

诗露·英汉对照读物



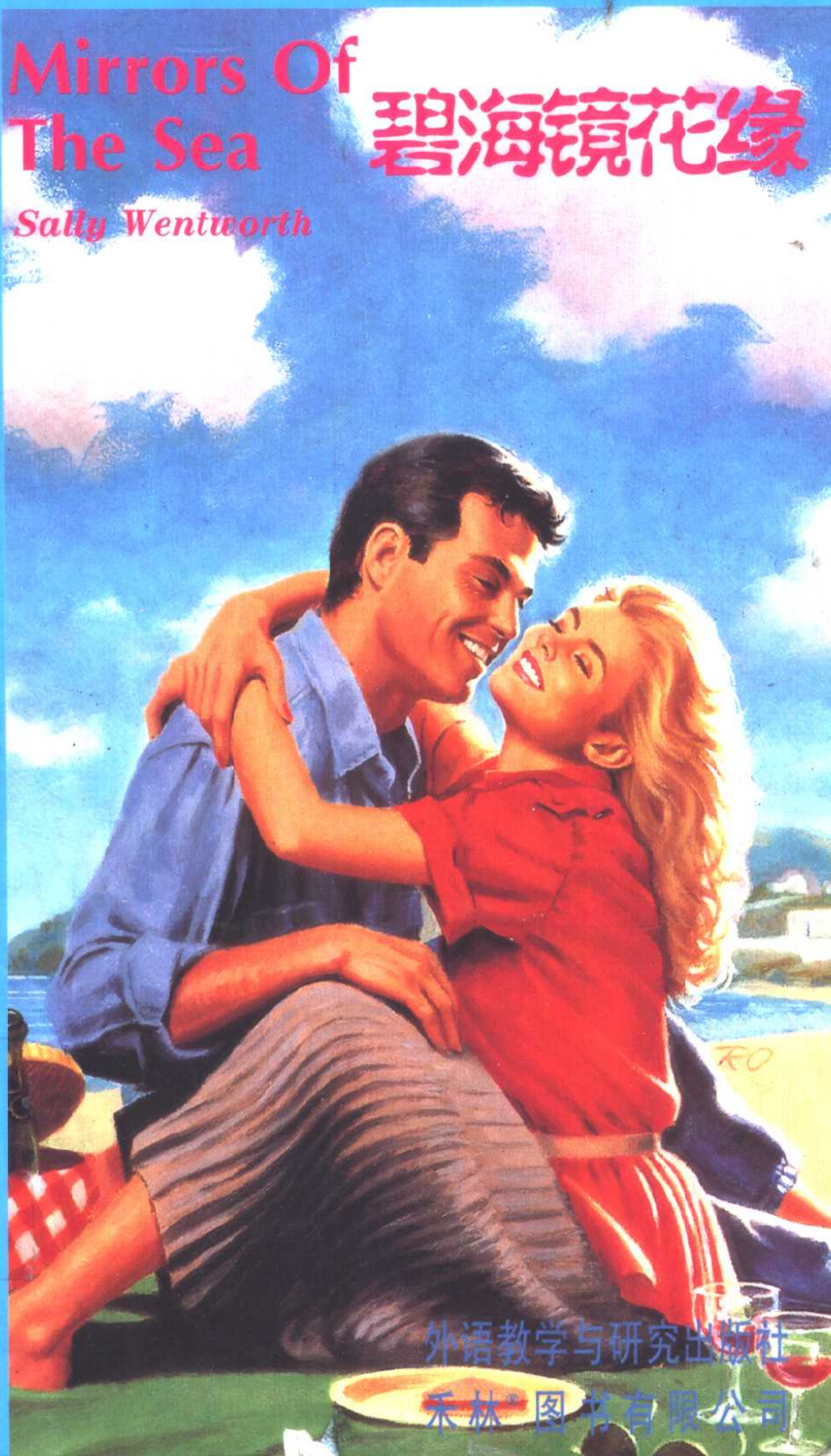
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Mirrors Of The Sea

碧海镜花缘

Sally Wentworth



外语教学与研究出版社

禾林图书有限公司



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李小红 (台湾) 译

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出版说明

加拿大禾林图书有限公司出版了一套“诗露”爱情小说系列,该系列中的每部小说都讲述了一个曲折的爱情故事,作者非常精心地在小说中安排和构造情节走向,设计情绪节奏和阅读兴奋点,牵引着读者能够以最快的读速在极短的时间里将一部小说读完,并随即翻开另一部。

“诗露”小说在西方极其畅销,这或许不只是说明了该类读物独具的市场生命力,是否还可以认为同样会是一个细致的出版者对当今读者的别样关切?

