

短篇小说集 (英汉对照)

云与影

Clouds and Shadows

[加] 格伦·W. 阿诺德 著
刘新慧 译

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Weathermaker

I am the Weathermaker.

This isn't some quaint nickname, though. I really do make the weather.

I just don't understand how I do it. Nobody does.

I have never let any of the Companions call me this before, and they never tried. They were all professionals, and they understood that I was unique, that I was special, that I needed to be handled very carefully.

I knew right away, though, that this new one—Elena—was different. When she first strode into my room two months ago, she flung the curtains open, took a look outside at the steely pillows of clouds that were

天气制造者

我是天气制造者。

这可不是什么打趣逗乐时用的绰号。我真能制造天气。

我只是不明白自己是如何造的。没人知晓。

以前我从不允许任何一个陪伴者这样称呼我，也从未有人试过。她们都是专业人士。她们明白我与众不同、我很特别、我需要通过谨慎对待。

一见到她——这位叫作伊莲娜的新陪伴，我就明白，她与别人不一样。两个月前，她第一次踏入我的房间时，猛地打开窗帘，看着窗外即将往外吐雨的硬云

just starting to spit rain, and said
“Come on Weathermaker, get up.
We’ve got work to do.”

Still groggy, I rolled out bed and groped for my robe. The first feature I noticed about her was her wrists. They were slender and beautiful, threaded with tight tendons that implied strength. Of course I found them attractive—she was chosen specifically for me. I stood there, staring at her, taking in the rest of her features: the coarse, black hair that curled up into masses of frantic ringlets, the thin lips that smiled easily, the expressive eyes the colour of polished walnut. She was perfect, at least superficially. But of course, they knew this.

For her part, she seemed to understand her role very well. She looked at me, up and down. I suddenly remembered I was naked and quickly covered myself with the robe. “Don’t worry about that,” she said, “I’ll be seeing much more of that later. For now, though, we have work to do.” As she walked out of the room, she turned and smiled, adding “and make sure you have a good breakfast. You’ll need all the

团，说道：“天气制造者，起床了。我们有活要干。”

我还没完全睡醒。我从床上爬起来，找着自己的睡袍。我首先注意到的是她的手腕：纤细、美丽、肌腱分明，暗示着力量。理所当然，我认为它们很有吸引力——她是专门为我选的。我站在那儿，盯着她看，其余美色尽收眼底：粗糙的黑发向上卷成一簇簇疯狂的小卷；嘴唇细薄，笑起来很容易；眼睛会说话，是那种打磨过的栗色。她很完美，至少表面如此。当然，他们知道这一点。

就她而言，她似乎很明白自己的角色。她上下打量着我。我突然意识到自己还光着身子，就赶快用睡袍裹上自己。“用不着担心那个，”她说，“以后我还有机会看到更多。但现在我们得工作了。”当她走出房间时，她转过身来，笑着说：“早餐一定要吃好。今天你需要一切能够获得能量。”

energy you can get today.”

I couldn't help but grin. The speckles of rain stopped and a rent in the grey curtain of clouds appeared, pierced by a hazy shaft of buttery light that reached toward the canopy of the damp cedars that surround the villa. I was already beginning to feel good about this one.

But that was two months ago. Now she is more worried. Now she is more serious. She thinks I am losing control. I wonder what else she thinks.

I was six years old when I first became aware of what I could do. Mom, Dad, my sister Beth and I were at the summer fair. It was the usual road show of stomach hurling rides, glutinous, greasy food, slimy, serpentine hucksters and other sparkling entertainments. It was magical; it dazzled with intense colour, sound, stimulation. It was also hot. The prairie summer sky glowed like a blue popsicle, the sun tingled and burned our skin, made black spots appear in front of my eyes as my sister dared me to stare at it.

我只能呲牙一笑。雨点停了下来。灰色的云中出现了帐篷的形状，被一道不甚分明的奶油色光轴刺破，向下照射在别墅周围潮湿的香柏树冠上。我已经开始对她产生好感。

但那已经是两个月之前的事了。现在，她担心得更多、变得更严肃。她认为我正在失控。我不知道她还有什么别的想法。

六岁时，我首次意识到自己能做什么。当时，妈妈、爸爸、姐姐贝丝和我正在一个夏季集市上，也就是人们通常看到的路边表演，比如让人五脏六腑颠倒的过山车、黏乎乎的油膩食品、狡猾的商贩和五花八门的游戏等。它简直奇妙无比：夺目的色彩、刺耳的声音、强烈的刺激；当然，天也很热。夏季草原的天空像蓝色的冰棒一样闪闪发光。太阳灼伤了我们的皮肤；当姐姐怂恿我盯着太阳看时，我眼

Dad had been very tolerant as he took me on ride after ride—bumper cars, the Ferris wheel, the small rollercoaster—but I wanted more. I pointed, pulled on his sleeve. “That one! That one!”

