



Chinese-English / 中英对照

哦，香雪

Ah, Xiangxue



铁凝 著
Tie Ning

外语教学与研究出版社
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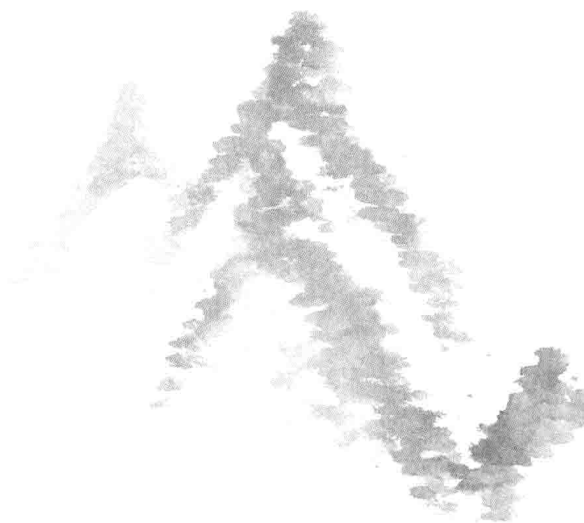
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Chinese-English “China Stories” Series

北京外国语大学汉语国际推广多语种基地
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Publisher's Note

"Once upon a time...", such is the beginning of a story that may have accompanied many people through their childhood no matter what country they live in and what language they speak. When we grow up, we remain keen on one kind of stories or another. This is because stories always keep us at a fascinating distance: things that take place around us may drive home to us a timeless truth, while remote or illusory stories may as well be relevant to reality or reflect the problems of today.

However, if a story is linked with the name of a country, what can the listener expect from it?

The *China Stories* series is dedicated to those who are fond of stories and hope to know about China. The reason why we have chosen this way of storytelling is that while people nowadays may easily get to know a country by turning on the television, surfing the Internet or touching a cellphone screen, we believe stories make China look more vivid, serene and down-to-earth than media or political or economic commentators, historical archives or museums do.

Our stories or "storytellers" generally fall into two categories. Firstly, small works of big names in contemporary Chinese literature, such as *The Love Story of a Young Monk* by Wang Zengqi and *Ah, Xiangxue* by Tie Ning; Secondly, Chinese tales told by writers from other lands from the "other" perspectives, like *The Magic of the White Snake* by the German freelancer Helmut Matt. The differences in settings, plots and the storytellers' personalities have added to the charisma of our stories. This *China Stories* series will maintain its openness by putting forth new stories, so as to present a rich, varied three-dimensional China to our readers. In this sense, this series is catered not only to foreign friends but also to Chinese-speaking natives so that they can observe this country from a fresh point of view.

Instead of lengthy narratives that may wear our readers down, the *China Stories* series is a collection of short stories and novellas that are meant for a pleasant reading experience, an experience that is made all the more delightful by our elaborately produced bilingual texts and beautiful illustrations.

Whether the storyteller or the listener comes from China or elsewhere, we believe that you can derive your own impression of China from these stories, and feel closer to it whether it was familiar or strange to you before you lay your hands on the *China Stories* series. So let's read *China Stories*, and get a taste of China from them.

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

August, 2011



出版说明

“很久很久以前……”，许多人的童年或许都伴随着这样开头的故事，无论她或他身处哪个国家，说着何种语言。当我们长大，依然热衷于各种故事。因为故事总是与人们保持一种远近适宜的奇妙距离：身边发生的故事有时能让人悟到恒久长远的道理，而遥远的甚至虚幻的故事又能使人联想到现实的处境，回应当下的问题。

而当故事与一个国家的名称联系在一起的时候，又会给听者一种怎样的期待？

《中国故事》系列丛书献给那些喜欢听故事并且希望了解中国的人们。之所以选择这种方式而不是别的——毕竟，现在想了解一个国家，打开电视，浏览互联网，或者触摸一下手机屏幕就可以做到——因为我们相信，比起新闻媒体、政经评论或者历史文献、博物馆陈列中的中国，也许故事所反映的那个中国来得更真切，更沉静，也更实在。

