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（2017级）

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Beneath A Scarlet Sky (An Excerpt)

血红色的天空下（节选）

文/ Mark Sullivan　译/唐嘉潞

文本说明：本书根据二战时期的真人真事改编而成，于2017年由Lake Union Publishing出版，并成为《纽约时报》当年的畅销书。本书讲述了主人公皮诺忍辱负重，从一个无忧无虑的青年成长为捍卫和平与自由的斗士的历程。作者谨以此书纪念在二战期间牺牲和被奴役的人们。翻译材料选自该书的前两章。

ST

Chapter One

June 9,1943
Milan, Italy

Like all the pharaohs, emperors, and tyrants before him, Il Duce had seen his empire rise only to crumble. Indeed, by that late-spring afternoon, power was bleeding from Benito Mussolini's grasp like joy from a young widowed heart.

The Fascist dictator's battered armies had retreated from North Africa. Allied forces were poised off Sicily. And every day, Adolf Hitler was sending more troops and supplies south to fortify the boot of Italy.

Pino Lella knew all this from BBC reports he listened to on his shortwave radio nightly. He'd seen with his own eyes the rising numbers of Nazis everywhere he went. But as he strolled through the medieval streets of Milan, Pino was blissfully ignoring the forces of conflict spiraling his way. World

TT

第一章

1943年6月9日
意大利，米兰

墨索里尼和他之前所有的法老、皇帝、暴君一样眼看着自己的帝国从崛起到崩溃。实际上，在那个春末的午后，权力便开始像欢乐从一个年轻寡妇的心中流出那样从贝尼托·墨索里尼的手中流走。

法西斯独裁者的军队疲惫不堪，已经从北非撤了回来，而西西里岛的盟军正蓄势待发。阿道夫·希特勒不断地派遣军队和物资南下以巩固意大利的防线。

皮诺·勒拉每晚都收听他的短波收音机，通过BBC的报道得知了这些消息。他亲眼看见所到之处有越来越多的纳粹分子，但当他漫步在米兰的中世纪大街时，又欢喜地忘却了眼下愈演愈

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War Ⅱ was a news dispatch, nothing more, listened to and gone in the very next moment—replaced by thoughts of his three favorite subjects: girls and music and food.

He was only seventeen after all, 1.85 meters tall, seventy-five kilograms, long and gangly, with big hands and feet, hair that defied taming, and enough acne and awkwardness that none of the girls he'd asked to the movies had agreed to accompany him. And yet, as was his nature, Pino remained undeterred.

He strode confidently with his friends onto the piazza in front of the Duomo, the Basilica di Santa Maria Nascente, the grand Gothic cathedral that lies at the very center of Milan.

"I am going to meet a beautiful girl today," Pino said, wagging his finger at the scarlet, threatening sky. "And we are going to fall in mad, tragic love and go on grand adventures with music and food and wine and intrigue every day, all day long."

"You live in a fantasy," said Carletto Beltramini, Pino's best friend.

"I do not," Pino sniffed.

"Sure you do," said Pino's brother, Mimo, who was two years younger. "You fall in love with every pretty girl you see."

"But none of them loves Pino back," said Carletto. A moon-faced kid with a slight frame, he was much shorter than Pino.

Mimo, who was shorter still, said, "It's true."

烈的战争。对他而言，第二次世界大战只不过是一则新闻，左耳进右耳出，一转眼就忘了，取而代之的只有他最喜欢的三样：女孩、音乐和美食。

毕竟他才十七岁。一米八五的个子，七十五公斤重，又高又瘦，手大脚大，头发乱蓬蓬的，满脸青春痘，看上去十分笨拙，所以没有哪个女孩愿意应约和他一起去看电影。天性使然，皮诺还没被这场战争吓倒。

