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50. 老人和他的三个儿子(The Old Man and his three sons)
51. 乐山龙舟会多姿多彩(dragon-Boat Festival at Leshan)
52. 撷自那片芳洲的清供(An Offering from his Sweet homeland)
53. 三峡多奇景 妙笔夺开工(The Scenic Three Gorges Captured)
54. 初中国旅游可到哪些地方(Tips on Traveling to China the First Time)

第二部分 英译汉

1. A Ball to Roll Around(滚球)
2. A Bouquet for Miss Benson(送给卞老师的一束花)
3. A Boy and His Father Become Partners(父子伙伴情)
4. A Gift of Dreams(梦寐以求的礼物)
5. A Hard Day in the Kitchen(厨房里的一场闹剧)
6. A Nation of Hypochondriacs(一个疑病症患者的国度)
7. Are Books an Endangered Species? (书籍是即将灭绝的物种吗?)
8. A Sailor's Christmas Gift(一个海员的圣诞礼物)
9. A Tale of Two Smut Merchants(两上淫秽照片商的故事)
10. A Visit with the Folks(探访故亲)
11. Canadian Eskimo Lithographs(加拿大爱斯基摩人的石版画)
12. Divorce and Kids(离婚与孩子)
13. Doug Heir(杜格·埃厄)
14. Fame(声誉)
15. Felicia's Journey(费利西娅的旅行)
16. Genius Sacrificed for failure(为庸才损英才)
17. Glories of the Storm(辉煌壮丽的暴风雨)
18. Han Suyin's China(韩素音笔下的中国)
19. Hate(仇恨)
20. How Should One Read a Book? (怎样读书?)
21. In Praise of the Humble Comma(小小逗号赞)
22. Integrity——From A Mother in Mannville(正直)
23. In the Pursuit of a Haunting and Timeless Truth(追寻一段永世难忘的史实)
24. Killer on Wings is Under Threat(飞翔的杀手正受到威胁)
25. Life in a Violin Case(琴匣子中的生趣)
26. Love Is Not like Merchandise(爱情不是商品)
27. Luck(好运气)
28. Mayhew(生活的道路)
29. My Average Uncle(艾默大叔——一个普通人)
30. My Father's Music(我父亲的音乐)
31. My Mother's Gift (母亲的礼物)
32. New Light Bulb Offers Energy Efficiency(新型灯泡提高能效)
33. Of Studies(谈读书)
34. On Leadership(论领导)
35. On Cottages in General(农舍概述)
36. Over the Hill(开小差)
37. Promise of Bluebirds(蓝知更鸟的希望)
38. Stories on a Headboard(床头板上故事多)
39. Sunday(星期天)
40. The Blanket(一条毛毯)
41. The Colour of the Sky(天空的色彩)
42. The date Father Didn't Keep(父亲失约)
43. The Kiss(吻)
44. The Letter(家书)
45. The Little Boat That Sailed through Time(悠悠岁月小船情)
46. The Living Seas(富有生命的海洋)
47. The Roots of My Ambition(我的自强之源)
48. The song of the River(河之歌)
49. They Wanted Him Everywhere——Herbert von Karajan(1908-1989) (哪儿都要他)
50. Three Great Puffy Rolls(三个又大双暄的面包圈)
51. Trust(信任)
52. Why measure Life in Heartbeats? (何必以心跳定生死?)
53. Why the bones Break(骨折缘何而起)
54. Why Women Live Longer than Men(为什么女人比男人活得长)

丑石
贾平凹

我常常遗憾我家门前的那块丑石呢：它黑黝黝地卧在那里，牛似的模样；谁也不知道是什么时候留在这里的。谁也不去理会它。只是麦收时节，门前摊了麦子，奶奶总是要说：这块丑石，多碍地面哟，多时把它搬走吧。

于是，伯父家盖房，想以它垒山墙，但苦于它极不规则，没棱角儿，也没平面儿；用凿破开吧，又懒得花那么大气力，因为河滩并不甚远。随便去掬一块回来，哪一块也比它强。房盖起来，压铺台阶，伯父也没有看上它。有一年，来了一个石匠，为我家洗一台石磨，奶奶又说：用这块丑石吧，省得从远处搬动。石匠看了看，摇着头，嫌它石质太细，也不采用。

它不像汉白玉那样的细腻，可以凿下刻字雕花，也不像大青石那样的光滑，可以供来院纱捶布；它静静地卧在那里，院边的槐荫没有庇孤它，花儿也不再在它身边生长。荒草便繁衍出来，枝蔓上下，慢慢地，竟锈上了绿苔、黑斑。我们这些做孩子的，也讨厌起它来，曾合伙要搬走它，但力气又不足；虽时时咒骂它，嫌弃它，也无可奈何，只好任它留在那里去了。

稍稍能安慰我们的，是在那石上有一个不大不小的坑凹儿，雨天就盛满了水。常常雨过三天了。地上已经干燥，那石凹里水儿还有，鸡儿便去那里渴饮。每每到了十五的夜晚，我们盼着满月出来，就爬到其上，翘望天边；奶奶总是要骂的，害怕我们摔下来。果然那一次就摔了下来，磕破了我的膝盖呢。

人都骂它是丑石，它真是丑得不能再丑的丑石了。

An Ugly Stone
Jia Pingwa

I used to feel sorry for that ugly black piece of stone lying like an ox in front of our door; none knew when it was left there and none paid any attention to it, except at the time when wheat was harvested and my grandma, seeing the grains of wheat spread all over the ground in the front yard of the house, would grumble: "This ugly stone takes so much space. Move it away someday."

Thus my uncle had wanted to use it for the gable when he was building a house, but he was troubled to find it of very irregular shape, with no edges nor corners, nor a flat plane on it. And he wouldn't bother to break it in half with a chisel because the river bank was nearby, where he could have easily fetched a much better stone instead. Even when my uncle was busy with the flight of steps leading to the new house he didn't take a fancy to the ugly stone. One year when a mason came by, we asked him to snake us a stone mill with it. As my grandma put it: "Why net take this one, so you worst have to fetch one from afar." But the arson took a look and shook his head; he wouldn't take it for it was of too fine a quality.

It was neither like a fine piece of white marble on which words or flowers could be carved, nor like a smooth big bluish stone people used to wash their clothes on. The stone just lay there in silence, enjoying no shading front the pagoda trees by the yard, nor flowers growing around it. As a result weeds multiplied and stretched ail over it, their stems and tendrils gradually covered with dark green spots of moss. We children began to dislike the stone too, and would have taken it away if we had been strong enough; all we could do for the present was to leave it alone, despite our disgust or even curses.

The only thing that had interested us in the ugly stone was a little pit on top of it, which was filled with water on rainy days. Three days after a rainfall, usually, when the ground had become dry, there was still water in the pit, where chickens went to drink. And every month when it came to the evening of the 15th of lunar calendar, we would climb onto the stone, looking up at the sky, hoping to see the full moon come out from far away. And Granny would give us a scolding, afraid lest we should fall down--and sure enough, I fell down once to have my knee broken. So everybody condemned the stone: an ugly stone, as ugly as it could be.

Then one day an astronomer came to the village. He looked the stone square in the eye the moment he came across it. He didn't take his leave but decided to stay in our village. Quite a

终有一日，村子里来了一个天文学家。他在我家门前路过，突然发现了这块石头，眼光立即就拉直了。他再没有走去，就住了下来；以后又来了好些人，说这是一块陨石，从天上落下来已经有二三百 years 了，是一件了不起的东西。不久便来了车，小心翼翼地将它运走了。

这使我们都很惊奇！这又怪又丑的石头，原来是天上的呢！它补过天，在天上发过热，闪过光，我们的先祖或许仰望过它，它给了他们光明、向往、憧憬；而它落下来了，在污土里，荒草里，一躺就是几百年了？！

奶奶说：“真看不出：它那么不一般，却怎么连墙也垒不成，台阶也垒不成呢？”

“它是太丑了。”天文学家说。

“真的，是太丑了。”

“可这正是它的美！”天文学家说，“它是以丑为美的。”

“以丑为美？”

“是的，丑到极处，便是美到极处。正因为它不是一般的顽石，当然不能去做墙，做台阶，不能去雕刻，捶布。它不是做这些小玩意儿的，所以常常就遭到一般世俗的讥讽。”

奶奶脸红了，孔也脸红了。

我感到自己的可耻，也感到了丑石的伟大；我甚至怨恨它这么多年竟会默默地忍受着这一切，而我又立即深深地感到它那种不属于误解、寂寞的生存的伟大。

number of people came afterwards, saying the stone was a piece of aerolite which had fallen down from the sky two or three hundred years ago-what a wonder indeed! Pretty soon a truck came, and carried it away carefully.

It gave us a great surprise! We had never expected that such a strange and ugly stone should have come from the sky! So it had once mended the sky, given out its heat and light there, and our ancestors should have looked up at it. It had given them light, brought their hopes and expectations, and then it had fallen down to the earth, in the mud and among the weeds, lying there for hundreds of years!

My grandma said: "I never expected it should be so great! But why can't people build a wall or pave steps with it?"

"It's too ugly, the astronomer said.

"Sure, it's really so ugly."

"But that's just where its beauty lies!" the astronomer said, "its beauty comes from its ugliness."

"Beauty from ugliness?"

"Yes. When something becomes the ugliest, it turns out the most beautiful indeed.

The stone is not an ordinary piece of insensate stone, it shouldn't be used to build a wall or pave the steps, to carve words or flowers or to wash clothes on. It's not the material for those petty common things, and no wonder it's ridiculed often by people with petty common views.

My grandma became blushed, and so did I.

I feel shame while I feel the greatness of the ugly stone; I have even complained about it having pocketed silently all it had experienced for so many years, but again I am struck by the greatness that lies in its lonely unyielding existence of being misunderstood by people.

匆匆
朱自清

燕子去了，有再来的时候；杨柳枯了，有再青的时候；桃花谢了，有再开的时候。但是，聪明的，你告诉我，我们的日子为什么一去不复返呢？——是有人偷了他们罢：那是谁？又藏在何处呢？是他们自己逃走了罢；现在又到了哪里呢？

我不知道他们容给了我多少日子；但我的手确乎是渐渐空虚了。在默默里算着，八千多日子已经从我手中溜去；像针尖上一滴水滴在大海里，我的日子滴在时间的流里，没有声音，也没有影子。我不禁头渗汗而泪潸潸了。

去的尽管去了，来的尽管来着，去来的中间，又怎样地匆匆呢？早上我起来的时候，小屋里射进两三方斜斜的太阳。太阳他有脚啊，轻轻悄悄地挪移了；我也茫茫然跟着旋转。于是一洗手的时候，日子从水盆里过去；吃饭的时候，日子从饭碗里过去；默默时，便从凝然的双眼前过去。我觉察他去的匆匆了，伸出手遮挽时，他又从遮挽着的手边过去，天黑时，我躺在床上，他便伶伶俐俐地从我身上跨过，从我脚边飞去了。等我睁开眼和太阳再见，这算又溜走了一日。我掩着面叹息。但是新来的日子的影子又开始在叹息里闪过了。

在逃去如飞的日子里，在千门万户的世界里的我能做些什么呢？只有徘徊罢了，只有匆匆罢了；公在八千多日的匆匆里，除徘徊外，又剩些什么呢？过去的日子如轻烟被微风吹散了，如薄雾，被初阳蒸融了；我留着些什么痕迹呢？我何曾留着像游丝样的痕迹呢？我赤裸裸来到这世界，转眼间也将赤裸裸的回去罢？但不能平的，为什么偏要白白走这一遭啊？

你聪明的，告诉我，我们的日子为什么一去不复返呢？

1922. 3. 28

Rush
Zhu Ziqing

Swallows may have gone, but there is a time of return; willow trees may have died back, but there is a time of regreening; peach blossoms may have fallen, but they will bloom again. Now, you the wise, tell me, why should our days leave us, never to return? -If they had been stolen by someone, who could it be? Where could it hide them? If they had made the escape themselves, then where could they stay at the moment?

I do not know how many days I have been given to spend, but I do feel my hands are getting empty. Taking stock silently, I find that more than eight thousand days have already slid away from me. Like a drop of water from the point of a needle disappearing into the ocean, my days are dripping into the stream of time, soundless, traceless. Already sweat is starting on my forehead, and tears welling up in my eyes.

Those that have gone have gone for good, those to come keep coming; yet in between, how swift is the shift, in such a rush? When I get up in the morning, the slanting sun marks its presence in my small room in two or three oblongs. The sun has feet, look, he is treading on, lightly and furtively; and I am caught, blankly, in his revolution. 'Thus,--the day flows away through the sink when I wash my hands, wears off in the bowl when I eat my meal, and passes away before my daydreaming gaze as I reflect in silence. I can feel his haste now, so I reach out my hands to hold him back, but he keeps flowing past my withholding hands. In the evening, as I lie in bed, he strides over my body, glides past my feet, in his agile way. The moment I open my eyes and meet the sun again, one whole day has gone. I bury my face in my hands and heave a sigh. But the new day begins to flash past in the sigh.

What can I do, in this bustling world, with my days flying in their escape? Nothing but to hesitate, to rush. What have I been doing in that eight-thousand-day rush, apart from hesitating? Those bygone days have been dispersed as smoke by a fight wind, or evaporated as mist by the left behind any gossamer morning sun. What traces have I left behind me? Have I eve left behind any gossamer traces at all? I have come to this world, stark nakedness; am I to go hack, in a blink, in the same stark nakedness? It is not fair though: why should I have made such a trip for nothing!

You the wise, tell me, why should our days leave us, never to return?

March 28, 1922

冬夜
艾芜

冬天一个冰寒的晚上。在寂寞的马路旁边，疏枝交横的树下，候着最后一辆搭客汽车的，只我一人。虽然不远的墙边，也蹲有一团黑影，但他却是伸手讨钱的。马路两旁，远远近近都立着灯窗明灿的别墅，向暗蓝的天空静静地微笑着。在马路上是冷冰冰的，还刮着一阵阵猛厉的风。留在枝头的一两片枯叶，也不时发出破碎的哭声。

那蹲着的黑影，接了我的一枚铜板，就高兴地站起来向我搭话，一面抱怨着天气：“真冷呀，再没有比这里更冷了！……先生，你说是不是？”

看见他并不是个讨厌的老头子，便也高兴地说道：“乡下怕更要冷些吧？”

“不，不。”他接着咳嗽起来，要吐出的话，塞在喉管里了。

我说：“为什么？你看见一下霜，乡下的房屋和田野，便在早上白了起来，街上却一点也看不见。”

他捶了几下胸口之后，兴奋地接着说道：“是的，是的……乡下冷，你往人家门前的稻草堆上一钻就暖了哪……这街上，哼，鬼地方！……还有那些山里呵，比乡下更冷哩，咳，那才好哪！火烧一大堆，大大小小一家人，闹热呀！……”

接着他便说到壮年之日，在南方那些山中冬夜走路的事情。一个人的漂泊生活，我是喜欢打听的，同时车又没有驰来。便怂恿他说了下去。他说**晚上在那些山里**，只要你是一个正派的人，就可以朝灯火人家一直走去，迎着犬声，敞开树阴下的柴门，大胆地闯进。对着火堆周围的人们，不管他男的女的，用两手向他们两肩头一分，就把你

Winter Night
Ai Wu

It was a cold winter night. The street was deserted. I stood alone under a tree with an entanglement of bare branches overhead, waiting for the last bus to arrive. A few paces off in the darkness there was a shadowy figure squatting against the wall, but he turned out to be a tramp. The street was lined with fine houses, their illuminated windows beaming quietly towards the dark blue sky. It was icy cold with a gust of strong wind howling around. A couple of withered leaves, still clinging to the branches, rustled mournfully from time to time. The shadowy figure, taking a copper coin from me with thanks, straightened up to attempt a conversation with me.

