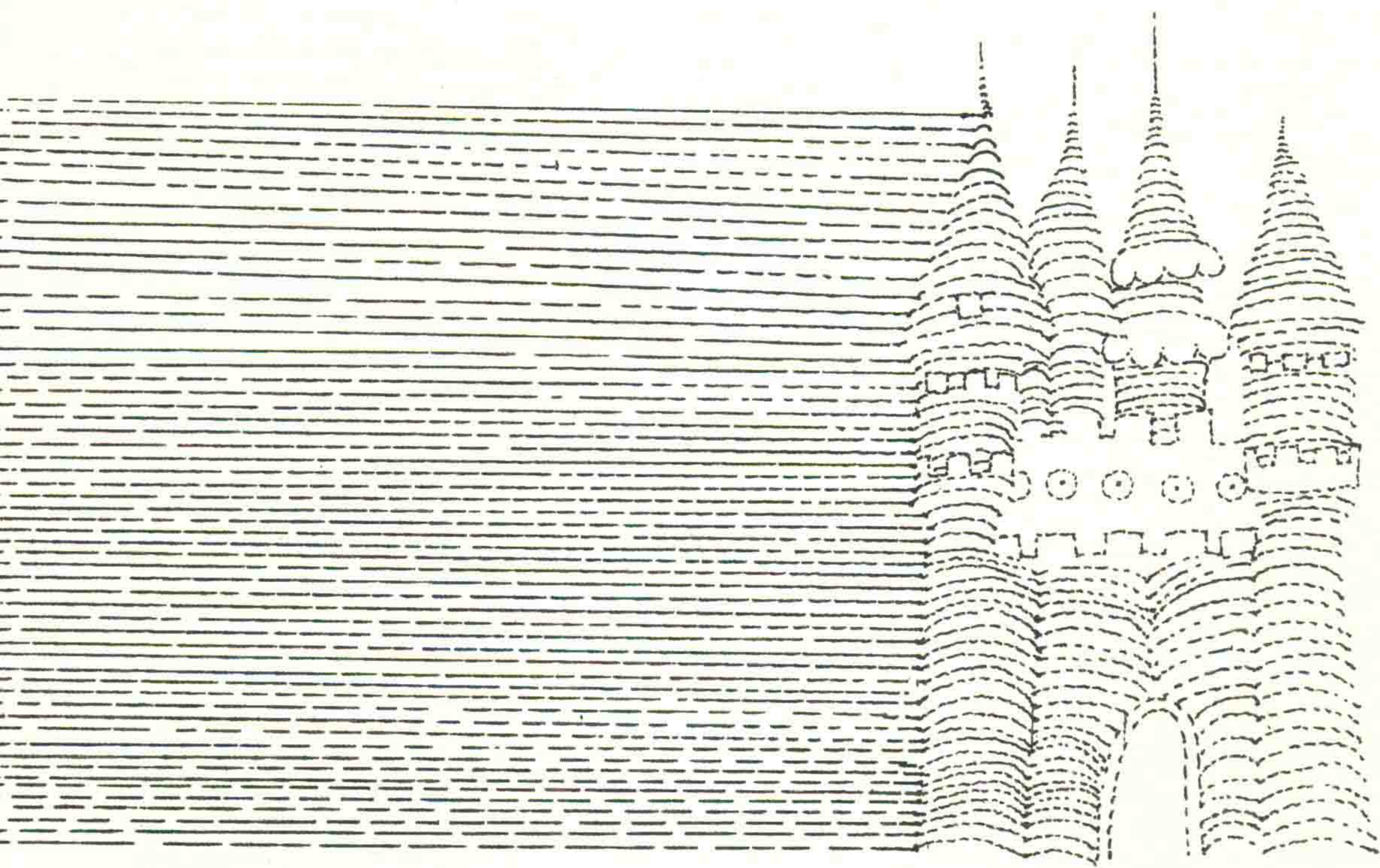


那时光

FOR THE
GOOD TIMES ...

