

双语爱读 动物星球

张煜 ◎ 丛书主编

CATS  
MISCELLANEOUS  
STORIES

# 猫咪物语

多丽丝·莱辛 等 ◎ 著

刘昱君 万泽 刘丽娜 ◎ 译

世界上最经典自

品精选

诺贝尔文学奖得主，英国女作家多丽丝·莱辛的犀利智慧  
英国科学人文作家霍德华·洛克斯顿的俏皮幽默  
与猫为伴十七年，美籍华人英语教师张冰姿的朴实细致  
远离纽约尘嚣，与七只猫乡居在美国的心理学家乔·高特的启迪人心  
.....

以动物的视角给人类以感动和反思

NDIP

国防工业出版社  
National Defense Industry Press

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# PREFACE

## 前言

浩瀚的宇宙，流转着无可计量的生命形式。一个生命能够进入另一个生命世界，感受对方带来的惊讶与喜悦，是恬淡，也是幸福。本书中的作者们带着一种感性的心进入猫儿的世界，试着去倾听，试着去关心，试着去了解，试着去传递爱并告诉更多的人：动物不仅仅是动物，猫不仅仅是猫。

在作者们的笔下，每一只猫都拥有各自独特的魅力，有憨态可掬，让人忍俊不禁的一面；有妩媚可爱，让人着迷的一面；有善解人意，令人感动的一面；有大义报恩，让人心生敬意的一面；也有霸道自私，顽劣狡猾的一面……它们精灵古怪，脾气有别，性情迥异，让人难以忘怀。有的温柔乖巧，伴人入睡，为人疗伤；有的善解人意，体贴入微，令人顿生楚楚怜爱之心；有的聪明至极，或智慧通达，或潇洒大度；有的高贵骄傲，坚守着自己的领地和尊严，不为对食物的渴求和主人的宠爱而失去自己的独立性；有的天真顽劣，有的母爱情深，有的敏感好奇，有的霸道自私……这一幅幅缓缓展开的生动画卷，让我们看到了每一只猫所拥有的与人性相通之处，真实而生动，让人默默感动、会心微笑，不忍释卷。

那只被美国斯潘塞小镇图书馆收养的小猫杜威，用超凡的行为表达着它的感恩之心。杜威用自己的热情、可爱和善解人意使定期光顾图书馆的每一个人，都觉着自己跟杜威有不一样的特殊关系。它改变了不愿说话残疾女孩的性格，使她变得开朗热情；它陪着作者走过无数个漫漫长夜；它把图书馆管理员们散落而孤立的心紧紧地凝聚在一起。

诺贝尔文学奖得主多丽丝·莱辛也娓娓道来一个猫咪的世界。漂亮的灰咪咪打小就知道自己可爱，它仿佛总是对着某个隐形的镜头来调整自己的姿势，瞪着提防周遭爱慕眼神的愠怒双眸，展示着自己具有侵略性的美貌。当

它展示自己的特技表演，不小心摔倒时，还对周围人们发出的大笑表示十分恼怒。它为了与自己的死对头——同在一个屋檐下的黑猫——争宠，可谓煞费苦心。神秘典雅的黑猫好像知道不如灰咪咪漂亮。它发现自己东施效颦无效后，用自己擅长生子教子的先天特长与灰咪咪一争天下。感恩的鲁夫斯具有一种幸存者的智慧，竟会用嘹亮的呼噜声向主人表示感恩。好奇的查理像一位科学家，到处询问并探求着未知的一切。潇洒大度的巴奇奇见主人收养并悉心照顾生病的猫，竟然装生病咳嗽来骗取主人的额外关注。看到猫的这一幅幅可爱画卷，让人渴望一下子穿过时空隧道，去莱辛身边抱起那些可爱的猫咪们，摸一摸它们柔软光滑的皮毛，听一听它们撒娇的喵喵声。