"It's really cold here," he complained. "It couldn't be colder anywhere elseWhat do you think, sir?"

Seeing that he was not too nasty an old man, I readily responded: "It must be colder in the country, I'm afraid."

"No, no," he disagreed and began to cough, his words stuck up in his throat.

"Why?" I asked. "In the country when it frosts, you always find the roofs and the fields turning white in the morning, but you don't see that here on the streets."

He patted his chest to ease off his coughing and went on excitedly: "True, true... it's cold in the country, but when you get into somebody's straw stack, you are warm again at once.... But this street, humm, what a terrible place! In the mountains, it's even colder, but when they have a fire in the house with the whole family sitting around it, wow, it's heaven!"

Then he began to relate to me the adventures of his younger days-travelling alone in winter nights through the mountains in the south. As I was interested in stories about wanderers and since the bus had not arrived yet, I encouraged him to go on.

"When you **end up in the mountains at night**," he said, "and if you are a decent person, you can always turn to the place where there is a light flickering and a dog harking. You push open the bramble gate under the shade and walk in without hesitation. Part the people, men or women, around the fire with your hands and you bring yourself -- a cold and wet man with dew-among them. Immediately your nose is filled with the aroma of hot tea and roast sweet potatoes. When you look round you see friendly faces smiling at you; there is no hint of anything like blame for what elsewhere might be considered as brusqueness. Scarcely have you begun to tell them where you come from when a cup of hot and strong tea is

带着风寒露湿的身子，轻轻地放了进去。烧山芋和热茶的香味，便一下子扑入你的鼻子。抬头看，四周闪着微笑的眼睛，欢迎着，丝毫没有怪你唐突的神情。你刚开口说由哪儿来的时候，一杯很热的浓茶，就递在你的下巴边上。老太婆吩咐她的孙女，快把火拨大些，多添点柴，说是客人要烘吸他的身子；你暖和了，还不觉疲倦的话，你可以摸摸小孩子的下巴，拧拧他们的脸蛋，做一点奇怪的样子，给他们嬉笑。年轻的妈妈，一高兴了，便会怂恿他的孩子把拿着要吃的烧山芋，分开一半，放在你这位客人的手上。如果你要在他们家过夜，他们的招待，就更来得殷勤些。倘若歇一会，暖暖身子，还要朝前赶路，一出柴门，还可听见一片欢送的声音：“转来时，请来玩呀！”老头子讲着讲着，给冷风一吹，便又咳嗽起来，我听得冷都忘记了，突然老头子忘形地拉着我问道：

“先生，这到底是什么原因哪？……这里的人家，火堆一定烧得多的，看窗子多么亮哪……他们为什么不准一个异乡人进去烤烤手哩？”

搭客汽车从远处轰轰地驰来了，我赶忙摆他的手，高声说道：

“因为他们是文明的人，不像那些山里的……”

再跳进通明的汽车里，蓦地离开他了。但远的南国山中，小小的灯火人家里面，那些丰美的醉人的温暖，却留在我的冬夜的胸中了。

handed over to you. Grandma will tell her granddaughter to feed the fire with more wood, saying that the guest needs more heat to warm up. When you are recovered from cold and fatigue, you tend to tease the baby, stroking his chin, giving a gentle pinch to his cheek or making a face to provoke him to gurgle. He delighted young mother will encourage her baby to share his sweet potato with you. The baby will then break it in two and thrust one half into your hand. If you intend to stay overnight, you will be entertained with all possible hospitality. If you've just dropped in to warm up and then go on your way, they will see you off at the gate, saying 'Please do drop in on us again on your way back, ' "

In the middle of his babbling another gust of wind brushed by and the old man began to cough again. I was so intrigued by his story that I did not feel the cold any more. Suddenly he grabbed my hand, forgetting that we were strangers, and asked:

"Sir, could you tell me why the people here even do not allow a countryman in to warm his hands? They must've got bigger fires in their houses- Look at their bright windows. . . "

The bus came rumbling up. Withdrawing my hand from his, I answered at the top of my voice

"Because they are more civilized than the mountain people. . . "

With that I jumped onto the brightly-lit bus which started moving on, leaving the old man behind. But the little houses with flickering oil lamps in the remote mountains and the intoxicating warmth and friendliness of their inhabitants left a deep impress on my memory.

互助
王蒙

L君跻身文坛，盖有年矣，但总是红不起来，颇感寂寞。于是，他找到了各种关系，以盛宴重礼把著名的评论家J君招待了一次。J君有感于其情之盛，慨然允诺说：“现在他们对你太冷落了，就是不公平！我一定要写一篇推荐你的作品的文章，登到大报上，你的作品的优点是……”

L君不等I君说完，慌忙摆手摇头，他说：“千万不必！千万不必！我只乞求您写一篇义正词严的文章把我批一个狗血淋头！积数十年之经验，我深知凡被您批了的，都可以风行全国，名震环球！而您也可以获得另一方面的美誉和利益，那才叫相反相成，相得益彰！”

Helping Each Other
Wang Meng

Mr. L. had been a member of the literary circles for years without attracting any public attention. He felt rather deserted, and so he managed through various personal connections to invite Mr. J., a famous literary critic, to an elaborate dinner besides presenting him with expensive gifts. Mr. J. was quite moved by Mr. L.'s hospitality and promised right away, "It's not fair that you have been so ignored! I must write an article for a key newspaper to recommend your works. The merits of your works are..."

Mr. L. hastily cut in, shaking his head and waving his hands, "No! No! I only beg you to write a very severe criticism against me. From my years of experience, I have come to the conclusion that all articles you criticize will become popular not only in our country but also in the world. Meanwhile, you gain greater fame and interests through your criticism. It is indeed 'extremes meet' and will only end up with mutual help and benefit!"

黄昏
茅盾

海是深蓝色的，说不上光滑；排了队的小浪开正步走，数不清有多少，喊着口令“一，二——一”似的，朝喇叭口的海塘来了。挤到沙滩边，噗漱！——队伍解散，喷着愤怒的白沫。然而后一排又赶着扑上来了。

三只五只的白鸥轻轻地掠过，翅膀扑着波浪——一点一点躁怒起来的波浪。

风在掌号。冲锋号！小波浪跳跃着，每一个像个大眼睛，闪射着金光。满海全是金眼睛，全在跳跃。海塘下空隆隆地腾起了喊杀。

而这些海的跳跃着的金眼睛重重叠叠一排接一排，一排怒似一排，一排比一排浓溢着血色的赤，连到天边，成为緝金色的一抹。这上头，半轮火红的夕阳！

半边天烧红了，重甸甸地压在夕阳的光头上。

Dusk
Mao Dun

The sea is deep blue, and cannot be called smooth, for countless rows of small breakers are marching in parade-step as if following the shouted command, "One, two! One!"—towards the trumpet-shaped jetty. Crowded close together, they rush to the sandy beach-splash! The marching ranks scatter and burst into angry spray. The rows immediately behind follow suit.

A few white seagulls flicker across the surface of the sea, quickly and lightly, wings skimming the waves which become, little by little, increasingly restive. The wind is trumpeting, a bugle calling to charge! Small breakers spring up, each breaker like a large eye casting out golden sparks. The whole sea is full of golden eyes, all leaping. Rumble-rumble... beneath the jetty a battle cry bursts forth.

The sea's golden eyes fall into ranks, each rank pursued by the next, each angrier than the last and deepening to blood-red as they stretch to the golden line of the horizon. There, above, lies the fiery half circle of the setting sun!

Half the sky burns red, pressing heavily down upon the bald head of the sun.

The indignantly struggling sun seems to be saying:

"Oh! Oh! I have completed today's historic duty; I have

愤怒地挣扎的夕阳似乎在说：

哦，哦！我已经尽今天的历史的使命，我已经走完了今天的路程了！现在，现在，是我的休息时间到了，是我的死期到了！哦，哦！却也是我的新生期快开始了！明天，从海的那一头，我将威武地升起来，给你们光明，给你们温暖，给你们快乐！

呼——呼——

风带着永远不会死的太阳的宣言到全世界。高的喜马拉雅山的最高峰，汪洋的太平洋，阴郁的古老的小村落，银的白光冰凝了的都市——一切，一切，夕阳都喷上了一口血焰！

两点三点白鸥划破了渐变为赭色的天空。

风带着夕阳的宣言去了。

像忽然融化了似的；海的无数跳跃着的金眼睛摊平为暗绿的大面孔。

远近有悲壮的茄声。

夜的黑幕沉重地将落未落。

不知到什么地方去过一次的风，忽然又回来了。这回是打着鼓似的：勃仑仑，勃仑仑！不，不单是风，有雷！风挟着雷声！

海又动荡，波浪跳起来，轰！轰！

在夜的海上，大风雨来了！

finished today's journey! Now, now, my time to rest has come; my time to die is here. Oh! Oh! And yet, it is also my rebirth that will soon begin! Tomorrow, from the other end of the sea, I shall bravely hoist myself up, give you light, give you warmth, give you joy!"

Whooo-huuu...

The wind carries the declaration of the never-dying sun to all the world. The highest peaks of the Himalayas; the endless waters of the Pacific; small, old, gloomy villages; cities frozen by silver lights upon each and every one, the setting sun scatters its blood-red flames !

The sky, deepening to ochre, is broken by two or three seagulls.

The wind that carried the declaration of the dying sun has As if suddenly melting, the countless leaping golden eyes smooth themselves down into a great, dull, green face.

From near, then far, comes the solemn, trade sound of a flute.

Night's black curtain will be heavily lowered, but has not yet completely fallen.

The wind, having gone no-one-knows-where, suddenly returns, returns as a beating drum: Boom-lum-lum, Boom-lum-lum! Ho, not the wind alone, but thunder? The wind carries the voice of thunder!

The sea roils again, waves surging high, crash! Crash!

To the night-bound sea a storm has come!

盼头
杨航

细娃盼过年，大人盼开春。儿时，对于大人的盼是不能理解的，但过年，对我来说，可是一年的大盼头了。过年，不但好玩，且有肉吃，那气氛是迷人的：年一过，又盼日子快些流，好流来又一个春节。

在盼中，日子真的流得飞快，转服上了小学，继而初中，然后高中，最后大学；盼的欲望更加强烈，盼的内容也越渐丰富了：盼有好成绩毕业，盼有一份好工作，盼事业有成，盼挣钱替父母分忧，盼有一个好爱人……不知不觉，天天踩着盼的石阶而上，自己竟成了一个男人，一个挣钱养家糊口的忙碌人了。

生活开始变得复杂。然而，无论自己是否变得庸俗，变得伟大，盼头依然天天有：盼信件，盼稿件被采用，盼发奖金，盼某事有满意结果，盼一次聚会、一次旅行……人就在盼中找到了依托。

没有盼头的日子是苍白不可想象的。人，得天天有点什么盼头，生活才不至于暗淡。有了盼头，会觉得太阳每天都是新的。不管是望梅止渴，还是画饼充饥，它都会激励你不停手中的桨，去追逐哪怕一星微小的火光。

土地去掉水分，就成了沙漠；人没有了盼，还剩什么？小盼头支撑人的一天，大盼头支撑人的一生。

人，是绝不能没有盼头的。

Something to Look Forward To
Yang Hang

Little children look forward to the arrival of lunar New Year, adults to that of spring. When a child I couldn't understand what the elders hoped for. But New Year's Day was always the greatest red-letter day of all the year, for it meant the nicest food as well as a lot of fun, which was really fascinating. As soon as the festival was over, another one was my dream and I wished time flew as fast as possible.

Days spent in expectation come and go really very fast. Very soon I finished primary school, went to junior and senior middle school, and finally to college; with ever greater desire for more varied things: for graduation with honours, for an ideal job, for a successful career, for more earnings to share my parents' burden, for a satisfactory wife. . . Climbing the upward steps of hope I had become a fully grown man before I was aware of it, a busy breadwinner with a family on my hands.

Life began to show its various facets. Whether I have turned more vulgar or great, I have always something to look forward to. It may be arrival of a letter, publication of an article, the bonus-distributing day, a gratifying result of something, a get-together or a pleasure trip. . . Such expectations serve as a prop to a person's faith in life.

A day without hope would be unimaginably pale. There must be something to look forward to each day to brighten one's life and keep it out of shadows. To a person cherishing hopes every morning rises a new sun. Even if it is a fantasy or an illusion, so long as it shows a ray of hope it still urges you on in pursuit of that little sparkle without letup.

Deprived of moisture content, soil turns into desert. Deprived of hope, what is there left to a person? A small hope sustains a person for a day, a great one for a lifetime. Human beings cannot do without something to look forward to.

媲美
林青

一朵雪花的体态是轻盈的，宛如六枚小银针，千针万线，给 S 大学校园绣出了合身的水晶外套。但是，正如童话世界也有缺陷一样，文史楼北墙畔一株年轻的龙柏，由于一夜风摧雪压，已经倾侧成 30° 斜角了。

远处走来几个身背照相机的年轻人，其中那位穿黑呢大衣的姑娘真美，一双亮晶晶杏核儿大眼，似湖？似星？谁也说不清，只惹得路人不时朝她张望。这群市大学生摄影协会会员准备捕捉大自然恩赐的美妙镜头，心情舒畅地说笑着，渐渐地走近这棵倾斜的龙柏。

“在文史楼前拍张雪景吧！”一个浑厚的男中音提议。

“不，这棵龙柏被风雪压斜了，缺乏自然美。”姑娘那双纤手朝不远处一指。“喏，到生物系的小植物园去，那儿不仅有龙柏，还有雪松、扁柏呢。”

她的声波在清冽的空间扩散，像清甜的冰糖渐渐融化。年轻人留下了一串无邪的笑声。

又一个竹骨梅肌的青年出现在文史楼前，衣服右下摆隐约可见斑驳的油画颜料污迹。他在欣赏雪景之余，猛然发现倾斜的龙柏，不满地轻声嘀咕：“搞环境保护的同志真马虎，昨晚下那么大的雪，竟没来校园巡视，他们对美的统一性的被破坏负有间接的责任！”这位美术爱好者凝视片刻，灵感的火花映亮心窗，他立刻打开速写本，捏着炭精棒，勾勒这棵龙柏的体态轮廓，准备回宿舍精心画一幅漫画，连画名也想好了，就叫做：《一株龙柏的控诉》。他离去时遗憾地摇头叹息，眼波里颤动着一丝失望的情绪。

微弱的阳光下，急匆匆地走来一个肩挎旧书包的青年工人，

Beauty
Lin Qing

Snowflakes are light, each having six tiny silver needles. Last night, they worked together to weave a well-fitted crystal outfit for the campus of S University. However, nothing is perfect, not even in a fairyland. 'The young dragon cypress at the north wall of the Humanities Building was bent over at a 30 degree angle after the night's snowstorm.

