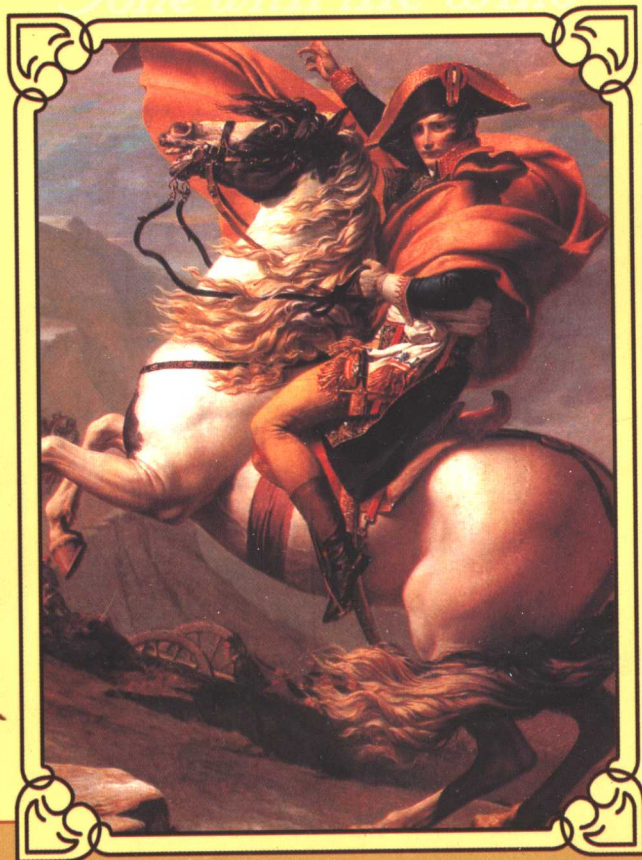


英·语·翻·译·与·阅·读·教·材

英语名篇赏析

主 编 李佳新 王晓冬



哈尔滨工程大学出版社

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内 容 简 介

本书主要以英美文学经典名篇为主,通过点评与分析,更进一步加深对这些经典作品的理解,旨在使高校在校大学生提高英语赏析能力,同时适应四、六级考试要求,提高英语写作能力及翻译水平,同时本书也可供英语专业学生、研究生以及高校英语教师作为写作或翻译教材,也是英语爱好者的良师益友。

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前 言

《英语名篇赏析》这本书,选编了英美国家不同时代的经典名著,同时也编入了当代鲜活的时文。因此,这本书适用范围广泛,不仅适用于在校大学生、硕士生、博士生,也适用于英语爱好者及各级各类学校的英语教师。本书的编写有以下几个目的。

(1)拓宽视野,扩展知识面,提高跨文化交际能力,进而增强阅读理解能力。

(2)训练英语思维,本书中大量文章短小精悍,朗朗上口,易于背诵。通过背诵,可以体会英语的音韵点,它是一个语言知识和语言材料逐步内化的过程。

(3)提高写作能力,做到上面第一点,可以增加词汇量;做到第二点,可模仿名篇佳作,品味出它们千古流传的原因。因此,也是提高写作的有效途径。

在本书编写过程中,得到了各方面的大力支持,哈尔滨工程大学的王允老师在百忙之中对本书提出了宝贵的建议,也得到了哈尔滨工程大学出版社的大力支持,特此感谢!

