

♥ 感动你一生系列 [英汉对照]

栽种在泥土里的玫瑰花，芬芳但没有丝毫颓败的气味，值得骄傲。生活中的玫瑰应在每个人心里持久盛开，纵使四季更替，也依然绚烂幸福。

丛书主编：方华文



会有天使替我爱你

——感动你一生的童话片段

Loving Angels - Enlightening Fairy Tales



时代出版传媒股份有限公司
安徽科学技术出版社

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【英汉对照】

丛书主编：方华文

本书作者：张立蓉 孟祥春



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序 言

童话世界里有如诗如画的景物,有可亲可爱的人,也有聪明善良的动物。安徒生曾说过:童话故事给读者以新的人生。每个人都有两种人生——一种是残酷的现实,而所谓“新的人生”指的是幻想。艰难困苦并不可怕,可怕的是没有美丽的憧憬。你在学业上遇到困难了吗?童话故事里的小主人公勇于向困难挑战,最后成为赢者,他们会告诉你该怎么办。你失恋了吗?童话故事里的“王子”和“公主”会抚慰你受伤的心灵。难怪童话故事的读者最多,不仅儿童沉迷于其中,成年人也在里面回忆和梦想。我小的时候最怕饿肚子,白日苦熬时光,甚至挺着弱小的身子出卖劳力糊口。夜间的梦却是那般美好,“青蛙王子”、“金鹅”、“白雪公主”以及童话故事里其他的艺术形象给了我妙不可言的感觉。我的思想插上翅膀飞越阿尔卑斯山,从塞纳河、泰晤士河上空掠过,驻足于巴黎圣母院那富于传奇色彩的塔尖,从大本钟上俯瞰迷雾蒙蒙的伦敦城。田间里的野花、昆虫,空中的飞燕、白云,海里的美人鱼、珊瑚礁……一切的一切托起我的灵魂,浮游于仙境,用五光十色的图画点缀了我的梦境。我真不愿醒来!说来也怪,小时候读的童话故事至今仍存留在记忆之中,时时给我幻想的力量,使我的人生不再枯燥。我在梦境中徘徊,在梦境中追求,流连于那一份“美丽”,贪婪地呼吸着那缕缕的“仙气”。不知不觉,我的人生经历了“而立”、“不惑”,继而步入“知天命”的年龄段。事业、爱情、婚姻……我有过忧郁、痛苦,遇到过恼人的冰霜和危险的湍流,但童话故事里的青草和彩虹净化了我的心灵,使我童心不泯,始终保留着静谧及纯情。于是“忧郁”被童话故事里的“机灵燕”衔到了天边,“痛苦”被“风婆婆”吹得无影无踪。人总会衰老,不可能事事顺心,难得的是保持“童心”,保持“干净”。

是啊,童话教给了我们幻想——那是极其美丽的幻想。读了童话故事,你会觉得周围的一切都是那样神奇和美好……下雪了,那漫天飞舞的白色的“小精灵”塑造出了一个粉妆玉砌的世界。你看那鸟儿!咦,怎么披着五彩羽毛?它一扑棱翅膀就飞进了银装素裹的密林里,那儿肯定有一个摄人心魄的神仙王国。水世界也很奇妙哩!不信,你在读过了童话故事之后,到西湖的水边坐坐……水里的鱼有红色的、橙色的、黑色的、白色的,漂亮极啦!它们纷纷游到你身边,似乎在向你致意。我敢说,那条红色的鱼是西湖龙宫里的公主——她徘徊不去,莫非是想对你有所馈赠,要不然就是想告诉你一个秘密?……这话说得有些玄乎,可实际情况的确如此!我可是做过尝试的——一个雨天,我读着童话故事,眼前出现幻境,从雨雾里飞来一只金凤凰,周围罩着吉祥之光。它抖落身上的雨滴,竟然跟我攀谈了起来。幻想!美丽的幻想!

