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Crazy English

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张淑芳 张瑞琪 编



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用耳朵听 最感人的故事



Crazy English

域进类语

故事会





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• 前言•

提起《故事会》这个书名,大家都会想到那本小小的带给我们无限欢乐的故事书吧。那一个个扣人心弦的故事,陪伴我们茶余饭后。《英语故事会》你看过吗?既可以读故事,又可以学英语,将学习寓于有趣的故事阅读中,轻轻松松学英语。

本书独创"用耳朵学英文"的学习方式,为自己创造一个全英语环境,无论是散步、坐车还是躺在床上,都能不断地听英语,练就英语耳。全书配备的MP3光盘,由美籍教师倾情演绎故事内容,并配以相应风格的背景音乐,使各个故事产生立体式的欣赏效果。配音吐字清晰,发音地道,感情充沛,是很好的听力资料。

为了便于大家记单词,我们专门编写了"读故事记单词"版块。正文中有很多单词字体加粗,还有一些以斜体标注,并附有脚注,其中粗体的单词是读者必须记住的。中文翻译中间专门留有单词没有翻译,是为了考验大家的记忆能力,这些词在每篇文章的结尾处都有专门的注释。

以精彩的故事调动学习者的兴趣和感情投入,使人的注意力集中在故事情节的同时集中在英语语言现象上,从而达到最好的英语学习效果。本系列图书正是本着这样的目的而为广大渴望早日掌握英语的读者准备的,共有三辑,分别是《用耳朵听最感人的故事》、《用耳朵听最惊奇的故事》和《用耳朵听传奇人物故事》。这一个个故事也许会勾起你对家人、故友、往事的回忆,锻造你的情商;也许会打破你的常规思维,挑战你的胆量,让你大开眼界;也许会给你以人生的经验和启迪,让你少走弯路,更上一层楼。

本书为该系列图书之一的《用耳朵听最感人的故事》,精选了主要英语国家的经典小故事,或爱情,或亲情,或友情,温馨感人,引人入胜;语言标准凝练,是学习英语不可多得的好帮手。

用耳朵听故事是最有效的学习方法,它能在最短的时间内,让这些人在这些方面受益:

★ 听力

没有英语基础的人

想要确实听懂地道生活英语的人

想要增强自我英语能力的人

★ 词汇

想要顺利轻松记住英语单词的人

★ 语法

想要具有英语思维(用英语去思考、表达)的人

★ 会话

想要学会日常会话的人

听得懂却开不了口、不会说的人

想要重新打好英语基础的人

★ 阅读

想要拥有优越阅读能力的人

喜欢阅读小故事的人

★ 写作

想要写出地道、优美英文的人

跟着"疯狂英语"的节奏动起来吧,收获不仅仅是英语,还有"疯狂"成功的人生!



‰ 26℃蓝

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明度高的蓝象征清新与宁静;明度低的蓝象征庄重与崇高。蓝色总是给人太多的遐想,有人说蓝色是忧郁的,有人说蓝色是开阔的……蓝色是一种千帆过尽后,海的颜色;万鸟翱翔后,天的颜色;事事经历后,心的颜色。归根结底,蓝色,代表宽容,代表承诺,代表难舍的爱。26°C蓝色的爱,干净透明,忧伤却不悲哀,真挚但不张扬,却总能触痛你的心弦,轻轻地,淡淡地,给你带来心的共鸣,那就是相信真爱的存在,相信爱的真谛,相信蓝色的爱情……

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冷雨 Cold Rain

很难想象,一个即将结束生命旅程的人是以怎样的心情把自己钟爱的人从自己身边送走的。冷漠也好,绝情也罢,一切只因他爱她。爱她所以让她离开,看似没有逻辑的话语在爱情的国度里却是成立的。然而,生死相隔就真的阻止得了爱情吗?





t had been raining for more than a week, and the rain made every day seem so restless and gloomy. She called and said she was coming up. It was the third time she came up to see me that week. Knowing her excuse for coming all the way here, I went to meet her at the nearby Seven-Eleven. She was standing there alone, carrying her red umbrella. Her friend had dropped her off. It was raining and she was shivering. She looked weak and fragile in the harsh rain, not wearing enough to keep her warm.