他与朋友一起，得意扬扬地踏上了多莫大教堂前的广场。多莫教堂位于米兰市中心，是座宏伟的哥特式基督教堂。

"我今天会遇见一个漂亮女孩，"皮诺指着猩红的瘆人的天空说，"我们将陷入轰轰烈烈的爱情中，每天都不停歇地伴着音乐、美食、美酒和诡计一起去冒险。"

"你真是活在一个奇妙的世界里，"皮诺的挚友卡莱托·贝尔特拉米尼说。

"我才没有呢，"皮诺不服气地说。

"你当然有了，"皮诺小两岁的弟弟米莫说，"每一个被你看见的漂亮女孩你都爱。"

"但她们当中没有一个爱皮诺，"卡莱托说。他脸圆圆的，身材矮小，比皮诺可矮多了。

不过还是米莫更矮些，他接话道："这倒是真的。"

Pino dismissed them both. "You are clearly not romantics."

"What are they doing over there?" Carletto asked, pointing at crews of men working outside the Duomo.

Some were placing wooden cutouts in the cavities where the cathedral's stained-glass windows normally hung. Others were transferring sandbags from lorries to a growing wall around the base of the cathedral. Still more were erecting spotlights under the watchful eyes of a knot of priests who stood near the cathedral's central double doors.

"I'll go find out," Pino said.

"Not before I do," his little brother said, and took off toward the workers.

"Everything's a competition with Mimo," Carletto said. "He needs to learn to calm down."

Pino laughed, then said over his shoulder, "If you know how he can do that, tell my mother."

Looping past the laborers, Pino went straight to the priests and tapped one on the shoulder. "Excuse me, Father."

The cleric, in his mid-twenties, was as tall as Pino but heavier. He turned, looked at the teen from the ground up—seeing his new shoes, the gray linen pants, the crisp white shirt, and a green foulard tie his mother had given him for his birthday—and then stared intently into Pino's eyes as if he could look inside his head and knew his sinful teenage thoughts.

He said, "I'm in seminary. Not ordained. No

皮诺反驳："你们显然不是浪漫主义者。"

"他们在那儿做什么？"卡莱托指着在大教堂外面的忙碌的人们问道。

一些人正往教堂彩色玻璃窗的窗洞里安装木制保险装置，还有些人正从卡车上卸沙袋，把它们垒在教堂基座的四周，堆成了一片围墙。牧师们站在教堂中央大门旁边，监督其他工人们架设探照灯。

"我去看看是怎么回事，"皮诺说。

"让我先去，"他弟弟一边说着，一边向那些工人们跑去。

"在米莫眼里什么都是比赛，"卡莱托说，"他真该学会冷静下来。"

皮诺笑了，然后扭头说道："如果你知道怎么能让他做到这一点，请告诉我妈妈。"

皮诺越过工人们直奔那些牧师，拍拍其中一人的肩膀说："打扰一下，神父。"

这位教士二十五六岁，和皮诺一样高，但更胖些。他转过身来，上下打量了皮诺，见他穿着新鞋子、灰色亚麻裤子、白色薄衬衫，戴着一条绿领带——那是妈妈送给他的生日礼物，然后专注地盯着皮诺的眼睛，像是能看透这个小男孩脑子里那些乱七八糟的鬼主意。

他说，"我还在神学院

collar."

"Oh, oh, I'm sorry," Pino said, intimidated. "We just wanted to know why you're putting up the lights."

Before the young seminarian could answer, a knobby hand appeared at his right elbow. He moved aside to reveal a short, lean priest in his fifties wearing white robes and a red skullcap. Pino knew him in an instant and felt his stomach fall as he dropped to one knee before the cardinal of Milan.

"My Lord Cardinal," Pino said, head bowed.

The seminarian said sternly, "You address him as 'Your Eminence.'"

Pino looked up, confused. "My British nanny taught me to say 'My Lord Cardinal' if I ever met a cardinal."

The severe younger man's face turned positively stony, but Ildefonso Cardinal Schuster laughed softly and said, "I think he's right, Barbareschi. In England, I'd be addressed as 'Lord Cardinal.'"