那几只不知名的小猫，它们启发着儿童或成年人的心，让他们善待生命，善待对方，促进人与人之间的信任感。我们曾经感叹人类的大爱，感慨狗儿的忠诚，总以为猫儿守着自己的一方小天地，为自己的利益和需求争战嘶吼。读罢本书这一篇篇感人的故事，我们会愧疚地发现：有的猫儿在主人痛苦或疾病的煎熬中，温柔陪伴，如影随形；有的猫儿在危难之中能无畏舍己，奋不顾身为主人报警；曾感动全美的小猫杜威，用它的善解人意鼓励并改变了许多读者消极的心；温柔典雅的黑猫虽然与骄傲美丽的灰咪咪为争宠而对峙，却对它的孩子们释放着令人震撼不已的无私母爱……人类平日不经意间的善行，危难之刻的忘我，经常让我们为之倾倒，为之歌颂。猫咪何尝不是如此呢！

我们把猫当成友伴，跟它说话，倾诉心思。可是你总是在某个时候，从它的眼神中会发现，它属于另一个世界。很多爱猫人都发现猫老是对着一个地方发呆。有时一只小猫，望着阳光中飞舞的尘埃，一连盯上半个小时，它究竟看到了什么？

法国诗人查尔斯·波德莱尔说过这样一句话：“就像在沙漠里庄严地守望着永恒的斯芬克斯，猫儿们好奇地凝视着虚无，冷静而睿智。”我们深感遗憾的是无法走进它们的内心世界，无从得知它们盯着尘埃看上半个钟头时究竟在看什么，更无法感同身受地体会雷电交加的雨夜里，它们穿行街区时的匆忙与恐惧。

令人欣慰的是，这本书让我们在疑惑、好奇、试探、猜测的过程中不断地接近猫儿们所思所感，并感受到它们拥有的那颗类似人类灵魂的心。

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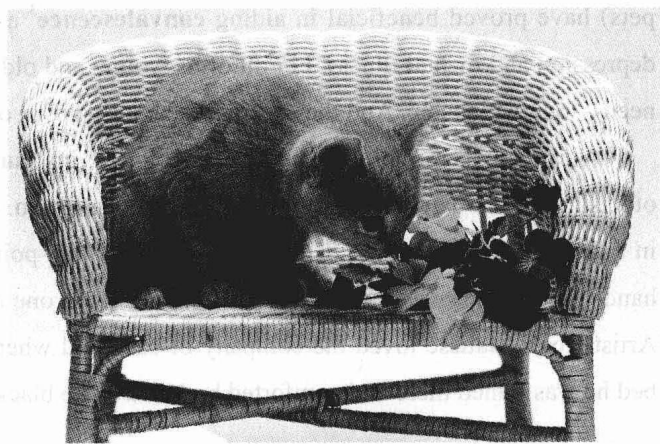
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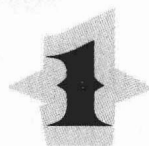
猫咪物语 GATS, MISCELLANEOUS STORIES

# PART 1

COMPANIONABLE CAT  
有猫儿做伴







## Companionable Cats 与猫为伴



Howard Loxton  
霍德华·洛克斯顿

The independence of cats is a characteristic that appeals to numerous people. It also gives emphasis to the occasions when cats offer or ask for attention and affection. The cynics<sup>1</sup> may say that only seeking their own advantage—warmth on a lap, human grooming<sup>2</sup> or to reinforce a bond that ensures their food supply—but cats do offer much to humans. Stroking a cat is calming the person as well as for the cat, and cats (and other pets) have proved beneficial in aiding convalescence<sup>3</sup> as well as in combating forms of depression and mental illness. For all of us, young and old, cats offer something that we all need—companionship. And they seem to take pleasure in our company, too.

A cat can share those moments of loneliness, insecurity, or unhappiness that we hide others, and give us reassuring, tactile<sup>4</sup> comfort in return. Cats often react to grief or pain in humans with apparent understanding. Inca, a tabby-point Siamese, would always be on hand if his keeper was feeling low and on more than one occasion tried to lick tears away. Artist Henri Matisse loved the company of cats; and when ill health forced him to stay in bed he was joined there and comforted by his favorite black cat.

