



# 语思

五月刊

华东师范大学外语学院 本科生工作室

## 亚瑟（下）

YYoung

第二天，莱昂还是来了，仿佛前一天什么都没发生过，还喜滋滋地叼着一只血淋淋的鸡，亚瑟刚想怎么忍着鸡的臊味把它吃下去的时候，莱昂乐颠颠地开口：“亚瑟，今天让你去看看帕里，他的毛色很黑很亮，你会喜欢他的！不知道新鲜的鸡他会不会喜欢。”

“他会的，一定会的。”亚瑟喃喃。莱昂还在他耳边叽叽喳喳，象一只恼虎的鹦鹉，亚瑟没见过鹦鹉，但别的动物形容多嘴的动物都是用鹦鹉，他便也像自己知道鹦鹉一般用起了这个词。

以往他都会认真听莱昂的每一句话，却现在一句都没听进去，只知道礼貌地和那只叫帕里的乌鸦道了午安，然后远远的找着一棵树底下坐着，看到帕里一眼都不看莱昂和莱昂那只血淋淋的鸡，莱昂红红的尾巴在那里焦急的摆着。

笨蛋，乌鸦不吃鸡的啊。亚瑟默默腹诽着，原本想不告诉莱昂，让他碰碰壁也好，但又在对上莱昂乌溜溜的却失去光彩的大眼睛时，心软了。

听了亚瑟的话，莱昂的眼睛又亮了起来，他欣喜地亲了亚瑟一下，跑出去抓虫子了。亚瑟望着他的背影，直到他离开了很久，亚瑟好像自己还能看见那一抹虹云。

如亚瑟猜想的一般，莱昂并没有抓到虫子，所以当他拿出一包用叶子包着的虫子之后，莱昂兴奋的跳了起来，红红的尾巴高高地翘着。

然后的日子，便如亚瑟没有遇见莱昂之前那样如同例行公事：亚瑟天刚蒙蒙亮便去捉虫子，庞大的身躯让他的敏捷无法伸展，甚至会牺牲自己捕食的时间托付给一条虫子；然后便是同莱昂去散步，将载有虫子的叶子交给帕里；接着帕里会重重地将叶子翻过来，虫子便因此而得到了自由。唯一的改变便是亚瑟之前是一个动物在无聊而现在三个动物在无聊，好吧，其实是有一个乐在其中。

帕里终究没有被感动，而是找了一只母乌鸦远远离开丛林，说是度蜜月去了却再也没有回来，莱昂消沉了一阵，但如同回到了小时候一般再次喜欢上了狐假虎威的游戏，亚瑟渐渐地老了，许久时间的饮

HAWKING

(2)

[http://v.qq.com/page/r/h/2/r0154ddxz\\_h2.html](http://v.qq.com/page/r/h/2/r0154ddxz_h2.html)

影视翻译工作室

食不规律让他消瘦起来，步子都迈不动了，却还坚持着配菜昂散步，看着他红红的尾巴，和可爱的嚣张的气焰。

又过了好像很久，一天晚上，亚瑟没有回洞，而是露天躺在地上，看着眼前星光烁烁，渐渐地从一个亮点变成一团团亮亮的光圈。远远地，他好像听见有谁在唱歌，好像是母亲在他父亲去世的时候吟诵的歌谣，听说是他的祖先的祖先狮身人面像教他们的祖先的：

牢记本身，勿昧前因  
在巨屋中，在火屋中，  
在清点年岁的暗夜里，  
在清算岁月的暗夜里，  
但愿还我我的本名！

当东方天阶上的神圣  
赐我静坐在他身旁，  
当诸神——自报大名，  
愿我也记起我的本名！

他突然一凛，我的本名...是亚瑟，是百兽之王，还是老虎？还是一只抓虫子的愚蠢的爱的囚徒？

虚妄地追逐天边的红云，抛却了自己的尊严与作为一只老虎应有的锋芒，史上第一只非自然灾害时期饿死的老虎应该会被载入史册吧。

我后悔了，真的后悔了...

但是好像，来不及了...

