

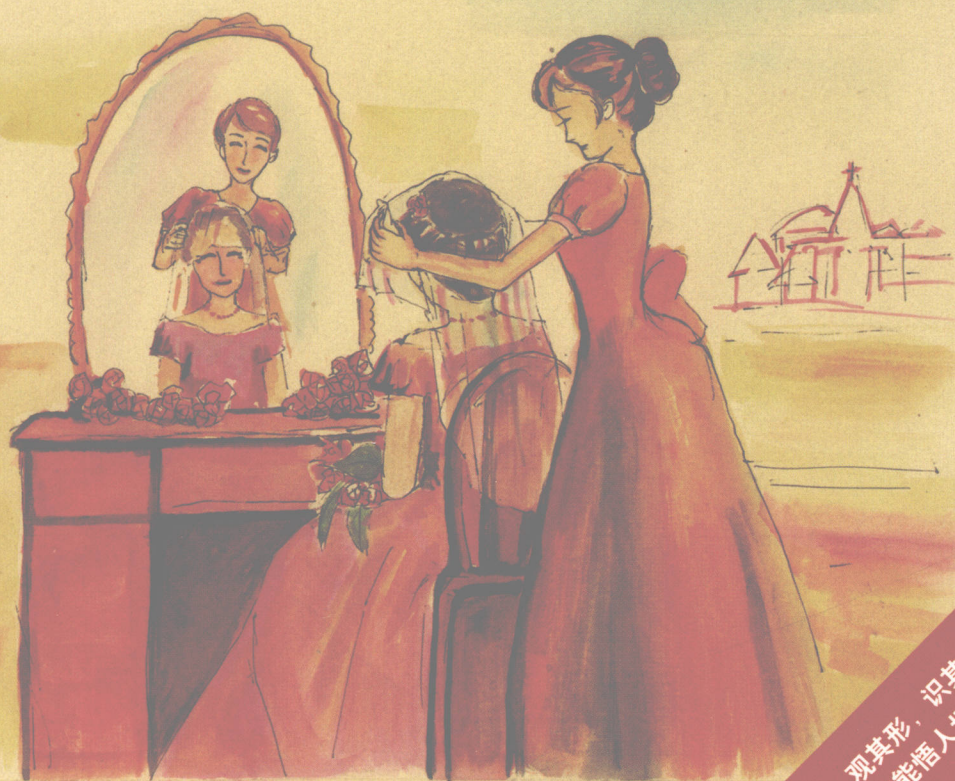
\* 英汉对照 \*

# 英语美文



## 新娘的女儿

*Daughter of the Bride*



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凉。

# 英语美人

## ——新娘的女儿

主 编 徐莉娜

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青岛出版社

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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



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## Daughter of the Bride

Molly Hulett

My mom announced her engagement on my answering machine. It was one of those rare middle-of-the-night phone calls delivering good news, and I missed it. Submerged in a flu-induced New Year's Eve hibernation, my husband and I had turned off the phone ringers that evening and called it a year.

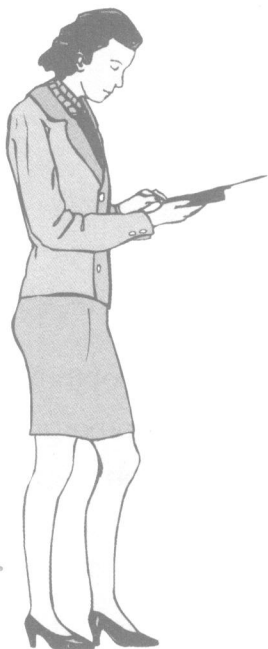
I played the message the next morning, expecting to hear loud greetings from a missed party. Instead, I heard my mom's happily tearful voice announcing the perfect introduction to a new millennium: She was getting married after more than a dozen years of single parenthood, self-taught independence, and dating misadventures.

I immediately phoned home, hating the hundreds of miles between us. This kind of news is best relished in a kitchen counter conversation—a lengthy, looping, mother-daughter discussion held while perched atop the kitchen counters, preferably with ice cream.

