



史上最美 英文

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH

人生从此不寂寞

杨决 / 编译

LIFE IS
NOT LONELY

从婴儿呱呱落地开始，

一切都开始改变，

唯一不变的是蕴涵在生活中的真理，

而真理就隐藏在普通的话语中。

让我们在双语世界里，

品味生活的点点滴滴。

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3

科学出版社




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人生从此不寂寞

杨 洪 编译



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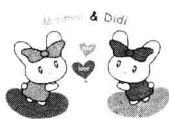
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前言



人生的苦乐全由自己去把握、去体验。对于深受现代文明之发达及其无可避免的压力的学生来说，怎样面对逆境是他们目前刻不容缓、迫在眉睫的严肃课题。

高尔基先生说过：“书籍是人类进步的阶梯。”书还能带给你许多重要的好处，也是获取精神食粮的最佳途径之一。用母语之外的语言阅读，可以拓展人生版图，感悟各国文化气息，提高人身素养，培养英语语感。

对于坎坷曲折的人生道路而言，本套英语书籍便是学生人生路上的最佳润滑剂。面对苦难，我们苦闷、彷徨、悲伤、绝望，甚至我们低下了曾经高贵骄傲的头。然而我们可否想到过书籍可以给予我们希望和勇气，将慰藉缓缓注入我们干枯的心田，使黑暗的天空再现光芒？

“史上最美英文”系列书籍中，每篇文章的文字均取自国外最经典、最时尚、最感人的篇章，它语言优美、情感深厚、英文地道，让学生们在阅读这些动人的绝美篇章时，不仅可以作为学习地道英语的材料，而且可以启迪心智、丰富思想，更能够提升生活质量，丰富人生内涵，最后

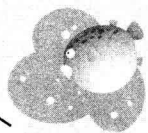
让你轻松提升英文领悟能力，体味英文之美，
提高学习兴趣。

本系列书籍中列出了许多词汇，均是生活和学习中的
常用词汇，可重点记忆。文章后还有一些知识链接，
让你用最短的时间、最有趣的方式就能强化知识。


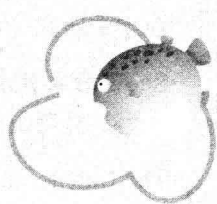

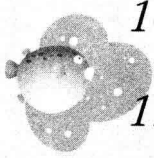
如果你是一名英语爱好者，通过阅读本套书，你
就可以学到很多知识，然后把这些知识应用到生活的
方方面面。这套书籍将为你学习道路和人生道路点
亮一盏明灯，照亮心灵之路。

大千世界，人生百态，伟大的作家往往能捕捉到
哲理闪光的瞬间，凝聚睿智的理念。这些文字耐人寻
味、震撼人心，希望读者能够在学习之余、在茶余饭
后，在品读中英两种文字的同时，感受笔墨下的精神
力量和人生真理。希望读者能得到片刻的心灵慰藉，
且这种内化作用无疑是巨大的。

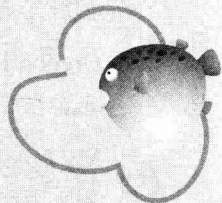
编者



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01

Miss Brill

勃里尔小姐

by Katherine Mansfield

文章点睛

《勃里尔小姐》更像是一幅素描。她不知不觉中发现为自己构建的生活轰然间坍塌，蓦然地意识到了别人眼中的自己原来是一个孤独的没人愿意理睬的老女人，最好是龟缩在自己的房间里不要露脸，她所钟爱的毛围脖在他们眼里也一如她本人般古怪而可笑。勃里尔先前为自己建立的生活氛围的确带有自以为是的意味，她并没有意识到自己平日里所坐的位置恰恰是在一群和自己年龄相仿的老者中间，她就像自己的名字一样孤独：一个单身独居、无人相陪的老小姐，一个被置身事外的生活的旁观者，静坐在那里观望着别人的喜怒哀乐。

Although it was so brilliantly fine—the blue sky **powdered with**^[1] gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the **Jardins Publiques**^[2]—Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless, but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting—from nowhere, from the sky. Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. “What has been happening to me?” said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red **eiderdown**^[3]! ... But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn’t at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind—a little dab of black sealing—wax when the time came—when it was absolutely necessary... Little **rogue**^[4]!

[1] **powdered with** 涂脂抹粉

[2] **Jardins Publiques** 小说中一处公共花园的名字

[3] **eiderdown** 羽绒被; (用轻软物做芯子的) 软被

[4] **rogue** 原指为人狡诈、不务正业的男子; 此处是勃里尔对自己围脖带有戏谑、喜爱之情的称呼

Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad—no, not sad, exactly—something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like some one playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He **scraped** ^[5] with his foot and **flapped** ^[6] his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandsmen sitting in the green **rotunda** ^[7] blew out their cheeks and glared at the music. Now there came a little “flutey” bit—very pretty! —a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

[5] **scrape** 发出刺耳的响声

[6] **flap** 振(翅)

[7] **rotunda** 圆形建筑物, 圆形大厅

Only two people shared her “special” seat: a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking-stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn’t listen, at sitting in other people’s lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn’t been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she’d gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles; she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they’d be sure to break and they’d never keep on. And he’d been so patient. He’d suggested everything—gold rims, the kind that curve round your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. “They’ll always be sliding down my nose!” Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on a bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower-beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups

paraded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, **swooping** ^[8] and laughing: little boys with big white silk bows under their chins; little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace. And sometimes a tiny staggerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down “flop”, until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and—Miss Brill had often noticed—there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they’d just come from dark little rooms or even, even cupboards!

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddley-um tum ta! blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm-in-

[8] swoop (鸟或飞机) 向下猛冲, 猛扑

arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-coloured donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not! And now an **ermine toque** ^[9] and a gentleman in gray met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same colour as the shabby ermine, and her hand, in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him—delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been—everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming—didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps? ... But he shook his head, lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more

[9] **ermine toque** 这里用借代的手法代指戴貂皮无檐帽的女人

softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, “The Brute”! “The Brute”! over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she’d seen someone else, much nicer, just over there, and **pattered** ^[10] away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gayly than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill’s seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers **hobbled** ^[11] along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking **abreast** ^[12].

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn’t painted? But it wasn’t till a little brown dog trotted on solemn and then slowly **trotted** ^[13] off, like a little “theatre” dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren’t only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would

[10] **patter** 轻盈地走

[11] **hobble** 跛行，一瘸一拐地走

[12] **abreast** 并排，并肩

[13] **trot** 小跑

have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week—so as not to be late for the performance—and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out aloud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high **pinched nose**^[14]. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress! “An actress!” The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. “An actress—are ye?” And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently; “Yes, I have been an actress for a long time.”

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just

[14] **pinched nose** 皱缩的鼻子

a faint chill—a something, what was it? —not sadness—no, not sadness—a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches—they would come in with a kind of accompaniment—something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful—moving... And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought—though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

“No, not now,” said the girl. “Not here, I can't.”

“But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?” asked the boy. “Why does she come here at all—who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?”

“It’s her fur which is so funny,” giggled the girl. “It’s exactly like a fried whiting.”

“Ah, be off with you!” said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: “Tell me, *ma petite chère*—”

“No, not here,” said the girl. “Not yet.”

...

On her way home she usually bought a slice of honey-cake at the baker’s. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond it was like carrying home a tiny present—a surprise—something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

But today she passed the baker’s by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room—her room like a cupboard—and sat down on the red eiderdown. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.