



意林

彩
绘
英
文

春
Gains of Growth

宇宙的黑暗也曾让它迷茫，
如你眼前，
那深不见底的青春。

是成长

《意林》
编辑部►编

*Never
Give Up*

在星辰
发光前，

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Pains of Youth,
是迷茫，

吉林摄影出版社

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· 长春 ·

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第一章

猝不及防，
爱上整个世界



A Boy and His Cat

文◎ Judith S. Joyhnnessee

I'm not sure how he got to my clinic. He didn't look old enough to drive, although his child's body had begun to broaden and he moved with the heavy grace of youngmanhood. His face was direct and open.

When I walked into the waiting room, he was lovingly petting his cat through the open door of the carrier on his lap. With a schoolboy's faith in **authority**^①, he had brought his sick cat in for me to mend. The cat was a tiny thing, exquisitely formed, with a delicate skull and beautiful markings. She was about the boy's own age, give or take a year. I could see how her spots and stripes and her fierce, bright face had evoked the image of a tiger in a child's mind, and Tigress she had become. Age had dammed the bright green fire of her eyes into faded lace, but she was still elegant and self-possessed.

I began to ask questions to determine what had brought this charming pair to see me. Unlike most adults, the boy answered simply and directly. Tigress had had a normal appetite until recently, when she'd begun to vomit a couple of times a day. Now she was not eating at all and had **withdrawn**^② from her human family. She had also lost a pound, which is a lot when you weigh only six.

Stroking Tigress, I told her how beautiful she was while I examined her eyes and mouth, listened to her heart and lungs, and felt her stomach. My fingers found it: a tubular mass in mid-abdomen. Tigress politely tried to slip away. She did not like the mass being handled.

I looked at the fresh faced boy and back at the cat he had probably had all his life. I was going to have to tell him that his beloved companion had a tumor. Even if it were **surgically**^③ removed, she probably would survive less than a year, and might need weekly chemotherapy to last that long.

It would all be very difficult and expensive. So I

was going to have to tell this boy that his cat was likely to die. And there he was, all alone. Death is something we push to the background and ignore as long as possible, but in reality every living thing we love will die. It is an omnipresent part of life. How death is first experienced can be life-forming. It can be a thing of horror and suffering, or a peaceful release.

So I would have to guide the boy through this myself. I did not want the burden. It had to be done perfectly, or he might end up emotionally scarred. It would have been easy to shirk this task and summon a parent. But when I looked at the boy's face, I could not do it. He knew something was wrong. I could not just ignore him. So I talked to him as Tigress's rightful owner and told him as gently as I could what I had found, and what it meant.

As I spoke, the boy jerked convulsively away from me, probably so I could not see his face, but I had seen it begin to twist as he turned. I sat down and turned to Tigress, to give the boy some privacy, and stroked her beautiful old face while I discussed the alternatives with him. I could do a biopsy of the mass, let her fade away at home, or give her an injection and put her to sleep. He listened carefully and nodded gravely. He said he didn't think she was very comfortable anymore, and he didn't want her to suffer.

I offered to call a parent to explain what was going on. He gave me his father's number. I went over everything again with the father while the boy listened and petted his cat. Then I let father speak to son. The boy paced and gestured and his voice broke a few times, but when he hung up, he turned to me with dry eyes and said they had decided to put her to sleep.

No rage, no denial, no hysteria, just acceptance of the inevitable. I could see, though, how much it was costing him. I could not control the tears streaming down my face, or the grief I felt welling inside for this boy who had



猝不及防，
爱上整个世界





had to become a man so quickly and so alone.

He held her head and reassured her while I administered the injection. She drifted off to sleep, her head cradled in his hand. The animal looked quiet and at rest. The owner now bore all the suffering.

Something was missing, though. I did not feel I had completed my task. It came to me suddenly that though I had asked him to become a man instantly, and he had done so with grace and strength, he was still a child. I held out my arms and asked him if he needed a hug. He did indeed, and in truth, so did I.

