

新英语故事丛书 5
NEW ENGLISH STORIES

呵护天使

Guardian Angels

付瑛 何红梅 吉荣 编

西安电子科技大学出版社

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内 容 简 介

爱找事儿又不敢动手的混人，在加勒比岛国旅游的担惊受怕，轻轻松松和明星交朋友的饼店小老板，贩牛开矿抢银行的罪犯，中学生干坏事的小手腕儿，在洗衣房里争“雌”的女人，好事做不到底的姐姐，聪明反被聪明误的女孩，摆脱了刑事纠葛的轻松劲儿，失去记忆的新娘，炸掉老师信箱的捣蛋学生……33个闻所未闻的新奇故事，吸引您忘掉学英语的苦恼，而陶醉在使用英语的快乐之中。



序

想就翻译问题胡乱说几句。

有位先生回忆说，读书的时候做汉译俄练习，老师出了个“瑞雪兆丰年”，全班五十个同学，译成了五十个样子，公认的最佳之作是“雪大面包多”。想想也够传神的，但还是和我们读瑞雪兆丰年的感觉差得很远很远。再明白不过了，蕴涵在语词中的人文意味，不可能毫不走样地翻译成另一种语言。

意境也同样不可能用另一种语言准确地再现出来。以前读过几首唐诗的英译，感觉糟糕极了。《静夜思》译成英文，就像茅台变成了香槟，即使还是好酒，也是截然不同的两回事。至于语感，根本不存在翻译的可能性。我最初读的英文诗，是彭斯的 *My Heart Is in the Highland*，我陶醉于舌在口中的那种圆润，和读唐诗宋词没什么两样。我发现，外国人写诗并不比中国人差。

所以说，想知道一部摄像机怎么玩，尽可以看它译成汉字的使用说明，而想读弗罗斯特的诗或是马克·吐温的小说，谢谢翻译家的帮助，你还是自己来吧！

编 者
1998 年 6 月



我一停下来，他就冲出了那辆梅赛德斯。这家伙块头很大，四十岁左右。我下车的时候，他就站在我的车前边。我手提着公文包，心想这家伙会给我来那么一下，可是没有！他只是想和我打嘴仗。嘿，也许你能想来，我一边向我现在仍然在那里工作的那家小商店走，一边把他说的每一句话都甩回到他那油腔滑调的讨厌的脸上。最后看我吓不倒，他掉头往回走。可上车之前，他冲着我的鼻子做了一个学校里常见的恶心人的动作，那样子我十年级以后就再没有见过，要知道这家伙已经四十岁了。我推开商店的门走了进去，我说，“哈，伤心的失败者。”

——摘自“急眼儿的家伙”



这伙人里面女的领头的是谢莉，她长得挺漂亮，金发长长的，奶头儿也挺大。唯一的问题在于，她什么都不是，只是一个被宠坏的，永远都无法讨好的小娘子。

——摘自“谢莉的快餐车”



乐队指挥头一点，音乐响了起来。尼克深情地凝视着娜塔丽，跟在过门儿后边唱了起来。

——摘自“祝你平安”



我们马上跑到付费电话那儿，仔细地记下了卡森的电话号码，然后回到吸烟区。这会儿，第一阶段已经结束，那个地方又站满了学生。我们见人说卡森打了可怜的保尔，还说了卡森家的电话号码。接着，整个吸烟区又噉噉地热闹起来，除了平常老说的那些事情，还加上了保尔挨打的新闻。我们商量着要把卡森报复一下。

——摘自“报复的黑枪”

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急眼儿的家伙

The Angry Bail Bondsman

不和混人较劲，这也是一种智慧。街上碰到个二百五，你和他说得清吗？《读书》登过王蒙讲的一个故事，大意是说两个人抬杠，甲说二七一十四，乙说二七一十五。闹到县官那儿去，县官二话没说，喝令打甲五十大板。甲大喊冤枉。县官说：“你冤枉什么？乙说二七一十五，明摆着是个糊涂蛋，你和他较真儿，不和你打谁？”

From 1989 until 1994, I had this really nice '89 Honda Prelude. It was the most reliable, well-built car I ever owned, which is saying a lot, because I have owned four Lexii. However, there were two problems with the car. One, it was slow. It had the biggest engine you could put in a Honda, but the automatic tranny made it a snail-mobile. Two, I couldn't take it out of my garage without someone getting mad and flipping me off. I guess it was the appearance of the car — it was fire-engine red, with aftermarket wings, fins and gills, tinted windows, custom wheels and tires, \$3000 worth of stereo, and a license plate which bore my actual first name. Change

lanes? Get flipped off. Merge into traffic? Get flipped off. Run a yellow light? Get flipped off. It was tiresome.

Anyway, one day in 1991, I was driving to work. I was patiently waiting for my turn to use the on-ramp when some type-A jerk in a Mercedes sedan decides HE'S not going to wait, he needs on that ramp NOW, and furthermore, I'm the guy who's going to let him in line in front of me. Sorry, Charlie, no such luck. The guy behind me lets him cut in though, so now the guy is PISSED and he's behind me. Once on the freeway, I change to the left lane, and Mr. Dickhead in the Merc has already changed lanes and is RIGHT BEHIND ME and now he's really pissed because, of course, I pulled into the left lane right in front of him, winning our little race in a cheesy Honda although he's got Teutonic iron that I am supposed to respect and even be intimidated by.

