

世界上最经典

品精选

"现实主义动物小说之父"西顿的细腻朴实 澳大利亚著名作家、诗人亨利·劳森的轻松诙谐 美国著名女作家埃莉诺·哈洛韦尔·阿博特的不事雕琢 英国著名儿童文学女作家朱莉安娜·霍雷希亚·尤因的明慧坦诚

以动物的视角给人类以感动和反思



园的二季品版社 National Defense Industry Bross



我称的的约定

斯蒂芬・克莱恩 等 ◎ 著 张煜 朱梦琦 ◎ 译

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狗狗这种动物,仿佛身携自然之父的圣旨而来。它们的使命之一,也许就是让 自命不凡的人类慢慢体会地球上的其他物种的智慧与品德。

有人将狗看作是他孤独心灵的慰藉。

有人将狗看作是他矢志不渝的朋友。

有人将狗看作是他亲密无间的爱人。

有人将狗看作是他顽皮可爱的孩子。

无论狗狗在我们的生活中扮演着什么角色,有一点不变的就是:它唤醒了我们最细腻的情感、最温柔的内心世界、最渴望爱的心灵。

狗狗与人类之间的故事太多太多。也许你从小到大并没有真正亲密地接触过狗狗,所以你无法察觉狗狗与人之间那难以名状的关系,狗狗带给人的巨大而神奇的影响。然而察觉到的人们,则迫不及待地记录下与狗狗相处时的种种奇妙体验,记录下那些难以名状的牵动,于是就有了这许多动人的故事。

狗狗与主人的种种关系和狗狗的丰富个性通过这本书充分地展现在我们面前。 注目凝视这些四足朋友的双眼,我们会惊奇地发现其中有一些不能被忽视的东西, 那是对我们内心和智慧的回应。

我们常说: 狗是人类最好的朋友。第一个这样形容人狗关系的,不知是谁;我们也无法考量这个"最"字准确与否,但是这句话折射出来的情感,想必每一个爱狗之人都会同意。

害怕寂寞的人,总会得到狗狗温柔体贴的陪伴。狗狗不会用滔滔不绝的谈话来驱走你身边的冷清,它只是静静地躺在你的脚下,用匀长的呼吸来平静你的心情,用那带着温度的呼气,悄悄地融开你心头上的坚冰。这时,你便可以毫无顾虑地打开心扉,向它尽情倾诉你的不幸、你的烦恼、你遭遇的种种不公,它可不会像其他人一样尽管耐着性子听你说烦心事,可心思早已神游天外。不,它不会这样,它会

新狗的约克 Between MAN and DOG8

聚精会神地聆听,时时用黑玉般的大眼睛和你静静对视。那黑玉像磁石,让你着迷得挪不开眼;像老人智慧的双眼,让你觉得被洞悉一切。你在无言中得到了心灵的 慰藉。

心灵在漂泊的人,总会得到狗狗至死不渝的守候。一旦狗狗将你认定为亲密的人,你们之间就产生了一种无言而又神秘的联系。你快乐,它兴奋地汪汪直叫,不惜放下身价尽情耍宝,为的就是要扭出你的高兴喜庆;你悲伤,它的心情也直落三千丈,身体软趴脑袋耷拉,有时还用那毛茸茸的耳朵把眼睛一盖,似乎不忍看你伤心欲绝。它对人随和,和谁都可以玩玩闹闹,但它唯独不能允许别人欺负你。这时,无论你的狗狗走的是强壮有力的肌肉狗路线,还是玲珑小巧的可爱狗路线,它都会毫不犹豫地把体型比它大上几倍甚至十几倍的你挡在身后,向意欲侵犯的敌人愤怒地吠叫,还时时发出咬牙切齿的低喘声,好像恨不得把敌人撕成两半。它就像你的骑士,发誓要效忠自己的国王。

阅读和翻译这些狗狗的故事是幸福的,有时会因为故事的美好,嘴角漾起细细的微笑,有时会被狗狗的憨厚逗得不禁笑出声来,有时会因为感动和不舍红了眼圈……这些让人笑中带泪的美文,让我深陷其中不能自拔。每读完一个故事,我就忍不住痴痴地冥想一番。一个个憨态可掬的小狗的形象便出现在了我的脑海中:

傻里傻气的叼着炸药的汤米,它可把吉姆和戴夫追得狼狈不堪;

惨死在一个父亲的冷酷和愚蠢之下的褐色小狗,它连名字都没有;

会爬上树但是还不会从树上爬下来的马特,店员还以为它需要刮胡子呢;

与一只蟾蜍约定厮守的美莎公主,我衷心地希望他们永远幸福地生活下去;

