

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

狗跑了/能亮,能磊著:邹春燕译. 北京:中国人民大学出版社,2003 (朗朗书房·牛命关怀绘本系列)

ISBN 7-300-04798-X/I·40

Ⅰ.狗…

Ⅱ.①熊…②熊…③邹…

Ⅲ 英语 - 对照读物,成人童话 - 汉、英

IV H319.4.I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2003)第 058012 号

测 朗朗書房

生命关怀绘本系列

狗跑了(双语对照本)

能息,能磊著:邹春燕译

出版发行 中国人民大学出版社

址 北京中关村大街 31号 計

邮政编码 100080

由

话 010-62511242(总编室) 010-62511239(出版部)

010-62515351(邮购部) 010-62514148(门市部)

址 http://www.erup.com.en XX

http://www.ttrnet.com(人大教研网)

销 新华书店 经

刷 北京国彩印刷有限公司 印

次 2003年8月第1版 本 787×1092 毫米 1/24 版 开

次 2003 年 8 月第 1 次印刷 印 印 张 3.75

价 14.80 元 字 定 数 5 000

朗朗书房・关爱生命绘本系列



狗跑了 The Dog Has Run

熊磊 绘著 熊亮

一中国人民大学出版社



我太清楚你现在的生活常态了,那是节奏,生活的节奏,工作的节奏,学习的节奏。在日复一日的节奏中,我们难得有闲暇的心情来使自己松弛,更难使自己充分享受生活的轻松平和的美。

可当你打开这本小书的时候,你感觉到片刻的宁静了吗?如果有,那就是我们要送给你的细腻的阅读啊。

朋友,当你看到这本书的时候,千万别勉强打开她,因为你面对着如此众多的选择,一旦你打开她,我希望你尽量松弛下来,用你细腻的心灵去读读这本装载着细腻的关怀的绘本。

我相信,你会获得片刻的宁静。 在这喧嚣的时代。

> 呼延华 记于朗朗书房 2003年7月16日

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前

言

我偷偷沿着窗帘后面悄无声息地潜到阳台上。

打开狗屋一瞧——狗?跑?了?

我哭了,抽搭着离开阳台,穿过走廊,站在客厅里哭着说:"狗——跑了!"

爸爸妈妈此时一言未发,好似没听见,仍盯着电视机上的连续剧。

我走到荧屏前,挡住电视,好像我表演的就是世界上最悲惨的节目,慢慢地说着:"狗——跑——了——"

"唔……什么?狗跑了?"爸爸对妈妈说。

妈妈对爸爸点点头:"是呀!狗跑了!"

"我该怎么办?"我问。

"去睡觉!"爸爸妈妈说。







Xiao Tian slipps along the curtain to the balcony secretly.

He opens the kennel but finds that —— Dog? Has? Run?

Xiao Tian breaks into tears. He sobs himself to leave the balcony, passes through the corridor and stands in the living room, crying: "The dog —— has run!"

At that moment, Papa and Mama say nothing but gazing at the TV series, as if they have never heard that.

Xiao Tian went to in front of the TV to cover the screen, as if he is the most sorrowful program in the world. He says slowly: "The dog —— has run —— "

"What! The dog has run?" Papa says to Mama.

Mama nods to Papa and says: "Yes! The dog has run!"

"What shall I do?" Xiao Tian asks.

"Go to bed!" Papa and Mama says.







前

言

我想着狗,

已挣开束缚,

穿过沉睡中的黑夜,

头也不回,迅速而自由地迈开四条腿跑了……一直在跑,越一来一一越一一远

他自己则在"唰唰唰"的脚步声睡着了,一动不动。

天亮了,

他往学校走, 狗便往学校相反的一个方向跑了。

他难过,狗也同样伤心,它的每一步都心怀歉意,因而啊——更飞快地跑,拼命地要远离伤心的地

方。







"The dog has run, but I am still here."

He thinks that the dog,

Has struggled to get free,

Gone through the night of sleep,

And without turning back, the dog run quickly and freely \cdots keeping running, farther –

and —— farther ——

But he himself gets to sleep in the footsteps, stilly.