Cats also offer their friendship to strangers—we all know the pleasure of the unknown cat that comes up to greet us and exchange a word or two. The great **Polish**<sup>5</sup> Pianist and statesman Ignace Paderewski recounted how, when he made his concert **debut**<sup>6</sup> in London at the St James's Theatre, he was overcome with nerves when he walked out onto the stage. As he settled himself at the piano, the theatre's resident cat came out to join him and leapt up into his lap. The audience was amused and delighted, the pianist able to relax, and puss stayed purring on his lap as he played the opening etude. Paderewski later commented that without that cat's presence, he could never have continued.

Cats are often very fussy in their choice of companionship. US author Robert Caras has described how a large black male cat, known to the household as Tom, would turn up only when his daughter Pamela was expected home from college for a weekend or the holidays. The odd thing was that Tom always appeared prior to Pamela's arrival. Her school was 200 miles (more than 320km) away, so how did he know that she was coming? Whatever the explanation, he always left the house when she went back to school.

Cats, like humans, can be jealous and possessive, **begudging**<sup>7</sup> any attention their keeper gives to others—but equally some humans can resent their cats being friendly to visitors. Often cats perversely make a bee-line for a guest who professes no great interest in, or even a profound dislike of, all felines. By contrast, some **antisocial**<sup>8</sup> cats will go to the other extreme and disappear totally when there visitors around, only to come out of their hiding-places when they are assured once more of the undivided attention of their owner.

- .....>
1. **cynics** *n.* 愤世嫉俗者, 讽世者
  2. **groom** *vt.* 照料或梳洗(马等), 使做好准备, 训练
  3. **convalescence** *n.* 逐渐康复
  4. **tactile** *adj.* 触觉的, 触觉感知的
  5. **Polish** *n.* 波兰人
  6. **debut** *n.* <法> 演员首次演出
  7. **begrudge** *vt.* 对(某事物)感到不快或不满
  8. **antisocial** *adj.* 反社会的, 危害社会安宁的, 不喜欢社交的, 不合群的

## 译文欣赏

猫的独立个性受到众人的喜爱。它们的这种独立性也使猫对关注和爱护的需求显得格外突出。吹毛求疵的人可能会说，猫只是在寻求其自身的利益——在大腿上取暖，让主人为它梳洗，或者是密切关系以确保它们的食物供给——但猫为人类做得也确实不少。抚摸猫不只是让猫平静下来，人同样也能从中得到安宁。事实证明，猫（还有其他宠物）不仅能够帮助防治忧郁症和精神病，而且对处于康复期的病人也大有裨益。因为我们所有人，不管老的少的，都能从猫那里获得我们想要的某样东西——陪伴。而它们似乎也乐于与我们为伴。

猫能够与我们一起分担那些不为旁人所知的孤独、悲伤和没有安全感的时刻，为我们带来安慰和可感触的舒适。猫往往能对人类的不幸和痛苦做出反应，仿佛它们清楚这一切。印加是一只虎斑罗猫，每当主人情绪低落时，它总是陪伴其身旁，还时不时试图为其拭去眼泪。法国艺术家亨利·马蒂斯就非常喜欢有猫陪伴，当糟糕的身体状况让他卧床不起时，他最喜爱的黑猫救虎跳上床安慰他。

猫还会向陌生人表示它们的友好——我们都体会过那种喜悦：不认识的猫上前迎接我们，还互相说上一两句。波兰伟大的钢琴家和政治家伊纳斯·芭岱莱夫斯基描述过在伦敦的圣雅各剧院举办音乐会时，他走上台后是如何克服紧张情绪的。当他在钢琴前坐下，居住在剧院里的猫来到他身边，跳上了他的大腿。观众们被逗乐了，笑了起来，这位钢琴家才放松下来。在他弹奏开场的练习曲时，小猫一直在他腿上咕噜咕噜叫。芭岱莱夫斯基事后承认如果不是那只猫，他肯定无法演奏下去。

在选择伙伴上，猫总总是异常挑剔。美国作家罗伯特·卡拉斯曾经描述过这样一只大个头的黑色公猫，家里人管它叫汤姆。汤姆指在他的女儿帕梅拉周末或假期从学校回家时才会出现。奇怪的是，汤姆总是先于帕梅拉到达。她的学校在两百英里（二百二十公里）开外，它是如何知道她就要回家了呢？不管怎样，只要她一返校，它就离家。