还有关键时刻尽显英雄本色的猎狗比利,滑稽的它可是用巧妙的方法保住了主 人的命呦:

还有那条精通火车时刻表、每天可以准时乘坐火车往返的神奇小狗兰波……

我合上了书,它们一个个令我眷恋的形象却没有被我关在书里,反而更加鲜活地蹦跳在我的周围。我几乎有种错觉:只要我轻呼它们其中一个的名字,那只被叫中的小狗就会从窗帘后拱出来,歪歪头,像是在征询我的意见;只要我蹲下伸出手来,它就会欢快地跑过来,像品尝什么美味一样津津有味地舔弄起我的手……

无论是否有狗狗曾经走进你的生命,这种美好的感情都值得我们阅读,值得我们珍惜。



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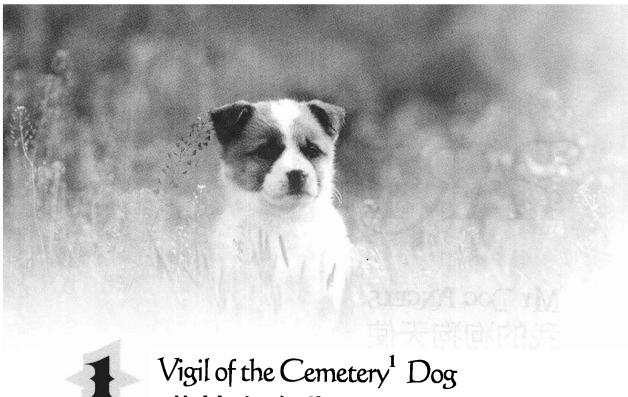
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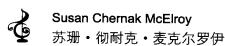
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MY DOG PINGELS 我的狗狗天使





墓地守夜狗



My seventeen-year-old son was killed in a diving accident. Only a parent who has lost a child can understand the personal devastation². The evening before the accident, I happened to drive by our local cemetery. Sitting next to the fence was a stray dog. She sat on a small knoll between two trees, seemingly waiting for someone. She looked like a bedraggled3 red fox. Little did I know that three days later I would be burying my son on the exact spot where the little dog waited.

On the day of my son's funeral service, I saw the little dog again. She was standing a short distance away from where we gathered at the cemetery. The next morning, just before dawn, I went to visit my son's grave for the first time. And sitting beside the mound of flowers at his graveside was the little red dog. As I approached, she rose and stepped back a few feet, as if in respect. When I sat on the ground by the grave, she came back and sat beside me, not touching me or asking for attention for herself. She seemed to just "be there" for me. Together we watched the sun rise, and I felt a slight touch of peace. I arose and she walked me back to my car, then returned to my son's grave and lay down on it. The next

morning was a repeat of the first. There she was, **nestled**⁴ beside the flowers. As she sat beside me, I ran my hand down along her back. She was slightly wet, as if from night dew. "You have been here all night?" I asked. She answered with a slight wag of her tail. "What are you? Some kind of a guardian angel?" She turned toward me and looked at me with eyes that seemed to reach my very soul. I began to cry and tell her of my terrible pain, and she sat and listened.

The next morning, there she was. Beginning to think of someone besides myself, I had brought a bowl of food and some water for her. Apparently someone else had noticed that little dog was doing twenty-four-hour duty, because there was a bowl of water by the grave. Knowing that my son wasn't alone, that he had this small dog with him, began to give me comfort. I remembered that several years before, my son and a friend had rescued a small red dog that had been shot with an arrow. My son named her Callie, and she stayed on as a beloved pet until an untimely accident took her life.

After about a week, I took the cemetery dog home with me. Strangely enough, she was quiet and subdued. I couldn't think of a name for her. Then one day, I said, "You know something? You look just like old Callie." It was as if I'd hit a magic switch. "Callie" stood up and, tail wagging⁵ furiously, ran over to me and put her paw up on my knee. It was as if she had finally "come home".

Who is this dog who showed me my son's cemetery plot, and then did round-the-clock sentry duty when my son was laid to rest there? Who is this dog who was there to help me through the greatest trauma of my life, who now shares my home and helps fill the lonely moments? Is there such a thing as reincarnation, and are dogs reincarnated? I don't know. I just know that she came into my life in a very mysterious way. My other dogs couldn't give me the comfort that this little red dog did, and still does.

