生命中一直 在等待的那一天

【美】弗罗伊德·戴尔等著 张白桦 译

> 32篇暖心治愈的微型小说, 总有一篇撞击你的心扉

中国国际广播出版社

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微型小说,又名小小说,今天已经成长为一个独立的文体。作为小说"四大家族"之一,微型小说进人"蒲松龄文学奖"和"鲁迅文学奖"的视野,成为当代受众范围最广的纯文学样式。这一成就的取得,与当代外国微型小说的汉译有着直接的关系。对此,我在《当代外国微型小说汉译的翻译文学意义》的论文中有过详尽的阐述。具体说来,这种新型的、活力四射的文学样式的引进,推动了中国当代主流文学重归文学性,重塑了当代主流诗学,提高了文学的地位,从而创造了民族文学史、国别文学史上的"神话",具有翻译文学意义。

微型小说翻译对于我来说,好像"量身定制"一般。20世纪80年代初,微型小说在中国横空出世,这种简约而不简单的文体非常适合我的审美取向和性格特征,而翻译则可以调动起我全部的知识和双语语言积累。从1987年我发表的第一篇微型小说译作《他活着还是死了》,到2004年的《我是怎样把心丢了的》,这十七年间,我完成的微型小说翻译总计约350万字。

我的微型小说创作有三种:第一种是母语原创,如《白衣女郎》。 第二种是汉译英, 如在加拿大出版的《中国微型小说精选》(凌鼎 年卷), 这是中国第一部英译微型小说自选集, 我曾参与翻译。第 三种是英译汉, 这一种类所占比重最大。代表作有《爱旅无涯》《仇 家》《爱你至深》等。

我翻译时的期待视野定位在青年身上,目的是做文化、文学的 "媒",因此更愿意贴近读者,特别是青年读者,觉得"大家好才 是直的好"。在翻译策略上以归化为主、异化为辅:在翻译方法上 以意译为主, 直译为辅: 在翻译方式上以全译为主, 节译为辅; 在 翻译风格上以时代性为特色,笃信"一代人有一代人的翻译"之说。

所幸这样的取向还是与读者和社会的需求相契合的,因而产生 了一定的社会效益。首译都会发表在国内的百强、十佳报刊,如《读 者》《中外期刊文萃》《微型小说选刊》《小小说选刊》《青年参 考》《文学故事报》等。常见的情况是,在这样的权威报刊发表后, 随即就会呈现"凡有井水处,即能歌柳词"的景观,如《爱你至深》 发表的二十年间就被转载60余次。

转载不仅限于报刊之间,数十种权威专辑和选本的纸质版也 有收录,如《21世纪中国文学大系翻译文学》、《外国微型小说 三百篇》、《世界微型小说经典》(8卷)、《世界微型小说名家名 作百年经典》(10卷); 电子版图书如《小小说的盛宴书系: 别人 的女郎》《诺贝尔文学奖获奖作家微型小说精选》等:网上资源如 读秀、百链期刊、龙源期刊网等。

此外, 众所周知, 微型小说历来是中考、高考、四六级的语文和英语考试的听力、阅读理解、翻译、作文的模拟试题和真题材料。微型小说还是影视短剧、喜剧、小品的改编材料。

当然,还有社会影响。第一,多次荣获国家级奖项。1998年《爱旅无涯》获《中国青年报·青年参考》最受读者喜爱的翻译文学作品,2010年当选小小说存档作家,2002年"英汉经典阅读"系列获上海外国语大学学术文化节科研成果奖,2002年当选当代微型小说百家,2002年《译作》当选全国第四次微型小说续写大赛竞赛原作。第二,受到知名评论家张锦贻、陈勇等关注和评论达10余次。第三,曾受邀参加中央电视台、内蒙古电视台及电台、中国作家网的人物专访。第四,个人传记人选美国与捷克出版的《华文微型小说微自传》《中国当代微型小说百家论续集》《世界微型小说百家传论》。第五,因为翻译而收到来自世界各地、各行各业的读者来信、电话、邮件不计其数。

虽然近年我转向长篇小说的翻译,并以《老人与海》《房龙地理》《鹿出没》等再次获得读者的青睐,然而对于我来说,那些年,绞尽脑汁一字一句地写在稿纸上,满怀希冀地一封一封地把译稿投进邮筒,忐忑不安地在报亭、邮局一本一本地翻找自己的译作,欢天喜地买几本回家,进门就问女儿"Can you guess?"等她的固定答案"妈妈又发了!"都是我生命中一个一个的定格瞬间。微型小说

翻译是我的"初心",而唯有"初心"是不能辜负的。因此,我于2015年开办了以我的微型小说翻译为内容的自媒体——微型公众号"白桦译林",收获了大量读者和转载,更促成了"译趣坊•世界微型小说精选"系列的陆续出版。

