《最美的英文》系列

英汉对照

# 最美的英文

——童年篇

◎赵 蕾 编译



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## 前言

"我常常回忆起我和母亲沐浴在和煦的阳光下 共进午餐的那些美好时光。……享用着妈妈亲手做 的花生酱三明治和巧克力曲奇,我懂得了,爱就体 现在这些细微之处。"(苏珊娜•蔡津,《母亲的礼 物》)

"对了,孩子们的悲伤就好像面团上的凹痕一般。爸爸的离家不归,妈妈的郁郁寡欢,给孩子们的心头投下一片阴影,但没多久,那阴影便消失得无影无踪了。"(内斯比特,《铁路边的孩子》)

"我倒在椅子上,虚弱地抽泣着。在我的童年时代,我记得这是惟一一次自己因为挨打而流泪。 奇怪的是,我并不是因为疼痛而哭泣。恐惧和羞耻麻痹了我的痛觉。"(乔治·奥威尔,《昔日多么欢乐》)

以上文字是选入本书的几个片段,记录了作者对童年生活的追忆和感悟,他们笔下的文字或恬淡平和,或情趣盎然,或悲伤愤懑,细细读来,不由被字里行间流露出的真情实感所深深打动。童年带给我们的不只是充满诗意的美好回忆,也有无言的哀伤和迷惘,但无论甜蜜还是苦涩,童年,永远是沉睡在我们记忆深处的一段难以割舍的时光。

从古至今,有关童年的作品俯拾皆是,既有名

家的传世经典,也有新人脍炙人口的佳作。编者沧海拾贝,从中撷取了 25 篇文笔优美、意蕴丰富的美文奉献给读者朋友。选文题材多样,风格各异,或温馨感人,或幽默诙谐,或凝重哀伤,展现了一个个引人怀念的童年世界。

本书中,每篇选文精心配有选文理由和作者简介,对相对生僻的词汇和文化背景给以注释,不仅帮助读者扫清阅读中的障碍,更有利于充分领略英语语言的神妙以及英文原作的艺术魅力。在翻译方面,编者字斟句酌,力求译文准确到位,再现原作神韵,使读者既能读到地地道道、原汁原味的英语,又能从洗炼优美的译文中获得美的享受。

本书选文难度适中、深浅结合、雅俗共赏,适合具有中级英语水平的读者使用,是备战大学英语四、六级考试,研究生入学考试等外语考试的理想阅读材料,也可作为英语爱好者的休闲读物。

在本书编写过程中,多蒙上海对外贸易学院叶 兴国教授的热情鼓励和鼎力支持, 谨在此表示深深 的感谢。

由于编者水平有限, 难免错误和不妥之处, 望 读者朋友批评指正。

编者

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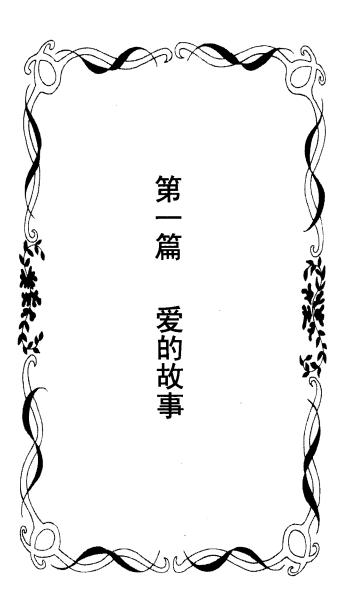
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## I Observe 我对早年的回忆

查尔斯·狄更斯 (Charles Dickens)

#### 选文理由: 难忘幼时温柔岁月

本文选自狄更斯带有自传性的长篇小说《大卫·科波菲尔》。本文是小说主人公大卫·科波菲尔对幼年时代温馨美满的家庭生活的回忆,表达了他对快乐无忧的童年生活的无限眷恋之情。作者对大卫生活环境的描写生动细致,充满了生活气息,来有身临其境之感,文中对两个重要人物——温率,自由,使读者也能体会到主人公对两人深深的依恋。本文是从一个幼儿的视角来观察周围的人和事,语言充满天真烂漫的童趣,常常让人忍俊不禁。

查尔斯·狄更斯(Charles Dickens,1812—1870),英国文学家。狄更斯是19世纪英国现实主义文学的杰出代表,一生创作了许多小说、杂文、游记、戏剧和小品等,为读者所熟悉的代表作有《艰难时代》、《双城记》、《大卫·科波菲尔》、《远大前程》、《雾都孤儿》、《老古玩店》、《董贝父子》等。狄更斯的作品广泛而深刻地描写当时英国社会生活的各个方面,鲜明而生动地刻画了各阶层的典型人物,揭露批判了当时社会的各种丑恶现象,对劳动人民的苦难及其反抗斗争给予同情。

#### 选文

The first objects that assume a distinct presence before me, as I look far back, into the blank of my infancy, are my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken their whole neighborhood in her face, and cheeks and arms so hard and red that I wondered the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples.