感受梦想温度的心灵绘本

王丹/绘著 KK/英译



化学工业出版社

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這個女子用堅強的信念
浪漫的文字 獨特的想象
告訴你夢想的溫度

新線



在长大的路上，
On the way to grow,
孤独，成了她最喜欢的风景。
Solitary, was the place in her favour.
当一些时光渐次远去，
With time going by,
她倚着狭小的窗台，
She leaned on the small windowsill,
静静地回忆着微风细雨。
Recalling the disappearing memories.

她想起那时光，
She longs for good times in childhood,
在黄昏或黎明，
At twilight or dawn,
坐在一地花瓣的栀子树下，
Sitting beneath the blossoming Gardenia tree,
摘一片嫩叶，
With a tiny leaf,
吹一支温暖却不成曲的调子，
She makes a lovely melody in tuneless,
流淌过每一处月晓风清的地方。
Spreading her minds to anywhere.

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她记得

年少时的心里有许多“君摩尔”。

没什么好奇怪的，

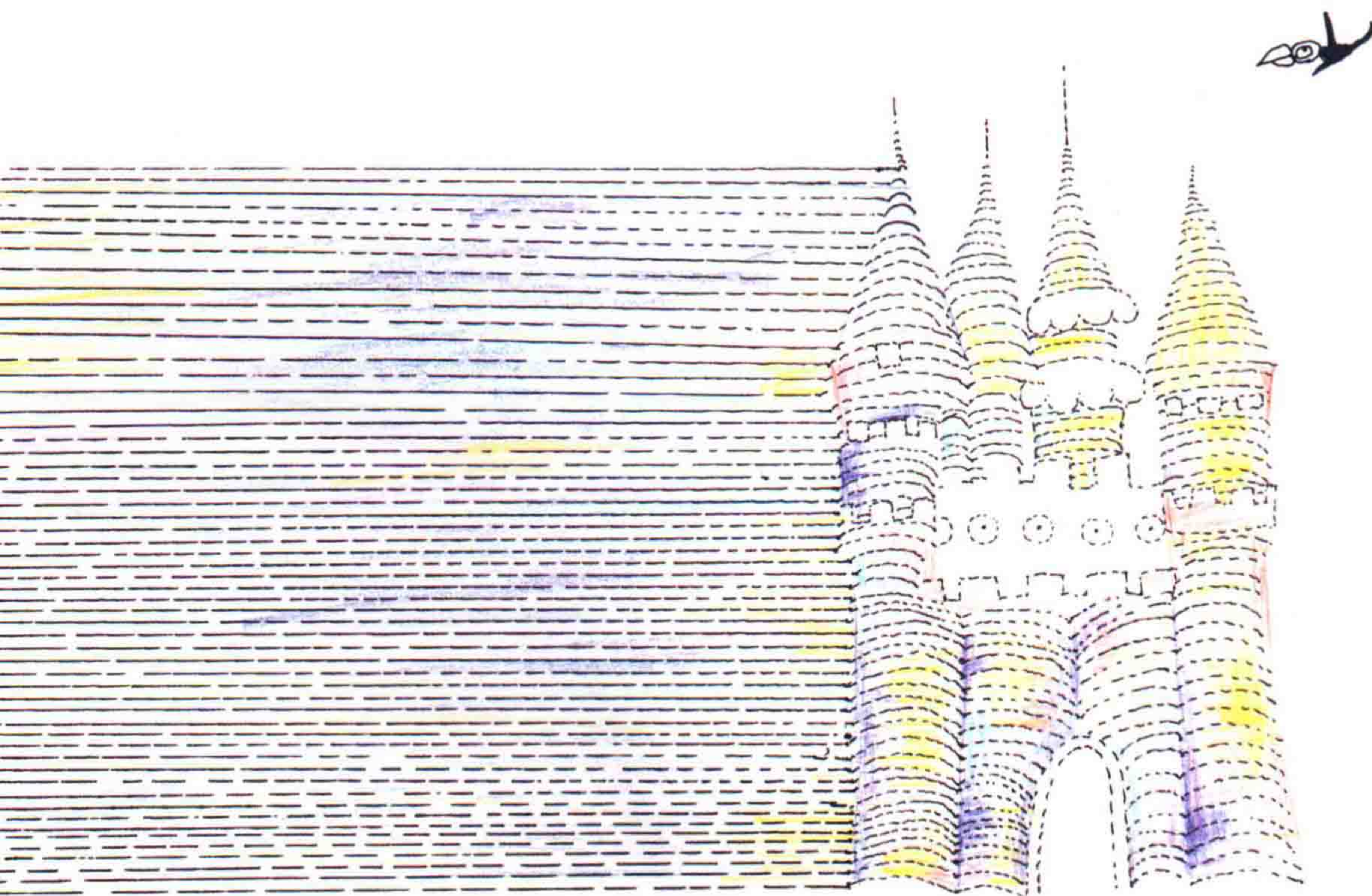
在她小时候，她管城堡——就叫作“君摩尔”。

Still remember,

There were many "Jumoores" at heart.

It was not surprising to a kid,

She called her castle as "Jumooore".



