心情点点

爱情就像阳光无处不在。 Common as light is loved.

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王 雪 张建萍 编译

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出版人 肖占鹏

编译王雪张建萍

选题策划 孙丽业

责任编辑 田 昕

装帧设计 郭亚非

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温柔的痕迹



Once upon a time, in a solar system that is so, so far away from here that you wouldn't believe me if I told you, were two planets. Their names were Yee and Lan, and they loved each other very much. Every time they saw each other they would whisper planet secrets, or share wisps of atmosphere, or tell silly jokes.

But they were a little sad, because it was so long between times that they got to be near each other, what with orbital mechanics being what they are and all. Most of the time they had to gaze from afar.

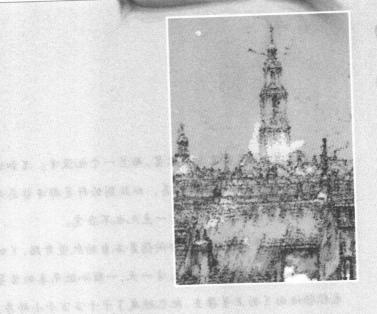
Centuries went by, and one time as they passed, reaching out through the cold and emptiness to be with one another, Yee slipped Lan a moon, because Yee had three and Lan had none. Lan looked so perfect with the new moon that all the other planets were a little jealous, and Yee didn't mind giving up that moon at all.

So the planets kept on dancing to the math music of the universe, and Lan's moon was admired by all, until one day an evil minded ice hearted comet viciously slammed into it, shattering it into a thousand pieces. At that time, Yee was all the way on the other side of the sun and couldn't hear the wails and shouts that rocked Lan through and through. All the nearby planets, who were jealous anyway, made fun of Lan. Lan was so ashamed of what had happened to the moon, so generously given by Yee, that Lan began to dread their next meeting.

But the old equations had their say, and after so long they were together again. Lan was almost afraid to look at Yee, but Yee reached out a wisp of atmosphere in comfort. Yee hesitated a minute, because all planets know how beautiful moons are, but then went ahead and smashed the two remaining moons together so that Lan would have no reason to feel bad.

So around and around they went, so very much in love that they thought they would burst, even though they looked a little bare, and felt a little cold without their lovely moons. But then, something beautiful happened their shimmering bits of moon dust started to flatten out, and make two large circles, one for each of them. And before too long, the circles became rings, great big wonderful rings, sparkling in the pure sunlight, the wonder of that solar system, and some said even the galaxy. The other planets were too awed by Yee and Lan's new beauty to feel even the slightest drop of jealousy.

And that is why, even on this planet, when two people have strong feelings for each other, so much love that they think they'll burst, sometimes they'll give each other rings, in memory of the planetary love of Yee and Lan.



从前,在一个距离这里很远很远,远得令你难以置信的 太阳系里,有两颗行星。它们的名字分别是衣和兰,它们深 深地相爱着。每一次见面,它们都会耳语一些行星的小秘 密,或是分享围绕在彼此身边的大气层,有时也说一些无聊 的笑话。

但是它们也有一点点的伤感,因为在宇宙里,妾颗星星都有各自的运行轨道,要想靠近对方需要很长很长的时间。 在大多数时间里,这两颗星星只能远远地相互凝望。

就这样,几个世纪过去了。有一次当它们擦肩而过时, 在寒冷凄旷的夜空中,它们向对方伸出了双手。衣偷偷塞给 兰一个卫星,因为夜有三个卫星,而兰一个也没有。兰和这个卫星放在一起时看上去很美,以致别的行星都有些忌妒了,而夜对自己让出一个卫星一点儿也不在意。

然后,行星们继续在宇宙间循着各自的轨道舞蹈,兰的卫星一直是大家羡慕的目标。有一天,一颗冷酷恶毒的彗星恶根根地向兰的卫星撞去,把它砸成了千千万万个小碎片。而此时夜正待在太阳的另一面,无法听到兰痛协心肺的恸哭和喊声,而附近所有的行星却因为妒忌还取笑兰。兰感到非常愧疚,因为这颗卫星是夜送给它的礼物,它害怕再见到夜。

