

口译辅导：蜗居在巷陌的寻常幸福 PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/646/2021_2022__E5_8F_A3_E8_AF_91_E8_BE_85_E5_c95_646618.htm Simple Happiness of Dwelling in the Back Streets 隐逸的生活似乎在传统意识中一直被认为是幸福的至高境界。但这种孤傲遁世同时也是孤独的，纯粹的隐者实属少数，而少数者的满足不能用来解读普世的幸福模样。 A secluded life has traditionally been deemed, as it seems, the supreme state of happiness, although such aloofness and retirement breed loneliness as well. Few people in fact end up as genuine recluses, whose contentment does not suffice to construe what happiness is for all. 有道是小隐隐于野，大隐隐于市。真正的幸福并不隐逸，可以在街市而不是丛林中去寻找。 As a common saying goes, while the “ lesser hermit ” lives in seclusion in the country, the “ greater hermit ” does so in the city. Not necessarily in solitude does reside true happiness which can be found in busy streets rather than in the woods. 晨光，透过古色古香的雕花窗棂，给庭院里精致的盆景慢慢地化上一抹金黄的淡妆。那煎鸡蛋的“刺啦”声袅袅升起，空气中开始充斥着稚嫩的童音、汽车启动的节奏、夫妻间甜蜜的道别，还有邻居们简单朴素的问好。巷陌中的这一切，忙碌却不混乱，活泼却不嘈杂，平淡却不厌烦。 Here in the city lanes the early morning sunshine filters through the carved old-style latticed windows on the walls and faintly gilds the exquisite potted plants in courtyards. As eggs sizzle in frying pans, the morning begins to fill with rising sounds: the soft voices of children, the chugging rhythm of car

engines, the sweet exchange of goodbyes between husbands and wives, as well as the brief greetings among neighbors. Such back streets are busy but not chaotic, lively but not clamorous, plain but not wearisome. 巷尾的绿地虽然没有山野的苍翠欲滴，但是空气中弥漫着荒野中所没有的生机。微黄的路灯下，每一张长椅都写着不同的心情，甜蜜与快乐、悲伤与喜悦，交织在一起，在静谧中缓缓发酵。谁也不会知道在下一个转角中会是怎样的惊喜，会是一家风格独特食客不断的小吃店？是一家放着爵士乐的酒吧？还是一家摆着高脚木凳、连空气都闲散的小小咖啡馆？坐在户外撑着遮阳伞的木椅上，和新认识的朋友一边喝茶，一边谈着自己小小的生活，或许也是一种惬意。 Although the green patches at the end of the back streets are not so lushly verdant as those on the mountains, the urban air is permeated with a vitality lacking in the wilderness. Under pale yellow street lamps, each bench embodies diversified feelings—sweetness and happiness, joys and sorrows—all interwoven to slowly ferment in tranquility. No one knows what kind of pleasant surprise may be in store for him around the corner: a uniquely styled and busy cafe? Or a bar emitting jazz music? Or a coffee shop with tall stools and a relaxed atmosphere? Perhaps it is also satisfying just to sit outdoors on a wooden chair under a sunshade, chatting over a cup of tea about daily trifles with new friends. 一切，被时间打磨，被时间沉淀，终于形成了一种习惯，一种默契，一种文化。 All these elements, tempered and deposited by time, settled finally into a custom, a tacit understanding and a culture. 和来家中做客的邻居朋友用同一种腔调巧妙地笑谈着身边的琐事，大家眯起的眼

睛都默契地闪着同一种狡黠；和家人一起围在饭桌前，衔满食物的嘴还发着含糊的声音，有些聒噪，但没人厌烦。 When neighbors and friends come, they share witty jokes about personal trivialities, implicitly understanding each other ' s eye movements of like astuteness. Family members sit around the dining table, chattering through mouthfuls of food, and no one is bothered by the noise. 小巷虽然狭窄，却拉不住快乐蔓延的速度..... Those lanes, narrow as they may be, cannot hold back the pervading happiness... 随着城市里那些密集而冰冷的高楼大厦拔地而起，在拥堵的车流中，在污浊的空气里，人们的幸福正在一点点地破碎，飘零。大家住得越来越宽敞，越来越私密。自我，也被划进一个单独的空间里，小心地不去触碰别人的心灵，也不容许他人轻易介入。可是，一个人安静下来时会觉得，曾经厌烦的那些嘈杂回想起来很温情很怀念。 But as dense, cold high-rises shoot up in the city, woefully accompanied by traffic congestion and air pollution, people ' s happiness is little by little being eroded and lost. With more dwelling space and privacy, one has his " self " encircled in a solitary world, careful not to infringe on the souls of others, while also seeking not to be infringed upon. However, when one quiets down, the once tiresome hubbub now may evoke warm feelings and nostalgia. 比起高楼耸立的曼哈顿，人们更加喜欢佛罗伦萨红色穹顶下被阳光淹没的古老巷道；比起在夜晚光辉璀璨的陆家嘴，人们会更喜欢充满孩子们打闹嬉笑的万航渡路。就算已苍然老去，支撑起梦境的应该是老房子暗灰的安详，吴侬软语的叫卖声，那一方氤氲过温馨和回忆的小弄堂。 To Manhattan with soaring skyscrapers, people

prefer Florence with sun-bathed ancient alleys by the towering red dome (1). to Lujiazui with dazzling night lights, people prefer Wanhangu Road with narrow lanes full of rollicking children. Even as one grows old, it is likely that his dreams would be embellished by the serenity of the grey old houses, the calls of vendors in a soft-toned local dialect, and the small lanes filled with soothing memories. 如果用一双细腻的眼眸去观照，其实每一片青苔和爬山虎占据的墙角，都是墨绿色的诗篇，不会飘逸，不会豪放，只是那种平淡的幸福，简简单单。 If observed with a perceptive eye, every inch of the walls and corners adorned with moss and ivy becomes a verdurous poem, which, neither elegant nor powerful, represents plain and simple happiness. 幸福是什么模样，或许并不难回答。幸福就是一本摊开的诗篇，关于在城市的天空下，那些寻常巷陌的诗。 Perhaps it is not so difficult to define happiness after all. Happiness is an unfurled scroll of poems, describing ordinary alleys under the city skies. 夜幕笼罩，那散落一地的万家灯火中，有多少寻常的幸福正蜗居在巷陌..... No one knows how much simple happiness is seeping through those back streets lit up by the scattered lamps as the night falls... 注释 (1) 即佛罗伦萨的Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore (圣母百花大教堂)。据说该教堂是世界排名第三的大教堂，坐落在佛罗伦萨的中心地带.是佛罗伦萨最为著名的地标之一。圣母百花大教堂最为著名的是教堂圆顶.八角圆顶为红色，顶高31米，最大直径为43米，建成时是当时最大的圆顶，圆顶的正中为尖顶塔亭。 相关推荐：#0000ff>第22届韩素音青年翻译奖竞赛原文 #0000ff>实战口译-Enviros环保公司 #0000ff>实战口译-惠

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