外语教学与研究出版社始终致力于我国外语的普及,孜孜以求掀起外语阅读的风气。外语学习也许不全是辛劳的苦事,不苦不累、轻轻松松、且又乐在其中的外语阅读已为越来越多的外语学习者所欢迎。因此,“edutainment”(寓教于乐)就成了外研社在图书出版中做出的一种新的尝试。这次外研社与禾林图书有限公司达成出版协议,以谨慎的态度推出这套系列小说的英汉版本(配设译文),此为原因之一。同时还应说明的是,选择了爱情小说作为这种读物的内容,其目的并不在于营造温馨浪漫,推销款款情语。因为,读者可能注意得到,言情类型小说的语言尽管大半缺乏风格,语言大半缺乏创造

性,但是它的通俗流畅和透明,倒是值得我们英语学习者品味品味的。爱情小说免不了涉及人类多种多样的情绪心理。某种意义上说,爱情小说是人类丰富情感的展示“橱窗”:相思之苦,别离之伤,误解之涩,相拥之喜,生死之痛,所有这一切情感的表达方式和词汇,都交汇在言情小说里,因此言情小说应该被我们视为一种语库,而为读者系统并具规模地提供这种语库,正是外研社出版“诗露”系列的第二个原因。

爱情小说尽管少了些凝重和深沉,但小说中叙述的男女两性的情感生活,也或多或少地传达出一些西方世界爱情与婚姻的文化。前些时候美国言情小说《廊桥遗梦》风靡中国,并引发了国人对婚外恋情的讨论。这一现象表明,即使是言情类型小说,也能够敏感地传达出一个时代里人们价值观念的细微变化。正是在这层意义上,禾林爱情系列小说在一定程度上便拥有了文化的内涵,读者可以从小说中触探到西方社会生活价值观念的迁变。是为原因之三。

值得一提的是,这套系列英语读物的译文别具一格,它并非与原文字字对应。译者都是台湾译坛上的妙手,他们采取的是一种宽松的意译方法,行文通俗流畅。译者们如此处理,只希望不致引起读者的误解,同时我们也希望读者在禾林提供的爱情故事中品尝悲喜苦乐,在明快畅晓的小说叙述语言的环绕中坐看云起云消……

禾林爱情小说以二十六种文字风行一百多个国家和地区一九九二年销售两亿本平均每秒卖出六本禾林爱情小说以二十六种文字风行一百多个国家和地区

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"The past is dead and done with."

"Dead and done with." Titus repeated the phrase, his eyes bleak for a moment as he looked at Alys, but then they grew contemptuous again as he said, "And yet you ran away today."

"But not far enough, unfortunately."

"So what are you going to do—leave the ship? Run away again?"

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I really don't see why I should have my holiday ruined by something as—as trivial as this. So if you don't like me being here, then I suggest that you leave."

"I don't run away from my commitments."

禾林爱情小说以二十六种文字风行一百多个国家和地区

Chapter One

It all happened in a great hurry. The boarding-school where Alys Curtis taught closed for the summer holidays on the Thursday. With a sigh of blissful relief she loaded her belongings into her little car and travelled to her parents' home to spend a dutiful week with them before going on a long-planned walking holiday in the Lake District with some friends. But by the Monday evening everything had changed and she found herself packing, instead, to go on a cruise round the Mediterranean.

Alys sorted her clothes with inner frustration, angry at having to forgo her planned holiday and rather resentful of the moral blackmail which had been used on her to make her do it. Her great-aunt Louise, her late grandmother's younger sister, unmarried but sprightly, had rung that morning in a great panic. When Alys had calmed her down it emerged that Aunt Louise's friend, with whom she'd been going on cruise holidays for the last twenty years, had broken her ankle the day before and there

was no way she could travel.

‘And we’re due to go on Thursday,’ Aunt Louise wailed.

‘Well, you’ll just have to phone up the travel company and cancel,’ Alys said patiently, wondering why her aunt had chosen to tell her all this instead of Alys’s mother, who was her usual confidante. ‘I’m sure the insurance company will give you your money back if you —’

‘But I don’t want my money back,’ her aunt broke in. ‘I want to go on the cruise. But I can’t possibly go alone.’

