

新英语故事丛书 8  
NEW ENGLISH STORIES

# 牛仔回忆

*Cowhand's Memories*



孙长虹 罗佳 王颖 编

西安电子科技大学出版社

新英语故事丛书 8

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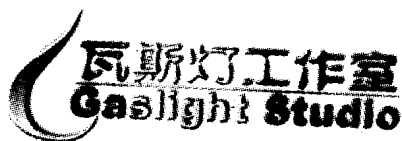
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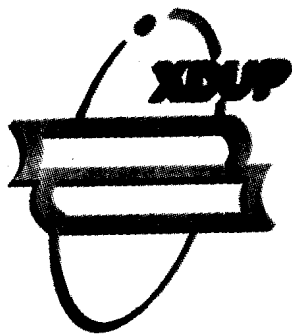
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## 内 容 简 介

魔力无穷的神笔，多情的年轻人，孤独老人对美好往事的回忆，充满诱惑的天堂生活，好人充当替罪羊的百般无奈，令人毛骨耸然的一扇窗，反目为仇的夫妻，老实人制人的阴谋…… 29 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

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马丁对公司的高级顾问博洛夫人忍无可忍，决心除掉她。博洛夫人傲慢、自负、粗野、善于心计且雄心勃勃。她不但一步步控制了整个公司，而且大大地破坏了公司的协调，阻碍了公司的发展。下一步她就要对他主管的档案部动手了。所有这一切都使他忍无可忍。他决心实施自己的杀人计划。在潜入博洛夫人的卧室后，他顿生一计，一改平时形象，既抽烟，又喝酒，还恶毒咒骂公司经理。正如他所料，第二天博洛夫人果然向经理怒诉他的言行，但无人相信一向烟酒不沾、兢兢业业、谨小慎微的马丁会做这样的蠢事。经理认为博洛夫人患了一种妄想型精神病，因而不得不辞退她。

你将在此书中读到众多这样有趣的故事。有离奇曲折的悬案，有妙趣横生的童话，有凄婉动人的忏悔，有清新流畅的随笔。有的令人掩卷凄然，有的令人拍案惊奇，有的读来似春风拂面，有的却引你进入幽巷。地地道道的原汁原味的英语，俚语，典故随处可见；众多隐语让你回味无穷。

每一篇都是独立的文章。其精密的结构，令人耳目一新的写作风格令人爱不释卷。这些定会让有志于提高写作水平的朋友大开眼界。而文章深处蕴含的东西——社会的动荡，家庭的脆弱，真情的迷失，人心的险恶，前途的迷茫，命运的无望……这些隐寓在文章深处的东西，不也是生活的一种诠释。读过之后，提高英语水平的同时，又能激发出对生活的思考与理解。

把最好的东西奉献给读者，这一直是我们最大的愿望。

在英语百花园中，我们选而又选，精而又精，力图把最美丽、最芬芳的花朵呈现在大家面前，供大家欣赏，使英语学习不再成为一种负担，而成为趣味，成为为美所吸引去主动地求索。唯有如此，英语作为一门语言，才能绽放出其夺人的魅力，诱使人们去发掘、去探索。