Cardinal Schuster was both famous and powerful in Milan. As the Catholic leader of northern Italy, and as a man who had the ear of Pope Pius XII,the cardinal was in the newspapers often. Pino thought Schuster's expression the most indelible thing about him; his smiling face spoke of kindness, but his eyes held the threat of damnation.

Clearly miffed, the seminarian said, "We're in Milan, Your Eminence, not London."

读书，未被任命为牧师，暂无职务。"

"哦，哦，真是抱歉，"皮诺吓了一跳，"我只是想问问你们安这些灯做什么？"

没等这位年轻的神学员回答，他的右肘便被一只骨节分明的手碰了一下，他往一边让了让，露出一位五十多岁的矮瘦牧师。牧师穿着白色长袍，带着红色便帽。皮诺一下子就认出了这位米兰的红衣主教，单膝跪地向其行礼，这时突然感觉到肚子疼了起来。

"尊敬的红衣主教，"皮诺低着头说。

那神学员严肃地说："你应称他为'尊敬的阁下'。"

皮诺抬起头来，困惑不解，"我的英国保姆教过我，遇到红衣主教要说'尊敬的主教'。"

这位严厉的年轻人脸色变得有些僵硬，但舒斯特主教却轻声笑了起来，说道："他说的没错，巴巴拉斯基，在英格兰，我是被叫作'红衣主教'。"

舒斯特主教是意大利北部的天主教领袖，在米兰既有声望，又有权力，很受教皇皮乌斯十二世重用，且经常见报。皮诺觉得舒斯特主教最大的魅力在于他的神采，他的笑容善良慈祥，而眼神里却有着深深的威严。

这位神学人员显然有些恼火，"可我们是在米兰而

"It doesn't matter," Schuster said. He put his hand on Pino's shoulder and told him to rise. "What's your name, young man?"

"Pino Lella."

"Pino?"

"My mother used to call me Giuseppino," Pino said, struggling to his feet. "The 'Pino' part stuck."

Cardinal Schuster looked up at "Little Joseph" and laughed. "Pino Lella. That is a name to remember."

Why someone like the cardinal would say something like that confused Pino.

In the silence that followed, Pino blurted out, "I've met you before, My Lord Cardinal."

That surprised Schuster. "Where was that?"

"At Casa Alpina, Father Re's camp above Madesimo. Years ago."

Cardinal Schuster smiled. "I remember that visit. I told Father Re that he was the only priest in Italy with a cathedral grander than the Duomo and St. Peter's. Young Barbareschi here is going up to work with Father Re next week."

"You'll like him and Casa Alpina," Pino said. "The climbing is very good there."

Barbareschi actually smiled.

Pino bowed uncertainly and started to back away, which seemed to amuse Cardinal Schuster all the more. He said, "I thought you were interested in

不是伦敦，尊敬的阁下。"

"没关系的，"舒斯特说着把手放在皮诺的肩膀上，叫他起身，"小伙子，你叫什么名字？"

"皮诺·勒拉。"

"皮诺？"

"我妈妈常叫我约瑟夫，"皮诺晃悠悠地站起来，"'皮诺'好记。"

舒斯特主教抬头看着"小约瑟夫"大笑起来，"皮诺·勒拉，确实是个值得记住的名字。"

皮诺很不解为什么天主教徒总是这样说。

沉默了一会儿，皮诺脱口而出："我以前见过您，尊敬的红衣主教。"

舒斯特有点儿意外，问道："在哪儿？"

"几年前在马德西莫山上的卡萨阿尔皮纳，雷神父那里。"

舒斯特主教笑了，"我记得那次拜访。我还和雷神父说过，他管理的'教堂'比多莫教堂还有圣保罗大教堂都大多了，他可是意大利唯一一位拥有这样大的'教堂'的牧师啊。下周巴巴拉斯基就要去雷神父那里工作了。"

"你会喜欢他和阿尔皮纳的，"皮诺说，"在那儿攀岩棒极了。"

巴巴拉斯基发自内心地笑了。

皮诺疑惑地鞠了一躬便开始往回走，舒斯特主教像是被他逗笑了，问道："我

the lights?"

