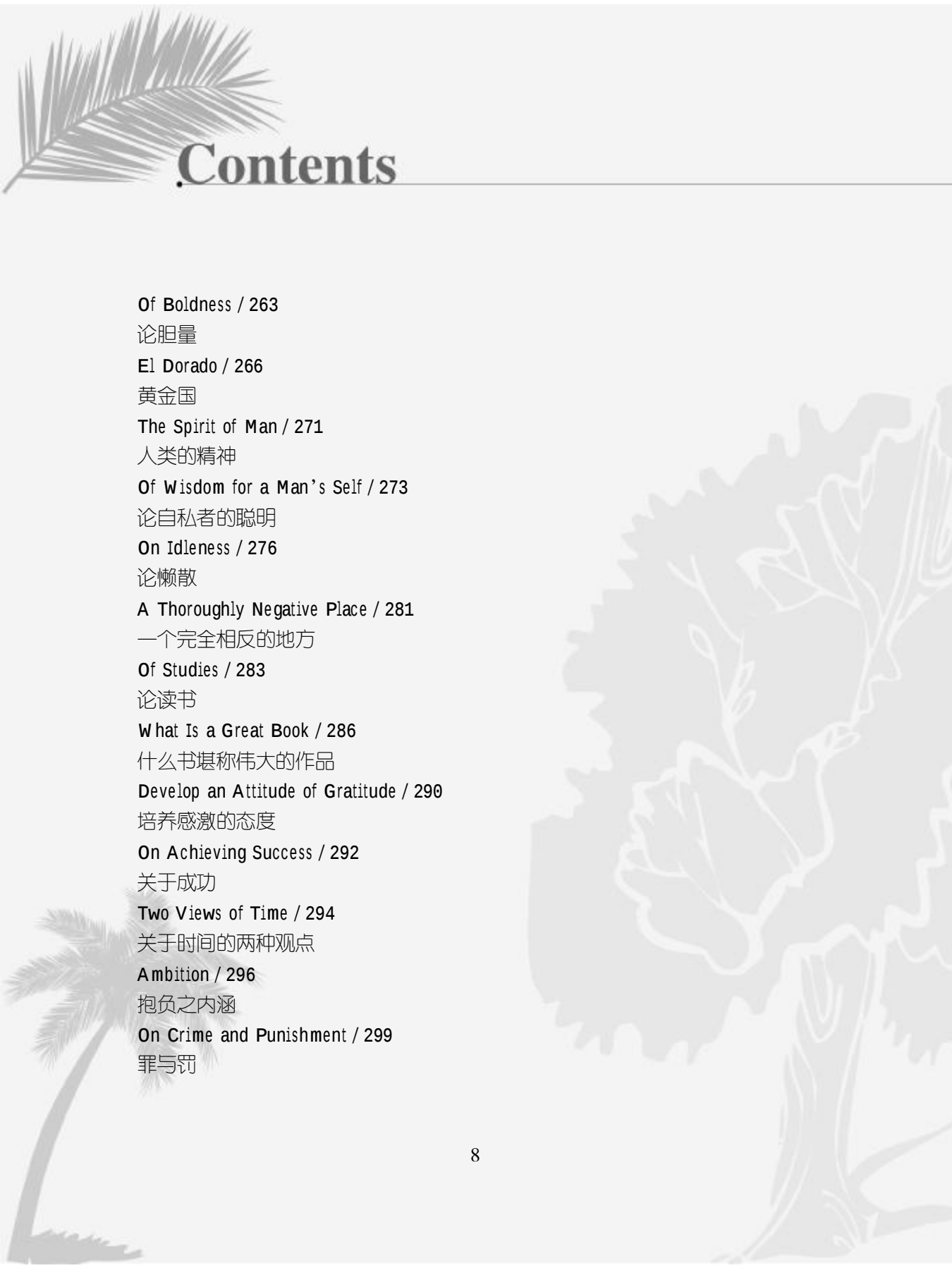
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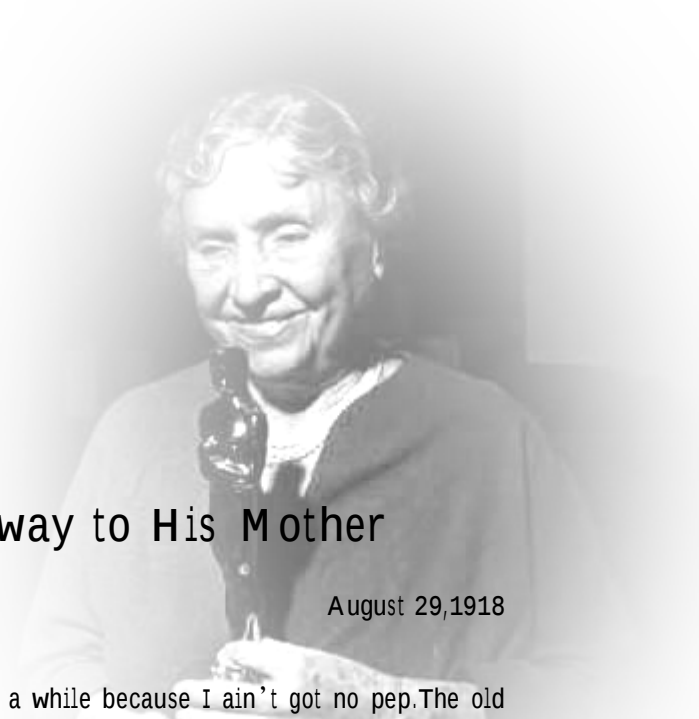
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Part1 Love Is Special
第一卷 爱是耐人寻味的





Ernest Hemingway to His Mother

August 29, 1918

Dear Mom,

I haven't written before for quite a while because I ain't got no pep. The old limbs are coming along fine. My left leg is all healed up and I can bend it finally and I now get around my room and this floor of the hospital on crutches but I can go only a little bit at a time because I'm awfully weak yet. My right leg was taken out of the cast a couple of days ago and it's still as stiff as a board and awfully sore from so much carving around the knee joint and foot. But the surgeon whose name is Sammarelli — he is the best in Milan and knows Beck of New York, now dead, and one of the Mayos — says that eventually it will be all right. The joint gets better every day and I'll be moving it soon. I'm enclosing a picture of me in bed. It looks like my left leg is a stump, but it really isn't. Just bent so it looks that way...