一猫一世情

文◎朱蒂丝·约翰森

我不知道他是怎样来到我的诊所的。他看起来还没到可以开车的年龄，虽然他那孩童的身躯已经开始发育，举手投足间也充满了年轻男子的翩翩风度。他的表情坦率而真诚。

他的膝盖上放着一个猫笼，当我走进候诊室时，他

正把手伸进敞开的小门，亲切地爱抚着他的猫。出于对权威的信任，他将他那生病的猫带到我这里来治疗。猫的头儿不大，身形纤美，有着精致的小脑袋和美丽的斑纹。她的年纪和那男孩差不多大，两者相差不超过一岁。我可以从她的斑点和条纹，还有她那野性机灵的脸庞上看出，在孩子的心目中她就像是一只老虎，所以她的名字就叫虎姐。随着年岁的增长，衰老使得她眼中明亮的绿色火焰黯然失色，但她依然优雅自若。

我开始问诊，了解为什么这两个可爱的家伙会到我这里来。和大多数成年人不同的是，男孩的回答简单而直接。虎姐的胃口一向正常，直到最近她开始每天呕吐好几次。如今她完全不吃不喝了，还躲避着她的人类家庭。她已经瘦了一磅（约四百五十克）——如果她只有六磅重的话，这就瘦得很厉害了。

我抚摸着虎姐，一边对她说她有多么美丽，一边检查她的眼睛和嘴巴，听她的心肺，轻按她的胃部。我发现她腹部的中部有个肾小管团。虎姐客气地试图溜走。她不喜欢被人摸到那块东西。

我看了看男孩稚嫩的脸庞，然后又看了看那只或许从小就陪伴着他的猫。我将不得不告诉他，他至爱的伙伴得了肿瘤。即便做手术摘除了，她可能也活不过一年，



而且可能还要每个星期做化疗才能维持。

这样治疗难度颇大，且费用高昂，所以我将不得不告诉这个男孩，他的猫很可能会死去。然后，就剩下他孤单一人了。我们常常刻意漠视死亡：尽可能长时间地忽视它的存在，但实际上，我们深爱的每个生命都会死去。死亡是生命中挥之不去的一部分。第一次直面死亡的经历会影响往后的生活。它可能会是一件恐怖而痛苦的事情，或者也可能是一种安详的解脱。

所以，我将不得不亲自指引这个男孩渡过难关。我不想背负这个重任。死亡必须要尽善尽美，否则最后他可能会遭受情感创伤。要想逃避这个任务而找他的某位亲人代为告知很容易办到，但是当我看到那个男孩的脸庞时，我实在不忍心。他知道有点儿不对劲。我不能就这样无视他。于是我向虎妞的合法主人——小男孩道出了她的病情，尽可能温和地告诉他我的诊断，以及这意味着什么。

当我说话时，男孩抽搐着猛然扭过头去，认为这样我就看不到他的脸了，但在他转头时，我看到他的脸开始扭曲。我坐了下来，转向虎妞，给男孩留点儿私人空间，并轻轻抚摸小猫那苍老却依旧美丽的脸庞，和他谈论别的处理方式。我可以给肾小管团做切片，让她在家慢慢死去，或是给她打一针，让她长眠。他仔细地听着，

沉重地点着头。他说，他认为她身体状况不大好，他也不想让她再受苦。

我提出给他的家人打个电话，说明这件事情。他给了我他父亲的号码。我把整件事情又对他的父亲述说了一遍，男孩边听边抚摸着他的猫。接着，我让他父亲跟他通话。男孩边踱步边比画，他的声音中断了好几次，但当他挂上电话时，他转向我，没有流泪，只说他们决定让她长眠。

没有愤怒，没有拒绝，没有情绪失控，只有对无可避免的事实的接受。但是我看得出，这有多伤他的心。我无法自制，泪水滑下脸庞，或是感觉到男孩心中满溢的悲伤，他必须成为一个男子汉，虽然一切来得这么快，又这么令人孤单无助。

当我进行注射时，他捧着她的头，让她安心。她渐渐沉睡过去，她的头枕在他的手上。她看上去宁静而安详。而此刻，她的主人背负了所有的苦痛。

但是，还有事情没做。我觉得我还没有完成自己的任务。我突然想起来，虽然我让他迅速成为一个男子汉，而他也优雅而坚强地做到了，但他依然是个孩子。我伸出了双臂，问他是否需要一个拥抱。他确实需要，而且说实在的，我也需要。

绘英语

（绘◎不管了_鹿）





One Night Belongs to the Elk

文◎ Jennifer Owings Dewey

At mile thirty I came around a sharp curve and found myself facing a herd of elk about to cross the road. Startled (吓一跳), the front line of elk stopped. But more of their kind pressed them from behind, and they sprawled (四肢伸开地) on the ground with their knees bent awkwardly.

I slammed on my brakes. But before the truck stopped, the bumper hit something with a sickening sound. The instant the truck stopped I jumped out and ran forward, fearing the worst.

I ran to the elk on the ground. I didn't stop to think that this huge animal might wake up and injure me in a struggle to get up and away. I dropped to my knees and felt its neck for a sign of life. The heavy fur on its neck felt like a poodle's (狮子狗的). It had the powerful musky (麝香的) smell of a wild animal.

