

A CUP OF COMFORT FOR COURAGE

勇者无畏

主编 (美)科琳·塞尔



勇气是人类最伟大的品德，
他们的精神将时刻激励着我们放飞梦想。
描绘出属于自己的壮美画卷。
celebrate everyday heroism, strength, and triumph.

一杯安慰系列

英汉对照

青岛出版社

THE CITY OF
PORT
COLLIER

THE CITY OF
PORT COLLLIER

THE CITY OF
PORT COLLLIER



一杯安慰系列

勇者无畏

A Cup of Comfort for Courage

主编 (美) 科琳·塞尔

译者 徐莉娜 张晶 郭真 王慧芳



青岛出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

勇者无畏:英汉对照/(美)塞尔主编;徐莉娜,张晶,郭真,王慧芳译.

—青岛:青岛出版社,2007.2

(一杯安慰系列)

ISBN 978-7-5436-4055-9

I. 勇... II. ①塞... ②徐... ③张... ④郭... ⑤王...

III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物 ②故事-作品集-世界 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2007)第011154号

书 名 一杯安慰系列
勇者无畏
主 编 (美)科琳·塞尔
译 者 徐莉娜 张 晶 郭 真 王慧芳
出版发行 青岛出版社
社 址 青岛市徐州路77号(266071)
本社网址 <http://www.qdpub.com>
邮购电话 13335059110 85840228 80998641 传真 (0532)85814750
责任编辑 曹永毅 E-mail: cyyx2001@sohu.com
封面设计 喻 鹏 刘雯雯
照 排 青岛正方文化传播有限公司
印 刷 山东新华印刷厂潍坊厂
出版日期 2007年2月第1版 2007年2月第1次印刷
开 本 20开(889mm×1194mm)
印 张 10.4
字 数 200千
书 号 ISBN 978-7-5436-4055-9
定 价 16.00元

盗版举报电话 (0532)85814926

青岛版图书售出后如发现印装质量问题,请寄回青岛出版社印刷物资处调换。

电话:(0532)80998826



PREFACE

Colleen Sell

The Cup of Comfort anthology series was created at the dawn of the new millennium to provide a forum by which ordinary people could share true stories about the experiences and people that have inspired them. My hope was that these uplifting personal stories would create a bridge between people of different circumstances and cultures by reminding them of the universal truths that make us all human and that give us hope and happiness. It is certainly not a new concept.

Since human beings first acquired the ability to communicate, we have used stories to share humanity's most empowering truths and most powerful lessons. For hundreds of thousands of years, the uniquely human gift of story has guided and comforted us, connecting us to our inner spirits and to one another.

And now the stories in this book are reaching across continents and oceans to connect people in North America with people in China. The Cup of Comfort authors and I are humbled and honored by this privilege, and we sincerely hope that these stories bring you comfort and joy.



序 言

科琳·塞尔

《一杯安慰》系列丛书问世于新千年伊始。该丛书为人们提供了一个交流平台，普通人可以在这里讲述他们的真实故事，讲述感动过他们的经历和人。他们的个人经历，使人振奋，揭示了赋予我们人性、带给我们希望和快乐的普遍道理。我希望该故事丛书能为不同背景、不同文化的人们架起一座交流和沟通的桥梁。诚然，以书为桥不是一个新的概念。

自从人类获得交流沟通的能力以来，我们就用故事来传播最发人深省的人生道理，传授最重要的生活经验。千万年来，故事这一非同寻常的人类礼物指引着我们人生的道路，带给我们心灵的慰藉，让我们了解自己的内心世界，是连接我们和他人之间的纽带。

本书中的故事跨越了不同的大陆，漂洋过海，把北美和中国不同地域的人们连接在一起。我和《一杯安慰》的各位作者享此殊荣，不胜荣幸。我们衷心地希望书中故事给你们带去安慰和快乐。

徐莉娜 译



译者序

生活中人人都会遇到困难、挫折和危险,人人都需要勇气去面对挑战。美国作家海明威称勇气为临危不惧的气概;意大利戏剧家维多利奥·阿尔菲利指出“对勇气的考验往往不是去死而是要活”;贝路德维希·凡·贝多芬认为勇气具有普遍性,他说:“在全人类中,凡是坚强、正直、勇敢、仁慈的人,都是英雄!”勇气是抽象的,但它又是真实的。《勇者无畏》这本书告诉我们临危不惧、抱病生活、正视困难和挫折、忍耐和坚韧、无私的奉献,都是勇气的真实写照。