在本书的编写过程中,李佳新老师和王晓冬老师负责组稿编写了前 40 篇文章,并分别编写 20 篇文章,各负担工作量为 10 万字,后 16 篇文章由荷宏莲老师和刘骥老师负责组稿编写,荷宏莲老师编写工作量为 5 万字,刘骥老师工作量为 3 万字。

由于时间仓促,难免有失误之处,敬请同行批评指正。

编 者

2004 年 8 月

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Of Study

Francis Bacon

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgement only by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend; *Abeunt studia in mores*. Nay, there is no stone nor impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs

and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

谈 读 书

读书以获乐趣,以显博学,以求才能。为获乐趣的读书,最常见于个人独处之时;为显博学的读书,表现于高谈阔论之中;而求才能的读书则用于鉴别和处理事务之中。虽然有经验的人能够分别处理或逐一判定事物的细节,然而对事物的整体把握、统筹安排则主要来自那些喜欢深思熟虑的人。在读书上花费太多的时间是一种惰性,把读书作为装点门面之用是矫情卖弄,而仅仅按照书本上的条文去鉴别事物则是学究气十足的教条习惯。读书可弥补天生的不足之处,而经验又完善书本知识。天生的才能就像自然界的花草树木,读过书后方才知应如何修剪移接;而书中所给予的指导如果没有实践经验作为范例就会太过笼统而没有益处。有一技之长的人轻视读书,无知的人羡慕读书,而明智的人运用读书所得,因为书本本身并不教导人如何运用,如何运用书本知识的奥妙不在书中,而在书外,全由观察实践而获得。读书时不能存心挑刺与作者唱反调,但也不能一概全信,也不能只为寻找名篇佳句以显博学,而应该仔细推敲。有些书只须浅尝辄止,有些书可以囫囵吞枣,只有少数的书要仔细品味和消化。也就是说,有些书只需要读其中的一部分,有些书可以粗略地读一下,少数书则要全读,而且要全神贯注,孜孜不倦地读。有些书可以请别人代读,摘取他人所作的要点,但这只限于那些主题不很重要或是价值不高的书籍,否则,经过别人摘录复述的书就像蒸馏水一样索然无味了。

读书让人变得充实,讨论让人更加机智,边读书边作笔记让人更加精确严谨。因此,不常作笔记的人就必须要有很强的记忆力,很少与人讨论的人就必须天资聪颖,很少读书的人就必须欺世有术,才能表现出他似乎懂得他并不知晓的事物。读历史使人聪明,读诗歌使人灵秀,数学使人变得周密,科学使人变得深刻,伦理学使人变得庄重,逻辑修辞学使人能言善辩。总之,所学到的东西都能影响人的性格。人的才智如果有障碍梗阻,可以通过读适当的书籍使之变得顺畅,正如身体上的疾病都可以通过适宜的运动逐渐消除。滚球对腰肾有利,射箭对胸肺有利,散步对肠

胃有利,骑马对头脑有利,其他运动也是如此。因此如果有人注意力不集中,可以让他读数学方面的书籍,因为在数学演算中需要全神贯注,如果稍有分神,则需重头再来;如果有人不善于辨别差异,可以让他读经院哲学方面的书籍,因为经院学究们都是些吹毛求疵的人;如果有人不善于以一事物去证明、阐述另一事物,可以让他读律师的案卷。这样,人们头脑中的任何缺陷都可以找到对症下药的补救方法。

The Winner Loses

G. Stein

We were spending the afternoon with our friends, Madame Pierlot and the d' Aiguys, in September 39' when France declared war on Germany — England had done it first. They all were upset but hopeful, but I was terribly frightened; I had been so sure there was not going to be war and here it was, it was war, and I made quite a scene. I said, "They shouldn't! They shouldn't!" and they were very sweet, and I apologized and said I was sorry but it was awful, and they comforted me — they, the French, who had so much at stake, and I had nothing at stake comparatively.

Well, that was a Sunday.

And then there was another Sunday and we were at Béon again that Sunday, and Russia came into the war and Poland was smashed and I did not care about Poland, but it did frighten me about France — oh dear, that was another Sunday.

And then we settled down to a really wonderful winter.

We did not know that we were going to stay all winter. There is no way of heating this stone house except by open fires, and we are in the mountains, there is a great deal of snow, and it is cold; but gradually we stayed. We had some coal, enough for the kitchen stove, and one grate fire that we more or less kept burning day and night, and there is always plenty of wood here as we are in wooded mountains, so gradually we stayed the winter. The only break was a forty-eight-hour run to Paris to get our winter clothing and arrange our affairs and then we were back for the winter.

