

常青藤语言教学中心
荣誉推荐

读故事

记单词

学语法

动物文学

Everyday English Notes

每天读点好英文

我在雨中 等你

I'm Waiting for You
in the Rain

吴文智 主编



海豚出版社
DOLPHIN BOOKS
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在这个世界上，一个人的好友可能背叛他，成为他的敌人，他用慈爱培养起来的儿女也可能变得不忠不孝。

那些最亲密的人，那些你用全部幸福和名誉赋予信赖的人，也可能会舍弃对你的忠诚而成为背叛者。一个人所拥有的金钱可能在最需要的时候，却插翅而飞，一个人的声誉可能断送在考虑欠周的那一瞬间。

那些一贯在我们成功时屈膝奉承的人，很可能就是当失败的阴云笼罩在我们头顶时，向我们投掷第一块阴险恶毒之石的人。

在这个自私的世界上，一个人唯一不自私的朋友，唯一不抛弃他的朋友，唯一不忘恩负义的朋友，就是他的狗。

不管主人是贫穷还是富贵，健康还是身患疾病，狗，都会守在主人的身边。

只要能靠近主人，尽管地面冰凉坚硬，寒风凛冽，大雪纷飞，它也会全然不顾，躺在主人的身边。哪怕主人无食喂养，它仍会舔主人的手和手上因抵御这个冷酷的世界而受的创伤。即使

主人是乞丐，它也会像守护王子一样伴随着主人。

当主人所有的朋友都离去时，它仍坚持守在主人的身旁。当主人的财富消失，声誉扫地时，它对主人的爱却依然如天空运行不息的太阳一样，恒久不变。

假如因命运的捉弄，它的主人在世界上变成一个无家可归的流浪者时，这只忠诚的狗也依然会陪伴主人，和他一起渡过难关，抵抗敌人，此外别无所求。当万物的结局来临，死神夺去了主人的生命，尸体埋葬在寒冷的地下时，纵使所有的亲友都各奔前程，这只高贵的狗却会独自守卫在主人的墓旁。它仰首于两足之间，眼里虽然充满悲伤，却仍忠心地守护着，忠贞不渝，直至死亡。



卷一 狗狗们的心事
The Soul of the Dogs

宠物治疗 佚名	4
An Extra Ten Minutes <i>Anonymous</i>	
爱的守候 佚名	12
A Dog's Last Will <i>Anonymous</i>	
杰克的爱心 佚名	20
Jack and Cat <i>Anonymous</i>	
忠实的朋友 佚名	27
A Friend in Need Is a Friend Indeed <i>Anonymous</i>	
美丽心灵 佚名	31
The Integrity of "Ugly" <i>Anonymous</i>	
主人，再见 尤金·奥尼尔	37
The Last Will and Testament of an Extremely Distinguished Dog <i>Eugene O'Neill</i>	
马略卡岛上的喂猫者 鲍勃·特伦	45
Pedro the Fisherman <i>Bob Toren</i>	
为狗导盲 佚名	49
Friendship Lasts Forever <i>Anonymous</i>	
温暖的眼神 佚名	54
Killer Angels <i>Anonymous</i>	



卷二 思念里的流浪狗

Homeless Dogs in My Mind

预知未来的狗 佚名	64
Jim the Wonder Dog <i>Anonymous</i>	
牧牛犬 欧内斯特·西顿·汤普森	72
Bingo <i>Ernest Seton Thompson</i>	
老农夫的卡车 基姆·格尔登	81
That Old Black Dog <i>Jim Golden</i>	
乔的奇遇记 马歇尔·桑德斯	87
The Adventure of a Little Dog <i>Marshall Saunders</i>	
真正的天使 珍妮·玛丽·拉斯卡斯	104
The Dog Who Dialed 911 <i>Jeanne Marie Laskas</i>	
最后一只迷羊 欧内斯特·西顿·汤普森	111
The Story of a Yellow Dog—Wully <i>Ernest Seton Thompson</i>	
用鼻子寻找失物 佚名	121
Rolf, the Dog Who Finds Things <i>Anonymous</i>	
最好的心理治疗师 佚名	129
Is Holly Working Today <i>Anonymous</i>	
聋哑的迎宾 佚名	137
Juneau's Official Greeter <i>Anonymous</i>	
飞跃“小埃及” 佚名	143
Flight over Little Egypt <i>Anonymous</i>	