他听见秃鹫的声音，由远及近，他知道，他们在他头上盘旋，伺机，可他的眼睛再也睁不开了。



小说与诗歌文学工作室



# 浅析多媒体英语教学的效用

吴小珍

《教师教育研究》

伴随信息时代的发展，教育也向着信息化教学的方向转变。多媒体英语教学在实施的过程较传统英语教学有很多优点，不仅压缩了教师的板书时间，让教师有更多的时间去讲解知识点，同时 PPT 课件本身去看去模仿，为学生扩展思维，拓宽视野，提高学生的学习效率。



多媒体教学的就是特色图文并茂，PPT 课件囊括了大量的教学内容，能为学生学习英语提供大量的信息，其中的动态图片、影像等形象生动，能把问题和所要表达的概念清晰的表现出来。相对传统英语教学，多媒体教学更加形象具体趣味昂然，能发散学生思维，吸引大家的注意力，从而极大地提高教学效率。

多媒体课件的制作可以从网上下载内容相关或相似的成品课件，然后根据我们自己的教材进行内容修正，图文的再创要灵活，内容可以合理取舍，大胆加入课本中没有的知识点，只要能更好地服务于教材与教学就行。教师可以根据课型和内容不同自行设计一些趣味小练习，或多设计一些 discussion, action, report 等教学任务。例如：单词的归类练习，可以设计成。点按“动物”并将它们拖入到相应的“单位”中，如果是正确的，“职业”就停留在“单位”的下方，并马上听到音箱里传出的一阵掌声，否则，“动物”就会自动落到原位。这种做法可以让学生人人参与，个个动手，多与学生互动，活跃课堂气氛，真正使知识应用于行动中，更好地培养学生的创新精神和实践能力。

考虑到我们学校的资源问题，可以实施传统教学与多媒体教学结合的方式，一周安排一次多媒体课，具体的课程内容可以由任课老师自己安排，可以作为总结性的课程，把一个星期来所讲的内容总结起来，给学生起到一个复习的作用，也可以上新课，对于上课进度比较超前的班级还可以让学生看部外国小电影什么的，让学生了解电影的起源、发展、种类，甚至是电影明星的成长故事，赏析经典影片，扩充学生的知识面，让学生对外国文化有适当了解，并学会了用英文表达自己喜欢的电影，不断与时代共同进步。

根据所教知识的特点，“网络课”可以将图、文、声、形等融为一体，创造丰富逼真的文化背景、社会现象、语言交际环境等，使抽象、平面的语言教学变得立体起来。传统教学中，学生只是

进行枯燥乏味的句型练习，结合多媒体教学，给学生新鲜感和吸引力，促进孩子学好英语，说好英语。同时并非每一节课都适合上网络课，否则教学效果不是“事半功倍”，而是“事倍功半”了，教师也就是在“做秀”了。“视思明，听思聪”。多媒体网络教学集视听于一体，教师在教学过程中应用网络把生动直观、抽象思维和实践合理地结合，使教师的讲解如虎添翼，学生的学如鱼得水。在互联网环境下进行英语教学的有效性不言而喻。同时，还必须掌握现代化的设计思想和方法指导现代化的教育技术手段的运用，才能优化中学英语课的教学过程，从而真正提升教育教学质量以及自身的素质。