Pino stopped. "Yes?"

"They're my ideas," Schuster said. "The blackout begins tonight. Only the Duomo will be lit from now on. I pray that the bomber pilots will see it and be so awed by its beauty that they choose to spare it. This magnificent church took almost five hundred years to build. It would be a tragedy to see it gone in a night."

Pino peered up the elaborate face of the massive cathedral. Built of pale pinkish Candoglia marble, with scores of spires, balconies, and pinnacles, the Duomo seemed as frosted, grand, and illusory as the Alps in winter. He adored skiing and climbing in the mountains almost as much as music and girls, and seeing the church always took him to high country in his mind.

But now the cardinal believed the cathedral and Milan were threatened. For the first time, the possibility of an aerial attack seemed real to Pino.

He said, "So we will be bombed?"

"I pray it does not happen," Cardinal Schuster said, "but a prudent man always prepares for the worst. Good-bye, and may your faith in God keep you safe in the days ahead, Pino."

The cardinal of Milan walked away, leaving Pino feeling awed when he returned to Carletto and Mimo, each of whom looked equally thunderstruck.

"That was Cardinal Schuster," Carletto said.

"I know," Pino said.

猜你对这些灯很感兴趣？"

皮诺站住，问道："什么？"

"这是我的主意，"舒斯特说，"今晚米兰将会停电，从那时起只有大教堂会开着灯。我祈祷着轰炸机飞行员会看到它，敬畏其庄严宏丽，不要炸毁这座宏伟的教堂。人们耗费了近五百年的时间才将它建成，一夜间被炸毁，实在是太让人伤心了。"

皮诺抬头凝视着大教堂精巧的外墙，它由浅粉红色的坎多尼亚大理石建成，有数十个尖顶、阳台和尖塔，宏伟幻妙，看起来像冬季的阿尔卑斯山。他喜欢在山上滑雪、攀岩，就像他喜欢音乐和女孩一样。看着这座教堂就能让他想到心中的天堂。

但现在主教认为大教堂和米兰正处于危险之中，这是皮诺第一次意识到空袭似乎真的会来。

他说："那我们会被炸到吗？"

"我祈祷不会，"舒斯特主教说，"但是聪明的人总是为最坏的情况做好准备。再见皮诺，愿你对上帝的信仰保佑你在未来的日子里安然无恙。"

红衣主教离开了。当皮诺回到卡莱托和米莫身边时，他非常惊讶，因为他们两个看起来如遭雷击。

"那可是舒斯特主教啊，"卡莱托说。

"我知道，"皮诺答道。

"You were talking to him a long time."

"Was I?"

"Yes," his little brother said. "What did he tell you?"

"That he'd remember my name, and that the lights are to keep the bombers from blowing up the cathedral."

"See?" Mimo said to Carletto. "I told you."

Carletto eyed Pino suspiciously, "Why would Cardinal Schuster remember *your* name?"

Pino shrugged. "Maybe he liked the sound of it. *Pino Lella*."

Mimo snorted. "You *do* live in a fantasy world."

They heard thunder as they left Piazza Duomo, crossed the street, and walked beneath the grand archway into the Galleria, the world's first covered shopping mall—two wide, intersecting walkways lined with shops and ordinarily covered with an iron-and-glass dome. By the time the three boys went in that day, the glass plates had been removed, leaving only the superstructure, which threw a web of rectangular shadows across the market scene.

As the thunder got closer, Pino saw worry in many faces on the streets of the Galleria, but he did not share their concern. Thunder was thunder, not a bomb exploding.

"Flowers?" called a woman at a cart of freshly cut roses. "For your girlfriend?"

