

诗露·英汉对照读物

 *Silhouette*



Only Make-Believe

假凤虚凰

Bethany Campbell



外语教学与研究出版社
禾林® 图书有限公司



诗露·英汉对照读物

Only Make-Believe

假凤虚凰

Bethany Campbell 著
李道成 (台湾) 译

外语教学与研究出版社
禾林®图书有限公司

(京)新登字 155 号

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

假凤虚凰/(美)甘佩儿(Campbell, B.)著;李道成译.

—北京:外语教学与研究出版社,1997.10

ISBN 7-5600-1305-8 (诗露·英汉对照读物)

I. 假… II. ①甘… ②李…

Ⅲ. 小说-美国-对照读物-英、汉 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(97)第 17690 号

诗露·英汉对照读物

假凤虚凰

Only Make - Believe

原著 Bethany Campbell

译者 李道成(台湾)

出版发行 外语教学与研究出版社
(北京市西三环北路 19 号)

印刷 华利国际合营印刷有限公司

经销 新华书店总店北京发行所

开本 736×965 1/32 11.75 印张

版次 1997 年 9 月第 1 版 1997 年 9 月第 1 次印刷

印数 1 - 25000 册

书号 ISBN 7-5600-1305-8/H·743

定价 11.80 元

京权图字：01—96—1516

Only Make - Believe

Original: © 1993 Bethamy Campell

Translation: © 1996 Harlequin Books S. A.

Foreign Language Teaching & Research Press

Cover Art: © 1996 Harlequin Enterprises Limited

All rights reserved including the right of
reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

This edition is published by arrangement with Harlequin Books S. A.

All characters in this book are fictitious.

Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead,
is purely coincidental.

本书所有人物皆属虚构,如有雷同,纯属巧合。

版权所有 翻版必究

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设情节走向,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。外语学习也许不必尽是辛劳的苦事,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,也能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……

林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區一九九二年銷售兩億本平均每秒賣出六本

林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區一九九二年銷售兩億本平均每秒賣出六本

To love and to honor...

The minister's gaze focused on Nikki; she had the vague impression that he had asked her if she would promise to love and honor the man who stood beside her.

She nodded, feeling voiceless. Gili squeezed her hand. "I do," she finally managed to say. Somewhere a peacock screamed, and another shrieked in answer.

Nikki watched as Gili slipped a lovely band of platinum and diamonds onto her finger. Then Loretta was tugging at her sleeve and offering Nikki another platinum ring—a man's. Numbly Nikki took it and slid it over Gili's knuckle and securely onto his finger.

The minister pronounced them husband and wife. Nikki sucked in her breath sharply.

Gili drew the veil back from her face. "Nikki," he said, his voice low and strained, "there's only one thing wrong with this wedding. It isn't real."

林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區

林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區一九九二年銷售兩億本平均每秒賣出六本

Chapter One

The man who'd come backstage seemed a strange sort. He reminded Nikki of an ill-tempered, wizened elf incongruously dressed as a Manhattan businessman. Despite his size, he exuded an air of wealth and self-importance.

Normally, Nikki would not have let him into her dressing room. But Evelyn, who was part owner of the nightclub, had escorted him herself, and Evelyn was ferociously protective of all her performers. Nevertheless, Evelyn's face was troubled.

In a small, creaking voice, the man announced that he was a lawyer by the name of Laskw Roach. Nikki, seated at her dressing table, was still in full makeup and costume. Without waiting to be asked, Roach commandeered the room's only other chair, perching on its edge.

Imperiously he told Evelyn to leave the dressing room so he could talk to Nikki. Surprisingly, Evelyn complied.

At the moment, Nikki looked wealthy and beautiful, swathed in diamonds, a woman for whom great

things lay in store. In reality, the diamonds were fake, she had a complicated past, and all she really wanted was a simple future.

Laslow Roach was perhaps fifty years old, shorter and slighter than Nikki, yet somehow forbidding. He wore an expensive overcoat of cashmere, and he did not take it off. Although he looked far too warm in the crowded dressing room, his eyes, when he gazed at Nikki, were cold.

His small, scratchy voice was equally cold. "I have a proposition for you. Strictly legitimate. I can make your biggest dream come true."