Callie has since become TDI (Therapy Dogs International)-certified. I take her on

^{1.} cemetery n. (非教堂的) 墓地, 公墓

^{2.} devastation n. 毁灭

^{3.} bedraggled adj. 乱的,不整齐的

^{4.} nestle vt. & vi. 舒适而温暖地安定下来;依偎

^{5.} wag vt. & vi. (使) 摇动,摇摆

粉狗的约束 Between MAN and DOG8

regular visits to our local nursing home where she has become the "adopted dog". I am very proud of Callie. During the days following the Oklahoma bombing, TDI-certified dogs—including my Callie—were taken to the rescue center and to the church where victims' families were waiting. Callie, with her gentle way, made many friends. In an especially touching moment, a medical worker sat on the floor with her arms around Callie, petting her and sharing her personal pain. It reminded me of myself as I sat with Callie at my son's grave only last June. I'd never thought one way or another about angels or guardians but now I know there is such a thing.

译成赏

我儿子十七岁那年在一次潜水中意外身亡。只有失去孩子的父母亲才能真切地体会到什么是心灵的重创。事故发生的前一天晚上,我碰巧开车经过当地公墓,发现一条流浪狗靠着围墙坐着,正好坐在两棵树中间的一个小土堆上,似乎在等什么人,她看起来像一只湿透的红狐狸。那时我怎么也没想到三天后我会把儿子埋在这里——埋在这条小狗恰巧待过的地方。

我儿子葬礼的那天,我再一次见到了这条小狗,她在墓地中离我们不远的地方 站着。第二天清早,天还没亮,我第一次去儿子墓前探望,发现这条红色的小狗正 坐在被鲜花围绕的儿子坟边。等我走近时,她似乎是出于尊敬,站了起来,并后退了 几步。我在坟旁坐了下来,她走过来在我身边坐下,没有碰我,也没有故意引起我的 注意。她好像是仅仅为了我而"待在那里"。我们一块儿看了日出,我心里平静了一 些。我站起身,她伴我走到车旁,然后又转身回到我儿子墓旁躺了下来。第三天早 上,依然如此:她还在那儿,依偎在鲜花旁边。她又在我身边坐下,我用手抚摸着 她的后背,她身上湿漉漉的,像是被夜间的露水打湿的。"你在这待了整整一晚上 吗?"我问道。她轻轻地摇了摇尾巴回答了我。"你是谁呀,是守护天使吗?"她转 向我,看着我的眼睛,直达我的心灵深处。我开始哭了起来,向她倾诉自己的痛苦, 她静静地坐着,仔细聆听着。第四天早上,她依然在那儿。想到除了我自己之外还有 那条小狗,我便提前给她准备了一碗食物和一些水。很显然,有人已经注意到这只 二十四小时都在"站岗"的小狗了,因为坟墓旁边放着一碗水。意识到儿子不是独自 一人,这条小狗一直陪着他,我心里感到一丝慰藉。我想起几年前,儿子和他的一个 朋友救过一只红色的小狗,当时她被箭射伤了,我儿子给她取名为"凯莉",她以后 留了下来,做了我们的宠物,后来一场事故夺去了她的生命。

大约一周以后,我把这只墓地小狗带回了家。奇怪的是,她非常安静。我想不出来怎么称呼她。有一天,我对她说道,"你知道吗,你看起来像极了凯莉。"这句话好像是一个魔法按钮,"凯莉"听到后一下子站了起来,使劲地摇着尾巴,跑到我跟前跳起来,把前爪放到我膝盖上。看上去她似乎终于"回到了自己的家"。

这条小狗到底是谁呢?她告诉我埋葬儿子的地点,她日日夜夜守护在儿子坟旁。这条小狗究竟是谁呢?她帮我度过了生命中最痛苦的时刻,她现在与我生活在同一个屋檐底下,让我不再孤独寂寞。尘世间真的存在"轮回"吗,狗也会投胎转世吗?我不知道。我只知道她很神秘地进入了我的生活。其他的狗不能给我带来安慰,这只红色的小狗却能给我带来慰藉,一直到现在。

凯莉已经正式成为"国际狗狗疗法中心"中的一员。我经常带她去当地疗养院,我就是从这里领养她的。我为凯莉感到自豪。在俄克拉荷马州城市遭到轰炸的几天后,所有"国际狗狗疗法中心"的狗,包括我的凯莉都被带到了救护中心和教堂,受害者家属正在那等着他们。凯莉一向心地温柔,因此交了很多朋友。有个场面特别令人感动:一个医务人员坐在地板上,抱着凯莉,不停地抚摸着她,向她倾诉痛苦。看到这幅情景,我想起去年六月份我也是这样在儿子墓前向凯莉倾诉自己的痛苦。我以前从没有想象过天使、守护神的存在,现在我明白了,天使真的存在。



Geri experienced some severe setbacks in her life. She'd had a child die of sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS) and since that tragedy, had lost her faith in God. When Geri and her husband divorced, she became even angrier with God over that loss. One day, her stepdaughter visited Geri. She said that Geri's ex-husband was dying of liver cancer. This news plunged Geri into a terrible depression bordering on despair. But her sense of abandonment was about to be compounded.