卷三 一起走过的日子

Friend Like Us

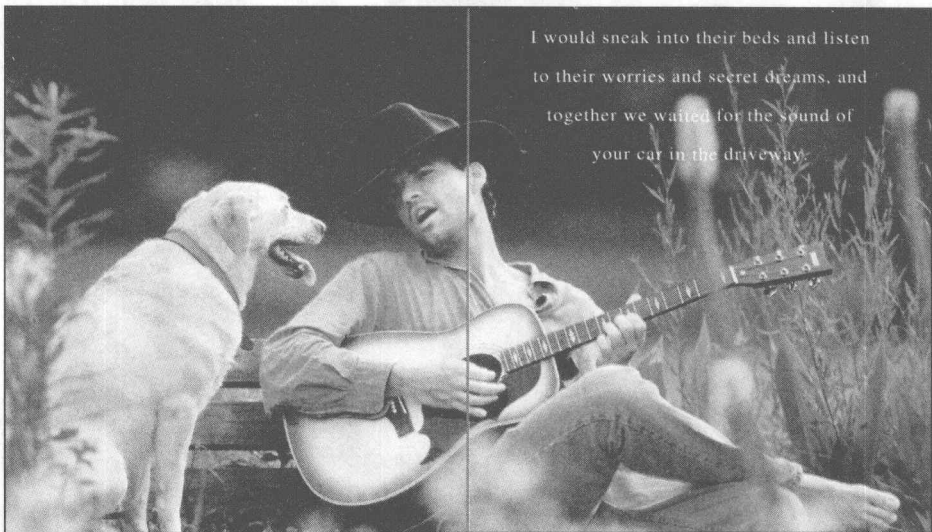
哑巴盖拉辛 伊凡·谢尔盖耶维奇·屠格涅夫	154
Mumu <i>Ivan S. Turgenev</i>	
父亲与狗的温情故事 佚名	171
The Old Man and the Dog <i>Anonymous</i>	
史努比回家 佚名	186
The Puppy Express <i>Anonymous</i>	
死敌博吉 佚名	202
The Dog Next Door <i>Anonymous</i>	
陪你离去 佚名	209
Soul to Soul <i>Anonymous</i>	
我的宠物情结 佚名	220
Of Dogs and Men <i>Anonymous</i>	
他有一个温暖的家 佚名	227
Home <i>Anonymous</i>	
生命中的阳光 佚名	235
Sunshine <i>Anonymous</i>	
生命的循环 佚名	242
Tippy <i>Anonymous</i>	
最出色的罪行 吉姆·维利斯	248
I Stole Your Dog Today <i>Jim Willis</i>	
后记 读懂狗心	254



我希望大家能够感受到，这个家庭一旦有了我之后，便无法再生活在没有狗的日子里。



How I wanted to love you...



*I would sneak into their beds and listen
to their worries and secret dreams, and
together we waited for the sound of
your car in the driveway.*



One who loved us and whom we loved...

卷一
狗狗们的心事

The Soul of the Dogs



宠物治疗

An Extra Ten Minutes

• 佚名 / Anonymous

On Monday afternoons at two o' clock, Beau and I would arrive at the Silver Spring Convalescent Center on Milwaukee' s northeast side of town for an hour of pet **therapy** with the seniors who lived there. We' d walk the hallways greeting everyone on our way to the hospitality room, where residents would come to pet Beau and bask in the adoration of this beautiful, happy, ten-year-old, ninety-nine-pound Doberman pinscher. You' d never know this was the same dog that arrived at my doorstep eight years earlier so beaten, scarred and scared that as soon as he made eye contact with you, he' d lie down on his back with his feet up in the air and pee until you petted and soothed him into feeling safe.

On our first visit, as we walked through the canary-yellow Hallway One, I heard an elderly man' s excited voice, thick with a German accent, streaming out of room 112."Ma, Ma, the German dog is here! The German dog is here!"

No sooner did I hear the voice than a wrinkle-faced, six-foot-tall, white-haired pogo stick of a man was greeting us at the door, swooping his big, open hand and strong arm across the doorway, inviting us in, "I'm Charlie. This is my wife, Emma. Come in, come in."

