

Secret Whisper of the

New Century

彬彬/编 晓闻/译

新世纪的惨怀

一中学生散文集

Selected Proses of High School Students

〔英汉双语对照〕 是5小时英语读听MP3光盘。



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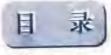
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有 古

本书精选了全国各地中学生的 60 多篇优秀散文,生动地反映了 80 年代出生的一代人在世纪之交的真实情怀和心声,包括了他们对生活、学习、亲情、友情、爱情和人生哲理的感悟与思考。同时,将每一篇散文都翻译成了英文,采用英汉双语对照的方式,以不同的语言方式思考和言说相同的花季情怀;在动心动情的同时提高双语写作能力。

此外,随书附赠长达5小时的英语语音专家原声英文朗读光盘,可以作为提高英语听力的上佳课外训练材料。本书由包晓闻、徐添兴编译。



Contents

偶尔流浪	001	絮 语	046
Tramping	001	Casual Writing	046
人生	009	如果就是如果	050
Life	009	10	050
偶尔回头	013	少年不知愁滋味	058
Occasionally Looking Back	013	The Young Never Know	
时间断想	017	What Gloom is	058
Consideration of Time	017	我的高三 =	
起锚、抛锚	020	喜悦+沉沦+复活	062
Weighing and Anchoring	020	Life in the Last Year of	
绵绵之情	023	Senior High School	062
Feeling of Snow	023	乞丐	066
写在 2002 的结尾	026	Beggar	066
At the End of 2002	026	"五独"轶事后传	071
雪人	030	Five Good Friends	071
Snowman	030	海鸥	075
夜 色	035	Seagull	075
Night	035	享受生活	080
放学后的美丽时光	038	Enjoying Life	080
Wonderful Time after School	038	永远相信自己	083
工作狂	042	Believe in Yourself	083
Workaholic	042	一道风景线	086

新世纪的情怀

A Beautiful Scenery	086	Moon	135
一张难以琢磨的脸	089	十年寒窗,卧薪尝胆	140
The Elusive Face	089	上Living My Dream	140
成 长	093	· 宁 静	145
Growing Up	093	Serenity	145
成长,不容推辞	096	│ │ 快乐不要理由	149
Growth, Never Refuse!	096	Happy Without Reason	149
记国子监碑林	100	· 独立的灵魂	152
Stele Forest in the	100	Independent Soul	152
Imperial College	100	Money	155
感悟黑夜	104	Money	155
Thinking about Night	104	· Money · 冬	
幸 福	107	Winter	158
Happiness	107	winter 水的联想	158
昔日重现 一	111	Water	162
Yesterday Once More	111	血染的天堂	162
圆的联想	114	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	165
Reflection about	114	Heaven Dyed with Blood 微 笑	165
Round Objects	114		177
酒 吧	114	Smile	177
Bar	117	朋友・友情	182
姐姐的故事		Friend and Friendship	182
	121	在逆境中竞争	185
My Sister's Story	121	Competing in Adversity	185
星光	126	烦	189
Starlight	126	Vexations	189
母亲的情怀	129	闲 话	192
Love of Mother	129	Chitchat	192
不为彼岸只为海	132	音乐家的精神	195
Only for the Sea	132	The Spirit of Musicians	195
月亮	135	天使角的冰亡	203

Xin shiji de qing huai

203	夕 阳	246
210	The Setting Sun	246
210	小小话之春节	253
213	Spring Festival	253
213	悬崖的边缘	259
217	The Brink of the Cliff	259
217	影子	264
221	Shadow	264
	做好自己	271
221	To Be Yourself	271
225	故地重游	275
225	Traveling in the Memory	275
239	再见, 军营	279
239	Goodbye, Military Camp	279
242		
; ;		
242		
	210 210 213 213 217 217 221 221 225 225 239 239 242	210 The Setting Sun 210 小小话之春节 213 Spring Festival 213 悬崖的边缘 217 The Brink of the Cliff 217 影 子 221 Shadow 做好自己 221 To Be Yourself 225 故地重游 225 Traveling in the Memory 239 再见,军营 239 Goodbye,Military Camp 242