Those few hours in Paris made us realize that the country is a better place in war than a city. They grow the things to eat right where you are, so there is no privation, as taking it away is difficult, particularly in the mountains, so there was plenty of meat and potatoes and bread and honey and we had some sugar and we even had all the oranges and lemons we needed and dates; a little short of gasoline for the car, but we learned to do what we wanted with that little, so we settled down to a comfortable and pleasantly exciting winter.

I had not spent a winter in the country, in the real country, since my childhood in California and I did enjoy it; there was snow, and moonlight, and I had to saw wood. There was plenty of wood to be had, but no men to saw it; and every day Basket II, our new poodle, and I took long walks. We took them by day and we took them in the evening, and as I used to wander around the country in the dark — because of course we had the blackout and there was no light anywhere, and the soldiers at the front were indulging in a kind of red Indian warfare all that winter — I used to wonder how anybody could get near without being seen, because I did get to be able to see every bit of the road and the fields beside them, no matter how dark it was.

There were a number of people all around spending the winter unexpectedly in the country, so we had plenty of society and we talked about the war, but not too much, and we had hired a radio wireless and we listened to it, but not too much, and the winter was all too soon over.

I had plenty of detective and adventure stories to read, Aix and Chambéry had them left over, and I bought a quantity every week, and there was an English family living near Yenne and they had books too, and we supplied each other.

One of the books they had I called the Bible; it was an astrological book called *The Last Year of War*, written by one Leonardo Blake. I burnt my copy the day of the signing of the armistice, but it certainly had been an enormous comfort to us all in between.

And so gradually spring came, a nice early spring, and all the men in the village had leave for agriculture and they all came home for a month, and nobody was very uneasy and nobody talked about the war, but nobody seemed to think that anything was going to happen. We all dug in our gardens and in the fields all day and every day, and March and April wore away.

There were slight political disturbances and a little wave of uneasiness, and Paul Reynaud, as the village said, began to say that there were not to be any more Sundays. The postoffice clerks were the first to have their Sundays taken away. The village said it as a joke, "Paul Reynaud says that there are not to be any more Sundays." As country people work Sundays anyway when there is work, they said it as a joke to the children and the young boys, "Paul Reynaud says that there are not to be any Sundays any more." By that time all the men who had had an agricultural leave were gone again, and April was nearly over.

The book of astrological predictions had predicted all these things, so we were all very well satisfied.

Beside these astrological predictions there were others, and the ones they talked about most in the country were the predictions of the curé d' Ars. Ars is in this department of the Ain, and the curé, who died about eighty years ago, became a saint; and he had predicted that this year there would be a war and the women would have to sow the grain alone, but that the war would be over in time for the men to get in the harvest; and so when Alice Toklas sometimes worried about how hot it would be all summer with the shutters closed all the evening I said, "Do not worry, the war will be over before then; they cannot all be wrong."

So the month of March and April went on. We dug in the garden, we had a lot of soldiers in Belley, the 13th Chasseurs and the Foreign Legion being fitted out for Norway; and then Sammy Stewart sent us an American Mixmaster at Easter and that helped make the cakes which were being made then for the soldiers and everybody, and so the time went on. Then it was more troublesome, the government changed — the book of prophecy said it would, so that was all right — and the soldiers left for Norway; and then our servant and friend Madame Roux had her only son, who was a soldier, of course, dying of meningitis at Annecy, and we forgot everything for two weeks in her trouble and then we woke up to there being a certain uneasiness.

The book of prophecy said that the month of May was the beginning of the end of the Nazis, and it gave the dates. They were all Tuesdays — well, anyway they were mostly Tuesdays — and they were going to be bad days for the Nazis, and I read the book every night in bed and everybody telephoned to ask what the book said and what the dates were, and the month began.

