

TO-GIVE-AND-TO-KEEP

To a very special

贈 父 亲





To a very special
DAD

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EXLEY

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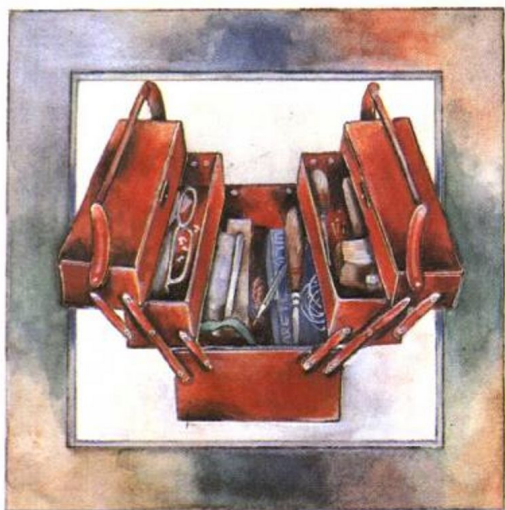
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父亲就是……

- 为了充当超人而竭尽全力的普通人；
- 提出许多有益的建议的人，
但这些建议常常被用过即忘。

A FATHER IS...

- an ordinary man doing his best to stand in for
Superman.
- a source of good but usually expendable advice.

父亲们是最最普通的人，因为爱，
他们才成了冒险家、故事大王、歌唱家。

他们无所不能。

年轻的爸爸充满激情，脑子里满是奇闻趣事。

他们对政治、宠物狗、体育运动和环境保护
都有精辟的见解。

他们有装满了新奇而实用的工具的抽屉、
箱子和库房，还有各种绳子和带子。

他们会讲令人难忘的故事。

Dads are most ordinary men turned by love into
adventurers, story-tellers, singers of songs.

Dads can do anything.

The youth of dads was packed with excitement
and their minds are packed with anecdotes.

They have sound views on politics, dogs,
sport and saving the environment.

They have drawers and boxes and sheds
full of valuable gadgets. And string.

They can tell unforgettable stories.



以前我常常坐在您的椅子上
等到您回家。

这把椅子是专门等待的地方，
这儿留着您的身形，
您藏书的气味，
还有塞在您背后的旧靠垫。

后来，椅子给扔了。
但是，您不在的时候，
我仍时时想念着它。

I used to sit in your chair
till you came home. It was
the special place to wait,
the place that held
the shape of you, the smell of
your books, the old cushion you
tucked into your back.

We threw out the chair.

But I still miss it
when you're not around.

您让我高高地坐上肩头，

去摸一摸树枝。

您给我一个贝壳，

让我好好保存。

我想，

有些东西我也曾留给过您——

一段您已淡忘了不少的岁月，

还有那只放在您掌心的小手。

You lifted me high on your shoulders

and let me touch the trees.

You gave me a shell

to keep. I think

perhaps I gave you something too -

a world you'd half forgotten.

And a small hand in yours.



在婆婆的树影下，我高高地坐在您肩头，

双手被您紧紧握住——

跨越着那巨人一般的山峦，

感觉整个世界都在我脚下。

还有那安全感——

我相信永远不会摔下来。

High on your shoulders under the singing trees,

my hands held tight in yours -

or striding over hills at a giant's height,

the world below me.

And safe -

sure that I would not fall.



黄昏时分，我已累得不行，您就用双臂将我环抱，
我的脸靠着您的肩，鼻下飘来了您夹克的气味，
就这样您抱着我轻轻地跑回家。

有时，在公共汽车站，偎依在您的外套里，
让它抵挡住夜雨和堆积的夜色——
夜晚悄悄流逝，我靠在您身上打盹，
感觉着安全与信赖。

Tired at the day's end, your arms about me,
my face against your shoulder. Smell of your jacket
under my nose and jogging gently home.

Or snuggled beneath your coat at a bus stop,
tented against the rain and gathering dark - drowsing
against you as the night slipped by. Safe. Sure.