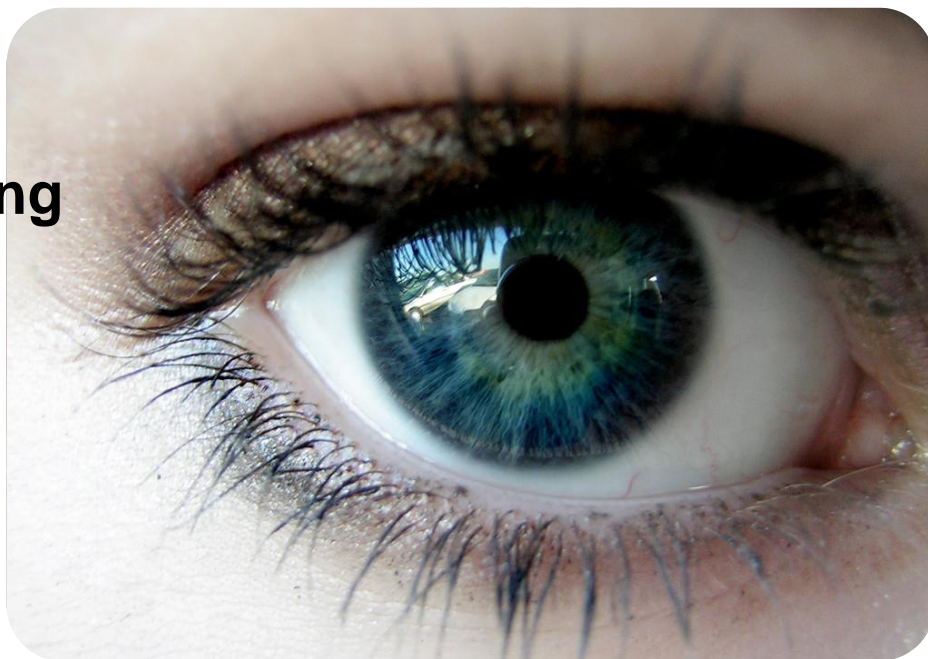
## 教育研究工作室

# Seeing Is Not Believing

2013 级英语系

程章晗

第 20 届中国日报社“21 世纪·可口可乐杯”全国英语演讲比赛上海赛区一等奖、华东师范大学赛区特等奖



Good afternoon,

"I see trees of green, red roses too." For people decades ago, a wonderful world is plain to the eye. Now, trees are still green and roses are still red, but they are very likely to be artificial. Thanks to new technologies, we are in a world where we cannot trust our eyes. Photos can be altered with Photoshop and movies full of computerised effects. Sometimes I say to myself: what a doubtful world! Indeed, we can't help asking: is seeing truly believing?

Too often, in daily life, we don't pause to give a second thought on the truthfulness of what we see. For example, Mandarin ducks, Yuanyang, are a popular symbol of devoted love and spousal loyalty in Chinese culture, due to the fact that they seem to be always in pairs. For thousands of years, people write exquisite poems in celebration of their virtue, hoping for a blissful marital life. However, the truth is: the so-called lovebirds don't have long-term attachment with a fixed partner. In this case, does believing fall victim to seeing? Actually, according to scientists, 'Only 10 percent of what we used to see comes from what we've seen through our

eyes, the rest of the information comes from other parts of our brains.’ That is to say, our brains are analyzing what we’ve seen based on traditional views.

Are we then incapable of discerning truth and facts? What should we do in order to believe? The history of human science illustrates clearly that to find the truth, rather than open our eyes, we need to open our mind. Opening eyes excavate deeper and deeper into the essence until uncovering the ultimate truth. It is with such reflective eyes Isaac Newton discovered the principles of gravity in a falling apple. It is with such investigative eyes that the Wright Brothers built the prototype of the airplane based on their keen study of the flight of birds.

Indeed, ladies and gentlemen, we human beings see, but our vision is not limited to our sight. With vision and precision we make life-changing and earth-shifting achievements one after another, advancing all the way to this modern society of ours.

Thank you!

网址: <http://www.tudou.com/programs/view/vEHRtRqXzNc/>

朗诵与演讲工作室

## The Green Meadow

By H. P. Lovecraft and Winifred V. Jackson

Translated by Elizabeth Neville Berkeley and Lewis Theobald, Jun.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE: The following very singular narrative or record of impressions was discovered under circumstances so extraordinary that they deserve careful description. On the evening of Wednesday, August 27, 1913, at about 8:30 o’clock, the population of the small seaside village of Potowonket, Maine, U.S.A., was aroused by a thunderous report accompanied by a blinding flash; and persons near the shore beheld a mammoth ball of fire dart from the heavens into the sea but a short distance out, sending up a prodigious column of water. The following Sunday a fishing party composed of John Richmond, Peter B. Carr, and Simon Canfield caught in their trawl and dragged ashore a mass of metallic rock, weighing 360 pounds, and looking (as Mr. Canfield said) like a piece of slag. Most of the inhabitants agreed that this heavy body was none other than the fireball which had fallen from the sky four days before; and Dr. Richmond M. Jones, the local scientific authority, allowed that it must be an aerolite or meteoric stone. In chipping off specimens to send to an expert Boston analyst, Dr. Jones discovered imbedded in the semi-metallic mass the

strange book containing the ensuing tale, which is still in his possession.

