

诗露 · 英汉对照读物



# A Holiday To Remember 佳期苦短

*Brittany Young*



外语教学与研究出版社  
永林® 图书有限公司



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Brittany Young 著

连毓容(台湾) 译

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## (京)新登字 155 号

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

佳期苦短/(加拿大)杨(Young, B.)著;连毓容译.

—北京:外语教学与研究出版社,1996.12

ISBN 7-5600-1185-3 (诗露·英汉对照读物)

I. 佳… II. ①杨… ②连…

III. 小说-加拿大-对照读物-英、汉 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(97)第 00622 号

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出版发行 外语教学与研究出版社  
(北京市西三环北路 19 号)

印刷 北京印刷一厂

经销 新华书店总店北京发行所

开本 736×965 1/32 11.75 印张

版次 1997 年 1 月第 1 版 1997 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印数 1—31000 册

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书号 ISBN 7-5600-1185-3/H·662

定价 11.80 元

**京权图字：01—96—1521**

A Holiday to Remember

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Translation: © 1995 Harlequin Enterprises II B. V.

Cover Art: © 1996 Harlequin Enterprises Limited

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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……

禾林爱情小说以二十六种文字风行一百多个国家和地区一九

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## *Kara looked at him for a long moment.*

'Do you love me, Lucas?' she asked quietly.

'It doesn't matter.'

'Of course it matters. It means everything.'

He shook his head. 'No. What matters is that this is no kind of life for you. I've seen what it's done to other people. I've seen how it's hardened me. I don't want that to happen to you. You have such a loving heart. You deserve a lot more than life here can offer you.'

Kara had to fight back her tears. 'I want to stay with you.'

He looked straight into her eyes. 'No.'

'I love you.'

六本禾林爱情小说以二十六种文字风行一百多个国家和地区

## Chapter One

Dr. Lucas Pierson stepped onto the veranda and stood at the head of the stairs. Taking off his battered bush hat, he drew his forearm across his perspiring forehead and squinted into the bright African sun. Lines creased the corners of his blue eyes as he scanned the skies for his plane.

‘Joe’s late getting back,’ said his partner in the game reserve, the screen door banging shut as he came out of the house.

‘It’s probably because of those damn people he had to pick up. I don’t know why we agreed to let them come here in the first place. This is a working reserve, not a vacation spot for the rich and bored.’

‘We’re doing it because we need the money,’ Craig said bluntly. ‘And they’re willing to pay us handsomely to host them for a few weeks.’

The muscle in Lucas’s jaw tightened. ‘It galls me,’ he said quietly in his Australian drawl, ‘this incessant begging for funds.’

‘I know, but it’s been a fact of our lives for the past ten years. We knew that when we came out



here. '

There was a metallic glint in the distant sky. 'That must be them,' Lucas said.

They stood in silence as the plane dropped lower in the sky and prepared to land on the flat plain that stretched as far as the eye could see.

'Let's go meet them,' Craig said. 'And be charming. Maybe they'll be willing to donate something extra. We've got to get a new truck pretty soon.'

Lucas put his hat on. 'You be charming,' he said as he started down the steps. 'I'm going back to work. Tell Joe to put the supplies in the shed.'

Craig shook his head as he watched his friend climb into a Range Rover and drive off, leaving a cloud of dust. The two men had known each other since childhood, so he was used to Lucas's impatience and was rarely offended by it. They worked well together, each man having his own particular strengths. For Lucas, saving the animals of the Serengeti was his life. Because man was the enemy of the animals he'd come to care so deeply about, man had become Lucas's enemy as well. He no longer bothered to disguise his contempt.

That's where Craig came in. He had a natural

charm. He knew how to use it and did so, often and without apology. It was because of his charm and his ability to wheedle money out of the most unlikely people that this reserve and the wildlife preservation work going on here was able to continue. He was proud of that fact.

The plane touched down and rolled across the dry, waving grass to a stop about five hundred yards away. Whistling cheerily, Craig climbed into his own battered Range Rover and drove to meet it. He got there just as the first woman was climbing to the ground and hurried to help her.

‘Hello,’ he said with a wide smile as he took the woman’s small white hand in his and helped her from the plane.

She looked up at him with wide blue eyes. The tiniest of smiles hovered at the corners of her rosebud mouth. ‘Hello,’ she said softly.

‘Welcome to Saragi. I’m Craig Johnson. And you are?’

‘Quinn Whitcomb.’ She tucked her short, very blond hair behind her ear.

Another woman looked out of the plane’s door. Her thick reddish-gold hair fell in unruly ringlets to her shoulders.

‘This is my sister, Kara Stanhope,’ Quinn said as she looked back at the plane.

Kara grinned at him. ‘Hi.’

Craig grinned, too, as he reached out to help her down. ‘Hi yourself.’

‘You must be Dr. Pierson.’

‘I’m afraid not. I’m his partner, Craig Johnson.’

‘Oh, excuse me,’ she said as she took his hand and jumped to the ground. ‘I understood that we were to be met by Dr. Pierson.’

Kara could see that her innocent remark made the man uncomfortable and she wondered why.

Craig cleared his throat. ‘I’m afraid Lucas had something pressing to take care of. Very pressing. Things are constantly cropping up around here, as you can imagine. Constantly. One thing after another.’

Kara had always found it easy to read people. She arched her eyebrow in an all-too-clear understanding of why Lucas Pierson wasn’t there. ‘Oh, dear,’ she said, more amused than offended, ‘to put an American twist on Shakespeare, you’re protesting way too much.’

Craig definitely liked this woman. ‘Damn,’ he

said with mock seriousness, 'I knew it even as I was saying it. I should have stopped right after telling you he had something pressing to take care of.'