猫，跟人一样，也会妒忌，也有占有欲，会因为它们的主人关注其他人或事物而不满——有些人也是如此，如果自己的猫对来客太热情，他们也会生气。通常猫咪会知难而上，直奔那位对所有的猫科动物都毫无兴趣甚或非常不喜欢的客人而去。与此形成鲜明对比的是：一些不爱社交的猫会走另一个极端。一来客人，它们就消失得无影无踪，只有当它们再次确信主人对它们的关注始终如一时，它们才会走出隐身之地。



# 2

## Magic Friendship 神奇的友谊



Vicki Myron with Bret Witter  
薇奇·麦仑 布赖特·维特

By the time the party rolled around, the kids were jumping up and down with excitement. Another cat would have been frightened, no doubt, but Dewey took it all in with his usual calm. Instead of interacting with the kids, though, he kept his eyes on the prize: his cat food cake in the shape of mouse, covered Jean Hollis Clark's brand of full-fat **yogurt**<sup>1</sup> (Dewey hated the diet stuff). As the kids smiled and **giggled**<sup>2</sup>, I looked out at the adults gathered at the back of the crowd, most of them parents. They were smiling as much as the children. Once again I realized how special Dewey was. Not just any cat would have this kind of fan club. And I realized a few other things too: that Dewey was having an impact; that he had been accepted as part of the community; and that although I spent all day with him I would never know all the relationships he developed and all the people he touched. Dewey didn't play favorites; he loved everyone equally.

But even as I say that, I know it wasn't true. Dewey did have special relationships, and one I'll always remember was with Crystal. For decades the library had hosted a special Story Hour every week for local elementary and middle school special education classes.

Before Dewey, the kids were poorly behaved. This was their big outing for the week, and they were excited: screaming, yelling, jumping up and down. But Dewey changed that. As they got to know him, the children learned that if they were too noisy or erratic, Dewey left. They would do anything to keep Dewey with them; after a few months, they became so calm you couldn't believe it was the same group of kids.

The children couldn't pet very well, since most were physically **disabled**<sup>3</sup>. Dewey didn't care. As long as the children were somewhat quiet, Dewey spent the hour with them. He walked around the room and **rubbed**<sup>4</sup> their legs. He jumped into their laps. The children became so fixated on him, they didn't notice anything else. If we had read them the phone book they couldn't have cared less.

Crystal was one of the more disabled members of the group. She was a beautiful girl of about eleven, but she had no speech and very little control of her limbs. She was in a wheelchair, and the wheelchair had a wooden **tray**<sup>5</sup> on the front. When she came into the library, her head was always down and her eyes were staring at the tray. The teacher took off her coat or opened her jacket, and she didn't move. It was like she wasn't even there.

Dewey noticed Crystal right away, but they didn't form an immediate bond. She didn't seem interested in him, and there were plenty of children who desperately wanted his attention. Then one week Dewey jumped on Crystal's wheelchair tray. Crystal squealed. She had been coming to the library for years, and I didn't even know she could vocalize. That squeal was the first sound I ever heard her make.

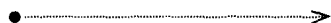
Dewey started visiting Crystal every week. Every time he jumped onto her tray, Crystal squealed with delight. It was a loud, high-pitched **squeal**<sup>6</sup>, but it never scared Dewey. He knew what it meant. He could feel her excitement, or maybe he could see the change in her face. Whenever she saw Dewey, Crystal glowed. Her eyes had always been blank. Now they were on fire.

Soon it wasn't just seeing Dewey on her tray. The moment the teacher pushed her into the library, Crystal was alive. When she saw Dewey, who waited for her at the front door, she immediately started to **vocalize**<sup>7</sup>. It wasn't her usual high-pitched squeal but a deeper sound. I believed she was calling to Dewey. Dewey must have thought so, too, because as soon as he heard it, he was at her side. Once her wheelchair was parked, he jumped on her tray, and happiness exploded from within her. She started to squeal, and her smile, you couldn't believe how big and bright it was. Crystal had the best smile in the world.

