

☆ ☆ 心情故事 ☆ ☆

午夜玫瑰

谈爱情

成应翠 刘文娟 主编

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给心灵一双翅膀，她可以飞得更高，飞得更远……

给思想一点养分，她可以驰骋得更自由，更矫健……



当今世界，倘若你能用英语流畅地表达思想，你就拥有一双会飞翔的翅膀。英语是一把进入知识宫殿的钥匙，一张通向绚丽世界的绿卡；她可以让你走得更快，走得更高，走得舒展和自由；她可以为你出国深造、工作晋升、事业发展等提供更加广阔和多样的前景。

那么，如何用英语流畅地表达思想呢？要达到这一目标，首先要培养英文思维，而培养英文思维的有效途径就是坚持大量阅读。大量阅读，是吸收鲜活语言素材的最佳途径；大量阅读，能给你提供英文句子的最基本成分，让你学会简单自如的表达方法；大量阅读，会让你反复见到一些词汇和语言现象，这有助于你学习基本的语法、词汇搭配等，又可以巩固已学的知识使其成为技巧。只有大量阅读，才能培养语感，锻炼英语的应用和思维能力。

面对图书市场琳琅满目的读物，如何选择适合自己英语水平的阅读材料呢？选择水平相当的、理想的阅读材料至关重要。这些读物可以让你读得快、读得多，同时，增长信心，培养兴趣。如果专挑“硬骨头”啃，食而不化，结果也许只是事倍功半。在选择读物的时候，应注意以下几点。首先，没有专业词汇，用词较简单；其

次，篇幅较短，内容极具吸引力；此外，内容最好是关于日常生活方面的，不要选择专业题材的读物。要避免专业词汇较多、描写太细的作品。

在此，我特别向具有中级英语水平及以上的读者推荐《心情故事》双语“悦读”丛书。本丛书集众英语读物优点于一身，并努力开拓英语学习的新视角，倡导“娓娓道来，智慧悦读”的新理念。该丛书共8册，即《一诺千金》（谈友情）、《午夜玫瑰》（谈爱情）、《一盒子吻》（谈亲情）、《飘逸而行》（谈人生）、《光芒童真》（人之初）、《风样年华》（谈青春年少）、《心灵烛火》（谈世间冷暖）、《那时花开》（谈回忆）。本丛书对于大学生朋友、广大白领人士及学有余力的中学生朋友来说是个不错的选择。

本丛书有以下突出的优点：

1. 本丛书8个角度的选材都是关于日常生活的方方面面，没有生僻的专业词汇。

2. 内容广泛而丰富，或谈人生，或谈情感，或谈青春年少，或谈世间冷暖，篇篇智慧，章章瑰丽，极具可读性。

3. 原汁原味的英语美文，篇幅短小精悍，难易程度适中，读来轻松愉悦。

4. 英汉双语对照，便于你更好地理解文章所传达的精神实质。

5. 图文并茂，漫画的形象功能有助于你加深对文章内涵及文化背景的了解。

6. 结构清晰，体例编排独具特色。每篇文章后所设置的“文章链接”专栏有助于你理解文章的深层含义，“幽默快车”专栏旨在为你减压，放松心情。

阅读本套读物，有利于你培养语感，熟悉英语的基本表达，积累鲜活的语言素材，有效培养自信心。在每读完一篇文章后，请试问自己，“如果用2 000~3 000个最常用的词汇，我能说出或写出如此生动的故事吗？”



阅读本套读物，你可将所学到的原汁原味的、地道的英语表达灵活地移植到日常交流或各类考试中，可以达到事半功倍的效果。

阅读本套读物，你不仅能学到语言，而且还能了解欧美国家的风俗习惯和文化背景知识。在国际化环境和跨文化范围日益扩张的环境下成长起来的新人类，即使不能完全做到“学贯中西”，也应做到略熟中西“文采”，自觉且努力地提高自身修养。

英语学习贵在坚持，倘若你能合理地安排时间，坚持读完本丛书的每一篇文章，慢慢地，你就会掌握英语文章的篇章结构、文体特征、用词句式，用英文表达思想自然就会流畅。

在鸟语花香的清晨，或风和日丽的午后，抑或斜风细雨的周末，找一处僻静的角落，用心鉴赏作者寄托在文章中的思想和情感，细细品味字里行间流淌出的语言美和思想美，你就会感受到“Jump and get an apple”（每读完一篇文章都会有所收获）的喜悦。在轻松愉悦中，英文思维、文化感悟及人文情趣得到了提升。

衷心祝愿广大读者朋友，在人生的旅途中，拾翼而飞，飞得更高，飞得更远，飞得更加自由和洒脱。



编者

2008年于北京

前言

错失太易，爱得太迟

窗台上那盆紫色的野百合还在，床头那本你喜欢的《尤利西斯》还在，桌上那只加菲猫咖啡杯也还在。可是，亲爱的，你怎么不在身边了呢？有些东西失去了，有些遗憾无法弥补了。人总是在失去以后才懂得珍惜。如果时光可以倒流，如果……