偶条流浪

我背着行李,从城市的 一端搬到另一端。

我从来没有过家的感 觉,无所谓停留的地方,尽留。 我很少去其它的地方停留。 但是,和父母吵翻,让我有 后分的理由离开。曾经有 个男生问我想不想要一个 己的家,我说不,他说,都 已。其实这包里装下的,都 些书和磁带,因为我当然知 道自己会回去。

在深夜,我收拾东西,把 想带的拿走。刚刚买的,六个 蓝色的链子,叮当作响。我把 它们挂在书包上、钥匙上、手 上。但后来,我又莫名地把手 上的解下。我带着蓝色的头 绳、发夹。尽管我有时也用黑 色的,但蓝色始终给我以安 慰。

上午,我坐上地铁,没想 到这个时段的地铁与清晨同 样人少。我端详着手上的戒 指。初中同学送的,有着金属

Tramping

I carried the luggage, tramping from one end of the city to the other.

I had never realized what my home meant to me, although I spent most of my time at home. Nevertheless, I had a quarrel with my parents and it gave me enough excuses to leave my home. Once, a boy asked me whether I'd like to have a home of my own. I said no and he nodded. In my bag, there was nothing important except some books and cassettes, because I knew I would return home one day.

That night before I left, I was preparing my luggage, when I saw the six blue metal chains, which I bought not long ago. I hung them on my bag, on my key ring and also on my wrist. But, I didn't know why and took off the chain attached to my wrist. There was a blue headgear on my head. Sometimes I wore black headgears, but I preferred blue ones, because blue always comforted me to some extent.

The next morning, I got on the train in the subway. I was surprised to see so few passengers in the train. I sat on the bench, fixing my eyes on the ring on one of my fingers, which was given by a friend at junior middle school. It had a bright silvery color. The ring often reminded me of my friend, although she gave me a large number of other presents.

I wanted to send some messages, but I failed because my mobile phone could receive no signal.

I took out a book to read. It was my favorite book. I had read it for hundreds of thousands of times, but I had never finished it. I appreciated this book which was written by a girl of my age. We had totally different writing styles. I once tried to copy her style, but at last I couldn't do it and had to give up. What I could gain were music, colors and ruins, that's all.

Suddenly, I looked up and found the indifference on the passengers' faces. What expression I liked most was blank expression. However, I really liked to see the passengers' carelessness in manners and behaviors.

I would reach my destination soon, so I sent a message to Qi, my good friend. She told me to wait for a while, for she might be late. But to me, it didn't matter.

光泽的,银白色的可爱的小东西,我始终以它记着她,虽 然她送我的东西不计其数。

想用手机发短信,可没 有信号,一直发送失败。

然后我拿出书来读。我 最喜欢的,不知看了多少遍 的书,陈幻的书。可是,这书 我从未完整地读过。看着和 自己年龄相似却文字迥异的 女孩写的东西,我只能欣赏。 我曾经尝试追逐,却始终无 力。我能看到的,音乐、色彩 与毁灭,仅此而已。

我突然又看到,地铁里 的人们冷漠的脸。我喜欢的 表情是面无表情,的确。但我 却始终喜欢地铁里的人肆无 忌惮。

我快到站了,我想。接着,把短信发了出去。琪说让我等等,她会迟到,没关系的。

我在音像店瞎逛,我们 约在这里。买了自己喜欢的 很老的磁带与王菲的带子, 因为它被我刷了。我也莫名 其妙地买了别的。不因为它 好听,它不会好听的,我相信,但它流行,我只是想知道 那是什么。我不追逐流行,音 乐除外。

用短信聊天,等她。

她到了,说我与凯轮番用短信轰炸她,让她坐车时旁边的帅哥莫名其妙。我是 冤枉,那个地方太热闹喧哗,我无聊至极。

然后坐车去她家。

见到了琪可爱的弟弟, 淘气,满嘴胡言乱语与甜言 蜜语。如果他能偶尔安静与 正常一点,我想我会爱上他, 尽管他只有五岁。那个小你孩 子,是透明一般的。我说他想我 呀。我笑。晚上铺床的时候, 所有的椅子都是他帮忙搬过 来的,真的好可爱。还说要把 他要。

其实我一直觉得自己就 这样住别人家有点过分,所 以也许十几分钟后,在写完 I was wandering in a music store, where Qi told me to wait. I bought a tape of Wang Fei, because I liked her very much. And I bought another tape, which was not pleasant to listen to but was quite popular at that time. In fact, I didn't like going after fashion, but music was an exception.