童话故事还教给了世人“善良”——人世间最宝贵的品质！法国作家雨果说得好：“善良是历史中珍贵的翡翠，善良的人几乎优于伟大的人。”格林童话中的“灰姑娘”就是善良的化身。她长期受到继母和姐姐们的虐待，在厨房里做女佣，每天都是灰头土脸脏兮兮的，后来由于善待小动物以及对继母和姐姐们“以德报怨”，得到了仙女的帮助，最后冲破继母和姐姐们的层层阻挠，终于和她心爱的王子快乐地生活在了一起。还有一则故事发生在巴西丛林里……一位猎人在射杀一只豹子时，竟看到这只豹子拖着流出肠子的身躯，爬了半个小时，来到两只幼豹面前，喂了最后一口奶后倒了下去。看到这一幕，这位猎人流着悔恨的眼泪折断了猎枪。美国作家马克·吐温说：“心存善良之人，他们的心滚烫，情火热，可以驱赶寒冷，横扫阴霾。善意产生善行，同善良的人接触，往往智慧得到开启，情操变得高尚，灵魂变得纯洁，胸怀更加宽阔。与善良之人相处，不必设防，心底尽管坦然。”播种善良，才能收获希望。一个人可以没有让旁人惊羡的外表，也可以忍受“缺金少银”的日子，但离开了善良，却足以让人生搁浅和褪色——因为善良是生命的黄金。多一些善良，多一些谦让，多一些宽容，多一些理解，让人们在生活中感受到美好和幸福。如果你遇到“卖火柴的小女孩”，你愿意帮助她度过那个严寒的冬日吗？我相信你会的，因为你从童话故事里已经学会了“善良”！

“诚实”亦是值得歌颂的美德。它犹如春天的第一缕阳光，给人间带来阵阵暖意；它又如冬天晶莹的雪花，永远那么纯洁。然而，要做到“诚实”却又如此困难，你得把它视为至高的行为标准，排除诱惑，看轻功名利禄，远离贪婪……18世纪意大利作家卡洛·科洛迪创作的童话故事《匹诺曹》（又译《木偶奇遇记》），发掘的就是这方面的主题。老木偶匠杰佩托雕刻了一个小木偶，取名叫做匹诺曹。匹诺曹一心想成为一个活生生的男孩。为了实现这个愿望，他找到善良的蓝仙女。蓝仙女答应了他的要求，但却有一个附加条件：匹诺曹必须学会诚实。如果匹诺曹说谎，他的鼻子便会不断地变长。一开始，匹诺曹没有完全意识到诚实的重要性，说了几次谎话，结果鼻子很快就越变越长，并且麻烦的事情也接踵而至！后来，他幡然醒悟，经过无数磨难和考验，成了一个诚实的木偶，并得到了仙子的奖赏——变成一个真正活生生的“人”。读了《匹诺曹》，恐怕谁都不敢撒谎了！

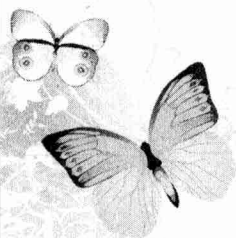
童话故事有着其他类型的文学作品所不具备的魅力和功效，它会于不知不觉之中影响你，把你塑造成一个正直、勇敢、善良、诚实的人。童话幻想最鲜明的特征就是：它是超现实的，折射出人类美好的理想。不过，我们又会发现，在这些奇异的世界中又处处闪耀着现实社会的影像，渗透着现实生活的哲理和思想情感。