编 者

1998 年 6 月



“这是当今我最喜欢的人，我的小小弟弟富兰克。”她以前从未把我叫作弟弟，虽然那应当使我高兴，但那从未那样。她轻轻地吻了我的脸颊，又像抚摸我们的狗一样抚摸我的头发。

“等着碰到女孩子，”她对鲍伯说，然后咯咯地笑着，跑着，像俩小孩子一样手拉手地走开。他们跑过玉米地，顺着小溪下去。

这些年以后，我想那些感情已经消失了。我想我可以像爱姐姐一样爱她，但是看着她跟着别人走了，我的心又妒忌性地跳起来。

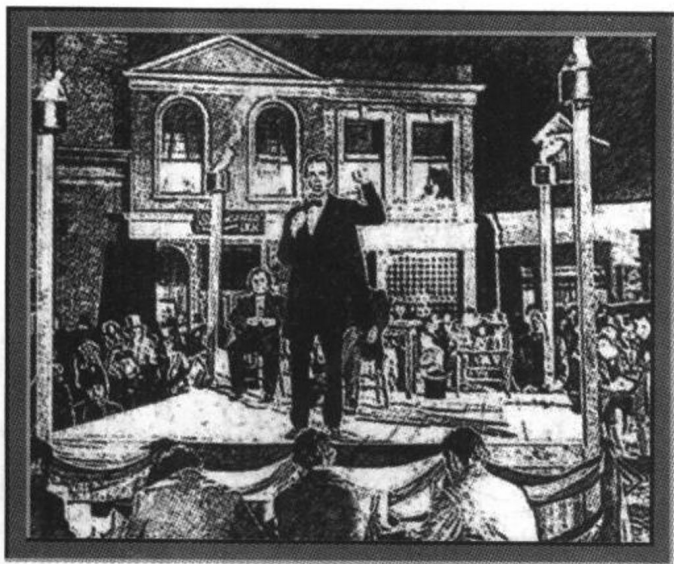
——摘自“夏日”



当博洛夫人再出来时，她手拿着两杯掺有冰水的威士忌饮料，马丁先生戴着手套站在那儿，他强烈地意识到他那精心设计的幻想。手里拿着烟，一杯早已为他准备好的酒——这一切太不可能了。这太出乎意料了；这不可能。在他的主意背后萌发了一种激起的模糊念头。“我的天哪，脱下手套，”博洛夫人说。“我在房子里总是戴手套，”马丁先生。那个念头逐渐完善，奇怪而又令人惊奇……

——摘自“有权职位”





“女士们，先生们，今天在我们的小教堂里发生了一件令人惊奇的事情。我认为是个奇迹。他发生在一个罪人的身上。一个生活黑暗而又无目的的人。但不是像我这样地位低下的人告诉你们发生了什么，而让以前的罪人自己告诉你们他的神奇经历。

“我是一个石膏师。今天早晨我正在这儿工作，润色圣人的雕塑，突然我脚踩空掉了下来……”

——摘自“奇迹参数”



“不。”我大声喊道。

“什么？”法官说。

我的眼睛靠近雷冷酷的脸。“我的眼睛，”我说。

雷不能改变他的想法，而且我认为他知道我在看着他。我离他很近，他的脸渐渐低下去。她站在他前面往下推他。

“停！”我大声喊。

“我们会为你找个替代者，洛丽塔。”法官说。

“不！”我喊道。

“这是为了你好，”法官说。“你显然很痛苦。若你感到痛苦的话，你不必这样做。”

——摘自“玻璃眼”

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# 清算

## *The Reckoning*

*By Larry Lynch*

在现实生活中，总会时不时地碰到些不尽人意的事情。大家都希望能避开那些烦人的琐事。然而这类事情却好像没有止境似的，况且人的忍耐终归是有一定限度的。

Every day since I've been here, I march down to that prick's office at the end of the assembly line. There are a lot of familiar faces here, but I don't know any of their names, and they all turn to watch me go. Some assholes tell me to get back to work, and others start crying 'cause they know how far behind the line gets if someone stops. But I keep telling them, I'm not supposed to be here, and they stare at me like fuckin' crazed animals or something.

Every step I take there's pain. It's so hot in this place, and the insides of my thighs are chaffed and raw. They burn when they rub together or when the black cover-alls we are issued get sweaty and stick to your legs and back. There's a blister on my ankle that won't heal, and I can feel the skin peeling off it every time I take step. And it's hot — fucking

hot.

From time to time I think I see him walking down the line, and I know he stands behind me and watches over my shoulder. But for the most part, he sits in his office and watches page after page of computer paper reel off a printer and fold neatly on the floor. It never stops. He just keeps placing the stacks of print-outs against the wall. The fucker never takes a day off and always closes the curtains behind his desk when he sees me coming.

He's a fat, ugly little shit. I mean, I'm not what you call slim, but this guy should take a look in the mirror. And those sweaters he wears—I wouldn't be caught dead in one. When I was married, my wife used to buy me sweaters like that at Christmas, and I told her, "Look, don't buy me anymore of those fucking ugly sweaters." I said just like that. I never meant to make her cry, but she got the hint.

He never sweats. It's hotter in his office than on the line, he's wearing one of those ugly sweaters, and he never sweats. There's an air conditioner in his office, and it's almost as loud as that damned printer. "Does that thing work?" I asked him once. He just makes a face like he can't hear me over all the noise. Smart-ass fucker. So, one day I say to him, "Listen, I'm not supposed to be here." "What?" he says, and shrugs and nods to the air conditioner. So I repeat myself, louder, a lot louder, and he says he will look into it. That was a week ago. Everyday I go back and there's still no answer.

