

\* 英汉对照 \*

# 英语美文

错位的情感



*The Whole Truth*



青 岛 出 版 社

如遇美文，观其形，识其美，知其意，字斟句酌，  
细细品味，方能悟人世之真实而感世间之悲喜。



# 英 语 美 文

## —— 错位的情感

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## 序 言

《英语美文》丛书为广大文学爱好者和英语读者提供了一个多视角、宽角度的阅读空间。本丛书博集广纳,兼收并蓄,精选了各类体裁、各种难度、各种风格、内容积极健康的优秀作品,引导读者从不同角度去品味人生。入选作品皆有益于人们陶冶情操,增进知识,启示美思,愉悦心灵,故冠之以《英语美文》。

“美文”之美在内容也在形式。就内容而言,清新自然是美,曲折奇崛也是美;催人奋进是美,感人涕下也是美;寓真情于平淡是美,寓丑陋于诙谐还是美。就形式而言,辞藻华丽是美,言辞犀利也是美;细腻柔婉是美,雄浑刚健也是美;朴实流畅是美,旖旎华丽还是美。“美文”以真为美。它直接或间接地反映社会人生的方方面面,让你真切地感悟生命意义,透视世态人情,了解婚姻与家庭,感受幸福与痛苦,体验成功与失败。这就是美文经久不衰的魅力之所在。

美文好比一杯香茶。浓茶之苦涩,提神健脑;清茶之淡香,沁人心脾。品茶者观色、识香、知味。香茶细细品尝,觉其清苦,回味甘甜,香郁味醇,一切尽在不言中。品文如品茶。如遇美文,观其形,识其美,知其意,字斟句酌,细细品味,方能悟人世之真实而感世间之悲喜。故品美文者品天下。

本丛书选文隽永耐读,所有选篇皆配有译文。尽管瑕疵难免,但是译者始终力求忠实、通顺、优美,以期为英语专业人士和英语爱好者提供兼可读性和知识性为一体的英汉对照读物,为翻译学员提供可参考的习作。衷心希望读者在提高英语水平的同时,寓乐于学,读美文,看社会,悟百态人生。本丛书也是非英语读者的最佳伴侣。所供译文犹如一杯沏好的香茶,正等待着你的品味。诚望你能品尽译文之美,悟作者之心,得品文之乐。

本丛书译者竭尽全力,力求译文美如原文,但贻误之处在所难免,恳请学界前辈和读者朋友不吝指正。

徐莉娜



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## Stars over Time Square

Gracie Gage

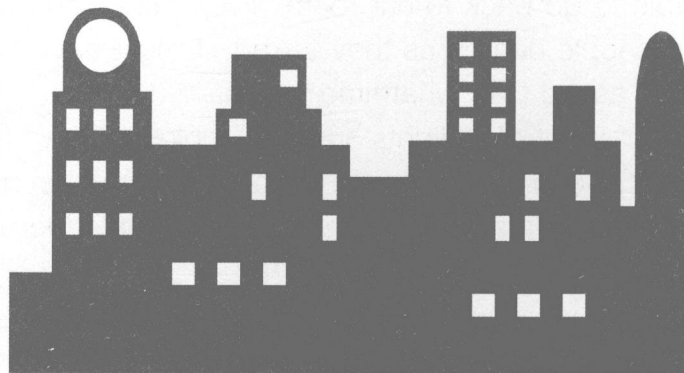
Suddenly the lights went out. The constant drone of the air conditioner was replaced with absolute silence. I flipped the light switch on and off, but nothing happened. Then the lights began to flicker, giving the room a vague glow. This was very bizarre; the power doesn't usually go off in Manhattan.

I heard a knock at the door. I peered through the peephole, and there was my father. As I opened the door, Dad began talking although he seemed strangely out of breath, "The power is out all along the northern east coast. People are saying that something went wrong at Niagara Falls. A power line must have failed."

I was astounded. Power line?

I was getting on the elevator, and the door wouldn't close. I got irritated with it and finally climbed down to the lobby—all nine stories—to find out what the matter was. That was just like Dad to get angry at something that didn't work.

