


* 英汉对照 *

英语美文

追求幸福 
Our Pursuit of Happiness



青島出版社

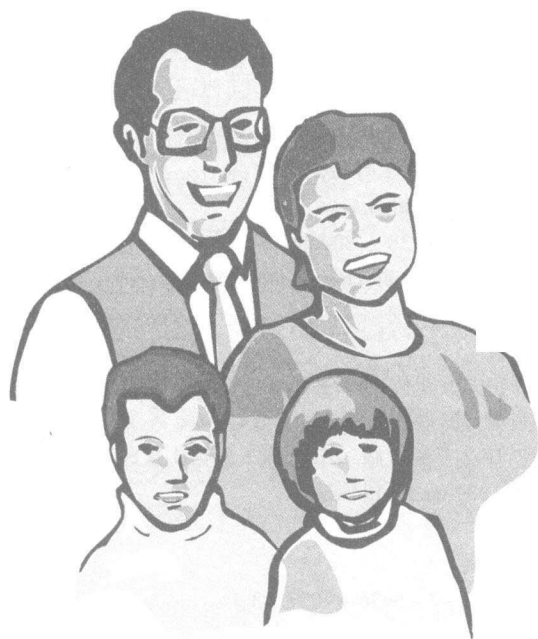
如遇美文，观其形，识其美，知其意，字斟句酌，
细细品味，方能悟人世之真实而感世间之悲喜。

英 语 美 又

—— 追求幸福

主 编 徐莉娜

副主编 王 静 王海峻



青岛出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

追求幸福/徐莉娜主编. —青岛:青岛出版社,2007.2

(英语美文)

ISBN 978-7-5436-4057-3

I. 追… II. 徐… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物 ②散文-作品集-世界-现代
IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2007)第 012326 号

书 名 英语美文 ——追求幸福
主 编 徐莉娜
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 (0532)85840228 80998642 传真(0532) 85814750
责任编辑 王超明 E-mail:chaomingwang@163.com
视觉设计 喻 鹏
插画设计 王雪枚
照 排 青岛正方文化传播有限公司
印 刷 山东新华印刷厂临沂厂
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 10.2
字 数 200 千
书 号 ISBN 978-7-5436-4057-3
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



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，启思美思，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时候,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



Our Pursuit of Happiness

Lynn Peters

We chase after it, when it is waiting all about us.

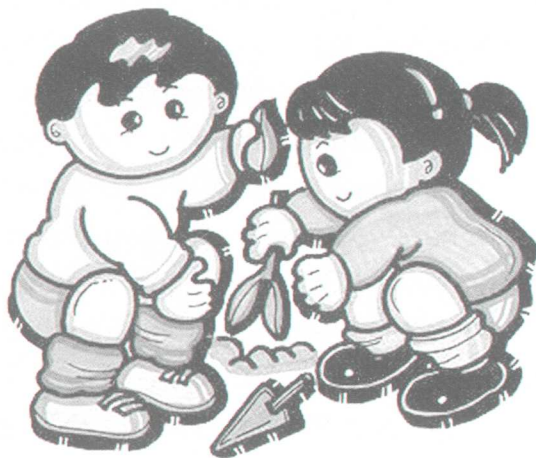
“ARE YOU HAPPY?” I asked my brother, Ian, one day. “Yes. No. It depends what you mean,” he said.

“Then tell me,” I said, “when was the last time you think you were happy?”

“April 1967,” he said.

It served me right for putting a serious question to someone who has joked his way through life. But Ian’s answer reminded me that when we think about happiness, we usually think of something extraordinary, a pinnacle of sheer delight—and those pinnacles seem to get rarer the older we get.

For a child, happiness has a magical quality. I remember making hide-outs in newly-cut hay, playing cops and robbers in the woods, getting a speaking part in the school play. Of course, kids also experience lows, but their delight at such peaks of pleasure as winning a race or getting a new bike is unreserved.



