

新英语故事丛书 10
NEW ENGLISH STORIES

绯色惊雷

Scarlet Thunder

孙长虹 罗佳 叶飞飞 编

西安电子科技大学出版社

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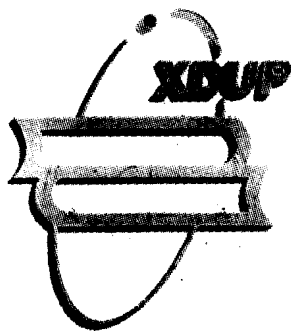
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内 容 简 介

令人留恋不已的斗鸡场面，忧心忡忡的赴宴者，外强中干的爵士，独自杀死猛虎的女人，呖语招来的事端，揣测不透的最后结局，甘为他人做嫁衣的教练，完美无缺的密谋，…… 32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

选编这套“新英语故事丛书”的初衷原本是希望为广大英语学习者提供更多真正有趣的阅读材料，可当各位编者最终读完这三百多个故事之后，他们先被这些故事迷住了，他们先感受到了英语语言和文化的奇特冲击。

首先，三百多个故事带之而来的是三四百个人物，这些人物有不同的文化背景，有不同的心理状态，有不同的言行，在不同的社会环境当中，有不同的命运和结局，……对于我们许多无缘去西方社会体验生活的人来说，我们无法通过与人接触，与社会接触来深化自己对异域文化的概念化认识。因此，只有通过理解一个个故事中生动的人物和社会背景，使生硬的概念转化为有血有肉的感受。就认识人，认识社会而言，感受是更真实的认识。

令所有编者感到特别的另一点，是这些故事表现方式的现代感。大家特意在书中安排了几个传统故事，它们与多数故事的不同感觉非常显著。我们至今还在不停地探讨现代故事和传统故事相比，到底发生了什么变化。对文学有兴趣的读者朋友们，也一定会思考这样的问题的。

也许正是这一点使我们感觉格外不同，因为我们这一代人接受了太多“指示”和“命令”式的教育，当我们不得不自己思考时，我们竟惊奇地发现了自己思想的魅力。

我们发现这样一点，那就是传统故事往往倾向于为读者升华出一个比较清晰明了的主题，而现代故事则只着力于故事情节本身的构筑，并不刻意升华出某个主题，它把升华主

题的思索余地留给了读者。所有编者都参与了故事的筛选工作，一些较长的，特别费解的和内容不宜的故事被去掉，上千个故事最后筛选出三百多个，这三百多个故事是经全体编者讨论认可的。至于每本书署名的编者则只是加注释的和撰写引言和具体工作者。

编写之初考虑沿用目前引介英语读物的套路：引言+插图+注释+练习。可与精彩纷呈的故事内容相比，感觉这一切都似有画蛇添足之嫌。因此我们打消了大量插图和理解练习的想法，让精彩的故事自己说话。而且，我们试着将每个故事的导言变成编者个人理解的发挥和对故事隐情的暗示。尽管如此，现在回头看看这套书的形式，似乎仍有陈规的痕迹，仍不足以反映卓然不群的内涵。

据我们所知，不少读者使用这类读物非常认真。对于这些读者我们建议的使用方法是：读到有意思的故事之后用汉语（用英语当然更好）给朋友讲，讲不清楚回头再读。假如你的朋友也有读过这个故事，与他一齐讨论故事的情节和涵义，探讨作者的意图和表达个人的感受，遇到不清楚和有分歧的地方再回头读故事。

正如我们在有些故事引言中所写，有的故事我们也理解不透，很愿意听到读者朋友们的指正和赐教。好故事固然没人能拒绝，但自己坐下来读故事的人正在减少，读英语故事的人可能更少。如果您是那种还能享受此乐的现代雅士，您便能结识更多精神境界中的朋友，这些朋友中当然还包括我们这些编者。