Usually Crystal's teacher picked up her hand and helped her pet Dewey. That touch, the feel of his fur on her skin, always brought on a round of louder and more delighted squeals. I swear, one day she looked up and made eye contact with me. She was overcome with joy, and she wanted to share the moment with someone, with everyone. This from a girl who for years never lifted her eyes from the floor.

One week I picked Dewey off Crystal's tray and put him inside her coat. She didn't even squeal. She just stared down at him in awe. She was so happy. Dewey was so happy. He had a chest to learn on, and it was warm, and he was with somebody he loved. He wouldn't come out of her coat. He stayed in there for twenty minutes, maybe more. The other children checked out books. Dewey and Crystal sat together in front of the **circulation**<sup>8</sup> desk. The bus was idling in front of the library, and all the other children were on it, but Dewey and Crystal were still sitting where we left them, alone together. That smile, that moment, was worth the world.

I can't imagine Crystal's life. I don't know how she left when she was out in the world, or even what she did. But I know that whenever she was in the Spencer Public Library with Dewey, she was happy. And I think she experienced the kind of complete happiness very few of us ever feel. Dewey knew that. He wanted her to experience that happiness, and he loved her for it. Isn't that a **legacy**<sup>9</sup> worthy of any cat, or human being?



1. **yogurt** *n.* 酸奶酪, 酵母乳
2. **giggle** *vi.* 咯咯地笑
3. **disabled** *adj.* 伤残的
4. **rub** *vt.* 擦, 搓, 揉
5. **tray** *n.* 盘子, 托盘
6. **squeal** *n.* 长而尖锐的叫声
7. **vocalize** *v.* 成为有声
8. **circulation** *n.* 流通, 循环, 传播
9. **legacy** *n.* 遗产, 遗赠物; 遗留之物

## 译文欣赏

生日聚会到了，孩子们兴奋得上蹿下跳。换了另一只猫肯定会害怕的，杜威却用它惯常的冷静应对这一切。它没有跟孩子们一起闹，只是紧紧盯着礼物：做成老鼠形状的猫粮蛋糕，上面覆盖着一层全脂酸奶（杜威不喜欢减肥食品）——这个牌子是吉安·霍丽斯·克拉克的最爱。孩子们满面春风，笑声连连。我朝聚集在人群后面的大人们望去——他们大都是孩子们的家长，脸上的笑容也跟孩子们一样灿烂。我又一次意识到杜威多么不同寻常。并不是每只猫都拥有这样一个粉丝俱乐部的。同时我还意识到了另外几点：杜威正在对我们产生影响；它已经作为社区的一部分被人们接受；尽管我整天跟它呆在一起，我却永远不知道它跟它所有接触到的人建立的所有关系。杜威没有偏心，它同样爱着每一个人。

话虽这么说，我知道实情并不总是这样。杜威跟某些人的关系确实不一般。我始终不能忘怀的是克里斯托。几十年来，图书馆一直为当地中小学的特殊教育班举办特殊故事会，每星期一次。杜威没来之前，这些孩子表现很糟糕。这对他们来说是每星期一次的郊游。他们兴奋得要命，尖叫、吵闹、上蹿下跳。可是杜威改变了这种状况。孩子们认识了杜威之后，就知道如果他们过于吵闹、喜怒无常，杜威就会离开。只要杜威能待在他们身边，要他们做什么都行。过了几个星期，孩子们变得十分安静，你都不敢相信他们就是原来的那群孩子们。

这些孩子们大多数有身体残疾，不会好好的爱抚杜威。杜威并不在意。只要孩子们相对来说还算安静，杜威就会呆在他们身边。它在屋子里走来走去，蹭着他们的腿。它还跳到他们的腿上。孩子们的注意力全在杜威身上，根本顾不上别的。即使我们念的是电话号码本，他们也一样不会在意。

克里斯托是这群孩子里残疾最严重的。她是个大约十一岁的漂亮女孩，不会说话，四肢也几乎不能控制。她坐着轮椅，轮椅前面有一个木托盘。进了图书馆，她总是低着头，眼睛盯着那个托盘。老师帮她脱掉大衣，解开上衣，她一动不动。就好像她根本不在这儿似的。

