

诗露·英汉对照读物

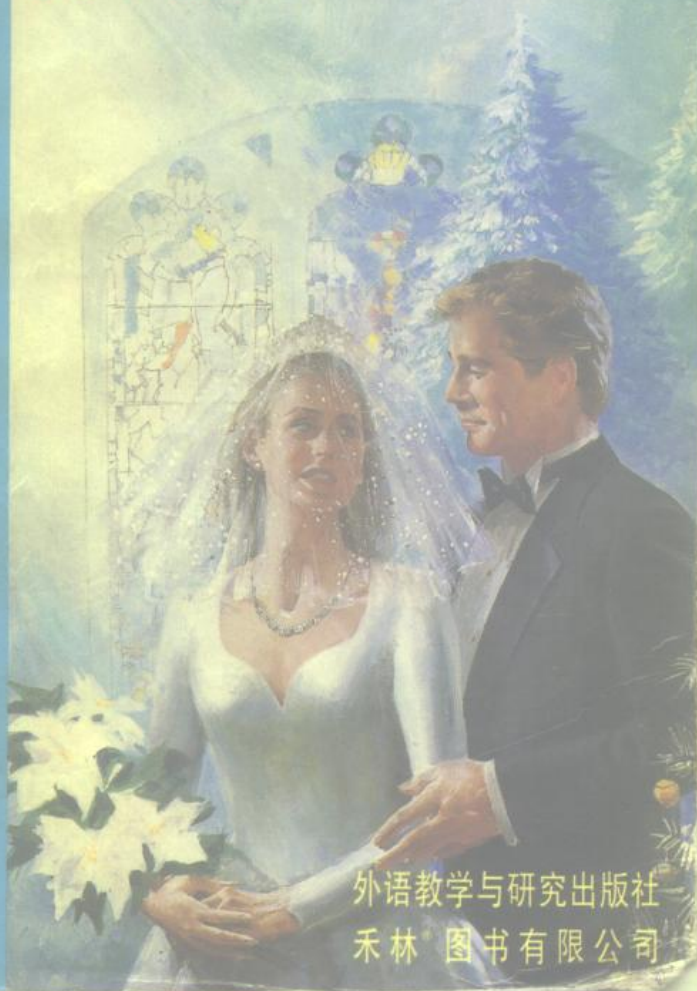
 *Silhouette*



Ivy's League

Heather Allison

丽人多磨难



外语教学与研究出版社
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出版说明

加拿大禾林图书有限公司出版了一套“诗露”爱情小说系列,该系列中的每部小说都讲述了一个曲折的爱情故事,作者非常精心地在小说中安排和构造情节走向,设计情绪节奏和阅读兴奋点,牵引着读者能够以最快的读速在极短的时间里将一部小说读完,并随即翻开另一部。

“诗露”小说在西方极其畅销,这或许不只是说明了该类读物独具的市场生命力,是否还可以认为同样会是一个细致的出版者对当今读者的别样关切?

外语教学与研究出版社始终致力于我国外语的普及,孜孜以求掀起外语阅读的风气。外语学习也许不全是辛劳的苦事,不苦不累、轻轻松松、且又乐在其中的外语阅读已为越来越多的外语学习者所欢迎。因此,“edutainment”(寓教于乐)就成了外研社在图书出版中做出的一种新的尝试。这次外研社与禾林图书有限公司达成出版协议,以谨慎的态度推出这套系列小说的英汉版本(配设译文),此为原因之一。同时还应说明的是,选择了爱情小说作为这种读物的内容,其目的并不在于营造温馨浪漫,推销款款情语。因为,读者可能注意得到,言情类型小说的语言尽管大半缺乏风格,语言大半缺乏创造