故事的来源，或者说“讲故事的人”大体有两类。一方面我们收集了现当代一些中国文学大家的小作品，例如汪曾祺的《受戒》，铁凝的《哦，香雪》；另一方面，来自中国以外的作者们基于“他者”的视角重述中国的传奇，例如德国赫尔穆特·马特先生的《白蛇传奇》。故事的背景和事件彼此不同，更因叙述者的个性特征而平添魅力，本系列还将不断推新以保持一种开放性。因此呈现给各位的这一套丛书应该是丰富和立体的，希望借此传达的中国形象也能更加真实、丰满。从这个意义上讲，丛书的目标读者应不仅仅限于海外的朋友，其实也包括以中文为母语的读者们，以便透过新鲜的角度来观察这个国家。

这里没有宏大的叙事，而是以中短篇小说的篇幅给读者绝不沉重的阅读体验。这种轻松感还将通过我们精心提供的双语文本和优美插图得到进一步的体会。

无论讲故事的人以及听故事的人是来自中国还是其他国家，我们都相信您能从故事中获得自己对于中国的印象，对这个已经熟悉或者还很陌生的国度，更多一点儿亲近——阅读中国的故事，品味故事中的中国。

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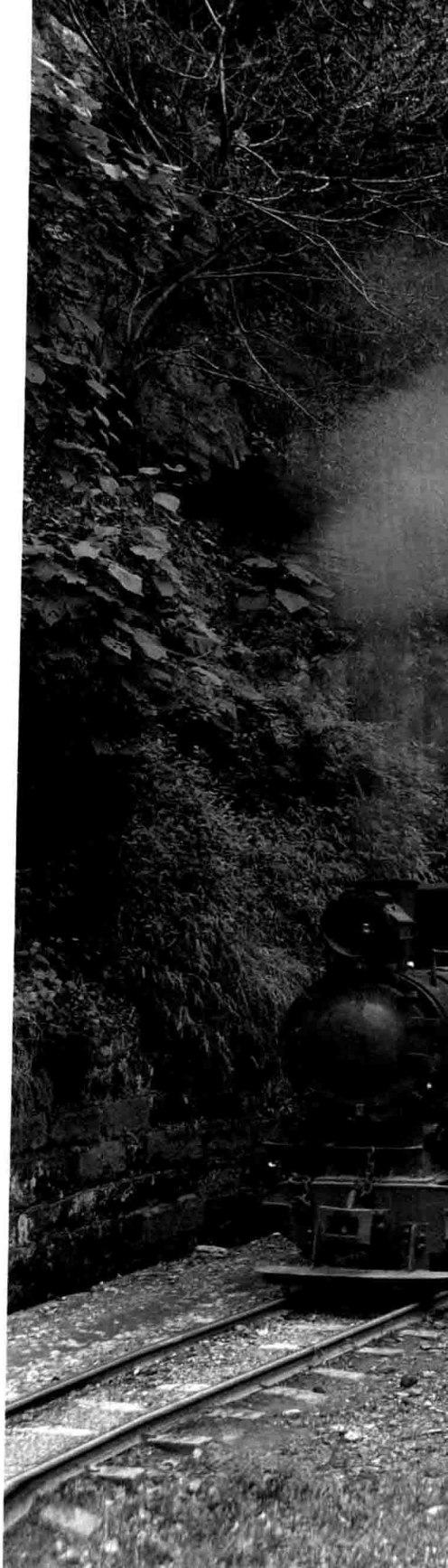
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* Xiangxue is the name of the heroine. In Chinese,
Xiangxue has the meaning of fragrant snow.

Ah, Xiangxue *

哦，香雪



If trains had not been invented, if nobody had laid railway tracks into remote mountains, small villages like Terrace Gully would never have been found. The village and its villagers, in fifteen houses, hid in the deep wrinkles of an old mountain, silently accepting the willful mountain's tender caress and brutal temper.

But now, two slim, glittering railway tracks stretched over the mountain. They bravely spiralled halfway up, then quietly felt their way further, wound and curved before finally arriving at the foot of Terrace Gully. Then they made their way into the gloomy tunnel, dashed ahead to another mountain, and hurried away into the mysterious distance.