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那人却在灯火阑珊处

每个人都在茫茫人海中寻觅，寻觅那个值得我们交出一颗心的人。跋山涉水，翻山越岭，为了找到这个人不辞艰辛。然而命运总喜欢捉弄人，在兜兜转转之后，我们才发现那个人原来一直就在身旁，一直住在我们的心里。她/他一直在远处注视着你，鼓励着你，支持着你，陪你走过人生的曲曲折折、风风雨雨……

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在婚姻的城堡里守护爱情

有人说婚姻是座围城，困住了爱情想要飞翔的翅膀；有人说婚姻是个小偷，盗走了爱情的浪漫与甜蜜。婚姻真的扼杀了爱情吗？非也。经过细心灌溉，爱情能在婚姻的土壤里茁壮成长，开出绚烂的花朵。

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执子之手，与子偕老

爱是什么？对年轻人来说，爱是一见钟情时的怦然心动；对中年人来说，爱是平平淡淡生活中的小小惊喜；对老年人来说，爱是

相濡以沫的陪伴。当头发花白，岁月的痕迹悄悄爬上脸颊，两个人还能携手走在温暖的夕阳下，这是不是对完美爱情的最好诠释呢？

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爱的美丽与哀愁

天空飘着淅淅沥沥的小雨，漫步于这湿漉漉的小镇古道上，他牵着她的手，一言不发，一直往前走。前方的天空灰蒙蒙一片，但



是他们的眼里却散发出耀眼的光彩，照亮爱情前进的方向。走啊走，他走进她的心里，她走进他的未来。就这样，一直走，牵着彼此的手，直到永远！

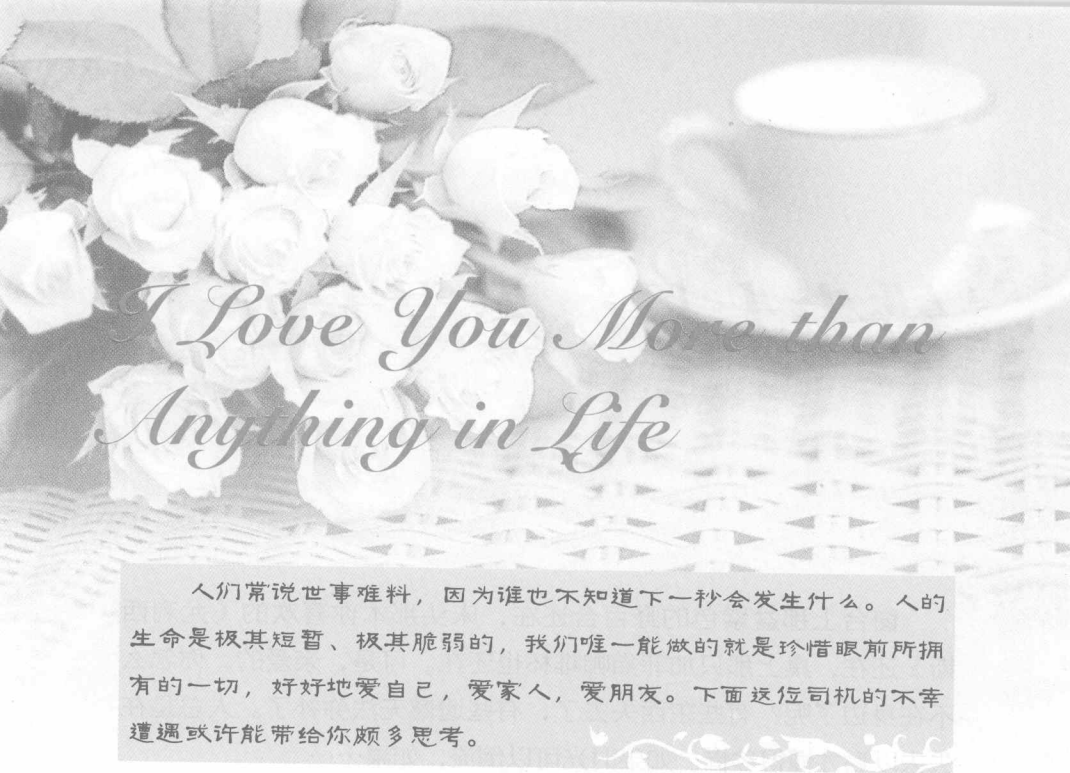
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错失太易，爱得太迟

窗台上那盆紫色的野百合还在，床头那本你喜欢的《尤利西斯》还在，桌上那只加菲猫咖啡杯也还在。可是，亲爱的，你不在身边了呢？有些东西失去了，有些遗憾无法弥补了。人总是在失去以后才懂得珍惜。如果时光可以倒流，如果……

下面你将在《假如时光可以倒流》《这辈子最爱的是你》、《悲情罗曼史》等篇章中领悟“爱了又失去了”的那种遗憾和后悔。微凉的夜，月明星稀，树影婆娑，失落的人儿走在曾经与爱人一起漫步的小径上，心碎了，碎了一地……





人们常说世事难料，因为谁也不知道下一秒会发生什么。人的生命是极其短暂、极其脆弱的，我们唯一能做的就是珍惜眼前所拥有的一切，好好地爱自己，爱家人，爱朋友。下面这位司机的不幸遭遇或许能带给你颇多思考。

Steamboat Mountain is a man-killer, and truckers who haul¹ the Alaska Highway treat it with respect, particularly in the winter. The road curves and twists over the mountain and sheer cliffs drop away sharply from the icy road. Countless trucks and truckers have been lost there and many more will follow their last tracks.

