**Under the bombs: 1945**

**1945：在炮火攻击下**

**1 Today, when I look back, I'm surprised that I recall the beginning so vividly; it's still clearly fixed in my mind with all its coloring and emotional intensity. It begins with my suddenly noticing 12 distant silver points in the clear brilliant sky filled with an unfamiliar abnormal hum. I'm seven years old, standing in a meadow, and staring at the points barely moving across the sky.**

**如今，当我回首往事，我很惊讶我居然能如此生动地回忆起轰炸开始的情况，那天的色彩和紧张的情绪仍然清晰地印在我的脑海中。那天，我突然发现在晴朗的天空中出现了12个银色的小点儿，离我很远，发出不正常的嗡嗡声，这种声音我以前从来没听过。那年我七岁，就这样站在一片草地上，盯着天空中几乎不怎么移动的小点儿。**

**2 Suddenly, nearby, at the edge of the forest, there's the tremendous roar of bombs exploding. From my standpoint, I see gigantic fountains of earth spraying upward. I want to run toward this extraordinary spectacle; it terrorizes and fascinates me. I have not yet grown accustomed to war and can't relate into a single chain of causes and effects these airplanes, the roar of the bombs, the earth radiating out from the forest, and my seemingly inevitable death. Unable to conceive of the danger, I start running toward the forest, in the direction of the falling bombs. But a hand claws at me and tugs me to the ground. "Stay down," I hear my mother's trembling voice, "Don't move!" And I remember that my mother, pressing me to her, is saying something that I don't yet know exists, whose meaning I don't understand: That way is death.**

**突然， 就在附近，森林的边缘， 我听到有巨大的炸弹爆炸的声音。在我这个小孩的眼里， 我看到的是泥土像巨大的喷泉一样冲到天上。我想跑过去看看这个特别的景象，它让我感到害怕，但是也让我着迷。我还没有习惯战争，也不能把这些飞机、炸弹的轰鸣、森林那边飞溅开来的泥土以及我看似必然的死亡联系成单一的因果关系。没考虑有危险，我开始朝着投下炸弹的森林方向跑。这时一只手拉住了我，把我拽倒在地上。“趴下来，”我听到母亲发抖的声音，“不要动!”我还记得母亲把我紧紧贴在她身边，说的一些东西我并不知道，也并不理解其含义: 那是一条死路。**

**3 It's night and I'm sleepy, but I'm not allowed to sleep. We have to evacuate the city and run away in the night like convicts. Where to, I don't know; but I do understand that flight has suddenly become some kind of higher necessity, some new form of life, because everyone is running away. All highways, roads, and even country paths are a tangle of wagons, carts, and bicycles, with bundles and suitcases, and innumerable terrified, helplessly wandering people. Some are running away to the east, others to the west, north, south; they run in circles, fall from profound fatigue, sleep for a moment, then begin anew their aimless journey. I clasp my younger sister's hand firmly in mine. We mustn't get lost, my mother warns; but even without her telling me, I sense that some form of dangerous evil has permeated the world.**

**到了晚上，我很困，但是我不能睡。我们不得不撤离这座城市，像囚犯一样在夜间逃亡。到哪儿去，我不知道，但是我知道逃跑突然变成了某种必须要做的事情，一种新的生存方式，因为每个人都在逃跑。所有公路、大路、甚至是乡间小路上都是混乱的马车、拉车、自行车，上面装着包裹和箱子，还有数不清的吓坏了的人，他们无助地游走着。一些人向东边跑，另一些人向西边、北边、南边跑;他们徒劳地跑着，实在累了就躺下来，睡一会儿，然后重新开始他们漫无目的的旅程。我紧紧地把妹妹的手握在手里。我母亲警告过，我们不能走失；但就算她没告诉我，我也能感觉到某种危险的灾难弥漫了整个世界。**

**4 I'm walking with my sister beside a wagon. It's a simple ladder wagon, lined with hay, and high up on the hay, on a cotton sheet, rests my grandfather. He can't move; he is paralyzed, another casualty of a landmine. When an air raid begins, the entire group dives into ditches; only my grandfather remains on the deserted road. He sees the airplanes flying at him, sees them violently dip and aim, sees the fire of ammunition, hears the roar of the engines passing over his head. When the planes disappear, we return to the wagon and my mother wipes the sweat from my grandfather's flushed face. Sometimes, there are air raids several times a day. After each one, sweat pours from my grandfather's tired face.**