“No, you can’t go on that one yet. You’re still too small. Maybe next year.”

His reasoned tone didn’t satisfy me. I had heard the screams, the laughs from the people riding the Zipper. I didn’t care about the rules. I stomped my foot, clenched my fists. “I want to go!”

Dad’s tone was more insistent. “No. See the sign there? You’re too small.”

I was breathing harder, and I could feel the mucous thickening in my throat. I was going to cry. I didn’t want to be a baby, but that lump in my throat was like a hot stone, and I wanted to expel it, scream my anger at the world. Then, I felt something change, like the sudden dimming of a room when a curtain is drawn. My skin felt like it was detaching from my bones, floating away from me, autumn

前出现了黑色的斑点。

父亲一直很宽容，带着我一次次地坐碰碰车、摩天轮、小型过山车等，但我还要更多。我扯着他的衣袖，用手指着高喊：“那个！那个！”

“不，你还不能坐那个。你还太小。或许明年吧。”

他语气诚恳，但并不能说服我。我听到了喊叫声、欢笑声，那是坐摩天轮的人发出的。我才不在乎那些规则呢。我跺着脚、握着拳头，高喊着：“我要坐！”

父亲语气更坚定。“不。看到那边的提示了吗？你还太小。”

我喘着粗气，觉得喉咙的粘膜在增厚，我要哭了。我不想表现得像个婴儿，但喉咙里哽着的那块东西就像一块热石头，我要把它挤出来，喊出我对世界的愤怒。接着，我感到了异样的变化，就像是窗帘被拉上，房间突然暗了下来一样。我的皮肤好像从骨头上脱离、漂移出去，就像树叶在秋风中被卷起。我的身体似乎也和

leaves caught in an updraft, as if my body were being separated from something deeper inside. My anger turned to fear, and I did start to cry.

Dad had that look I had seen before. He wanted to comfort me, but he knew he couldn't give in to my tantrum. Mom stayed back, understanding the dynamic. Then, something changed in Dad's face. His eyes, which had been tightly focused on me, suddenly glanced up at the sky, his mouth opening slightly. His face looked as if he were seeing something that had no right to exist. His expression scared me, but still I followed his eyes. The brilliant blue sky had been replaced by a roiling, angry, dark cloud—purple and green and black—like scummy pond water boiling on a campfire. It quickly expanded across most of the sky, blocking the sun, chilling the air. Then, without warning, a brilliant flash burned my eyes and a thunderous crack split the air, shaking the ground, vibrating my bones. I opened my eyes just in time to see the Zipper tipping over on its fulcrum, its two sides folding up like a pair of scissors.

体内更深层的某样东西分离。我的愤怒变成了害怕。我真的开始大哭。

父亲脸上出现了我以前见过的表情。他想安慰我，但很清楚不能向我的坏脾气妥协。母亲不插手，知道其中的微妙。就在这时，父亲脸上的表情开始变化。他原本盯着我的眼睛突然投向天空，嘴巴微微张开。他脸上的表情就像看到了本不该存在的东西。他吓着我了。我顺着他的目光向上看。湛蓝的天空被急速翻滚、来势凶猛的浓云取代——紫色的、绿色的、黑色的——就像满是腐质的池水在篝火上沸腾。浓云快速扩散，遮住了太阳，使空气骤然冷却。接着，没有预示，一道闪电灼疼了我的眼睛，一声炸雷在空中响起，撕破空气、震撼大地，我全身的骨头都快被震得散架子了。我睁开眼睛，正好看到摩天轮在它的支架上倾翻，两边合起来，成了一把剪刀状。

The remainder of my memory of this moment is not like a slow-motion video, but rather, a series of still images; a photo album where the pictures are distorted by the filmy, protective cover. There is one image of the Zipper halfway to the ground, its structure bent at an impossible angle, one end blackened, the individual cars full of faces, bare-toothed screams and widened eyes. There is another image of the structure as it first impacts the oily tarmac, the internal supports bending, the metal of the cars deforming. Then the image of one of the cars bouncing off the ground, its sides crushed by the impact, an arm protruding from the wire cage, bent backwards at the elbow. Then the image of the same car as it rolls over my mother. Both her hands are up, pure instinct and reaction. Her eyes are closed, her mouth turned down in a grimace of brief but instantaneous awareness of what was about to happen. There are no images after this one; I flip through all the pages of my album, trying to find something, but there is nothing left, until the last page.