All of a sudden, we heard people shouting from outside. Dad opened up the window. "Wow, look out there!" Intrigued, I opened another window and looked out. The street was packed with cars whose drivers didn't know when or where to go. Policemen filled the streets trying to mollify the pandemonium. Right across the road, work-







ers, who had been trapped on the eleventh floor while building, attempted to cling to railing and climb down to safety. Peoples' interrogating and raucous shouts filled the hot August air.

I realized my father was speaking, "We can't stay up here. With no power, there will be no emergency services. If the building caught on fire, we'd be trapped. Let's go and I'll try to call Mom." He grabbed some cash and the cell phone. I followed him in the fatiguing trip down the stairs to the lobby. Why couldn't we have gotten a room on the first floor?

I took a small couch and sat down. The stifling hotel lobby was full of people. Some were hoping to get a room; others had returned to the hotel because their flights had been canceled. Many attempted to contact family or friends on cell phones. I relaxed on the couch, noticing the only light in the room was from the few sunrays that managed to enter through the windows. Restless, Dad left to wander around Times Square. He could never sit around without being occupied.

After what seemed like hours, Dad finally returned. I let him sit on the couch while I tried to cool down on the marble floor. The sun had set, and the room was dark, illuminated only by two small candles that tossed shadows upon the wall.

I lay down on the floor and tried to nap. The surface was very hard, but it was nice and cool. I drifted off to sleep only to awaken immediately. At first this had been an exciting adventure, but now I just wished the electricity would come back on so we would be able to go back to our room. I lay there with my eyes closed, unable to sleep, listening to people nearby as they talked. I must have finally fallen asleep though, for I woke up and asked Dad what time it was.

"Eight. The lights are on two blocks down from us. The power should come back on pretty soon." He paused, a look of reverie on his face, "You know, last night I was able to see the stars over Times Square. I wonder how long it's been since somebody was able to say that."

All of a sudden, the chandelier came on. Cheers, clapping and laughter filled the room. People sighed and stretched, having spent the interminable night sitting on the



floor or couch, just as I had.

Dad and I got on the elevator, and I waited impatiently as it slowly made the journey to the ninth floor. Gleefully, I walked into our room ready for a long nap.

As it turned out, we got to see the Statue of Liberty, Staten Island, Ground Zero, the Empire State Building and Phantom of the Opera on Broadway. Somehow, though, I always felt that Dad was most impressed when the gaudy man-made lights of New York City were temporarily extinguished and the quiet splendour of God's handiwork shone through.



## 时代广场上空的繁星

格雷斯·嘉格

突然,灯一下子全熄了,空调的嗡嗡声也戛然而止,周围一片沉寂。我反复地拨弄开关,可一点反应也没有。随后灯泡一闪一闪的,忽明忽暗,屋子里笼罩着模糊的灯光。太奇怪了,曼哈顿可是很少停电的。

我听到有人敲门。透过猫眼,我看到是父亲。我打开门。尽管有些气喘吁吁,他还是立刻告诉我说:“整个东北沿岸都停电了,说是尼亚加拉瀑布那里出了问题,有一条输电线路坏了。”

我大吃一惊,输电线路?

我走进电梯,可门关不上。最后,我只好气冲冲地走了足足9层楼梯下到大厅,看看到底发生了什么事。那架势就跟父亲平时抱怨什么东西坏了时一模一样。

突然,外面传来了阵阵喧闹声。父亲打开一扇窗:“哇,看那儿!”我好奇地打开另一扇



窗,看到整条街上都塞满了汽车,司机们一脸茫然,不知该往哪里去,什么时候能走。街上到处都是警察,正努力控制混乱不堪的局面。路对面的一个工地上,一批被困在 11 楼的工人正试图沿着栏杆下滑到安全地带。八月炎热的空气中充斥着人们的问询声和嘈杂的喊叫声。

这时,父亲说:“我们不能待在这儿。没有电,就没有应急服务。万一起火,我们就会被困在这儿了。快走,我给你妈妈打电话。”他抓起一些现金和手机,带着我沿楼梯下到了大厅。这段路真累人。当初,为什么不要一楼的房间呢?

