

用中学英语 读世界名著

英汉对照外国文学名著精读丛书

(散文卷)

母 亲

Mother

谢伍德·安德森等

Sherwood Anderson



北京师联教育科学研究所 编译
学苑音像出版社 出版

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出版说明

全真的语言环境,完全的语言表述,是语言学习的核心,其实操作性、实用性是普通的语言学习训练无法比拟的。《英汉对照外国文学名著精读丛书》是完全英语环境的真实再现和英语口语的实际应用,对英语学习有着事半功倍的效果。

每一部经典文学作品,都经历了时间与读者的检验,其语言经典、凝炼,是英语学习者的绝佳参照物和学习范本,本丛书精选了各时期、各体裁文学作品的经典代表作,集外国文学之大成,对学习外国语言,陶冶读者情操,提高读者文学素养,也有着极大帮助。

用中学英语读世界名著是本丛书的最大特色。我国非传统的英语语系国家,广大中学生的英语读写能力也不是很强,针对这一现状,我们精选了难度适宜、思想健康的经典文学作品,使读者能读下去、读得通、读得懂。

跨媒体出版,是本书的一大特点,以往单媒体出版,不能尽显文学作品之精髓,对语言学习也有所不足,针对这一问题,本丛书特意采用的跨媒体出版的形式,以音频、文字双重学习,使学习效率极大提高。

编 者

2005 年 7 月



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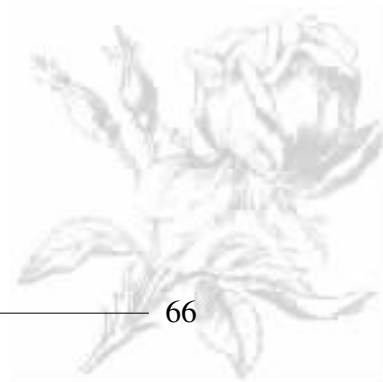
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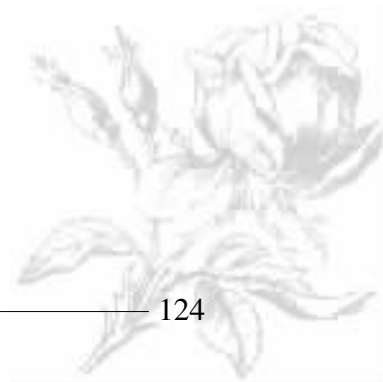
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“ So You 're Kate 's Girl !”

凯蒂的女儿

JEANMARIE COOGAN

MY MOTHER couldn't stand me when I was little, and I couldn't stand her. Neither of us was what the other would have chosen for a life companion.

The mother I had in mind for myself was middle-aged with brown hair pulled back in a bun. She wore an apron, baked a lot, was serious and soft-spoken, and sang hymns. Before her marriage she had been a schoolteacher or librarian.

My real mother had quit school to go to work and help out at home. She was 19 when I was born, a tall tomboy with flyaway, blond hair and the wide shoulders, narrow hips and long legs of an athlete—which she was. In the grimmest circumstances my mother could always find a bit of fun, and she had a great shout of a laugh that exploded like firecrackers. An invalid neighbor often told me, “*I love to hear your mother laugh.*” That neighbor lived two

我小时候,不称妈的心,妈也不称我的心。我们都不是彼此心目中的对象。

我心目中的母亲是梳耙耙头的棕发中年妇人,穿围裙,喜欢做饼。态度端庄,说话温柔,爱唱圣诗。婚前是教师或图书馆员。

实际上呢,我妈因为需要做事和帮着做家务,辍了学。我出世那年,她十九岁,高高的身材,顽皮得像男孩子,披着一头金发,宽肩窄臀,两腿修长,像个运动员——她的确是运动员。即使在顶愁苦的日子,妈也有兴致找乐儿,她纵声大笑起来,好比放鞭炮。一拉养病的邻人常对我说:“我喜欢听你母说笑。”那位邻人的家和我们相隔两幢



houses away. Other mothers called their children home in a shaky soprano. My mother put two fingers to her lips and produced a whistle that could be heard in the next street.

My mother's idea of a good time was to crowd a lot of people (preferably relatives, of whom we had thousands) into our small house, provide drinks and cold cuts, dancing in the early part of the evening, singing toward the end, and fun and jokes all night long. Far from being a hymn singer, she lullabied me with a popular jazz song. As for my father, he seemed to think everything about her was just great.

If my mother wasn't what I had in mind, I was even farther from her beau ideal. I wasn't even the right sex. When I was born, she was so incredulous to find I wasn't a boy that she had to ask her sister to think up a name for me. She soon decided, however, that I was the biggest, fattest baby in the hospital nursery and therefore worthwhile.