我对这个时刻存留的记忆并不像一部慢速录像；相反，它更像一系列静态的图片，一本相册，照片由于被罩上了一层保护膜而变了形。其中有一张是正在向地面坠落的摩天轮，以一种不可能的角度折断了。一端已经变得焦黑。那些坐在一个个车斗里的人面目狰狞、呲牙咧嘴地喊叫着，眼睛瞪得大大的。另一张则是同样的摩天轮刚触地的样子，地面油腻腻的；它内部的支撑物弯了，车斗的金属架变了形。接下来的一张是其中一个车斗落地弹起的情形，四周被撞击得不成样子，一只手臂从车斗里伸出来，胳膊肘处向外反转着。再接下来的一张是同一个车斗碾压在我母亲身上的情景。出于本能的反应，她双手向上伸着。她双目紧闭，嘴角向下拉扯，片刻间已经意识到将要发生什么。这是最后一张照片。我翻遍了相册，直到最后一页，极力想要找出些什么，但什么都没留下。接着，我又找到了另一张照片。

There I find one more picture.

My father's face.

He is standing high above me. The venomous cloud frames him. His face is twisted, trying to cope with too many emotions at once. I can barely recognize him, and I am scared of him. The other pictures are silent, but this last image speaks. My father's eyes burn through me, and as they drill into my core, his voice repeats, over and over:

You.

那是父亲的脸。

父亲站在那儿，高出我许多。邪恶的云团包裹着他，像是照片的框架。他的脸因瞬间要承受如此多的情感而变形。我几乎认不出他了，他让我害怕。其他照片都是无声的，唯独这张是有声的。父亲目光灼灼；当它们刺穿我，灼进我的内核时，父亲的声音一遍又一遍地重复着：

你。

A large, grey gull cruises in a lazy circle over the water. Elena strokes my hair, smoothing the wind-tangle. "Your stats have been good," she says. The gull suddenly drops, then in a flutter, lands on the small, foamy curls. "But there've been some problems."

"Problems?"

We are walking on the beach. Our feet sink, sand collapses inward on our steps. Green, silty water tries to erase our progress, dirty foam snakes across the smooth sand. The sky is grey but the clouds are

一只大个的灰色海鸥在水面上懒惰地打着旋。伊莲娜轻抚着我的头发，把被风弄乱的头发抚平。“一切数据显示良好。”她说。海鸥突然向下飞，拍打着翅膀，落在堆满泡沫的漩涡上。“但还是有些问题。”

“问题？”

我们正在海滩上散步。脚沉入沙子，水慢慢把沙粒冲回到我们留下的脚印里。绿色的、不怎么干净的海水试图冲刷掉我们留下的痕迹，肮脏的泡沫像蛇一样窜过平滑的海

starting to break up, jagged azure scars begin to appear. The air is sweet with cedar and damp moss; Elena holds my hand.

“Yes. That gentle rain in northern Vietnam turned into a hailstorm. The snow in southern Chile was too wet. The sun afterward came too quick and caused an avalanche.”

The ocean starts swelling a little stronger; the gull bobs and sways on the surface. “Was anyone hurt?”

“No, it was just a small slide in a remote area. No serious issue really, but I’m just a little concerned about you. Are you feeling okay?”

It always comes to this. Everyone depends on my happiness. Or sadness. These give sun and rain. Nobody ever wants my anger or despair; these can result in thunderstorms, hurricanes, tornados. The companion’s job is to keep my balanced, focused. Elena has been the best so far. But I still make mistakes. “I feel fine,” I lie.

We’ve finished our morning

滩。天空是灰色的，但云团正在消散，锯齿状的蓝色开始斑斑点点地出现。空气里有香柏木和湿苔藓的甜味。伊莲娜握着我的手。

“是的。越南北部温柔的雨变成了冰雹；智利南部的雪又太湿，太阳随后来得太快，引起雪崩。”

海水开始上涨，势头更猛。海鸥在水面上翻飞、打旋。“有人受伤吗？”

“没有，只是在一个偏远的地区有小面积积雪滑落，没什么大不了的；我只是有点担心你。你感觉好吗？”

最后总是会回到这个问题。每个人都仰赖着我的幸福或悲伤，它们意味着晴天或雨天；没有人想要我的愤怒或绝望，它们会导致雷暴、飓风和龙卷风。陪伴者的工作就是让我保持平衡和专注。伊莲娜是迄今为止最好的，但我仍然会犯错。“我感觉很好。”我撒谎道。

早上的事情已经做

session. I try to get much of the day's work out of the way early. Most places in the northern hemisphere wanted sun, not surprising really as this is the prime time to ripen summer crops. Sun is usually pretty easy; I just need to be happy. Elena takes care of this as best she can. The American Midwest, Ukraine and some parts of northern Africa were looking for rain, to alleviate recent dry spells. This is trickier; the smaller pockets always are. We will have to work on this after lunch.