方华文
于苏州大学

目 录

Tale One The Little Prince	1
第一篇 小王子	
Tale Two The Flax	16
第二篇 亚麻	
Tale Three Charlotte's Web	26
第三篇 夏洛的网	
Tale Four The Daisy	46
第四篇 雏菊	
Tale Five The Little Mermaid	56
第五篇 海的女儿	
Tale Six The Little Bull-calf	74
第六篇 小牛犊	
Tale Seven Little Ida's Flowers	82
第七篇 小意达的花儿	
Tale Eight The Frog King, or Iron Henry	92
第八篇 青蛙王子	
Tale Nine Who Moved My Cheese?	100
第九篇 谁动了我的奶酪?	
Tale Ten The Lambton Worm	122
第十篇 莱姆顿巨虫	
Tale Eleven The Story of a Mother	132
第十一篇 母亲的故事	
Tale Twelve When Wendy Gendy Grew up	144
第十二篇 当温迪长大后	
Tale Thirteen The Donkey	154
第十三篇 小毛驴	
Tale Fourteen The Ugly Duckling	162
第十四篇 丑小鸭	

Tale Fifteen	Eve's Unequal Children	182
第十五篇	夏娃的不平等的孩子们	
Tale Sixteen	The Emperor's New Suit	188
第十六篇	皇帝的新装	
Tale Seventeen	Twelve Dancing Princesses	198
第十七篇	十二个跳舞的公主	
Tale Eighteen	The Golden Goose	208
第十八篇	金鹅	
Tale Nineteen	Sunshine Stories	218
第十九篇	阳光的故事	
Tale Twenty	The Butterfly	226
第二十篇	蝴蝶	
Tale Twenty-one	The Bell	234
第二十一篇	钟声	
Tale Twenty-two	A Handful of Clay	246
第二十二篇	一撮黏土	
Tale Twenty-three	The Drop of Water	254
第二十三篇	水滴	
Tale Twenty-four	The Last Dream of the Oak	260
第二十四篇	老橡树的最后一个梦	
主要参考文献		274





Tale One The Little Prince



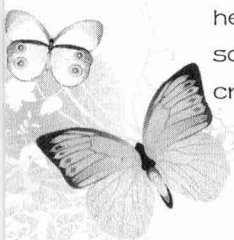
ANTOINE DE SAINT


【导语】

The purest eyes and hearts are the treasure and hallmarks of children. With imagination, a fantastic world is open to their hearts through their eyes, while in adults' eyes the same world may turn out to be one with no wings of fantasy.

When I was much younger, I often asked myself what on earth the distance was between grown-ups and children. In my first reading of *The Little Prince*, I saw in it a younger me, a me with many dreams, considered as illusions by grown-ups, though. All children may have beautiful and colorful dreams of sorts, and the dreams are like the spring of life, fusing inexhaustible vigor and hope to those pure in heart. Undoubtedly, the little prince is one of them, pure and simple.

“If someone loves a flower, of which just one single blossom grows in all the millions and millions of stars, it is enough to make him happy just to look at the stars.” When I recollect the story now, I realize *The Little Prince* is not only a friendship story for kids, but also a romance for adults. The little prince fell in love with a rose with thorns. Yet, some misunderstandings between them annoyed him and he bid farewell to this world and went to different planets, not without resent. On those planets, he entered a world of adults, and saw strange behaviors and some dark facets of adults, including greed, snobbery, conceit, cruelty, etc.





第一篇 小王子

圣·安东尼

【导语】

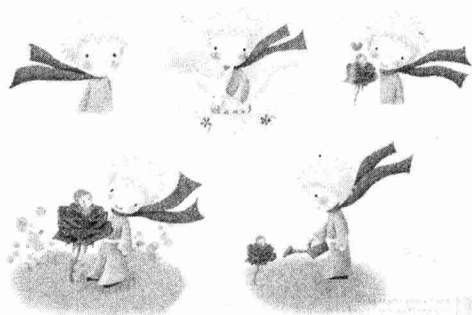
纯洁的眼眸和纯净的心灵是孩子们拥有的最宝贵的财富。透过他们清澈的眼睛和丰富的想象力,可以发现这个世界是美妙神奇、绚烂多姿的;而成年人眼中的世界,也许会因为失去了想象的翅膀而变得缺乏神采。

