

英语

温馨夜读

爱情传真

(英汉对照)

主编 青 闰



西安交通大学出版社

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	邱	敏
	张	卫红
	黄	雪琴

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内容简介

这是“英语温馨夜读系列”之一,共 19 篇,英汉对照,详加注解。本书选材广泛,视角独特,内容新颖,原汁原味,时代感强,具有浓烈、浪漫、温馨的爱情韵味。《爱的超越》、《雪中情》、《爱情传真》、《芳心如愿》、《生命的第二次礼物》……情真意切,隽永优美。《死亡的震颤》、《终极代价》、《爱情与阴影》、《血与酒》、《激情遭遇》……振聋发聩,撼人心魄。这里既是你消遣娱乐、陶冶情操的情感花园,也是你领略英语风采、了解英语世界的一道美丽风景线。

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责任编辑 魏照明 陈丽

组稿编辑 陈丽

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编者的话

“英语温馨夜读系列”是我们继去年的“英语晨读系列”之后，策划推出的又一个精品系列。我们之所以称为“英语温馨夜读系列”，一方面是和“英语晨读系列”遥相呼应、互为补充，另一方面是让读者朋友在夜晚熄灯之前这个非常时段既消遣娱乐，又增加对英语的感悟，在我们营造的浓郁、浪漫、温馨而又惊险的故事情调中潜移默化、融会贯通，增加对英语的兴趣和阅读品味。

“英语温馨夜读系列”首批包括《美丽的失误》、《把爱留住》、《冰人行动》和《爱情传真》四本。在编写原则上，我们遵循故事性、娱乐性和科学性的相对统一，既适合青年读者的阅读品位，又可以为广大英语工作者提供良好的范文作为参照。

在编写特点上，我们将生词置于原文之中进行解释，选文之后还设有难句解析、阅读理解和问题简答，同目前的四、六级考试有着密不可分的渊源关系，但又不囿于其刻板的限制，能使读者在不知不觉中领悟到知识带给我们的精髓和动感。

在每本书的最后，我们给读者提供有参考答案和译文。译文力求准确到位，一方面便于读者正确理解英语原文，另一方面可以帮助读者锤炼汉语言的驾驭能力和表达能力，达到一箭双雕的良好效果。

在选材上，我们披沙拣金，精心配制。这里既有纯情浪漫的校园风采，又有缠绵悱恻的爱情故事，还有人与自然的水乳交融；这里既有同学情、友情，又有父子情、母女情，还有恋人情、夫妻情

……生花妙笔、精彩纷呈,让你百读不厌。

本套丛书由青闰担任主编,负责选文、翻译、导语、生词注释、难句解析和最后统稿等。参加编写的还有:李丽君、邱敏、张卫红、丁兰婷、李玉莲等同志;张卫红、张玲、和冬梅等同志参与了部分文章的翻译,李玉莲、张英杰两位同志为本套丛书提供了部分图片,在此一并致谢。