Kara nodded. 'If I were editing your conversation, that's where I would have stopped.'

Quinn looked from one to the other, obviously wondering what on earth the two of them were talking about.

'Well, that does leave me with something of a problem,' Craig said. 'Where do we go from here? Conversationally speaking, of course.'

'You could start by telling us the real reason Dr. Pierson isn't here,' Kara suggested.

'I don't think so,' Craig said, shaking his head. 'That wouldn't be very diplomatic of me.'

'We're big girls, Mr. Johnson. I think we can take the truth, right, Quinn?'

'Leave me out of this. I haven't the slightest idea what the two of you are talking about.'

Craig shrugged. 'All right, the truth is that Lucas doesn't much care for tourists.'

A smile tugged at the corners of Kara's mouth. 'Just our money.'

'You understand completely.'

'Completely.'

‘For heaven’s sake, Bertie, give me a hand.’ A heavyset woman filled the door of the plane.

‘I’m trying, my love, but I can’t get through.’

‘Must I do everything myself?’

Craig moved quickly to the woman and held his hand up. ‘May I help you?’

She looked him up and down and put out her hands to rest on his shoulders. Craig, his face red from the effort, swung her to the ground.

‘Thank you, young man. Bertie? Bertie! Stop dawdling and come on out.’

‘Yes, dear.’

Bertie, as skinny as his wife was large, his shoulders slightly stooped, took Craig’s proffered hand and jumped to the ground.

The woman put her hands on her hips and looked around. ‘Not very impressive so far,’ she finally said. ‘I hope your accommodations are better than the last hellhole we were at.’

‘Now, Hilda,’ her husband said, ‘it wasn’t that bad.’

‘Don’t contradict me, Bertie. It most certainly was.’

Kara and Quinn looked at each other with mutual sympathy. It had been a close fit in the little

plane for the four of them plus the pilot, and Hilda and Bertie had bickered throughout the entire two-hour flight.

‘And this heat! It’s like an inferno out here. Bertie, where’s my hat?’

The little man reached into the plane and came out with a hard brimmed jungle hat that he handed to his wife. She put it on and pressed a switch that activated a little battery-powered fan on the front of it while everyone watched in amazement. ‘That’s a little better,’ she said after a moment, ‘but not much. I trust our quarters here are air-conditioned.’

‘I regret to say they’re not,’ Craig said politely.

‘What? Why not?’

‘That’s a luxury we can’t afford, but I’m sure you’ll like your rooms. They’re very comfortable. And I think you’ll find the evenings are cool.’

‘They’d better be, young man. Come, Bertie.’ She strode to the Range Rover with Bertie right behind her.

Craig looked at Kara and Quinn. ‘You’re not with them, are you? Tell me you’re not with them.’

‘We just met them at the airport this morning,’ Quinn said in her whispery voice. •

Craig looked from one sister to the other. They

couldn't have been more different. Where Kara's skin was tanned and glowing, Quinn's was ghostly pale. Kara was probably five foot eight to Quinn's five foot two, and while Kara was slender, she looked positively robust next to Quinn's ethereal thinness. They were both beautiful.

'Joe,' Craig said as he dragged his gaze from them to speak to the pilot, 'help me with the luggage. After we drop everyone off at the house, you can take the supplies to the shed and unload them.'

'Right.'

'Be careful with my makeup case, young man,' Hilda called from the Range Rover as Joe removed a rather large carry case from the plane.

'Yes, ma'am,' he said politely as he placed it gently in the Rover.

'What was the fire line like when you flew over it?' Craig asked the pilot.

'It's a long one, but not moving toward us very fast. I'd say it's still at least two weeks away.'

'Good. The rains will probably put it out before it gets this far. But make sure you talk to Lucas about it anyway when he gets back.'

Kara had been listening with interest. She'd seen the spectacular wall of fire from the air. 'Is it

dangerous to us here at Saragi?’

‘Not if we keep an eye on it. We have fires here all through the dry season. If it gets too close, there are steps we can take to protect ourselves and the buildings.’

‘You sound so casual about it.’

‘It comes from a decade of living out here. There aren’t too many things we haven’t been through.’

Kara nodded her understanding as she looked around. ‘Is that where we’ll be staying?’ she asked, her eyes alighting on the house with the veranda.

Craig’s gaze followed her own. ‘Yes. That’s the main house. We all have rooms there.’ He gestured toward the car. ‘Your chariot, ladies.’

‘I think we’ll walk, if you don’t mind. We’ve been sitting for days.’ Kara looked at her sister. ‘Is that all right with you, Quinn?’

‘Sure,’ she said quietly.

Kara smiled at Craig. ‘We’ll meet you there. And, Joe, thank you for flying us here.’

The pilot, handsome and young, winked at her and went on with his unloading.

‘What’s the story with those two?’ Craig asked as he watched the two young women walking away



arm in arm.

‘I only know what I heard them talking about in the plane,’ Joe said with a grunt as he lifted a heavy box. ‘It sounded to me like the one named Quinn lost her husband or something like that, had a bout with depression and came out here to get over it.’

‘What do you mean she lost her husband? You make it sound like she misplaced him.’

‘He died.’

‘Died?’ he said in surprise. ‘That’s really a shame, She’s so young.’

‘Yeah.’

‘What about the tall one?’ Craig asked, his eyes still on the women.

‘As far as I can tell, she’s just here to take care of her sister.’ Joe slapped him on the back to get his attention. ‘Hey, a little help already. You can look at them later.’

A few minutes later, Kara took a deep breath as she and Quinn walked. It smelled like — earth. ‘Now that we’ve been here for all of ten minutes,’ she said to her sister, ‘what do you think so far?’

Quinn wrinkled her nose in distaste. ‘I think it’s hot. Very, very hot.’