When my mom answered the phone, I let out a celebratory shriek and burst into tears. It is an inherited response. Wordless joy, overflowing pride, abundant surprise are all tear-worthy in our emotional shorthand. As my mom described the evening's







events that had led to Paul's proposal, memories clicked like so many slides across a silent screen, a progression of shifting relationships that defined personal evolutions.

I remembered my mom curling into bed with me the night that she and my dad announced their separation, anchoring me in love even as she spiraled into unknowable grief.

I remembered telling my mom about my own engagement as we waded in the balmy curve of currents off the Florida Keys, hugging and laughing under an October sun.

I remembered driving my mom to her surprise fiftieth birthday party and watching her walk into a room of women who were family by choice, friends through school, weddings, baby-sitting club, Lake Michigan summers, and unexpected transitions.

I remembered watching my mom speak at her mother's funeral, now a motherless daughter after years of tackling the daily, open-hearted tasks of parenting a parent.

I remembered my mom preparing for her first date with Paul, wary of yet another endless dinner with a stranger who might drone about himself through dessert and then calculate her share of the bill to the penny.

Instead, the dinner had opened a relationship that encompasses past lives, laughter, loss, grown children, compromise, and hope. I listened long-distance to my mom's giddiness and incredulity at meeting such a gentle, thoughtful man—especially now, a beginning after so many endings.

As months went by, I felt like a junior high school confidante, an eager accomplice in the unfurling he-said/she-said girl talk that somehow makes a relationship feel more real. I even fell a little in love myself. How could I not adore the man who so clearly com-



plements my mother?

And now my mom is getting married. This time, she is a bride without the veil, trousseau, or parents to give her away. While she is quite capable of giving herself away, I somehow feel responsible for my mom's heart. For better or for worse, I am a maternal daughter, always taking care, watching out, keeping the peace.

As an unmatronly matron of honor who has a thirty-year history with the bride, I feel I am giving part of the woman I know to Paul. This woman who loves chocolate elairs, golden retrievers, and late afternoons at the beach with a good book. This woman who is the first to ask what she can do for you, roots for Indiana University basketball, and is always grammatically correct. This woman who sleeps too little, gives too much, and has a gift for hearing what is unsaid.

I think a certain amount of grace is inherent in any transition. For so many years, my mom has been that grace for me, propelling me forward with unconditional love. Now, it is my turn. Next month, when my mom says, "I do," I want her to know that I do, too.



## 新娘的女儿

莫利·休利特

妈妈在电话留言里宣布了她订婚的消息。这样的午夜报喜电话并不常有,但却让我错过



了。那个除夕的夜晚,因患流感,我和丈夫关掉了电话铃声,沉沉入睡,一年到此为止。

第二天早晨,我打开了电话留言,由于没参加聚会,我想听一听朋友们大声的新年问候,但电话里传出的却是母亲喜极而泣的声音。这个声音宣布了新千年最完美的开端:她,一个单身母亲,命途多舛,但却学会了自立,寡居十多年,现在就要结婚了。

我立刻给家里挂了电话。可恨我们相隔数百英里。这种事最适合在橱柜边聊——母女俩坐在橱柜上,娓娓倾诉,百谈不厌。边聊边吃冰激凌最为惬意。



母亲接听了电话,我高声祝贺,不禁泪涌眼眶。这是天性的反应。眼泪是我们情绪的第一反应,无言的喜悦、不可抑制的骄傲、极度的吃惊都会使人流泪。母亲细细叙说了那天晚上的事情,一直说到后来保罗的求婚。记忆犹如幻灯片,一幕幕地滑过了无声的屏幕。她回忆了两人关系发展的关键性变化过程。

我记得父母宣布离异的那个夜晚,母亲和我蜷缩在床上,即使陷入了莫名的悲伤,她依然让我停泊在爱的港湾。

我仍记得告诉母亲我订婚消息时的情景。当时,我俩在佛罗里达群岛,头顶十月的阳光,脚踏温暖的波涛,拥抱着,欢笑着。

我依然记得母亲 50 岁生日聚会那天我带给她的惊喜。我注视着走进房间,满屋来宾都是女性亲朋好友:有应邀而来的邻里亲戚,有校友,有参加过婚礼的朋友,有临时看孩子俱乐部的朋友,有在密歇根湖夏日度假期间认识的朋友,还有生活意外变化中结识的朋友。