The dates the book gave were absolutely the dates the things happened.

The first was the German attack on the new moon, the seventh, and that was a Tuesday.

Tuesdays had begun.

Everybody was quiet; one of the farmers' wives — the richest of the farmers and our town councilor — was the only one who said anything. She always said, "*Ils avancent toujours, ces coquins-là.*" "The rascals are always coming on," she said.

There was nothing else to say and nobody said it, and then the Germans took Sedan.

That gave us all so bad a turn that nobody said anything; they just said how do

you do, and talked about that weather, and that was all — there was nothing to say.

I had been in Paris as a child of five at school, and that was only ten years after the Franco-Prussian War and the debacle which began with Sedan, and when we children swung on the chains around the Arc de Triomphe we were told that the chains were there so that no one could pass under it because the Germans had, and so the name Sedan was as terrible to me as it was to all the people around us and nobody said anything. The French are very conversational and they are always polite, but when there is really nothing to say they do not say anything. And there was nothing to say.

The next thing was that General Weygand was appointed the head of the army and he said if they could hold out a month it would be all right. Nobody said anything. Nobody mentioned Gamelin's name — nobody.

I once said to a farmer that Gamelin's nose was too short to make a good general, in France you have to have a real nose, and he laughed; there was no secrecy about anything, but there was nothing to say.

We had the habit of going to Chambéry to do our shopping once a week; we always went on Tuesdays because that suited best in every way, and so it was Tuesday, and nobody was very cheerful. We had a drink in a café, Vichy for me and pineapple juice for Alice Toklas, and we heard the radio going. "What's the news?" we asked mechanically, "Amiens has fallen," said the girl.

"Let's not believe it," I said: "you know they never hear it straight." So we went to the news bulletin, and there it was not written up, and we said to the girl in charge, "You know, they are putting out false news in the town; they told us Amiens was taken." "No," she said, "but I will go and ask." She came back; she said, "Yes, it is true."

We did not continue shopping, we just hurried home.

And then began the series of Tuesdays in which Paul Reynaud in a tragic voice told that he had something grave to announce.

That was that Tuesday.

And the next Tuesday was the treason of the Belgian king.

And he always announced it the same way, and always in the same voice.

I have never listened to the radio since.

It was so awful that it became funny.

Well, not funny, but they did all want to know if next Tuesday Paul Reynaud

would have something grave to announce.

And he did.

“Oh dear, what a month of May!” I can just hear Paul Reynaud’s voice saying that.

Madame Pierlot’s little granddaughter said not to worry, it was the month of the Virgin, and nothing begun in the month of Virgin could end badly; and the book of prophecy had predicted every date, but exactly. I used to read it every night; there was no mistake, but he said each one of these days was a step on in the destruction of the Third Reich, and here we were; I still believed, but here we were, one Tuesday after another; the dates were right, but oh dear!

Of course, as they were steadily advancing, the question of parachutists and bombing became more active. We had all gotten careless about lights, and wandering about, but now we were strict about lights, and we stayed at home.

胜 者 败

1939年9月的一个下午,正当我们跟我们的朋友皮埃洛太太和艾居伊一家消磨时间,法国宣战了——英国宣战在先。他们都心烦意乱然而满怀希望,我可吓坏了。我原来满以为不会有战争的,这下可好,要打仗,我发了一通火。我说:“不该!不该啊!”他们倒欣然赞同,我就致歉意,说对不起,但着实可怕,他们便安慰我——他们,这些法国人,风险大,而我相比之下并无风险。