Now Mom you may not believe it but I can speak Italian like a born Veronese. You see up in the trenches I had to talk it, there being nothing else spoken, so I learned an awful lot and talked with the officers by the hour in Italian. I suppose I'm shy on grammar but I'm long on vocabulary. Lots of times I've acted as interpreter for the hospital. Somebody comes in and they can't understand what they want and the nurse brings them to my bed and I straighten it all out. All the nurses are Americans.

This war makes us a bit less fools than we were. For instance, Poles and Italians. I think the officers of these two nations are the finest men I've ever known.

There isn't going to be any such thing as "foreigners" for me after the war is won. Just because your pals speak another language shouldn't make any difference. The thing is to learn that language. I've gotten Italian pretty well. And I've picked up quite a lot of Polish and my French is improving a lot. It's better than 10 years of college. I know more French and Italian now than if I had studied 8 years in college and you want to be prepared for a lot of visitors after the war now because I've got a lot of pals coming to see me in Chicago. That's the best thing about this awfulness, the friends that you make, and when you are looking at death all the time you get to know your friends too. I don't know when I'll be back. Maybe for Christmas. Probably not. I can't get in the army or navy and they won't take me in the draft if I go home. One bum lamp and two shaky legs. So I might as well stay over here and play around the old conflict for a while.

Also Ma, I'm in love again. Now don't get the wind up and start worrying about me getting married for I'm not. As I told you once before, raise my right hand and promise, so don't get up in the air and cable and write me. I'm not even going to get engaged. Loud Cheers. So don't write any "God Bless U, My Children". Not for about 10 years. You're a dear old kid, and you're still my best girl. Kiss me. Very good. Now good-bye and God bless you and write me often... So long old dear. I love you.

Ernie.





欧内斯特·海明威致母亲

亲爱的妈妈：

我已经很长时间没有写信给您了，因为我一直精力不济。我的四肢已渐渐复原，左腿已经痊愈，终于可以将它完全弯过来了。借着拐杖，我现在可以在自己的房间和医院的这层楼里走动，但因为身体仍然很虚弱，所以每次只能走很短的距离。我右腿上的石膏已在几天前被拿掉，可依然僵硬得像木板一样。在膝关节周围以及脚上所进行的大量切除让我疼痛难忍。但是，那位名叫萨姆雷利的医生——米兰最好的医生，认识纽约一位已故的外科奇才贝克医生——说我的右腿一定会痊愈。膝关节逐渐康复，很快就能活动了。我随信附了一张我躺在病床上的照片，左腿看上去好像是残肢，但事实并非如此。因为它是弯曲的，所以看起来有点像……

妈妈，您可能不相信，我现在可以像一个天生的维罗纳人那样，讲一口流利的意大利语。因为，在战壕里，大家只讲意大利语，我也必须使用这种语言，所以我学到了很多意大利语，当时我就是用意大利语与那些军官们交谈的。我的语法并不好，但词汇量比较丰富。很多次，我充当了医院的翻译。当有人来到医院时，医生不明白他们需要些什么，护士就把他们带到我的床前来，我可以把问题全部解决。这里的护士都是美国人。

这场战争让我们变得比以前聪明了。比如说，波兰人和意大利人，这两个国家的军官是我所见过的男人中最出色的。战争胜利之后，我的脑子里将不会再有“外国人”这个概念了，因为你的同伴们讲另外一种语言看来对你已没有任何影响了。唯一要做的就是学习他们的语言。我的意大利语学得很不错，还学了不少波兰语，法语也有很大长进，这胜过上十年的大学。就算我在大学里学上八

年,也不可能达到我目前的法语和意大利语水平。现在,我要你准备战后接待大批客人,因为有很多战友会到芝加哥去看望我。在这场可恶的战争中结交的朋友是我最大的收获。在战争中,死亡时刻伴随着你,同时你也对朋友有了更深的了解。我还不知道自己什么时候能回去,或许会回去过圣诞节,但也可能回不去。我不可能加入陆军或海军,就算我回来了,他们也不会让我参军。原因是我有一只没用的眼睛和两条颤抖的腿。因此,我最好是待在这里,将那该死的烦恼暂时抛在一边。

妈妈,我又一次堕入爱河了。请不要紧张,也不要担心我很快就会结婚,因为我还没有这样的打算。我举起右手向您许诺,就像我以前跟您说的那样。不要大惊小怪,也不要给我发电报或者写信——我甚至还没有打算订婚。请大声庆祝吧!不要把“上帝保佑你,我的孩子们”这样的话写在信上,在将来的十年中都别这样写。您是个可爱的、上了年纪的小孩,您也仍然是我最要好的女孩。吻我吧,非常好!再见,上帝保佑您,记得经常写信给我……再见吧,亲爱的老朋友。我爱您。

欧尼

1918年8月29日