The day always starts in the Globe Room—a converted barn in the trees on the back of the property. Elena is a technical wizard; she pulls up the holographic globe that displays real-time atmospheric conditions, summarizes the previous night's weather, reviews my performance compared to expectations, and then provides the standing orders for the day. I don't know where these orders come from. None of the companions will tell me. They are well trained.

Elena releases my hand and puts her arm around my waist, her

完，我试图让一天的工作早点结束。北半球的大多数地方想要太阳，这不奇怪，因为这是夏季农作物成熟的最好时节。要太阳通常很简单，我只需要快乐。伊莲娜尽其所能保证这一点。美国中西部、乌克兰和非洲北部的一些地区正在求雨，以缓解最近的干旱。这有些棘手，区域越小越是这样。午饭后我们就得处理此事。

每一天都是从地球室开始。这是一间被改造的谷仓，坐落在房子背后的树丛里。伊莲娜是技术向导， she 会把显示实时大气状况的全息地球仪拉到跟前，总结前一天晚上的天气状况，把我的表现和预期的进行比较，作出评估，然后把当天要处理的订单递给我。我不知道这些订单来自哪里。我的陪伴者中没人告诉过我，她们都训练有素。

伊莲娜放开我的手，用胳膊搂住了我的腰，把头依

head on my shoulder. The breeze coming off the ocean stirs the waves of her ebony hair. I pull her closer. I know her job is to build me up, make me feel good, but I can feel tension in her body. She knows she has to be careful how she presents any criticism, knows that the correct equilibrium must be maintained. I learned from previous companions not to push them, not to interfere with their plans. She pulls me closer, hugs me, strokes my back. My fingers move in her hair as I watch the gull take off from the choppy water and fly into the emerging sun. I wonder how much she really understands about the mistakes, about me.

Elena has dimmed the lights. We are in the Focus Room of the barn. On the wall, a series of images are projected. Most of the images show rural areas, fields of golden, whiskered wheat silhouetted against an impossible, blue sky, oceans of emerald sugar beet leaves, neatly order rows of gnarled, tied grape vines, sunflowers blocking the sun,

在我的肩上。海风习习，吹动着她波浪般的乌发。我将她拉得更近。我知道，她的工作是让我渐入佳境、心情好，然而，我却能感受到她体内的紧张。她知道，当她提出批评时，她必须小心翼翼、权衡利弊。从以前的陪伴那儿，我学会了不给她们施加压力，不干扰她们的计划。她把我拉得更近，拥抱我，抚摸我的背。我的手梳理着她的头发，看海鸥从波涛汹涌的水面飞起，冲向正从云中探出头的太阳。我想知道她对我犯的错、对我本人到底了解多少。

伊莲娜已经把光线调暗。我们在谷仓的聚焦房里。一系列图像被投射在墙上。大多数图像显示的是农村地区：一片片金黄色的、留着胡须的小麦背衬着看似不真实的蓝天；绿色的甜菜叶像海洋般铺开；一行行葡萄树，其弯曲的藤条被整齐地拢在一起；向日葵挡住了

their petals like translucent flames. On the bottom of the screen, names scroll with the images: Zhytomir, Kharkiv, Poltava, Sumy, Mykolayiv. This step is important: Elena needs to make sure I know where to focus my attention. I relax as she flips through these bucolic images, reciting a list of statistical and geographic information about Ukrainian agricultural production. Her research, as always, is thorough. She wants to immerse my consciousness completely in the essence of the place.