"你知道你们聊了很久吗？"

"是吗？"

"是啊，他都和你说了些什么？"米莫问道。

"他说会记住我的名字，还告诉我这些灯是为了防止轰炸机炸毁大教堂而设的。"

"看吧，我和你说过的。"米莫对卡莱托说道。

卡莱托质疑地看着皮诺，"为什么主教偏偏会记住你的名字？"

皮诺耸耸肩，"大概他是觉得'皮诺·勒拉'比较好听吧。"

米莫哼了一声，"你真是活在一个奇妙的世界里。"

他们刚离开教堂前的广场，穿过大街，走到通往格乐丽雅的拱门下面，就听见了雷声。格乐丽雅是世界上首个室内购物中心，内有两条宽阔交错的人行道，路边布满了商店，棚顶覆盖着由铁和玻璃制成的穹顶。他们那天去的时候，屋顶上的玻璃板已被移走，只留下了一个空荡荡的外壳，在市场的空地上投射出一片长方形阴影。

随着雷声越来越近，皮诺看到格乐丽雅街头的人们行色匆匆，但他却没有像他们一样匆忙，毕竟这只是雷声，不是爆炸。

"买花吗？"一位在马车边拿着刚修剪好的玫瑰的女人问道，"给你的女朋友买点儿花吗？"

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Pino said, "When I find her, I will come back."

"You might wait years for that to happen, *signora*," Mimo said.

Pino took a swing at his little brother. Mimo dodged it and took off, leaving the Galleria and emerging into a piazza graced by a statue of Leonardo da Vinci. Beyond the statue, on the other side of the street and trolley tracks, the doors to the Teatro alla Scala had been flung open to air out the famous opera hall. The strains of violins and cellos being tuned and a tenor practicing scales floated out.

Pino kept up the chase, but then he noticed a pretty girl—black hair, creamy skin, and flashing dark eyes. She was making her way across the piazza, heading toward the Galleria. He skidded to a halt and watched her. Flooded with longing, he was unable to speak.

After she passed, Pino said, "I think I'm falling in love."

"Falling on your face maybe," said Carletto, who'd walked up behind him.

Mimo circled back to them, "Someone just said the Allies will be here by Christmas."

"I want the Americans to come to Milan sooner than that," Carletto said.

"Me, too," Pino agreed. "More jazz! Less opera!"

Taking off in a sprint, he leaped over a vacant bench and onto a curved metal railing that protected the statue of da Vinci. He slid neatly on the smooth surface for a short distance before jumping off the

皮诺说："等我找到她了会回来买的。"

"女士，你大概得等到猴年马月才会等到了，"米莫说。

皮诺朝他挥了挥拳头，米莫闪躲着跑开，出了格乐丽雅，来到一个广场。广场上伫立着一座达·芬奇雕像，隔着街道和电车轨道的街对面，通向斯卡拉歌剧院的大门已经打开，露出了享有盛名的歌剧大厅，里面传出了小提琴和大提琴的演奏声和男高音的练习声。

皮诺还在追着米莫，突然瞥到一个漂亮女孩——乌黑的头发，白嫩的皮肤，一双眼睛深邃明亮，她正穿过广场，走向格乐丽雅。皮诺脚下一滑，赶紧停了下来，注视着她，满心渴望，激动得说不出话来。

等她走过，皮诺说："我想我是坠入爱河了。"

"也许会毁在你的脸上，"卡莱托从他身后走过说道。

米莫转回来对他们说："有人说盟军将在圣诞节到达米兰。"

"我希望美国人能提前到达米兰，"卡莱托说。

"我也是，"皮诺赞同道，"多些爵士乐！少些歌剧！"

他跑着冲刺，跃过一张空荡荡的长凳，跳上一根弯曲的金属栏杆，那是用来保护达·芬奇雕像的栏杆，在那光滑的表面上稳稳地滑

other side and landing like a cat.