In form the discovery resembles an ordinary notebook, about 5 × 3 inches in size, and containing thirty leaves. In material, however, it presents marked peculiarities. The covers are apparently of some dark stony substance unknown to geologists, and unbreakable by any mechanical means. No chemical reagent seems to act upon them. The leaves are much the same, save that they are lighter in colour, and so infinitely thin as to be quite flexible. The whole is bound by some process not very clear to those who have observed it; a process involving the adhesion of the leaf substance to the cover substance. These substances cannot now be separated, nor can the leaves be torn by any amount of force. The writing is Greek of the purest classical quality, and several students of palaeography declare that the characters are in a cursive hand used about the second century B. C. There is little in the text to determine the date. The mechanical mode of writing cannot be deduced beyond the fact that it must have resembled that of the modern slate and slate-pencil. During the course of analytical efforts made by the late Prof. Chambers of Harvard, several pages, mostly at the conclusion of the narrative, were blurred to the point of utter effacement before being read; a circumstance forming a well-nigh irreparable loss. What remains of the contents was done into modern Greek letters by the palaeographer Rutherford and in this form submitted to the translators.

Prof. Mayfield of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who examined samples of the strange stone, declares it a true meteorite; an opinion in which Dr. von Winterfeldt of Heidelberg (interned in 1918 as a dangerous enemy alien) does not concur. Prof. Bradley of Columbia College adopts a less dogmatic ground; pointing out that certain utterly unknown ingredients are present in large quantities, and warning that no classification is as yet possible.

The presence, nature, and message of the strange book form so momentous a problem, that no explanation can even be attempted. The text, as far as preserved, is here rendered as literally as our language permits, in the hope that some reader may eventually hit upon an interpretation and solve one of the greatest scientific mysteries of recent years.

—E.N.B.—L.T., Jun.





## (THE STORY)

It was a narrow place, and I was alone. On one side, beyond a margin of vivid waving green, was the sea; blue, bright, and billowy, and sending up vaporous exhalations which intoxicated me. So profuse, indeed, were these exhalations, that they gave me an odd impression of a coalescence of sea and sky; for the heavens were likewise bright and blue. On the other side was the forest, ancient almost as the sea itself, and stretching infinitely inland. It was very dark, for the trees were grotesquely huge and luxuriant, and incredibly numerous. Their giant trunks were of a horrible green which blended weirdly with the narrow green tract whereon I stood. At some distance away, on either side of me, the strange forest extended down to the water's edge; obliterating the shore line and completely hemming in the narrow tract. Some of the trees, I observed, stood in the water itself; as though impatient of any barrier to their progress.

I saw no living thing, nor sign that any living thing save myself had ever existed. The sea and the sky and the wood encircled me, and reached off into regions beyond my imagination. Nor was there any sound save of the wind-tossed wood and of the sea.

As I stood in this silent place, I suddenly commenced to tremble; for though I knew not how I came there, and could scarce remember what my name and rank had been, I felt that I should go mad if I could understand what lurked about me. I recalled things I had learned, things I had dreamed, things I had imagined and yearned for in some other distant life. I thought of long nights when I had gazed up at the stars of heaven and cursed the gods that my free soul could not traverse the vast abysses which were inaccessible to my body. I conjured up ancient blasphemies, and terrible delvings into the papyri of Democritus; but as memories appeared, I shuddered in deeper fear, for I knew that I was alone—horribly alone. Alone, yet close to sentient impulses of vast, vague kind; which I prayed never to comprehend nor encounter. In the voice of the swaying green branches I fancied I could detect a kind of malignant hatred and daemonic triumph. Sometimes they struck me as being in horrible colloquy with ghastly and unthinkable things which the scaly green bodies of the trees half hid; hid from sight but not from consciousness. The most oppressive of my sensations was a sinister feeling of alienage. Though I saw about me objects which I could name—trees, grass, sea, and sky; I felt that their relation to me was not the same as that of the trees, grass, sea, and sky I knew in another and dimly remembered life. The nature of the difference I could not tell, yet I shook in stark fright as it impressed itself upon me.

And then, in a spot where I had before discerned nothing but the misty sea, I beheld the Green Meadow; separated from me by a vast expanse of blue rippling water with sun-tipped wavelets, yet strangely near. Often I would peep fearfully over my right shoulder at the trees, but I preferred to look at the Green Meadow, which affected me oddly.

