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# 但愿你的 道路漫长

散文卷

If Only You  
Have a Long  
Road

好英文  
每天读点

Everyday  
English Notes

42篇清新舒压的精致散文  
让你倍感压力时充满希望

暖小昕 / 编译  
常青藤语言教学中心 / 审校



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## 图书在版编目 ( CIP ) 数据

但愿你的道路漫长 : 汉英对照 / 暖小昕编译. — 宁波 : 宁波出版社, 2016.1

ISBN 978-7-5526-2214-0

I. ①但… II. ①暖… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物  
②散文集—世界 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 ( 2015 ) 第 318269 号

## 但愿你的道路漫长

暖小昕 编译

出版发行 宁波出版社

( 宁波市甬江大道1号宁波书城8号楼6楼 邮编: 315040 )

网 址 [http: //www. nbcbs. com](http://www.nbcbs.com)

特约策划 李 娟

责任编辑 方 妍 王晓君

责任校对 金将将

责任审读 陈 钰

印 刷 天津市豪迈印务有限公司

开 本 870 毫米 × 1280 毫米 1/32 印 张 11 字 数 200 千

版 次 2016 年 1 月第 1 版 印 次 2016 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

标准书号 ISBN 978-7-5526-2214-0

定 价 35.00 元

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## Chapter One

# 生命的加油站

## 两条道路

*The Two Roads*

[英] 约翰·罗斯金 / John Ruskin

新年之夜，一位上了年纪的人伫立在窗前。他抬起充满哀伤的眼睛，仰望着深蓝色的天空，星星在那里游移着，如同朵朵百合散落在清澈而平静的湖面上。接着，他把目光投向地面，看到几个比他更加绝望的人正走向他们的终点——坟墓。在通往人生终点的道路上，他已经走过了六十个驿站，除了过失和悔恨之外，他一无所获。现在，他健康欠佳，精神空虚，心情忧郁，缺少晚年应有的舒适和安逸。

年轻的时光如梦幻般浮现在他眼前，他回想起父亲将他放在人生道路

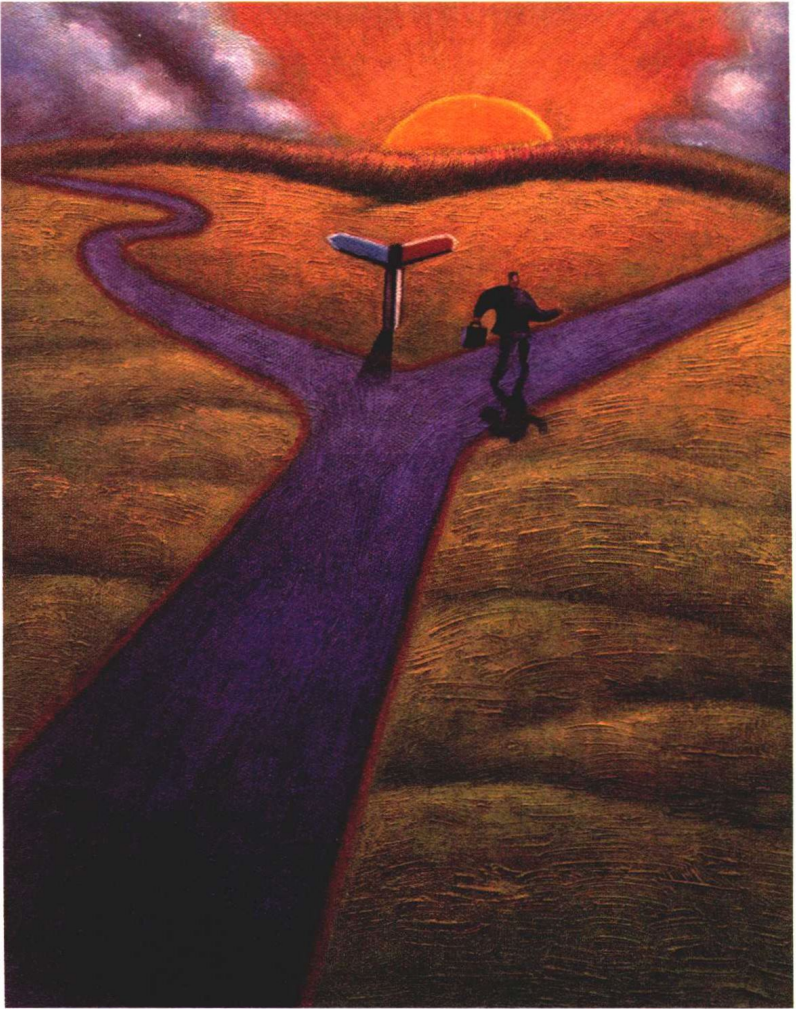
的入口处时那个关键的时刻。当时，摆在他面前的有两条道路：一条通向和平宁静、阳光灿烂的地方，那里充满花果，回荡着柔和甜美的歌声；另一条则通向黑暗无底的深渊，那里流淌着毒汁而非清水，恶魔肆虐，毒蛇横行。