I chatted with her by short massages while waiting for her.

Qi arrived finally. As soon as she saw me she complained that I together with another girl Kai didn't stop sending messages to her when she was on the bus, which made her quite embarrassing. I was innocent because I was rather bored at that time and especially the music store was too noisy.

Then we took a bus to her home. I was glad to see her little brother, a cute naughty lovely kid. If he could keep quiet and a little normal for a while, I would probably fall in love with him, though he was only at the age of 5. That naive kid was as transparent as water. I asked him, "Why don't you miss me?" he said, "I miss you, so much!" I smiled. In the evening, while preparing a bed for me, he helped us to carry chairs. He was really lovely. He also said he would give his handkerchief to me if I liked it, but

I didn't take it.

I thought it was not good to stay at other people's home, so maybe I'd better leave after I finished this article ten minutes later. Perhaps, I would stay here for several days, because I didn't know where to go. Although they comforted me and tried to make me feel better, I still felt so bad.

I sent massages to kill time, and played computer until dawn.

I found it quite a mess with two OICQs running at the same time. I checked my E-mail box, and found several junk mails.

I really need someone to accompany me, because I was not used to living in a new place. I was not afraid of the long distance, but people, especially unfamiliar people. So when Qi's parents made the bed for me, I felt really embarrassed.

That night, when her parents came back, Qi took me to meet them. I was really scared to see them, because I had never seen them before. Fortunately, it wasn't a long time before I found an excuse to escape.

Once, when I was living in my cousin's house, I always cried for no reason at night.

Although I didn't want to go home, I still felt upset for not at home. Looking at the

这篇东西后,就走,也许,不 知待到哪天。虽然有人劝我, 但我始终为此觉得愧疚。

然后,用短信聊天,上 网,一直到凌晨。

我发现了,在一台电脑 上同时开两个人的 OICQ 真 是十分混乱。去看了信箱,有 几封无聊的信。

我需要别人陪伴,因为 我总是不能习惯于住在陌生 的地方。不是怕地方有多远, 而是怕人,陌生的人。琪的父 母,他们给我弄床的时候我 更不知所措。

晚上她爸妈回来,她要我出去见客,真是对得起我,没对我说出去接客。我见到他们,心里还是有些害怕。幸亏时间不长。

曾经住在表妹家,深夜 却会莫名地流泪。不知为什么,不想回家的,却从心底里 感到异样。望着月光,泪流满 面。

就在那天傍晚,我祈求 一个男,男……不,请求一个 男人的语言与安慰,因为我孤独。因为我缺乏情感。因为我缺乏情感。因为我缺乏情感。近,只有收到他的文字的人。我才会热泪盈眶,才会想是,我才会热泪盈下禁流,那是莫名。他真的像一个夜。相望,那个晚上,有心是更明的人。

在网上认识的人,对我而言,从来是陌路人。以一个ID出现,存在或者消失,留的出现,存在或者消失,留于语言,很多人,总在不伤,是我为下。起初,我为此流。但是我所后,我宁愿从未拥有过。他却说,我宁愿从未拥有过。他却说,我们注定是他的朋友,我们往过一程。分开,却曾经一起走过一程。

我们注定不是网络上的 朋友,在 OICQ 上说的话不 多,在论坛上我们不在同一版,却打电话聊天,用短信聊 天。心情不好时就会让他安 慰我,真觉得麻烦了人家。

moon, I burst into tears.

That night, I need a man to comfort me, because I was lonely, lacking love. Therefore, until recently, only when I received his words would I be moved to tears and knew the true meaning of sorrow. Really several times, I couldn't help crying. It seemed mysterious. He was really like a brother, comforting me and staying up with me until midnight. I got to know, at that night, that I was with somebody, though we were only strangers.