And besides, having come from a family of ten, she anticipated other opportunities to use all those good boys' names she had thought of. Then, one year after I was born, an emergency operation destroyed the possibility of her ever having another child. This explains a lot to me now, but all I knew

屋子。别人的妈唤孩子回家,是颤抖的高音;我妈是把两个手指故在嘴唇上,一声口哨,隔一条街都听得见。

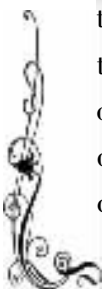
我妈认为最开心的事,就是邀上许多人(最好是亲戚,我们的亲戚总有好几千)到我们的“小尾巴”里来,准备吃的(冷肉)喝的,先跳舞,后唱歌,嘻嘻哈哈一个晚上。她可不唱圣诗,她唱流行歌曲为我催眠。我爸爸呢,他觉得妈样样都好。

我妈固然不是我心目中的母亲,我更不是她心目中的娃儿。连性别都不对。我呱呱坠地,妈听说我不是男孩,简直愣住了,只好请姨妈给我取个名字。可是她一来认为我是医院育婴室中最大最胖的婴儿,才觉得生我也还值得。

还有,她自己兄弟姊妹一共有十个,所以觉得她想好的那些男孩子名字,以后还有机会再用。可是我一岁的时候,她动了一次紧急手术,从此不能再生育了。现在我才明白妈的苦衷;但我小时候只知道做妈的女儿实在不容易,要我一个

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then was that it was hard enough to be one child to my mother, and I just wasn't up to being ten.

Take spunk. Spunk was very big with my mother. When I would come in crying because someone had hit me, she would say, "Look, put up your fists like this."

"I can't!" I'd wail. "Put up your fists," she'd command. I'd just wail louder. Then she would cock her right, ready to land one on me out of sheer despair.

My mother decided that I was to be a beautiful, talented, rich singing - and - dancing child movie star. With spunk. So, at three I was enrolled in Miss La Palme's School of the Dance. toe, tap, ballet and acrobatics. At four, I was doing so well that Miss La Palme used me for demonstrations. This was a good time for my mother, and she was busy taking me to lessons, parish - hall shows, women's - club recitals and talent nights at local theaters.

But all this came to an early end. In first grade I learned to read. It was a heady experience, the key to a magic door. A pattern emerged: "What do you mean, 'Just as soon as I finish this page'? You practice that new routine now." Then, "I'm sick of having you hang around that library."

孩子代替十个, 实在办不到。

比方说, 好强。我妈认为孩子要好强。如果我在外面挨了揍, 哭啼啼回家, 她就说: “看着, 就这样举起拳头来。”

“我不会!” 我哭着说。 “举起拳头来,” 她命令我。我哭得更厉害。她无法可想, 恨得伸出右手, 反而想揍我一拳。

妈决计要我成为美丽的童星, 多才多艺, 能歌善舞, 赚大钱。并且好强。所以我三岁她就送我进了拉巴姆小姐的舞蹈学校, 学脚舞, 踢踏舞, 芭蕾舞, 特技。四岁时我已跳得不坏了, 拉巴姆小姐叫我示范。我妈很得意, 忙着陪我去上课, 陪我到教区礼堂、妇会、和本地戏院举行的天才之夜参加表演。

但是好景不常。我进了小学, 念书识字。识字真是妙不可言, 仿佛有了开启魔术之门的钥匙。妈常说: “你总是说‘等这一页看完了,’ 是什么意思? 还不赶快练你新学的舞。” 后来, “整天泡图书馆, 我看了就讨厌。”



Finally my mother came upon me, the night before a recital, reading instead of rehearsing. “*Dear God,*” she cried, calling on Highest Authority to witness, “*reading! Sitting there reading! And that Shirley Temple out there making a mint!*” Tears filled her eyes, and she turned away.

At last the ultimatum “*Reading, or dancing lessons, What’s it going to be?*” Her face showed hurt, despair and puzzlement when I said “*Reading.*”

That weekend she told Aunt Margaret, who said, “*Maybe it’s for the best, Kate. I mean, look at her. She’s almost seven. kind of stringbeary, two front teeth missing. She’s no Shirley Temple.*”

“*All right,*” my mother shot back, “*but she could be Jane Withers.*”

As I grew older, our scenes with shouting and crying on both sides became fewer. By high school Mother and I were even beginning to understand each other—a little.