有足够勇气面对现实的人才能获得成功的人生。翻开此书,你能看到生活中的英雄将勇气发挥得淋漓尽致。勇气不再是一个抽象、难以捉摸的概念,它真实可感,历历在目。一个个可歌可泣的人物,一件件催人泪下、激人奋进的故事,都告诉我们成功的人生离不开勇气。你忘不了书中那位在肆虐的洪水中舍身救人的英雄,忘不了几次下水搏击恶浪拯救儿童的勇者;你赞叹从熊熊烈火中救出两个儿童的母亲,钦佩那以勇气、力量和乐观精神战胜癌魔的伟大女性;钦佩那些勇于接受挑战、不断进取、成就斐然的人们……

勇气未必见于惊天动地的壮举,正如英国哲学家伯特兰·罗素所言:“对付贫穷要有勇气,忍受嘲笑要有勇气,正视自己营垒里的敌对者也要有勇气。”本书中有撼人心弦的悲壮,也有柔情似水的人性流露,有直面痛苦和贫穷的坚韧,也有挑战未知、知难而上的无畏。书中主人公都以自己的真实经历向你传递勇气的信息,揭示勇气的真正意义。

勇气是一种经受了考验的美德。勇者无畏,勇者无敌,无畏无敌才能披荆斩棘走出成功的人生之旅。

书中的故事皆配有译文。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,为翻译学员提供习作参考。虽然尽力而为,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



目 录

Mercy from the Flames 劫后余生	[1]
Of Silk and Steel 丝与钢	[12]
Reinventing Myself 我的重生	[17]
Eva: Princess of True Grit 伊娃——坚毅的公主	[27]
The Eagle and the Sparrow 苍鹰与麻雀	[35]
No More Waiting 别再等待	[40]
The Green Chalk Heart 绿色粉笔画的心	[49]
Dad's Belt 父亲的皮带	[54]
Ninety-Day Wonder 90 天的奇迹	[58]
Against All Odds on the Field of Dreams 为梦想而战	[66]
What If? 如果……?	[73]
Let's Keep Dancing 继续跳舞	[84]

The Power of Words 语言的力量	[91]
A Year in the Life of a Heroine 勇者生命中的一 year	[101]
I Thought I Could Fly 我想我会飞	[107]
Angel of Courage 勇气天使	[116]
Steady as She Rises 稳立高空	[122]
Valor Knows No Stranger 勇者眼里无路人	[132]
When Traversing Steep Terrain 横越险地	[139]
Hope Where You Least Expect It 绝望中寻找希望	[146]
Home Is Where the Hearth Is 家就是有壁炉的地方	[152]
Something More 超越自我的勇气	[159]
The Courage of John Bankston 英勇的约翰·班克斯顿	[171]
Love's Imprint 爱的印记	[176]
The Fourth Time into the Water 第四次下水	[183]
Leaning into the Harness 勇于负重	[195]



Mercy from the Flames

Christmas morning, I heard technicians dismantling the machines that had kept Sofia, my neighbor in the burn unit for twelve days, alive. I closed my eyes, wishing Sofia well on her journey. I added a prayer for me, to whatever spirits were listening, to heal my own burned face and without the skin grafts a physician had already indicated might be necessary.

Two weeks before Christmas, I'd been at home, preparing an article outline, when my electricity went out during a snowstorm. I lit several candles and sat at my kitchen table, trying to finish the outline.

I woke up in the emergency room of the local hospital.

"You've had a seizure," a doctor told me, "and burned yourself... badly."

I was sent that night by ambulance to the nearest burn unit, in a hospital about fifty miles away. I have epilepsy, and having had epileptic seizures previously, I was no stranger to emergency rooms. But I'd never seriously hurt myself before.

When I have a grand mal seizure, I lose consciousness. My limbs shake, but I'm unable to feel my body's spasms. After I have a seizure, I get an un-me feeling: I don't feel like myself. *What day is it? Where am I? How did I get here?* Then the memories come floating back, like things tossed upon the tide that return to shore with the next wave: *It's Tuesday; there's a storm and the lights go out; I light candles; I'm writing an outline for an article on local farmland protection; I stop for a moment to look at the candlelight flickering on the tablecloth.*



Now, I felt like I was in a bad dream I couldn't wake from. My head and neck were in bandages. A nurse told me I'd suffered second- and third-degree burns on the left side of my head and on my right hand. Nearly two-thirds of the left side of my face and scalp had been burned, from the tip of my nose to my ear. All my hair on that side of my head was burned off. My burned left eyelid was swollen shut. My skin smelled like a rotting hamburger. When I chewed or yawned, my left temple felt like it would come apart.