It was while my eyes were fixed upon this singular tract, that I first felt the ground in motion beneath me. Beginning with a kind of throbbing agitation which held a fiendish suggestion of conscious action, the bit of bank on which I stood detached itself from the grassy shore and commenced to float away; borne slowly onward as if by some current of resistless force. I did not move, astonished and startled as I was by the unprecedented phenomenon; but stood rigidly still until a wide lane of water yawned betwixt me and the land of trees. Then I sat down in a sort of



daze, and again looked at the sun-tipped water and the Green Meadow.

Behind me the trees and the things they may have been hiding seemed to radiate infinite menace. This I knew without turning to view them, for as I grew more used to the scene I became less and less dependent upon the five senses that once had been my sole reliance. I knew the green scaly forest hated me, yet now I was safe from it, for my bit of bank had drifted far from the shore.

But though one peril was past, another loomed up before me. Pieces of earth were constantly crumbling from the floating isle which held me, so that death could not be far distant in any event. Yet even then I seemed to sense that death would be death to me no more, for I turned again to watch the Green Meadow, imbued with a curious feeling of security in strange contrast to my general horror.

Then it was that I heard, at a distance immeasurable, the sound of falling water. Not that of any trivial cascade such as I had known, but that which might be heard in the far Scythian lands if all the Mediterranean were poured down an unfathomable abyss. It was toward this sound that my shrinking island was drifting, yet I was content.

Far in the rear were happening weird and terrible things; things which I turned to view, yet shivered to behold. For in the sky dark vaporous forms hovered fantastically, brooding over trees and seeming to answer the challenge of the waving green branches. Then a thick mist arose from the sea to join the sky-forms, and the shore was erased from my sight. Though the sun—what sun I knew not—shone brightly on the water around me, the land I had left seemed involved in a daemonic tempest where clashed the will of the hellish trees and what they hid, with that of the sky and the sea. And when the mist vanished, I saw only the blue sky and the blue sea, for the land and the trees were no more.

It was at this point that my attention was arrested by the singing in the Green Meadow. Hitherto, as I have said, I had encountered no sign of human life; but now there arose to my ears a dull chant whose origin and nature were apparently unmistakable. While the words were utterly undistinguishable, the chant awaked in me a peculiar train of associations; and I was reminded of some vaguely disquieting lines I had once translated out of an Egyptian book, which in turn were taken from a papyrus of ancient Meroë. Through my brain ran lines that I fear to repeat; lines telling of very antique things and forms of life in the days when our earth was exceeding young. Of things which thought and moved and were alive, yet which gods and men would not consider alive. It was a strange book.

As I listened, I became gradually conscious of a circumstance which had before puzzled me only subconsciously. At no time had my sight distinguished any definite objects in the Green Meadow, an impression of vivid homogeneous verdure being the sum total of my perception. Now, however, I saw that the current would cause my island to pass the shore at but a little distance; so that I might learn more of the land and of the singing thereon. My curiosity to behold the singers had mounted high, though it was mingled with apprehension.

Bits of sod continued to break away from the tiny tract which carried me, but I heeded not their loss; for I felt that I was not to die with the body (or appearance of a body) which I seemed to

possess. That everything about me, even life and death, was illusory; that I had overleaped the bounds of mortality and corporeal entity, becoming a free, detached thing; impressed me as almost certain. Of my location I knew nothing, save that I felt I could not be on the earth-planet once so familiar to me. My sensations, apart from a kind of haunting terror, were those of a traveller just embarked upon an unending voyage of discovery. For a moment I thought of the lands and persons I had left behind; and of strange ways whereby I might some day tell them of my adventurings, even though I might never return.

I had now floated very near the Green Meadow, so that the voices were clear and distinct; but though I knew many languages I could not quite interpret the words of the chanting. Familiar they indeed were, as I had subtly felt when at a greater distance, but beyond a sensation of vague and awesome remembrance I could make nothing of them. A most extraordinary quality in the voices—a quality which I cannot describe—at once frightened and fascinated me. My eyes could now discern several things amidst the omnipresent verdure—rocks, covered with bright green moss, shrubs of considerable height, and less definable shapes of great magnitude which seemed to move or vibrate amidst the shrubbery in a peculiar way. The chanting, whose authors I was so anxious to glimpse, seemed loudest at points where these shapes were most numerous and most vigorously in motion.