我还记得母亲——一个失去母亲的女儿——在外祖母葬礼上致悼词的情景。此前,她尽心尽责地赡养自己的母亲,常年照料着老人的生活。

我忘不了母亲跟保罗初次约会前的情景。她满腹心事,担心那又将是一次没完没了的晚



餐，听一个陌生男人喋喋不休地谈论自己的事情，也许他会一直谈到餐后甜点的结束，然后她就与她分摊餐费，一分一厘毫不含糊。

然而，那次晚餐却是一个开端，它建立起了一种关系。这种关系包括了过去的的生活、所乐和所失、成年的子女、双方的让步和希望。我听着远方母亲欣喜若狂的声音，她说遇上这样温文尔雅、体贴周到的男人真是难以置信——尤其是现在，几经挫折后，终于有了一个新的开端。

几个月过去了，我觉得自己就像母亲的初中密友，像一个迫不及待打开话头的女孩，津津乐道于“他说”、“她说”的话题，因为这类谈话多少使得他们之间的关系更明确了。我甚至觉得自己都有点坠入了爱河。我怎能不喜爱这个无疑成了母亲另一半的男人呢？

母亲就要结婚了。这次，是一个不穿婚纱的新娘，一个无嫁妆相随、也没有父母相伴的新娘。但是，她是个合格的新娘，我可以相信，在把自己交给对方的同时，母亲也交出了自己的心。无论如何，我都是母亲的女儿，我要永远照顾母亲，关注她的生活，保持家庭和睦的气氛。

虽然尚未婚嫁，但跟新娘息息相处 30 年，我便成了首席女宾相。作为伴娘，我觉得自己把新娘身上我所了解的那部分交给了保罗：这个女人爱吃埃克莱尔巧克力，喜欢金毛寻回犬，黄昏时分喜欢在海边读一本好书。这个女人总是先关心你的需要，她总是为印第安纳大学篮球队喝彩加油，她的语法从来不出错。这个女人睡眠过少，干活太多。她善于听出话外音、言外意。

我想生活的任何变化都带有某种恩赐。这么多年来，母亲对我就是一种恩赐。她以无条件的爱鼓励我前进。现在该我鼓励她了。下个月，母亲说“我愿意”时，我想让她知道我也愿意。

（徐莉娜译）



## Dial 000

Barry Rosenberg

“Hello. Is that the police?”

“Who’s speaking, please?”

“I’m going to commit suicide. Does my name matter?”

“Press one for suicide, two for assault and three for other.”

“What?”

“Press one for suicide, two for...”

“OK, OK! I heard you. I’m going to press one.”

Doug savaged his mobile. “Hello, police? Suicide Section?”

“Who’s speaking, please?”

“What? I just spoke to you.”

“Ah, yes, one for suicide.”

Doug glared at his mobile. “You mean whatever number I press, I get back to you?”

“Yes.”

“But why?”

“It’s for our files.”

“Your files! I’m about to throw myself over the cliff and all you care about are your files!”





“Thank you for understanding, sir. Now, what is your name, please?”

“My name? I’m jumping. What does my name matter?”

“I’m sorry, sir. The files need it.”

“The files! The files!” Doug stamped his foot. A rock sailed down. He hastily stepped back and mumbled, “Doug, Doug Wood.”

“Thank you,” said the cheerful voice. “Is that Wood as in wood or Would as in could?”

Doug sighed, “That’s it. I’m going to jump now, right now, and on your head be it.”

“You’re going to jump on my head? Oh, no, sir, I’d rather you didn’t. And what is your address, sir?”

“Address? For the files?” Doug shrieked. “How about cloud nine, heaven? Yes, that’s it, heaven.” He scowled. “No, hell. I live in hell.”

“What number hell, sir?”

“What number!”

“Sorry, just my little joke. Now, sir, your real address?”

Doug gazed at the roiling waves. “Lovers’ Leap, Sunshine Coast.”

