



鹰语坊双语心灵阅读系列



# 和你一起 走天涯

风云英语 栾桂凤 ■ 编 译  
Patch Willis Ember Swift ■ 英文配音

一起走

牵着你的手

共闻春天绽放的花朵

感受夏天炽烈的阳光

穿过秋天幽静的树林

带着冬天飞舞的雪花

回家……

与美国人同步阅读的英文经典文集

## Go anywhere for Love With You



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本书中英文对照,从“心灵伴侣”、“此情可待”、“伴你一生”以及“爱无止境”四个方面呈现人们对爱的理解与坚持。除了英文原文和中文翻译之外,文中的名言佳句用横线标注了出来,供读者欣赏、记忆,生词也在文后配有注释以便读者查阅。

随书附赠特请美籍外教录制的纯正动听的MP3英文录音,让耳朵一起感受爱的力量吧!

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### 心灵伴侣

“众里寻他千百度，蓦然回首，那人却在灯火阑珊处。”你就是我毕生寻找的爱人，能与你相遇，是我这一生最大的幸运。

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## 第一章

# A Soul Mate

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# First Love

## 初恋

by Author Unknown

A surge of adrenaline<sup>1</sup>, a rush of blood, a thing of innocence and pain that lasts a lifetime.

I remember the way the light touched her hair. She turned her head, and our eyes met, a momentary awareness in that raucous fifth-grade classroom. I felt as though I'd been struck a blow under the heart. Thus began my first love affair.

Her name was Rachel, and I mooned<sup>2</sup> my way through grade and high school, stricken at the mere sight of her, tongue-tied in her presence. Does anyone, anymore, linger in the shadows of evening, drawn by the pale light of a window-her window-like some hapless summer insect? That delirious<sup>3</sup> swooning, asexual but urgent and obsessive, that made me awkward and my voice crack, is like some impossible dream now. I know I was so afflicted, but I cannot actually believe what memory insists I did. Which was to suffer. Exquisitely.

I would catch sight of her, walking down an aisle of trees to or from school, and I'd become paralyzed<sup>4</sup>. She always seemed so poised<sup>5</sup>, so self-

possessed. At home, I'd relieve each encounter, writhing at the thought of my inadequacies<sup>6</sup>. Even so, as we entered our teens, I sensed her affectionate tolerance for me.

Our embrace made her giggle, a sound so trusting that I hated myself for what I'd been thinking.

At any rate, my love for Rachel remained unrequited. We graduated from high school, she went on to college, and I joined the Army. When World War II engulfed us, I was sent overseas. For a time we corresponded, and her letters were the highlight of those grinding, endless years. Once she sent me a snapshot of herself in a bathing suit, which drove me to the wildest of fantasies. I mentioned the possibility of marriage in my next letter, and almost immediately her replies became less frequent, less personal.

The first thing I did when I returned to the States was to call on Rachel. Her mother answered the door. Rachel no longer lived there. She had married a medical student she'd met in college. "I thought she wrote you," her mother said.

Her "Dear John"<sup>7</sup> letter finally caught up with me while I was awaiting discharge. She gently explained the impossibility of a marriage between us. Looking back on it, I must have recovered rather quickly, although for the first few months I believed I didn't want to live. Like Rachel, I found someone else, whom I learned to love with a deep and permanent commitment that has lasted to this day.

Then recently, after an interval of more than 40 years, I heard from Rachel again. Her husband had died. She was passing through town and had learned of my whereabouts through a mutual friend. We agreed to meet.

I felt both curious and excited. In the last few years, I hadn't thought about her, and her sudden call one morning had taken me aback. The actual sight of her was a shock. This white-haired matron at the restaurant table was the Rachel of my dreams and desires, the supple mermaid of that snapshot?

Yet time had given us a common reference and respect. We talked as old friends, and quickly discovered we were both grandparents.

"Do you remember this?" She handed me a slip of worn paper. It was a poem I'd written her while still in school. I examined the crude meter and pallid rhymes. Watching my face, she snatched the poem from me and returned it to her purse, as though fearful I was going to destroy it.

I told her about the *snapshot*<sup>8</sup>, how I'd carried it all through the war.

"It wouldn't have worked out, you know," she said.

"How can you be sure?" I countered. "Ah, Colleen, it might have been grand indeed — my Irish conscience and your Jewish guilt!"

Our laughter startled people at a nearby table. During the time left to us, our glances were *furtive*<sup>9</sup>, *oblique*<sup>10</sup>. I think that what we saw in each other *repudiated*<sup>11</sup> what we'd once been to ourselves, we immortals.

Before I put her into a taxi, she turned to me. "I just wanted to see you once more. To tell you something." Her eyes met mine. "I wanted to thank

you for having loved me as you did.” We kissed, and she left.