在大厅,我找个小沙发坐了下来。令人窒息的大厅里挤满了人:有人在订房间;有人因为航班取消又回到了酒店;还有许多人在用手机联系自己的亲朋好友。我坐在沙发上休息,注意到大厅里仅有的光线来自几缕透过窗户钻进来的阳光。父亲有些坐立不安,去时代广场了。他一刻也闲坐不住。

大约几小时后,父亲终于回来了。我让他坐沙发,自己则坐在大理石地板上凉快一下。太阳已经下山了,大厅里一片漆黑,只有两支昏暗的蜡烛把人的影子投射到墙上。

我躺在地板上,想打个盹儿。地板虽然坚硬,但很凉爽。我迷迷糊糊,时睡时醒。一开始我还觉得整件事就像一次激动人心的探险,可现在我只希望能够尽快恢复供电,以便回房间休息。我闭着眼睛躺在地上,睡意全无,听着身边的人聊天。但最终我还是睡着了,醒来以后,我问父亲几点了。

“早晨 8 点了。离这里两个街区的地方供电已经恢复了,这儿马上就会来电。”说到这里,父亲停了一下,脸上露出一丝回味的神情,“你知道吗,昨晚我在时代广场上空看到了星星!我觉得已经很久都没有人说看到星星了。”

突然,大厅的吊灯亮了。欢呼声、掌声、笑声立刻响彻整个大厅。那些和我一样在地板或沙发上挨过漫漫长夜的人都舒了口气,美美地伸了个懒腰。

父亲和我一起进电梯,我迫不及待地希望电梯快点升到 9 楼。随后,我欢欣雀跃地走进房间准备好好睡一觉。

后来,我们参观了自由女神像、斯坦顿岛、世贸大厦遗址、帝国大厦以及百老汇的歌剧魅影。但我总觉得父亲对纽约印象最深的还是绚丽的人工灯光暂时消失,上帝的工艺品闪耀恬静光芒的那个时刻。

(梅冰译)



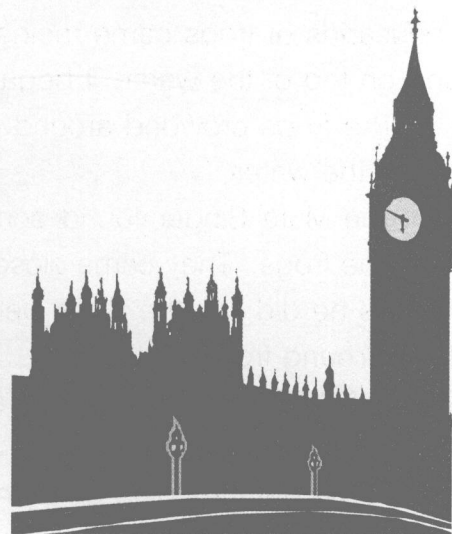


## Mute Singer

Thore Stover

Every year at this time, the peasants began their long religious pilgrimage to Geed-leh, to visit the church there, and to pray for God's help. They walked or rode in wagons; they crowded the roads leading to the holy town, for Geed-leh was famous in Poland as a place where God did miracles. The cool autumn days also brought many beggars to Geed-leh. The peasants gave away more of their money on such a religious holiday as this. Some of the beggars were blind, some had no feet or arms. Some were very old and seemed like lost children looking for their mothers.

There was one among them who was called "the Mute Singer". He was given this name because he could not speak. There was a time when he was able to sing, while playing his guitar. But he lost his voice. Now he played the guitar and sang, but no sounds came from his throat. His lips just moved with the music.



The Mute Singer was a tall, strange-looking man. His face and hands were brown, like the color of copper. He had white hair and a white beard; he looked like one of the wise men you read about in the Bible.

Early one morning I saw the Mute Singer washing himself at the river. He smiled and



touched the ground with his hand, meaning that I should sit down. Then, he pointed his finger straight up, to tell me that he had a surprise for me.

Suddenly, he put his hand into the water and rubbed two of his fingers together, making a strange sound, exactly like the sound of a croaking frog. He did it many times, then he lightly hit the top of the water, sending little ripples of waves across the water to the other side.