Athletics were always important in her family. For several years, my mother and her sister had dominated the scoring columns in the women’s sport leagues. Whenever we were out with her family, some stranger was sure to come over and ask one of them, “*Say, isn’t you name Dennehey? I remember*

有一次,要表演了,我还在看画,不练习,终于被妈抓到了。我的天虹!“她大叫起来,求上苍来做见证,‘看书!整天坐那儿看书!人家秀兰邓波兄在发大财呢!’她热泪盈眶,掉头而去。

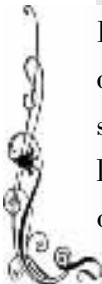
她终于下了最后通牒:“读书,学舞,你究竟选那一样?”我说:“读书。”伤心、失望、惶惑,一起显在她的脸上。

那个周末,她告诉了姑妈,姑妈说:“也许这样最好,凯蒂。你看,她那副样子,快七岁了,细细长长的像个豆荚,还缺了两颗门牙。我看,她可不是秀兰邓波儿。”

“不是秀兰邓波儿,”妈顶了她一句,“还可以赶上珍蕙漱丝呀。”

我渐渐长大了,母女二人吵闹哭啼的时候也渐渐地少了。进了中学以后,妈和我甚至彼此有了一点了解——一点点。

妈的娘家一向注重运动。有几年,妈和姨妈是很出风头的运动选手。我每次跟她们出去,总有陌生人走过来问:“喂,你是不是姓丹尼海?我看过你打球…”



seeing you play. . . ”

I went to an all - girls high school, and my mother was pleased when I made the varsity basketball team but dismayed to learn I was a guard.

“ *When are you going to play forward?* ” she asked.

I answered, “ *Never,* ”

“ *But, Jeanmarie, you ’ll never get to score !* ” She never enjoyed the game quite as much after that.

In another thing I was beginning to meet her standards ; spunk , When I graduated from high school I won a partial scholarship to college. College had never once crossed her mind. My father was in the Army then, and my mother, to supplement the allotment, worked as a stitcher in a book-billdery at a meager salary. Even with my summer and afterschool jobs, we were, just barely making it. When I told her the news, she was speechless.

But one day shortly afterward she announced proudly “ *Jeanmarie, you are going to college.* ” She had got a job paying what was a high wage for those days, cleaning railway cars. It was a dirty, back - breaking man ’s job, but she never complained. Partly because I didn ’t know what hard physical labor was, partly because of her own attitude, I never questioned that my mother should work so hard

我进了女子小学,参加篮球校队,妈很高兴,可是一听说我担任后卫,她又很失望了。

“ 你什么时候担任前锋? ” 她问。

我回答说: “ 怎么也不会。 ”

“ 琴妈丽,那你就永远不会得分了! ” 此后她对篮球赛也就不热心了。

但是有一方面,我开始达到了她的标准 好强。我中学毕业,得了大学的奖学金。妈从来没有想到过要我进大学。爸爸当时在连队里,妈为了贴补家用,在一家书籍装订厂工作,收入很少。加上我暑期和课余工作,才勉强凑合。我把这消息告诉她,她一时无话可答。

过了不久,有一天她得意扬扬地说: “ 琴妈丽,你可以进大学了。 ” 原来她找到了一份在当时工资算高的工作: 刷洗火车。这种工作不但肮脏,而且吃力,原是男人做的工作,但是她从无怨言。一来我并不知道做苦工是什么滋味,二来她自己又这样处之泰然,我竟然从来没有想一想,妈应不应该为了实现我





for my dream.

In college I made honors in my studies. But this didn't please my mother so much as when I was chosen to attend various student conventions—all expenses paid. My mother had never been far from home, and it seemed very glamorous to her that I should be going to distant places. It seemed glamorous to me, too. I would board the train wearing a classmate's fur jacket, another friend's skirt, and looking like one of those girls who pose for soft-drink ads—the kind of girl who has a mild, soft-spoken mother who before marriage had been a schoolteacher or librarian. That's how I looked.

One day when I announced a trip, my mother said she would be working in the railway yards at the time my train would be leaving and she would wave. When the train pulled out I scanned the railroad yard, and finally I could make out a figure waving. It was my mother. I stood up and waved vigorously. But the sun was in her eyes and, unable to see she just kept waving her hand slowly back and forth. I saw her blond hair pulled back in a bandanna, thick-soled shoes, work-hardened hands. In my borrowed finery, standing on the floor that could have been scrubbed by my mother—all of a sudden it seemed terribly important that she see me

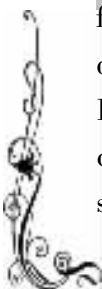
的梦想去做那样苦的工。

在大学里,我的成绩优异。但我常常应选参加各种学生大会,不需自付旅费,妈更高兴。妈从未去过远门,看到我到远处去旅行,她觉得很了不起。我自己也觉得了不起。我坐火车的时候,穿上向同班同学借来的短皮袍,向另一位朋友借的裙子,活像是汽水广告上的女孩子——那种女孩子的母亲态度端庄,说话温柔,婚前做过教师或图书馆员。我就是那副样子。