但是宇宙的运行规则是没办法改变的。很长一段时间 之后, 夜和兰又相遇了。兰几乎不敢看夜, 但夜反而放出了 一团气雾来安慰兰。然后夜犹豫了一下, 所有的行星都知道 卫星是十分美丽的, 但夜还是把它剩下的两颗卫星撞到了 一起, 变成了碎片。这样兰就不必再感到内疚了。 它们就这样继续转呀转,尽管没有了美丽的卫星之后,它们看起来有点光秃秃的,还似乎有些冷清,但是它们都知道彼此是多么深切地爱着对方。不久美妙的事情出现了,仍闪着光的卫星碎片开始平稳下来,并且形成了两个大圆圈, 表和兰一人一个。又过了一会儿,圆圈变成了又大又漂亮的光环,在纯净的阳光下闪闪放光。这简直是太阳系的奇迹,有的人甚至说是整个银河系的奇迹。其他的行星都惊异于全新的,美丽的衣和兰,竟然没有了一丝一毫的嫉妒。

这就是为什么在我们这个行星上, 当两个人彼此深深 爱恋时, 就常常会送给对方戒指, 其实是为了纪念夜和兰的 行星爱情。



I love you not because of who you are, but because of who I am when I am with you.

我爱你,不是因为你是一个怎样的人,而是因为我喜欢与你在一起时的感觉。



I was always a little in awe of great-aunt Stephina Roos. Indeed, as children we were all frankly terrified of her. The fact that she preferred her tiny cottage and solitude to the comfortable but rather noisy household where we were brought up-added to the respectful fear in which she was held.

We used to take it in turn to carry small delicacies which my mother had made to the little cottage where Aunt Stephina spent their days. There we would wait, in trembling but not altogether unpleasant. You felt. The moment she entered. That something vital and strong and somehow indestructible had come in with her, although she moved slowly, and her voice was sweet and soft.

She never embraced us and converse gravely about happenings on the farm, and, more rarely, of the outer world.

When we had finished, she thanked our mother and sent quaint, old-fashioned messages to her and the father. Then she would turn and enter the house, closing the door behind, so that it became once more a place of mystery.

As I grew older I found, rather to my surprise, that I had become genuinely fond of my aloof old great-aunt. But to this day made me take George to see her and to tell her, before I had confided in another living soul, of our engagement. To my astonishment, she was delighted.

"An Englishman," she exclaimed. "But that is splendid, splendid. And you, "she turned to George, "you are making your home in this country? You do not intend to return to England just yet?"

She seemed relieved when she heard that George had bought a farm near our own farm and intended to settle in South Africa. She became quite animated, and chattered away to him.

After that, she often appeared anxious about my love affair, and would ask questions that seemed to me strange, almost as though she feared that something would happen to

destroy my romance. But I was quite unprepared for her outburst when I mentioned that George thought of paying a lightning visit to England before we were married. "He must not do it," she cried. "Ina, you must not let him go. Promise me you will prevent him."

When I arrived I found her sitting on the step. She looked lonely and pathetic, and for the first time I wondered why no man had ever taken her and looked after her and loved her. Mother had told me that great-aunt Stephina had been lovely as a young girl, and although no trace of that beauty remained, yet she looked so small and appealing that any man, one felt, would have wanted to protect her.

"I have something to tell you." She paused, as though she did not quite know how to begin.

"I was quite a young girl when I first met Richard Weston. He was an Englishman who boarded with the Van Rensburgs on the next farm four or five miles from us.Richard was not strong. He had a weak chest, and the doctors had sent him to South Africa so that the dry air could cure him. We often played together.

"We loved one another from the first moment we met, though we did not speak of our love until the evening of my eighteenth

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