谨以此书感谢多年来扶持过我的报刊编辑老师,以及多年来一 直乐于阅读我的微型小说的读者和学生。



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弗罗伊徳・戴尔

彼得不相信爸爸真的会做这件事——把爷爷送走。"走",他们就 是这么说的,直到现在彼得都不相信这出自父亲的口。

可是,给爷爷买的毛毯就放在这里,明早爷爷就得离开,这是彼得和爷爷在一起的最后一个晚上了。爸爸去见那个他要迎娶的女孩了,要到很晚才能回来,所以,彼得和爷爷要晚点儿睡,说说话。

这是一个晴朗的九月的夜晚,银色的月亮高高地挂在天空上。洗完碗碟,爷孙搬出椅子走出屋子,坐在月光下。"我去拿口琴来给你吹几支老曲子。"爷爷说。

一会儿, 爷爷从屋里出来了, 拿来的不是口琴, 而是那条黑红条 纹的双人大毛毯。

"嗯,这毛毯多好啊!"老人轻轻地抚摸着膝头的毛毯说,"你爸真是孝顺啊,给我这老家伙带这么高级的毛毯走。你看这毛,一定很贵的,这么好的毛毯不会有几条。"

爷爷总这么说,他是为了避免难堪,他一直装着很想去政府办的 养老院——那幢砖砌的大楼的样子,想象着,去那个地方与那么多老人 一起共度晚年,拥有最好的一切······可彼得从没想到爸爸真会把爷爷送 走,直到今晚看到爸爸带回这条毛毯。

"是条好毛毯。"彼得搭讪着走进小屋。他不是个爱哭鼻子的孩子, 况且,他早已过了好哭鼻子的年龄了。他是进屋给爷爷拿口琴的。

爷爷站起来接口琴的时候毛毯滑落到地板上。爷爷吹了一会儿, 然后说道,"你会记住这支曲子的。"

彼得呆呆地坐着,望着外面的溪谷。爸爸要迎娶那个姑娘了。是的,那个姑娘亲过彼得了,对彼得百般宠爱,还发誓说要做个好后妈什么的……

爷爷突然停下来,说道,"你爸要娶的姑娘不错。有个这么漂亮的妻子他会感觉又有了第二春。我这样的老头又何必在这碍事呢?我老了,七病八痛的,招人嫌呢。不,不!还是走为上策呀!好,再吹两支曲子我们就上床睡觉,我明天早晨再收拾毛毯。"

他们没有听到有两个人正沿着小路走来,爸爸拥着那个姑娘,姑娘容光焕发,脸蛋儿好像瓷娃娃。直到走进门廊,爷孙俩才听到她的笑声,琴声戛然而止。爸爸一声没吭,姑娘走到爷爷跟前得体地说道:"明天早晨不能来送您,我现在来跟您告别的。"

"谢谢了,"爷爷眼睛低垂着说道。接着,爷爷看到了脚边的毛毯,弯腰拾了起来,"你看,"爷爷说道,"这是儿子送我的离别礼物。多好的毛毯!"

"是不错。"她摸了一下毛毯,"好高级呀!"她惊讶地重复道, "我得承认——这确实是一条高级毛毯!"她转向爸爸,冷冷地说, "一定花了不少钱吧?"

爸爸清了清嗓子,说道,"我想给他一条最好的……" "还是双人的呢。"姑娘说道,似乎是在责备爸爸。 "是的,"老人说,"是条双人毛毯。一条一个老家伙即将带走的毛毯。"

彼得突然转身跑进了屋。他听到那姑娘还在责备爸爸,她回过味 儿来了,这条毛毯花费了爸爸——她多少钱,都花在这条毛毯上了。爸 爸开始慢慢动怒,姑娘突然怒气冲冲地拔腿就走了……

彼得出屋时她正回头冲爸爸喊,"解释也没用,他根本用不着双 人毛毯。"她沿着那条小路跑了。

爸爸看着她,好像是不知所措的样子。

"哦,她说得对,"彼得说,"爸爸,给!"——彼得递给爸爸 一把剪刀,"把毛毯剪成两块。"

爷爷和爸爸都盯着彼得看。"爸爸,我跟你说,把毛毯剪成两块, 留下一块。"

- "好主意,"爷爷温和地说,"我用不着这么大的毛毯。"
- "是的,"彼得厉声说道,"老人家送走时给条单人毛毯就不错了。 我们还能留下一半,以后迟早总有用处。"
 - "你这是什么意思?"爸爸问。
- "我是说,"彼得慢腾腾地说,"等你老了,我送你走时给你这一半。"

大家都沉默了。好半天,爸爸走到爷爷面前呆呆地站着,没有一句话。爷爷把手放到他儿子的肩上低声说道:"没关系,孩子,我知道你不是这么想的·····"这时,彼得哭了。

但没什么,因为爷爷、爸爸都哭了……



By Floyd Dell

Peter hadn't really believed that Dad would be doing it—sending Granddad away. "Away" was what they were calling it.

Not until now could he believe it of his father.

But here was the blanket that Dad had bought for Granddad, and in the morning he'd be going away. This was the last evening they'd be having together. Dad was off seeing that girl he was to marry. He would not be back till late, so Peter and Granddad could sit up and talk.