性,但是它的通俗流畅和透明,倒是值得我们英语学习者品味品味的。爱情小说免不了涉及人类多种多样的情绪心理。某种意义上说,爱情小说是人类丰富情感的展示“橱窗”:相思之苦,别离之伤,误解之涩,相拥之喜,生死之痛,所有这一切情感的表达方式和词汇,都交汇在言情小说里,因此言情小说应该被我们视为一种语库,而为读者系统并具规模地提供这种语库,正是外研社出版“诗露”系列的第二个原因。

爱情小说尽管少了些凝重和深沉,但小说中叙述的男女两性的情感生活,也或多或少地传达出一些西方世界爱情与婚姻的文化。前些时候美国言情小说《廊桥遗梦》风靡中国,并引发了国人对婚外恋情的讨论。这一现象表明,即使是言情类型小说,也能够敏感地传达出一个时代里人们价值观念的细微变化。正是在这层意义上,禾林爱情系列小说在一定程度上便拥有了文化的内涵,读者可以从小说中触探到西方社会生活价值观念的迁变。是为原因之三。

值得一提的是,这套系列英语读物的译文别具一格,它并非与原文字字对应。译者都是台湾译坛上的妙手,他们采取的是一种宽松的意译方法,行文通俗流畅。译者们如此处理,只希望不致引起读者的误解,同时我们也希望读者在禾林提供的爱情故事中品尝悲喜苦乐,在明快畅晓的小说叙述语言的环绕中坐看云起云消……

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Ivy knew she was about to be given a one-way ticket out of Rick's life

Rick wiped his paint-stained hands, then said, 'There's a whole new dimension to relationships in which the rules are constantly changed. Usually by the female.'

He ignored her. 'And woe be unto him who fails to notice when those rules change, making lustful overtures not only in bounds, but expected.'

Ivy ducked her head, but Rick tipped up her chin, compelling her to meet his eyes. 'And what happens to the woman?'

Ivy smiled. A tiny, hopeful, daring smile. 'She gets kissed?'

'Only if she agrees the rules have changed.' Rick looked at her in a way he hadn't before, in the way Ivy had often hoped he would. 'Have they changed?'

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Chapter One

“ ‘**M**en in general are but great children.’
Napoleon said that. Write it down.”

Ivy Hall dutifully scribbled the quote in her reporter's notebook as Billie White, a local free-lance photographer, continued. ‘Look at them.’ Billie gestured at the practice field near the University of Texas campus where the Longhorns’ season-opening opponent scrimmaged. ‘The temperature’s 102 in the shade, if you could find any shade, and those boys are out there knocking themselves silly.’ She rested her ankle on one knee and propped her elbow on the other. Billie worked hard to maintain her hard-bitten, I’ve-seen-it-all image.

Ivy shifted on the hot aluminum bench and squinted into the afternoon sun. ‘The Colts have to practice somewhere.’ She grinned. ‘Not that practice will do them any good.’ Ivy, like all true Texas Exes, had burntorange blood flowing through her veins, inspiring a fierce loyalty to her alma mater, the University of Texas.

‘Sure it will,’ Billie replied. ‘Male bonding. You

know, 'a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one'? You gotta remember that.' Billie pointed to Ivy's notebook. 'Carlyle.' Ivy wrote, because she didn't want to hurt the feelings of the eccentric photographer, who was something of an institution at Austin-area football games.

'Underline it.'

'Billie. . . .'

'I'm serious.'

Ivy, with an exasperated look, underlined Carlyle's quote. Twice.

'You think I'm crazy, don't you?'

Maybe a little. 'I don't think men are engaged in a conspiracy against us,' Ivy said, sidestepping Billie's question.

'No? What are you doing right now?'

'Sitting here watching the Colts practice.'

'That's, cause, besides me, nobody's talking to you.' Billie nodded to the scattered groups of men clustered around the entrance to the locker room, the players' bench, the first rows of the bleachers and the assistant coaches. 'We're up here. The action's down there. Now that's not so bad for me —' Billie patted her telephoto lens '— but you've gotta hustle for *your* story.'