The daylight comes,

He walks to school, and the dog has run to the other direction.

He is very sorry, so is the dog, whose each step is with regrets, and thus —— it runs even

faster so as to leave the sorrowful place.







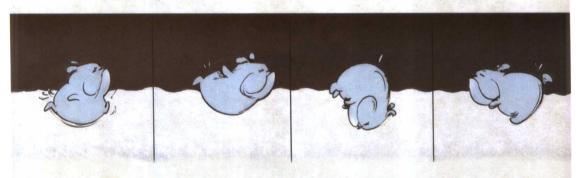


有时奔跑是为了

有时奔跑是为了-

忘记! 忘记! 忘记一切……

回忆! 回忆! 回忆所有…



Sometimes, running is for-

Sometimes, running is for-

Forgetting! Forgetting all··· Recalling! Recalling! Recalling all···

脚步像时钟的滴答,滴答!滴答!滴滴答答

那么,往前只有不断地失去,

可是, 我又不记得来的路了。



Footsteps are tingling like the clock, Didar! Didar! Didar...

Then, ceaseless losses fill the way forward,

But, I forget the way back.

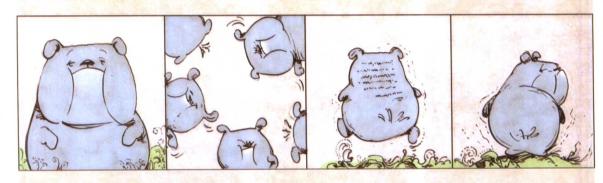


像张空白的纸,

我表情呆呆地沉默着, 你们可以任意猜测我 的心事。

或者可以将自己的心 事填写进来,

可是我,除了沉默, 什么心事也不会告诉 你们。



Slackly, I remain silent, as blank paper,

Freely, you can guess what I

think.

Or, you can tell what's in your heart,

But for me, I will tell you nothing but the silence.



他正在跑,一个劲地跑,表情忧郁又专注。

他不声不响,继续跑,比砖头还沉默。



He is running away, keeping running away, blue and firm.

Dog says: "Yes! Firmer than stones!"

"So? Where is he running so firm?"

Without any words, he keeps running, more silent than stones.



起点? 他忘了从哪开始的。

要去哪? 他忘了原先的计划。

现在,他茫茫然在路上,跑得更快了。

有时,拼命跑在某种意义上是绝望的表现。



Starting point? He has forgotten the spot.

Destination? He has forgotten the plan.

Now he is blankly on the way, running even faster.

At times, more or less, desperation means to run as fast as one can.





漆黑一片中,奔跑着, 不需要电筒。 因为萤火虫很美,忽灭 别用电筒去照清它, 忽明的小小希望。 希望一旦被看清了, 便消失无踪。



In pitch-dark, he is running without torch.

For the lighting worms are beautiful like little twinkling hopes.

But don't lighten them by torch,

Once hope will vanish, it is lightened.

下雨了。

如果是小时候,我会欢叫会撒开脚丫在雨中蹦来蹦去。

可是现在我长大了, 就只会皱着眉匆匆穿过雨幕。

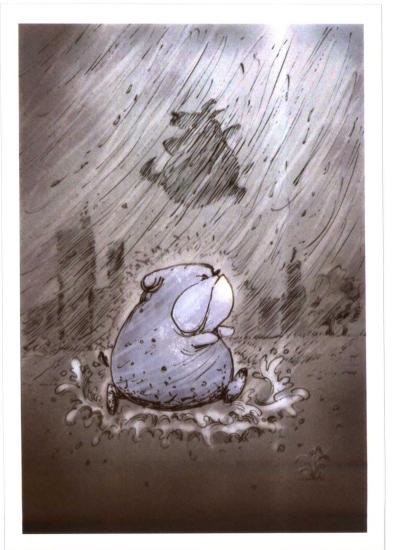
It is raining.

Were I young, I will cheer and jump excitedly in the rain.

But now I've grown up, so frowning I will walk through the rain.







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