When I get back to the line, there's a lot of dirty looks and sweating and some crying. People here mutter to themselves a lot. When I'm away from the line, some people try to do their work and mine too, and others are fuckin' crying



'cause now they can't keep up. There's no way of stopping this line. It runs all night, every night—all. We work around this goddamned place is night shift, and that fuckin' line never stops except for a few minutes at lunch.

You can barely hear the lunch whistle over the noise. No one wears a watch and there is no clock. When the whistle goes, everyone stands around looking at each other wondering if their ears are playing tricks on them. And when the line stops, there is a mad rush upstairs. All at once everyone clamors for the metal stair case that leads to the lunch room. The staircase is only wide enough for one person and the hand railing is hot to the touch. Steam rises up through the metal grated treads and you have to squint to see where you're going and so your eyeballs don't get burned. The blister on my foot kills me as my shoe flops on my foot when I climb the stairs. I'm gonna mention that to him too—there's no need to have the lunchroom way they fuck up here.

Inside the room there are no chairs, and paper bags with everyone's name on them are heaped in a pile in the middle of the floor. Everyone panics and thrashes to find the one with their name on it before lunch is over and before the line starts moving again. There's a lot of shoving and clawing for a few bitter, salted crackers and some bread. The first day I was there, I never found mine until the line started and lunch was over. The next day I found it faster by elbowing my way to the top of the stairs and stepping over people to get there first. I took two bags, and the salty crackers caked the inside of my mouth. I gagged and before I could get to the fountain, lunch was over. Fuck.

The next day I was fiercer, pushing people aside, getting

to the top, with the scorching railing burning into my side and leaving welts on my arms and on my hands.

Get out of the way, you fuckin' assholes! I devoured the bread and crackers before the whistle went, and rushed outside the room to get a drink from the fountain while the rest were still jostling for their bags. The fountain runs all the time, but for some reason when you lean over to take a drink, the flow shrivels up, and you have to stretch your lips under the spout to even get them wet. And then the damn water is hot and stinks like rotten eggs. So, all day my mouth feels like someone shit in it, and I'm thirsty and hungry, and crackers and bread sit like an anchor somewhere between my stomach and my throat.

Back on the line there are more black boxes piled next to my station than before I went to lunch. I haven't a clue how they got there or where they came from. I'm not even sure what the hell it is we make here and I honestly don't give a fuck. I don't plan on staying long, so I just keep doing what I'm told until I get the fuck out a here. The boxes weigh a ton and are filled with metal bars and my job is to climb a ladder and dump them into a vat where they are melted. The boxes are too heavy to carry, so I have to dump the bars one at a time. There's no gloves here and my hands get black and I'm always getting metal slivers stuck in them. Further down the line, I see people pouring the molten metal into molds while others drill, grind, polish—whatever. The air here stinks of sweat and steam, and sparks fly from grinders and the cooling metal. And all the while, the fucking conveyor never stops, never-fucking stops.

At the end of the line, the shiny finished pieces of metal



on the conveyor pass through a hole in the wall and vanish. Don't know where they go, and couldn't care less, 'cause I ain't staying. I'm going back to my old job, and I'm gonna tell that no-good prick that too.

I wish I could remember what the hell happened anyway, how the hell I got here. I get like that sometimes, you know, forgetful. I'll drink too much and forget where I was, or who I was with, even forget to go to work in the morning. But I don't have that trouble here. I just seem to wake up and here I am—hands all fuckin' black, legs all chaffed, and that fuckin' prick sitting up there watching that paper coming out of that printer.

Some days I'd wake up and couldn't remember where I left my car, or how I got home. Woke up one morning and the wife was gone too—well kiss on her! If I was late for work, which I was, lots of times, the guys would cover for me. If I wasn't feeling so shit-hot, I'd go lay down somewhere and they'd cover for me too. A real good bunch of guys. They used to tell me to take it easy, tell me that some night I wasn't gonna make it home, and kill someone else and myself too. I said, "Fuck off. You're crazy. Never happen." And I told the wife the same thing. All that woman ever did was yap and complain, yap and complain. So what? I work hard, I should be allowed to enjoy myself and do whatever the fuck I want. She will be back.

Let me tell you, it's a long day in this place. There were long days at my other job, but this is a fuck of a lot worse. I can't tell where one day ends and the next begins. All I know is that when I finally get close to emptying the last fuckin' box into that vat, that's when everything gets fucked up. It's like