And then, as my island drifted closer and the sound of the distant waterfall grew louder, I saw clearly the source of the chanting, and in one horrible instant remembered everything. Of such things I cannot, dare not tell, for therein was revealed the hideous solution of all which had puzzled me; and that solution would drive you mad, even as it almost drove me. . . . I knew now the change through which I had passed, and through which certain others who once were men had passed! and I knew the endless cycle of the future which none like me may escape. . . . I shall live forever, be conscious forever, though my soul cries out to the gods for the boon of death and oblivion. . . . All is before me: beyond the deafening torrent lies the land of Stethelos, where young men are infinitely old. . . . The Green Meadow . . . I will send a message across the horrible immeasurable abyss. . . .



## 绿色荒原

Lovecraft 著

余育凡 译

导言：

这篇非凡的故事、或称印象的记录，系在极为异常的状况下发现，因此有必要在此详加介绍。在 1913 年 8 月

27日星期三晚间8:30左右，美利坚合众国缅因州的滨海小村波托旺克特(Potowonket)的居民宁静生活被眩目的闪光和隆隆的轰音打破，靠近岸边的人目击到巨大的火球落入离岸不远的海中，激起巨大的水柱。星期天，由约翰·利奇蒙德(John Richmond)、皮特·B·卡尔(Peter B. Carr)、西蒙·坎费尔德(Simon Canfield)所乘渔船的拖网网住了一块金属质的岩石，三人将其拖拽上岸。该岩石重360磅，按坎费尔德的说法，看上去就像炉渣。大多数居民都赞同这块岩石就是四天前从天而降的火球的说法，当地科学家利奇蒙德·M·琼斯(Richmond M. Jones)博士认为它不是石质陨石。为了送给波士顿的专家分析，琼斯博士切削了几块标本，结果发现在半金属质的岩块中藏着一本不可思议的小册子，册子上记载着本篇故事。这本册子至今仍在博士手中。

就形态来说，发现的册子与普通的笔记本极其类似，幅为5×3英寸，包含三十张内页。但其材质却显示出非同寻常的特性，封面系由地质学家至今未知的黑色石质物质制成，任何机械手段都无法将之破坏、任何试剂都无法与之反应。内页的材质亦与之相同，但颜色比封面浅得多，几乎没有厚度，可以轻易地团起来。没有一个观察者能搞清这本册子是怎么装订起来的，内页和封面紧紧地粘在一起，不可分离，无论多大的力量都无法将内页撕毁。内页上所写的文字是最纯粹的古典希腊语，好几名古文学家都断言其文字是通用于公元前二世纪左右的手写体。文本没有提及特定的年代，从笔触来看，似乎是用石笔写在石板上的。根据已故的哈佛大学教授钱伯斯(Chambers)的分析，有几页，特别是故事末尾的几页，在没来得及被任何人读到之前就已模糊、消失，不可挽回地损失掉了。册子现存的部分由古文学家卢瑟福(Rutherford)翻译成现代希腊语，交到了译者手中。

麻省理工学院的迈菲尔德(Mayfield)教授检查了怪异岩石的标本后，宣布它的确是一块陨石，海德堡大学的冯·温特费尔德(von Winterfeldt)教授反对他的观点（教授已于1918年以敌侨罪名被拘押）。哥伦比亚大学的布莱德利(Bradley)教授的意见则比较中立，他认为该岩石大量含有某种未知成分，现在还不能确切分类。

这本不可思议的小册子的存在、性质及内容给我们提出了很多难题，这些问题就连解释都无从下手。我们只能从现有文本出发，尽可能地用现代语言逐译如下，希望读者能自己做出诠释，将这近年来最大的科学谜团之一加以解决。

——E.N.B.、——L.T., Jun.