So this moron FOLLOWS ME ALL THE WAY TO WORK. Once I park, he pops out of his Merc. The guy is big, and in his forties. He stands over top of my car as I climb out, briefcase in hand. I figure the guy is going to take a swing at me, but no! He decides to joust with me verbally. Heh. As you might expect, everything he says gets shoved right back in his face with an offensively flippant remark as I walk to the little shop where I still work to this day. Finally realizing that I am not intimidated, he heads back for his car, but before climbing in, he makes some derogatory schoolyard remark about my nose (!) that I haven't heard since the 10th grade (remember this guy is in his FORTIES). As I open the door to the shop and step inside, I say "Wah! Sore loser."

NOW the guy is REALLY PISSED. He walks into the shop, asks if I'm the owner. No. He wants to talk to the

owner. By now, Fred (the boss) is already coming out of his office. Mr. Dickhead tries to convince Fred that I am a reckless driver, but Fred responds by telling the guy to get the fuck out of here. The guy calls Fred a few choice names and leaves, madder than ever. Fred and I have a good laugh over it, recalling that the guy (for whatever reason) told Fred that he is "in the bail bonds business" during the course of their argument. So we look up "bail bonds" in the phone book and sure enough, the guy's name (Jim French) and picture are all over the yellow pages! Turns out he owns the biggest bail bonds business in Vancouver, WA (the town I live in), and has about 3 or 4 solid pages of ads in the phone book! We laugh our asses off at this.

Then, today, in the local paper:

James Robert French, 47, of 8708 N. W. Lakecrest Ave., is to appear for arraignment this morning for SEVEN COUNTS OF CHILD MOLESTATION/CHILD RAPE and is wanted in California for another two charges of sexual assault. The alleged victims in both Washington and California are close relatives. French, who owns Clark County Bail Bonds, allegedly assaulted the victim over a five-year period.

I sure hope he can find some bail bonds.

ADDENDUM:

The following article appeared in the Portland, Oregon Oregonian on November 17, 1995:

VANCOUVER, Wash. — A fugitive warrant has been issued for James R. French, who was convicted Tuesday in Clark County Superior Court of sexually abusing his step-daughter. He was found guilty of two counts of first-degree rape of a child and three counts of second-degree rape of a

child. The abuse began when the girl was 8. She now is 16. French, 47, had been free on bail pending sentencing, which had been scheduled for Thursday. He owns Clark County Bail Bonds and similar businesses in six other states.

Rod Frederiksen, Vancouver police chief, said sources told authorities that French was headed to Mexico or Arizona. He reportedly was traveling alone. French is described as 6 feet 6 inches, 250 pounds, with blue eyes and brown hair. He may be driving a white Land Rover, a gold Mercedes or a 1995 Mitsubishi Quest minivan.

This is Jim French. If you see him, call the police.

Notes

tint v. 染色

custom v. 定做的

ramp n. 坡道

Mercedes 梅赛德斯汽车

sedan n. 私家轿车

freeway n. 高速公路

cheesy a. 俊俏的

intimidate v. 恐吓

moron n. 笨人

joust n. 争斗

offensively ad. 不愉快

flippant a. 没礼貌的

derogatory a. 贬损的

arraignment n. 传讯

molestation n. 骚扰

alleged a. 所谓的

Oregon n. 俄勒冈州

fugitive a. 逃亡的

Arizona n. 亚利桑那州

Mitsubishi 三菱

饼店明星

Bagel Boy to the Stars

By Mitch Lemus

1997 年的一大新闻，是摄影记者“狗仔队”迫得戴安娜王妃香消玉陨，魂散法兰西。为了钱，人有时候会身不由己，苦挣巴力地干出些缺德事儿来。要是出于业余爱好，就犯不着那样了。你看，开百吉饼店的 Michael，没费什么事儿，就在饼店的墙上挂满了明星的照片，其中许多还是他和明星的合影。

It's 5 : 30 a. m. on a frosty February morning. While most New Yorkers are catching their last winks before sunrise, Michael Klein, 32, is meticulously straightening out the celebrity photos on the walls of his store, 3rd Avenue Bagels.

There's Michael pictured with Brooke Shields. And there he is chumming it up with Spike Lee, and yet another one of him cavorting with ex-heavyweight champ, Joe Frazier.

In fact, nearly every inch of the store's walls are covered with autographed photos of celebrities, most of them posing with Michael. One would expect to see such pictures in the office of some high-powered Hollywood agent. But in a bagel

store?

Michael's schmear story began back in 1991 while vacationing with his wife at the Beverly Hilton. The couple was simply looking to relax and had no inkling of the birthday bash Merv Griffin was throwing for Sophia Loren the night they checked in.

As limo after limo rolled up, a virtual Who's Who of Hollywood paraded before the star-struck couple. Camera in hand, Michael finally got the nerve to ask a celebrity for a picture. It was Vanna White, all "tan, tall, and beautiful", he recalls. "It would be my pleasure," said Vanna, snuggling up to Michael while his wife took the shot.

Surprised by the ease of his feat that night, Michael then proceeded to get his picture taken with Sophia Lauren, Sylvester Stallone, Audrey Meadows and Pat Sajak.

Back in New York, he blew the shots up to 8 x 10, framed them, and hung them up in his bagel store. The pictures attracted so much customer attention, that from then on, Michael decided to actively seek photo ops. And a hobby was born.

The wall of fame is definitely good for business, says Michael, who's been in the family business since graduating from the University of Florida in 1986. Last October, he became sole owner of the store on 3rd Avenue and 82nd Street, buying it from his father.

When not answering customer's questions like "Who's new on the wall?" and "What do the celebrities eat?". Michael commands the counter like a general, directing employees, fielding phone-in orders, and waiting on customers in impossibly scant time. Regulars needn't even say a word. As soon as