In the teen-age years the concept of happiness changes. Suddenly it’s conditional



on such things as excitement, love, popularity and whether that zit will clear up before prom night. I can still feel the agony of not being invited to a party that almost everyone else was going to. But I also recall the ecstasy of being plucked from obscurity at another event to dance with a John Travolta look-alike.

In adulthood the things that bring profound joy—birth, love, marriage—also bring responsibility and the risk of loss. Love may not last, sex isn't always good, loved ones die. For adults, happiness is complicated.

My dictionary defines happy as “lucky” or “fortunate”, but I think a better definition of happiness is “the capacity for enjoyment”. The more we can enjoy what we have, the happier we are. It's easy to overlook the pleasure we get from loving and being loved, the company of friends, the freedom to live where we please, even good health.

I added up my little moments of pleasure yesterday. First there was sheer bliss when I shut the last lunchbox and had the house to myself. Then I spent an uninterrupted morning writing, which I love. When the kids came home, I enjoyed their noise after the quiet of the day.

Later, peace descended again, and my husband and I enjoyed another pleasure—intimacy. Sometimes just the knowledge that he wants me can bring me joy.

You never know where happiness will turn up next. When I asked friends what made them happy, some mentioned seemingly insignificant moments. “I hate shopping,” one friend said. “But there's this clerk who always chats and really cheers me up.”

Another friend loves the telephone. “Every time it rings, I know someone is thinking about me.”

I get a thrill from driving. One day I stopped to let a school bus turn onto a side road. The driver grinned and gave me a thumbs-up sign. We were two allies in a world of mad motorists. It made me smile.

We all experience moments like these. Too few of us register them as happiness. Psychologists tell us that to be happy we need a blend of enjoyable leisure time and sat-



isfying work. I doubt that my great-grandmother, who raised 14 children and took in washing, had much of either. She did have a network of close friends and family, and maybe this is what fulfilled her. If she was happy with what she had, perhaps it was because she didn't expect life to be very different.

We, on the other hand, with so many choices and such pressure to succeed in every area, have turned happiness into one more thing we “gotta have”. We're so self-conscious about our “right” to it that it's making us miserable. So we chase it and equate it with wealth and success, without noticing that the people who have those things aren't necessarily happier.



While happiness may be more complex for us, the solution is the same as ever. Happiness isn't about what happens to us—it's about how we perceive what happens to us. It's the knack of finding a positive for every negative, and viewing a setback as a challenge. It's not wishing for what we don't have, but enjoying what we do possess.



追求幸福

利恩·比得斯

我们追求幸福,幸福就在我们身边。

“你幸福吗?”一天我问哥哥,艾安。他说:“幸福。不幸福。这要看你指什么。”



“那么告诉我，”我说，“上次你感到自己很幸福是在什么时候？”

“1967年4月。”他说。

艾安向来爱开玩笑，向这样的人提出正经八百的问题，我真是自讨没趣。不过，艾安的回答使我意识到一谈起幸福我们往往就会联想到非同寻常的事——令人欣喜若狂的事。然而，年纪越大，能叫我们欣喜若狂的事就越少。

对孩子来说，幸福具有神奇的魔力。我记得在刚刚割下的草堆里捉迷藏，在小树林里玩警察抓强盗的游戏，在学校里得到一个有台词的角色，都会让我大为开心快活。当然，孩子也有情绪低落的时候，但是赢得一次赛跑、得到一辆新自行车诸如此类的事就能使他们乐不可支。

到了十七八岁，人们对幸福就有了不同的看法。幸福忽然变得有了条件，如刺激、爱情、知名度，就连脸上的青春痘在舞会之夜前能否消失都会成为幸福与否的条件。有一次聚会几乎人人都参加了，而我却没受到邀请，我至今仍感到当时的痛苦。而在另一次聚会上一个酷似约翰·特拉瓦尔特的人把不引人注目的我请了出来与他共舞，我现在也还能感受到当时那激动、喜悦的心情。

