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# 人生哲理枕边书

## Philosophy of Life – the Pillow Book

【英汉双语】

执云 主编

张艳玲 编译

生活的真正乐趣在于旅行的过程，车站不过是个梦。



世界知识出版社



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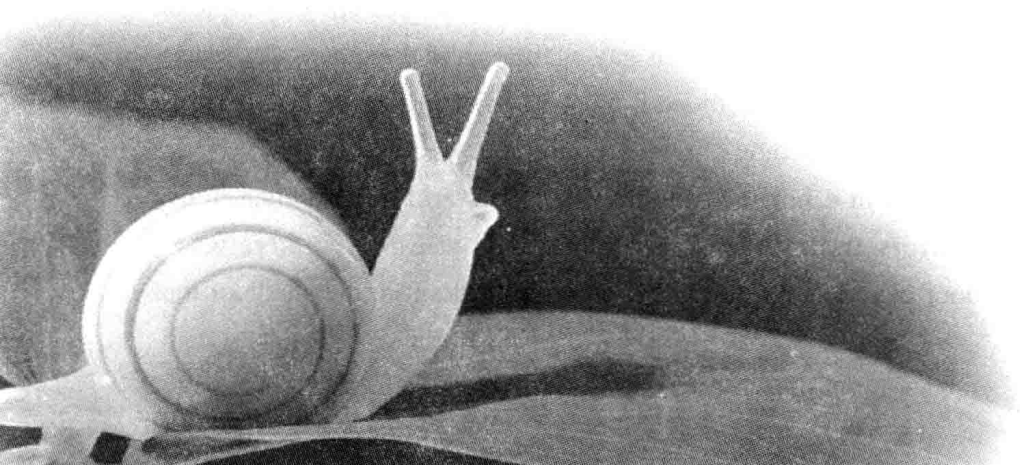
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# 感悟童年

虽然有些人当着面说不出口，但让我们花上一小会儿时间，对那个叫“妈妈”的人表示敬意，表达感谢。妈妈是无法替代的，珍惜每个与她在一起的时刻吧。虽然有时候，她可能不是我们最好的朋友，也可能不同意我们的想法，但她仍是你的母亲！她始终陪伴在你身边，听你的伤心事，听你吹大牛，听你倾诉沮丧的事情……



# Childhood

Charlotte Bronte

It was in the cold weather, which follows the shortest day that we first came to England. I was a little child at the time—perhaps four years old, or between that and five. The sea voyage if well remembered by me; the milky greenness of the waves, the curl of the foam, the dark meeting of December sea and sky, the glinting sea-birds and passing ships, made each an imprint on my vision which I yet retain-worn but not obliterated.

Where did we come? Where had we lived? What occasioned this voyage? Memory puzzles herself to reply to these questions. She reflects with finger raised to her lips and eyes bent on the pavement. She turns to her chronicle and searches its faded pages where the records are so pale, brief, and broken: this if all she reads—We came from a place where the buildings were numerous and stately, where before white house-fronts there rose here and there trees straight as spires, where there was one walk broad and endlessly long, down which on certain days rolled two tides one of people on roses, scarves fluttering, little parasols gay as tulips; and the other of carriages rolling along rapid and quiet. Indeed, all was quiet in this walk—it was a mysterious place; full of people but without noise.

We had lived in a house with slippery floors and no carpets; a house with many mirrors and many windows. In this house I know there was a hall with a door of red and violet glass, blowing brilliant in the shade of that



# 童年

[英] 夏洛蒂·勃朗特

那是我们第一次到英格兰，天很冷，即将来临的便是冬至：白昼最短的一天。当时我还是个孩子——可能是4岁，或者是四五岁的样子。那次航行我似乎仍然记忆犹新：那混浊发绿的海浪，随波荡漾的泡沫，12月的海与天暗淡的交融，一闪而过的海鸟和往来航行的船只，这一切依然历历在目——虽然只是一些破碎的记忆，却是那么难以忘却。