Suddenly, everything around us seemed to be moving. I could not believe that it was real.

Thousands of frogs came racing toward us, jumping, and swimming... under the water and on top of the water. I began to shake with excitement.

The frogs crowded around us, I could see their heads and eyes showing above the top of the water.

The Mute Singer found some snails and cut them into small pieces and began to feed the frogs. They came closer and closer, and the Mute Singer started to play his guitar. As he did so, the frogs became quiet and listened. And then they, too, started to sing. Young frogs, old frogs... every one of them began to sing. I never heard anything like it. Not a frog moved; they all just sat and sang.

No one ever saw the Mute Singer at night. Nobody even knew where he slept. But during the day he could be found at the same place, sitting near the church and playing his guitar while his lips moved silently with the music.

Everybody liked the Mute Singer—the peasants as much as the beggars. People threw their pennies into the cups of the beggars sitting on the ground, asking for help. But not so with the Mute Singer. Into his cup, they dropped their pennies gently. He used the shell of a turtle as a cup. He got much more money than the others, but this did





not trouble any of the beggars.

At the end of the day, the beggars crowded around the Mute Singer in front of the church. He took a clean white handkerchief from the pocket of his old coat, and put it smoothly on the ground. He made it seem like a religious ceremony. Then he put all his money on the clean white cloth, he made all the beggars an equal share of the money but kept nothing for himself.

Sadly, he looked around at the beggars, covered with dirt and disease. The sun was sinking fast and the peasants had all left the church area. The Mute Singer lowered his head and started to pray; the beggars were on their knees, joining him in prayer.

Then the Mute Singer began to play his guitar, moving his lips with the music. The beggars sat still and listened. The music cut deep into their hearts. It cut through their years of pain and suffering and loss of hope. It made them feel human again. Many of them cried, and with dried old hands wiped away their tears.

I heard a beggar say the Mute Singer was not a human being, but God dressed as a beggar. "If that is true," another answered, "he would not come as a beggar, but as a priest. . ."

One day, hundreds of new peasants entered the city. They were welcomed at the church by its religious leaders who dropped water on their heads and blessed them. Religious singing and church bells filled the air, as did the cries of the beggars asking for help.

As the peasants came out of the church, the Mute Singer began to play. The peasants crowded around him and dropped pennies into his cup. Suddenly, his fingers hit the wrong strings. He threw his arms into the air. His guitar fell to the ground and broke. One of the beggars caught the Mute Singer as he fell and held his beautiful head on his knees.

We carried him into my mother's empty barn and put him down gently. I held his hand and he slept a little, then opened his eyes and smiled weakly. He looked like a lost child.



The Mute Singer pointed to his chest and made the sign of the cross. A beggar said, "He wants me to give him the last rites. Can you get me a piece of bread?"

"But you are not a priest," I said.

"This is something any man would be glad to do for him it is an emergency. But I am dirty, my clothes are dirty. Hurry, get some bread and a white shirt."



I ran out and got some bread. Next to my house was a synagogue, and in the dark I saw the rabbi's finest white shirt hanging to be dried. I took the shirt and hurried to the side of the dying Mute Singer.

The beggar put on the white shirt, and gave me a candle to hold. Then he got down close to the Mute Singer and said, "Hear me, my brother! Open your eyes if you can, so that you may see the sign of the cross made over you. Here is your Last Communion, a beggar's Communion of black bread."

The dying man looked at the beggar, smiled weakly and left us forever...

That night I had very strange dreams. In one dream, I saw something white moving slowly toward me. It was like a frog. But when it got very close it changed into the shape of a man. It was the Mute Singer still holding his guitar. Then two angels floated out of the dark into my dream; they fell to their knees before the Mute Singer, kissing his hands while he gently touched their heads. It was like what I had often seen in old religious paintings.

I slept badly. I felt something heavy, and it was hurting me. I awoke and saw that I was holding too hard against my chest, the shell of a turtle. It was the turtle shell which the Mute Singer used as a beggar's cup for money. He gave it to me while he lay dying.