杜威立刻就注意到了克里斯托，但他们并没有立刻建立友谊。她似乎对它不感兴趣，身边又有那么多孩子迫不及待地想引起它的注意。后来又一次，杜威跳上了克里斯托的轮椅托盘。克里斯托发出长长的尖叫。她来图书馆已经几年了，我甚至不知道她能发出声音。那声尖叫是我听见她发出的第一个声音。

杜威开始每星期都来看望克里斯托。每次它都跳到她的托盘上，克里斯托高兴得大声尖叫。那是一种亢奋、尖厉的叫声，但杜威从来不会被吓着。它知道这叫声的意思。它能感觉到她的兴奋，或者它能看到她脸上表情的变化。克里斯托一看见杜威，便激动得满脸通红。以前她的眼睛总是毫无表情，现在却象着了火一般。

很快，她就不只在托盘上看见杜威了。老师刚把她推进图书馆，克里斯托就活跃起来。她一看见在门口等候她的杜威，便立刻发出声音。不是平常那种高亢的尖叫，而是一种比较低沉的声音。我相信她是在召唤杜威。心有灵犀，杜威一听见这个声音，便马上跑到她的身边。她的轮椅站稳后，它就跳上她的托盘，她心头的喜悦就像花儿一样绽放。她开始尖叫，而她脸上的笑容，你简直不敢相信有多么灿烂、多么明媚。克里斯托的笑容世界上最美的。

通常，克里斯托的老师会拿起她的手，帮她抚爱杜威。那种抚摸，它的毛接触她的皮肤的那种感觉，总是惹她发出一阵更响亮、更开心的尖叫。我敢说，有一天她抬起眼睛跟我对视了。她心中充盈着喜悦，渴望与某个人、与每一个人分享这一刻。这可是一个多少年目光从未离开地面的女孩子啊。

又一次，我把杜威从克里斯托的托盘抱起来，放进她的大衣里。她甚至没有尖叫。她惊愕地低头望着它。她是那样的幸福。杜威也是那样的幸福。它有一个温暖的胸膛可以依靠，它和自己所爱的人在一起。它不肯从他的大衣里出来。它在那里呆了二十分钟，或许还不止。别的孩子忙着借书。杜威和克里斯托一起坐在接待台前。公共汽车在图书馆前空转着马达，其他孩子都上了车，可是杜威和克里斯托仍然独自坐在那个地方，相依为伴。那个笑容，那个时刻，价值无限。

我无法想象克里斯托的生活。我不知道走向社会是什么滋味，也不知道她在做些什么。但我知道，当她在斯潘塞图书馆与杜威在一起时，她是幸福的。我认为她所体验到的那种绝对的幸福，很少有人能体验到的。杜威知道这一点。它希望她体验那种幸福，它因此而爱她。这难道不是一种值得每一只猫、每一个人珍惜的精神财富吗？





### 3 The Boy and His Cat 男孩与猫

I'm not sure how he got to my clinic. He didn't look old enough to drive. Although his child's body had begun to broaden and he moved with the heavy grace of young manhood. His face was direct and open.

When I walked into the waiting room, he was lovingly petting his cat through the open door of the carrier on his lap. With a schoolboy's faith in authority, he had brought his sick cat in for me to mend.

The cat was a tiny thing, exquisitely formed, with a delicate skull and beautiful markings. She was about the boy's own age, give or take a year. I could see how her spots and **stripes**<sup>1</sup> and her fierce, bright face had evoked the image of a tiger in a child's mind, and Tigress she had become.

Age had dimmed the bright green fire of her eyes into faded lace, but she was still elegant and self-possessed. She greeted me with a friendly rub against my hand.

I began to ask questions to determine this charming pair to see me. Unlike most adults, the boy answered simply and directly. Tigress had had a normal appetite until recently, when she's begun to vomit a couple of times a day. Now she was not eating at all and had withdrawn from her human family. She had also lost a pound, which is a lot when you weigh only six.