我们从哪里来？我们曾经住在什么地方？是什么事促成了这次旅行？混沌的记忆不能帮她解答这些问题。她在人行道上努力地思索着，一会儿把手放在嘴唇上，一会儿眨眨眼睛。最后她打开她的编年史，在发黄的纸页中翻看那苍白、简洁、支离破碎的记录：她能读到的好像只有这些——我来自这样一个地方，那里高楼林立，雄伟壮观，白色的房屋前到处都是挺拔如塔的树木。还有条宽阔平坦的、走不到尽头的大道。那个时候在这条道路上，卷起过两股潮流：一股是步行者的潮流，他们穿着绣有粉红色玫瑰花的衣着，披巾随风飘动着，小阳伞像郁金香一样赏心悦目；另一股是马车的潮流，轻快而又安静地向前涌动。在那条马路上一切都在进行着，却是在安静中进行的。那是一个神奇的地方，到处都是人，但并不吵闹。

我们住的房间里地板光滑，没有铺地毯，里面有许多镜子和窗



end opposite the entrance. The bright portal opened into a garden, small but green, where there was turf, many flowers, and one tree. What chiefly made it green and filled it with leaf was the curtain of vines concealing the high walls-vines I know they were, because I remember both the grapes and the curled tendrils.

With whom did we live? To this question I can only reply with my father;and of him I have twenty reminiscences, but they are all scant and fragmentary. My farther-papa, as I called him-was the origin of all the punishments I had in those early days. I had an unreasonable wish to be always with him;and to this end, whenever the nurse who had charge of me turned her back, I was apt to escape from the nursery and seek the study. Then I was caught, shaken, and sometimes whipped, which I well deserved. Whether my father knew how much I prized his presence I cannot pronounce. He was much engaged all day, frequently out, and when at home other gentlemen were with him;but it often happened of an evening that he would suddenly enter the nursery, come up to me as I sat in my little chair, stand a moment looking down at me, and as I held up my arms, full of pleasure, he would stoop, lift me, take me to his heart and say, “Polly may come downstairs now and be papa’ s little visitors. ”

Papa had a wonderfully interesting style conversation, intelligible to my childish brain, delightful to my childish heart. He charmed while he taught me. I think he had a quick, fiery temper: his brain was indeed gentle for me, but not always for others. I remember him both hasty and stem, but never with me. I never irritated him, never feared to do so. How I liked to stroke his dark face with my hands, to stand on his knees and comb his hair, to rest my head against his shoulder and thus fall asleep!



户。在这幢房子里，我非常确切地知道有一个房间，门上嵌着紫红色的玻璃，它那斑斓的反光照映在门对面的阴影中。这扇明亮的大门通向一个精巧的绿色花园，那里有草坪，朵朵鲜花和一棵大树。花园里一片葱绿，到处都挂满绿色的叶片，而这片绿色主要还是那些——我知道那是葡萄藤，因为我还记得那一串串葡萄和弯弯曲曲的藤蔓……

我们跟谁一起生活？对于这个问题我的回答只能是跟我的父亲。对于他的事，我能记起一二十件，但都是模糊的、支离破碎的。我的父亲——我当时叫他爸爸——是我童年时代所受的一切惩罚的诱因。我总是不明事理地希望和他能多待一会儿。为了做到这一点，每当负责照看我的保姆转过身去时，我就会悄悄地溜出育儿室去他的书房。然后我就会被逮住，身子被摇晃着，有时还挨揍，然而那都是我应得的。我的父亲是否了解我多么珍惜与他在一起的机会，这我不敢断言。他整天忙忙碌碌，经常出门，即使在家里时也总有别的乡绅与他待在一起。不过，黄昏时他总是会突然进入育儿室，走到我的小椅子边，站上一会儿，低头朝我看着。当我兴高采烈地伸出手臂时，他会俯身把我抱在胸前，说道：“波莉，现在可以下楼做爸爸的小客人了。”

爸爸有一种灵活而有趣的谈话方式，很容易使我幼稚的头脑有所明了，让我天真的心灵感到兴奋。当他教育我时，显得非常有魅力。我觉得他的性情有点急，甚至有些暴躁，但他对我确实很温柔，对别人却不总是这样。我记得他既性急又严厉，但对我从来不是这样。我从不惹他发怒，也从来不担心他会生我的气。我多么想用我的小手摸摸他黝黑的脸颊，站在他的腿上，梳梳他的头发，或者把头靠在他的臂弯里呼呼地睡上一觉啊！



# Whitewash

Mark Twain

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust-trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing Buffalo Gals. Tom said: "Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some."

Jim shook his head and said: "Can't, Mars Tom. Ole missis, she tole me I got to go an' git dis water an' not stop foolin' roun' wid anybody."

"Oh, never you mind what she said, Jim. Gimme the bucket—I won't be gone only a a minute."