那天是星期天。

又到了一个星期天。这个星期天我们又在贝翁,俄国参战;波兰被击溃;波兰我倒不关心,却叫我替法国担心——天啊,又是个星期天。

后来,我们安下心来过个真正美妙的冬天。

我们没想到我们会呆整个冬天的。这所石头房子只有烧明火才能使屋里暖和,山里雪多,天冷,但是我们渐渐地坚持了下去。我们有些煤,够烧厨房的炉灶。有一个壁炉里的火是不灭的,好歹能日夜不停地烧;这儿有的是木柴,因为我们就住在树林繁茂的山区,总算慢慢地熬过了冬天。惟一的间歇就是花上48小时去了一趟巴黎,添置冬装,办点事,再回来过冬。

在巴黎呆上几个钟头,使我们意识到战争期间乡下比城里好。吃的就出产在你住的地方,什么也不缺,要夺走很难,尤其是在山区,所以肉、土豆、面包、蜂蜜都很充足;我们也有白糖,甚至我们需要的香橙和柠檬也应有尽有,还有枣儿;就是车

用的汽油有点不够,不过我们学会了用那么一点做我们想做的事,所以我们安下心过个舒适、安乐而令人兴奋的冬天。

自从我在加州度过童年以来,还不曾在乡下,真正的乡下,过过冬天,我确实过得愉快。有雪,有月光,我还得锯木柴。这儿的木柴多得很,可是没人锯;我新养了一只卷毛狗,叫“篮子二号”,天天跟我一起出外遛弯儿,要遛很久。我们白天遛弯儿,傍晚也遛弯儿,常在黑夜到村野漫步——自然是因为灯火管制,到处都没灯,前线士兵在整个冬天是一个劲地打毫无部署的红印第安人式的战争——我常弄不懂,怎么可能人人都走到跟前了竟然没被发现,因为我后来不管天多黑,路和路边的田野我确实看得一清二楚。

没想到会在乡下过冬天的人还颇有一些,所以我们交往甚多,我们谈战争,不过谈得不很多,我们租了一架收音机听广播,但也听得不很多。冬天实在过得太快了。

我有不少侦探小说和历险故事可读,是艾克斯和钱伯利留下的,我每星期又买了许多,有一家英国人住在耶纳附近,也有书,我们便跟他们互通有无。

他们的书里有一本我称之为圣经的书,谈占星术,书名是《战争的最后一年》,是个叫列奥纳多·布雷克的人写的,在签停战协定的当天我就把它烧了,不过在没烧它之前它对我们大家都无疑是一大慰藉。

春天渐渐到来,是个明媚的早春,村里所有的男人都放农忙假,可以回家一个月,没人觉得有啥犯难也没人谈战争,可也没人去想会发生什么事。我们成天在我们的园子里和田里挖土翻地,天天挖,三月和四月渐渐过去。

稍微有点政治骚乱,也有点忧虑不安的风潮,据村里人说,保罗·雷诺说不能再有星期天了。首先是邮局职员的星期天被取消。村里人说:“保罗·雷诺说不再有星期天。”这话是当笑话说的,因为乡下人只要有活儿,哪管它星期天不星期天。他们把这话当笑话对小孩子和小伙子们说,“保罗·雷诺说不再有星期天。”等所有放农假的男人又出门了,四月快过完了。

那本占星书早把这些事预言过,所以我们都深感满意。

除了这些占星预言之外还有别的,在乡下人们谈得最多的就是阿尔斯教堂神甫的预言。阿尔斯就在安省,神甫大约死于80年前,后来成了圣人;他曾预言今年会有战乱,只剩下妇女去播种,不过战争会结束好让男人们去收庄稼。所以每当艾丽斯·托克拉斯担心到了夏天老得把百叶窗关得严严实实地过夜,那该多热的时候,我就说:“别担心,不到那时仗就打完了,那些预言绝对错不了。”

三月过去,接着是四月。我们在园子里翻地,贝莱有许多士兵,第13轻步兵团和外国军团已装备好,即将开赴挪威;复活节时,山密·斯梯华给我们寄来一部美国名牌和面机支援我们,好给士兵和大家制作糕点,这样日子一天一天过去。后来因