编 者

1998年6月

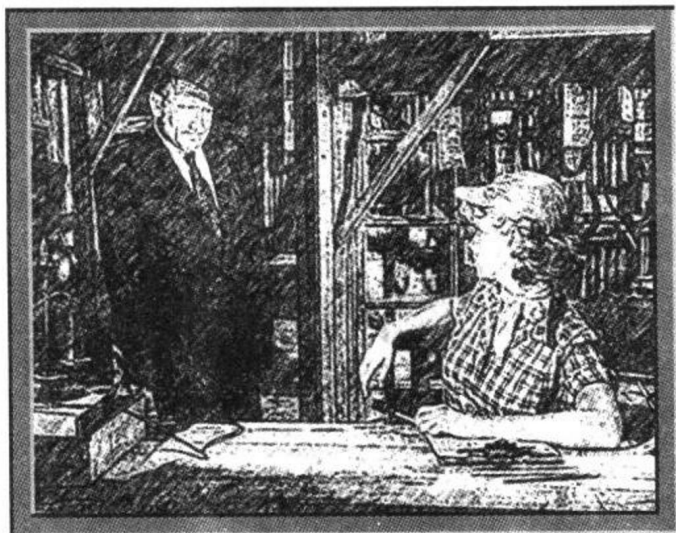


“我们应当把它作为一种国家财富捐赠给国家。”她说。

“在那件事之后吧。”我爱管闲事地自言自语道。

尽管赏金很少，但我还总是想起父亲最喜欢的格言。他会说：“儿子，富有而不快乐总比贫穷而不快乐好。”

——摘自“密谋”



比利向四周看了看然后看着他父亲。他震惊地看到父亲也满眼泪花。

“你是什么意思？”比利问道。

“不。不要介意。如果你母亲发现的话，它真的会伤害她。”

“我保证我不会告诉她。”

“发誓。”

“我发誓，”比利说着童子军致意般地举起手。

——摘自“初恋”



“这听起来很严肃，”看着她的玻璃杯，她说道。“你引起了我的注意力。”

我清了清喉咙好像要进行我一生中最重要的讲话。

“好的，是这样的……你知道，我已经结婚快十年了，即使是那样，我知道当我再见你的时候……如果我能再见到你，不管那一天什么时候到来，不管我们是什么情况，沙尔贝，我告诉自己我会告诉你这一点……”

——摘自“旧日情人”



……我一动也不动。我认识到所有的我欺骗自己的。我不能改变。我将会在一生中自我意识。我将会在一生中惊退。我的有生之年将会无趣。

“你不跳舞？”彼特问道。

“不，我只想问你一个问题。”

“行，什么？”

我绞尽脑汁想出一个问题。“我们几点走？”我最后问道。

——摘自“多虑客人”

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梦 境

It's Only a Dream, Right?

By Daniel Jackson

所有的一切从开始到结束都是梦，这叫人听起来似乎有点儿不可思议，然而这里却能使你感觉到犹如进入了梦境一般。

The screen fades in to reveal a sea of nature ... extending as far as the eye can see. The floor is covered with weeds, grass, and flowers of all kinds, and to the sides the out brush of trees are seen fighting with nature's breath, the wind, in an endless battle which neither ever wins. You soon recognize this as a farm of some sorts ... A place of quietness, and rest, and comfort ... A place of peace, and relaxation. A place where one can be to himself in the lonesome atmosphere and put the worries of everyday life behind him. The decorations up above are showing signs of the perfect day, as a few billowy clouds float around aimlessly without the hint of blackness upon them.

But, even though these surroundings should be bringing you a feeling of joy and a breath of refreshment, an eerie chill suddenly creeps down your spine, shattering any pleasant

thoughts you once had about this environment, and filling their places with waves of sheer hatred and discomfort. You come to realize that this is a very evil place indeed.

Suddenly, the sound of small children finds its way to your ear. You gaze in all directions, alert, and quick to react to any slight movement. After a second or two of confusion, the sound comes again, and this time you are able to locate the origin ... a group of children merrily circling a nearby tree, seemingly not feeling the emotion of hatred that you now have inside of you. Smiles are upon these children's faces, and a smile begins to creep upon your face as well, until you notice the single boy sitting aloft of the group. Sitting alone, with his knees curled up to his chest, his body pressed tightly in a little ball, the child watches the rest dance around the tree with glee, as he slowly begins to feel sorry for himself. The redness around his eyes and streaks down his face show that he was once weeping, but now he just sits there ... unknowing.

As you watch these children and try to uncover the mystery to its fullest, you are unaware of the evil eyes watching you ... the eyes which caused the feeling of hatred to enter your soul ... the eyes which dove right into your heart causing your life to take a drastic turn for the worse from here on out. Now, the feeling of anger grows stronger inside of you, and soon you sense the urge to turn around, as if someone, or something, was behind you. You quickly do so, expecting to see Death itself reaching out for you, but instead, you see a figure off in the distance, dressed in black clothing, with blood red hair streaking down his forehead, covering his face completely.