On one trip up the highway, I came upon the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and several wreckers winching the remains of a semi up the steep cliff. I parked my rig and went over to the quiet group of truckers who were watching the wreckage slowly come into sight.

One of the Mounties walked over to us and spoke quietly:

"I'm sorry," he said, "The trucker was dead when we found him. He must have gone over the side two days ago when we had a bad snowstorm. There weren't many trucks. It was just a fluke² that we noticed the sun

shining off some chrome³.”

He shook his head slowly and reached into his pocket.

“Here, maybe you guys should read this. I guess he lived for a couple of hours until the cold got to him.”

I'd never seen tears in a cop's eyes before — I always figured they'd seen so much death and despair they were immune to it, but he wiped tears as he handed me the letter. As I read it, I began to weep. Each driver silently read the words, then quietly walked back to his rig. The words were burned into my memory and now, years later, that letter is still vivid as if I were holding it before me. I want to share that letter with you and your families.

December, 1974

My darling wife,

This is a letter that no man ever wants to write, but I'm lucky enough to have some time to say what I've forgotten to say so many times. I love you, sweetheart.

You used to kid me that I loved the truck more than you because I spent more time with her. I do love this piece of iron—she's been good to me. She's seen me through tough times and tough places. I could always count on her in a long haul and she was speedy in the stretches. She never let me down.

But you want to know something? I love you for the same reasons. You've seen me through the tough times and places, too.

Remember the first truck? That run-down “old corn-binder” that kept us broke all the time but always made just enough money to keep us eating? You went out and got a job so that we could pay the rent and the bills. Every cent I made went into the truck while your money kept us in food with a

roof over our heads.

I remember that I complained about the truck, but I don't remember you ever complaining when you came home tired from work and I asked you for money to go on the road again. If you did complain, I guess I didn't hear you. I was too wrapped up with my problems to think of yours.

I think now of all the things you gave up for me. The clothes, the holidays, the parties, the friends. You never complained and somehow I never remembered to thank you for being you.

When I sat having coffee with the boys, I always talked about my truck, my payments. I guess I forgot you were my partner even if you weren't in the cab with me. It was your sacrifices and determination as much as mine that finally got the new truck.

I was so proud of that truck I was bursting. I was proud of you too, but I never told you that. I took it for granted you knew, but if I had spent as much time talking with you as I did polishing chrome, perhaps I would have.

In all the years I've pounded the pavement, I always knew your prayers rode with me. But this time they weren't enough.

I'm hurt and it's bad. I've made my last mile and I want to say the things that should have been said so many times before. The things that were forgotten because I was too concerned about the truck and the job.

I'm thinking about the missed anniversaries and birthdays. The school plays and hockey games that you went to alone because I was on the road. I'm thinking about the lonely nights you spent alone, wondering where I was and how things were going. I'm thinking of all the times I thought of calling you just to say hello and somehow didn't get around to. I'm thinking of the

peace of mind I had knowing that you were at home with the kids, waiting for me.

The family dinners where you spent all your time telling your folks why I couldn't make it. I was busy changing oil; I was busy looking for parts; I was sleeping because I was leaving early the next morning. There was always a reason, but somehow they don't seem very important to me right now.

When we were married, you didn't know how to change a light bulb. Within a couple of years, you were fixing the furnace during a blizzard⁴ while I was waiting for a load in Florida. You became a pretty good mechanic, helping me with repairs, and I was mighty proud of you when you jumped into the cab and backed up over the rose bushes.

I was proud of you when I pulled into the yard and saw you sleeping in the car waiting for me. Whether it was two in the morning or two in the afternoon you always looked like a movie star to me. You're beautiful, you know. I guess I haven't told you that lately, but you are.

I made lots of mistakes in my life, but if I only ever made one good decision, it was when I asked you to marry me. You never could understand what it was that kept me trucking. I couldn't either, but it was my way of life and you stuck with me. Good times, bad times, you were always there. I love you, sweetheart, and I love the kids.

My body hurts but my heart hurts even more. You won't be here when I end this trip. For the first time since we've been together, I'm really alone and it scares me. I need you so badly, and I know it's too late.

It's funny I guess, but what I have now is the truck. This damned truck that ruled our lives for so long. This twisted hunk⁵ of steel that I lived in and with for so many years. But it can't return my love. Only you can do that.