Geri had adopted a Saint Bernard named Misty. When the dog was a year old, Geri sent her to instructors for obedience training at their home. The couple left for the weekend, and Misty dug out of her pen1, wandering into nearby woods. Although Geri didn't know it at the time, this happened on the same day that she learned of her ex-husband's illness.

The trainers thought that Misty would return so they waited until the following week to notify Geri that the dog was gone. Because this was hunting season, Geri was worried that Misty would be killed. Her husband took their other dog to the woods to search for Misty. He hoped he'd meet her as she tried to get back home. But Misty was nowhere to be found.

Geri writes, "Losing Misty reopened my unhealed wounds. Now I thought that Misty was going to be one more creature I loved who would be taken away from me. In spite of my anger toward God, each day I prayed for Misty's return. But I truly didn't think I'd ever see her again."

It was now five days since Misty had been gone. Geri's seven and eight-year-old sons waited outside their house for the school bus. To their surprise and delight a worn-out Misty joined them. The dog had not only survived for almost a week but had traveled eight miles through rough terrain, streams, lakes, and woods where she'd never been before, to return home.

"I thanked God,"Geri says, "and realized that this dog had restored my belief in a God who cares about me. She'd dug her way out on the day I'd been so depressed over grieving about my ex-husband and remembering the loss of my child. It was as if she knew I needed her. She'd traveled such a long way to deliver the message that I wasn't alone or abandoned."

But Misty's mission as an angel animal wasn't finished. When the dog was pregnant and about to give birth to her first litter², Misty did something that confounded Geri. Mother dogs will typically find a private place to nestle and have their pups. But Misty did the opposite. As if she was trying to give Geri the life she'd lost when her own infant son had died, Misty climbed up on top of Geri and settled down on the woman's abdomen. One-by-one, the dog delivered her litter of puppies right there! Geri says she didn't dare move but lay on the sofa in awe at the gift Misty seemed to be attempting to give her.

Do angel animals serve as messengers letting you know that you are loved? Has an angel animal given you hope when you were grieving? Is there someone you could comfort as the angel animals among us so often do?

In Cat-e-Chisms, Feline³. Answers to Life's BIG Questions, which uses cats as models for spirituality, author Bill Zimmerman writes, "Provide tranquility⁴ for others with your comforting presence. Don't hesitate to help them in their time of need."

Isn't this what angels do? Even if they're the furry, fuzzy, or feathery kind.

^{1.} pen n. 图, 围栏

^{2.} litter n. 废弃物; 垃圾; 杂乱, 凌乱; 一窝

^{3.} feline adj. 猫 (科) 的 n. 猫科动物

^{4.} tranquility n. 宁静

海狗的约定 BETWEEN MAN AND DOGS

译欣赏

婕丽一生中经历过很多挫折。她的一个孩子死于婴儿猝死综合症。自从那次悲剧之后,她就失去了对上帝的信仰。婕丽与丈夫离婚后,对上帝更加气恼。一天,她的继女来看她,她说婕丽的前夫得了肺癌,将不久于人世。这个消息几乎将婕丽推到绝望的边缘。她越来越觉得自己被遗弃了。

婕丽领养了一只叫米丝蒂的圣伯纳德狗。米丝蒂一岁的时候,婕丽送她去训狗师家里培养服从意识。训狗师夫妇外出度周末的时候,米丝蒂在围栏下刨了个洞,跑出来,跑进了附近的树林。不过,婕丽当时并不知道,这事就发生在她得知前夫生病的同一天。

训狗师以为米丝蒂会回来,所以他们等了一个星期,才告诉婕丽狗丢了。现在是 狩猎季节,所以婕丽担心米丝蒂会被猎杀。她的丈夫带着他们的另一条狗去树林里找 米丝蒂,他希望能在米丝蒂试图回家的路上遇见她。但是哪里也找不到她的影子。

婕丽写道: "米丝蒂丢了,揭开了我未痊愈的伤。我爱米丝蒂,我所爱的都已 经离我而去,现在我觉得上帝又将她从我身边带走。尽管我不相信上帝,我仍每天 都祈祷米丝蒂归来。但我真的想不到还能再见到她。"

