



Let Me Always Be With You



我一直都在想念着你，也将永远想念你，并会永远等你。

让我
留在你的身边

每天读一点暖心英文

Everyday Warm English Notes
汉英对照
 读故事 记单词 学语法

暖小昕 / 编译

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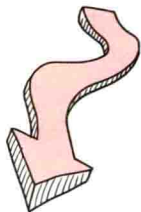
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A close-up, profile view of a long-haired dog, possibly a Weimaraner, looking out of a window. The background is softly blurred, showing a window frame and bright light coming through. The dog's fur is a rich, reddish-brown color. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.


一只狗 的遗嘱

The Last Will and Testament
of an Extremely
Distinguished Dog

[美] 尤金·奥尼尔 / Eugene O' Neill

我叫席尔维丹·安伯伦·奥尼尔，而家人、朋友和熟悉我的人，都叫我伯莱明。衰老带给我的负担让我认识到自己已经走到了生命的尽头，因此，我将把最后的情感和遗嘱埋葬于主人的心中。直到我死后，他才会蓦然发现，这些情感和遗嘱就埋藏在他心灵的一隅，当他孤寂时，或许会想起我，然而就在那一瞬间，他会突然感受到这份遗嘱的内容，我期望他能将此铭记于心，当作纪念。

我可以遗留下来的实物少得可怜。其实我们比人类更聪明，我们不会将一些乱七八糟的东西收藏在一个大仓库里，也不会把时间浪费在储藏金钱上，更不会为了那些得到了的和没有得到的东西而辗转难眠。除了爱和信赖，我没有什么值钱的东西可以留给他人。我将这些留给所有爱过我的人，首先要留给我的男主人和女主人，我知道他们会为我的离去献上最深切的哀悼；其次要留给曾经善待我的弗里曼；还要留给茜、罗、威利和诺米。当然，如果可能的话，我会强迫我的主人写一本书，并把所有爱过我的人的名字列入书中。死亡是世间一切生灵都无法拒绝的一个过程，对于即将面临死亡的我来说，说这些大话简直是徒劳。可是要知道我一直都是惹人喜欢的狗，也该让我的这点虚荣心得到满足吧。



希望我的男女主人能将我牢记在心，但不要为我悲伤太久。在我的有生之年，我会竭尽所能在他们悲伤时，给他们慰藉；在他们开心时，为他们增添几分欢愉。但一想到我的死将会给他们带来悲伤，便令我痛苦不已。

我要让他们知道，没有任何狗曾像我这样快乐地生活过，而这全都得归功于他们对我的关爱。如今我已经变得又瞎又聋还瘸，连昔日灵敏的嗅觉也丧失殆尽。现在，即使是一只兔子在我的鼻子底下恣意走动，我也可能浑然不觉，我的尊严已经在病痛和衰老中消失。这是一种莫名的耻辱，生命似乎也在嘲笑我的无能。我知道，我该在疾病成为自己以及所有爱我的人的负担之前与他们道别。

我的悲伤来自于即将离开自己所爱的人，而非死亡。狗并不像人一样惧怕死亡，我们接受死亡为生命的一部分，并非认为那是一种毁掉生命的恐怖灵异。有谁能够知道死亡之后会是什么呢？

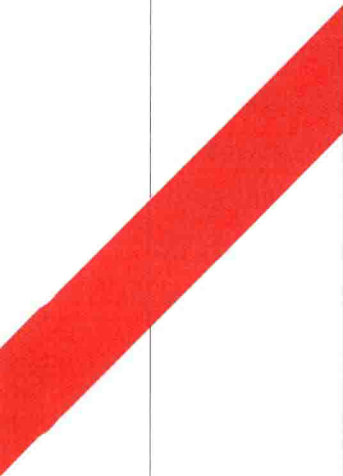
我宁愿相信我去往的是天堂。那里的每个人都青春永驻，美食饱腹；那里每天都有浪漫精彩的事情发生，那里的美女近乎完美无瑕；那里的杰克兔如天堂美女一样轻盈地奔跑于沙漠中。在那里，我们时刻都可以享受到美味佳肴。在每个漫长的夜晚，都有无数永不熄灭的壁炉。那些燃烧的木柴一根根卷曲起来，闪烁着火焰的光芒。我们倦怠地打着盹儿，进入甜蜜的梦乡。梦中会再现我们在人世间的英勇时光以及对男主人和女主人的无限爱怜。

恐怕我的这些期盼对于一只狗来说太多了，但平静和安详一定是有的。给予衰老疲倦的身心一个安详而长久的休憩之所，让我在人间得以长眠。我已享受到充裕的爱。这里，将是我完美的归宿。

我最后还有一个诚挚的祈求。我曾听到女主人说：“伯莱明死后，我再也不会养别的狗了。我是如此爱他，这种感情无法倾注到别的狗身上。”

如今我要恳求她，再养一只狗吧！把对我的那些爱给他。永不再养别的狗，并不会加重她对我的回忆之情。

我希望能够感受到，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。我绝不是那种心胸狭窄、嫉妒心强的狗。我一直认为大部分的狗都是善良的（像我一样，晚上，我愿意与一只猫，甚至是黑猫分享卧室内的那块地毯，我用善良的心灵忍受着他那暴躁的脾气，很少和他动怒，也从不斤斤计较）。当然了，善良的狗还有很多。众所周知，达尔马提亚狗是最好的狗。