**我和妹妹在马车边走着。这是一辆简易马车，车里铺着干草，在干草上，铺着一条棉布床单，我的祖父躺在上面。他不能动，已经瘫痪了；也是地雷的受害者。空袭一来时，所有人都冲到了壕沟里，只有我祖父留在没人的马路上。他看着飞机向自己猛扑过来，看着它们猛地俯冲瞄准，看着弹药喷出烈焰，听着轰鸣的引擎从他的头上飞过。当飞机消失后，我们回到马车边，母亲擦去祖父通红的脸上的汗水。有时，一天会有好几次空袭，每次空袭过后，汗水都会渗满我祖父疲惫的脸。**

**5 We're entering an increasingly appalling landscape. There's smoke on the horizon, the blaze of battle fading. We pass by deserted villages, solitary, burned-out houses. We pass battlefields dense with the garbage of abandoned war equipment, bombed-out railway stations, overturned cars. It smells of gunpowder, and of burning, decomposing meat after a massacre. Everywhere are the corpses of horses, too defenseless in this human war.**

**我们正在踏入一个越来越可怕的场景。地平线上浓烟滚滚，战火在慢慢熄灭。我们经过了废弃的村庄和孤零零的被烧毁的房屋。我们经过了战场，这里到处都是垃圾，有丢弃的武器装备、被炸毁的火车站、翻倒的车辆。空气中都是火药味和大屠杀后尸体烧焦和腐烂的味道。到处都是马的死尸，在人类战争中它们是孱弱无力的。**

**6 When winter comes, we stop running from the bombs so we can hide from the severe elements. Winter is but another season for those in normal conditions, but for the poor during wartime, winter is a disaster, a pervasive and constant threat. We find an apartment in the slums that provides a minimal coverage from the snow but we still can't afford to heat the furnace; we can't buy fuel nor risk stealing it. Death is the punishment for the robbery of coal or wood — human life is now worth next to nothing.**

**当冬季来临的时候，我们停了下来，不再逃避轰炸，这样我们就可以躲过恶劣的天气了。对正常情况下的人们来说，冬天只不过是另一个季节。但对于战时的穷人来说，冬天是一个灾难，一个无处不在、持续不断的威胁。我们在贫民窟里找了套房子，勉强在风雪中栖身，但我们生不起火；我们既买不起燃料，也不敢冒险去偷。偷盗燃煤和木料是要处死的——人的生命在此时一文不值。**

**7 We have nothing to eat. My mother stands brooding at the window for hours; I can see her fixed stare. I can see other residents staring out into the street from many windows, as if they were waiting for something. I weave my way around the backyards with a gang of stray boys; it's something between play and searching for a scrap of anything edible.**

**我们什么吃的也没有。我母亲在窗边愁闷着，一站就是几个小时，我能看到她呆滞的眼神。我能看到很多人从窗口旁盯着下面的街道看，好像在等待着什么。我和一群流浪的孩子在后院来回跑着玩儿，这既是游戏，也是在寻找一点吃的东西。**

**8 One day we hear that they'll be giving out candy in a store near the warehouse. Immediately we make a long queue of cold and hungry children. We stand in the frost all night and the following day, huddled together to summon a bit of warmth. Finally, they open the store. But instead of candy, we are each granted an empty metal container that once held some fruit drops. Weak and stiff from the cold, yet at this moment happy, I carry my treasure home, guarding it jealously. It's valuable; the inside wall of the can still has a sugar residue. My mother heats some water and pours it into the can. We have a dilute, sweet drink: Our only nutrition for days.**

**有一天，听说他们会在仓库附近的一家商店散发糖果，我们这群饥寒交迫的孩子立即排了一条长队。我们在严寒中站了整整一夜以及第二天一整天，挤在一起以获得一丝暖意。终于，商店开门了，但发给我们每个人的却不是糖果，而是一个装过水果糖的空金属罐子。我虚弱不堪、冻得僵硬，但此刻却很开心，我带着我的宝贝回到家，小心地呵护着。它很珍贵，因为它的内壁上还有糖渣。我母亲烧了些水，把水倒进去，稀释成了甜甜的饮料：这是我们这些天唯一的营养。**

**9 I can't quite remember when or how the war ended for us; my mind is always drawn back to that first day in the meadow, the explosions destroying the peaceful flowers and the naive days of my childhood. Try as I might, I still can't understand what we could have done to justify all the suffering war inevitably inflicts.**

**我不太记得战争是何时结束的，如何结束的。我的记忆总是被拉回到第一天草地上的情形，那天，爆炸破坏了花丛的宁静，也打破了我童年的纯真时光。无论我如何努力，我还是不清楚当初到底我们做了什么，要让我们承受战争不可避免带来的所有这些伤害。﻿**

**Smith and Luis**

**史密斯上尉和路易的故事**

**1 Ever since the arrival of the American military, Luis Dutarte's world had changed. Overnight, a military camp had sprung to life on the empty field just below his home in Normandy. For a seven-year-old orphan, it was in essence a dream come to life. His keeper Mrs. Bijeaux, had to drag him in at night from his terrace on the cliff overlooking the beach.**