I found a pulse! The elk was not dead.

I sat back in surprise, aware that I had a new set of problems. What to do? I could not simply leave. I worked my hands over the shorter, denser (密集的) fur of the animal's legs and ribs, but I couldn't find any broken bones. The only injury I saw was a bloody gash on its brow.

Hoping the animal would recover, I stayed. My plan was to wait for dawn, then try to find someone who could help.

I covered the elk with a tarp (防水布) and sat down near it, wrapping myself in blankets.

It was then that I took in the silence of the forest, and the darkness. To save energy I kept the flashlight off. Above, I could see only a strip of starry sky, so

close were the walls of the canyon and so dense the growth of ponderosa (黄松) pine.

Slowly but surely my heart began to beat faster with an unreasonable fright. What was there in the woods to cause me harm?

Nothing.

That night was one of the longest I've spent. It was also eerily beautiful. My fear came and went like waves on a shore. I sang, grew tired, pinched myself to stay awake, briefly looked at the elk with the flashlight, and sang some more.

Dawn was breaking when the animal came around. First its legs began to move as if it were dreaming of running. It lifted its head and then lowered it. I could tell it was in pain, and I wondered if the collision^① with the truck had wrenched^② its neck muscles.

Finally the elk staggered (蹒跚) to its feet. I smiled at it and said softly, "Come on, you can do it. You'll be fine. Just keep on waking up!"

When the elk got up, the tarp slid off. The animal stared down at the heap of fabric. Then it looked at me. After a long moment, it took an unsteady step, and then another. It appeared to be wondering what to do next as it stayed poised^③ in the middle of the road.

Tears ran down my face as I watched it. I nodded at it and said more encouraging words. The elk stepped ever so carefully, tentative (试验性的) and unsure, until it reached the trees on the far side of the road. Before it slipped away into the forest, it looked back at me.

麋鹿之夜

文◎詹尼弗·奥因斯·杜威

在三十英里（约四十八千米）处，我刚驶过一个急转弯就遇见一群横穿马路的麋鹿。最前面的一拨麋鹿受到惊吓突然停下脚步，但是大批的同伴从后面冲过来。前几只麋鹿被撞倒在地，膝盖笨拙地扭动着。

我猛踩刹车，但是车还没刹住，保险杠就撞到了什么东西，那声音真是恐怖。车一停我就跳下来朝前面跑去，我真害怕发生了最糟糕的事情。

我朝地上的那只麋鹿跑去，完全没想过这只大块头会不会醒来弄伤我，然后挣扎着逃走。我跪下来触摸它的颈部看是否还有生命迹象。那厚重的毛皮摸起来就像狮子狗的毛，它还有着野生动物那种强烈的麝香味。

我感觉到了一丝脉搏！这只麋鹿还没有死。

震惊中我坐在地上，意识到我又有了新的一堆新的麻烦。怎么办好？我不能就这么走。我用手摸索着麋鹿腿部和肋骨处又短又密的皮毛，但是找不到任何骨折的地方。我只看见它的眉毛处有一个深深的流着血的伤口。

我留在此地，希望这动物会康复。我的计划是等到天亮，然后找人帮忙。

我用一块防水布盖住了麋鹿，然后用毯子把自己裹起来，坐在它旁边。

直到此刻我才开始注意周围寂静的森林和无边的黑暗。为了省电我关了手电筒。抬头只能看见一长条繁星密布的天空。峡谷的峭壁看起来离我那么近，黄松林那么茂密。

渐渐地，我的心脏因为没来由的恐惧而狂跳不止。树林里会不会有什么东西伤害我？

没有。

这是我经历过的最漫长的夜晚，这也是一个诡异而美丽的夜晚。我的恐惧感就像沙滩上的海浪涌起又退去。我唱着歌，渐渐累了，为了保持清醒我甚至掐自己的身体。我打开手电筒对麋鹿瞅上一眼，又接着唱歌。

麋鹿苏醒过来的时候天也破晓了。一开始它的四肢开始活动，就好像它梦见自己在奔跑似的。它先昂起了头，然后又把脑袋放低了。我能看出来它很疼，我在想卡车的撞击是不是伤到了它颈部的肌肉。

它终于想颤颤巍巍地爬起来。我微笑着轻轻地对它说：“加油，你能行的。你会没事的，赶紧醒过来吧。”

麋鹿站起来的时候，防水布从它身上滑落。它低头盯着那堆东西，然后又抬头看着我。过了好久，它迈出了第一步，虽然不太稳当，但是它接着又走了一步。它呆呆地站在路中间，好像不知道该怎么办。

我看着那只麋鹿，泪水滑下脸颊。我冲它点点头，又说了一些鼓励的话语。麋鹿试探着走了几步，小心翼翼地，它走到了远处路边的树木旁，回头看了我一眼，然后跃入林中。

绘英语

（译◎陶子 绘◎维亮）



The Boy Who Drew Cats

文◎ Lafcadio Hearn

Once there was a boy who loved to draw. His name was Joji.