From a store window my reflection stared back at me, an aging man with gray hair stirred by an evening breeze. I decided to walk home. Her kiss still burned on my lips. I felt faint, and sat on a park bench. All around me the grass and trees were shining in the surreal glow of sunset. Something was being lifted out of me. Something had been completed, and the scene before me was so beautiful that I wanted to shout and dance and sing for joy.

That soon passed, as everything must, and presently I was able to stand and start for home.

## 译文参考

佚名

激情如浪澎湃，血液如涛奔腾，最是纯粹，最是一生的伤痛。这，就是初恋。

我始终记得，那一天灯光如泻般洒在她柔软的秀发上。在那个五年级聒噪的教室里，当她转过头，与我眼神交汇的一刹那，心仿佛遭到了重击，我的初恋如斯伊始。

她叫蕾切尔。我整个的中学时光都迷失在了这个名字里。每看她一眼，我都会心如鹿撞。有她在的场合，我总会羞于启齿。是否还会有人像我一样，深夜独自徘徊在她的窗前，被那一抹苍白的灯光吸引着，就如同那迷恋火的飞蛾？那种几近发狂的迷恋，一种单纯无邪却又时刻紫

绕心头的痴狂，让我总是行为笨拙、声音涩哑。现在想来那简直就像一场奢侈的梦境。我知道我是如此深受折磨，却无法想象记忆是怎样将这种折磨延续至今。太不可思议了！

每当我从林荫道进出学校，总会捕捉她的身影。她一出现我就会不知所措，而她看上去总是那么镇定自若。每当我回到家里，总会重温我们的每一次相遇，我总为我见到她以后的失措感到不安。即便如此，在成长为青少年后，我还是感觉到了她对我隐忍的深情。

在一次舞会上，我以舞伴的身份试图抱她。当我们拥抱的时候她咯咯地笑起来，那笑声是如此信赖，让我对我的邪念感到懊悔不已。

无论如何，我对蕾切尔的爱终是没有回报。中学毕业后，她继续念大学，而我则去参了军。二战席卷到来时，我被派到了国外。蕾切尔与我彼此鸿雁传书了一段时间。在那段难以消磨却又遥遥无绝期的岁月里，她的信件成为最闪亮的部分。有一次，她寄给我一张身着泳装的快照，那使得我对她迷恋得想入非非。在接下来的回信中我提到了结婚，然而，蕾切尔的回信却即刻少了起来，而且总是顾左右而言他。

回国以后，我做的第一件事就是去见蕾切尔。她母亲开的门，蕾切尔已经不在那儿住了。她已经嫁给了她大学里一位学医的同学。她母亲说，“我以为蕾切尔早就写信告诉你了呢”。

我是在退役之前接到她的“绝交信”的，她委婉地解释了为何我们不能结婚的原因。现在想来，尽管当时在最初的几个月里我都不相信自己能活下去，但我还是很快地就振作了起来。与蕾切尔一样，我也遇到了别的某人，并与她彼此深爱不离不弃至今。



然而，最近——时隔40多年以后，我又一次收到了蕾切尔的来信。信上说她丈夫已去世，她是在经过小镇时，从我们都认识的一个朋友那里了解到我的下落。我们都想再见一面。

我感到既好奇又兴奋。在过去的日子里，我都没有怀念过她。可是突然有一天早上，她的一个电话又将我的思绪带回到了往昔。我们约在餐厅见面，餐桌前那位白发苍苍的妇人让我着实吃了一惊。这就是我曾经梦寐以求的蕾切尔么？这就是照片上那个灵动的美人鱼么？

我们在时光的流逝中回忆着共同拥有的过去，像老朋友似的交谈着。很快我们就发现，原来彼此都已经是爷爷奶奶辈的人了。

“你还记得这个么？”她将一张泛黄的纸条递给我。那是我上中学时写给蕾切尔的一首诗。

我又仔细浏览了那蹩脚的韵律和呆板的韵脚。看到我脸上的表情，她赶紧把那纸条夺过去放回了提包里，仿佛生怕我把它毁掉似的。

我告诉了她那张照片的事，告诉她那照片是怎样伴我度过整个战争的。

“你知道，即便我们相爱，那也是无济于事的，”她说。

“你怎么就那么肯定呢？”我反驳道。“啊，科林，那应该是我这辈子最伟大的壮举。因为爱尔兰人的良知告诉我，不能让你有做犹太人的罪恶感。”

我们突然大笑起来，声音吓着了邻桌的客人。剩下来的时光里我们的目光彼此闪躲，不敢直视对方。我知道，此刻我们在对方眼里看到的，再也不是当初我们彼此凝望时的感觉。那一刻成为了永恒。