Never to be outdone, Mimo tried the same trick, but he crashed to the ground in front of a dark-haired, heavyset woman in a floral print dress. She looked to be in her late thirties, early forties. She carried a violin case and wore a broad blue straw hat against sun.

The woman was so startled she almost dropped her violin case. She clutched it to her bosom angrily as Mimo moaned and held his ribs.

"This is Piazza Della Scala!" she scolded. "Honoring the great Leonardo! Have you no respect? Go and play your childish games somewhere else."

"You think we're children?" Mimo said, puffing out his chest. "Little boys?"

The woman looked beyond him and said, "Little boys who do not understand the real games played around them."

Dark clouds had begun to roll in, dimming the scene. Pino twisted and saw a large black Daimler-Benz staff car rolling down the street that separated the piazza from the opera house. Red Nazi flags flew on either fender. A general's flag fluttered on the radio antenna. Pino saw the silhouette of the general, sitting ramrod straight in the backseat. For some reason the image gave him the chills.

When Pino turned around, the violinist was already moving away, head up, defiant as she crossed

动了一小段距离，然后从另一端跳下，像猫一样轻盈落地。

米莫不甘示弱，他也试着做同样的动作，却摔倒在地，落在了一位深色头发的胖女人面前。她穿着一件印花连衣裙，三四十岁的模样，拿着一个小提琴盒子，戴着一顶遮阳的大檐蓝草帽。

她吓了一跳，差点儿把小提琴盒给摔了出去，看见米莫呻吟着揉着肋骨，她愤怒地把小提琴盒抱在怀里。

"这可是斯卡拉广场！"她骂道，"是纪念伟大的莱昂纳多的广场！你就一点儿都不尊敬他吗？去别的地方玩你们那些孩子气的比赛吧！"

"你觉得我们还是小孩？"米莫挺挺胸膛道，"小男孩？"

那女人没有看他，说道："一群不懂身边正上演的真正的竞赛的小男孩。"

外面乌云密布，天色阴沉。皮诺扭头，看到一辆大型黑色戴姆勒·奔驰轿车正沿着歌剧院与广场之间的街道行驶。车两边挡泥板上挂着的红色纳粹旗帜随风飘着，车内坐着的将军的旗子挂在无线电天线上，也随风飘着。皮诺看着那将军的身影，见他直挺挺地坐在后座上，不知为何，他不禁打了个寒战。

当皮诺转身时，那位小提琴手已经离开了。她昂着

the street behind the Nazi staff car and marched into the opera house.

As the boys moved on, Mimo limped along while rubbing his right hip and complaining. But Pino was barely listening. A tawny-blond woman with slate-blue eyes was coming down the sidewalk right at them. He guessed her to be in her early twenties. She was beautifully put together, with a gentle nose, high cheekbones, and lips that curled naturally into an easy smile. Svelte and of medium height, she wore a yellow summer dress and carried a canvas shopping bag. She turned off the sidewalk and entered a bakery just ahead.

"I'm in love again," Pino said, both palms over his heart. "Did you see her?"

Carletto snorted. "Don't you give up?"

"Never," Pino said, trotting to the bakery window and looking inside.

The woman was stuffing loaves of bread into her bag. He saw she wasn't wearing a ring on her left hand, so he waited for her to pay and come out.

When she did, he stepped in front of her, put his hand over his heart, and said, "I'm sorry, *signorina*. I was overcome by your beauty and had to meet you."

"Listen to you," she scoffed as she maneuvered around him and kept walking.

As she'd passed, Pino smelled her female-and-jasmine scent. It was intoxicating, like nothing he'd ever smelled before.