在成年时期，诸如生育、爱情、婚姻这样的事给人们带来莫大的幸福，同时也带来责任和失却拥有的风险。爱情也许不会持久，性生活并不总是美好的，心爱的人会死去。对成年人来说，幸福是个很复杂的概念。

我的辞典给“幸福”下的定义是“幸运”、“好运”，但是我认为对幸福更好的解释是“能够乐在其中”。我们越能乐在其中，就越幸福。施人以爱，被人所爱，友人相伴，对住所的选择随心所欲，乃至身体健康，这一切所带来的快乐都易为人们忽略。

我历数了昨日里点点滴滴的快乐。首先，盖上最后一个快餐盒。独处家中时，我感到幸福无比。继而，整个上午我都在写作，无人打扰——我喜欢写作。清静了一天之后，孩子们回到家中，吵吵嚷嚷的声音真叫我开心。

此后，宁静再次降临。我和丈夫沉浸在另一种快乐之中——亲亲热热。有时只要知道他需要我就能让我感到幸福。

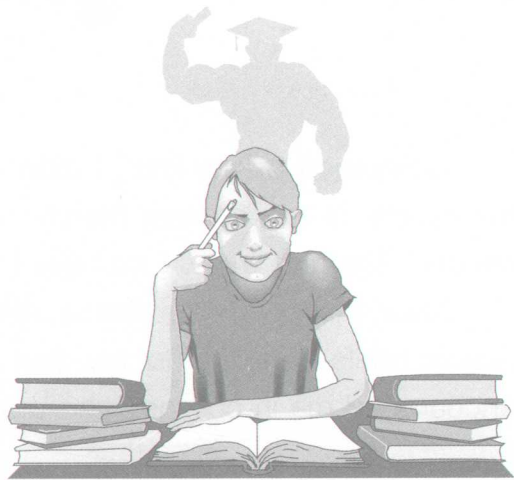


幸福会何处再现，你无从知晓。我曾问朋友什么事让他们感到幸福，有些朋友所提之事似乎微不足道——“我讨厌购物。”我的一个朋友说，“但是，有个店员总爱聊天，他真叫我开心。”

另一个朋友喜欢接听电话——“每次电话铃响，我就知道有人惦记着我。”

开车令我感到刺激。一天，我停下车为一辆要拐上岔路的校车让路，那位司机咧嘴笑着，冲我赞赏地竖起了大拇指。在车疯子的世界里我俩以礼相待，想到此我笑了。

诸如此类的事我们都经历过，然而，却没有多少人视之为幸福。心理学家说享有休闲娱乐的时光，拥有令人满意的工作，二者兼备，我们才能感到幸福。我的曾祖母养育了 14 个子女，以洗衣为生。我不相信她能有多少闲暇时光，她的工作能让她感到多么满意。但是，她有一个亲朋密友圈，有一个和睦的家庭，也许这就令她心满意足了。如果说她满足于现状，也许是因为她不指望生活有什么大的变化。



然而，我们面对如此众多的选择，事事力求成功，所以就把幸福看作是“必须实现的”一个又一个目标。总认为自己理当幸福，生活就难尽如人意。于是，我们追求幸福，把幸福同财富、成功相提并论，却没有注意到享有成功和财富的人未必更幸福。

虽然幸福对我们来说也许更为复杂，但是，获得幸福的途径亘古不变。幸福不是取决于我们生活中发生了什么事——它取决于如何看待所发生的事。化消极为积极，视挫折为挑战，这就是妙诀。幸福不是期求所缺，而是享受拥有。

（徐莉娜译）

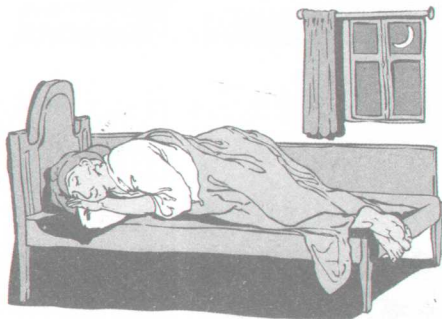


Mom's Last Laugh

Robin Lee Shope

Consumed by my loss, I didn't notice the hardness of the pew where I sat. I was at the funeral of my dearest friend—my mother. She finally had lost her long battle with cancer. The hurt was so intense; I found it hard to breathe at times.