Joji grew up on a farm with lots of brothers and sisters. The others were a big help to their father and mother. But not Joji!

He did nothing for hours but draw in the dirt with a stick. And what Joji drew was just one thing.

Cats.

Cats, cats, and more cats. Small cats, big cats, thin cats, fat cats. Cats, cats, cats, cats, cats.

"Joji," his father told him, "you must stop drawing all those cats! How will you ever be a farmer?"

"I'm sorry, father. I'll try to stop."

And he did try. But whenever Joji saw one of the farm cats go by, he forgot about his **chores**^① and drew another cat.

"Joji will never make a farmer," said the farmer sadly to his wife.

"Maybe he could be a priest," she told him. "Why don't you take him to the temple?"

So the farmer brought Joji to the priest at the village temple. The priest said, "I will gladly teach him."

From then on, Joji lived at the temple. The priest gave him lessons in reading and writing. Joji had his own box of writing tools, with a brush and an ink stick and a stone.

Joji loved to make the ink. He poured water in the **hollow**^② of the stone. He dipped the ink stick in the water. Then he rubbed the stick on the stone. And there was the ink for his brush!

Now, the other students worked hard at their writing. But not Joji! With his brush and rice paper, he did nothing for hours but draw. And what Joji drew was just one thing.

Cats.

Cats, cats, and more cats. Small cats, big cats, thin cats, fat cats. Cats, cats, cats, cats, cats.

"Joji," the priest told him, "you must stop drawing all those cats! How will you ever be a priest?"

"I'm sorry, honorable sir. I'll try to stop."

And he did try. But whenever Joji saw one of the temple cats go by, he forgot about his writing and drew another cat.

That was bad enough. Then Joji started drawing on the **folding screens**^③ of the temple. Soon there were cats on all the rice-paper panels. They were everywhere!

"Joji, you'll never make a priest," the priest told him sadly. "You'll just have to go home."

Joji went to his room and packed his things. But he was afraid to go home. He knew his father would be angry.

Then he remembered another

temple in a village nearby. "Maybe I can stay with the priest there."

Joji started out walking. It was already night when he got to the other village.

He climbed the steps to the temple and knocked. There was no answer. He opened the heavy door. It was all dark inside.

"That's strange," said Joji. "Why isn't anyone here?"

He lit a lamp by the door. Then he saw something that made him clap. All around the big room were folding screens with empty rice-paper panels.

Joji got out his writing box and made some ink. Then he dipped in his brush and started to draw. And what Joji drew was just one thing.

Cats.

Cats, cats, and more cats. Small cats, big cats, thin cats, fat cats. Cats, cats, cats, cats, cats.

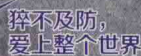
The screen he drew on last was almost as long as the room itself. Joji covered it with one gigantic cat—the biggest and most beautiful cat he had ever drawn.

Now Joji was tired. He started to lie down. But something about the big room bothered him.

"I'll find someplace smaller."

He found a **cozy**^④ closet and settled inside. Then he slid shut the panel door and went to sleep.

Late that night, Joji awoke in fright.



It sounded like a large, fierce animal in the temple! Now he knew why no one was there. He wished he wasn't there either!

smashed it to the floor.

Joji looked around the room. No one and nothing else was there—just the screens with the cats. Then joji looked again at the one gigantic cat.

"Didn't I draw the head to the left and the tail to the right?"

Yes, he was sure of it. But now the cat faced the other way—as if it had come down off the screen and then gone back up.

"The cat!" said Joji. His eyes grew wide. Then he pressed his palms together and bowed to the screen.

"Thank you, honorable cat.
You have saved me. For as long

as I live, no one will stop me from drawing cats."

When the villagers learned that the monster rat was dead, Jiji became a hero. The village priest let him live in the temple as long as he liked.

But Joi did not become a priest.
And he did not become a farmer.

He became an artist. A great artist. An artist honored through all the country. An artist who drew just one thing.

Cats!