In my opinion, those who I met on the Internet were all strangers to me. They were uncertain as they appeared and disappeared, leaving some words or nothing at all. They were always entering my world, but walking out of it as soon as I began to like them. At first, I was very sad. Gradually, I got used to it. In fact, I would rather have nothing than lose something I ever had. He said he was my friend, and that we should treasure what we had had even though one day we would disappear from each other's world.

It seemed that we were not doomed to be friends on the Internet because every time we didn't have much to talk on OICQ and linger in different BBS. But we often called each other and sent messages. Whenever I was unhappy or depressed I asked him to comfort me.

Once I called him, but I didn't talk much. I only wanted to listen to him. This night I said I wanted to talk with him, only because I was afraid of loneliness. He agreed and told me not to turn off my mobile phone. With him, I was content and happy, although I cried sometimes.

He told me he would sing for me. I said I'd like him to sing the song "Ren Zhe" by Zhou Jielun, and he jokingly said I should prepare a bunch of flowers for him in case he was out of breath. I grinned to the screen of my mobile phone. Qi saw my strange expression, and asked me what the matter was. I said nothing. I told him that I would sing for him in the heart, and he said he had already heard it.

Today, when I got up, it was already afternoon. I was much more cheerful at that time. The pleasant music in the room reminded me of an incident happened in the past. One day, I saw Miss Xu listening to music. I asked her what song she was listening to, and she said something in English. I didn't understand it, but my friend

我曾给他打电话,我不想说话,只听他说。而这个晚上,我说我希望他陪我,只因为害怕被寂寞淹没,他答应我,说我手机别关了。我知道有了心的陪伴,所以我充实快乐,尽管有时我不禁会流泪。

他说他会唱歌给我听, 我要他唱周杰伦的《忍者》, 他说如果他一口气没上来我 要记得送花。我对这手机微 笑,琪问我怎么了,说我笑得 诡异。我说我也会在心里唱 给他,他说他听见了。

然后今天,中午过了我们才起床,快乐与幸福,因为过得充实了许多。那里在放着 BSB 的精选集,挺好听。但不禁让我想起了某天放学的事。在门口我们遇到徐姐,她在听歌。我们向听的啥,她说了一句英文,我说没听清,非说她听清了"SOS,I LOVE U"什么的,结果人家听的是AS LONG AS U LOVE ME,我们狂笑。

刚刚从琪家走出来了, 坐上了一路陌生的车。我不 会回家,只是又要飘浮到城 市的另一端。不过我想他说 的是对的,上天公平地让每 个人都有接触不完的新事 情,就是不希望每个人都只 在过去的回忆里溺死。如果 不是这样,我也不会做出现 在的选择。

但是,我真的有点舍不得,因为出来的时候琪的弟弟抱住我,说:"你不走好不好,你什么时候回来?"我说了半天,不知何时会回来了,来,亲一个吧。那孩子目光清澈,水般透彻。

在电梯里又巧遇阿姨, 她问我为什么会走,又一直 叮嘱我到了给她打电话。我 真的很感谢他们。

如果不是沉静下来的那两天,如果不是有这些可爱的人们(虽然我一直没有提,但我谢谢琪),我不会有勇气面对下一天,面对下一个将去的地方。

Fei said she had caught it. She said what Miss Xu said was "SOS, I LOVE U". But Miss Xu said it was actually "As long As You Love Me". Hearing this, all of us burst into laughter.

After I left Qi's home, I got on a bus which I didn't know where to go. Anyway, I wouldn't go home. What I wanted was to tramp to the other end of the city. It was said that God gave everybody new experiences because he didn't want anyone to be drowned in the memories. I thought it was quite right. If it were not the case, I wouldn't have made such a decision.

To tell the truth, I was a little hesitant to leave, especially when Qi's little brother hugged me firmly and asked me to stay. He said, "Would you please stay a little longer? When will you be back again?" I said, I had no idea when to come back again, so come on, baby, let's kiss goodbye! That kid's eyes were so clear, like water.

In the lift, I met Qi's mother. She asked me why I left her home and told me to give her a call after I got back home. I really appreciated them.

If there weren't the two days during which I calmed down, and if there weren't

those people who helped me out, I wouldn't have got the courage to face tomorrow, and to face the next place I was heading for.