他仰望着天空，痛苦地叫喊：“啊，青春，请回来吧！啊，父亲，请把我重新放到人生道路的起点上吧，我将会做出更好的选择。”然而，父亲和他的青春都已离他远去。

他看着灯光被黑暗吞没，那就是他虚度的时光；他看见一颗星星从空中陨落、消逝，那正是他自身的写照，悔恨如同利箭深深刺进他的心脏。然后，他回想起儿时的朋友，他们曾与他一同踏上人生的旅程，现在已走在成功的道路上，受到人们的尊敬，此时正沉浸在欢度新年的幸福中。

教堂高塔上的钟声敲响了，这让他回忆起父母早年对他的爱，他们曾给予他谆谆教诲，曾为他的幸福向上帝祈祷。但他偏偏选择了人生的歧途。羞愧和忧伤使他再也不敢正视他父亲所在的天堂。他双眼无神，饱含着泪水，在绝望中，他奋力高喊：“回来吧，我那逝去的岁月！回来吧！”

他的青春真的回来了，因为上面所发生的一切只不过是他在新年所做的一场梦。他依然年轻，当然他也曾真的犯过错误，但还不至于堕入黑暗深渊，他仍然可以自由地走在通向宁静和光明的道路上。



正在人生路口徘徊，正在犹豫是否要选择光明大道的年轻人啊，你们一定要记住：当你青春已逝，在黑暗的群山中举步维艰、跌跌撞撞的时候，你才会痛心疾首、徒劳无功地呼喊：“啊，回来吧，青春！啊，把我美好的年华还给我吧！”

It was New Year's Night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless people than himself now moved towards their certain goal—the tomb. He had already passed sixty of the stages leading to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. Now his health was poor, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age short of comforts.

The days of his youth appeared like dreams before him, and he recalled the serious moment when his father placed him at the entrance of the two roads—one leading to a peaceful, sunny place, covered with flowers, fruits and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading to a deep, dark cave, which was endless, where



poison flowed instead of water and where devils and poisonous snakes hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky and cried painfully, "O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, and I'll choose the better way!" But both his father and the days of his youth had passed away.

He saw the lights flowing away in the darkness. These were the days of his wasted life; he saw a star fall from the sky and disappeared, and this was the symbol of himself. His remorse, which was like a sharp arrow, struck deeply into his heart. Then he remembered his friends in his childhood, who entered on life together with him. But they had made their way to success and were now honoured and happy on this New Year's Night.

The clock in the high church tower struck and the sound made him remember his parents' early love for him. They had taught him and prayed to God for his good. But he chose the wrong way. With shame and grief he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his father lived. His darkened eyes were full of tears, and with a despairing effort, he burst out a cry, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return, for all this was only a dream, which he had on New Year's Night. He was still young though his faults were real; he had not yet entered the deep, dark cave, and he was still free to walk on the road which leads to the peaceful and sunny





land.

Those who still linger on the entrance of life, hesitating to choose the bright road, remember that when years are passed and your feet stumble on the dark mountains, you will cry bitterly, but in vain: “O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!”