由于能力有限和各方面条件的制约,本套丛书肯定会存在这样或那样的缺憾,恳请读者不吝赐教,以便我们精益求精,进一步修订,得到更多读者朋友的青睐。

编 者

1999 年 1 月

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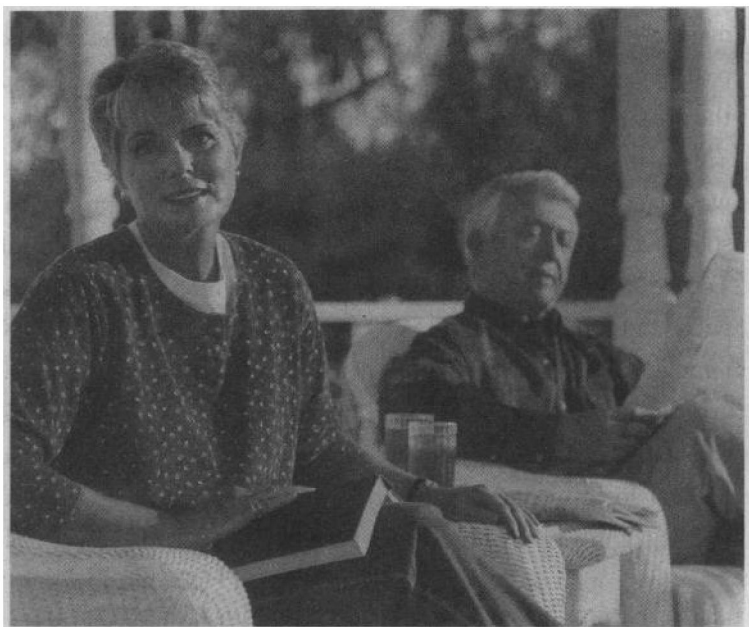
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1. Love beyond All Understanding

爱的超越

一天早上，他向外张望白雪覆盖的田野，突然看到一个漂亮的波兰女孩向他这边走来……



On a chilly Friday morning in December 1992, the front door buzzer (蜂鸣器) sounded at Ken Rosenblat Electric, a modest (质朴的; 普通的) storefront enterprise in Brooklyn, N. Y. Ken and his father, Herman, were preparing the week's payroll (工资单) in the back office. "Somebody's in early," said Herman, checking the clock on the wall. It was 7:40 a. m. The firm's dozen or so employees weren't due until eight.

"I'll get it," said Ken. The 32-year-old, who was built like a lumberjack (伐木者) and sported (留着) a reddish-brown beard, maneuvered (策划; 设法使……) his way through the warehouse, past boxes of switches and sprawling electric cables. As he opened the steel door partway, he saw a young stranger fidgeting (局促不安) in the cold, his hands in the pockets of his down jacket.¹ He was glancing nervously at a car gunning its motor nearby. In that split second (刹那; 顷刻), Ken Rosenblat knew what would follow. Too late, he tried to close the door, but the man pushed him inside, pulled out a revolver and shoved (猛推) its cold steel barrel to Ken's temple. "This is a robbery," the man said in a tight voice.

Ken pawed at (抓住) the intruder's gun and pushed him against the wall. Surprised by Ken's resistance, the man relented (减弱) for a moment. But when Ken relaxed his grip, the robber tore the gun from his hand and pushed him toward the back office.

The sound of the scuffle (扭打) caused Herman to look up from his desk. Through the glass door of the office, he could see a man with a gun shoving his son. Panic rose within him, unlike anything he had felt since his boyhood in Poland.

"There is no money here," Herman told the intruder. "Please

leave us alone.”

Furiously, the robber aimed the gun at Ken's side and fired. Pain sliced through(刀一般划过) Ken's body, followed by a cold, sweating numbness. His legs buckled(弯曲), and he fell to the floor. What will happen to Joanie and Michael? he wondered thinking of his wife and their six-month-old son.

Immediately, two more shots rang out, and Herman felt a burning in his stomach as he doubled over his desk. The robber shoved the gray-haired man aside, then grabbed the cash and vanished.

Herman clawed(抓;爬) his way to the phone and dialed 911. “A man just shot me and my son,” he said. As he spoke, he could feel warm blood dripping from his gut(肚子), but what terrified him more was seeing Ken's six-foot-two-inch frame lying motionless on the floor. How will I tell Roma? he wondered. Have I survived everything for it to end like this?

As Herman was lifted onto a stretcher, he felt himself drifting back to another nightmarish time. It was October 1942. He was 13, living in the Jewish ghetto(犹太人区) in Piotrkow, Poland. Now, lapsing in and out of consciousness(神思恍惚), he saw doctors leaning over him. “My son,” he asked, “where is my son?”

“He's being examined,” a doctor answered. “And we're prepping(给病人作手术前的准备) you for surgery.”