What kind of corny line was that? Nikki wondered. *Why on earth did Evelyn bring him here? Was she slipping?*

Nikki gave Roach a cool smile and shook her head. Whatever he wanted, he couldn't have approached her in a worse way.

Nikki Tripp had seen too often what big dreams did to people. Her dreams were small, and she planned to keep them so. It was, she believed, the only safe way to live.

Her present life was far from ordinary. Six nights a week she made her living by pretending to be various rich and famous somebodies who'd made some-

thing of themselves.

After Nikki began working in Evelyn's nightclub, Evelyn, with her bulldog disposition, took it upon herself to protect Nikki. How had Las - low Roach slipped past Evelyn's usually fierce guard?

Nikki turned her attention from Roach to her mirror. He watched her with the same disquieting coldness. She was unclasping her rhinestone necklace when he spoke again.

"I want you to go to Las Vegas. Pretend to be Caressa. Get married."

He did not so much as blink as he stated the proposition. Then, taking a gold case from his overcoat, he handed her card. She was too rattled to do more than glance at it.

"I'm Caressa's chief legal representative," he said.

"What?" Nikki demanded, astonished.

"I want you to go to Vegas. Impersonate Caressa. Get married."

His words hardly registered. Instead Nikki heard the ghost of her aunt's husky, ruined voice: *Oh, Nikki, life's a merry-go-round and everybody tries to grab the gold ring. If it ever comes in reach, you have to grab for it. Who knows? You just might grab your heart's desire.*

She didn't know whether to take the spectral voice as an omen of encouragement or one of warning. So she simply stared at Roach, pretending she felt nothing more than amused skepticism.

Roach stared back, his gray eyes hard. Flushed with heat and impatience, he awaited her answer.

Nikki's answer was a laugh. Her laugh was a croaky chuckle, at odds with her perfect makeup and the silver spangles of her gown. she said. "You're making this up."

No smile crossed Roach's withered face. "No. It's real. This is a security matter, and Caressa's security people want you in Vegas, to pretend you're her, to get married."

"Married?" Nikki laughed again. "Pretend I'm Caressa and get *married*? What's the matter? Is she making so much money she can't take the time to do it herself?"

She thought. Oh, she could imitate Caressa, all right. Ruefully she looked at herself in the mirror. She *did* look eerily like the star, but only because it was her job to do so.

"Not *really* married, of course." Roach's tone was impatient. "Don't laugh. This is serious. Caressa has the best security people, and they've put *thought* in-

to this. You pretend to get married. You lead the press astray, away from her."

A *decoy*, Nikki thought facetiously. She imagined a duck decoy, floating among the reeds. For her added amusement, she put a blond wig on its head. "And who am I supposed to *pretend* to marry? Gavin Chandler—like the gossip columnists say?"

"Precisely," the little lawyer said without smiling. Nikki laughed again. Gavin Chandler, the film star, was as famous as Caressa.

A tall, blue-eyed actor from Australia, he had achieved almost instant stardom in the States. One magazine had immediately dubbed him the sexiest man in the world.

"Right," Nikki said with irony. "I marry Gavin Chandler. All in a day's work."

"Not Gavin Chandler," he said testily. "Caressa does that. In private. Far from Vegas. Your job is to be seen with somebody who passes for Chandler. Play kissy face. Buy a license. Have a ceremony. Make it look real. Draw attention away from her and Chandler."

Nikki gave him a cool smile. "Pass for Chandler? Nobody can pass for him."

Roach's face stayed stony. "This guy's done it."

And he can do it again—from a distance. He's his double, a stuntman."

"A stuntman," Nikki said, rolling her eyes with mockery. "This gets better and better."

Roach ignored her facetiousness. "It's simple—you two act as decoys. You keep the press distracted, away from Caressa and Chandler. You don't let yourself be seen up close—just a glimpse here, a glimpse there. Hide-and-seek with the paparazzi—drive them crazy. Over Thanksgiving, while she and Chandler get married. All your expenses paid—you'll live like a queen. *And* we pay you a salary of ten thousand dollars."

The smile on Nikki's face swiftly vanished. Had he actually said *ten thousand dollars*?

Suddenly Nikki understood why Evelyn had let him backstage.

"Not so flip, now, are you?" Roach asked, almost maliciously. "Money talks, right?"