有一天我告诉妈将有远行,妈说,火车开的时候,她在调车场做工,她会向我挥手的。火车出站了,我向调车场张望,果然看到有人在挥手。就是我母亲。我站起来,用力挥手。但是阳光照着她的眼睛,她看不见我,只是不停地慢慢挥手。我看得见她:金色的头发用一块大手帕包着,厚底鞋,粗糙的一双手。我穿了一身借来的漂亮衣裳,脚下的车厢地板很可能就是妈洗刷过的——我忽然觉得应该让她看到我,让她知道我也在向她挥手。我使劲地挥手,但是那小小的人影只

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and know I was answering her. I waved and waved, but the small figure just kept waving unseeingly until we were out of sight.

The code of conduct under which I was raised permits one to be flamboyantly emotional in public, but in private one's deepest feelings are held in strict reserve. Yet I know that day I could openly have told my mother how much I loved her.

The chance never came again. She died a few years after I graduated from college. Between my growing up and her death, however, I came to know it can be a joy to lived with. someone who is completely different from you. We could never say the words, but my mother knew how I felt about her; I knew how she felt about me.

A few months after her death I was at a convention when a stranger came up to me. "This may sound crazy," he said, "but is your name Dennehey?"

"No, but my mother's was," I answered.

He snapped his fingers. "So you're Kate's girl! I haven't seen her since she was a kid. I knew all the Denneheys Great people." He shook his head, smiling. "You're Kate Dennehey's girl, all right. I'd know you anywhere."

是盲目地在挥手,后来我们互相都看不见了。

我家的规矩,在外面可以感情奔放,对家人却要严格地抑制自己内心的情感。然而那天我晓得,我可以无所顾忌地告诉我妈,我多么的爱她。

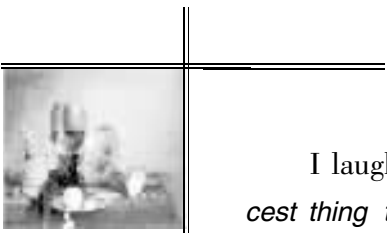
那样的机会后来却没有了。我大学毕业后几年,她就死了。在长大以后,她死以前,我渐渐明白,和自己性格完全不同的人在一起,也能过得很愉快。我们始终不能用言辞表达,可是妈知道我对她的感情,我也知道她对我的感情。

她死后几个月,我参加一次集会,有一个陌生人走过来。“我也许太冒昧了,”他说,“您是不是贵姓丹尼海?”

“不是,不过我妈姓丹尼海,”我答。

他拍的一声捻了个榧子。“原来你就是凯蒂的女儿!我以前看见她的时候,她还是个小姑娘呢。丹尼海一家人我都熟。好人,好人。”他摇摇头,而露微笑。“你就是凯蒂的女儿,一点也不错。你走到那儿,我也认得出。”





MOTHER

I laughed and said,“ *Thank you. That ’s the nicest thing that ’s ever been said to me.*”And I meant it with all my heart

我笑着说：“谢谢你。这是我最爱听的恭维话。”确是如此。
(深圳教苑中学 刘建华译)



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It is more blessed to give

给予更令人有幸福感

A friend of mine named Paul received an automobile from his brother as a Christmas present. On Christmas Eve when Paul came out of his office, a street urchin was walking around the shiny new car, admiring it. “*Is this your car, Mister?*” he asked.

Paul nodded. “*My brother gave it to me for Christmas.*” The boy was astounded. “*You mean your brother gave it to you and it didn’t cost you anything? Boy, I wish...*” he hesitated.

Of course Paul knew what he was going to wish for. He was going to wish he had a brother like that. But what the lad said jarred Paul all the way down to his heels.

“*I wish,*” the boy went on, “that I could be a brother like that.” Paul looked at the boy in astonishment, then impulsively he added, “*Would you like to take a ride in my automobile?*”

“*Oh yes, I’d love that.*”

我朋友保罗收到了一辆汽车，是他哥哥送他的圣诞礼物。在圣诞节前夜，当保罗走出办公室，他发现街上一个顽童正一边围着他闪闪发亮的新车转，一边赞叹地问：“先生，这是你的车？”

保罗点了点头说：“是我哥哥给我的圣诞礼物。”这个小男孩吃了一惊。“你是说，你哥哥送给你的，一分钱不花？哦，我希望……”他欲说又止。

保罗当然知道这个小男孩希望什么，他希望他也能有一个那样的哥哥。但小男孩接下来的话，让保罗非常震惊。

“我希望，”小男孩说，“我也能像你哥哥那样。”保罗惊讶地看着这孩子，不由自主地说，“你想坐我的车吗？”

“啊，是的，我很愿意。”