As the last of the rural images settle into my mind, she begins describing recent meteorological conditions. The images change to sky shots: white, cumulus cotton balls that slowly flatten and morph into a greyer nimbostratus layer. The region, Elena explains, has had a good growing season, but recent dryness has started to wilt the crops. A day or two of sustained, light rain would be ideal. The image of the developing rain cloud loops repeatedly, a computer-generated distortion of the heavens. My limbs relax and I start to wonder what

太阳, 其花瓣像半透明的火焰。在屏幕的底部, 滚动着不同地区的名字和图像: 日托米尔, 哈尔科夫, 波尔塔瓦, 苏梅, 尼古拉耶夫。这一步很重要: 伊莲娜要确保我知道在哪里集中我的注意力。当她翻动着这些乡村图像时, 我身心放松, 同时背诵着一长串有关乌克兰农业生产的数据和地理信息。和往常一样, 她的研究做得缜密、全面。她想让我的意识完全沉浸在这个地方的本质之中。

当最后一幅乡村映像在我的脑海中定格时, 她开始描述最近的气象状况。墙上的映像也变成了各种天空的形态: 白色的、棉花球般的云团慢慢变平, 变成了灰色的雨层云。伊莲娜解释说, 该地区一直都有一个良好的生长季节, 但最近的干旱使庄稼开始枯萎。一两天持续的小雨将是十分理想的。逐渐形成的雨层云翻腾、循环着, 这是电脑生成的、扭曲的天空。我四肢放松, 开始想象今天她要怎样帮我导入。

trigger she is going to use today.

Then, slowly, the music begins to fade in from the surrounding speakers. I instantly recognize the sparse piano chords. I draw in a deep breath. It's been several years since a companion used this. Part of the companion's job is to keep me surprised. I can't become numb to the triggers.

This one should work.

I close my eyes and let the familiar story of the song—the hired assassin as a sympathetic character—infiltrate me. Does a bad action taken make a person bad? I have thought about this often.

I can feel my breathing increase as the pulse of the music picks up. The assassin is beginning his preparations for his target. My palms are damp.

The assassin holds his breath, readies, then fires.

Then the tempo slows. This is where it should start happening—the assassin's flashback to his childhood after he kills his target. This part of the song, the haunting lyrics of childhood abandonment and loneliness, always used to make

慢慢地，音乐从周围的扬声器中淡淡流出。我马上就辨识出了这稀疏的钢琴和弦。我深吸了一口气。几年前的一位陪伴用过这个。陪伴工作的一部分是让我保持惊讶，不能对触发物无动于衷。

这个应该管用。

我闭上眼睛，让这首歌里熟悉的故事——一位有怜悯心的雇佣杀手——渗透我。做过一件坏事就能让人变成坏人吗？我常常思考这个问题。

随着音乐脉冲的提升，我能感觉到自己的呼吸在加快。刺客正准备刺杀目标。我的手掌湿漉漉的。

刺客屏住呼吸、准备、开火。

接着，音乐节奏放缓。这里应该是效应发生的地方——刺客杀了目标后开始回忆童年。这部分歌词令人感慨、难忘，讲述的是童年被遗弃、孤独的故事，总是会让我泪流

salty streams of tears run down my cheeks.

I swallow, put my hand to the dry, papery skin on my face.

Elena is looking down at a computer monitor. She is not frowning, but her face is creased with tension. The last chord fades, its echo burrowing into the corners, and Elena turns up the lights. She has cut the projection of the images. She doesn't say anything.

"It didn't work, did it?"

She tries to hide her disappointment. She knows she has to be careful here. The goal was to make me feel sad, but not like a failure. I never used to fail. I touch my face again. There is no burning behind the eyes, no thickening of mucous. I haven't responded to the song at all.

Elena sits on the arm of the chair, puts her hand on my shoulder. "I don't understand. That song always used to work. I just don't feel anything." My words are flat, like a grey cloud smothering the sky.

She strokes my neck. "It's okay. Maybe you're trying too hard."

满面。

我咽下口水，把手放在我干爽、纸一般的脸皮上。

伊莲娜低头看着一台电脑显示屏。她不是在皱眉头，但脸上由于紧张而拉出了褶子。最后的和弦隐去，回声消失在各个角落。伊莲娜打开了灯。她已经关掉了投影仪。她什么也没说。

"没起作用，对不对？"

她试图掩饰失望。她知道她必须小心。目标是使我感到悲伤，而不是失败。我过去从未失手过。我又摸了一下自己的脸。眼底没有灼疼的感觉，喉咙里没有增厚的黏液。我对这首歌根本没有反应。

伊莲娜坐在椅子的扶手上，把手放在我的肩上。“我不明白。”我说道，“那首歌一直都管用的。我只是没感觉。”我的话瘪瘪的，就像令天空窒息的灰云。

伊莲娜轻抚着我的脖子说：“没关系。也许你太努力了。”