‘I plan to interview the team after the scrimmage.’

‘Where?’

‘The locker room.’

Billie lifted one of the cameras slung around her neck and peered through the viewfinder. ‘You a cub reporter, honey?’

‘I’ve been with the *Austin Globe* since June.’ And was thrilled to be with the weekly sports newspaper. Ivy had wanted to be a sports reporter for as long as she could remember. Working for a weekly publication entirely devoted to sports was her idea of heaven.

‘Two months. You’re a cub.’

‘But I interned with the *Lone Star*.’ And hadn’t liked it. Too much pressure on a daily paper.

Down came the camera. ‘Surprised you didn’t learn more.’

‘What don’t I know?’

‘Beans.’ Billie shook her head. ‘You don’t know beans. Look at you.’

Involuntarily, Ivy looked down at herself, causing her sunglasses to slide to the end of her nose. Irritated, she shoved them back into place. ‘I’m wearing pants and a shirt. What’s wrong with that?’

‘Miss Preppie of the Year. Your shirt has that little horseback rider on it and it’s white.’

‘What’s wrong with white?’

‘You can see through white when it gets wet.’

‘So I won’t get wet.’

Billie snorted. ‘I bet you even ironed your pants.’

Ivy had. ‘I was trying for a casual professionalism.’

‘And that hair.’ Billie picked up a strand of Ivy’s long sable brown hair. ‘Cut it.’

‘I will not!’ Ivy tossed her head, sending the lock of hair rippling over her shoulders.

‘You look too much like a girl.’

‘I *am* a girl! Woman,’ she amended.

‘Girl. The hair goes — make a note of that. The name, too.’

Ivy wiped sweat from under her sunglasses.

‘What’s wrong with my name?’

‘Gotta change it. Too feminine. If you want to get respect in this profession, you can’t be feminine.’

Ivy tried to curb her impatience. The idea that female sports reporters had to imitate men was such an outdated issue.

Ivy had no intention of changing anything about her appearance or her name. She was a full-time pro-

fessional — finally. And she was going to act like one. ‘Too bad my parents didn’t name me Billie.’

Billie chuckled. ‘I wasn’t *named* Billie. Real name’s Wilma. What can we do with Ivy? Ivy... Ivy... Ivan? No, you don’t look Russian. Sissy name, anyway. What’s your middle name?’

‘Christine.’

‘Chris! Perfect — an all-American name! From now on, you’re Chris.’

‘Billie,’ Ivy began, not wanting to insult the wellmeaning photographer. The woman wore army fatigues and a shapeless jacket, with a baseball cap on her head. Her gray-streaked hair was cut about ear length, probably by Billie herself. ‘I’d like to try it my way first. I know that when you started in sports twenty years ago —’

‘Thirty.’

‘Thirty years ago, there was a lot of resentment for female sports reporters —’

‘Still is, honey.’

‘But we’re all professionals now, and I think the coaches and players realize that. We’re just doing our jobs.’

‘So why’re you stuck up here listening to my war stories when the other reporters are on the field

interviewing the opposing team's coach?'

Ivy glanced at the players' bench. The opening game of the fall football season was this weekend. The other squad, Texas Central State, was a good-size school, but the University of Texas was favored to win, as usual.

'Bud and I are splitting the interviews and will pool our information later.'

'Is that what he told you?'

Ivy nodded.

'And you believed him?'

Ivy nodded again. 'I've pooled information before.'

'With *that* bunch? In sports?'

'Bud is new, too. And when we were in college —'

Billie was shaking her head as Ivy spoke. 'You poor baby. Listen to Mama, honey.'

Ivy had a feeling she didn't want to hear this. She suspected she'd once again been naive and gullible, and she hated that about herself. She wasn't a child, didn't think she acted like a child, but Holly and Laurel, her two older sisters, had always treated her like a child.