The villagers jostled to watch the green dragon whistling past. It carried an unfamiliar, fresh wind from some strange place beyond the mountains, and hastened away from poor Terrace Gully. It went at such a pace that the sound of the wheels rolling on the tracks was like an eager voice: can't stop, can't stop! It had no reason to stop at Terrace Gully. Did anyone in the village need to go on a long journey? Did someone from beyond the mountains want to visit relatives or friends at Terrace Gully? Were there oil deposits or gold mines? Terrace Gully had no power at all to invite the train's attention.

如果不是有人发明了火车，如果不是有人把铁轨铺进深山，你怎么也不会发现台儿沟这个小村。它和它的十几户乡亲，一心一意掩藏在大山那深深的皱褶里，从春到夏，从秋到冬，默默地接受着大山任意给予的温存和粗暴。

然而，两根纤细、闪亮的铁轨延伸过来了。它勇敢地盘旋在山腰，又悄悄地试探着前进，弯弯曲曲，曲曲弯弯，终于绕到台儿沟脚下，然后钻进幽暗的隧道，冲向又一道山梁，朝着神秘的远方奔去。

不久，这条线正式营运，人们挤在村口，看见那绿色的长龙一路呼啸，挟带着来自山外的陌生、新鲜的清风，擦着台儿沟贫弱的脊背匆匆而过。它走得那样急忙，连车轮辗轧钢轨时发出的声音好像都在说：不停不停，不停不停！是啊，它有什么理由在台儿沟站脚呢，台儿沟有人要出远门吗？山外有人来台儿沟探亲访友吗？还是这里有石油储存，有金矿埋藏？台儿沟，无论从哪方面讲，都不具备挽留火车在它身边留步的力量。

Nevertheless, a new stop was added to the railway timetable, “Terrace Gully”. Perhaps some passengers had made a suggestion, and one of them who had some influence was related to the village. Perhaps the train attendant, a jolly young fellow, had noticed the pretty girls of Terrace Gully. Every time the train passed, they would come in groups, stick out their chins, and stare at the train with greedy eyes. Some pointed at the train, and occasionally you could hear coy screams when they poked each other. Perhaps none of these was the real reason. Perhaps Terrace Gully was just too small—so small it made your heart ache, so small that even the gigantic dragon couldn’t bear to stride proudly ahead without stopping. Whatever the reason, Terrace Gully was on the railway’s timetable now. Every evening at seven o’clock, the train from Beijing to Shanxi would stop here for one minute.

One minute, so fleeting, yet it threw Terrace Gully’s peaceful evenings into disorder. It had been the custom in the village to go to bed right after dinner, as though everyone heard the old mountain’s mute order at the same time. The small stretch of stone houses would suddenly become completely noiseless—so quiet that it seemed the village was silently confiding its piety to the old mountains. But now, the girls of Terrace Gully served dinner in a flurry, absent-mindedly grabbed a quick bite and, soon as they put down their bowls, went straight to their dressers. They washed off the dust and stains of the day, revealing their rough and ruddy complexions, combed their hair, and then vied with one another in

可是，记不清从什么时候起，列车时刻表上，还是多了“台儿沟”这一站。也许乘车的旅客提出过要求，他们中有哪位说话算数的人和台儿沟沾亲；也许是那个快乐的男乘务员发现台儿沟有一群十七八岁的漂亮姑娘，每逢列车疾驶而过，她们就成帮搭伙地站在村口，翘起下巴，贪婪、专注地仰望着火车。有人朝车厢指点，不时能听见她们由于互相捶打而发出的一两声娇嗔的尖叫。也许什么都不为，就因为台儿沟太小了，小得叫人心疼，就是钢筋铁骨的巨龙在它面前也不能昂首阔步，也不能不停下来。总之，台儿沟上了列车时刻表，每晚七点钟，由首都方向开往山西的这列火车在这里停留一分钟。