Always supportive, Mother clapped loudest at my school plays, held a box of tissues while listening to my first heartbreak, comforted me when my father died, encouraged me in college, and prayed for me my entire life.



When Mother's illness was diagnosed, my sister had a new baby and my brother had recently married his childhood sweetheart, so it fell to me, the twenty-seven-year-old middle child without entanglements, to take care of her. I counted it as an honor.

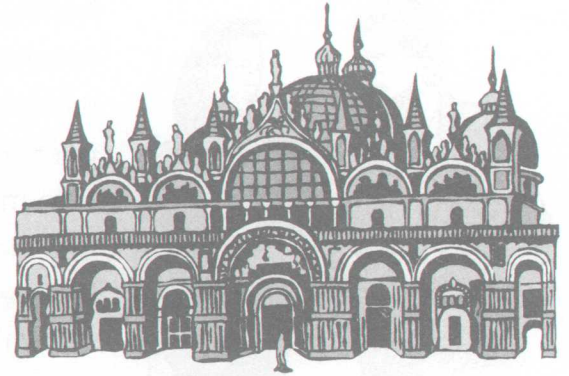
"What now, Lord?" I asked, sitting in the church. My life stretched out before me as an empty abyss.

My brother sat stoically with his face toward the cross while clutching his wife's hand. My sister sat slumped against her husband's shoulder, his arms around her as she cradled their child. All so deeply grieving, they didn't seem to notice that I sat alone.



My place had been with our mother, preparing her meals, helping her walk, taking her to the doctor, seeing to her medication, reading the Bible together. Now she was with the Lord. My work was finished, and I was alone.

I heard a door open and slam shut at the back of the church. Quick footsteps hurried along the carpeted floor. An exasperated young



man looked around briefly and then sat next to me. He folded his hands and placed them on his lap. His eyes were brimming with tears. He began to sniffle.

“I’m sorry I’m late,” he explained, though no explanation was necessary. After several eulogies, he leaned over and commented, “Why do they keep calling Mary by the name of ‘Margaret’?”

“Because Margaret was her name. Never Mary. No one called her ‘Mary’,” I whispered. I wondered why this person couldn’t have sat on the other side of the church. He kept interrupting my grieving with his tears and fidgeting. Who was this stranger anyway?

“No, that isn’t correct,” he insisted, as several people glanced over at us whispering. “Her name is Mary, Mary Peters.”

“That isn’t whose funeral this is.”

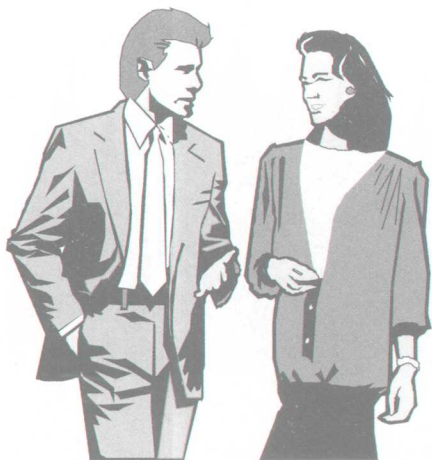
“Isn’t this the Lutheran church?”

“No, the Lutheran church is across the street.”

“Oh.”

“I believe you’re at the wrong funeral, sir.”