He hurried after her, saying, "It's true. I see

头，轻蔑地从纳粹轿车后穿过街道，走进了歌剧院。

男孩们继续往前走着，米莫一边揉着右胯一瘸一拐地走着，一边抱怨，但皮诺都没听进去，因为一个金发碧眼的女人正沿着人行道向他们走来。他猜她二十出头，五官精致，长着秀气的鼻子、高高的颧骨，唇边挂着一抹随和的微笑，身材苗条，中等身高，穿着一件黄色的夏季裙子，拎着一个帆布购物袋，走下人行道，进入前面的一家面包店。

"我又坠入爱河了，"皮诺双手捧心，"你看到她了吗？"

卡莱托哼了一声，说道："你就不能消停会儿吗？"

"永远都不能，"皮诺说着就跑到面包房，透过窗户向里看。

那女人正往她的包里装面包。皮诺看到她左手上没有戴戒指，所以等着她付钱出来。

等她付完钱，他走到她面前，把手放在胸口说："抱歉，小姐，我被你的美丽迷住了，不得不来见你。"

"愿闻其详，"她嘲弄地绕过他，继续走路。

当她走过时，皮诺闻到了她身上充满女人味儿的茉莉花香，真是令人陶醉，他从未闻到过这种味道。

他急忙追上她，说道：

many beautiful ladies, *signorina*. I live in the fashion district, San Babila. Many models."

She gave him a sidelong glance. "San Babila is a very fine place to live."

"My parents own Le Borsette di Lella, the purse store. Do you know it?"

"My—my employer bought a purse there just last week."

"Yes?" Pino said, delighted. "So you see I come from a reputable family. Would you like to see a movie with me tonight? *You Were Never Lovelier* is playing. Fred Astaire. Rita Hayworth. Dancing. Singing. So elegant. Like you, *signorina*."

She finally turned her head to look over at him with those piercing eyes. "How old are you?"

"Almost eighteen."

She laughed. "You're kind of young for me."

"It's just a movie. We go as friends. I am not too young for that, am I ?"

She didn't say anything, just kept on walking.

"Yes? No?" Pino said.

"There's a blackout tonight."

"It will still be light when the show starts, and afterward I will walk you home safe and sound," Pino assured her. "I can see like a cat at night."

"我没骗你。我见过很多漂亮的女人，小姐，我就住在圣巴贝拉时尚区，那有很多模特。"

她瞥了他一眼说："圣巴贝拉是个安居的好地方。"

"我家开了个钱包店，名叫波塞特·勒拉，你知道吗？"

"上周我的……我的老板在那里买了一个钱包。"

"是吗？"皮诺开心极了，"所以你看我来自一个有点名望的家庭，你今晚愿意和我一起看个电影吗？《现在的你最可爱》正在上映，弗雷德·阿斯泰尔和丽塔·海华斯主演，舞蹈、歌声多么优雅啊，就像你一样，小姐。"

她终于转过头来用那双犀利的眼睛看着他，"你多大了？"

"快十八了。"

她笑了，"你对我来说太小了。"

"只是看场电影，就当我们是朋友一起去看电影，如果是看电影的话你就不会嫌我小了吧，是吧？"

她没有说什么，只是继续走。

"去还是不去？"皮诺说。

"今晚会停电。"

"节目开始时还不会停，看完电影我会把你安然无恙地送回家，"皮诺向她保证，"我晚上可以像猫一样，什么都能看得清。"

She said nothing for several steps, and Pino's heart sank.

"Where is this movie playing?" She asked.

Pino gave her the address and said, "You will meet me there, yes? Seven thirty outside the ticket booth?"

"You are kind of funny, and life is short. Why not?"

Pino grinned, put his hand to his chest, and said, "Until then."

"Until then," she said. She smiled, then crossed the street.

Pino watched her go, feeling triumphant and breathless until he realized something when she turned to wait for the oncoming street trolley and looked back at him in amusement.

"*Signorina*, forgive me," he yelled to her, "but what is your name?"

"Anna," she called back.

"I'm Pino!" he cried. "Pino Lella!"

The trolley screeched to a halt, drowning out his last name and blocking her from his view. When the trolley rolled on, Anna was gone.

"She'll never come," said Mimo, who'd been hustling along behind them the entire time. "She just said it to get you to stop following her."