雨已经下了一周多了,这么多雨水让每一天看起来都那么不安和gloomy。她给我打了电话,说她要过来。这是这周她第三次来找我。我很明白她为什么这样来回奔波着要见我。此刻她正在我家附近的7-11超市等着。她孤独地站在那儿,拿着她那把红色umbrella。她的朋友把她捎过来的。天还在下雨,她冻得瑟瑟发抖。在滂沱的雨中她看上去那样虚弱,她穿得太少了。

I walked up to her and said, "You shouldn't come to see me anymore," and stuff like how we shouldn't be together.

She said, "I miss you."

I told her coldly, "Let's go, I'll take you home."

She did not open up her umbrella. I knew she wanted to share mine.

I said, "Open up your umbrella. Let's go."

Unwillingly, she opened up her umbrella and walked with me to the car. She said she hadn't eaten lunch or dinner and asked if we could stop at some place to eat.

Right away I answered with a stoned heart, "No!"

Disappointed, she asked me to take her to the train station. She said she would take the train back home.

Maybe it was the rain, all the trains were full of people with umbrellas and suitcases who were eager to get home, not caring about who just passed by. We waited and waited; she looked at me *innocently*²⁾. Being together for so long, of course I knew what she meant. I understood how she must have felt when she came all this way here in this kind of weather and I treated her like

我走向她,说:"你不应该再来见我,"接着又说了一些我们不应该再在一起的话。

她说:"我想你。"

我coldly地告诉她:"走吧,我送你回家。"

她并没有把自己的伞打开,我知道她想和我share一把。

我说:"打开你的伞,走吧。"

她很不情愿地撑开自己的伞,跟着我走向车的方向。她说她一天没吃饭了,问 我能不能一块儿找个place吃点东西。

我毫不犹豫、铁石心肠地回答: "不能!"

她很失望,然后让我带她去火车站,她说她坐火车回家。

或许是下雨的缘故,火车站挤满了人,大家都拿着雨伞拖着行李急于回家,没有谁在意身边来来往往的过客。我们一直等着,她很无辜地看着我。我们在一起这么久了,我当然明白她眼神中的含义。我很清楚她的感受——这么恶劣的天气,她大老远

2. innocently['ɪnəsntlɪ] adv. 无罪地, 纯洁地

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Touching Stories

this. With her soft eyes staring at me, I felt guilty and wanted to let her stay for the night.

But reality struck again. I said to her coldly, "Let's go try the other train station."

We were living in the same apartment building, on the same floor. Back then there were four of us, and we got along well. We would always eat dinner together, watch movies, and sometimes go camping. We were more like a family, but I didn't know I would end up falling in love with the only girl of the four. Maybe it was during the last year of college, having lived together for two years, we developed deep feelings for each other. After she graduated she went back home, and I stayed for one more year to finish school. During that year I was only able to take the train down to see her on holidays, but never for long. That was how we kept the treasured relationship.

We were walking along the side of the road. She was in front of me and I was right behind her. Her umbrella had a broken spoke. She looked like a **wounded** soldier, carrying her rusted rifle walking weakly. Many times, she was too into thinking or whatever she was doing, drifting off the road, she almost got hit by the cars passing by. I wanted to just take her in my arms, but with the love I had for her and the constant pain in my stomach, I did nothing. On the way, we passed by the park where we used to go.

She begged and said, "Let's go in the park just for a little while please, I promise I'll go home right after this."

With her begging, my cold heart softened, but I still put up an annoyed face and walked in the park. I was just sitting on a bench looking like I wanted to leave. She went to the big oak tree and she was looking for something. I knew she was looking for what we wrote on that tree with a silver ink pen half a year ago. If I remember it right, it said, "Chris and Susan were here, Chris had tea and Susan was drinking hot chocolate. Hope Chris and Susan would always remember this day, always loving each other, forever." She was looking around for quite a while, then she came back slowly with tears on her face.

She said, "Chris, I can't find it, it's not there anymore."