Soon after Herman was wheeled into the operating room, his wife Roma, 60, arrived at the hospital. She, too, was a Polish Jew who had lost family in the Holocaust(大屠杀). And she and Herman had also endured many hardships in their 34 years of marriage. There was the period when they worked opposite shifts—she, nights as a nurse; he, days as an electrician. There was the failure

of an earlier business. Roma had a heart condition. Herman had suffered from phlebitis(静脉炎). And now this.

A nurse led Roma to a recovery room. Herman was still groggy(头昏眼花的)from surgery, but just seeing him alive made Roma's heart leap. She slipped her hand in his and felt a warm, steady squeeze. He was with her again. That was all that mattered.

Herman's mind wandered back again, this time to February 1944. He was 14, a prisoner in a German concentration camp(集中营) called Schlieben, about 70 miles south of Berlin. His shivering body was emaciated(消瘦的), and he seemed but days away from dying of starvation.

One morning, dressed only in the paper-thin striped(带条纹的) prison uniform, with his toes wrapped in rags, he looked out to the snow-covered fields beyond the barbed wire(铁丝网). Suddenly he spotted a Polish girl of perhaps 11 or 12, dressed in a thick wool hat and coat, with oversized leather boots on her feet.

Dazed from hunger, he stared at her a long time. Instead of taunting(嘲笑;奚落) him as others often did, she moved closer and spoke with a gentleness he had not known since he'd lost his mother. "Don't worry," the girl said. "You'll get out soon." Then she reached inside her coat and pulled out an apple and a piece of fresh-baked bread. "Here," she said, throwing them over the fence.

Herman looked around. The Italian guards temporarily in charge of the camp didn't police it as strictly as the German did. He grabbed the food and stuffed it inside his shirt. "I'll bring you more tomorrow," the girl promised.

Herman did not expect her to return, but the next day she was there with more bread and apples. Every day for seven months—until Herman was transferred to the Theresienstadt concentration camp

in Czechoslovakia—the Polish farm girl came to feed him. Her hands brought forth(使产生) a miracle. She gave him life.

“The surgery has gone well for your husband,” the doctor told Roma.

“And my son?” Roma asked.

“It looks as though he’ll pull through (渡过难关),” the doctor continued. “But the bullet struck his spinal cord (脊髓). It’s unlikely he’ll ever walk again.”

Roma sank into a chair and burst into tears. The doctor’s words cut to her deepest fear. She would always love her son, but would his wife Joanie?

As Herman began to regain consciousness, Roma stroked his forehead. I will not think of such things now, she vowed. Then Herman groggily mouthed the question that had plagued (困扰) his mind from the moment of the attack. “Kenny?” he muttered. “How are his legs?”

Roma swallowed hard, fighting back tears. Bad news could wait. “His legs are fine,” she lied. “Now you must rest.”

As she left Herman’s room, she caught sight of Joanie walking briskly down the hall. She searched the younger woman’s eyes for some signs that her doubts were unfounded(没有事实根据的). But in them she saw only her own fear and apprehension(畏惧;担心). “We’re going to make Kenny well again,” Roma blurted(脱口而出).

Joanie nodded blankly. What could she say? She was a nurse. The doctors had told her that Ken was paralyzed(瘫痪) from the waist down. A part of their lives had died with that bullet. Gone were the beach and camping trips.² Michael would never play football with his dad. The second child she dreamed of might now be

medically impossible. And besides with Ken's income gone, Joanie would have to return to work to help support the family. She couldn't pretend these losses away.

That night, Roma couldn't sleep. Every time she drifted off, she had nightmares of her son alone, without the woman he adored and the son he'd brought into this world.

True love, Roma knew, bound two souls to eternity and turned them into one. Such a union could only be made by angels. For, surely, angels had brought Roma to Herman.

It was July 1957, in New York City, and Roma had agreed to a blind date, fixed up by her friend Sylvia, whom she had met through the local synagogue(犹太教会堂). Sylvia and her date, Sid, were going to Coney Island and invited Roma and Sid's friend Herman to come along.