When Beau heard Charlie's friendly, enthusiastic voice, his entire body went into his customary wagging **frenzy** and lean against your thigh position, waiting for a petting, which was immediately forthcoming from Charlie. As we walked into the room, a frail but lively eighty, violet-haired Emma sat in bed, smiling, patting her hand on the bed. All she had to do was pat once, and Beau, leashed and always obedient, was up on the bed lying down beside her, licking her face. Her eyes were full of tears as Charlie told us that he and Emma had immigrated to the United States from Germany during World War II and had to leave their beloved Doberman, Max, behind. Max, according to Charlie, was the spitting image of Beau.

The next door, room 114, was home to Katherine, a woman in her seventies who had stopped talking for a few months earlier and had been living in a **catatonic** state in her wheelchair for the past month. No amount of love, hugs, talking or sitting had been able to stir her. When Beau and I walked into her room, a small light was on next to her bed and the shades were pulled. She was sitting in her wheelchair, her back toward us, slouched over, facing the viewless window.

Beau was pulling ahead of me with his leash. Before I could get around kneeling down in front of her, he was at her left side, with his head in her lap. I pulled a chair up in front of her, sat down and said hello. No response. In the fifteen

minutes that Beau and I sat with Katherine, she never said a word and never moved. Surprising as that may be, more surprising was that Beau never moved either. He stood the entire fifteen minutes, his long chin resting on her lap.

If you knew Beau, you'd know that even ten seconds was an eternity to wait for a petting. Not here. He was as frozen as Katherine, head glued to her lap. I became uncomfortable with the lack of life in this woman. When the clock chimed 2:30 p.m., I rushed to say good-bye, stood up and pulled the **reluctant** Beau out.

I asked one of the nurses why Katherine was catatonic. "We don't know why. Sometimes it just happens when elderly people have family who show no interest in them. We just try to make her as comfortable as possible."

All the wonderful people and animals who blessed my life flashed in front of my eyes, and then they were gone. I felt what I imagined Katherine must be feeling: lonely, lost and forgotten. I was determined to find a way through to her.

Every Monday thereafter, Beau and I made our rounds to the hospitality room, stopping to make special visits in room 112 to visit Charlie and Emma, and in room 114 to sit with Katherine. Always the same response—Charlie waving us in and Emma patting the bed, waiting for Beau's licks, both so alive. And then on to Katherine, sitting desolately, no sign of life except for her shallow breathing.

Each visit I attempted to engage Katherine in conversation. No response. I grew more and more frustrated with Katherine, not content with just "being" with her. Yet here was Beau, meditative dog, teaching me how to "be" and love quietly,

assuming "the position" for the fifteen minutes we sat at each visit.

On our fourth visit, I was ready to bypass Katherine' s room, but Beau had other plans. He pulled me into Katherine' s room and took his familiar pose on her left side, head on lap. I acquiesced, but since I had a business meeting later in the afternoon with which I was preoccupied, I decided to cut short our usual fifteen minutes with Katherine to five. Instead of talking, I remained quiet, focusing inwardly on my upcoming meeting. Surely she' d never notice or care. As I stood up to walk out and began to pull Beau away, he wouldn' t budge.

And then the most miraculous thing happened. Katherine' s hand went up to the top of Beau' s head and rested there. No other movement, just her hand. Instead of Beau' s customary response of nose nuzzling and increased body wagging, he continued to stand like a statue, never moving from his spot.

I sat back down in silent shock, and for the next ten precious minutes, reveled in the stream of life flowing between Katherine' s hand and Beau' s head. As the clock chimed half-past two, marking the end of our fifteen minutes, Katherine' s hand gently slid back into her lap, and Beau turned to walk out of the door.

It' s been ten years since that visit and eight years since Beau died in my arms from a stroke. Love has many ways of showing its face. Each time I am ready to walk away from a person on whom I' ve given up, I am reminded of the power of Beau loves persistence with Katherine and with me. If Beau can give an extra ten minutes, surely I can too.