“Sunshine Coast? Sunshine Coast? Right, got it. Lovers’ Leap? Lovers’ Leap? No, I can’t find it. Where are you near?”

Doug’s black mood turned red. “You don’t know Lovers’ Leap? You can’t be on the Sunshine Coast? Where are you? Brisbane? Sydney?”

“I’m sorry, sir, but I can’t tell you that.”

“Just nod,” Doug snarled. “Melbourne? Perth? Darwin?” Suddenly, it clicked and he burst into crazed laughter. “You’re in India, aren’t you? I’ve been shunted to a call







center in Bombay. You're not even a policeman or anything."

"I am an anything," the voice said with dignity.

"That's it precisely," Doug snapped. "You're an anything. Any accent, any profession. Any sex, too. So what's your name? What's your real accent?"

"Actually," the voice sang, "I am being Govinda of Poona."

"Poona! That little dump."

"It is not being so little, sir."

"On the death road from Bombay!"

"Our drivers are being very good, sir."

"Yeah, sure."

"Except maybe during monsoon season."

"Your drivers are like your cricketers."

"Our cricketers, sir," Govinda said icily, "are being the best in the world."

"Yeah, sure. You mean like Dal Chapatti, top spinner? And he couldn't bowl a maiden over."

"Sir," Govinda enunciated, "will you be jumping or will I be getting someone to push

you?"

"Oh, yeah, press four for push. India couldn't beat a team of eleven arthritics."

"We could if we used Australian methods."

"Yeah, straight shooting?"

"No, straight bribing."

"What're you saying?"

"Australia is only winning because of bigger bribes."

"You... what? How... how dare you? I'm going to fly straight to Poona and push





your nose right down your throat. ”

“You and who’s eleven? Before or after you jump?”

“Jump? Jump? Who said anything about jumping? I’m going to get a job, save up and come to punch you out. ”

“Just dial triple zero and press one. ”

“Not! Bloody! Likely!”

Doug closed the phone. OK, so Mary had left him. He could deal with that. So? He’d left his job. He could get that back. But insult Ozzie cricket? No way! He didn’t have to jump. He’d see to that cheeky cricket phony.

From an unmarked police car, Sergeant Govinda watched through binoculars as Doug stalked away. He dialed a number. A policeman at the base of Lovers’ Leap answered his mobile. “Put the net away,” Govinda said. “The psychologist was right. Confrontational Therapy does work. ”



## 拨打 000

巴瑞·罗森博格

“喂,是警察吗?”

“请问,哪一位?”

“我要自杀,姓名还重要吗?”

“自杀请按 1,遭袭击请按 2,其他请按 3。”



“什么?”

“自杀请按1,遭袭击……”

“好啊,好啊!听见了。我就按1。”道格狂暴地拨着手机号码,“喂,警察吗?自杀部门吗?”



“请问,哪位?”

“什么?刚才接听电话的就是你啊!”

“哦,是的,自杀请按1。”

道格瞪着手机。“你的意思是无论我拨哪个号,都会打到你这里来?”

“是的。”

“为什么?”

“这是我们档案管理的需要。”

“你们的档案!我就要跳崖自杀了,你却只管谈什么你们的档案!”

“谢谢你能理解我们,先生。那么,请问你叫什么?”

“我的名字?我就要跳崖了,我的名字有什么用?”

“很抱歉,先生。档案需要名字。”

“档案!档案!”道格跺着脚。一块岩石落下了山崖。

道格急忙退了几步,嘟嘟囔囔地说道:“道格,道格·伍德。”

“谢谢。”对方愉快地说道,“是队伍的‘伍’还是武装的‘武’?”

道格叹了口气说:“够了,我马上就要跳下去了,但愿能跳到你头上。”

“你要跳到我头上?哦,不,先生。我可不想让你跳到我头上。你的地址,先生?”

“地址?填入档案?”道格高声叫起来,“九重霄,天堂,如何?对,就是那儿,家在天堂。”

道格蹙起眉头。“不,地狱,我住在地狱。”

“地狱的门牌号是多少,先生?”