年少时,我曾问过自己:大人和孩子之间到底有多远的距离。第一次读《小王子》时,我从故事里看到了带着梦想的小小的我,然而这些梦想在大人眼里只不过是胡思乱想罢了。孩子们都有各种各样绚丽多彩的梦,它们就好像生命之泉,为那些纯洁的心灵注入了无限的活力和永不枯竭的希望。无疑,小王子就是心地清纯的一个。

“如果有人爱上了在这亿万颗星星中生长着的独一无二的一株花,当他看着这些星星的时候,这就足以使他感到幸福。”当我重新捧起《小王子》细细品读,发现它已经不仅仅是一本儿童读物,还是一本写给大人的童话书。小王子爱上了带刺的玫瑰,可是他们之间产生了误解,小王子一气之下出走到了其他的星球。在不同的星球上,他走进了成年人的世界,看到了他们非常古怪的行为,以及成年人阴暗的一面:贪婪、势利、自负,还有残忍。

As a lonely traveler on his journey, he got to know from his experiences the real aspiration of his heart. He decided to shoulder responsibility for his love and go back to her.

The little prince was gone, or, in his own words, he was "going back home". Like the little match seller flying to her beloved grandmother, he was then flying to his love, who was anxiously waiting for him on his small planet. I was deeply moved, not only by his faith in and his sacrifice for his true love, but by my sweet encounter with a child's world, a world simple without, pure within.



【正文】

Excerpt (I)

On the fifth day—again, as always, it was thanks to the sheep—the secret of the little prince's life was revealed to me. Abruptly, without anything to lead up to it, and as if the question had been born of long and silent meditation on his problem, he demanded: "A sheep—if it eats little bushes, does it eat flowers, too?"

"A sheep," I answered, "eats anything it finds in its reach."

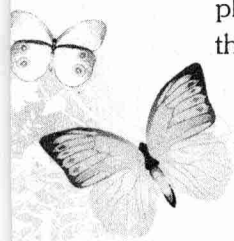
"Even flowers that have thorns?"

"Yes, even flowers that have thorns."

"Then the thorns—what use are they?"

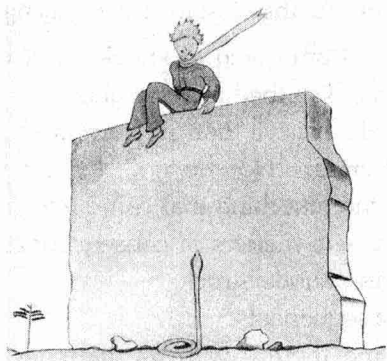
I did not know. At that moment I was very busy trying to unscrew a bolt that had got stuck in my engine. I was very much worried, for it was becoming clear to me that the breakdown of my plane was extremely serious. And I had so little drinking-water left that I had to fear for the worst.

"The thorns—what use are they of?"



经历告诉这位孤独的旅行者他内心真正想要的生活。于是，他决定对自己的爱人负起责任，回到她的身边。

小王子走了，用他的话说是“回家了”。就像卖火柴的小女孩飞向了她的挚爱的外祖母那样，小王子正飞向他的爱人，在小星球上焦急等待他的玫瑰。小王子的故事深深打动了，因为他对真爱的信念，因为他对爱情的牺牲，更因为一次纯真的邂逅，里外皆是通透无暇。



【正文】

节选(一)

第五天，还是羊的事，把小王子的生活秘密向我揭开了。好像默默地思索了很长时间以后，得出了什么结果一样，他突然没头没脑地问我：“羊，要是吃小灌木，它也要吃花咯？”

“羊，”我答道，“它碰到什么吃什么。”

“连有刺的花也吃吗？”

“有刺的也吃！”

“那么刺有什么用呢？”

我不知道该怎么回答。那会儿我正忙着要从发动机上卸下一颗拧得太紧的螺丝。我发现机器故障似乎很严重，饮水也快完了，担心可能发生最坏的情况，心里很着急。

“那么刺有什么用呢？”

The little prince never let go of a question, once he had asked it. As for me, I was upset over that bolt. And I answered with the first thing that came into my head: "The thorns are of no use at all. Flowers have thorns just for spite! "

"Oh! "

There was a moment of complete silence. Then the little prince flashed back at me, with a kind of resentfulness: "I don't believe you! Flowers are weak creatures. They are simple. They reassure themselves as best they can. They believe that their thorns are terrible weapons..."