每周一下午2点，我和博都要去密尔沃基东北部的银泉康复中心，为住在那里的老人们进行一小时的宠物治疗。我们穿过走廊走向接待室，与每位相遇的人打招呼。在接待室里休养的人都会过来爱抚博——一只活泼可爱的德国短毛猎犬。他今年10岁，体重99磅，很招人喜欢。你们很难想象，8年前，这只狗来到我家门阶上，被打得伤痕累累，一见到人就吓得仰躺在地，四脚朝天，抬起腿来就撒尿，直到人们抚摸他，柔声细语地安慰他，他才会有安全感。

在我们第一次拜访康复中心，路经淡黄色的1号走廊时，从112号房间里传出一位老人激动的声音，带着浓重的德国口音：“玛，玛，来了一条德国狗！这里，有只德国狗！”

随即，一位皱纹满面、约6英尺高的白发瘦高老人出现在门口，他张开有力的双臂，伸出大手，邀我们进去。“我是查理，这是我的妻子埃玛。请进，请进。”

博听到查理友好、热情的声音，立刻激动得身子习惯性地晃个不停，摆出贴近你的大腿的姿势，等着你爱抚他，查理立即满足了他的愿望。我们进了屋，看见有着紫罗兰色头发的埃玛坐在床上，她80多岁了，虽然瘦弱但精力充沛。她笑着用手拍打床，只拍了一下，拴着皮带、向来顺从的博就跳上床，躺在她的身边，舔她的脸。查理告诉我们，“二战”期间他俩从德国移民到英国，不得不忍痛割爱，把德国短毛猎犬马克斯留在那里。说到这里，埃玛满眼泪水。查理说，博长得和马克斯简直一模一样。

隔壁114房住的是70多岁的老太太凯瑟琳，几个月前她就不与别人说话了，近一个月以来她都坐在轮椅上，始终处于紧张性精神分裂状态。任何关心、拥抱、谈心或陪伴都无法打动她。我和博走进她的房间时，床边的小灯亮着，遮阳窗帘拉着，她背对着我们，低头垂肩地坐在轮椅上，面朝看不到任何风景的窗子。

博用套着他的皮带拽着我向前走去。我还没来得及蹲到凯瑟琳面前，博已经站在她的左侧，并把头靠在她的膝盖上。我拉过

一把椅子坐在她跟前并向她问好，但她没有反应。我和博在那里坐了15分钟，而凯瑟琳一言未发，也一动不动。这使我很吃惊，而令我更吃惊的是，博把长长的下巴搭在凯瑟琳的膝盖上，竟一动不动地站了整整15分钟。

要是你了解博，就会知道他为得到一次爱抚，能等上10秒钟就已经很难得了。但这次是个例外，他把头贴在凯瑟琳的膝盖上，和她一样僵在那里。与这个毫无生气的女人在一起让我感到极不舒服。一到两点半，我就匆忙地说“再见”，然后站起身来，拉着不愿离开的博往外走。

我问一位护士，为什么凯瑟琳会得这种紧张性精神分裂症，她告诉我：“我们也不知为什么。有时候老人被家人嫌弃时，他们就会得这种病，我们只能尽力让他们感到舒心。”

所有使我能幸福生活的善良的人和动物都浮现在眼前，而后再消失了。我能想象得到凯瑟琳此刻的心情：孤单、烦乱、绝望，甚至被人遗忘。我决心找寻一种方法去读懂她的心。

从那以后，每周一我和博去接待室时，都会特意去112房探视查理和埃玛，还要去114房陪伴凯瑟琳。每次都如此——查理挥手邀我们进屋，埃玛拍床等博去舔她，两人对此总是不亦乐乎。然后我们去凯瑟琳的房间——她总是无精打采地坐在那里，除了还有呼吸外，几乎没有一点儿其他生命迹象。

每次我都试着和凯瑟琳说话，可她一直没反应。我越来越失去兴致了，我不甘心只是跟她待在一起。博却一如既往，每次探访凯瑟琳，博都会“坐禅”15分钟，教我如何“陪伴”凯瑟琳。

第四次去康复中心时，我打算绕过凯瑟琳的房间，可是博却有自己的主意，他把我拽了进去，跟前几次一样，他把头搭在她的膝盖上，待在她的左侧。我默许了，可是心里盘算着那天下午晚些时候的商务会谈，因此我决定把陪凯瑟琳的时间从以往的15分钟缩短为5分钟。我没吭声，只是默默地坐在那里，一门心思地想着即将开始的会谈。凯瑟琳肯定没有注意，也不会在意。可