## 无声的歌手

托雷·斯托弗

每年这个时候,农民们就开始了漫长的几德乐朝圣之旅,去那儿的教堂,祈求上帝的帮助。他们通常步行或者搭乘四轮马车。通向圣城的道路上人群摩肩接踵,因为在波兰,几德乐以上帝创造奇迹的地方而闻名。清凉的秋日也把许多乞丐带到了这里。在这样的宗教节日,农民们也会施舍更多的钱。乞丐中,有的是盲人,有的没有脚或双臂,还有的是古稀老人,一个个犹如迷路的孩童在找寻自己的母亲。

他们之中,有一个被称作“哑巴歌手”。之所以有这么一个名字,是因为他不会说话。以前会说话的时候,他会一边弹着吉他一边唱歌。但他后来失了声。现在他仍然一边弹一边唱,但却发不出任何声音。嘴唇只是跟着音乐蠕动而已。

哑巴歌手个子很高,模样很怪。脸和手是褐色的,像铜的颜色;长着一头白发,还留着白胡须:看起来很像《圣经》里的某个智者。

一天清早,我看见他在河边洗濯。他微笑着用手轻触地面,示意让我坐下。然后,他竖起手指,告诉我他要给我一个惊喜。

突然,他把手放入水中,摩擦两个手指,发出一种怪怪的声音,极像一只声音嘶哑的青蛙。如此反复多次,然后轻击水面,将水波的涟漪送向河对岸。

突然,我们周围所有的一切好像都动了起来。我不敢相信这是真的。成千上万只青蛙争先恐后地向我们游过来,跳着、游着……一会儿钻入水中,一会儿浮上水面。我激动得直发抖。

青蛙们聚拢在我们周围,我可以看到它们浮出水面的头和眼睛。

哑巴歌手找来一些蜗牛,切成小片,喂那些青蛙。慢慢地,它们越游越近,然后他开始弹吉他,青蛙们鸦雀无声,静心聆听。紧接着,它们也开始唱了起来。无论是大的还是小的,每



一只青蛙都开始歌唱。我还从没有听过这样的乐曲。没有任何青蛙跳动:全都静静坐在那儿唱歌。



没有人在晚上见过哑巴歌手,也没有人知道他在哪儿睡觉。但是在白天,人们会发现他还待在同一个地方——坐在教堂附近,弹着吉他,嘴唇跟着音乐的节拍默默蠕动。

每个人都喜欢哑巴歌手,乞丐喜欢,农民们也喜欢。乞丐们大都席地而坐,向人乞讨,人们把硬币扔进他们的杯子,但对哑巴歌手不是这样。人们轻轻地把硬币放到他的杯子里,他的杯子是个龟壳。他得到的钱比别人多得多,但这并没有给其他乞丐带来烦恼。

在一天行将结束时,乞丐们聚集在教堂前,围在哑巴歌手四周。这时,他从旧外套的衣兜里掏出一块干干净净的白色手帕,平平整整地铺在地上。他仿佛把这当作了一种宗教仪式。然后,他把自己得到的所有的钱都放在这块干净的白手帕上,让其他乞丐平分,自己却不留分文。

他悲伤地看着周围这些乞丐,他们满身尘土,疾病缠身。太阳落得很快,农民们都已离开了教堂。他低下头开始祈祷;乞丐们也都跪在地上,与他一起祈祷。

接着他弹起吉他,嘴唇跟着音乐的节奏蠕动。乞丐们静静地坐着、听着。那音乐直透他们的心扉,直刺他们多年来所经历的痛苦、折磨和绝望,使他们重新找回做人的尊严。他们许多人一边哭泣,一边用干枯的手抹去眼泪。

我曾听一个乞丐说,哑巴歌手不是人,而是装扮成乞丐模样的上帝。“如果他真是上帝,”另一个回答道,“他就不会扮成乞丐,而会扮成牧师……”

一天,又有成百上千名农民涌入这个城市。他们在教堂里受到了欢迎——牧师把圣水滴在他们的头上,为他们祝福。唱诗声和教堂的钟声在空中回荡,一如乞丐们请求给予施舍的哀求声。

当农民们走出教堂时,哑巴歌手开始弹奏吉他。农民们聚拢过来,朝他的杯子里丢硬币。