Roma slid into the back seat of a 1955 Buick, next to a baby-faced young man with sparkling brown eyes that never stopped gaping at her. He was warm and funny. She liked that. He also spoke to her in the Polish accent of her homeland.

Gradually, they began to talk about their past. When he told her he'd been in the concentration camp, Roma found herself shuddering at the memory of the only camp she had seen firsthand. "There was a boy," she said softly, surprised that after all these years the memory still lingered. "He was in a camp near the fields where we worked. I used to throw bread and apples over the fence to him."

Herman leaned closer, his brow furrowed(皱眉) as if he didn't quite believe her. "What was the name of the camp?" he asked.

"I don't remember. It was in Germany, not too far from Berlin," Roma answered. "My father brought us fake passports that

said we were Christians.”

The young man's sparkling brown eyes became sharp and serious. “You fed him once?” he asked. Roma remembered feeling on edge(紧张不安;易怒). Who was this crazy man grilling(盘问) her?

“I fed the boy for seven months. Then he disappeared. I feared the worst.”

“And the guards,” Herman continued, his voice cool and staccato(间断的), “they were German?”

Roma tried to put herself back in that painful moment in time. She saw snow-covered fields. She was snugly(温暖地) wrapped in a wool coat. Her feet were encased(套) in oversized feather boots. The boy was tall, shivering in a striped prison uniform with rags on his feet.

“The guards wore some other uniform,” she answered finally.

With those words, a dam broke inside Herman, a dam that had been building since that day in the marketplace in Piotrkow. Gently, he reached across the seat and touched her hand. His dark eyelashes were wet with tears. “Those soldiers you saw were Italians.” Herman said slowly. “I know, because I was that boy.”

Roma shook her head in disbelief and looked into Herman's eyes with the kind of awe a blind person might feel glimpsing a sunrise for the first time. It was then she knew that the angels had picked her to be his girl(心上人).

Later, Roma walked to her son's room and sank into a chair. Joanie was standing next to Ken's bed, pulling his mattress sheet toward her to roll her husband gently to the other side of the bed. He was soaked with sweat. Joanie took a warm washcloth and gently began to swab(擦洗) him.

As Joanie leaned forward at one point, Roma noticed something golden on a chain dangling(悬垂) from her neck.

“What’s that that you’re wearing?” Roma asked.

“Ken’s wedding ring,” Joanie answered. “The nurses told me it might get stolen. I want to keep it close. That way, I’ll always have a part of him with me, until he’s able to wear it again.”

Then Joanie walked over to Roma and patted her arm. “I want you to know that I didn’t marry Ken’s legs. I married Ken. I love him. I’ll take care of him—I always will.”

When Roma heard those words, she closed her eyes and fell into Joanie’s embrace. These past few days, Roma had been praying to God to make her son whole(健康的) again. She hadn’t realized that, with Joanie’s love, he already was.

Notes

1. As he opened... of his down jacket. his hands... jacket 是独立主格结构。
2. Gone were... camping trips. 这是一个倒装句, 正常语序是 The beach... trips were gone.

Exercises

1. Comprehension:

- 1) One morning _____ spotted a Polish girl, dressed in a thick wool hat and coat.
A. an Italian soldier
B. Ken
C. Herman
D. a German soldier
- 2) In the last of the story, the author wrote, “She hadn’t realized that, with Joanie’s love, he already was.” This sentence means

that _____.

- A. he was already beginning to recover from illness
- B. he was already beginning to admire his wife
- C. he was already beginning to feel for his mother
- D. he was already beginning to recognize his wife in a new light

2. Questions:

- 1) What happened to Ken and Herman on a Friday morning in December 1992?
- 2) What relationship did Herman and That Polish girl develop eventually? What do you think of it?

2. *Second Gift of Life*

生命的第二次礼物

为救自己心爱的女儿，夫妻俩不顾一切，苦苦寻觅一位他们素昧平生的女人……