Several students came from a distance, each carrying a camera. Among them was a girl in a black wool overcoat. She was a real beauty, her almond-shaped eyes like pools of clear water or bright stars in the sky. It was hard to tell which they resembled more, but she herself was certainly eye-catching!

These members of the town's College Photographers Society had come out to capture the beautiful scenery endowed by nature. Laughing and talking merrily, they were approaching the leaning cypress.

"Let's take a shot just in front of the Building!" a rich baritone voice suggested.

"No, this cypress is bent by the storm and lacks natural beauty," the girl responded. Pointing to a place nearby, she proposed, "Why don't we go to the small garden they went, leaving their carefree laughter behind.

Another slim young man appeared at the Building, his coat stained with paint somewhere down the right corner. In appreciation of the snow scene he suddenly caught sight of the bent cypress, he grumbled to himself. "The gardeners were indeed very negligent. They didn't even come out to patrol the campus in such a heavy snow as last night's. They should be held partially responsible for the ruin of the harmonious beauty of nature." The amateur artist was staring at the bent cypress when inspiration flashed into his mind. He quickly opened his sketch book and drew an outline of the cypress with his charcoal pen. He planned to develop the sketch into a cartoon, when he got back to the dormitory. He had even figured out a title for it, "A Cypress Complains." He left with a sigh of sympathy for the bent tree and a flicker of disappointment in his eyes.

In the dim sunlight, a young worker, with a worst bag on his shoulder, was hurrying to the Chinese Department to audit a selective course. All of a sudden a gust of wind blew over the bent cypress, shaking the overlaying snowflakes down onto the young man's head and shoulders. He looked up and noticed the tree. Then he slowed his steps, took a glance at his watch and hurried away.

In a short while, he came back with a spade, an old bamboo

他是来旁听中文系选修课的。突然，一阵风吹拂龙柏树，扬起无数雪沫，洒在他头上、身上。青年工人仰脸看看那株龙柏。脚步放慢了，他一看手表立刻加快步伐走去。

一会，他带来一把铁锹、一截旧茅竹、橡皮带，手脚麻利地不停地劳作，那株倾斜的龙柏终于挺直了脊梁，牢牢地屹立在校园。

上课铃声响了。他疾步如飞地向教室奔去！

静谧。点点不同的浅蓝色脚印留在雪地里，组合成一行行无人辨识的文字，蕴藏着精致微妙的内涵。那株龙柏静静注视着面前的雪地，仿佛苦心思索关于美的神秘的定义。

stick and a piece of rubber band. He worked with his deft hands on the bent cypress, until it was straight again. The bell for class was ringing and he dashed to the classroom.

Silence reigned. Faint bluish footprints, of all shapes and sizes, formed in the snow lines of illegible words with subtle implications. That cypress was quietly gazing at the snow, as if meditating on the mystery of beauty.

枪口
徐光兴

官复原职的 N 省建材局杨局长和李秘书，走在篙草丛生、芦荻疏落的湖边。

“烟中列岫青无数，雁背夕阳红欲暮。”西风，秋水，雁阵，衔着落日的远山，交融在一起，更增添打猎者的无限兴致。

“嘎——”传来一声水禽被惊动的鸣叫。杨局长从李秘书手里接过一支崭新的猎枪，爱抚地摸了一下。它是双筒枪管，枪身瓦蓝铮亮，枪口黑黝黝的，有一股逼人的寒气。货三十多年前他打游击时，也没拿到过这样的枪。

“吱嘎——嘎呷”，从附近湖面的荷梗残苇中，窜出几只白颈黄蹼、羽毛灰麻麻的水鸭子，在空中扑腾乱飞，惊悸声声。赶着猎狗的捕猎社员，也悄悄地摸到这儿。好几支猎枪的枪口，同时瞄准了这些空中猎物。

“砰——”老杨开枪了。一缕白烟消散，一只水鸭子像断线的风筝，从半空中坠下。

The Muzzles
Xu Quangxing

Yang had just been sent back to his former post, Chief of the Provincial Building Material Bureau.

Later one afternoon he was walking with Secretary Li, hunting beside the lake where wormwood grew abundantly among scattered reeds. There were seemingly endless green mountain ranges stretching into thin mist, and wild geese silhouetted against the glow of the setting sun. An autumn stream ruffled by the west wind, and the lines of wild geese set against the background of distant mountains embracing the sinking sun, harmoniously merged to enhance the joy of the hunters.

"Quack!" came the cry of a startled water bird. Bureau Chief Yang took the brand-new hunting gun from Secretary Li and caressed it with affection. It was a double-barreled shotgun with a shining blue body and a pair of chilling black muzzles. He had never held such a fine weapon, not even in those days of guerrilla warfare thirty years before.

"Quack! Quack!" Out fluttered into the air several grey-feathered ducks with white necks and yellow webbed feet. The commune hunters stole to the lakeside, their hounds at their heels. Several muzzles at once aimed at the fleeing birds in the air.

"Bang!" Old Yang fired. A wisp of white smoke dispersed to reveal a duck falling from the sky like a stringless kite.

“打中喽，打中喽！杨局长，你真不愧是当年游击队里的神枪手。”李秘书像个孩子似的跳着嚷着，奔过去捡猎获物。

老杨只是“嘿嘿”笑了几声，拍着枪连声说：“好枪，好枪！”

他俩朝熄了引擎的黑色小轿车走去。老杨说：“老王这家伙，介绍的地点还蛮不错呢。”

李秘书试探地凑上前去说：“他是您的老部下嘛。这次他请您批 50 吨建材物资给他……”

“你不要为他做说客。不批，半个字也不批；针尖大的洞，也会刮进斗大的风。咱党员干部，那歪门邪道不要搞。”他停了一下，朝烟波迷茫、水天一色的湖面瞧去。“好景致，可惜婷儿没有同来。”

“她今天有更高兴的事儿。”李秘书故作神秘地笑笑说，“王主任托了文化局的老马，同意把您的女儿调到省实验话剧团工作。”

“嗯？”老杨的眉毛拧了个结。李秘书只当没察觉，坐进轿车，手扶在车门上，仿佛自言自语地说：“就拿这辆车来说吧，也是王主任出力调拨给您的。那回大姐犯病进院，还多亏这辆车接送。”

“该死，早把我当猎物给瞄上了。”他下意识地撮紧枪把想。李秘书一溜溜到枪上，像又想起什么说：“王主任知道您喜欢打猎，这支猎枪，就是他特意托人专程送到您家的……”

车发动了。老杨陡然一惊，不觉倒抽一口冷气：黑黝黝双筒枪口，冒着寒气，就像两只黑洞洞的眼睛，死死地瞄准了他……

"You've scored a hit! Chief Yang, you did deserve to be called the crackshot in the guerrilla warfare days!" Secretary Li jumped and shouted with joy like a child and rushed to pick up the shot bird.

Old Yang chuckled, patted the gun and said, "Excellent shotgun! Excellent indeed!"

As they were walking to the waiting black car, Old Yang remarked, "That fellow Wang recommended a fairly good spot to us for hunting."

Seizing the opportunity, Secretary Li cut in probingly, "He used to be your subordinate, didn't he? This time Ws asked you to grant him 50 tons of building material . . .

"Don't you ever try to talk me into consenting on his behalf. I won't agree, not on any account! A tiny opening will let in a gust of wind. We Party cadres should not engage in any under-the-counter business." Yang stopped to glance over the misty lake where the water joined the sky. "What a nice view! It's a pity that my daughter Ting hasn't come with us," he concluded.

"There is something nicer in store for her today," Secretary Li smiled with an air of mystery and went on. "Director Wang has managed to get your daughter transferred to the Provincial Drama Troupe with the help of Old Ma of the Cultural Bureau."

"Really?" Old Yang knitted his brows.

Secretary Li pretended not to notice it and got into the car, and with his hand still on the door, murmured as if to himself, "As for this car, it was allocated to you through the effort of Director Wang too. When your wife fell ill, she was rushed to hospital in the same car."

"Damn it? I have long been aimed at as a target!" Old Yang thought as he subconsciously tightened his gasp on the shotgun. Secretary Li took a swift glance at the gun, and seeming to have been reminded of something, said, "Director Wang knew that you were fond of hunting, so he had this shotgun sent especially to your home. . ." The engine started. Old Yang was taken aback and couldn't help drawing his breath sharply. The chilling black muzzles glared coldly at him just like a pair of black eyes.

鸭鸽

王汾滨言：其乡有养八哥者，教以语言，甚押习，出游必与之俱，相将数年矣。一日，将过绛州，而资斧已罄，其人愁苦无策。鸟云：“何不告我？送我王邸，当得善价，不愁归路无资也。”其人云：“我安忍。”鸟言：“不妨。主人得价疾行，待我城西二十里大树下。”其人从之。携至城，相问答，观者渐众。有中贵见之，闻诸王。王召入，欲买之。其人曰：“小人相依为命，不愿卖。”王问鸟：“汝愿住否？”言：“愿住。”王喜。鸟又言：“给价十金，勿多予。”王益喜，立界十金。其人故作懊恨状而去。王与鸟言，应对便捷。呼肉啖之。食已，鸟曰：“臣要浴。”王命金盆贮水，开笼令浴。浴已，飞檐间，梳翎抖羽，尚与王喋喋不休。顷之，羽燥，翩跹而起，操晋声曰：“臣去呀！”顾盼已失所在。王及内侍，仰面咨磋。急觅其人，则已渺矣。后有往秦中者，见其人携鸟在西安市上。毕载积先生记。

The Story of a Myna

Wang Fenbin said that in his village there was a man who had a myna. He trained it to speak and they got attached to each other. Wherever he went he took it with him. They had been together for years.

When he was arriving at 3iangraou one day, he found that tie had run out of money. He was upset, riot knowing what to do. The myna said, "Why not sell me? Take me to the prefect and you can sell me for a good price and traveling expenses will be no problem." The man said, "I can't bear to sell you." The myna said, "That's nothing. As soon as you get the money, get away from here quickly and wait for me under a big tree about twenty R west of town." The man took its advice. Re went to town with the bird, engaging it in brief conversations. Soon they attracted marry onlookers. The steward of the prefect saw the bird and told the prefect about it. The prefect summoned the man to his house and he wanted to buy the bird. The man said, "We depend on each other for survival. I cannot sell it to you." The prefect asked the bird, "Do you like to stay with me?" The bird answered, "Yes, I do." The prefect was delighted to hear it. Then the bird said again, "Give him ten *liang* of silver and no more." The prefect was all the more delighted. He gave the man ten hang of silver. The man left, with a feigned look of dejection.

The prefect asked the bird questions and the bind answered with great readiness. He ordered to give it meat to eat. The moment it finished the meat, the bird said, "I want to take a bath." The prefect ordered to bring a gold basin, fill it with water, open the cage and let it bathe in it. When the bath was over, the bird flew up to the eave where it shook off the water and trimmed its plumage, in the meantime, chattering away with the prefect. In another moment its plumage was dried and the bird fluttered up, saying in the local accent, "I am going, sir, " When they looked up to gee, the bird was out of sight. The prefect and his servants could do nothing but sigh toward the sky. When servants were sent to look for the birdman he was nowhere to be found. Later someone, traveling to Shaanxi, saw the man with his bird in Xi' an. This story is told by Mr. Bi Zaiji.

铜镜

我们在参观博物馆时，常常看到各种古代铜镜。它是我国古代人民用来整容的家庭日用品。这些铜镜大多是从古墓中出土的，也有少数是传世之物。

早在公元前 11 世纪，我国先民已经使用铜镜了。战国时期，铜镜在民间盛行。镜的正面磨光发亮，背面有的饰单层或双层花纹，常见的有兽面纹、花叶纹、龙凤纹等。西汉时期，铜镜较厚重，纹饰多几何图案、神人和禽兽纹等。并有铸刻铭文，每句仅三至四字，例如：“长相思”、“毋相忘”、“常富贵”、“乐未央”等。内容多是通俗的吉祥语。宋、元时期出现了圆镜、长方镜、菱镜、八棱镜和带柄手镜等。清代以后，逐渐被玻璃镜所代替。

上海博物馆展出一件铜镜——“透光镜”，它是西汉时期的珍品，直径为 11.5 厘米。这面铜镜与普通铜镜一样，背面有图案，还有铭文。奇怪的是，当一束光线照到镜面，反射投影在墙壁上，墙上的光亮圈内竟出现铜镜背面的图案和文字，好像从镜背“透”过来的，故称“透光镜”。对于这种现象，在过去很长的时间里，连科学家们都感到惊奇，人们把它称做“魔镜”。今天，我国已可仿制出售，作为旅游纪念品，很受外国游客的欢迎。

我国古代常把铜镜当做随葬品。在古墓中，往往发现铜镜放置在死者的头顶或胸侧。有时把铜镜和木梳一起放在漆匣内或小荷包里。在发掘古墓时，还发现有的铜镜放在墓顶上方，据说这是为了“辟邪”和“降妖”。

The Bronze Mirror

Whenever we visit a museum, we see various types of ancient bronze mirrors. Used as a household necessity for dressing by the ancient Chinese people, these bronze mirrors were mostly unearthed from ancient tombs, while some are kept as heirlooms.

Our ancestors started to use bronze mirrors in as early as the 11th century B.C. During the Warring States Period, bronze mirrors prevailed among the populace. The front side of the mirrors, after being polished, glistens while the backside is embellished with single-layered or double-layered patterns, among which the commonly seen are thus- of animal faces, flowers and leaves, dragons and phoenixes. During the Western Han Period, the bronze mirrors used to be relatively thick and heavy. Most of the decorative patterns were of geometrical forms, supernatural figures, or fowls and animals, accompanied by inscriptions of only three or four characters with such meanings as "eternal love", "never to forget", "wealth for ever" and "everlasting happiness". The content frequently dealt with common well-wishings. During the Song and Yuan Dynasties the bronze mirrors appeared in all shapes: round, rectangular, rhomboidal, octagonal, and those with a handle. Since the Qing Dynasty, however, the bronze mirror has gradually given way to the glass mirror.