感谢您，
在同我玩耍时个子就缩得与我一样小，
但在我需要庇护和保驾时，
又变得无比高大。

Thank you for shrinking to my size
when we played
and expanding to great heights
when I needed shelter and protection.



每一个人都会牢牢记住
父亲讲过的笑话故事。

那才是
他们特别棒的缘由。

Everyone knows
Dad's jokes by heart.

That's why
they are special.

孩子们爱着父亲，
甚至爱他们最最微小的细节：
头顶上微秃的一小块头皮，
眉毛的样子，耳朵的形状，
冬天老折磨着他拇指的裂口，
指节上银色的伤疤，
他身上胶水、肥皂或花园里泥土的气味。
这些，
都会被孩子们牢记于心，
永不忘怀。

Children love their fathers down to the very last detail.

The little patch balding on the top of his head.
The set of his eyebrows. The shape of his ears.
The small split that torments his thumb in winter.

The silver scar across his knuckles.

The scent of glue or soap or garden earth.
Each of these learned by heart and stored away.

我永远忘不了“老爸洗澡之夜”。

我们总把房间地板弄得如洪水来临。

而您,就和我们一起在浴缸里翻江倒海——

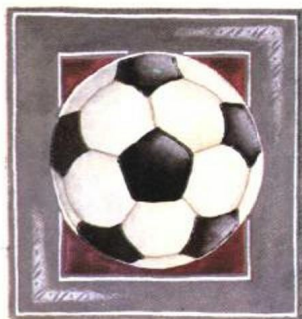
或用丝瓜络向我们演示该如何滑水。

I never forget Dad Bathnights.

We always flooded the floor.

Well, you do when there are whales in the bath -

or you're demonstrating waterskiing with a loofah.



还记得“爸爸做饭日”吗？

祖母给了您菜谱，

还有那糖浆和佐料，

那黄油和面粉，

那水果和白糖，

那四溢的芳香和汁液。

妈妈呆在一旁。

脏盘子堆得像山一样高。

我永远忘不了您做的那顿饭。

Do you remember Dad Cooking Days?

Your mother's recipes.

Treacle and spices.

Butter and flour.

Fruit and sugar.

Fragrance and spillages.

Mother shut out.

Mountains of dirty dishes.

And family meals I'll never forget.

从内燃机一直到烘烤蛋糕，
任何事情我们都来找您主持公道和提出建议——
并总能得到答案。

接着我们就信心十足地宣布：

“我爸爸说的，……”

We looked to you for justice and advice in everything
from the internal combustion engine to baking cakes –
and we got it.

And announced with confidence,

“My Dad says...”



爸爸,感谢您带给我们的一切美好回忆。

那时,我们做过一顿出人意料的晚餐……

那顿绝对能使人大吃一惊的晚餐。

那时,我们在雨中外出散步……

所有的人都透过窗户盯着我们。

那时,我们坐火车出游……

仅仅是为了坐到那儿再坐回来。

那时,我们开挖池塘……

结果却发现挖错了地方。

啊,爸爸,所有那些快乐时光啊!

Thanks for all the good memories, Dad.

The time we cooked a surprise supper...

an amazingly surprising supper.

The time we went for a walk in the rain...

and everyone stared at us from their windows.

The time we went for a train trip...

just for the ride there and back.

The time we dug the pond ... in the wrong place.

All the happy times, Dad.



让我为您举杯祝酒。祝福所有
因为经济状况而改变了生活规律的父亲们。
他们突然之间失去了显赫、常规、收入和朋友，
但仍然挺了过来——还开创出一片新天地。

他们焕发出新的才华，
跨越原先行将毁灭的生活阴影，加班加点地工作，
为孩子们创造出更为富有而快乐的生活……

当然这也是为了妻子，为了他们自己。

I give you a toast. To all the dads who've had their
lives turned upside down by The State of the Economy.

Who in one swoop have lost prestige, routine,

income and mates. And yet survive -

and make a brand new life.

Who discover new abilities.

Who use the extra time to build,

from what would be ruin,

a richer, happier life for their kids ...

and for their wives. And for themselves.