她时常握着一朵小花，尽管这花很普通。

她喜欢仰望天空，

因为总有乌鸦从君摩尔掠过。

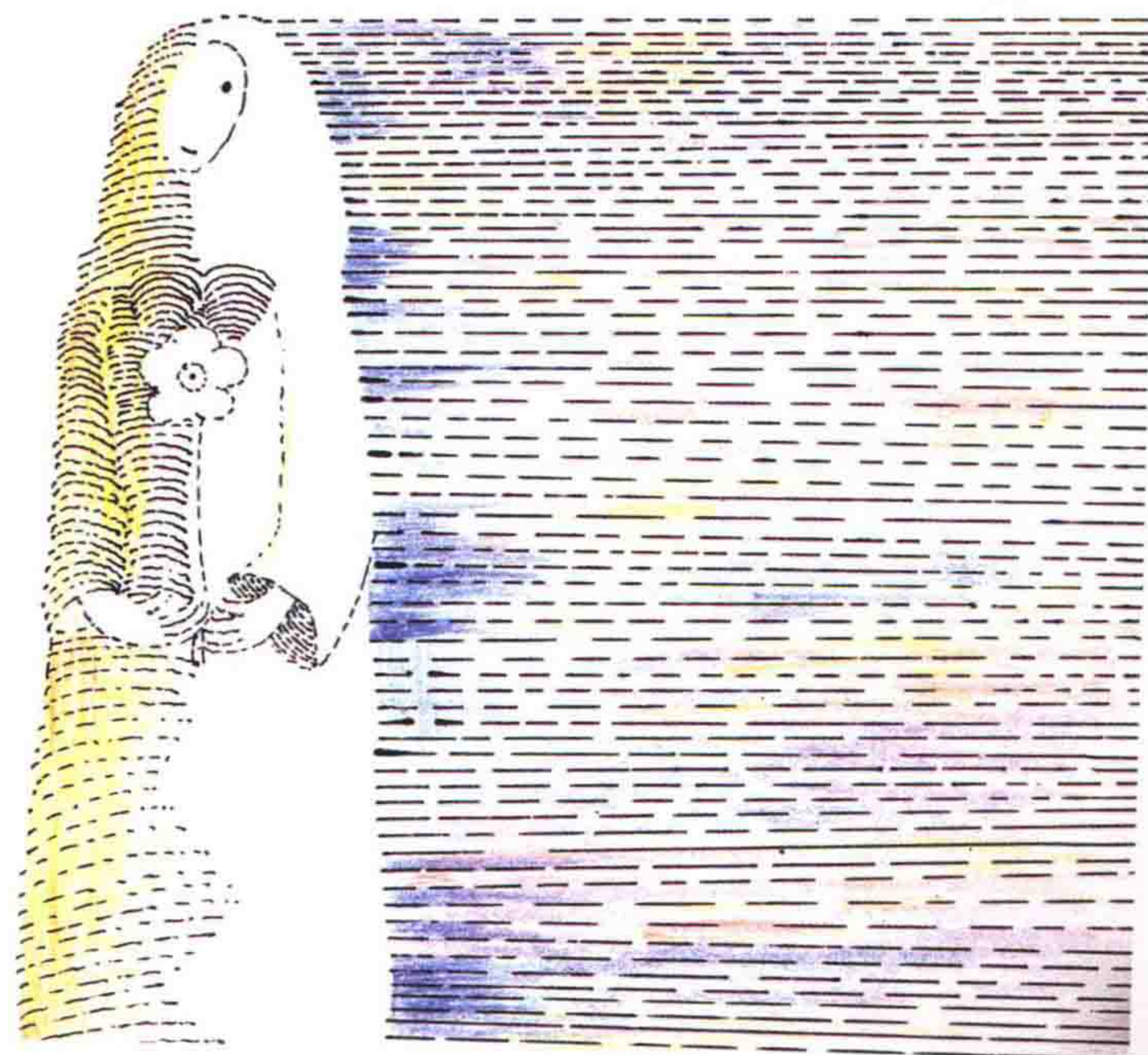
她喜欢乌鸦，乌鸦令她思考。

She used to clutched a flower,

Enjoying glazing at the sky,

Crows streaked across Jumoore constantly.