Shanghai Museum, one finds a treasure of the Western Han Period, the "penetrative bronze mirror", measuring 11.5 cm. in diameter. Like ordinary bronze mirrors it bears patterns and inscriptions on the back. But what amazes people is that when a bundle of rays is projected onto the surface of the mirror, which, in turn, reflects the light on the wall, the patterns and inscriptions on the backside are shown in the ring of the light, as if they had penetrated the whole thickness of the mirror. Hence the name of "magic mirror". For a long time in the past, even scientists were so puzzled at the phenomenon that it was called a "magic mirror". Today, reproductions of this mirror are being made and sold as souvenirs and they appeal very much to tourists.

In ancient times, bronze mirrors were very often used as sacrificial objects. In the ancient tombs, one can always expect to find bronze mirrors placed on top of the head or beside the chest of the dead. Sometimes, bronze mirrors and combs were put together in lacquer boxes or small pouches. In unearthing ancient tombs, bronze mirrors were sometimes discovered on the inner topsides, in order to keep away evil spirits and subdue demons, so it was said.

学校
吴晴

我怎能忘记那美丽的校园呢？

那儿处处是碧绿的芳草，绿草中铺着洁白的、笔直的石路。路两旁种的那些树分明是一品红，然而原该为大红色的排列为环状的叶，却变为柔媚的粉红，还有着淡绿色的边儿。我常在这条长长的石径上散步。走着走着，来到一座宽阔的台子上，站在那里可以看到迷人的晚霞与夕照，偶然也能看到冒着浓烟呜呜南去的列车。件转身往回走，不远便会来到实验室和图书馆。这儿宽大的落地窗软帘垂地，。窗外的木棉树上开着耀眼的红花。再往前走便是餐厅了，那儿有一株美丽的树，开着雪一样白的花儿。那花儿开得轻柔而又婀娜，一朵朵地连成一片，从远处看去，美得像新娘雪白的头纱。后来我才知道这就是我在书上读到那么多次的曼陀罗。

学校的中心地带是个扇形的喷水泉，中间很艺术地摆着些中国式的太湖石。这是新建的。

在我们中国教师住的院子里，有一个跟这模式一样的喷水泉，不过比这要小得多，像个盆景似的，那是早来这儿的老师利用业余时间建的。他们在池中放了些水草和金鱼，可能是为了抒发对祖国的怀念之情吧，还在太湖石上用秀丽的隶书字体刻了“二泉映月”四个红字，似乎这么一来，西湖便在他们的怀抱之中了，故乡的月便也在向着这些游子微笑了。

一天，学校的校长来到中国教师的住所。他对这个喷水池赞不绝口，定要中国教师为学校也设计一个跟这同样的喷水池，建在校园的中央。于是在校园里，在绿茸茸的芳草和艳丽花朵之间又加上了一个中国色彩的喷水池，在阳光的辉照下，喷射着亮晶晶的水珠儿。

The College
Wu Qing

How can I ever forget the beautiful campus in Africa?

The grounds were covered with dark green grass through which stretched a straight white stone path .On both sides of the path were planted what I believed to be poinsettias. Now the flowers were surrounded by pinkish leaves instead of bright red ones as they should have been. Trimmed with light green edges, the leaves looked delicate and charming. Along the long path I often took a stroll which would take me to a wide terrace, where I could watch the enchanting glow of sunset, and occasionally catch the sight of a train pulling and hooting on its way southward.

On my way back I would pass by the laboratory and library building whose large French windows had soft curtains let fall to the floor. Just outside the windows kapok flowers glowed red in full bloom. A short way off stood the dining hall, where I found a tree bearing snow-white blossoms so graceful and soft to the touch, Viewed together from the distance, they were as beautiful as a bridal veil. Later I learned that it was a tree called datura which I had so often read about in books.

In the centre of the campus was a newly-built fan-shaped fountain. A number of Chinese taihu rocks were arranged in it with a touch of artistry. And there was a story behind it.

In the courtyard of the house where Chinese teachers were living, there was also a similar but much smaller fountain looking like potted landscape. It was built by the Chinese teachers who had come earlier in their spare time. They had graced it with water plants and goldfish .Perhaps out of a yearning for their homeland, they had even engraved on a taihu rock four Chinese characters: “Er Quan Ying Yue’ meaning “two springs reflecting the moonlight.” These characters were painted red and written in an ancient calligraphic style. The homesick Chinese teachers seemed to feel that at the sight of these characters, they could by a flight of the imagination bring to their presence a native moon smiling beaming over the West Lake.

One day the president of the college came to visit the Chinese teachers. Delighted by the beauty of their fountain he asked them to design another one for the college. Thus in the centre of the campus, in a field of green grass and colourful flowers appeared a new Chinese fountain spurting out water drops glistening in the sunlight.

草衍
野夏

有这样一个故事。

有人问：世界上什么东西的气力最大？回答纷纭的很，有的说“象”，有的说“狮”，有人开玩笑似的说：是“金刚”。金刚有多少气力，当然大家全不知道。

结果，这一切答案完全不对，世界上气力最大的，是植物的种子。一粒种子所可以显现出来的力，简直是超越一切，这儿又是一个故事。

人的头盖骨，结合得非常致密与坚固，生理学家和解剖学者用尽了一切的方法，要把它完整地分出来，都没有这种力气，后来忽然有人发明了一个方法，就是把一些植物的种子放在要剖析的头盖骨里，给它以温度与湿度，使它发芽，一发芽，这些种子便以可怕的力量，将一切机械力所不能分开的骨骼，完整地分开了，植物种子力量之大，如此如此。

这，也许特殊了一点，常人不容易理解，那么，你看见笋的成长吗？你看见过被压在瓦砾和石块下面的一颗小草的生成吗？他为着向往阳光，为着达成它的生之意志，不管上面的石块如何重，石块与石块之间如何狭，它必定要曲曲折折地，但是顽强不屈地透到地面上来，它的根往土壤钻，它的芽往地面挺，这是一种不可抗的力，阻止它的石块，结果也被它掀翻，一粒种子的力量的大，如此如此。

没有一个人将小草叫做“大力士”，但是它的力量之大，的确是世界无比。这种力，是一般人看不见的生命力，只要生命存在，这种力就要显现，上面的石块，丝毫不足以阻挡，因为它是一种“长期抗战的力，有弹性，能屈能伸的力，有韧性，不达目的不止的力。

Wild Grass
Xia Yan

There is a story which goes like this:

Someone asked, "What is the most powerful thing in the world?"

There was a variety of answers.

"Elephant," someone said.

"Lion," another said.

"Buddha's guardian warrior," still another said half-jokingly. As to how powerful the Buddha's guardian warrior was, no one was sure.

In fact none of the answers was correct. The most powerful thing in the world is the seed of plants. The force displayed by a seed is simply incomparable. Here goes another story:

The bones of a human skull are so tightly and firmly joined that no physiologist and anatomist had succeeded in taking them apart whatever means they tried. Then someone invented a method. He put sonic seeds of a plant in the skull to be dissected and provided the necessary temperature and moisture to make them germinate. Once the seeds germinated, they manifested a terrible force with which he succeeded in opening up the human skull that had failed to be opened even by mechanical means.

You may think this is too unusual a story to be grasped by the common mind. Well, have you ever seen how the bamboo shoots grow? Have you ever seen how frail young grass grow out from under debris and rubble? In order to get the sunshine and bring its will to grow into play, no matter how heavy the rocks are and how narrow the space between the rocks, it will wind its way up irresistibly, its roots drilling downward and its sprouts shooting upward. This is an irresistible force. Any rock lying in its way will be overturned. This again shows how powerful a seed can be.

Though the little grass has never been said to be herculean, the power it shows is matchless in the world. It is an invisible force of life. So long as there is life, the force will show itself. The rock above it is not heavy enough to prevent it from growing because it is a force that keeps growing over a period of time, because it is an elastic force that can shrink and expand, because it is a tenacious force that will not stop growing until it is grown.

The seed does not choose to fall on fertile land but among debris. If it is filled with life, it is never pessimistic or sad, for it is tempered by resistance and pressure. The grass that fights its way out since the moment it is born can be called "strong" and "tenacious"; only the grass that fights its way up since its

种子不落在肥土而落在瓦砾中，有生命力的种子决不会悲观和叹气，因为有了阻力才有磨炼。生命开始的一瞬间就带了斗争来的草，才是坚韧的草，也只有这种草，才可以傲然地对那些玻璃棚中养育着的盆花哄笑。

birth has the right to laugh with justified pride at the potted plants in glassed green houses.

种梨

有乡人货梨于市，颇甘芳，价腾贵。有道士破巾絮衣，丐于车前。乡人咄之，亦不去；乡人怒，加以叱骂。道士曰：“一车数百颗，老袖止丐其一，于居士亦无大损，何怒为？”观者劝置劣者一枚令去，乡人执不肯。肆中佣保者，见喋聒联不堪，遂出钱市一枚，付道士。道士拜谢，谓众曰：“出家人不解吝惜。我有佳梨，请出供客。”或曰：“既有之，何不自食？”曰：“我特需此核作种。”于是掬梨大啖。且尽，把核于手，解肩上镢，坎地深数寸，纳之而覆以土。向市人索汤沃灌。好事者于临路店索得沸沈，道士接浸坎处。万目攒视，见有勾萌出，渐大；俄成树，枝叶扶苏；倏而花，倏而实，硕大芳馥，累累满树。道七乃即树头摘赐观者，顷刻向尽。已，乃以镢伐树，丁丁良久，方断；带叶荷肩头，从容徐步而去。

初，道士作法时，乡人亦杂立众中，引领注目，竟忘其业。道士既去，始顾车中，则梨已空矣。方悟适所依散，皆己物也。又细视车上一靶亡，是新凿断者。心大愤恨。急迹之，转过墙隅，则断靶弃垣下，始知所伐梨本，即是物也。道士不知所在。一市粲然。

Planting a Pear Tree

A villager took his pears to the market to sell. His pears were juicy and sweet, but the price was high. A Taoist priest, in an old cap and worn cotton robe, came up to his cart and begged for a pear. The villager told him to go away but he would not. The villager got angry and began to use strong words at him. The Taoist priest said, "You've got a cartful of pears which must be in the hundred, but I am asking for only one of them and one pear is not much of a loss to you. Why are you getting so angry shout it?" The onlookers said, "Give him a bad one and let him go." A waiter in the tavern, hearing the noisy bickering in the street, came anti bought a pear for the priest. The priest thanked him and said to the crowd, "As a Taoist priest I am not that sparing. I've got first-class pears and I'd like to share them with you." Someone in the crowd said, "Why not eat your own pears then, since you've got some?"

"But I need the core of it as seed," the priest said and, holding up the pear with his hands, began to eat. When he ate up the pear, he held its core in one hand and, with the other, he took off a small shovel from his back. He began to dig in the ground a hole two or three inches deep, put the core in it and then covered it with earth. Lie asked if anyone in the crowd could find some hot water for him. One of them, an obliging person, fetched some boiling water from a strop by the street. The priest took it over and poured it where the core of the pear was buried.

While tine people around watched, the core sprouted and grew and, in a moment, became a tree with exuberant foliage and, in another couple of seconds, it began to blossom and bear pears. The pears were big, emitting sweet fragrance and the tree was heavy with them. The priest picked them and gave them to the people around and soon there were no more. Then the priest began to cut the tree and he worked at it for a long while before he felled it. He put the tree, leaves and all, on his shoulder and walked off at a leisurely pace.

While the priest was playing the magic the pear seller, standing among the crowd, craned his neck to watch,

forgetting his own business. When the priest was gone he found that all his pears in the cart were gone. It was not until then that he realized the pears the priest had dished out were all his pears. And then he noticed that one shaft of his cart disappeared and the cut was fresh. The pear seller was bursting with anger. He dashed off to run after the priest. Turning the corner he found the lost shaft was lying at the foot of the wall. And by then he realized that it was the shaft of his cart, not the tree, that the priest was cutting. The priest was nowhere to be found and the whole marketplace was immensely amazed. (刘士聪 译)

哀互生
朱自清

三月里刘熏宇君来信，说互生病了，而且是没有希望的病，医生说只好等日子了。四月底在《时事新报》上见到立达学会的通告，想不到这么快互生就死了！后来听说他病中的光景，那实在太惨；为他想，早点去，少吃些苦头，也未尝不好的。但丢下立达这个学校，这班朋友，这班学生，他一定不甘心，不瞑目！

互生最叫我们纪念的是他做人的态度。他本来是一副铜筋铁骨，黑皮肤衬着那一套大布之衣，看去像个乡下人。他什么苦都吃得，从不晓得享用，也像乡下人。他心里那一团火，也像乡下人。那一团火是热，是力，是光。由他不爱多说话，但常常微笑；那微笑是自然的，温暖的。在他看，人是可以互相爱着的，除了一些成见已深，不愿打开窗户说亮话的。他对这些人却有些憎恶，不肯假借一点颜色。世界上只有能憎的人才能爱；爱憎没有定见，只是毫无作为的脚色。公互生觉得青年成见还少，希望最多；所以愿意将自己的生命一滴不剩而献给他们，让爱的宗教在他们中间发荣滋长，让他们都走向新世界去。互生不好发议论，只埋着头干干干，是儒家的真正精神。我和他并没有深谈过，但从他的

Mourning for Husheng
Zhu Ziqing

In March I heard from Mr. Liu Xunyu that Husheng was sick and hopelessly sick at that. The doctor said there was nothing he could do but to wait for the day to arrive. Toward the end of April, I came across an obituary issued by Lida Association in the newspaper Current Affairs. How quickly the day had arrived! Later, when I learned how he had suffered during his illness, I thought it was too miserable. From his point of view, however, his passing away was not a bad thing after all, because he suffered less by going earlier. But it must have been very hard for him to close his eyes and resign himself to the fact that he was leaving his Lida School, his friends and his students behind.

What was most memorable about Husheng was his attitude toward life. He was as strong as a man of steel, his dark complexion set off by clothes of coarse cloth, looking like someone from the countryside. He could withstand any hardship and never sought ease and comfort. In this respect he was like a countryman, too. Again like a countryman, he had a heart as warm as fire radiating warmth, power and light. He was a man of few words, but of all smiles. His smile was natural and friendly. In his view, people could love each other, except those with deep prejudices and those who could not bring themselves out in the open. He hated these people, and to them he wouldn't show anything like gentleness. In this world, only those who could hate could love. Those who did not know what to love and what to hate were useless people. Husheng thought that young people had little prejudice but lots of future promise, so he was willing to devote his life to them without reservation, letting the religion of love grow and flourish among them so that they could all go to a new world. Husheng was not fond of talking too much, instead, he put his mind on work, and work, and nothing but work--an

行事看来，相信我是认识他的。

互生办事的专心，少有人及得他。他办立达便饮食坐卧只惦着立达，再不想别的。立达好像他的情人，他的独子。他性情本有些狷介，但为了立达，也常去看一班大人先生，更常去看那些有钱可借的老板之类。他东补西凑地为立达筹款子，还要跑北京，跑南京。有一回他本可以留学去，但丢不下立达，到底没有去。他将生命献给立达，立达也便是他的生命。他办立达这么多年，并没有让多少人知道他个人的名字，他早忘记了自己。现在他那样壮健的身子到底为立达牺牲了。他殉了自己的理想，是有意义的。只是这理想刚在萌芽；我们都该想想，立达怎样才可不死呢？立达不死，互生其实也便不死了。

embodiment of the Confucian spirit. Though I never had a chance to talk with him very closely, I was convinced that I understood him from the way he carried himself and conducted matters.