**自从美国军队到来后，路易·迪塔尔特的世界发生了变化。一夜之间，在诺曼底他家下面的空地上，一个军营就矗立了起来。对一个七岁的孤儿来说，其实是梦境成真了。他家门前的大露台位于峭壁上，可以俯瞰沙滩，到了晚上，他的监护人比诺夫人得把他从那儿拽回屋。**

**2 Now he watched, wide-eyed, as jeeps roared up the road and men scrambled about, emptying trucks loaded with guns, ammunition, food, and giant army bags. He yawned as the scent of crisp bacon, eggs, coffee, and the smell of toast came from the kitchen tent. He tilted his small head back, breathing in the fragrance. His stomach moaned.**

**现在，他眼睛睁得大大的，看着吉普车咆哮着沿路而上，士兵们来回奔忙，正在从卡车上卸载枪支、弹药、食物和巨大军用口袋。他打了个呵欠，这时闻到一阵脆培根、鸡蛋、咖啡和烤面包的香味从厨房帐篷传来。他扬起了小脑袋，闻着传来的香味。他的肚子在咕噜咕噜地叫。**

**3 Ronald Smith, a lieutenant in the Seabees, the US Navy's Construction Battalion, held a clipboard and checked off the morning's accomplishments. The hospital tent was complete, as was the new shower.**

**罗纳德·史密斯，美国海军工程营上尉，拿着一块笔记板，在核对早晨任务完成的情况。医护帐篷已建成，新的淋浴室也完工了。**

**4 Smith and his top sergeant had been busy since dawn, and it was now noon. He dispatched him, then took a moment and touched the breast pocket that held the photo of his wife and two young sons. It had been more than a year since he'd been deployed and last seen them.**

**史密斯和他的军士长从早晨一直忙到现在，都已经是中午了。他打发走了军士长，抽出时间，从胸前的口袋里摸出了他的妻子和两个年幼儿子的合照。他上一次见到他们之后，被派到这里已经过了一年多了。**

**5 When the lieutenant turned to go, he saw something in the tall grass on the hill. He waved. A small hand waved back. There was a moment of hesitation; then, the boy timidly made his way down.**

**上尉正要转身离开，他发现小山丘上的茂草丛中有什么东西。他挥了挥手，一只小手也挥了挥。犹豫了片刻，小男孩怯怯地走了下来。**

**6 Smith tried out his high school French, hoping he could remember the right wording: "Comment t'appelles-tu?" (What is your name?)**

**史密斯试着用高中学过的法语，希望自己记得的法语表达是正确的：“你叫什么名字?”**

**7 The boy blushed and his eyes shone. "Luis," he said.**

**小男孩儿脸红了，眼睛闪着光，说：“路易。”**

**8 Smith shook his hand. This little guy looked like he could use a good meal, and the camp had more than enough food. In his halting French, Smith invited Luis to have lunch. When the boy nodded, Smith lifted him onto his hip, as he might have done with one of his own sons, and walked briskly toward the tent.**

**史密斯跟他握了握手。这个小家伙看起来可以在这儿饱餐一顿，营地有足够多的食物。史密斯用他结结巴巴的法语邀请路易去吃午餐。小男孩点点头，史密斯把他背到背上，就像对他自己的儿子那样，然后快步向帐篷走去。**

**9 Inside, dozens of young soldiers ate and talked. Smith piled two plates high with roast beef, carrots, and apple pie sprinkled with sugar.**

**帐篷里，一群年轻的士兵在边吃边聊，史密斯给他盛了两盘堆得高高的烤牛肉、胡萝卜，还有撒着糖的苹果派。**

**10 After lunch, Smith held Luis' hand, and they walked into the June sunlight. He knelt beside the boy and explained that he had to go back to work. Luis nodded and ran back up the path to the tall grass, turning around to wave.**

**午饭过后，史密斯牵着路易的手，走进六月的阳光里。他跪在小男孩儿旁边，解释说他得回去工作了。路易点点头，沿路跑回到了茂草丛，转身挥了挥手。**

**11 At 18:00 hours, as Smith was again heading for the mess tent, he saw Luis sitting in the same spot. He motioned, and Luis ran to him.**

**傍晚六点，史密斯再次前往那个用餐的帐篷， 看见路易坐在同一个地方。他向路易招了招手， 路易就跑了过来。**

**12 Dinner was fried chicken, potatoes, and peanut cookies. Smith again filled two plates, but Luis didn't eat as much as he had at lunch; it was clear that the boy wasn't used to so much food. But he clutched Smith's hand and smiled his shy smile. After dinner, Smith knelt close to Luis. "Bonsoir," he said. "A demain." (Goodnight. See you tomorrow.) He watched the boy walk up the path and out of sight.**