所以，我建议让达尔马提亚狗做我的接班人。他们的繁殖能力不强，但是他们举止高雅，而且有着与众不同的帅气，就像我年轻时一样。我的男主人和女主人千万不要勉强他做无法办到的事情。但他会尽力把一切事情做到最好，一定会的！当然他有一些不可避免的缺点，别人总会拿这些缺点与我比较，这反而有助于他们对我的回忆常葆如新。把我的颈圈、皮带、外套和雨衣留给他，这是您 1929 年在巴黎的爱马仕为我定做的。以往大家总会用赞叹的眼光看着我穿戴这些东西，绕过温德姆宫殿，沿着公园大道走下去。虽然他穿戴起来绝对无

法像我那样英姿飒爽，但我深信，他一定会竭尽所能不表现得像只笨拙、没见过世面的狗。

在这个牧场上，他也许会在某些方面，证明自己是可和我媲美的。我想，至少在追逐杰克兔这件事上，他一定会表现得比我衰老时优秀。虽然他有许多无法弥补的缺点，但我依然希望他在我的老家过得幸福快乐。

亲爱的男女主人，这是我道别的最后一个请求了。

无论什么时候，你们到我的坟前看我，借助我与你们相伴一生长久、快乐的回忆，请以满怀哀伤而欢欣的口吻对自己说：“这里埋葬着爱我们的和我们爱的朋友。”

不管我睡得多沉，依旧可以听到你们的呼唤，所有的死神都无法阻止我朝你们欢快地摇尾巴。



I Silverdene Emblem O'Neill (familiarily known to my family, friends and acquaintances as Blemie), because the burden of my years is heavy upon me, and I realize the end of my life is near, do hereby bury my last will and testament in the mind of my Master. He will not know it is there until I am dead. Then, remembering me in his loneliness, he will suddenly know of this testament, and I ask him then to inscribe it as a memorial to me.

I have little in the way of material things to leave. Dogs are wiser than men. They do not set great store upon things. They do not waste their time hoarding property. They do not ruin their sleep worrying about objects they have, and to obtain the objects they have not.

There is nothing of value I have to bequeath except my love and my faith. These I leave to those who have loved me, to my Master and Mistress, who I know will mourn me most; to Freeman who has been so good to me; to Cyn and Roy and Willie and Naomi and but if I should list all those who have loved me it would force my Master to write a book. Perhaps it is in vain of me to boast when I am so near death, which returns all beasts and vanities to dust, but I have always been an extremely lovable dog.

I ask my Master and Mistress to remember me always, but not to grieve for me too long. In my life I have tried to be a comfort to them in time of sorrow, and a reason for added joy in their happiness. It is painful for me to think that even in death I should cause them pain.

Let them remember that while no dog has ever had a happier life (and this I owe to their love and care for me), now that I have grown blind and deaf and

lame, and even my sense of smell fails me so that a rabbit could be right under my nose and I might not know, my pride has sunk to a sick, bewildered humiliation. I feel life is taunting me with having over lingered my welcome. It is time I said good-bye, before I become too sick a burden on myself and on those who love me.

It will be sorrow to leave them, but not a sorrow to die. Dogs do not fear death as men do. We accept it as a part of life, not as something alien and terrible which destroys life. What may come after death, who knows?

I would like to believe that there is a Paradise where one is always young and full-bladdered; here all the day one dillies and dallies with an amorous multitude of houris, beautifully spotted; where jack-rabbits that run fast but not too fast (like the houris) are as the sands of the desert; where each blissful hour is mealtime; where in long evenings there are a million fireplaces with logs forever burning and one curls oneself up and blinks into the flames and nods and dreams, remembering the old brave days on earth, and the love of one's Master and Mistress.

I am afraid this is too much for even such a dog as I am to expect. But peace, at least, is certain. Peace and long rest for weary old heart and head and limbs, and eternal sleeps in the earth I have loved so well. Perhaps, after all, this is best.

One last request I earnestly make. I have heard my Mistress say, "When Blemie dies we must never have another dog. I love him so much I could never love another one."

Now I would ask her, for love of me, to have another. It would be a poor tribute to my memory never to have a dog again.

What I would like to feel is that, having once had me in the family, now she

cannot live without a dog! I have never had a narrow jealous spirit. I have always held that most dogs are good (and one cat, the black one I have permitted to share the living-room rug during the evenings, whose affection I have tolerated in a kindly spirit, and in rare sentimental moods, even reciprocated a trifle). Some dogs, of course, are better than others. Dalmatians, naturally, as everyone knows, are best.

So I suggest a Dalmatian as my successor. He can hardly be as well-bred, or as well-mannered or as distinguished and handsome as I was in my prime. My Master and Mistress must not ask the impossible. But he will do his best, I am sure, and even his inevitable defects will help by comparison to keep my memory green. To him I bequeath my collar and leash and my overcoat and raincoat, made to order in 1929 at Hermes in Paris. He can never wear them with the distinction I did, walking around the Place Vendome, or later along Park Avenue, all eyes fixed on me in admiration; but again I am sure he will do his utmost not to appear a mere gauche provincial dog.

Here on the ranch, he may prove himself quite worthy of comparison, in some respects. He will, I presume, come closer to jack-rabbits than I have been able to in recent years. And, for all his faults, I hereby wish him the happiness I know will be his in my old home.

One last word of farewell, dear Master and Mistress.

Whenever you visit my grave, say to yourselves with regret but also with happiness in your hearts at the remembrance of my long happy life with you: "Here lies one who loved us and whom we loved."

No matter how deep my sleep I shall hear you, and not all the power of death
can keep my spirit from wagging a grateful tail.

忠 实 的 朋 友

A Friend in Need Is a Friend Indeed

佚名 / Anonymous