Few people I knew of were as devoted as Husheng. When he was running Lida School, all his thoughts were on the school, whatever he did. Lida was like his sweetheart, his only son. He was by nature an honest man, but for the sake of Lida, he had to go and see important people, bosses and others from whom he hoped to borrow money. To raise funds, he had to run many places, even as far as Beijing and Nanjing. Once he could have gone to study abroad, but he did not go in the end because he could not tear himself away from the school. He had sacrificed his life for Lida and Lida had become his life too. Though he was head of the school for so many years, he never tried to make his name known to the public. He had forgotten about himself altogether. Now he had worked himself to death for Lida despite his robust constitution. He had died for his ideal—a meaningful death. His ideal was merely beginning to bud. Now we should all think about one question: what must we do to keep Lida alive? If Lida is kept alive, Husheng lives on.

落花生
许地山

我们屋后有半亩隙地。母亲说：“让它荒芜着怪可惜，既然称们那么爱吃花生，就辟来做花生园罢。”我们几姊弟和几个小丫头都很喜欢——买种的买种，动土的动土，灌园的灌园；过不了几个月，居然收获了！

妈妈说：“今晚我们可以做一个收获节，也请你们爹爹来尝尝我们底新花生，如何？”我们都答应了。母亲把花生做成好几样食品，还吩咐这节期要在园里底茅亭举行。

那晚上底天色不大好，可是爹爹也到来，实在很难得！爹爹说：“你们爱吃花生么？”

我们都争着答应：“爱！”

“谁能把花生底好处说出来？”

姊姊说：“花生底气味很美。”

哥哥说：“花生可以制油。”

The Peanut
Xu Dishan

At the back of our house there was half a mu of vacant land. "It's a pity to let it go to waste like that," Mother said. "Since you all enjoy eating peanuts, let us open it up and make it a peanut garden." At that my brother, sister and I were all delighted and so were the young housemaids. Some went to buy seeds, some dug the ground and others watered it and, in a couple of months, we had a harvest!

"Let us have a party tonight to celebrate," Mother suggested, "and ask Dad to come for a taste of our fresh peanuts. What do you say?" We all agreed, of course. Mother cooked the peanuts in different styles and told us to go to the thatched pavilion in the garden for the celebration.

The weather was not very good that night but, to our great delight, Dad came all the same. "Do you like peanuts?" Dad asked.

"Yes!" we all answered eagerly.

"But who ran tell me what the peanut is good for?"

"It is very delicious to eat," my sister took the lead.

"It is good for making cooking oil," my brother followed.

"It is inexpensive." I said. "Almost everyone can afford it and everyone enjoys eating it. I think this is what it is good

我说：“无论何等人都可以用贱价买它来吃；都喜欢吃它。这就是它的好处。”

爹爹说：“花生底用处固然很多；但有一样是很可贵的。这小小的豆不像那好看的苹果、桃子、石榴，把它们底果实悬在枝上，鲜红嫩绿的颜色，令人一望而发生羡慕的心。它只把果子埋在地底，等到成熟，才容人把它挖出来。你们偶然看见一棵花生瑟缩地长在地上，不能立刻辨出它有没有果实，非得等到你接触它才能知道。”

我们都说：“是的。”母亲也点点头。爹爹接下去说：“所以你们要像花生，因为它是有用的，不是伟大、好看的东西。”我说：“那么，人要做有用的人，不要做伟大、体面的人了。”爹爹说：“这是我对于你们的希望。”

我们谈到夜阑才散，所有花生食品虽然没有了，然而父亲底话现在还印在我心版上。

for."

"Peanut is good for many things," Dad said, "but there is one thing that is particularly good about it. Unlike apples, peaches or pomegranates that display their fruits up in the air, attracting you with their beautiful colours, peanut buries its fruit in the earth. It does not show itself until you dig it out when it is ripe and, unless you dip 4 out, you can't tell whether it bears fruit or not just by its frail stems above ground."

"That's true," we all said and Mother nodded tier assent. "So you should try to be like the peanut,' Dad scent on, "because it is useful, though not great or attractive."

"Do you mean," I asked, "we should team to be useful but not seek to be great or attractive?"

"Yes," Dad said. "'Ibis is what I wish you to be."

We stayed up late that night, eating all the peanuts Mother had cooked for us. But Father's words remained vivid in my memory till this day.

盲演员
周志俊

“别动！……叫你别动就别动！”

“动一个‘裤脚管’有什么？”

“什么‘裤脚管’？！”

我不知道是哪根神经的传导，使这位双目失明的演员知道我在偷偷撩动翼幕。我习惯叫翼幕为“裤脚管”，这使他很生气，粘着的胡子簌簌发抖，要不是化了妆，肯定是张铁青的脸。

以他的艺龄，完全可以做做剧院艺术顾问的事了，多省心！但他说一个演员不能离开舞台，也许到死！于是每逢他演出，院长派我负责他的安全：上场、下场……

舞台上的翼幕，什么时候开始被叫做“裤脚管”，无人能回答亡但的确有这样的事，有些演员常在吃食后，便把它当做抹布擦

A Blind Actor
Zhou Zhijun

"Don't move it! Don't move it, I tell you!"

"I've just moved 'the trouser legs' a little. What of it?"

"What 'trouser legs'?! "

I didn't know which of his nerves told this blind actor that I was stealthily moving the side curtains. My habit of calling the side curtains "trouser legs" irritated him to such an extent that his artificial whiskers quivered. I was sure that under the make-up his face must be black with anger.

He deserved the position of art adviser in the troupe for the long years he had been working there. What a comfortably easy job it would have been for him! But ire claimed an artist should remain on the stage till death. So I was appointed by the director to see to his safety whenever he went on stage.

No one could say when the side curtains on the stage carne to be called the "trouser leg." In fact, some actors would use them as napkins after snacks, and others would lift them to take a short cut off the stage. All this he could no longer see. I had held u the side curtain just in time to keels him from tripping over it, and this was what I got in return from him.

手；下场时，为了少走两步，把“裤脚管”一撩，走个斜线就下妆去了。这些他现在已看不到了。这一次为了怕翼幕绊住他的脚，我才撩了一下，不幸落在我的身上，我心里嘟囔着：“摔着活该！”

他很生气地问起是谁给神圣的舞台上的翼幕取了“裤脚管”的名字，他那无光却仍有魅力的眼睛，突然涌出两颗泪珠，挂在眼角上，不落下来……

那是在他还未失明时候的事了，剧院门口贴着“庙小妖风大，池浅王八多”的对联，横批是“老朽滚蛋”。可是几个年轻人，演出就困难了。于是打着“落实政策”的幌子，把他解放出来，当舞台监督兼跑个不出声的群众。但他的好年月仅仅不到一个月，也就为了这条“裤脚管”，有人当主角，一出场就把翼幕一撩，亮相，下场一撩，表示帅劲儿。这些被池看在眼里，忘了“老老实实改造”的训示，在大庭广众面前就吼了起来，造反派组织了“现场批斗会”，狠狠斗这条“翻天”的“牛”。

“打倒斯坦尼的孝子贤孙！”

他心爱的学生，还把老师在牛棚里偷偷写成的《论舞台艺术的整体性》霍地甩了出来，于是现场像热油锅里掉进盐粒，沸起来了。

“在牛棚里还写黑文毒害人！”

一张张的地下文字，变成了碎片，在他脚下飞舞，他低着头，看见纸片上的字渐渐小去，小去，他复发了青光眼……

他对我抱歉地说，他看不得别人对艺术事业的糟蹋。他伸手摸起桌上一个照相架，里面是一张他扮演老工人的剧照，相框是古铜色雕花的。

“一个完整的艺术品，应当包括这个框架。翼幕就是舞台框子。假使把翼幕当成‘裤脚管’，

"It serves you right if you stumbled on it!" I cursed to myself.

With tears brimming in his sightless yet still attractive eyes, he angrily demanded to know who nicknamed the sacred side curtains "trouser legs."

This incident occurred during the Cultural Revolution when he still had his eyesight. At the door of the theater hung a couplet which read:

"A small temple with strong evil wind;

A shallow pond with many bad tortoises."

Between the vertical couplet stretched the horizontal streamer which read: "Away with old scoundrels." At that time only a few young actors were allowed to perform on the stage. It was almost impossible for them to give any good performances. So this veteran actor was soon "liberated" under the pretext of "implementing the policies" and was made stage manager with the concurrent job of playing silent minor roles on the stage. However, this job which kept him free lasted no more than a month. It was ail because of "the trouser legs" incident. Some leading actors used to hold up one of the side curtains to strike a pose when going on the stage and hold it up again to show off when leaving the stage. When he saw such behavior he forgot the directive of "remoulding in real earnest" and roared with indignation at these actors. A public meeting wits held on the spot by the rebels to severely denounce this "ox" *who wanted to "overturn heaven." *

"Down with the filial son of Stanislavski!"

Then suddenly one of the old actor's favorite students flung out the article, On the Integrity of Stage An, which the old actor had written in secret when he was confined in the "ox shed" This set the whole audience boiling as if salt had been poured into a pot of hot oil.

"He even dared to write reactionary articles in the 'ox shed' to poison people's minds!"

Viciously they tore up all the streets of his article and scattered the pieces swirling around the old actor's feet. Bending his head, he watched the words on the scraps of paper becoming fainter and fainter until he could see no more because of a relapse of glaucoma.

The old veteran then told me as if in apology that he couldn't bear to see art maltreated. Fumbling on the table, he took up a carved bronze-colored photo frame containing a stage photo of himself as a Veteran worker. He said to me, "A complete work of art should include the frame as well. The side curtains are a part of the stage frame. If we treat them as

随便破坏它，那我们怎么能称得上是人类灵魂的工程师呢！”

我真希望他现在能眼睛豁亮起来，让他看到我的泪水，我的忏悔。他看见了，因为他没有再说下去。

'trouser legs' and abuse them at will, how can we actors deserve to be referred to as 'the engineers of the human soul'?"

How I wished he could see again! He would see my regretful tears. Yes, he did see all too clearly, for he abruptly broke off.

* ox: a term used during the Cultural Revolution, referring to a class enemy .

* overturn heaven: to overthrow the government.

* ox shed : a place where "oxen" (class enemies) were confined.

“孺子马”

宋连昌

我的邻居老纪，是位消息灵通人士。每天下班，总要带回几条新闻：大至国内外大事，小到谁家夫妻吵架、婆媳不和……他发布新闻，是大家都在做饭的时候，地点自然以厨房居多。

这天，老纪进了厨房就说：“老王，你听说了吗？”“什么事？”“XXX 的儿子被逮了。”“噢！因为什么？”我停住手里的菜刀，惊愕地问。“还用说，犯法了呗！……”

“其实，那孩子小时候也蛮好，都是家长的过失。”老纪一边淘米一边说，“你没看，从小就质。孩子说要星星，大人不敢摘月亮。你想孩子小时不教育，长大能好得了果不其然，以后骂人、打架、抽烟、喝酒全来了。”

老纪的话简直够得上至理名言，我不住地点头，并暗暗地为 xxx 惋惜，若是他早能听到老纪的“教诲”，也许不至于铸成今天的大错了。

老纪讲着，已打点好饭锅，准备切菜。不知怎么“哟”了一声不说了。我回头一看，原来他的案板背上用粉笔胡乱地画着些什么。但老纪一眼就认出那是他六岁的儿子小光的手笔，他默然一笑：“这小子，准是从昨晚的内部电影上看来的。”说着他又细细

An "Obedient Horse"

Song Liangchang

My neighbor Lao Ji was well informed. Every day when he got off work, he would bring several pieces of news from big events at home and abroad down to Small strifes between husband and wife, or between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. The tune far his news broadcast was usually dinner time, so the best place for it was naturally the shared kitchen.

One day, Lao Ji came into the kitchen and said, "Lao Wang, haven't you heard the news?"

"What?"

"So-and-so's son has been arrested."

"Oh? Why?" I asked in surprise, putting down the knife.

"No doubt for an offense against the law. The boy was quite a darling as a child. It was all his parents' fault," Lao Ji went on while washing rice. "He has been spoiled from childhood, you know. If the boy wanted a star, his parents would not dare to give him the moon. You see, if a child is not brought up properly from infancy, you cannot expect him to grow up in the right way, can you? Bad habits such as swearing, fighting, smoking and drinking are the consequences."

What he said was indeed right and proper and I kept nodding in agreement while secretly sympathizing with spend-so. If he had heard Lao Ji's lecture, he wouldn't have committed such a grave mistake.

Lao Ji had finished washing the rice and was preparing to cut the vegetables when he suddenly stopped short with an exclamation of "Oh!" I turned to see something scrawled in chalk on the back of his cutting board. Lao Ji recognized his six-year-old son's drawing at one glance. He then smiled, "that kid must have learnt this from a film he saw. It was a restricted film, not open to the public. "He stared at the picture for a while before slowly cleaning it off. Just then his

地端详一阵，才不慌不忙地擦去。

刚巧小光手持长矛从外面冲了进来，发现自己的“作品”被擦了，立刻大闹起来：“你干吗擦我的画？臭爸爸！”哭喊着用长矛向老纪刺过来。老纪急中生智，抓起锅盖来自卫，口里不住地求饶：“别别，好孩子，听爸爸说，爸爸不是给乖乖做饭吗？不擦掉怎么切菜呀？等我用完，你再画……”

“不行！不行！你赔我！”

“那……爸爸明天给你买个画册。”“不，我不干，你赔我，你赔我！”“那么，过一会爸爸趴在床上当马，让你骑上玩打仗，好不好？”

大概小孩子都爱玩打仗，小光这才住了手。可是这场“以子之矛攻父之盾”的战斗虽然结束了，紧接着又转入了“停战谈判”。小光提出马上就骑，老纪说：“爸爸现在正做饭，哪有工夫陪你玩？等吃完饭一定让你骑个够，撒谎是小狗。”小光仍然坚持己见，丝毫没有让步的意思。老纪搓着两手，忽然想起：“唉！对了，刚才爸爸又给你买来巧克力，你快去。要不都叫妈妈吃了。”“我不要吃，我要骑。”

谈判处于僵局，老纪正束手无策，老纪爱人出面调停了：“哎呀！你那么大人还跟孩子一般见识，饭晚点做怕什么，先让他骑一会不就完了？”

像在球场上双方发生争执时，裁判员一声哨令那样有效，老纪立刻回屋履行“孺子马”的义务去了……

son, Xiao Guang, rushed in with a long spear in hand. Seeing that his "masterpiece" was cleaned off, he flared up. "Why did you clean off my picture? What a beastly dad you are!" he tired, pointing his spear at Lao Ji.