The solemn nature of the occasion mixed with the realization of the man’s mistake bubbled up inside me and erupted as laughter. I cupped my hands over my face,



hoping the noise would be interpreted as sobs. The creaking pew gave me away. Sharp looks from other mourners only made the situation seem more hilarious. I peeked at the bewildered, misguided man seated beside me. He was laughing, too, as he glanced around, deciding it was too late for an uneventful exit. I imagined Mother laughing.

At the final “Amen”, we darted out a door and into the parking lot. “I do believe we’ll be the talk of the town,” he smiled. He said his name was Rick and since he had missed his aunt’s funeral, he asked me to join him for a cup of coffee.

That afternoon began a lifelong journey for me with this man, who attended the wrong funeral, but was in the right place. A year after our meeting, we were married at a country church where he was the assistant pastor. This time we both arrived at the same church, right on time.

In my time of sorrow, God gave me laughter. In place of loneliness, God gave me love. This past June we celebrated our twenty-second wedding anniversary.

Whenever anyone asks us how we met, Rick tells them, “Her mother and my aunt Mary introduced us, and it’s truly a match made in heaven.”



母亲最后一次笑

罗宾·里·素伯

葬礼上,我沉浸在悲痛中,丝毫觉察不到我坐的长椅有多么硬。我最亲密的朋友——母



亲，离我而去。她长期与癌魔抗争，最终还是撒手人寰。我万分悲痛，时而感到透不过气来。

母亲一直支持着我。我在学校演出时，她掌声拍得最响；听我第一次倾诉痛苦时，她手里拿着一盒纸巾；父亲去世时，她给我安慰；上大学时，她给我鼓励；她祈求上帝保佑我终生。

母亲的病确诊后，姐姐刚刚分娩，弟弟刚刚与青梅竹马的女友结了婚。我 27 岁，排行老二，无牵无挂，照料母亲的任務就落在我身上，我引以为荣。

坐在教堂里，我问上帝：“主啊，我现在该怎么办呢？”我今后的生活犹如坠入了空荡荡的无底深渊。

弟弟紧握着妻子的手，面对十字架坐着，极力克制着自己。姐姐坐在丈夫身边，倚靠着他的肩头，抱着孩子；丈夫搂着她。所有的人都陷入了深深的悲痛，好像谁都没注意到形单影只的我。

我一直与母亲相依相伴，为她做饭，搀扶着她走路，带她看医生，陪她化疗，与她一起读圣经。现在她与主在一起，我的任务也完成了，但我却成了孤身一人。

我听见身后教堂的门开了，又“砰”的一声关上了。铺着地毯的地板传来了急匆匆的脚步声。一位面带懊恼的年轻男子扫了一眼教堂，在我身旁坐下。他把手抱在一起放在腿上，眼含泪水，抽泣了起来。

“对不起，我来迟了。”他解释道，虽然这解释没有必要。他喃喃地追悼了亡灵之后，探过身来问：“他们为什么老是把玛丽叫作玛葛莉特？”

“因为玛葛莉特是她的名字。她从来没用过‘玛丽’这个名字。没人叫过她‘玛丽’。”我轻声答道，纳闷这人为什么不坐到教堂的那一边去，却在这儿哭泣、躁动，打扰我寄托哀思。可这陌生人是谁呢？

我们小声说话时，几个人扫了我们一眼。“不，不对，”他还是一个劲儿地低声说，“她叫玛丽，玛丽·彼得斯。”

“这不是你说的那个人的葬礼。”



“难道这不是鲁德仁教堂吗？”

“不是，鲁德仁教堂在马路的那一边。”

“啊！”

“我想这一定不是你要参加的葬礼，先生。”

葬礼庄严肃穆，但意识到这个人走错了门，我忍不住笑出声来。我用手捂着脸，希望别人把我的笑声当作哭声。长椅吱嘎作响，引起了别人的注意，招来了严厉的目光，这情形因此显得更加滑稽可笑。我透过指缝偷看坐在我身边这位走错了门、茫然不知所措的男子，他环视着四周也笑了。他一定认为要悄悄地离开已为时太晚。我想母亲也一定在笑。