"Oh, I dasn't, Ole missis she'd take an' tar de head off'n me."



## 刷墙

[美] 马克·吐温

星期六的早晨到了，夏天里，整个世界都阳光明媚，空气清新，生机勃勃。每个人的心中都荡漾着一首属于自己的歌，年轻的人儿们会情不自禁地哼起属于他们的旋律。每个人的脸上都洋溢着欢笑，每个人的脚步都是那样地轻快。洋槐树上的花儿正在盛开，空气中弥漫着沁人心脾的芳香。

汤姆出现在了人行道上，一手拎着涂料，一手拿着长把的刷子。他审视了一下栅栏，所有的欢乐顿时烟消云散，随之而来的便是满心的惆怅。他叹了口气，用刷子蘸上涂料，从最上面一层的木板开始刷起来。刷了一两下，他停下来，看看刚刚刷过的那一丁点儿地方，再看看那一大片没刷过的栅栏，比了比，汤姆一下子泄了气，在木箱子上坐了下来。

这时，吉姆手里提着一只锡桶，嘴里唱着“布法罗的姑娘们”，一蹦一跳地从大门口跑出来。汤姆说：“喂，吉姆，如果你来帮我刷点墙，我就帮你去提水。”

“不行，汤姆少爷。老太太叫我去提水，不准我在路上停下来和别人玩。”吉姆摇摇头说道。

“咳，吉姆，你别管她说的那些。把水桶给我——我不会走远的，很快就回来。”

“哦，不，我可不敢。要是被老太太知道了，她准会把我的脑袋



“She! She never licks anybody. She talks awful, but talk don’ t hurt anyways it don’ t if she don’ t cry. Jim, I’ ll give you a marvel. I’ ll give you a white alley! ”

Jim began to waver.

“And besides, if you will I’ ll show you my sore toe. ”

Jim was only human—this attraction was too much for him. He put down his pail, took the white alley, and bent over the toe with absorbing interest. In another moment he was flying down the street with his pail and a tingling rear, Tom was whitewashing with vigor, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom’ s energy did not last. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat.

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said: “Hi-Yi! You’ re up a stump, ain’ t you! ”

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom’ s mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work.





给拧下来的。”

“她吗？她可从来没揍过谁。她不过是嘴巴上凶点儿，被她唠叨上几句没什么大不了的——只要她不冲你大叫大嚷就没事儿。吉姆，我给你一个好玩意儿，给你一个白石头子儿！”

吉姆开始动摇了。

“还有，吉姆，要是你答应的话，我还给你看我那只发疼的脚趾头。”

吉姆到底是个凡人——这个诱惑对他来说实在是太大了。他放下水桶，接过白石头子儿，还饶有兴致地弯下腰看了看汤姆的那只发疼的脚趾。突然，吉姆拎起水桶飞快地沿着街道跑掉了，一手还捂着被踹痛的屁股。汤姆只好继续使尽全身力气刷墙，此时波莉姨妈从田里干活回来了，眼里流露出得意的神色。

不过，汤姆这股干劲儿没持续多久。因为过上一会儿，那些闲来无事的男孩子们就会蹦蹦跳跳地跑过来，做五花八门的好玩游戏，要是他们看见必须干活而不能玩儿的汤姆，一定会说一大堆挖苦的话，想到这些，他的心里像生了一团火一样。正在他无助而又绝望的时候，他忽然冒出了一个好主意。这实在是个精彩的好点子。

他拿起刷子，故作安静地干起活来。不一会儿，本·罗杰斯就一蹦一跳地出现了——在所有的孩子中，这个男孩挖苦人的招数最让汤姆感到害怕，他正在吃苹果，不时地发出一声悠长动听的“呜——”的声音，每隔一会儿还会用低沉的音调发出“叮叮当、叮叮当”的声音，他这是在扮一艘蒸汽轮船。

汤姆继续刷他的栅栏，不去理会那只蒸汽轮船，本·罗杰斯瞪大眼睛盯着汤姆看了一会儿，说：“哎呀，你又闯祸啦？在受罚吧，是不是？”

汤姆没有回答。只是用艺术家的眼神审视着他刚刚刷过的那一块墙，接着又轻轻地刷了一下，像刚才那样打量着自己的成果。本·罗杰斯走上前来站在他身旁。看见那苹果，汤姆馋得直流口水，可他还是继续刷他的墙。