I did not answer. At that instant I was saying to myself: "If this bolt still won't turn, I am going to knock it out with the hammer." Again the little prince disturbed my thoughts.

"And you actually believe that the flowers—"

"Oh, no! " I cried. "No, no no! I don't believe anything. I answered you with the first thing that came into my head. Don't you see—I am very busy with matters of consequence! "

He stared at me, thunderstruck.

"Matters of consequence! "

He looked at me there, with my hammer in my hand, my fingers black with engine-grease, bending down over an object which seemed to him extremely ugly...

"You talk just like the grown-ups! "

That made me a little ashamed. But he went on, relentlessly: "You mix everything up together... You confuse everything..."

He was really very angry. He tossed his golden curls in the breeze.

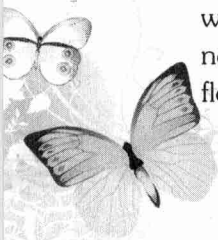
"I know a planet where there is a certain red-faced gentleman. He has never smelled a flower. He has never looked at a star. He has never loved any one. He has never done anything in his life but add up figures. And all day he says over and over, just like you: 'I am busy with matters of consequence! ' And that makes him swell up with pride. But he is not a man—he is a mushroom! "

"A what?"

"A mushroom! "

The little prince was now white with rage.

"The flowers have been growing thorns for millions of years. For millions of years the sheep have been eating them just the same. And is it not a matter of consequence to try to understand why the flowers go to so much trouble to grow thorns which are never of any use to them? Is the warfare between the sheep and the flowers not important? Is this not of more consequence than a fat



小王子一旦提出了问题,从来不会轻易罢休。这个该死的螺丝使我很恼火,我于是就随便回答了他一句:“刺么,什么用都没有,这纯粹是花的恶劣表现。”

“噢!”

可是他沉默了一会儿之后,怀着不满的心情冲我说:

“我不信!花是弱小的、淳朴的,它们总是设法保护自己,以为有了刺就可以显出自己的厉害……”

我默不作声。我当时想的,如果这个螺丝再和我作对,我就一锤子敲掉它。小王子又来打搅我的思绪了。

“你却认为花……”

“算了吧,算了吧!”我大叫道,“我什么也不认为!我是随便回答你。我可有正经事要做。”

他惊讶地看着我。

“正经事?”

他瞅着我手拿锤子,手指沾满了油污,伏在一个在他看来丑不可言的机件上。

“你说话就和那些大人一样!”

这话使我有难堪。可是他又尖刻无情地说道:“你什么都分不清……你把什么都混在一起!”

他着实非常恼火。摇动着脑袋,金黄色的头发随风颤动着。

“我到过一个星球,上面住着一个红脸先生。他从来没闻过一朵花。他从来没有看过一颗星星。他什么人也没有喜欢过。除了算账以外,他什么也没有做过。他整天同你一样老是说:‘我有正经事,我是个严肃的人。’这使他傲气十足。他简直不像是个人,他是个蘑菇。”

“是个什么?”

“是个蘑菇!”

小王子当时气得脸色发白。

“几百万年以来,花儿一直长刺,几百万年以来,羊仍然在吃花。要搞清楚花儿为什么历经千辛万苦去长对它们毫无用处的刺,这难道不是正经事吗?难道羊和花之间的战争不重要?这难道不比那个大胖子

red-faced gentleman's sums? And if I know—I, myself—one flower which is unique in the world, which grows nowhere but on my planet, but which one little sheep can destroy in a single bite some morning, without even noticing what he is doing—Oh! You think that is not important! ”

His face turned from white to red as he continued: “If some one loves a flower, of which just one single blossom grows in all the millions and millions of stars, it is enough to make him happy just to look at the stars. He can say to himself, Somewhere, my flower is there...’ But if the sheep eats the flower, in one moment all his stars will be darkened... And you think that is not important! ”

He could not say anything more. His words were choked by sobbing.