米丝蒂失踪五天了。这天,婕丽的两个儿子(一个七岁,一个八岁)正在家门口等校车。令他们意想不到的是,精疲力尽的米丝蒂回来了。她独自生活了一星期,而且走了八里路,走过了自己以前不曾走过的崎岖不平的地形,经过了溪流、湖泊、树林,最后回到家中。

"感谢上帝,"婕丽说,"上帝是在乎我的,是米丝蒂让我继续信仰上帝。她从我陷入前夫生病的悲恸和当年失去孩子的痛苦中的那天起,就一路斩荆而来。就像她知道我需要她一样。她长途跋涉就是为了回来告诉我:我并不孤单,也没有被抛弃。"

然而,米丝蒂作为天使的任务还没有结束。当狗狗怀孕要下崽的时候,米丝蒂的举动令婕丽感到困惑不解。狗妈妈一般会找个隐私的地方产崽。但米丝蒂却恰恰相反。她爬到婕丽身上,在婕丽的肚子上安顿下来,一个接一个地在那里产崽,就好像要弥补婕丽失去孩子的遗憾。婕丽说,她一动也不敢动,只能躺在沙发上,敬畏地等待米丝蒂将送给自己的礼物。

是天使般的动物担当了信使,让你知道自己受到了上帝的眷顾吗?当你悲痛伤心时, 天使般的动物给过你希望吗?你能给别人慰藉吗,就像我们的天使动物经常慰藉人一样?

《猫咪对生活中重大问题的回答》一书将猫咪当做具有灵性的典范,作者比尔·齐默曼写道:"让你的慰藉为他人提供心灵的宁静吧。毫不犹豫地去帮助那些需要帮助的人吧!"

这难道不是天使们的作为吗?即便他们是长有皮毛的一类,或生有羽毛的一类!



3 Unwanted Shelter Dog Becomes Lifesaver 昔日弃犬,今日英雄



She is just a small mixed-breed dog, short of stature, ordinary in looks, but beneath her fur beats the heart of a hero.

Melmo Varnell is a small mixed-breed dog that belongs to William and Linda Varnell of Oak Ridge. She obviously has some terrier in her background, perhaps some feist¹, but mostly she is all heart.

You see, Melmo has taught her herself to alert Linda when she is about to have a grand mal² seizure³. Without Melmo, Linda would have a restrictive, unsafe life lived in fear.

Melmo started life as a refugee from the Oak Ridge Animal Shelter. She had been adopted, but her new owner couldn't manage her. He was about to return her to the shelter, when he thought of his friends William and Linda, who had just lost a dog.

It was not a perfect fit immediately. Melmo was headstrong⁴ and liked to run way. In fact, the couple had to chase her down and rescue Melmo from the Oak Ridge Turnpike.

Soon after the chase, however, a bond began to form between Linda and Melmo. "I



think she just sensed I was a human to be trusted," Linda said. "I reckon we bonded pretty quickly."

Within a week Melmo was walking on a leash and was housebroken⁵. Within two weeks she was obeying simple commands.

But her biggest test was still ahead.

Linda has hormone-based grand mal seizures that often occur dramatically and rapidly with little or no warning. One day when she was home with Melmo, one of the terrifying attacks occurred and frightened the small dog badly. She ran to Linda's side and began licking her face and snuggling as closely as she could to her. It was a sight she was not to forget.

William took over the story at that point.

"About 15 minutes before Linda had her next seizure Melmo began circling around her, walking between her legs, whining and pawing at her," he said.

"I had started to feel strange," Linda said. "I laid down. I knew something wasn't right."

Melmo followed Linda to the bed and lay right atop⁶ Linda. She refused to get down or move. Seconds later, Linda had another terrifying seizure.

Now Melmo always let Linda know when a seizure is imminent, making it possible for Linda to lead a more normal life. Now she can drive, use the mixer or sewing machine and shop—all things she was nervous about doing before the advent⁷ of Melmo.

"She is just a remarkable little dog," William said. She has received an honorable mention award from the Tennessee Veterinary Association as Dog of the Year and she is now recognized as a certifiable service dog, complete with her own identification card.

^{1.} feist n. <美> 小狗; 无用的人; 坏脾气的人

^{2.} mal n. <法> 病,疾病;不适

^{3.} seizure n. 捉住, 查封, 扣押; (疾病)突然发作

^{4.} headstrong adj. 任性的, 刚愎自用的

^{5.} housebroken adj. 管教好的; 有礼貌的; 经训练的

^{6.} atop prep. 在 顶上

^{7.} advent n. 出现, 到来

^{8.} certifiable adj. 可保证的, 可证明的, 可确认的