**晚饭是炸鸡、土豆、花生饼干。史密斯又给他盛了两盘，但这次路易吃的没午饭多。很明显，小男孩还不习惯吃这么多的食物。但他抓住史密斯的手，害羞地朝他微笑。晚饭后，史密斯跪在路易旁边说：“晚安，明天见。”他看着小男孩沿路走远，消失在视线中。**

**13 Henceforth, Luis ate with Smith all of the time. The other soldiers didn't mind; in fact, the boy helped ease their homesickness. Luis giggled when Smith carried him aloft on his shoulders and soon began riding along in the jeep down to the beach, where Smith supervised the unloading of freight from the ships and took inventory. When Smith oversaw construction projects in the camp, Luis tagged along. If Smith left the radius of the camp to rebuild a road or to repair a bridge, Luis waited in the vicinity for his return.**

**从此以后，路易就整天和史密斯一起吃饭了。其他士兵也并不介意，事实上，这个小男孩儿可以帮助减轻他们的思乡之苦。当史密斯把他高举在自己的肩上时，路易就咯咯地笑，接着，他又跟史密斯一道坐着吉普车来到海滩，史密斯在这里监督货物从船上卸下来并清点货物。当史密斯视察营地的建设工程时，路易就寸步不离。如果史密斯离开营地去重建道路或是重修桥梁时，路易就在附近等他回来。**

**14 As the summer of 1944 passed, Smith's French improved, and Luis learned to say hello, goodbye, jeep, ship, and ice cream, even though their conversations stayed pretty concise.**

**1944年的夏天过去了，史密斯的法语水平有所提高，而路易也学会了用英语说“你好”，“再见”，“吉普车”，“轮船”和“冰淇淋”，尽管他们的谈话内容仍然很简练。**

**15 In mid-October, when Smith received orders to leave France, he drove to the local authorities to make some inquiries. He ascertained that Luis had been abandoned at birth and had no living relatives. But when he petitioned to adopt him and become his legal guardian, the answer was straightforward and firm: no.**

**十月中旬，史密斯接到了命令要离开法国，他开车到地方当局做了一些咨询。他查明了路易在出生时就被遗弃了，没有亲人在世。但当他申请收养路易，成为他的法定监护人时，得到的答案直接而明确：不行。**

**16 Notwithstanding the regulations, Smith enclosed Luis in a hug and promised to return for him later. The two had grown so close amongst the trials of war, and Smith 174 New Horizon College English Third Edition knew he would never forget the boy. What Smith could never have imagined was that he would never see Luis again.**

**虽然有规定，史密斯还是紧紧地把路易抱在怀里，答应以后一定会回来找他。在战争的磨难中两人变得愈发亲近，史密斯知道自己是永远不会忘记这个男孩的，但是史密斯绝对没有想到的是他再也见不到路易了。**

**17 After the war ended, Smith took a multitude of trips returning to France looking for Luis. But try as he might, the familiar landmarks were gone. France was a country torn apart by the bombs of the war and then pieced back together again. Each day Smith would grieve. Yet, he remained dogged in his search for Luis. Smith knew in his heart that Luis was still alive and waiting, but he simply could not find any remnant of the boy he had come to love like a son. He combed through phone books and even hired a private investigator. His repeated failures haunted him as he repeatedly asked himself punishing questions: Why have I failed Luis? What could I have done differently?**

**战争结束后，史密斯曾多次返回法国寻找路易。尽管他竭尽全力，熟悉的标志却都消失了。法国被战争的炮火撕碎，然后又被重新拼凑起来。史密斯每天都十分悲痛。然而，他仍坚持不懈地在寻找路易。史密斯心里坚信路易还活着，还在等他，但是他就是找不到这个他曾经当亲生儿子对待的男孩的一点点踪迹。他翻遍了电话簿，甚至雇了一个私家侦探。他一次次地失败，他不停地问一直在折磨着自己的问题：为什么我会让路易失望呢? 我当时如果做了不同的选择又会怎样？**

**18 As he grew older, Smith's pain increased. Finally, old age forced him to stop traveling, but Smith dwelled more and more on his one broken promise and lifelong regret.**

**随着史密斯的老去，他的痛苦在逐渐加重。最终，他因为年龄太大无法再长途旅行了，但是他越来越纠结于自己这个无法实现的诺言和终生的遗憾。**

**19 In his final will, Smith instructed his children to continue where he had left off, pleading with them to find Luis.**

**在他的遗愿中，史密斯让他的孩子们继续他没完成的事情，恳求他们找到路易。**