难渐多,换了政府——书上早有此预言,所以无妨——士兵开赴挪威;后来是我们的女仆兼朋友鲁太太的惟一的儿子,当然也当了兵,患脑膜炎死于安纳西,她遇此不幸,我们整整两个星期把什么事都忘了,清醒过来才感到有些忧虑不安。

那本书预言,五月是纳粹末日的开始,说了具体的日期。都是星期二——大多是星期二——那全是纳粹倒霉的日子,我每天晚上躺在床上看此书,人人打电话来问书上怎么说,说的是哪些日子;于是五月开始了。

书上说的日子正是出事的日子,分毫不差。

第一个是德国人在新月时进攻,五月七日,正好是个星期二。

星期二,一个接一个地来了。

人人沉默不语;只有一位农人——农人中最富的一位,是镇上的议员——的妻子不时说说,总是这句话,“*Ils avancent toujours, ces coquins-là.*”是说“这些坏蛋老是进攻。”

没别的什么可说,也没人说什么,后来德国人占领色当。

这给我们大家带来了坏变化,结果大家见面什么也不说了:只说声你好,然后就谈天气,就这些——没啥可说。

我五岁上学时是在巴黎,那时普法战争结束了不过10年。那场大灾难就是从色当开始的,当我们这些孩童在凯旋门四周的铁链上摇来荡去,别人便对我们说这里装了铁链,所以谁也别想过凯旋门,因为德国人已经过了。色当这名字使我害怕,也使我们周围所有的人害怕,所以没人说什么。法国人很健谈,总是很讲礼貌,不过实在无话可说时他们便什么也不说。是无话可说。

第二件事,是委任魏刚将军当陆军的首领;他说如果能坚持一个月就不会有事。没人说什么。没人提甘末林的名字——没人。

有一回我对一位农人说,甘末林的鼻子实在太短,成不了好将军,在法国得有一个真正的鼻子才行,他笑了;任何事都没有秘密,然而无话可说。

我们惯于每周去一趟尚贝里,买些东西;我们总是在星期二去,因为从各方面讲这一天最合适,所以是星期二,而谁也不是兴高采烈的。我们在咖啡馆喝了点儿饮料。我喝的维希矿泉水,艾丽斯·托克拉斯喝的菠萝汁。我们听见收音机在广播。“什么新闻?”我们机械地问。“亚眠沦陷了。”女招待说。

“别信,”我说,“你知道,他们这些人听广播总是听不清楚。”我们去看新闻公告牌,上面没有,我们便对管此事的女职员说,“你知道,镇上公布的消息不可靠;他们告诉我们说亚眠沦陷了。”“没有的事,”她说,“不过我还是去问问吧。”她回来说,“是沦陷了,没错。”

我们没继续买东西,赶紧回家。

又是连续好几个星期二,每个星期二保罗·雷诺都用悲痛的声音说他有要事通

告。

就是那个星期二。

后来的一个星期二,比利时国王背叛。

他总是用同样的方式,用同样的声音发布通告。

从此以后我便不听收音机了。

太糟了,都变得有些可笑了。

其实也不可笑,大家的确都想知道下个星期二保罗·雷诺有无要事通告。

他果然有。

“天啊,怎样的一个五月啊!”我现在还能听见保罗·雷诺的声音这样说。

皮埃洛太太的小孙女说不要担心,五月是圣母马利亚的月份,在这个月份里开始的事到最后都不会有坏的结尾;那本预言书对各个日期早有交待而且千真万确。我每天晚上都读;书里准确无误,不过它说每过一天第三帝国就临近灭亡一步,而我们到了这地步;我仍然信,不过我们到了这地步,过了一个星期二又一个星期二,日期都对,可是,哎!

然而,随着他们不断逼近,空降和轰炸变得更加频繁。我们以往用灯是漫不经心,我们东走西逛,而现在用灯是严加注意,我们闭门不出了。