跑来看我却遭遇我这番对待。她温柔的眼神让我有种负罪感,我想留她过今晚。

不过马上我又清醒过来,冷冷地说:"我们去另一个车站。"

那时我们住在同一栋apartment的同一层楼。我们有四个人常常一块儿玩。大家一起吃饭、看电影,有时也去郊游。我们就像一家人一样。我从未想过最后会爱上这四人中only的这个女孩。也许事情在我college的最后一年才开始有变化。当时我们已经一起玩了两年,彼此有了更深的感情。她毕业后就回家了,我在学校里又待了一年完成学业。那一年,我只能在放假的时候坐火车去看她,但从不逗留太久。就这样我们维持着这段珍贵的感情。

我们走在路上,她在前我在后。她的伞有一根脊骨坏掉了。这让她看起来像一个wounded的士兵拖着一把破旧的来福枪,疲惫地走着。有好几次,她仿佛陷入深深的沉思中,过马路时差点被过往的汽车撞上。我很想上去拉她的手,但因为对她的爱和我持续不断的胃痛,我什么也没做。我们一路走着,到了我们以前常去的公园。

她哀求着说:"我们去公园坐一小会儿,行吗?我promise待会儿就回家。"

她这种语气让我心软了,但我仍然拉长着脸和她走了进去。我坐在长凳上,一副随时要走的模样。她走向那棵高大的橡树,寻找着什么。我知道她是在找半年前我们用银色水笔写在树上的那些句子。我记得很清楚,我们写着:"克里斯和苏珊曾来这儿,克里斯喝茶,苏珊喝热巧克力。希望克里斯和苏珊永远 remember这一天,永远相爱,永远。"她四下看了一番,慢慢地挪着步子回来,脸上挂着tears。

她说:"克里斯,我找不到了,它们不见了。"





I felt so sour inside, there was a stream of pain, flowing into my heart, the kind of pain I've never felt before. But all I could do was to pretend I didn't care, and said, "Can we go now?"

I opened up my big black umbrella, she was just standing there, and she didn't want to leave yet, hoping there was still a chance. She said, "You made up the story of you and that other girl, didn't you? I know I *frustrate* you sometimes, but I'll change, can't we start over?"

I didn't say a word, but just looked down and shook my head. After that we just kept on walking towards the train station, and didn't say a word to each other.

Four years ago, the doctor said I had cancer, but it was found early, so it was still curable. Thinking that it was okay, I started living my normal life again, and even forgot about the cancer. I didn't think about the cancer again and did not go back to the doctor. Until a month ago, my stomach was hurting for two weeks straight, and the nightmare awakened me again. First I thought the pain would go away, but it grew stronger until to the point that I couldn't take it anymore. I went back to the doctor and took an X-ray. The picture came out and there was a big black spot, which proved the truth that I did not want to believe. I was at the most glittering part of my life, but it was coming to an end. I wanted myself and the people around me to go through the least pain possible, so I decided to commit suicide. But I couldn't let people find out about my intentions, especially Susan, the person I love most in this whole world, who has never known about the truth. Susan was still young, she shouldn't have to go through this. So I made up some stories and lied to her. It was a cruel thing to do, and it broke her heart, but it was the fastest way to wipe out three years' feelings. I didn't have much time, because I would soon start to lose hair and she would find out eventually. But now I was about to succeed, and this drama would soon be over. Thirty minutes more this would all come to an end, that was what I had in mind.

The train had stopped running so I called a taxi for her. We were just standing there, waiting, losing our last moments in silence.

I saw the taxi from far away, I held my tears and said to her, "Take care of yourself, take good care of yourself."



我感到内心一股酸楚和pain流淌到我的心脏,这是我从未感受过的疼痛。但是我只能强装不在乎,说:"我们现在可以走了吗?"

我打开我那把大黑雨伞,她还伫在那里,不想走,还怀着一丝希望。"你讲你和那个女孩的故事是编造的,对吗?我知道我有时候让你很烦,但我会改的,我们重新来过好吗?"

我不发一言,眼睛看着地下,摇头。然后我们去了车站,谁也没有再多说一句。

四年前,医生说我得了被认为是可以治愈的。想想normal生活,把这件事渐生了。直到一个月前,胃疼我才忽然被噩梦唤醒。最初想到反而加重了,最后我再也承

cancer, 还好发现得早, 那时 这没什么问题, 我就开始了 渐淡忘了, 也没有再去看医 连续折磨了我两个星期, 我以为疼痛会很快过去, 没 受不住。我去医生那儿照了个