With pieces of paper, a pen, time, peace, and a good mood, I was sitting here to write down these words.

We were doomed to tramp, while our heart is doomed to fly without direction. I had no fear to face everything, because music, books, and a burning heart were always besides me. 给我笔与纸,还有时间, 以及平静与快乐。我才会坐 在这里,如此宁静地写完这 些文字。

我们注定流浪,我们的 心注定漂泊。我面对,我无所 谓。因为总有音乐与书,总有 心陪伴我。

(李倩)

(Li Qian)



《

人生不是天堂也不是地 狱,然而在人生的十字路口, 未知命运敲门的声音的确是 如此动人心魄。

我知道什么?我又的确能深深地感知,但我真中,但我真中,但我真中,重的游戏中,是是大厅"。儿童是最能是一个人,全世的发现,是是是一个人,是想到一个人,这种人,这种人,我们也就是一个人,这种人,我们也就是大,成人,衰老。

但我们不可能永远睡在 摇篮中,"天真的婴儿蔑视死 亡的横行。"忧惧喜乐、七情 六欲缠绕了我们。我们南环 恋求意义,所以我不得的 要求意义,所以我不得的不 两啊!真的人能凭借心底一 灵泉而映照出世界的真如吗? "从心所欲不愈矩"。可惜明定 很难在这一片喧嚣中听清它 的轻吟。我要学习什么?是继 续疏离?还是留恋于最朦胧的

Life

Life is neither heaven nor hell. But, we are shocked time and time again when we face the unknown fate at the crossroads of life.

What do I know about life? In fact, I know nothing, although I can feel it. "Eternality lies in children's games." Children never think deeply, and their world is so pure that nothing filthy could be allowed to enter. Yes, we will be always young if we don't think a lot. But once we try to know what exactly life is, we will get heavy load at once, and begin to grow, mature and get old.

But we can't stay in the cradle forever. "Infants never have worries of dying." But we are surrounded by all kinds of anger, fear, worry and unhappiness. I want to know the mysteries, so I have to learn. But, there is too much for me to learn. Is there really someone who can get the truth out of this real world by his soul? "We could indulge ourselves but never go too far", which is im-

possible in this blatant and chaotic world. What else shall I learn? Should I give up, or stick to the hazy blindness? Anyway, I must find a way of my own so that I can rebuild my spiritual world.

Which is more important in the struggle against the unknown fate, intelligence or soul? Can the two be unified? Maybe it is the struggle itself that can make the two into one. When we look back, we find that our hometown disappears little by little like the river runs, and our childhood is as blurred as the hills in distance. But, what makes these things last till now, and circulate again and again?

I left my hometown and my childhood, and entered this real world. I, from then on, knew frightfulness, evil and guilt. Gradually, I was infected and wrapped up by nihility, doubt, and indifference. In this real world, I had to learn to love, to live, and to overcome all the difficulties. I must learn to accept others, as well as dedicate myself. What's more, we had to try our best to find

愚昧——可那是多么富于创造活力的啊!要找出一条路来。要让它们重新归一。要重建自己的精神帝国。

在和未知命运的搏斗与 持久对垒中,是智慧还是心 灵更重要?可能达成二者的 统一吗?也许正是这个炼狱 的过程将二者熔为一炉。蓦 然回首,故园如大河般流逝, 童年如隔岸遥远的群山般朦 胧。可是,是什么将这些贯穿 至今?是什么,能穿越时间之 河,从此岸到彼岸,辗转往复?

逝去故园,远离童年,当 我从那个纯美的世界跨进这 个真实的世界时,首先映入 眼帘的是丑陋,随之是审美 上的恶心与呕吐,由此我深 深感受到了邪恶和罪恶。虚 无、怀疑、冷漠慢慢地侵蚀了 我,包裹了我。如今,当我要学 习在这个真的世界去爱,夫 生活,还不得不克服这纯粹 审美观的反刍。我必须学会 接受,学习忘我,更重要的是 学习从"真"中——这两面性 的真-----找到美,而这需要 创造!大自然不会再给我纯 美的果子了,必须学习创造!