Ivy had been fourteen when her parents were killed in a plane crash. Since then, her sisters had left her

out of all major discussions. They had protected her — for her own good, of course. She couldn't help being the baby of the family, but she'd show them she'd finally grown up. And she'd show them by becoming a successful, financially independent, sportswriter.

'Chris, my child,' Billie began, and Ivy winced. 'You are being scooped as we speak.' Billie pointed to Ivy's former classmate, now a reporter for one of the Austin dailies. 'Bud may be new, but he's becoming chums with those coaches. Then tomorrow after the game, who are they going to talk to? You? Or their good pal Bud? Are they going to say, 'Hey, Chris, how about a beer?''

Ivy shook her head, never mind that her name wasn't Chris. 'I don't like beer.'

"'Eat, drink and be merry,'" quoted Billie.

"'For tomorrow we shall —'"

Billie elbowed her. 'You don't need to write that last part.'

Ivy grinned. 'I wasn't going to write the first part.'

'Suit yourself. You'll see. You're too nice.'

'I know.'

'You need to be more aggressive.'

'I know.' Ivy sighed.

‘If you aren’t aggressive, you’ll never get good stories.’

‘I know.’

‘In fact, you need to sashay right down to that locker room, and when the players come in from practice, nab the most promising one and ask him what he considers his team’s chances are for beating the Longhorns.’

This was her first field assignment for the *Globe*. She was nervous. She had retreated to the bleachers to gather her thoughts, review her questions. ‘Anyway, I’ll be okay. Being female will work to my advantage. I’ll be noticed. Wouldn’t the players rather talk to me than to some out-of-shape ex-jock reliving past glories?’

She stood, preparing to find a place — preferably out of the merciless August sun — where she could wait and single out a player.

‘Now where are you going?’ Billie asked.

‘To the locker room.’ Ivy tossed off the information as if she hadn’t been dreading this moment ever since she’d accepted the assignment.

‘Do you think they’re going to let you in the locker room?’

‘After ten minutes, if they admit anyone else, they

have to let me in. It's the law.'

'Did you ever think they can make it so you won't want to go in there?'

Of course she had. Constantly. 'Harassment is illegal.'

Billie eyed her with an expression that told Ivy her naïveté was showing. 'What are you going to do the first time a player drops his towel? Or doesn't bother with one?'

'Maintain very good eye contact.'

'Uh-huh. I got a couple of stories I want you to hear.'

Ivy reluctantly sat on the bleachers again. Billie had better be quick because the players were running laps. Practice was nearly over.

'Remember, 'We must laugh at man to avoid crying for him.' Napoleon again. You gonna write that down?'

'Yes, Billie.'

Billie sprinkled her coarse tales with quotes and salty language. Ivy gritted her teeth and tried not to blush, tried to act as though she weren't embarrassed and tried not to look around to see if they were being overheard.

'... and you know what it was?' Billie paused

expectantly.

Ivy managed a small smile. 'His —' she gestured vaguely with her hands '— you know.'

Billie chortled. 'You can't even say —'

'I don't think I'll need to !' Ivy, blushing furiously, decided she'd had enough. She gathered her notebook and stood.

Billie grabbed her arm. 'Take it easy. I'm not making fun of you. You have brothers?'

'Two sisters,' Ivy mumbled.

'I could tell,' Billie said, releasing Ivy's arm. 'The guys are heading for the showers. Good luck, Chris.'

'Oh, no!' Ivy clambered over the bleachers and sprinted toward the locker room. She'd missed staking out a place because she'd been listening to stories about male body parts. If she didn't watch it, she'd end up doing a human-interest article about Billie instead of her first hard sports story for the *Globe*.

She reached the locker room as the last of the football players retreated inside.

She waited with the other reporters until they were admitted and was immediately assailed by the pungent odor of male sweat. Water hissed and steamy fog rolled around the beige-tiled partition that divided the showers from the rest of the locker room.