

2004年攻读硕士学位研究生入学试题

考试科目: 翻译

招生专业: 英语语言文学

考生注意:

无论以下试题中是否有答题位置, 均应将答案做在考场另发的答题纸上 (写明题号)。

I. Translate the following into Chinese. (50%)

It begins when a feeling of stillness creeps into my consciousness. Everything has suddenly gone quiet. Birds do not chirp. Leaves do not rustle. Insects do not sing.

The air that has been hot all day becomes heavy. It hangs over the trees, presses the heads of the flowers to the ground, sits on my shoulders. With a vague feeling of uneasiness I move to the window. There, in the west lies the answer -- cloud has piled on cloud to form a ridge of mammoth white towers, rearing against blue sky.

Their piercing whiteness is of brief duration. Soon the marsh-mallow rims flatten to anvil tops, and the clouds reveal their darker nature. They impose themselves before the late-afternoon sun, and the day darkens early. Then a gust of wind whips the dust along the road, chill warning of what is to come.

In the house a door shuts with a bang, curtains billow into the room. I rush to close the windows, empty the clothesline, secure the patio furnishings. Thunder begins to grumble in the distance.

The first drops of rain are huge. They splash into the dust and imprint the windows with individual signatures. They plink on the vent pipe and plunk on the patio roof. Leaves shudder under their weight before rebounding and the sidewalk wears a coat of shiny spots.

The rhythm accelerates; plink follows plunk faster and faster until the sound is a roll of drums and the individual drops become an army marching over fields and rooftops. Now the first bolt of lightning stabs the earth. It is heaven's exclamation point. The storm is here!

In spite of myself, I jump at the following crack of thunder. It rattles the windowpane and sends the dog scratching to get under the bed. The next bolt is even closer. It raises the hair on the back of my neck, and I take an involuntary step away from the window.

The rain now becomes a torrent, flung capriciously by a rising wind. Together they batter the trees and level the grasses. Water streams off roofs and out of rain spouts. It pounds against the window in such a steady wash that I am sightless. There is only water. How can so much fall so fast? How could the clouds have supported this vast weight? How can the earth endure beneath it?

Pacing through the house from window to window, I am moved to open-mouthed wonder. Look how the lilac bends under the assault, how the day lilies are flattened, how the hillside steps are a new-made waterfall! Now hailstones thump upon the roof. They bounce white against the

grass and splash into the puddles. I think of the vegetable garden, the fruit trees, the crops in the fields; but, thankfully, the hailstones are enough in numbers or size to do real damage. Not this time. For this storm is already beginning to pass. The tension is released from the atmosphere, the curtains of rain let in more light.

The storm has spent most of its energy, and what is left will be expended on the countryside to the east.

I am drawn outside while the rain still falls. All around, there is a cool and welcome feeling. I breathe deeply and watch the sun's rays streak through breaking clouds. One ray catches the drops that form on the edge of the roof, and I am treated to a row of tiny, quivering colors -- my private rainbow.

I pick my way through the wet grass, my feet sinking into the saturated soil. The creek in the gully runs bank-full of brown water, but the small lakes and puddles are already disappearing into the earth. Even leaf, brick, shingle and blade of grass is fresh-washed and shining.

Like the land, I am renewed, my spirit cleansed. I feel an infinite peace. For a time I have forgotten the worries and irritations I was nurturing before. They have been washed away by the glories of the storm.

II. Translate the following into English. (50%)

多年以前，偶然得到一本小书——美国女作家薇拉·凯瑟(Willa Cather)的(啊，拓荒者!)(O Pioneers!)，一下子被它那特有的魅力吸引住了，不忍释手，一口气读完，感到一种不寻常的美的享受。

这是一个人类发展史上不断重复的故事，古老而常新，平凡而惊心动魄：一群赤手空拳的男女老少，背井离乡来到一片原始的荒野，筚路蓝缕，创业维艰。有的人壮志未酬，中途倒下；有的人知难而退。胜利最终属于那些坚韧不拔，信心、毅力和智慧都超群的人。于是那野性的大自然的烈马般的反抗被驯服了，昔日荒山野岭变成千里沃野。人终于用双手建立起美好的家园和丰衣足食的生活，人也从这求生存的搏斗中得到自我完成。

今天，当人们想起美国时，往往想到的是“硅谷”，是“月球人”，是那高消费的社会和灯红酒绿的繁华都市，还有被曲解和夸大的放任自由。谁还想到，不到100年前，在那寒风呼啸望不到边的旷野荒郊，那些开垦处女地的移民们是怎样洒尽汗水，怎样搏斗过来的。也许连多数美国人也很少去想它了。书中主人公是瑞典移民，不过这故事除了某些细节外也适用于其他国家移民。美国本来是以移民立国的，整个美国的“民族”(姑且用这个词)就是由来自世界各地的移民所组成，只不过有先有后。这些移民开发和建设这块新大陆的功劳是不可磨灭的。今天，高度工业化之后的美国人(不论是哪国人的后裔)的性格和道德观念似乎已经同书中的人物相距很远，但是仔细挖掘起来，那种创业精神仍然是构成作为整体的美国人的品质的精华。每个民族之所以兴，所以衰，除了其他外在的原因外，总有其作为民族特点的内在原因。而体现在亚历山德拉身上那种既踏实苦干，又敢于创新，既善于用手，又善于用脑，充满自信，勇往直前的精神，也许就是生活在这新大陆上的各民族后裔共同带给它的珍贵的贡献。美国之所以兴，与此有关。

这本小书所包含的美是摆脱了一切浮华和矫饰的，健康、充实、高尚、持久的美，是同真和善相联系的美。也许惯见五颜六色的廉价假宝石之后，发现一块洁白无瑕的璞玉的那种清新和惊喜之感，可以同读这本书时的感受相比拟。