X光,片子出来了,上面有一块巨大的黑斑,这正是我不愿面对的事实。我的生活本来有声有色,但已经走到了终点。我不想让自己和身边的人承受折磨,于是我决定自杀。但我不能让他们看出我有这种intentions,尤其是苏珊,这个世界上我最爱的人。她对我的病情一直一无所知。苏珊还年轻,她不应该承受这些。于是我编了些故事骗她。这样做很残忍,很伤她的心,但这是解除我们之间三年感情的最快捷的方式。我的时间不多了,很快我就要掉头发,然后她就会发现这一切。不过,我很快就要达到我的目的了,这出戏很快就要结束了。再过半个小时,一切都将结束。这是我脑子里的唯一念头。

火车停开了,我只好给她叫了一辆出租车。我们俩站在那儿,等待着,时间在沉默中一秒一秒地逝去。

出租车远远地向我们驶过来,我强忍住泪对她说:"保重,好好照顾自己。

Anna

^{3.} frustrate [frʌsˈtreɪt] v. 挫败, 阻挠, 使感到灰心, 阻止

^{4.} nightmare ['nartmeə(r)] n. 梦魇, 恶梦, 可怕的事物



She didn't talk, just nodded lightly, and then opened up her misshaped umbrella and stepped out on the street. Out in the rain, we became two single life forms, one red, one black, so far away from each other. I opened the door for her and she got in, then I closed the gate that would **separate** me from her forever. I stood by the car, staring in the dark window, at the first love in my life, also the last one, walking out of my life. The car started, driving into the street. Finally I couldn't hold my sorrow and the twist in my heart any longer, waving my arms rapidly chasing after the taxi, because I knew, this would be the last time I saw her. I wanted to tell her I still love her, I wanted to tell her to stay, I wanted to tell her so much, but the taxi had already turned in the corner. Warm tears kept falling down my face, blended with the cold rain drops. I was cold, not because of the rain. I was cold inside.

She left, and I didn't get anymore of her phone calls even until today. I know she didn't see my tears, because they were washed away by the rain. I left without regrets.

But I'm not Chris, I'm that girl Susan, using my memory, and his diary I found after one year since he left, writing down these last words.

她没说话,只轻轻地点头。打开她那把变了形的伞,走到街道上。在雨中,我们像两种生活的符号,一个是红色的,一个是黑色的,相距如此遥远。我替她打开了门,她钻进车里。然后,我关上了那扇永远将我们separate的车门。我站在车外,凝视着灰暗的车窗里面我生命中第一个,也是最后一个爱人,走出我的生活。出租车开动了,沿着街道远去。终于,我再也忍不住心中汹涌的悲伤和痛苦,挥舞着双臂向快速离去的汽车狂奔过去,我知道,这是我最后一次见她了。我要告诉她我爱她,我要告诉她我希望她stay,我想告诉她的太多了……出租车已经拐弯开走了。热泪混合着从天而降的冷雨,纵横交错地流淌在我脸上。我感到很冷,不是因为这场雨。我的心已是凄凉一片。

她走了,直到今天,我再也没有接到过她打来的电话。我知道她根本看不见我的眼泪,它们都被雨水冲走了。我离开这世界没有一丝regrets。

但我不是克里斯,我是那个女孩苏珊,用我的memory和他留下的diary(他去世一年后才被我发现),写下了上面的文字。



gloomy ['glu:mɪ] adj. 阴沉的, 阴郁的 umbrella [ʌm'brelə] n. 雨伞 coldly ['kəuldlɪ] adv. 冷冷地 share [ʃeə] v. 共用 place [pleɪs] n. 地方 apartment [ə'pɑ:tmənt] n. 〈美〉公寓 only ['əunlɪ] adj. 唯一的 college ['kɒlɪdʒ] n. 〈美〉大学 wounded ['wu:ndɪd] adj. 受伤的 promise ['prɒmɪs] v. 保证 remember [rɪ'membə] v. 记住

tear [tɪə] n. 眼泪
pain [peɪn] n. 痛苦
cancer ['kænsə] n. 癌症
normal ['nɔ:məl] adj. 正常的
intention [ɪn'tenʃən] n. 意图, 企图
separate ['sepəreɪt] v. 分开
stay [steɪ] v. 留下
regret [rɪ'gret] n. 悔恨
memory ['memərɪ] n. 记忆
diary ['daɪərɪ] n. 日记