In desperation, Lao Ji took up the pot lid for self defense. He was begging his son, "Please, don't! There is a dear! Listen to your dad. Dad is preparing dinner for you. How can I cut vegetables without cleaning the drawing off? You can draw on it after I have done the cutting, can't you?"

"No! That won't do! You must make it up to me!"

"Well, I'll buy you a drawing book tomorrow."

"No. it won't do, either. I must get it right now!"

"Well then, what if I serve as a horse on a bed while you ride on me and play being a knight?"

This suggestion made Xiao Guang put his spear away, for he liked the idea as most boys did. Hardly had the battle between the son's spear and father's shield ended when an "armistice" began. When Xiao Guang demanded to ride the horse right then, Lao Ji replied. "I'm now preparing dinner. I'll let you ride on me to your heart's content after dinner. Is that okay? If I don't keep my word, FU be damned!"

But Xiao Guang wouldn't budge an inch. Lao Ji wrung his hands in the air out of desperation and started to think of a new idea. "Oh, yes! I've just bought a bar of chocolate. Run and get it right now, or Mum will eat it all!"

"I don't want chocolate! I want to ride a horse..!"

The quarrel came to a stalemate, and Lao Ji was at his wit's end when his wife came to make peace. "Look at you, dear! So childish! What does it matter if we have dinner a bit later than usual?"

Her words were like a whistle of a referee that settled the dispute immediately. Lao Ji instantly went back to his room to carry out his duty as an "obedient horse."

小麻雀
老舍

雨后，院里来了个麻雀，刚长全了羽毛。它在院里跳，有时飞一下，不过是由地上飞到花盆沿上，或由花盆上飞下来。看它这么飞了两三次，我看出：它并不会飞得再高一些。它的左翅的几根长翎拧在一处，有一根特别的长，似乎要脱落下来。我试着往前凑，它跳一跳，可是又停住，看着我，小黑豆眼带出点要亲近我又不完全信任的神气。我想到了：这是个熟鸟，也许是自幼便养在笼中的。所以它不十分怕人。可是它的左翅也许是被养着它的或别个孩子给扯坏，所以它爱人，又不完全信任。想到这个，我忽然的很难过。一个飞禽失去翅膀是多么可怜。这个小鸟离了人恐怕不会活，可是人又那么狠心，伤了它的翎羽。它被人毁坏了，而还想依靠人，多么可怜！它的眼带出进退为难的神情，虽然只是那么个小而不美的小鸟，它的举动与表情可露出极大的委屈与为难。它是要保全它那生命，而不晓得如何是好。对它自己与人没有信心，而又愿找到些倚靠。它跳一跳，停一停，看着我，又不敢过来。我想拿几个饭粒诱它前来，又不敢离开，我怕小猫来扑它。可是小猫并没在院里，我很快地跑进厨房，抓来了几个饭粒。及至我回来，小鸟已不见了。我向外院跑去，小猫在影壁前的花盆旁蹲着呢。我忙去驱逐它，它只一扑，把小鸟擒住！被人养惯的小麻雀，连挣扎都不会，尾与爪在猫嘴旁搭拉着，和死去差不多。

瞧着小鸟，猫一头跑进厨房，又一头跑到西屋。我不敢紧追，怕它更咬紧了可又不能不追。虽然看不见小鸟的头部，我还没忘了那个眼神。那个预知生命危险

A Little Sparrow
Lao She

As soon as the rain stopped, a little sparrow, almost full-fledged, flew into the courtyard. It hopped, fluttered, darting up to the edge of flower pots and back to the ground again. Watching it move up and down a couple of times, I realized drat it could not fly any higher as the plumes on its left wing had got twisted with one sticking out as if about to come off. When I made an attempt to move closer, it jumped off a hit and stopped again, staring back at me with its small, black and bean-like eyes that had a mixed look of wanting to be friends with me and not being certain that I was trustworthy. It occurred to me that this must be a tame bird, having been caged since it was hatched perhaps. No wonder it was not much scared of my presence. Its left wing might have been impaired by some kid and that was why there was distrust in its look though it showed some intimacy with man. Suddenly I was seized with sadness. How miserable it was for a bird to lose its wings! Without someone taking care of it this small thing could not survive. But man had injured its wing. How cruel he was! Injured as it was, it still wanted to rely on man. How pitiable! The look in its eyes showed that She little creature was of two minds. It was small and by no means pretty, yet its gestures and expressions revealed that it had been wronged and landed in a difficult situation. It was anxious to keep its delicate life out of danger, but it did not know what to do. It had little confidence in itself and less trust in man, but it needed someone to rely on. It hopped and stopped, looking at me but too shy to come over. I thought of fetching some cooked rice to attract it, but I dared not leave it alone lest it should be attacked by the kitten. As the kitten was not around at the moment, I hurried to the kitchen and came back with a few grains only to find the bird missing. I ran to the outer yard and saw the kitten crouching by a flower pot in front of the screen wall. I hastened to drive her away but, with a quick jump, she caught hold of the bird. The tame sparrow, with its tail and claws dangling from the kitten's mouth, did not even know how to struggle. It looked more dead than alive.

With my eyes fixed on the bird, I watched the kitten run first to the kitchen and then to the ram at the west end. I was afraid to press hard after her, but I had to follow her in case she should tighten her jaws. Though the bird's head was not visible to me, the look of anticipated danger in its eyes was vivid in my mind. Between its look and my sympathy stood that small white cat. Having run a few rounds after her I quit,

的眼神。那个眼神与我的好心中间隔着一只小白猫。来回跑了几次，我不追了。追上也没用了，我想，小鸟至少已半死了。猫又进了厨房，我愣了一会儿，赶紧的又追了去；那两个黑豆眼仿佛在我心内睁着呢。

进了厨房，猫在一条铁筒——冬天升火通烟用的，春天拆下来便放在厨房的墙角一旁蹲着呢。小鸟已不见了。铁筒的下端未完全扣在地上，开着一个不小的缝儿，小猫用脚往里探。我的希望回来了，小鸟没死。小猫本来才四个来月大，还没捉住过老鼠，或者还不会杀生。只是叼着小鸟玩一玩。正在这么想，小鸟忽然出来了，猫倒像吓了一跳，往后躲了躲。小鸟的样子，我一眼便看清了，登时使我要闭上了眼。小鸟几乎是蹲着，胸离地很近，像人害肚痛蹲在地上那样。它身上并没血。身子可似乎是拳在一块，非常的短。头低着，小嘴指着地。那两个黑眼珠！非常的黑，非常的大，不看什么，就那么顶黑顶大的愣着。它只有那么一点活气，都在眼里，像是等着猫再扑它，它没力量反抗或逃避；又像是等着猫赦免了它，或是来个救星。生与死都在这俩眼里，而并不是清醒的。它是胡涂了，昏迷了：不然为什么由铁筒中出来呢可是，虽然昏迷，到底有那么一点说不清的，生命根源的，希望。这个希望使它注视着地上，等着，等着生或死。它怕得非常的忠诚气完全把自己交给了一线的希望，一点也不动。像把生命要从两眼中流出，它不叫也不动。

小猫没再扑它，只试着用小脚碰它。它随着击碰倾侧，头不动，眼不动，还呆呆地注视着地上。但求它能活着，它就决不反抗。可是并非全无勇气，它是在猫的面前不动！我轻轻地过去，

thinking it was pointless to chase her like that because, by the time I caught her, the bird would have been half dead. When the cat slipped back to the kitchen again, I hesitated for a second and then hurried over there too. It seemed, in my mind's eye, the little bird were pleading for help with its two black bean-like eyes.

In the kitchen I noticed the cat was crouching by a tin pipe which was installed as smoke duct in winter and dismantled in spring, at the corner, but the bird was not with her. The pipe leaned against the corner and, between its lower end and the floor; there was an opening through which the cat was probing with her paws. My hope revived: the bird was not dead. As the kitten was less than four months old, it had not teamed how to catch mice, or how to kill for that matter. It was merely holding the bird in its mouth and having fun with it. While I was thinking along these lines the little bird suddenly emerged and the kitten, taken aback, bolted backward. The way the little bird looked was so registered to me at the first glance that I felt like shutting my eyes immediately.

It was virtually crouching, with its chest close to the floor, like a man suffering from a stomachache. There was no stain of blood on its body, but it seemed to be shrinking up into itself. Its head dropped low, its small beak pointing to the floor. Its two black eyes, unseeing, were very black and large, looking last- The little life left in it was all in the eyes. It seemed to be expecting the cat to charge again, with no strength to resist or run; or wishing that the cat would be kind enough to pardon it or that some saviour would come along to its rescue. Life and death coexisted in its eyes. I thought the bird must be confused or stunned, or else why should it have come out from the pipe? Stunned as it was, it still cherished some hope which, though hard to define, was the source of life. With that hope it gazed at the floor, expecting either to survive or die. I was so really scared that it became completely motionless, leaving itself all to the precarious hope. It kept quiet and still as if waiting for its life to flow out of its eyes.

The kitten made no more attempts to attack it. She only tried to touch it with her little paws. As the kitten touched it, it tilted from side to side, its head undisturbed and its eyes looking blank at the floor. It would not fight back so long as there was a chance of survival. But the bird had not lost all of its courage; it acted this way only with the cat. I went over light-footed, picked up the cat and put her outside the door, the sparrow remaining where it was. When I took it up in my hands and looked, it was riot seriously injured, though some

把猫抓住。将猫放在门外，小鸟还没动。我双手把它捧起来。它确是没受了多大的伤。虽然胸上落了点毛。它看了我一眼！

我没主意：把它放了吧，它准是死；养着它吧，家中没有笼子。我捧着它，好像世上一切生命都在我的掌中似的，我不知怎样好。小鸟不动，拳着身，两眼还那么黑，等着！愣了好久，我把它捧到卧室里，放在桌子上，看着它，它又愣了半天，忽然头向左右歪了歪用它的黑眼睛了一下；又不动了，可是身子长出来一些，还低头看着，似乎明白了点什么。

fluff had come off its chest. It was looking at me.

I had no idea what to do. If I let it go, it was sure to die; if I kept it with me, I did not have a cage for it. I held it in my hands as if holding all the lives in the world, not knowing what to do. 'The sparrow huddled up, motionless, its eyes as black as ever, still expectant. It remained that way for a long while. I took it to my bedroom, put it on the desk and watched it for a few moments. Suddenly it tilted its head left and then right, winking its black eyes once or twice, and became still again. By now its body seemed to have stretched a bit, but it still kept its head low as if it had understood something.

雄辩症

王蒙

一位医生向我介绍，他们在门诊中接触了一位雄辩症病人。医生说：“请坐。”

病人说：“为什么要坐呢？难道你要剥夺我的不坐权吗？”

医生无可奈何，倒了一杯水，说：“请喝水吧。”

病人说：“这样谈问题是片面的，因而是荒谬的，并不是所有的水都能喝。例如你如果在水里掺上氰化钾，就绝对不能喝。”

医生说：“我这里并没有放毒药嘛。你放心！”

病人说：“谁说你放了毒药了呢？难道我诬告你放了毒药？难道检察院起诉书上说你放了毒药？我没说你放毒药，而你说我说你放了毒药，你这才是放了比毒药还毒的毒药！”

医生毫无办法，便叹了口气，换一个话题说：“今天天气不错。”

病人说：“纯粹胡说八道！你这里天气不错，并不等于全世界在今天都是好天气。例如北极，今天天气就很坏，刮着大风，漫漫长夜，冰山正在撞击……”

医生忍不住反驳说：“我们这

A Case of Eloquence

Wang Meng

A doctor once told me about one of his outpatients who suffered from the disease of eloquence:

"Please sit down," the doctor told him.

"Why should I?" the patient asked. "Are you going to deprive me of my right not to sit down?"

The doctor could say nothing but offered him a glass of water. "Have some water then."

The patient retorted, "This is lop-sided talk, so it is absurd. Not all water is drinkable. If you put some potassium cyanide in it, it will be undrinkable."

The doctor said, "I didn't put any poison in it. Please rest assured."

"Who said you put poison in it? Do you mean to say that I am lodging a false accusation against you? Has it been written in the indictment of the procurator that you have put poison in the water? I didn't say you had put poison in it, but you claimed that I said you had put poison in it. So you have indeed put in more poisonous poison against me!"

The doctor could not but heave a sigh and switched to another topic, "It's fine today."

The patient replied, "Nonsense! The fact that it is fine here doesn't mean that it is fine everywhere else in the world. At the North Pole, for example, it must be freezing, with strong winds, long nights and icebergs colliding with one another. . ."

The doctor couldn't help but retorted, "Ibis is not the North Pole."

The patient argued, "You can't deny the existence of the

里并不是北极嘛。”

病人说：“但你不应该否认北极的存在。你否认北极的存在，就是歪曲事实真相，就是别有用心。”

医生说：“你走吧。”

病人说：“你无权命令我走。你是医院，不是公安机关，你不可能逮捕我，你不可能枪毙我。”

……经过多方调查，才知道病人当年参加过“梁效”的写作班子，估计可能是一种后遗症。

North Pole. If you do, you'll be distorting facts with ulterior motives."

Finally the doctor begged him, "Please go away."

The patient again answered back. "You have no right to order me to leave. Yours is a hospital, not a public security office. So you can't arrest me, nor shoot me to death."

An investigation revealed the fact that this patient had joined the so-called "Lung Xiao" (An organization doing the Cultural Revolution that wrote the major articles which voiced the opinions of the Gang of Four. Here "Xiao" also implies "Loyalty to the Gang of Four.") writing group. What he was suffering from may have been the after-effects of that period.

大钱饺子

张林

那是动乱的第二年吧，我被划进了“黑帮”队伍里。我在那长长的“黑帮”队伍里倒不害怕。最怕的就是游斗汽车开到自己家门口，这一招太损了。噫，越害怕还越有鬼，有一次汽车就真的开到了一家门口。那八旬的老母亲看见了汽车上的我，嘴抖了几抖，闭上眼睛，扶着墙，身子像泥一样瘫了下去。妻子竟忘了去扶持母亲，站在那儿，眼睛都直了，跟个傻子一般。

我担心老母亲从此会离我而去。谢天谢地，她老人家总算熬过来了。

那年除夕这一天，竟把我放回家了。

一进家门，母亲用一种奇怪的眼光打量我，然后，她一下子扑过来，摸着我的脸。最后，她竟把脸埋在我的怀里，呜呜地哭起来；妻子领着孩子们只远远地站着，也在那儿哆哆嗦嗦地哭。

“媳妇，快包饺子，过年！”母亲对妻子说。于是，一家人忙起来，剁馅、和面……一会儿，全家就围在一起开始包饺子；这时，母亲忽然想起一件什么事，说：“哎呀，包个大钱饺子吧，谁吃了谁就有福！”

为了使母亲高兴，我同意了，而且希望母亲能吃到这个大钱饺子。我要真诚地祝福她，愿她多活几年。

母亲从柜里拿出个蓝布包，从包

A Good-luck Dumpling

Zhang Lin

In the second of those tumultuous years, I was labeled one of the "reactionary gang." What I feared most was not being queued up among this gang of so many, but the vicious practice of being publicly denounced on a truck in front of my own house. Well, fear or no fear, the lot fell on me soon enough. When the truck drove to the gate of my own house, my mother, who was already in her eighties, spotted me on the truck. Her lips trembling and eyes shut, she first leaned against the wall, then collapsed, weak and limp like soft mud on the ground. Meanwhile, my wife just stood there dumbfounded like a blockhead, forgetting even to help my mother up.