“阿门！”葬礼结束了。我们冲出门去，跑到停车场上。“人们一定会议论我们的。”他微笑着说。他告诉我他叫瑞克，说既然已错过了他婶婶的葬礼，那么就请我和他一起喝咖啡。

我与这位男子漫长的生命之旅就始于那天下午，他走错了教堂，却找到了合适的位置。我们相遇一年后，在一个乡村教堂举行了婚礼。他是那个教堂的助理牧师。这次我俩都到了同一个教堂，而且非常准时。

在我悲痛的时候，上帝赐予我欢笑；在我孤单的时候，上帝赐予我爱情。今年6月，我们庆贺第22个结婚纪念日。

只要有人问我们是怎么认识的，瑞克就会告诉他们：“她母亲和我婶婶玛丽是我们的媒人。这完全是一个由天国缔结的婚姻。”

(徐莉娜译)



Going Home

Wulagi

The girl was standing off the road on the edge of the spear grass. She didn't signal me to stop in any way, but when I saw her shoulders slump as I passed my foot just slipped off the accelerator and the car slowed. I reversed and wound down the passenger window.

"Are you OK?"

"Pretty tired, mister, come 'long way'."

I motioned her forward until her head was at the door. She looked dirty and exhausted.

"You need a lift somewhere?"

Her face brightened and with a nod of her head she indicated the way I was traveling. "Near the crossing, big fallin' rock lying in the creek. That place."

"I know the rock," I said. It was about half hour's drive.

"Get in, I'll take you home." I didn't usually offer lifts and don't know why I did this time.

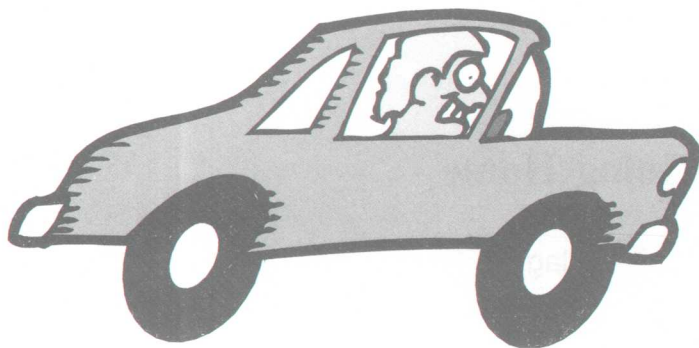
"Thank you, mister."

Gingerly lifting her sore, bare feet she sat next to me, slowly sank into the backrest and put her hands together in her lap.

The posture reminded me of nuns so as we rejoined the road I spoke.

"Have you been in school?"





She turned back to watch as in the distance the country was changing from flat flood plain to rocky outcrops. She looked to the approaching hills and seemed to brighten with recognition.

“That’s my mother’s country there, mister.”

She fell quiet again with a frown. Her hands found each other back in her lap and began to churn.

“Does anyone know you’re coming home?” I asked.

She shrugged. “My little brother said he’d wait for me there.”

We swept around a sprawling mesa and came across the creek. A large chunk of rock face had broken away eons ago and rested like a huge arrowhead pointing down the waterway that had little billabongs dotted along its well worn course.

The girl was excited now as the car left the road and came to a gravelly stop on the other side of the little bridge. She hopped out, and bowed her head toward me.

“Bin traveling long time, mister, thanks for the ride home.”

She waved and I couldn’t help but smile as she disappeared from view.

Days later on my return journey I stopped again to look at the rock. An old blackfella appeared as I stood lost in thought.

“Mate,” he said with a strong voice as he offered his hand.

A little spooked, I shook hands.

“Bin waiting for you to come back, mate.” He nodded in the direction of a small camp under the bridge. A campfire sent wisps of smoke barely noticeable into the air