The night had fallen. I had let my tools drop from my hands. Of what moment now was my hammer, my bolt, or thirst, or death? On one star, one planet, my planet, the Earth, there was a little prince to be comforted. I took him in my arms, and rocked him. I said to him: “The flower that you love is not in danger. I will draw you a muzzle for your sheep. I will draw you a railing to put around your flower. I will—”

I did not know what to say to him. I felt awkward and blundering. I did not know how I could reach him, where I could overtake him and go on hand in hand with him once more.

It is such a secret place, the land of tears.

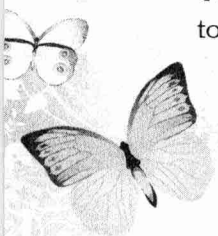
Excerpt (II)

Beside the well there was the ruin of an old stone wall. When I came back from my work, the next evening, I saw from some distance away my little prince sitting on top of a wall, with his feet dangling. And I heard him say: “Then you don't remember. This is not the exact spot.”

Another voice must have answered him, for he replied to it: “Yes, yes! It is the right day, but this is not the place.”

I continued my walk toward the wall. At no time did I see or hear anyone. The little prince, however, replied once again: “...Exactly. You will see where my track begins, in the sand. You have nothing to do but wait for me there. I shall be there tonight.”

I was only twenty metres from the wall, and I still saw nothing. After a silence the little prince spoke again: “You have good



红脸先生的账目更重要？如果我认识一朵人世间唯一的花，只有我的星球上有它，别的地方都不存在，而一只小羊糊里糊涂就这样把它一下子毁掉了，这难道不重要？”

他的脸气得发红，然后又接着说道：“如果有人爱上了在这亿万颗星星中生长着的独一无二的一株花，当他看着这些星星的时候，这就足以使他感到幸福。他可以自言自语地说：‘我的那朵花就在其中的一颗星星上……’，但是如果羊吃掉了这朵花，对他来说，好像所有的星星一下子全都黯淡无光了一样！这难道也不重要吗？！”

他无法再说下去了，突然泣不成声。

夜幕已经降临。我放下手中的工具。我把锤子、螺钉、饥渴、死亡，全都抛在脑后。在一颗星球上，在一颗行星上，在我的行星上，在地球上有一个小王子需要安慰！我一把将他搂在怀里摇晃着，对他说：“你爱的那朵花没有危险，我会给你的小羊画一个口罩，再画一圈围栏将你的花儿保护起来，我会……”

我也不太知道该说些什么。我觉得自己太笨拙。我不知道如何走近他的内心世界，在那里我可以再次与他邂逅，再次和他手拉手。

泪水的世界就是这样一个神秘之地。

节选（二）

在井旁边有一堵残缺的石墙。第二天晚上我下班回来的时候，我远远地看见了小王子耷拉着双腿坐在墙上。我听见他在说话：“你怎么不记得了呢？”他说，“绝不是在这儿。”

大概还有另一个声音在回答他，因为他搭着腔说道：“没错，没错，日子是对的；但地点不是这里……”

我继续朝墙走去。我还是看不到，也听不见其他任何人。可是小王子又回答道：“……那当然。你会在沙上看到我的脚印是从什么地方开始的。你在那里等着我就行了。今天夜里我去那里。”

我离墙约有20米远，可我依然什么也没有看见。

小王子沉默了一会又说：“你的毒液管用吗？你保证不会使我长时

poison? You are sure that it will not make me suffer too long?"

I stopped in my tracks, my heart torn asunder; but still I did not understand.

"Now go away," said the little prince. "I want to get down from the wall."