Why *me*? I have photosensitive epilepsy, and my eyes are very sensitive to sudden changes in light patterns, like blinking lights. I realized that the flickering of the candles must've triggered the seizure. Still, I asked, Why me?

The next day, Michael, my boyfriend, drove nearly sixty miles to the burn unit. I was so glad to see him, yet ashamed.

"I must look horrible," I said.

"I almost lost you," he said, squeezing my hand. "You mean more to me than ever."

I felt very grateful for his words.

"I still don't know how I got here."

Michael sat next to me on the bed. "Your upstairs neighbor, Ray, told me that he smelled hair burning. He said he recognized the smell from his days in the Army. So he ran downstairs, broke through the back door, found you, and called 911."

How kind of him, I thought. We had only a nodding acquaintance. Yet, I was angry, too—at myself.

Regardless, the nurses, the doctors, and Michael told me I was lucky. Lucky that Ray had been home. Lucky that my right thumb had somehow escaped injury and, though my four fingers were bandaged like a snowball, I had enough dexterity to write, brush my teeth, and eat with a fork. Lucky that the vision in both my eyes hadn't been impaired. Lucky to be alive.

"Lucky in my unluckiness," I'd mutter.



It would take a while for me to see it otherwise.

One afternoon after Carol, one of my favorite nurses, had given me pain medication, I said, “I can’t decide whether my body’s reaching the flames during my seizure was just bad luck, or whether my karma, my mind-set, caused it, and this mess is essentially my fault.”

Carol was blunt. “If you keep blaming yourself,” she insisted, “you’ll just waste your life. Instead, why don’t you ask yourself, ‘What’s next?’”

A week after I’d been admitted, I forced myself to look at my bandaged head in the chrome paper towel dispenser next to the bathroom sink. (No mirrors handy there.) My face appeared to be very swollen and very red. My left eyelid looked like a tiny balloon covered with scar tissue. *Why me?*

The only time I was actually in pain was during the showers I took twice daily to prevent infection. An anonymous poet once called pain “the monster with a thousand teeth,” and I can’t describe any better the stinging, reverberating sensation of stubbly washcloth rubbing against exposed nerve endings. When a nurse scrubbed away the damaged tissue on my eyelid, ear, or forehead, I’d usually jerk my head away like a helpless animal. The Demerol injected into my buttocks before each shower wasn’t enough to assuage the pain.

“Try screaming,” one of the nurses suggested. “A lot of the men do.”

But I couldn’t. I strove to absorb the pain, to move toward, not away from, it. I’d repeat, “It’s healing, it’s healing,” over and over to myself during those showers. I’d imagine I was underwater, watching sea fans gently sway and clownfish glide by.

When Dawn, the youngest nurse in the burn unit, washed me, she’d say, “I’m going to do your ear now,” or “I’m at the top of your head.” I loved her for telling me this. Somehow, knowing where her hand would land next, I could better brace myself for the pain.

On my way to and from the showers, I’d pass Sofia’s room. There were several



other patients in the burn unit, but we didn't see much of each other. Sofia was the only one I knew anything about or even saw. She was eighty years old, Carol told me, and had burned herself horribly in her kitchen.

Sofia lay nearly comatose in her bed, mouth open, eyes closed, IV in her arm, tubes in her throat and rectum, a dialysis machine running next to the respirator.

"A few days ago," Carol told me, "Sofia had almost no heartbeat, but the doctors raised it with medication."

Sometimes, I'd stand at Sofia's door, thinking of my mother, who'd been surrounded by the same daunting equipment after a stroke that eventually killed her.

"Sofia," I whispered, "why can't they let you go?"

A few days before Christmas, new skin had started to replace the scar tissue on my hand; my knuckles now looked only severely sunburned. I eagerly worked with the hospital's occupational therapist, doing exercises—making fists, picking up pennies, using a power grip—to make my hand flexible as new skin grew in.

Yet, not much I did seemed to affect my face's healing. While I was exercising my hand one morning, the occupational therapist told me about the rigors of skin grafting.