故事：

身处这狭小所在的，只有我独自一人。在我的一侧，在轻摇的绿草之外，是澄碧的大海；汹涌海浪激起的水雾使我陶醉，水雾太过浓密，甚至使我产生了海天合二为一的奇妙错觉，就好像天空也是同样的澄碧一片。在我的另一侧是森林，它仿佛和大海一样古老，无尽地向内陆延伸。林中阴森幽暗，因为所有的树木都大到了怪异的程度，其数量也是难以置信地多。巨大的树干上混着可怕的绿色，那绿色和我所站的小块绿茵的颜色完全相同。等草地稍微漂远一点之后，我看到这异样的森林占满了水际，盖住了海岸线，把这块狭小的草地整个包围起来。有些树甚至长到了海里，就好像没有任何东西能阻挡森林的扩张一般。

我没有看到任何生物，也没看见除我以外的生物存在的痕迹。大海、天空和森林整个包围了我，它们无远弗届地延展着，直到超乎我想像之外的领域。本应存在的、风吹过树林和波浪拍打的声音，也完全没有听到。



站在这寂静的绿茵之上，我突然开始颤抖。我不知道自己是怎么到这里来的，就连自己的名字和地位也已忘记。但我能感觉到，如果了解了潜伏在周围的事物的话，我肯定会发疯。我想起，在遥远而悠久的另外的人生中，我学到了什么、梦到了什么、想像了什么、渴望了什么。我记得，当仰望天星时，我为了自己自由的灵魂不能越过那肉体无法进入的辽阔深渊，而整晚整晚地诅咒着神灵。我忆起了古老的褻渎之举，还有我在德谟克利特(Democritus)的纸草中读到的可怖之事。但想起这些的时候，更加深远的恐惧就使我瑟瑟发抖了，因为我明白，自己现在是孤身一人——这种孤独让我恐怖。尽管我很孤单，但我依然希望自己不会理解、也不会遇到那巨大而模糊的、像种感觉一样的冲动。我能感到，在摇曳的绿色树枝发出的声音中，充满了恶意、仇恨，以及狂乱的胜利的喜悦。半藏在树木那鳞状的绿色树干中的，是可怖的、无法想像的东西，有时我觉得它们正在和树木进行着令我毛骨悚然的对话。那可怖的东西无法用眼睛看到，但却不能在意识里隐藏。而对我最具压迫的，还是那种险恶的异样感。在我周围的是树、草、海、天——虽然我能叫出它们的名字，但它们和我的关系，与我朦胧地记起的另外的人生中的树、草、海、天和我的关系完全不同，我不知道到底哪里不一样，只是感觉到各种异状，并在恐怖中颤抖不已。

其后，在以前只能看到雾气笼罩的海面的地方，我发现了绿色草原。在太阳照耀之下，辽阔的蔚蓝大海闪着粼粼的波光，它把我和绿色草原分隔开来，但很奇怪地，我却觉得草原和我非常接近。此前我经常偷偷看向在我右手边的可怕森林，现在我却更喜欢把视线投向这绿色的草原。

在我看到这怪异草原的同时，我第一次感到脚下的地面开始摇晃。首先传来的，是一种脉搏似的鼓动，它就好像是出自恶魔的建议、出自有意识的行为；然后，我所站的一部分草地离开海岸，在海上漂浮，随着一种无法抗拒的力量的流动，缓慢前进着。我被这出乎意料的现象震惊了，一动不动地立在当场，直到我和茂生森林的陆地之间拉开一条宽阔的水路。终于，我在一片茫然中坐下，再次望向日光下波光粼粼的大海和绿色草原。

在我背后，那些可能隐藏在树木之间的东西正散发出前所未有的威胁。我知道自己不需再看它





们了，在我习惯前景色的同时，我也逐渐变得不像过去那样依靠五官了。我也知道那深绿一片的森林恨我，不过它现在已经不能再危害我，因为我所站的小块绿茵已经远远地漂离了岸边。

可一难刚去，又来一难。载着我的浮岛正在不断缩小，死亡已经在迫近了。尽管明白地知道这一点，我却觉得死亡对我来说并不是终结。我再次看向绿色草原：和我经受着的不可思议的恐怖正好相反，它给了我一种奇妙的安全感。

之后，我听见从无可计量的远方传来了水流倾注的声音。这声音不是我所知的那种细小瀑布的声音，它听起来就和我在遥远的西徐亚(Scythia)之地听过的、地中海的海水注入无底深渊的声音一样。这个逐渐缩小的浮岛正朝那声音的方向漂流而去，我对此感到心满意足。