I believe I can remember these two at a little distance apart, dwarfed to my sight by stooping down

or kneeling on the floor, and I going unsteadily from the one to the other. I have an impression on my mind which I cannot distinguish from actual remembrance, of the touch of Peggotty's forefinger as she used to hold it out to me, and of its being roughened by needlework, like a pocket nutmeg-grater.

This may be fancy, though I think the memory of most of us can go farther back into such times than many of us suppose; just as I believe the power of observation in numbers of very young children to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy. Indeed, I think that most grown men who are remarkable in this respect, may with greater propriety be said not to have lost the faculty, than to have acquired it; the rather, as I generally observe such men to retain a certain freshness, and gentleness, and capacity of being pleased, which are also an inheritance they have preserved from their childhood.

Looking back, as I was saying, into the blank of my infancy, the first objects I can remember as standing out by themselves from a confusion of things, are my mother and Peggotty. What else do I remember? Let me see.

There comes out of the cloud, our house—not new to me, but quite familiar, in its earliest

remembrance. On the ground-floor is Peggotty's kitchen, opening into a back yard; a quantity of fowls that look terribly tall to me, walking about, in a menacing and ferocious manner. There is one cock who gets upon a post to crow, and seems to take particular notice of me as I look at him through the kitchen window, who makes me shiver, he is so fierce. Of the geese outside the side-gate who come waddling after me with their long necks stretched out when I go that way, I dream at night: as a man environed by wild beasts might dream of lions.

Here is a long passage—what an enormous perspective<sup>2</sup> I make of it! A dark store-room opens out of it, letting a mouldy air come out of the door, in which there is the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles, and coffee, all at one whiff; and that is a place to be run past at night; for I don't know what may be among those tubs and jars and old tea-chests, when there is nobody in there with a dimly-burning light. Then there are the two parlours: the parlour in which we sit of an evening, my mother and I and Peggotty, and the best parlour where we sit on a Sunday; grandly, but not so comfortably. There is something of a doleful air about that room to me, for Peggotty has told me—I don't know when, but apparently ages ago

—about my father's funeral, and the company having their black cloaks put on.

There is nothing half so green that I know anywhere, as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial<sup>3</sup>, and think within myself, "Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?"

Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and IS seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at

a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep<sup>4</sup>—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain.

And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom-windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks'-nests still dangling in the elm-trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlour. When my mother is out of breath and rests herself in an elbow-chair, I watch her

winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straitening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty. That is among my very earliest impressions.

#### 译文

当我回忆幼年的混沌岁月时,首先清晰浮现在 眼前的便是我的母亲,我那秀发飘飘,相貌年轻的 母亲。还有皮果提,她的模样实在不敢恭维,她的 眼睛黑黑的,以致眼睛周围的肤色也黯淡无光。她 的脸颊和手臂硬梆梆、红彤彤,我常为鸟儿们不来 啄她却去啄苹果而感到奇怪。

我相信,我记得这两人在离我不远处弯下腰来或跪倒在地,于是在我眼里她们变得矮小了,然后我摇摇晃晃地从一个走到另一个身边。我往往分不清这是印象还是确实存在的记忆——皮果提常常用她那被针线活磨粗糙了的食指抚摩我,那食指给我的触觉就好像是一个小小的用来磨肉豆蔻的研磨擦一样。

也许这只是幻觉,但是我相信我们大多数人能 回忆起的岁月远比我们许多人所认为的要久远。正 如我相信,许多幼儿贴切而精准的观察力之贴切和 精准会令人赞叹不已。说实在的,有许多成年人在 这些方面亦可称卓越超群,与其说他们获得了这种 能力,不如说他们还没有失去这种能力。尤其是, 在我大致观察了那些仍旧保持着蓬勃朝气、温柔心 肠和乐观精神的人后,更觉得这也是他们经过童年 后留下的一种财富。

回顾一片混沌的幼年,在一片纷纭杂乱之中首 先浮现在我眼前的是母亲和皮果提。我还记得些什 么别的呢?让我想想看。

云雾中出现的是我们的房子,在我看来,并不新,但非常熟悉,还是早年记忆中的那样。底层是皮果提的厨房,厨房门通向后院;院子里有一群在我看来个头高得可怕的家禽总是趾高气扬、气势汹汹地来回走动。一只公鸡总是要跳上柱子鸣叫,每当我从厨房窗子朝它看时,它似乎格外注意我,样子很凶,吓得我直发抖。院门旁边有一群鹅,每当我从那边走过,它们总会伸长脖子摇摇摆摆地追我。我连睡觉也会梦见这些鹅,就好像一个曾被野兽围攻的人会梦见狮子一样。

有一条长廊,在我看来真是幽幽深长!一间黑洞洞的储藏室就对着它开了个门,从那门里飘出一股又湿又霉的气味,有肥皂味、泡菜味、胡椒味、蜡烛味、咖啡味,全混在一起。夜晚从那里经过时非跑着过不可,要是没有人拿着盏光线昏暗的灯站在那里,我就会担心会不会有什么东西从那些木桶啊、瓶子啊或是旧茶叶盒后面蹦出来。再就是两间客厅,一间是我们——我母亲,我,还有皮果提晚