Light broke in Alys’s brain with dazzling intensity. ‘I’m sorry, but I’m going away myself next week,’ she said firmly. ‘But I’m sure Mother would —’

‘No, she wouldn’t; you know she never goes anywhere without your father. And I know that you only have a loose arrangement to go walking with that group you went with last year.’

‘It isn’t loose, it’s —’

‘And why you should want to go to the Lake District when you could go to Turkey and Greece, I can’t think,’ Louise went on as if Alys hadn’t spoken. ‘It never stops raining in the Lake District

— especially in the summer. ’

‘You must find someone else,’ Alys cut in quickly when the elder woman paused for breath. ‘It’s very kind of you to ask me, but I’m not available. ’

Cutting her down to size, her aunt said shortly, ‘There is no one else. You must come. You know I can’t drive any more and I — ’

‘I’ll willingly collect you and drive you to the airport,’ Alys offered, hoping it would be enough.

But she should have known that given an inch her aunt would still want a thousand miles. ‘I have to have someone with me all the time in case I have one of my dizzy spells. You know that. I fell and hurt myself only last month,’ she said querulously.

Alys hadn’t known but said, ‘Well, in that case, perhaps you shouldn’t go. And, anyway, don’t you want to be with your friend, and help to look after her? If she’s broken her ankle — ’

‘Certainly not. Can you see me trying to lift Helen? She’s three times my size. I’d be exhausted after a day.’ Adding dismissively, ‘And, besides, she has a relative who’s a nurse to look after her. She doesn’t need me — but I need my holiday!’

And so do I, Alys thought desperately. I want

the peace and quiet of the hills, I want to be out in the clean, fresh air and have all that openness around me. Not be cooped up in a tiny cabin with an irritable old lady, on a boat that's full of men and women equally as old. 'Then you must take one of your other friends,' Alys said with fierce, almost desperate firmness. 'I'm sorry, but I can't come with you.'

'Alys,' her aunt said, in a tone that filled her with foreboding, 'I hardly need to remind you that when you needed help I was more than willing to give you a home and the — space I think you called it, until you felt able to face the world again.'

'No,' Alys said tightly into the pause that followed. 'No, you don't have to remind me. All right, I'll go with you. You'd better give me the details.'

'Marvellous,' Louise said happily. 'You can drive up here on Wednesday morning, then we'll have lunch, and in the afternoon we'll travel down to Heathrow and spend a night in a hotel there; that's what I planned to do with Helen. I'm sure you're going to love the trip, dear. It's a very good tour company. We'll be going to Troy and Ephesus, lots of wonderful places,' her aunt told her, her voice becoming effusive now that she'd got her own way.

‘I’ll give you all the details tomorrow.’

A thought occurred to Alys, remote but appalling. ‘Just a minute,’ she said quickly. ‘You usually go on the kind of cruise that has a theme and lecturers along to tell you about it, don’t you? Who are the lecturers on this cruise?’

‘You’ll have to wait while I get the itinerary and put my glasses on.’ Alys stood patiently, gripping the phone, an icy lump of fear deep in her heart, but it melted into nothingness as her aunt read out a list of four names that she’d never heard of before. ‘And the theme is Suleiman the Magnificent. Is that all right for you?’

‘Yes. Yes, that’s fine,’ Alys replied. ‘I’ll see you on Wednesday.’ And she put the phone down feeling rather silly. The possibility that the one man she never wanted to see again might be on the cruise was infinitesimal, especially as Suleiman definitely wasn’t his field. With that fear out of the way she could concentrate on her grievance at having her own plans ruined.

Aunt Louise had laid on a very nice lunch and was very conciliatory, chatting cheerfully through the meal and setting out to charm Alys back into a good

mood. Not that she really needed to; Alys decided the night before that if she couldn't avoid this trip then she might as well try to enjoy it. It made Alys remember how Louise had taken her in unquestioningly when she'd needed somewhere to lick her wounds, had cosseted her until she was ready to face the world again — or as ready as she ever could be. It had been the *unquestioning* help that had really mattered; Alys had originally gone home to her parents and at first had welcomed her father's extreme anger at the way she'd been treated, but had soon found it overpowering. And her mother had been too sympathetic, fussing over Alys as if she were an invalid, incapable of doing anything for herself. And, extremely indignant on her behalf, her mother was always wanting to discuss what had happened, which Alys found unbearable. Unfortunately she was an only child so her parents loved her too much and were too partisan. After a week or so Alys had been unable to cope with it any longer and had escaped to Aunt Louise, who had thankfully taken her in without fuss or prying, giving her some peace in which to try to come to terms with her broken romance.