在遥远的后方，发生了世上最诡异、最可怕的事情。当我回头望去，不禁浑身发抖。那遮蔽了天空的异样的、黑色的雾霭，就像回应摇曳的绿色树枝的挑战一样，覆盖了森林。而后浓雾从海中升起，使我难以看到天空，更望不到岸边。太阳——和我所知的完全不同的太阳——照耀着我和我周围的海面，而一阵狂乱的暴风席卷了我所离开的陆地，就仿佛那掩盖着地狱般的森林的意志被大海与天空的意志粉碎了一样。浓雾消散之后，映入眼帘的只有蔚蓝的天空和大海，陆地和森林已经完全不见了。

这时，一阵歌声把我的注意力从绿色草原上引开。前面说过，我在这里没看到任何人类存在的痕迹，可现在我的耳朵却清楚地听到了单调的咏唱，我无法分辨它的源头和性质。我还没有理解歌词含义，这咏唱就在我心里引发了一连串奇异的联想。我想起我曾从埃及的书籍中翻译出一些文字，这些文字抄自在古老的梅罗伊(Meroe)找到的纸草，其内容不知为什么，就是令人不安。我把那些文字在脑中过了一遍——光是想起它就使我恐惧——，它记载了当地球还非常年轻的时候，存在于世界上的生命形态，以及万分古老的东西。那些东西能思考、能行动，也活着，可无论诸神还是人类都不会把它们看作活物。那真是一本怪异的书。

当我听到那歌声时，逐渐意识到了这种在潜意识中使我困惑的状况。到现在为止，我还没有在绿色草原上看到任何值得注意的东西，视野所及之处，尽是铺展开来的一模一样的绿色，这就是我见到的全部了。我发现海流此时已经把我所在的小岛带到离绿色草原很近的地方，我想我也许能够知晓那草原和歌手的事情。我的好奇心使我按捺不住想要见到歌手的心情，尽管这心情里还混杂着不安。

载着我的浮岛越来越小，可我却并不在意，因为我感到自己不会随着现在似乎归我所有的肉体（或看似肉体的东西）一起死亡。我的一切，包括生死，皆属虚幻，我已经超越了必有一死的命运、超越了拥有肉体的生物的范围，变成了谁都无法阻挡的自由的存在——这印象在我看来已近乎确定无疑。我不知自己身在何方，只是觉得根本不在熟悉的地球上。现在我的感觉已不再是萦绕于心的恐怖，正在展开无尽航程的冒险家的心情在我胸中扩散开来。有那么一瞬间，我想到了被我抛在身后的土地和人们，我可能再也不会归还，但我想找到一个有朝一日能让他们知道这次历险的方法。

现在我已经非常靠近绿色草原了，歌声也变得清晰而分明。虽然我通晓多种语言，但却无法理解歌词的内容。这歌声我很熟悉，我隐约感觉到它离我非常遥远，然而，除了这种朦胧的感受和令我畏惧的记忆，我什么也无法想起。这声音最令人惊叹的性质——无可言喻的性质——，就是它充满恐惧，同时又充满诱惑。我已经能够从无所不在的青草中辨别出一些东西——那些东西隐藏在覆

满鲜绿苔藓的岩石和灌木之后，非常巨大，但看不清形状，似乎只是在灌木中用某种奇怪的方式移动或震动着。我渴望看到歌手，但歌声只是变得无比高亢。那些看不清形状的东西也和着歌声，越来越多，越来越活跃。

我的小岛漂得更近了，远方瀑布的声音越来越大。我清楚地看见了咏唱的来源，在恐怖的一瞬间之中，我记住了一切。关于那东西，我不能说，也不敢说，那里显示的令人惊悚的事实解答了我的困惑。如果我把它写下来的话，恐怕连读者也会陷入疯狂吧，因为我现在几乎就要疯狂了……我明白了在自己身上发生的变化，这正是那些过去曾经是人的东西身上发生的变化！而我也明白了，像我这样的人不可能逃脱未来那无尽的循环……我大概将永远生存下去，永远保有意识，就算我的灵魂大声哭喊，向死亡与遗忘之神乞求恩惠也……我的眼前出现了一切：在斯特提罗斯(Stethelos)的土地上，在那震耳欲聋的洪流对岸，有着无限老迈的年轻之人……绿色草原……我将从无限辽远的恐怖深渊彼方，把这信息送来……

文学翻译工作室