"Of course she will come," Pino said, before looking to Carletto, who had also followed them. "You saw it in her eyes, Anna's eyes, didn't you?"

Before his brother and his friend could respond,

她又走了几步，什么都没说，皮诺的心沉了下去。

"这部电影在哪放映？"她问。

皮诺给了她地址说："你会去那见我的，是吗？七点三十分在售票处外面？"

"你很有趣，人生苦短，为什么不去呢？"

皮诺咧嘴一笑，把手放在胸前，然后说道："到时候见。"

"到时候见，"她笑着说，然后穿过了街道。

皮诺看着她走了，感觉像是胜利了一般，开心得喘不过气来，看到她转身等待驶来的电车，并调笑地看着他时，他又想起了些什么。

"小姐，恕我冒昧，你叫什么名字？"皮诺冲她喊道。

"安娜，"她回道。

"我是皮诺！皮诺·勒拉！"

这时驶来的电车呼啸着停了下来，淹没了他的姓氏，也挡住了他望着安娜的视线。当车开走时，安娜也走了。

"她不会来的，"一直跟在他们后面的米莫说，"她只是说说而已，好让你不再跟着她。"

"不，她一定会来的，"皮诺说，然后看着同样一直跟着他们的卡莱托问道，"你看到安娜的眼神说她会去的，是不是？"

没等他俩回答，闪电一

lightening flashed, and the first drops of rain fall, plump and growing fatter. They all began to run.

"I'm going home!" Carletto cried, and veered off.

Chapter Two

The skies opened up. The deluge began. Pino followed Mimo, sprinting toward the fashion district, getting drenched and not caring. Anna was going to the movies with him. She'd said yes. It made him almost delirious.

The brothers were soaked, and lightning was striking by the time they dodged into Valigeria Albanese, Albanese Luggage, their uncle's store and factory in a rust-colored building at #7 Via Pietro Verri.

Dripping wet, the boys went into the long, narrow shop, which enveloped them with the rich smell of new leather. The shelves were stacked with fine attaché cases, handbags and satchels, suitcases and trunks. The glass displays featured woven leather wallets and beautifully tooled cigarette cases and portfolios. There were two customers in the shop, one an older woman close to the door, and beyond her at the far end, a Nazi officer in a black and gray uniform.

Pino watched him, but heard the older woman say, "Which one, Albert?"

"Go with your heart," said the man waiting on her behind the counter. Big, barrel-chested, and mustached, he wore a beautiful mouse-gray suit, starched white shirt, and a jaunty blue polka-dot bow tie.

闪而过，雨滴砸了下来，越下越大，他们都开始跑了起来。

"我要回家了！"卡莱托大喊，然后转身离去。

第二章

天空放晴了，积水哗哗地流着。皮诺随着米莫奔向时尚区，浑身湿透也不在意，因为安娜要和他一起看电影了，她答应了，这简直让他乐昏了头。

兄弟俩都被淋湿了，天空依旧电闪雷鸣，他们躲到了舅舅的阿尔巴内塞箱包店，就在彼得罗·韦里大街7号的一栋质朴的彩色建筑里。

他们脱了湿衣服，走进狭长的店铺，浓浓的新皮革味儿扑面而来。货架上堆满了精致的公文包、手拿包、剑桥包、手提箱和行李箱。玻璃架里展示着别具一格的真皮编织钱包，还有精美的香烟盒和文件夹。店里有两个客人，一个年纪稍大的女人站在门口，另一个穿着黑灰相间制服的纳粹军官站在最里边。

皮诺看了看他，听见那个年长的女人说："我该选哪个好啊，阿尔伯特？"

"你喜欢哪个就选哪个，"在她身后的柜台里等着的男人说道。他高大魁梧，胸膛宽阔，留着髭须，身着别致的鼠灰色西装，里面套着浆过的白衬衫，系着一个蓝色波尔卡圆点领结。

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