She liked this clever in what sink her into deep thought.







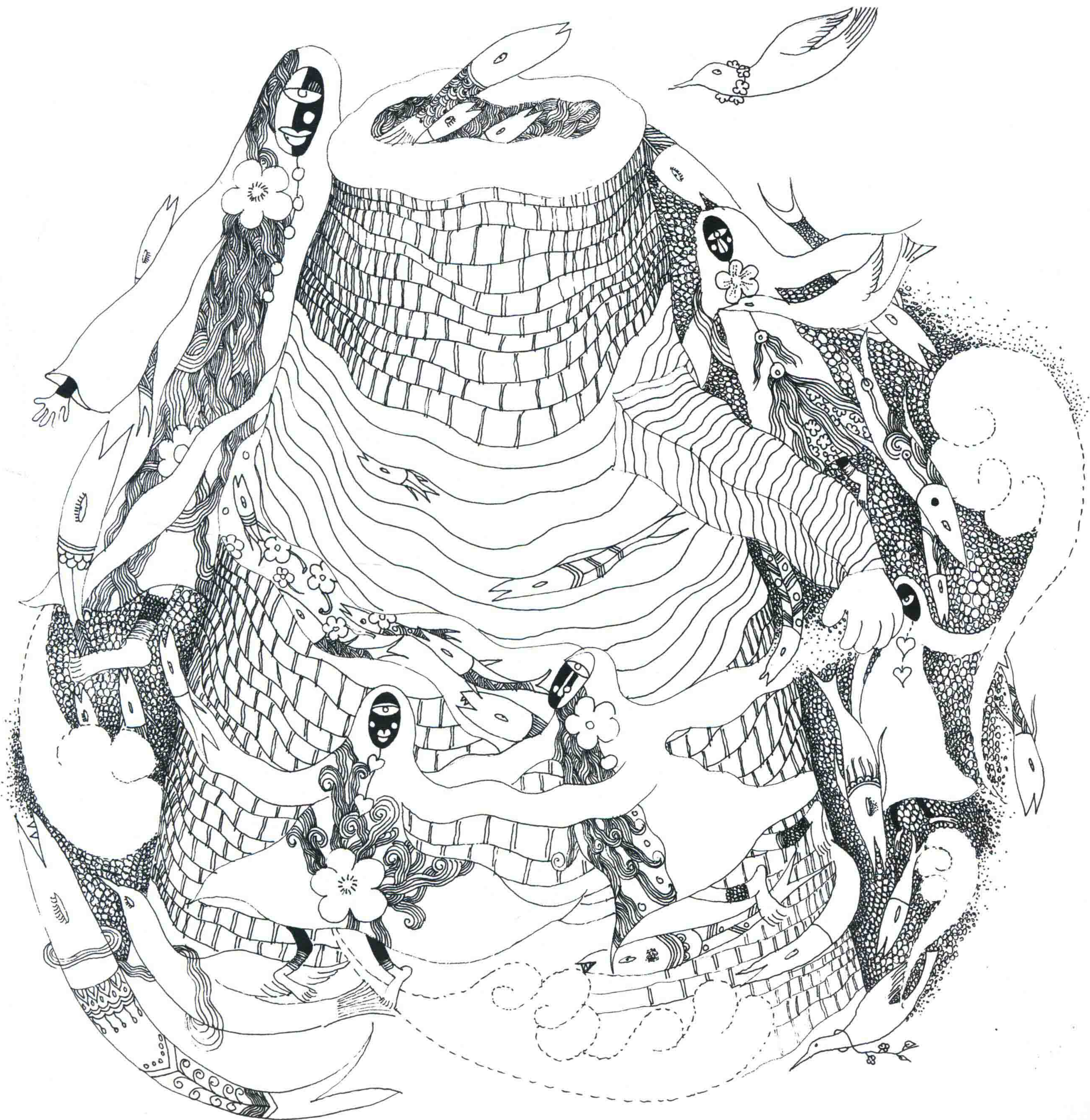
那时候，她希望自己会一点魔法，
总能变出各种各样的君摩尔。
你看，这枯萎的莲蓬——缠绕着盛开的紫菊，
一座圣洁的君摩尔，在等待着莲花枯萎后的重生。