Stunned, Nikki turned to her mirror. "Maybe it does," she said, acting calmer than she felt. "Maybe it doesn't."

"I've explained it all to your manager," Roach said, watching her with predatory concentration. "She understands this is legitimate—and very lucra-

tive. She—approves.”

Nikki nodded mechanically. No wonder the expression on Evelyn's face had been so odd. She had known what Roach was going to say.

Ten thousand dollars could get her out of show business. Ten thousand dollars could open the door to a new life for her—even a new one for Evelyn.

“Caressa picked you herself,” Roach said. “From pictures. This'll give your career a big shot in the arm. You should be honored.”

Nikki brushed the crimping out of her blond hair, allowing it to fall to its natural straightness. She knew that she shouldn't appear too eager; for one thing, the proposition was far too strange.

“I don't intend to make *this* my career,” she said. She made a dismissive shrug. She gave her hair a few finishing strokes, pulled it back and fastened it into place with a barrette. She was blond and blue-eyed, like Caressa, but without the makeup and costume, the resemblance vanished. Nikki's real features were pretty rather than dramatic, almost delicate.

For three years, since she was eighteen and Rhonda was dying, Nikki had earned her way by being an impersonator in this nightclub, so aptly named *Mirages*.

She disliked the job, but knew she was lucky Evelyn had let her have it. It paid better than any other work she would have found, and Nikki was saving her money. She had plans.

"I'm asking for less than a week of your time," Roach said. His eyes seemed as dispassionate as a reptile's. "Think about it. How long would it take to make ten thousand dollars—clear—working in this firetrap?"

"Look," she said with false carelessness, "do you think it's fun pretending to be somebody else? Especially Caressa? She's *very* difficult to bring off. I can do it on the stage—when the audience knows it's an illusion. But in real life? Twenty-four hours a day? You don't know what you're asking."

Roach gave a diminutive snort. "No, *you* look. This is a plum assignment. You fly to Las Vegas in Caressa's private jet. You get to wear her mink coats. You even get to wear duplicates of her jewelry."

"Wow," Nikki said, taking off her cheap bracelets. "Duplicates of her jewelry. Wow. I guess somebody like me couldn't be trusted with the real thing."

Roach scowled. "Don't be mouthy. Even Caressa

doesn't wear the real stuff. It's too *expensive* to wear. It's too expensive to have anywhere except in a vault."

Nikki took refuge in irreverence again. "How the rich and famous do suffer."

"The rich and famous *do* suffer," Roach said. His small body swelled with rectitude. "They suffer from lack of privacy. Caressa wants to get married. She doesn't want this marriage to be a media circus—"

Nikki forced her breathing to stay steady and kept her expression stubbornly blank. Should she do it? More frighteningly, was she *capable* of doing it?

"Ten thousand is a king's ransom," Roach grumbled. "And what's Thanksgiving? You've got no family. None to speak of. I know. I checked with your manager. It's not as if you'll miss dinner at Grandma's house with all the clan."

"I didn't ask you." Nervously, she reached for a bottle of cleanser and started to remove the film of cold cream.

"So why resist?" Roach prodded. "You'll never get another Thanksgiving like this. We're talking about the penthouse of the Xanadu Hotel, the lap of luxury. You should be paying *me* to do this, not the other way around."

"I don't know," she said. "I'd lose work time here. I'd lose salary. I could put my job in danger. Evelyn isn't the only owner. I've got to keep other people happy, too."

"I've talked to Evelyn," Roach said. He put a cigarillo in his mouth and spoke around it. "I'll talk to everyone concerned. I *personally* guarantee your job will be safe. I'll personally see that you don't lose a dime. Caressa is a powerful woman. I can therefore *guarantee* these things. Besides, you can name where you want to work after this—better places than this fleabag."

Nikki pretended to be unimpressed, but a musing look crossed her face. She always had to keep money in mind, of course. But Roach's offer truly boggled her mind.

He lit his cigarillo, then squinted at her reflection in the mirror. "You know," he said with distaste, "without her cockamamy hairdo and makeup, you look eight years old. Except in the eyes. In the eyes you look about a hundred. No wonder you can play *her*."

"I have no desire to live with a *stuntman* over Thanks-giving," Nikki said stubbornly, taking off her scarlet nail polish. "Stuntmen aren't sane. They