I dropped my eyes, then, to the foot of the wall—and I leaped into the air. There before me, facing the little prince, was one of those yellow snakes that take just thirty seconds to bring your life to an end. Even as I was digging into my pocket to get out my revolver I made a running step back. But, at the noise I made, the snake let himself flow easily across the sand like the dying spray of a fountain, and, in no apparent hurry, disappeared, with a light metallic sound, among the stones.

I reached the wall just in time to catch my little man in my arms; his face was white as snow.

"What does this mean?" I demanded. "Why are you talking with snakes?"

I had loosened the golden muffler that he always wore. I had moistened his temples, and had given him some water to drink. And now I did not dare ask him any more questions. He looked at me very gravely, and put his arms around my neck. I felt his heart beating like the heart of a dying bird, shot with someone's rifle...

"I am glad that you have found what was the matter with your engine," he said. "Now you can go back home—"

"How do you know about that?"

I was just coming to tell him that my work had been successful, beyond anything that I had dared to hope. He made no answer to my question, but he added: "I, too, am going back home today..."

Then, sadly—"It is much farther... it is much more difficult..."

I realized clearly that something extraordinary was happening. I was holding him close in my arms as if he were a little child; and yet it seemed to me that he was rushing headlong toward an abyss from which I could do nothing to restrain him...

His look was very serious, like some one lost far away.

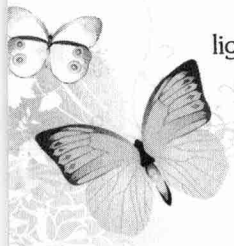
"I have your sheep. And I have the sheep's box. And I have the muzzle..." And he gave me a sad smile.

I waited a long time. I could see that he was reviving little by little.

"Dear little man," I said to him, "you are afraid..."

He was afraid, there was no doubt about that. But he laughed lightly. "I shall be much more afraid this evening..."

Once again I felt myself frozen by the sense of something



间地痛苦吗？”

我焦虑地赶上前去，但我仍然不明白是怎么回事。

“现在你去吧，我要下来了！”小王子说。

于是，我也朝墙脚下看去，我吓了一跳。就在我的正前方，一条黄蛇直起身子冲着小王子。这种黄蛇半分钟就能结果你的性命。我一面赶紧掏口袋，拔出手枪，一面跑过去。可是一听到我的脚步声，蛇却像一股干涸了的水柱一样，慢慢钻进沙里去。它不慌不忙地在石头的缝隙中钻动着，发出轻轻的金属般的响声，然后就消失了。

我到达墙边的时候，正好把我的这位小王子抱在我的怀抱中。他的脸色雪一样惨白。

“这是搞的什么名堂！你怎么竟然和蛇也谈起心来了！”我不解地问道。

我解开了他一直带着的金黄色的围脖。我用水渍湿了他的太阳穴，让他喝了点水。这时，我什么也不敢再问他。他严肃地看着我，用双臂搂着我的脖子。我感到他的心就像被来复枪击中而濒于死亡的鸟的心脏一样在跳动着。

他对我说：“我很高兴，你找到了你的机器所缺少的东西。你不久就可以回家去了……”

“你怎么知道的？”

我正准备告诉他，在没有任何希望的情况下，我成功地完成了修理工作，他不回答我的问题，却接着说道：“我也一样，今天，要回家去了……”

然后，他忧伤地说：“我回家要远得多……要难得多……”

我清楚地感到发生了某种不寻常的事。我把他当做小孩一样紧紧抱在怀里，可是我感觉到他径直地向着一个无底深渊沉陷下去，我设法拉住他，却怎么也办不到……

他的眼神很严肃，望着遥远的地方。

“我有你画的羊，有装羊的盒子，还有口罩……”他带着忧伤的神情微笑了。

我等了很长时间，才觉得他身子渐渐暖和起来。

“小家伙，你受惊了……”我说道。

他害怕了，这是无疑的！他却温柔地笑着说：“今天晚上，我会怕得更厉害……”