这短暂的一分钟，搅乱了台儿沟以往的宁静。从前，台儿沟人历来是吃过晚饭就钻被窝，他们仿佛是在同一时刻听到了大山无声的命令。于是，台儿沟那一小片石头房子在同一时刻忽然完全静止了，静得那样深沉、真切，好像在默默地向大山诉说着自己的虔诚。如今，台儿沟的姑娘们刚把晚饭端上桌就慌了神，她们心不在焉地胡乱吃几口，扔下碗就开始梳妆打扮。她们洗净蒙受了一天的黄土、风尘，露出粗糙、红润的面色，把头发梳得乌亮，然后就比赛着穿出最好的衣裳。有人换上过年时才穿的新



wearing their best outfits. Some girls put on new shoes which they were supposed to wear only for Spring Festival; others even secretly put a little rouge on their cheeks. Then they ran to the railway, where the train passed. Xiangxue was always the first; her next-door neighbour, Fengjiao, followed right behind.

At seven o'clock, the train slowed down as it approached Terrace Gully, gave a loud crash and a shake, then stopped. The girls rushed toward it, their hearts thumping violently. As if watching a movie, they looked into the cars through the windows. Xiangxue hid behind her friends and covered her ears. She was the first to come out of her house to watch the train, but retreated when it arrived. She was frightened by its gigantic head. The monster spurted out magnificent white smoke, as though it could suck Terrace Gully into its stomach in one breath.

"Xiangxue, come here!" Fengjiao dragged Xiangxue to her side. "Look at those golden rings in that lady's hair. What do you call them? It's the lady in the back seat with that big round face. Look at her watch, it's smaller than my nail!"

Xiangxue nodded. At last she saw the golden rings in the woman's hair and the tiny watch on her wrist. But soon she found something else. "A leather schoolbag!" She pointed to a brown leatherette satchel on the luggage rack.

鞋，有人还悄悄往脸上涂点胭脂。尽管火车到站时已经天黑，她们还是按照自己的心思，刻意斟酌着服饰和容貌。然后，她们就朝村口，朝火车经过的地方跑去。香雪总是第一个出门，隔壁的凤娇第二个就跟了出来。

七点钟，火车喘息着向台儿沟滑过来，接着一阵空眶乱响，车身震颤一下，才停住不动了。姑娘们心跳着拥上前去，像看电影一样，挨着窗口观望。只有香雪躲在后边，双手紧紧捂着耳朵。看火车，她跑在最前边；火车来了，她却缩到最后去了。她有点害怕它那巨大的车头，车头那么雄壮地喷吐着白雾，仿佛一口气就能把台儿沟吸进肚里。它那撼天动地的轰鸣也叫她感到恐惧。在它跟前，她简直像一叶没根的小草。

“香雪，过来呀！看！”凤娇拉过香雪，向一个妇女头上指，她指的是那个妇女头上别着的那一排排金圈圈。

“怎么我看不见？”香雪微微眯着眼睛说。

“就是靠里边那个，那个大圆脸。看！还有手表哪，比指甲盖还小哩！”凤娇又有了新发现。

香雪不言不语地点着头，她终于看见了妇女头上的金圈圈和她腕上比指甲盖还要小的手表，但她也很快就发现了别的。“皮书包！”她指着行李架上一只普通的棕色人造革学生书包，就是那种连小城市都随处可见的学生书包。



Xiangxue's discoveries usually did not excite the other girls, but they still rushed up around her.

"You stepped on my toes!" Fengjiao cried out and complained to another girl who was pushing to the front.

"What a loud voice! You want to show off so that white-faced man will talk to you, don't you?"

"I'll tear your mouth off if you repeat that!" Fengjiao cried, but couldn't help looking over to the gate of the third car.

The fair-skinned young attendant stepped down from the train. He was tall and had jet-black hair, and spoke with a beautiful Beijing accent. Perhaps this was why the girls called him "The Beijinese" behind his back. "The Beijinese" crossed his arms on his chest, kept a distance neither too close to nor too far from the girls: "Say, young ladies, don't hold onto the windows, it's dangerous!"

"Oh, so we're young; are you so old?" the bold Fengjiao retorted.

The girls broke into laughter. Somebody gave Fengjiao a shove, and it made her almost bump into him. Instead of embarrassing her, this boosted her courage.

"Hey, don't you feel dizzy staying in that train all day long?" she asked.