So now she repaid her debt to her aunt by being

as cheerful and helpful as she could, reminding her to bring her pills.

‘My pills?’ The older woman frowned.

‘For your dizziness.’

‘Oh, yes, of course.’

Louise went off to the bathroom to collect them and Alys smiled after her; really she was getting quite forgetful, although she looked healthy enough with her thin, wiry figure. She must be sixty-seven or -eight now, Alys calculated. By no means really old, but old enough to have annoying physical ailments and to want the reassurance of having someone near by in case of need. Aunt Lou lived in a very beautiful period mansion that had been converted into flats, and there were always neighbours to keep an eye on her while she was at home. And on holiday there had been the slightly younger and far more robust Helen, a fellow spinster with whom she had formed an unlikely but close friendship.

Thinking is strange that her aunt should seem so uncaring about Helen’s misfortune, Alys offered to drive her the twenty miles or so to visit her.

‘Oh, no, I spoke to her on the phone this morning. And, besides, she isn’t at home. Her relative has taken Helen back to her own home

because it's easier to look after her there.'

Aunt Louise's strange behaviour was even more marked the next morning when they were at the hotel near the airport. Usually she checked in at least an hour early for any plane journey but this morning she ate such an unhurried breakfast that Alys had to remind her of the time. 'Oh, but it's only five minutes from here. We have plenty of time,' Louise said serenely, and refused to be chivvied, with the result that the flight was already being boarded when they arrived.

Because of their late check-in they had no time to buy any books or magazines and had to sit at the rear of the plane, in the smoking section. Alys wasn't very happy about it and she expected her aunt to be annoyed and show it, but to her amazement, beyond insisting that Alys sit by the window, Aunt Louise accepted the situation without complaint and sat quietly in her seat.

'Never mind, dear; it isn't a long flight,' she said absently, peering out to look down the aisle.

'Aunt Lou. Aunt Louise,' Alys repeated more loudly when the woman didn't answer. 'Are you feeling all right?'

'What? Oh, yes, of course.' Her aunt sat

back. 'I was looking to see if I recognised anyone, from a previous holiday.'

'You've been with this tour company before, then?'

'Oh, yes. Helen and I always go with this company. They look after you so well.'

Alys refrained from asking in that case why her aunt had felt that a companion was indispensable. She was here now and determined to make the most of the unexpected trip. When they were in the air she took out the itinerary again and felt a thrill of excitement at the prospect of seeing so many places she'd only read about. Mount Athos, Istanbul, Troy, Philippi, Knossos, Delphi, Ephesus; the names read like a scroll of history, like a book that you'd always known about but had never been allowed to open before. A treasure chest of time.

A stewardess came round offering drinks and Alys came back to earth — or rather to mid-air. Taking out a notepad, she began to map out a course of study based on the holiday, which she could use during next term's history lessons for the fourth-form girls. It would be far more interesting for them if she had slides to illustrate it and perhaps some artefacts to display. The names of the guest lecturers were at the

bottom of the page, and one of them, a Professor MacMichael, caught her attention. It wasn't a familiar name; she was sure she hadn't come across him when she was at university or on a course, but she seemed to remember reading about him somewhere, and quite recently. But it couldn't have been anything very interesting because she couldn't bring it to mind; it was just the unusual name that must have caught her attention. Dismissing it, Alys carried on with her outline until lunch was brought round.

They were headed for Corfu, and, although it had been quite warm in England, when they stepped off the plane the air was at least ten degrees hotter, wrapping them like a comforting blanket. They were among the last off, went through the formality of Passport Control and then out to the waiting coaches, the first of which had already left.

Aunt Louise decided that she wanted to sit by the window this time, but as Alys looked past her at the landscape of hills and wooded valleys, saw olive trees casting a gnarled shelter for the browsing sheep and goats, she felt a strong sense of pleasure and anticipation, a true holiday feeling. Impulsively she turned to her aunt and kissed her on the cheek.