If she had a magic wand,
The world would be more wonderful.
Look, the withered Lotus —
Twined around the blooming purple daisy.
Oh~ the holy Jumoore,
As the Phoenix ashes reborn.

君摩尔每天都在变，它今天可能是一朵云做的，
明天就变成了一阵风做的，后天可能就是一片蔚蓝做的。
比如这座君摩尔——它犹如人类工厂的大烟囱，
烟囱精灵和会飞的鱼儿，日日围着它嬉戏。
谁都喜欢独特的君摩尔，
这跟人人都喜欢不同的梦一样。

Jumooore also was changeable.
Today it might be made of a cloud,
Tomorrow it could be a gust,
The day after tomorrow that would be an azure.
Oh~ the holy Jumooore —
It was a factory's smokestack on the earth.
The chimney elves, flying fishes,
Loved to come and play around it every day.
They treated Jumooore as treasure.
Similar to the different dreams they loved.





偶尔，山羊怪从黑夜中跑来，
驮着一座豪华的君摩尔。
它曾经看见一个流浪的小孩，
赤着双脚在田野歌唱。
山羊怪想把这座君摩尔送给他。

她将君摩尔装入透明的瓶子。
君摩尔门前种着两棵神奇的爱心树，
她会在秋天，把爱心分给需要的人。
雪花飘飘洒洒地撒下浪漫，
鱼儿快乐地飞向天空。
世界总在不经意间变得更美。

她的另外一个瓶子君摩尔，
里边盛开着两朵孤独的花，
它们永远开往不同的方向……
友好的小鸟阿布在窗台给他俩传话。
左边的花说：“我要努力生长！”
右边的花说：“我要努力生长！”
它们相信，总有一天会幸福相遇。

The "Wizard Goat" might ran out at night occasionally,
By carrying a glorious Jumooore,
Who had seen a wandering child before,
Singing with barefoot over the field.
The Wizard Goat wanted to give Jumooore to him as a gift.

She put it into a clear bottle.
There were two magic Giving Trees in front of Jumooore.
She distributed the apples to the people in need every autumn.
Look, the floating snowflakes sprinkled Romantic infinite,
Flying fishes fluttered into the sky happily.
The world was getting better in its way.

Another bottle of Jumooore,
Had two lonely flowers inside.
They were forever growing in opposite direction ...
"Abul" bird would pass the messages to them separately.
"I'm striving to grow!" said the flower on the left.
"I'm striving to grow!" said the flower on the right.
There was a brief: they will encounter one day.