It was a fine September night, with a silver moon riding high. They washed up the supper dishes and then took their chairs out onto the porch. "I'll get my fiddle," said the old man, "and play you some of the old tunes."

But instead of the fiddle he brought out the blanket. It was a big double blanket, red with black stripes.

"Now, isn't that a fine blanket!" said the old man, smoothing it over his knees. "And isn't your father a kind man to be giving the

old fellow a blanket like that to go away with? It cost something, it did—look at the wool of it! There'll be few blankets there the equal of this one!"

It was like Granddad to be saying that. He was trying to make it easier. He had pretended all along that he wanted to go away to the great brick building—the government place. There he'd be with so many other old fellows, having the best of everything... But Peter hadn't believed Dad would really do it, not until this night when he brought home the blanket.

"Oh, yes, it's a fine blanket," said Peter. He got up and went into the house. He wasn't the kind to cry and, besides, he was too old for that. He'd just gone in to fetch Granddad's fiddle.

The blanket slid to the floor as the old man took the fiddle and stood up. He tuned up for a minute, and then said, "This is one you'll like to remember."

Peter sat and looked out over the gully. Dad would marry that girl. Yes, that girl who had kissed Peter and fussed over him, saying she'd try to be a good mother to him, and all...

The tune stopped suddenly. Granddad said, "It's a fine girl your father's going to marry. He'll be feeling young again with a pretty wife like that. And what would an old fellow like me be doing around their house, getting in the way? An old nuisance, what with my talks of aches and pains. It's best that I go away, like I'm doing. One more tune or two, and then we'll be going

to sleep. I'll pack up my blanket in the morning."

They didn't hear the two people coming down the path. Dad had one arm around the girl, whose bright face was like a doll's. But they heard her when she laughed, right close by the porch. Dad didn't say anything, but the girl came forward and spoke to Granddad prettily: "I won't be here when you leave in the morning, so I came over to say good-bye."

"It's kind of you," said Granddad, with his eyes cast down. Then, seeing the blanket at his feet, he stooped to pick it up. "And will you look at this," he said. "The fine blanket my son has given me to go away with."

"Yes," she said. "It's a fine blanket." She felt the wool and repeated in surprise, "A fine blanket—I'll say it is!" She turned to Dad and said to him coldly, "That blanket really cost something."

Dad cleared his throat and said, "I wanted him to have the best..."

"It's double, too," she said, as if accusing Dad.

"Yes," said Granddad, "it's double—a fine blanket for an old fellow to be going away with."

The boy went suddenly into the house. He was looking for something. He could hear that girl scolding Dad. She realized how much of Dad's money—her money, really—had gone for the blanket. Dad became angry in his slow way. And now she was

suddenly going away in a huff...

As Peter came out, she turned and called back, "All the same, he doesn't need a double blanket!" And she ran off up the path.

Dad was looking after her as if he wasn't sure what he ought to do.

"Oh, she's right," Peter said. "Here, Dad!"—and he held out a pair of scissors. "Cut the blanket in two."

Both of them stared at the boy, startled. "Cut it in two, I tell you, Dad!" he cried out. "And keep the other half."

"That's not a bad idea," said Granddad gently. "I don't need so much of a blanket."

"Yes," the boy said harshly, "a single blanket's enough for an old man when he's sent away. We'll save the other half, Dad. It'll come in handy later."

"Now what do you mean by that?" asked Dad.

"I mean," said the boy slowly, "that I'll give it to you, Dad—when you're old and I'm sending you—away."

There was a silence. Then Dad went over to Granddad and stood before him, not speaking. But Granddad understood. He put out a hand and laid it on Dad's shoulder. And he heard Granddad whisper, "It's all right, son. I knew you didn't mean it..." And then Peter cried.

But it didn't matter—because they were all crying together.



谁给了我耳朵

-000C

"我可以看看我的宝宝吗?"初为人母的她开心地问道。

当裹着的婴儿放到她臂弯里,她掀开裹着婴儿的布,在看到他的小脸时,不由地倒吸了一口气。医生快速地转过身,透过医院的高高的窗户向外看去。婴儿生下来就没有耳朵。

时间证明,婴儿虽然没长耳朵,听力却完全没有问题,只是有损他的形象。一天,当他匆匆从学校跑回家,扑进母亲的怀里时,她幽幽长叹,意识到他的生命历程中注定会有一连串的伤心。

他将遭到的不幸脱口而出:"一个男孩,一个大个子男孩……他 叫我怪胎。"

他已经长大了,虽然不幸没有了耳朵,长得还是挺帅的,同学们很喜欢他,若不是因为没有耳朵,他很可能都能当上班长。他对文学和音乐很有天赋,后天发展得也很好。

"可是你可以跟其他年轻人一样的。"母亲责备道,却是语重心长的。

男孩的父亲与家庭医生商量……"难道就无计可施了吗?"

"如果能够找到的话,我认为可以移植一双外耳。"医生做了决定,于是他们开始寻求一个愿意为这个年轻人做出牺牲的人。

两年过去了。父亲对儿子说道,"孩子,你要住院了。我和你妈