There and then I was afraid Mother would leave me forever. Thank God, she somehow managed to survive.

On the eve of the Spring Festival of that year, I was unexpectedly released to return home.

As I stepped into the house, Mother looked me up and down with unbelieving eyes before she threw herself on me and caressed my face. Then burying her head in my arms, she wept bitterly while my wife and children stood sobbing at a distance.

"Daughter-in-law, let's start making dumplings for the Festival!" Mother said to my wife. Instantly the whole family began chopping meat and kneading dough. In no time, all had gathered around the table to make dumplings.

Just then an idea dawned on my mother, and she suggested, "I say, let's put in a coin and make a good-luck dumpling. Whoever eats it will be blessed."

I agreed to make Mother happy, hoping that the coin would fall to her. With all my heart I wished her a long life.

里掏出一枚道光年间的铜钱来，她颤抖地把这枚古钱放在一个面皮上，上面又盖了点馅，包成一个饺子。这就是大钱饺子了。母亲包完这个饺子，用手在边上偷偷捏出一个记号，然后，若无其事地把它和别的饺子放在一起。但我已经清楚地记住了这个饺子的模样了。

饺子是母亲亲自煮的，饺子要熟了，像一群羊羔一样漂上来。我一眼就看见那个带记号的大钱饺子。

母亲在盛饺子的时候，把这个大钱饺子盛在一个碗里，又偷偷把它拨在紧上边，然后把这碗饺子推到我面前：“吃吧，多吃，趁热吃。”我觉得心里一阵热，鼻子也酸疼起来。我想应该让母亲吃，让她高兴高兴。但我一时想不出办法，因为母亲认识这个饺子。

我想那就给妻子吧，她跟我生活了20年，现在已经是快半百的人了。为了我挨斗，她心血都快熬干了。我趁妻子在厨房去拿辣椒油的工夫，偷偷把大钱饺子拨在她的碗里。谁知，妻子从厨房回来，看了看碗，又用一双深沉和感激的眼睛望着我，眼圈都红了。啊！她也认识这个大钱饺子。

妻子没有做声，她吃了几个饺子，忽然说了声：“都快粘在一块了。”说着，就把所有的饺子碗拿起来摇晃，晃来晃去，就把那碗有大钱饺子的放到了母亲跟前。母亲显然没有注意，边看我边吃饺子，突然“啊”了一声，大钱饺子咬了牙。

奶奶有福！吃到大钱饺子了！”妻子像孩子般喊着。

“我……这是咋回事？”母亲疑惑着。这时，当啷一声，一个东西从她的嘴里掉在碟子里，正是那个大钱。

于是，我领着老婆孩子一齐欢呼起来：“母亲有福！”

“奶奶有福！”

“……”

母亲突然大笑起来，笑着笑着，流出了一脸泪。我和妻子也流了泪。

Mother took a blue cloth parcel from the wardrobe, unfolded it and picked out a copper coin of the Daoguang period. With shaking hands she put the coin on a dumpling wrapper, added some filling, and made one which we used to call a good-luck dumpling. During the process, Mother secretly made a mark on the edge of the dumpling before mixing it with the rest. She pretended nothing had happened, but the trick didn't escape my eye. I bore the mark firmly in mind.

Mother boiled the dumplings all by herself. The nearly cooked dumplings floated onto the surface like a herd of lambs. I spotted the marked dumpling at first sight.

When she scooped up the dumplings, Mother deliberately put the good-luck dumpling on top of the others in a bowl and pushed the bowl to me, saying, "Help yourself, Take as many as you like while they are hot."

A wave of warmth surged over me and my nose twitched. I had thought it would make Mother happy and give her a lovely surprise if she ate the good-luck dumpling. But I could not figure out how to get her to eat it for she could easily identify the dumpling. I then thought of my wife who had lived with me for twenty years and was getting on fifty. She was almost worn out with worry as I was denounced.

Taking the opportunity when she went to the kitchen for chilli oil, I put the good-luck dumpling into her bowl. Who could have expected that she would recognize with my mother's. Obviously Mother didn't notice the shift and went on eating eyes on the all the time. "Ouch!" suddenly she cried out. The coin had hurt her teeth.

"Oh, Granny is blessed! She got the good-luck dumpling!" my wife shouted like a child.

"I . . . How come?" Mother was puzzled. Just at that moment, something fell out of her mouth onto the plate with a clang. It was none other than the coin.

So I joined my wife and children in a chorus, "Granny is blessed! Mother is blessed!"

Mother burst into laughter, and then into tears, as my wife and I shared with her all her sorrow and joy.

* Daoguang Period: the period between 1821 and 1851 of the Qing Dynasty

荷塘月色

朱自清

这几天心里颇不宁静。今晚在院子里坐着乘凉，忽然想起日日走过的荷塘，在这满月的光里，总该另有一番样子吧。月亮渐渐地升高了，墙外马路上孩子们的欢笑，已经听不见了；妻在屋里拍着闰儿，迷迷糊糊地哼着眠歌。我悄悄地披了大衫，带上门出去。

沿着荷塘，是一条曲折的小煤屑路。这是一条幽僻的路；白天也少人走，夜晚更加寂寞。荷塘四面，长着许多树，蓊蓊郁郁的。路的一旁，是些杨柳，和一些不知道名字的树。没有月光的晚上，这路上阴森森的，有些怕人。今晚却很好，虽然月光也还是淡淡的。

路上只我一个人，背着手踱着。这一片天地好像是我的；我也像超出了平常的自己，到了另一世界里。我爱热闹，也爱冷静；爱群居，也爱独处。像今晚上，一个人在这苍茫的月下，什么都可以想，什么都可以不想，便觉是个自由的人。白天里一定要做的事，一定要说的话，现在都可不理。这是独处的妙处；我且受用这无边的荷香月色好了。

曲曲折折的荷塘上面，弥望的是田田的叶子。叶子出水很高，像亭亭的舞女的裙。层层叶子中间，零星地点缀着些白花，有袅娜地开着的，有羞涩地打着朵儿的；正如一粒粒的明珠，又如碧天里的星星，又如刚出浴的美人。微风过处，送来缕缕清香，仿佛远处高楼上渺茫的歌声似的。这时候叶子与花也有一丝的颤动，像闪电般，霎时传过荷塘的那边去了。叶子本是肩并肩密密地挨着，这便宛然有了一道凝碧的波痕。叶子底下是脉脉的流水，遮住了，不能见一些颜色；而叶子却更见风致了。

Moonlight over the Lotus Pond

Zhu Ziqing

It has been rather disquieting these days. Tonight, when I was sitting in the yard enjoying the cool, it occurred to me that the Lotus Pond, which I pass by every day, must assume quite a different look in such moonlit night. A full moon was rising high in the sky; the laughter of children playing outside had died away; in the morn, my wife was patting the son, Run-er, sleepily humming a cradle song. Shrugging on an overcoat, quietly, I made my way out, closing the door behind me.

Alongside the Lotus Pond runs a small cinder footpath. It is peaceful and secluded here, a place not frequented by pedestrians even in the daytime; now at night, it looks more solitary, in a lush, shady ambience of trees all around the pond. On the side where the path is, there are willows, interlaced with some others whose names I do not know. The foliage, which, in a moonless night, would loom somewhat frighteningly dark, looks very nice tonight, although the moonlight is not more than a thin, grayish veil.

I am on my own, strolling, hands behind my back. This bit of the universe seems in my possession now; and I myself seem to have been uplifted from my ordinary self into another world. I like a serene and peaceful life, as much as a busy and active one; I like being in solitude, as much as in company. As it is tonight, basking in a misty moonshine all by myself, I feel I am a free man, free to think of anything, or of nothing. All that one is obliged to do, or to say, in the daytime, can be very well cast aside now. That is the beauty of being alone. For the moment, just let me indulge in this profusion of moonlight and lotus fragrance.

All over this winding stretch of water, what meets the eye is a silken field of leaves, reaching rather high above the surface, like the skirts of dancing girls in all their grace. Here and there, layers of leaves are dotted with white lotus blossoms, some in demure bloom, others in shy bud, like scattering pearls, or twinkling stars, or beauties just out of the bath. A breeze stirs, sending over breaths of fragrance, like faint singing drifting from a distant building. At this moment, a tiny thrill shoots through the leaves and lilies, like a streak of lightning, straight across the forest of lotuses. The leaves, which have been standing shoulder to shoulder, are caught shimmering in an emerald heave of the pond. Underneath, the exquisite water is covered from view, and none can tell its colour; yet the leaves on top project themselves all the more attractively.

月光如流水一般，静静地泻在这一片叶子和花上。薄薄的青雾浮起在荷塘里：叶子和花仿佛在牛乳中洗过一样；又像笼着轻纱的梦。虽然是满月，天上却有一层淡淡的云，所以不能朗照；但我以为这恰是到了好处——酣眠固不可少，小睡也别有风味的。月光是隔了树照过来的，高处丛生的灌木，落下参差的斑驳的黑影，峭楞楞如鬼一般；弯弯的杨柳的稀疏的倩影，却又像是画在荷叶上。塘中的月色并不均匀；但光与影有着和谐的旋律，如梵婀玲上奏着的名曲。

荷塘的四面，远远近近，高高低低都是树，几而杨柳最多。这些树将一片荷塘重重围住；只在小路一旁，漏着几段空隙，像是特为月光留下的。树色一例是阴阴的，乍看像一团烟雾；但杨柳的丰姿，便在烟雾里也辨得出。树梢上隐隐约约的是一带远山，只有些大意罢了。树缝里也漏着一两点路灯光，没精打采的，是渴睡人的眼。这时候最热闹的，要数树上的蝉声与水里的蛙声；但热闹是它们的，我什么也没有。

忽然想起采莲的事情来了。采莲是江南的旧俗。似乎很早就有，而六朝时为盛；从诗歌里可以约略知道。采莲的是少年的女子，她们是荡着小船，唱着艳歌去的。采莲人不用说很多，还有看采莲的人。那是一个热闹的季节，也是一个风流的季节。梁元帝《采莲赋》里说得好：

于是妖童破女，荡舟心许；
鹤首徐回，兼传羽杯；掉将移而藻挂，船欲动而萍开。尔其纤腰束素，迁延顾步；夏始春余，叶嫩花初，恐沾袭而浅笑，畏倾船而敛裾。

可见当时嬉游的光景了。这真是有趣的事，可惜我们现在早已无福消受了。

The moon sheds her liquid light silently over the leaves and flowers, which, in the floating transparency of a bluish haze from the pond, look as if they had just been bathed in milk, or like a dream wrapped in a gauzy hood. Although it is a full moon, shining through a film of clouds, the light is not at its brightest; it is, however, just right for me - a profound sleep is indispensable, yet a snatched doze also has a savour of its own. The moonlight is streaming down through the foliage, casting bushy shadows on the ground from high above, jagged and checkered, as grotesque as a party of spectres; whereas the benign figures of the drooping willows, here and there, lank like paintings on the lotus leaves. The moonlight is not spread evenly over the pond, but rather in a harmonious rhythm of light and shade, like a famous melody played on a violin.

Around the pond, far anti near, high and low, are trees. Most of them are willows. Only on the path side, can taro or three gap; he seen through the heavy fringe, as if specially reserved for the moon. The shadowy shapes of the leafage at first sight seem diffused into a mass of mist, against which, however, the charm of those willow trees is still discernible. Over the trees appear some distant mountains, but merely in sketchy silhouette. Through the branches are also a couple of lamps, as listless as sleepy eyes. The most lively creatures here, for the moment, must be the cicadas in the trees and the frogs in the pond. But the liveliness is theirs, I have nothing. Suddenly, something like lotus-gathering crosses my mind. It used to be celebrated as a folk festival in the South, probably dating very far back in history, most popular in the period of Six Dynasties. We can pick up some outlines of this activity in the poetry. It was young girls who went gathering lotuses, in sampans and singing love songs. Needless to say, there were a great number of them doing the gathering, apart from those who were watching. It was a lively season, brimming with vitality, and romance. A brilliant description can be found in lotus Gathering written by the Yuan Emperor of the liang Dynasty:

So those charming youngsters rote their sampans, heart buoyant with tacit lone, pass on to each other cups of wine while their bird-shaped prows drift around. From throe to time their oars are caught in dangling alga, and duckweed flow apart the moment their boats are about to mote on. Their slender figures, girdled with plain silk, tread watchfully on board. This is the time when spring is grating into summer, the leaves a tender green and the flowers blooming - among which the girls are giggling when evading an out-reaching stem, their skirts tucked in for fear that the sampan might tilt.

于是又记起《西州曲》里的句子：

采莲南塘秋，莲花过人头
低头弄莲子，莲子清如水。

今晚若有采莲人，这儿的莲花也算得“过人头”了；只不见一些流水的影子，是不行的；这令我到底惦着江南了——这样想着，猛一抬头，不觉已是自己的门前；轻轻地推门进去，什么声息也没有，妻已睡熟好久了。

1927年7月，北京清华园

That is a glimpse of those merrymaking scenes. It must have been fascinating: but unfortunately we have long been denied such a delight.

Then I recall those lines in *Ballad of Xizhou Island*:

Gathering the lotus, I am in the South Pond, / The lilies in autumn reach over my head; / Lowering my head I toy with the lotus seeds. / Look, they are as fresh as the water underneath.

If there were somebody gathering lotuses tonight, she could tell that the lilies here are high enough to "reach over her head"; but, one would certainly miss the sight of the water. So my memories drift back to the South after all.

Deep in my thoughts, I looked up, just to find myself at the door of my own house. Gently I pushed the door open and walked in. Not a sound inside, my wife had been fast asleep for quite a while.

Qinghua Campus, Beijing
July, 1927.

黄龙奇观

在四川西部，有一美妙的去处。它背倚峨山宇峰雪宝顶，树木苍翠，花香袭人，鸟声婉转，流水潺潺。这就是松潘县的黄龙。

相传在中国古代气洪水肆虐，人民苦不堪言。大禹决心治水，但船不能行气有黄龙来为他负舟，于是导水成功。黄龙疲惫，未及回归大海，死于眠山之下，因而其地就称为黄龙。

黄龙风景，自海拔近3600米处，沿山谷而下，逶迤3.5公里，地上覆盖着一层淡黄色碳酸钙沉积，形成大大小小的众多水池，状如梯田。池水澄清，呈淡蓝、淡绿各色。远看宛如黄龙俯卧，粼光闪闪。两旁森林，全是高大云杉。林间地上，多奇花异草，或蓝或白，或红或紫，灿烂如缤纷。

山谷顶端，残留着一座道教建筑，名“黄龙古寺”。据松潘县志记载，该建于明代（公元1368—1644年）。寺前有一溶洞，深邃莫测。寺后有一石碑，除碑檐外，几乎全被碳酸钙沉积淹没，碑文已不可辨认。看来，这400

A View of Huanglong

One of Sichuan's finest scenic spots is Huanglong (Yellow Dragon), which lies in Songpan County just beneath Xuebao, the main peaks of the Minshan Mountains. Its lush green forests, filled with fragrant flowers, bubbling streams, and songbirds, are rich in historical interest as well as natural beauty.