Shock absorbs your muscles as you see this figure, and

you are unable to move ... only watch. The figure stands motionless for what seems to be an eternity, but slowly, takes a step ... in the direction of the children. You regain enough composure to veer your head off in the direction to which this figure is moving towards, and realize that his final goal is to reach the children. You try to warn them, but your voice is cut short from fear, as the figure is within your peripheral vision once again. Now you are able to see both the children and this mysterious being, but are unable to do anything about it. His stride and pace do not falter his movement, as his steps are steady and the same distance apart for each. You stare helplessly as one child around the tree spots this figure and stops in her tracks immediately. The others turn their heads to see what she is staring at and unanimously repeat the girl's actions.

The figure continues his steady pace, and is now at most 30 feet away from the children. When the little girl realizes that the man is still coming, she runs off into the brush screaming for her mother ... the rest of the children soon follow. But, the little boy who was sitting alone, does not abort his post ... for he does not see this man yet. He looks toward the children who are now far into the distance and wonders what they are running from. He slowly pans his head from left to right, stopping dead on this man, only a few feet away from him now. The child remains motionless, not only out of fright, but of shock. The man stops short within an arms length of the child, and remains motionless as well. Now the trees, which were once howling with the wind, are silent ... the weeds and flowers are now unmoving as well, and for a split second it all becomes just a picture. But only for a second

... the man suddenly whips his head back, his hair now away from his face ... the gruesome sight which you see, now covers up your shock, and replaces it with sheer fear. The man's eyes are shut, but the rest of his face is a very pale white, with black circles resting underneath his eyelids. His mouth is resting in an infinite frown, and you can tell that this man has been to the deepest and darkest depths of that which is evil and returned, his soul blackened by the experience.

The small boy remains motionless, but soon begins to shiver, not from the cold, but from fright. You don't seem to notice that the black clouds have begun to roll in, causing a complete overcast. The sight is that of one directly before a thunderstorm. Both the man and the child are still unmoving, and the man's eyes are still closed ... but suddenly, a glitch of movement takes place, and the man's eyes are open, revealing his blood—red pigmented pupils. Small flames seemingly leap from his eyes and fall to dust onto the ground ... the wind picks up, and carries this dust into the infinite ... the child's shivering now becomes a violent seizure, and you witness the unusual as his hair becomes completely white. His shaking become so bad that he falls over, escaping the evil man's glare, and regaining his composure. Lightning and thunder now are present, and a storm is unavoidable. The small child raises to his feet, never again looking directly at the man, and running off in the direction the rest of the children once took. He soon becomes a little dot in the distance, and even that soon disappears into the trees ... your gaze now falls back on the evil man, as he still remains motionless, staring at the spot where the child once sat. The wind howls as the man's hair whips back behind him and a streak of lightning flashes across the

sky, shooting down at the spot where this man is standing ... it strikes, seemingly directly through this man, and a large puff of smoke fills that area. As the smoke begins to clear by the raging winds, you can see that this man is now nonexistent in this plain, and all that was left behind was a large mound of dust which quickly is blown away by the fierce winds. You can't even begin to take this all into your mind and accept it, but the memories will always still be there. A sudden thought fills your brain, but not being exposed to this information ever before, you don't understand how you could know such knowledge. But all you can think about, is the fact that the little child will spend the rest of his life in an insane asylum, and every time he opens his own eyes, those fiery pupils haunt his mind once again, and fill it with pure evil ...

Suddenly, a loud ear-splitting noise is heard, and you awaken from the deep sleep that you were experiencing. The noise, you assume, must have been an alarm clock, or actually an exit from the hellish dream you just viewed. Remaining lying down with your eyes closed, you breath a sigh of relief as you DO realize that it was all just a dream. After reassuring yourself of this fact, you rise from your position, but find that your arms cannot separate from the bed. As you pull them harder, it becomes apparent that they are tied down, and due to the rawness of your wrists, they are tied down well. You try to raise your legs, but they are the same way. By now, a worrisome feeling enters your soul, and you open your eyes to view the situation, but instead of seeing a room, all that can be seen are the blood-red eyes of the demon ... also known as Death.