"You might be bed-bound for days afterward," she said, "and you might have to undergo more than one skin grafting." To keep the new skin from growing in puffy, she explained, I'd have to wear a pressure garment, a nylon-spandex glove, on my hand and a pressure garment mask, resembling the stockings bank robbers wear, on my face twenty-three hours a day, for at least six months.

I thought about foregoing the skin grafting. After all, it was expensive and I had no health insurance. Maybe the doctor was wrong when he'd warned that the left side of my face would never again look like my right side. Maybe my skin would heal on its own. And even if my face was red, bumpy, and grotesque-looking, perhaps I should accept ugliness as my inevitable fate.

Michael was horrified. "We're not talking about blacktopping the Long Island



Expressway,” he chided me, “or doing an aluminum siding job. This is your face.”

By Christmas Eve, I could scratch the back of my ear. By then, the nurses would let me undo my hand and head bandages by myself; I unwound them slowly, millimeter by millimeter, the anti-bacterial ointment coming off like taffy. During my evening shower on Christmas Eve, I hummed “I’ll Be Home for Christmas” as Carol rubbed scar tissue off my forehead. She told me how much I’d improved.

“Honey,” she said, “the night you came in here, you looked like a prizefighter.”

Later, I saw several doctors gathered around Sofia. “Her blood gas is awful,” I heard Carol say, “and her lungs are full of fluid.”

I lay down on my bed and turned out the lights. Carols and madrigals from the radio at the nurses’ station played softly. The music brought me the soft reminiscences of childhood Christmases: helping my mother bake *chrushik* (Polish pastries), opening our presents on Christmas Eve, going to midnight mass wearing my new red boots. That night as I fell asleep, I longed to feel balanced and held, like a yolk that is simultaneously buoyed and contained within an eggshell.

I awoke hours later. The burn unit was quiet, except for Carol in the next room, talking to Sofia. I strained to hear her words.

“Sofia,” Carol said, “you have to make a choice between living and dying. We love you,” Carol assured her, “and whatever you choose, everyone will help you.”

Then Carol sang to her for several minutes, a gospel tune, in her sweet soprano voice. It was the voice of love, of grace and protection. I’m sure Carol didn’t mean for anyone else to hear her, so I felt like an intruder, yet somehow I also felt loved.

Sofia died before dawn. I never saw her body; I just heard people moving equipment and disinfecting the room, readying it for an infant burned in a house fire. Michael arrived at noon, with gifts. We hugged and kissed. I felt very grateful for his kindness, his love. We discussed living together, of perhaps moving to upstate New York or Vermont. Slowly, I could feel myself regaining my equilibrium. Suddenly, my life



felt full of possibilities.

But my Christmas wasn't over; there were still more gifts to come. The following morning, the plastic surgeon, a vibrant, sympathetic woman I instantly trusted, examined my face.

"The skin on your face is growing in nice and pink," she said. "It won't need a grafting. Neither will your hand."

Cautiously hopeful, I said, "But the doctor sounded so sure."

"Most doctors are so eager to close things up," she said, "but even though it takes longer, it's always better if the skin grows in itself." She assured me that if she was wrong and I did need grafting, it could always be done later—and I wouldn't have to wear a mask pressure garment on my face.

My unlikely prayer had been answered. Astonished and buoyed by her pronouncement, I telephoned Michael with the good news.

"Didn't I tell you?" he said. "You are lucky!"

Right then, I felt the courage to look at my bare head in the chrome towel dispenser. I actually recognized myself. My left ear looked a little chewed up, and the side of my face was nearly orange and ridged with scar tissue, but new pink skin was peeking through. The hair on my left side had grown to Schnauzer length, and on my unburned side it lay shaggy on my earlobe. Though half of my left eyebrow was burned off, my left eye was now fully open.

As soon as I get out of here, I thought, I should tattoo the skin where half of my eyebrow is missing: a grapevine, perhaps, or a mermaid. Maybe dye one side of my hair green, the other side purple or magenta. Maybe even get a nose ring.

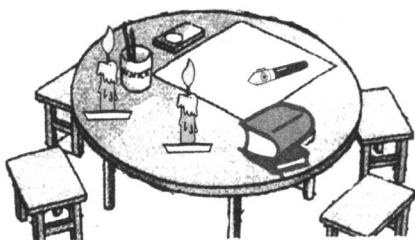
"All right," I said aloud. "Maybe I am just a little bit lucky." And though I had no immediate answer, finally I could ask, "What's next?"