青是迷茫，春是成长



画猫的女孩

文◎拉夫加多·海恩

从前有个男孩非常喜欢画画。他的名字叫让一。

让一在农场长大，兄弟姐妹众多。他的其他兄弟姐妹都是父母的好帮手，但让一不是！

让一在好几个小时里什么也没干，就只是拿着一根棒子在泥土上画画，而且他只画一样东西。

猫。

猫，猫，还是猫。小猫，大猫，瘦猫，胖猫。猫，猫，猫，猫，猫。

“让一，”他爸爸对他说，“你不能再继续画那些猫了！这样下去你怎么当得了农民呢？”

“对不起，爸爸。我会努力不再画的。”

他确实努力了。但每当让一看到农场的猫经过时，他就会忘记手上的活儿，转而画起猫来。

“让一永远都当不成农民。”农民伤心地和他的妻子说道。

“也许他可以当僧人，”她对他说，“何不把他送去寺庙呢？”

因此农民带着让一去拜见了村里寺庙的住持。住持说：“我很乐意教导他。”

从那时起，让一就住在了寺庙里。住持教他读书和写字。让一有一盒自己的文具，里面有一支毛笔、一块墨和一个砚台。

让一喜欢磨墨。他把水倒进空砚台里，再把墨条伸进水里，然后开始研磨墨条，最后磨出了蘸毛笔的墨水。

此刻，其他学生都在认真写字。但让一没有！数个小时内，他什么也没干，只用毛笔和宣纸画画。而且让一只画一样东西。

猫。

猫，猫，还是猫。小猫，大猫，瘦猫，胖猫。猫，猫，猫，猫，猫。

“让一，”住持对他说，“你

不能再继续画那些猫了！这么下去你怎么当得了僧人？”

“对不起，尊敬的先生。我会努力不再画的。”

他确实努力了。但每当让一看到寺庙里的猫经过时，他就忘记了写字，转而画起画来。

那已经够糟糕的了。接着，让一开始在庙里的屏风上画画。很快，所有的宣纸屏风上就画满了猫。它们无处不在！

“让一，你永远都当不成僧人，”住持伤心地对他说，“你必须回家了。”

让一回到他的房间收拾东西。但他不敢回家。他知道他爸爸会生气的。

这时，他想起邻村有另一间寺庙。“也许那间寺庙的住持可以让我留在那里。”

让一出发了。当他到达另一个村子时，天色已晚。

他走上寺庙的台阶，敲门。没人应门。他推开了沉重的门。里面一片漆黑。

“真奇怪，”让一喃喃自语，“为什么这里没有人？”

他点亮进门处的灯。然后他看到了让他拍手称好的东西。偌大的房间里全是空白的宣纸屏风。

让一拿出他的文具盒，磨了一些墨，用毛笔蘸墨开始画画。而让一只画一样东西。

猫。

猫，猫，还是猫。小猫，大猫，瘦猫，胖猫。猫，猫，猫，猫，猫。

他最后画的那张屏风足有整个房间那么长。让一在这张屏风中画了一只巨大的猫——这是他画过的最大最漂亮的一只猫。

现在让一很累。他躺了下来。但房间太大，让他感到很困扰。

“我要找个小点儿的地方。”

他找到一个舒适的壁橱，待在了里面。接着，他把柜门关上，开始睡觉。

深夜，让一从睡梦中惊醒。

呃……

寺庙里传出类似凶猛巨兽的叫声！现在他知道为什么这里没人了。他也宁愿自己没来这里。

他听见那东西在房间里嗅来嗅去。它在壁橱前停下了。忽然，呦！外面响起一声夹杂着挣扎、诧异与痛苦的吼叫。然后传来巨大的撞击声，地板都被震动了。接着是轻轻的脚步声，最后一切归于寂静。让一在黑暗中颤抖着身子躺着。他在里面待了好几个小时，不敢朝壁橱外看。最后，阳光从门缝照射进来。让一小心翼翼地推开门，悄悄往外看。房间中间躺着一只巨大的鼠怪——像牛一般大！它一动不动地躺在那里，仿佛有什么东西把它撞倒在地上。让一环顾房间。房间里没有其他人和其他东西——只有画着猫的屏风。然后他再次看向那只巨大的猫。

“我不是把头画在左边，尾巴画在右边吗？”没错，他很确定。但现在这只猫却朝向了另一边——就像它从屏风上跳了下来又跳了回去。“是这只猫！”让一说道。他睁大双眼，然后双手合十向屏风鞠了个躬。“谢谢，猫大人。你救了我。只要我还活着就没有人可以阻止我画猫。”村民得知鼠怪已经死了后，让一成为英雄。村子里寺庙的住持允许他住在寺庙里，想住多久就住多久。但让一没有成为僧人，也没有成为农民。

他成为了一名艺术家。一名伟大的艺术家。一名闻名全国的艺术师。一名只画一样东西的艺术家。

猫！**绘英语**

(译◎Joyce 绘◎马豆子)