Legend has it that some 4,000 years ago, when great floods threatened the people of central China, Yu the Great resolved to tame the mighty rivers. He journeyed inland in a boat, but was soon stopped by the torrential current. Fortunately, a yellow dragon appeared and bore the boat upstream as far as it could go. Yu succeeded in controlling the flood and went on to found the 500-year Xia Dynasty, but the exhausted dragon could not return to the sea, and died at the foot of Xuebao Peak.

Viewing Huanglong from a distance, one might imagine that the noble serpent for which the area was named is still lying on the hillside. Actually, this "yellow dragon" is a geological formation unique to this karst region; its yellow color is due to a layer of calcium carbonate, and the tiny, clear pools that line its back look like scales. The dragon is surrounded by spruce trees and assorted rare flowering plants in blue, white, red, and purple.

On the hilltop stands the Yellow Dragon Monastery, a Taoist retreat built in the Ming Dynasty (1368--1644). A karst cave lies before it, and a stone tablet was erected behind. All but the top of the tablet has been eroded by calcium carbonate, and

来年的沉积速度是相当可观的。每年农历六月为黄龙寺庙会期，方圆几百里及至青海、甘肃的藏、羌、回、汉各族人民也前来赶会。届时，帐篷连营，人马喧腾，歌舞相杂，十分热闹。

据科学工作者考察，这里的山体石灰岩地质，黄龙景观实为岩溶地貌。在中国，岩溶地貌形成的绮丽景色着实不少，有名的如桂林山水、云南石林，然而它们的风貌都与黄龙迥异。

在黄龙附近的林区，还栖息着大熊猫、扭角羚、虹雄等珍贵动物。

如今，国家拟将黄龙划入它北面的九寨沟自然保护区，统一管理，以保护自然生态，开展科学研究和供人们游览。

the inscriptions have become unreadable. Every year in the sixth lunar month, the local people, along with Tibetan, Qiang, Hui, and Han visitors from neighboring provinces of Qinghai and Gansu travel to the monastery on horseback for a temple fair. They set up tents and celebrate wish songs and dances far into the night.

Many of China's famous landscapes, such as those of Guilin in Guangxi Province and the Stone Forest in Yunnan Province, are also built on karst formations. But each has its own character.

Giant pandas, takins, and pheasants roam the forests of Huanglong, along with many other species of animals and birds. Huanglong and nearby Jiuzhaigou will soon be made a nature preserve to protect the area's ecology and to allow scientists to observe these rare animals in their own habitats.

枯叶蝴蝶
徐迟

峨嵋山下，伏虎寺旁，有一种蝴蝶，比最美丽的蝴蝶可能还要美丽些，是峨嵋山最珍贵的特产之一。

当它阖起两张翅膀的时候，像生长在树枝上的一张干枯了的树叶。谁也不去注意它，谁也不会瞧它一眼。

它收敛了它的花纹、图案，隐藏了它的粉墨、彩色，逸出了繁华的花丛，停止了它翱翔的姿态，变成了一张憔悴的，干枯了的，甚至不是枯黄的，而是枯槁的，如同死灰颜色的枯叶。

它这样伪装，是为了保护自己。但是它还是逃不脱被捕捉的命运。不仅因为它的美丽，更因为它那用来隐蔽它的美丽的枯槁与憔悴。

它以为它这样做可以保护自己，殊不知它这样做更教人去搜捕它。有一种生物比它还聪明，这种生物的特技之一是装假作伪，因此装假作伪这种行径是瞒

Lappet Butterflies
Xu Chi

At the foot of Mount Emei, around Fuhu Temple, there lives a species of butterfly--one of the rarest rarities of the mountain--that is probably even more beautiful than the most beautiful butterflies in the world.

With its wings closed it resembles a withered tree leaf hanging from a branch--scarcely noticeable to the human eye. Gathering its wings with exquisite patterns, it conceals its beautiful colors.

When it flutters out from a cluster of blooming flowers and alights somewhere in the middle of its graceful flight, it turns into a dried leaf, not even of a withering yellow, but of a deathly grey.

It disguises its shape and colours in order to protect itself, but nevertheless it can't help ending up in being captured, not only because of its beauty, but more because of the withered quality of its appearance that covers up its beauty.

It is misled to believe that by so doing it can keep itself out of danger. On the contrary it makes itself more attractive, because there is another creature--man--that is cleverer than this butterfly. 'Tis creature is extremely skilled in masquerading himself; no masquerading whatsoever can slide by under his nose.

Man captures it, makes a specimen of it and sells it in the market at increasingly high prices. What happens as a result is

不过这种生物一人的。

人把它捕捉. 将它制成标本, 作为一种商品去出售, 价钱越来越高。最后几乎把它捕捉得再也没有了。这一生物品种快要绝种了。

到这时候, 国家才下令禁止捕捉枯叶蝶。但是, 已经来不及了。国家的禁止更增加了它的身价。枯叶蝶真是因此而要绝对的绝灭了。

我们既然有一对美丽的和真理的翅膀, 我们永远也不愿意阖上它们。做什么要装模作样, 化为一只枯叶蝶, 最后也还是被售, 反而不如那翅膀两面都光彩夺目的蝴蝶到处飞翔, 被捕捉而又生生不息。

我要我的翅膀两面都光彩夺目。

我愿这自然界的一切都显出它们的真相。

that there is hardly any of the butterflies to be found-the species is dying out.

The government has now decided to put a ban on its capture, but it's too late. The ban, instead, multiplies its price. The butterfly is on the verge of extinction.

Since we have got a pair of wings of beauty and truth, there is no reason to hide them. Why do you have to turn yourself into a withered-leaf-like butterfly as you are bound to be netted and sold at the market? Isn't it better to fly around freely on your flashing, colorful wings and keep up the line of your species though some of you have to meet their doom?

I want both sides of my wings to shine.

I hope everything in the world shows their true colors.

泡菜坛子

李汉荣

母亲从乡下来, 住了十天。临走时, 她老人家想为我们添置一件东西, 目个纪念。

母亲说: “你们什么都有, 又好像什么都没有。电视机是你们的, 里面走来走去都是些陌生的人, 有时候, 杀人犯、贼、贪官、小偷也在里面出出进进; 收录机是你们的, 可尽是人家在唱歌; 书架上的书是你们的, 可那都是别人写的字; 电冰箱是你们的, 一年四季都装一箱不知从哪里落下的霜。方便是方便, 可就是没有一样是你们自己的。”

走的那天, 母亲起了个早, 从街上抱回一个泡菜坛子。她说: “在坛子里腌一些菜吧, 调调自家的口味。”

我们的家里, 从此有了泡菜, 有了自己的味道。朋友上门, 我们时常以泡菜佐酒, 微醉中, 大

A Pickle Pot

Li Hanrong

Mother came from our home village. She stayed with us for ten days. When she was about to leave, she wanted to buy us something as a present.

"You've got everything," she said, "but you seem to have got nothing. The TV set is yours, but the people who walk back and forth in it are all strangers, even murderers, corrupt officials and thieves come in and out of it from bite to time. The radio cassette player is yours, but it's all others who sing in it. The books on the shelf are yours, but they are all written fry others. The fridge is yours, but all the year round it's filled with frost that comes from God knows where. Though they snake your life easy and comfortable, none of them BELONGS to you in the rest sense of the word."

On the day she was to leave for home, she got up early in the morning and brought back a pickle pot from the market.

"Make some pickles in it," she said, "and have something that suits your own palate."

Since then pickles of our own taste had been added to our diet. When we had guests, we often had pickles to go with me. Slightly intoxicated, everyone would comment, "A country flavor, not bad. Not bad, a country flavor."

家就会说：“乡下的味道，不错；不错，乡下的味道！”

于是我们大家都有了自己的味道。再看那泡菜坛子，静静地守在瓷阵里，在喧嚣的日子，在钢筋棍凝土的单元里，守着一坛平静的心情，酝酿着古老而纯朴的乡下味道。

So we had something to our own taste. When we looked at the pot, it was standing quietly at the corner. . Amid the hustle and bustle of our everyday life and in the apartment of reinforced concrete, the pot stood there by itself, brewing an old and simple flavor. (刘士聪 译)

田水哗啦
姚景文

三十守寡起，十多年了，“招白眼”又一夜失眠：自家种的“责任田”搁开了鸡爪裂，大还是晴得不肯挂一根云线线。要是减产，全家四张嘴巴，还不吊了起来？

唉，17岁的女儿到底不知深浅，刚才还对娘嚷：“好愁勿愁！后半夜大水库放水，还怕那雪癫子不将水上足？”现在却挂着笑篇熟睡了。对推广“责任田”，“招白眼”是白着眼睛反对的。因为她小时候亲眼看到爷爷跟雪癫子的大爹，争田水打得血肉横飞，田缺流红。如今回想起来，还寒毛疹疹，心惊肉跳呢。雪癫子当了队里的管水员，能担保他不包藏祸心？

“招白眼”心神不宁，翻身起床，就提着锄头出门去。

“招白眼”叫阿招，自从死了男人，脸上从未挂笑，逢人见众，老是翻着白眼，惹得那老光棍雪癫子心里痒痒，有口难张。于是村里留着一个“话把”：雪癫子不哭，“招白眼”不笑。

“招白眼”转过岙口，隐隐传来吱呀吱呀的水车声，圆月下，车着池塘水的雪癫子，那铜勺样的后脑和起油的光背，在闪着银光。他雪癫子要不是当了管水员，还不一样要等后半夜灌水？早一铺水，多一捧米，谁不望自家的饭碗满？

然而，“招白眼”傻了！她来到自家的“责任田”边，破天荒

The Irrigation Water Game Gurgling
Yao Jinwen

Black-brewed Zhao, widowed over ten years ago when she was thirty, was having another sleepless night. Her family's contracted land had cracked because of drought, but there was still not a cloud in the bright sky. If production dropped this year, what should her family of four do except go hungry?

It was a pity that her seventeen-year-old daughter didn't yet know what worry was. Just a few minutes ago she was shouting to her mother, "Don't you worry 1 late at night the reservoir will let out water. Scabby-headed Xue will certainly give us our full share of water, won't he?" But now she was asleep with a smile still on her lips.

Black-browed Zhao didn't see eye to eye with the implementation of contracted land policy, because she had seen with her own eyes when she was still very young how her grandfather and Scabby-headed Xue's uncle had fought tooth and nail over irrigation water. She would shudder even at the thought of it. Now Scabby-headed Xue was in charge of the irrigation water in the brigade; who could say for sure that he bore no grudge against her?

Black-Mowed Dian became so agitated at the thought that she got off the bed, took a hoe and went out to the field.

Black-browed Zhao used to be called Ah Zhao. After her husband's death, she never smiled and always scowled at others. Tie old bachelor Scabby-headed Xue could only bury his longings for her in his heart. Thus there spread in the village a popular saying: "Scabby-headed Xue never wept; Black-browed Zhao never smiled."

As she approached the field, Black-browed Zhao heard the faint creaking of a waterwheel and saw Scabby-headed Xue pedalling water under the full moon. His bald head and his greasy bare back were glistening like silver. Wouldn't he have to wait for the water to come late at night like the rest of us if he had not been in charge of the irrigation water? The earlier one got water, the more rice one would reap-who wouldn't like to see his own bowl full of rice?

开了笑颜：怎么，田水哗啦哗啦地跳跃着，喧笑着，闪着粼粼的银光。这“甜水”像是流进了她的心窝。而她上坎雪滚子的“责任田”里，依然唇焦口燥。她不解地瞧着雪癫子，眼里噙着泪，终于鼓足了勇气，第一遭喊了声：“阿雪哥！”

水车“吱格”地停住，雪癫子转过身来，只见“招白眼”傻乎乎地笑，雪癫子也懵了，好像眼前不是日日开门相见的“招白眼”，而是从月亮上飘下来的嫦娥。瞧那一双乌黑的眸子，真还有点儿含情脉脉哩！

“嘿呀，是你，阿招妹妹，我，我是想，你的责任田，裂，裂得厉害，怕，怕，伯后半夜灌水，来不及……”雪癫子有点语无伦次了。

“招白眼”觉得耳热，她也慌难择辞：“你的责任田也……”

“我是负责田水的，谁的田受旱，都是我的责任。你，你不要放在心上……”雪癫子也感到浑身火热，连忙又回过头去，踩动水车。田水又哗啦地笑了。

“招白眼”悄悄地捡起田埂边的一件白小布衫，走过去披在雪液子的身上，一面也登上水车。雪癫子投过感激的一瞥。“招白眼”温存而体贴地说：“半夜露重，当心着凉。”

月光下，他俩挨得很近，她见白小布衫的领口破了，她想：“明天该给他补一补。”

However, when she came to her own contracted land, she got such a pleasant surprise that for the first time she beamed with joy. Why, water came gurgling happily over her land, glittering like silver. The sweet water seemed to be flowing into her heart. Yet Scabby-headed Xue's own land above hers was still parched with thirst. She looked at Scabby-headed Xue with incomprehension. Tears welled up in her eyes. She plucked up her courage to call him "Brother Ali Xue" for the first time.

The waterwheel came to a stop with a creak and Scabby-headed Xue saw Black-browed Zhao gazing at him with a foolish smile. He felt dazed as if she were not the Black-browed Zhao he met day in and day out, but rather Chang Er, the Moon Fairy coming down from the moon. Those black eyes of Black-browed Zhao seemed to be exuding tenderness and love.

"Why, it's you, Sister Ah Zhao? I, I thought your contracted land must have become parched and I was afraid it would be too late if water came at midnight." Scabby-headed Xue became tongue-tied.

Black browed Zhao blushed to her ears and was lost for words, "Your own contracted land also. . ."

"Never mind, I'm in charge of the irrigation water. It would be my fault if anyone's land got ruined because of drought. It's my pleasure to do my job well." Xue felt hot all over his body and hastily resumed pedalling. Irrigation water came gurgling again. Black-browed Zhao gently picked up the white shirt at the ridge of the field and put it on Xue's bare back, while joining him in the pedalling. Xue threw her a glance of gratitude. Black-browed Zhao said with affection and consideration, "It's midnight, take care not to catch cold." In the moonlight, the two kept close to each other. She saw the collar of his white shirt was worn out and said to herself, "I must mend it for him tomorrow."