—Patricia A. Murphy



劫后余生

圣诞节早上,我听见技师在拆卸仪器。烧伤病区隔壁病房的索非亚 12 天来就靠这些仪器维持着生命。我闭上了眼睛,祝愿索非亚一路走好。我也为自己做了一个祈祷,向所有愿意听我祷告的精灵祈祷,愿我烧伤的脸能够痊愈,愿我可以躲过植皮这一关。医生已经说过植皮可能非常必要。



圣诞节的前两个星期,我在家中构思一篇文章的大纲。暴风雪中,屋里电灯突然熄灭。我点燃了几支蜡烛,坐在厨房的桌边,争取把大纲写完。

我醒来的时候已躺在当地一家医院的急诊室里。

“你的癫痫病发作了。”医生告诉我,“烧伤了自己……深度烧伤。”

那天夜里救护车就近把我送到 50 英里外一家医院的烧伤病区。

我患有癫痫症。以前癫痫发作过几次,所以对急诊室我并不陌生,但是我从来没有深度烧伤过。

癫痫发作得厉害,我就会失去知觉。这时,我四肢抽搐,自己却又感觉不到身体的痉挛。癫痫发作后,我有一种找不到自己的感觉:觉得自己换了一个人似的。今天是星期几?我在哪里?我是怎么到了这里的?对往事的记忆不断地涌回脑海,犹如浪潮把海上漂流物一次次地冲回海岸。今天是星期二;一场暴风雪;电灯熄灭了;我点燃了蜡烛;我写了一个文章提纲,谈的是当地农场保护问题;我停笔看了看桌布上闪烁的烛光。

现在,我觉得自己好像在噩梦中,怎么也醒不过来。我的头和脖子缠着绷带。一个护士说我头部的左边和右手是 2-3 度烧伤,左脸和头皮从鼻尖到耳朵近 2/3 的部位都烧伤了。左边的头发全都烧光了。左边烧伤的眼皮肿得睁不开。烧伤的皮肤闻起来像变质的汉堡包,臭烘烘的。咀嚼食物或打哈欠时,左脑门就像要炸裂开一般。



为什么是我如此不幸？我患的是感光性癫痫症，眼睛对光形的突然变化特别敏感，如闪烁不定的光。我想一定是那闪烁的烛光诱发了癫痫。然而，我仍要问为什么我如此不幸？

第二天，男朋友迈克尔开车从 60 英里外赶到烧伤病区。看到他我很高兴，同时又觉得很难堪。

“我看上去一定很可怕。”我说。

“我差点失去了你。”他紧紧握着我的手说，“对我来说，你比以往任何时候都重要。”

这话让我感激不已。

我仍不知道自己怎么进了医院。

迈克尔挨着我坐在床边。“你楼上的邻居雷告诉我他闻到了头发烧焦的气味。他说那种嗅觉是在军队服役的那些日子里练就的。于是，他冲下楼，从后门破门而入，发现了你，就拨打了 911。”

真是多亏了他，我想。我们只是点头之交，但我还是恼火——恼的是我自己。

不管我多么生自己的气，护士、医生和迈克尔都说我很幸运。幸运的是雷当时恰好在家。幸好我右手拇指没有受伤，虽然另外 4 个指头缠着绷带，像一个雪球。幸好右手还能动弹，能写字、刷牙，能用叉子吃东西；幸好我双眼的视力没有受到损伤；幸好我还活着。

我喃喃自语道：“真是不幸中之万幸。”

对我来说，换个角度看问题还需要一段时间。

一天下午，卡洛尔，我最喜欢的护士之一，来给我送镇痛药。我说：“我无法确定癫痫发作让我烧伤了自己是否就是厄运，或者说，我的思维模式，即思维定式，让我无法判断我是否幸运。眼下这一切完全是我的错。”

卡洛尔心直口快。“如果你不断地自责，”她直言不讳地说，“你就是在浪费时间。与其浪费时间，为什么就不问问自己，‘下一步要做什么呢’？”

入院后一个星期，在卫生间里我勉强用洗脸池边的铬纸巾盒照自己的模样，看一看那缠着绷带的脑袋。（卫生间里没有镜子可用。）我的脸显得很肿很红，左眼看上去像是藏在瘢痕组织下面的小气球。为什么我如此不幸？

实际上，最疼的时候就是为了防止感染一天两次的冲洗创面治疗。一个匿名诗人曾经把疼痛称作“千齿恶魔”。那种刺痛，粗糙的纱布摩擦暴露的神经末梢那一阵阵的疼痛，无以