

Charming English

魅力英文

不爱也是一种爱

Abandoning Still Means Love

英汉典藏版



有时候我们会选择不爱，或许是为了维持尊严，
或许是为了享受自由，或许是为了不让深爱的他/她痛苦，
或许是为了守护心中圣洁的爱情……其实，不爱也是一种爱。

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有一种爱叫做离开

There Is One Kind Of Love Named Leaving

Love should not be a fetter,so I chose to let you go.

Let's go out of each-other's world leisurely.

Happiness of the passing-day has been the mark.

If we can live a hand-in-hand life,that's beautiful;

If not,we should be thankful for the days we had getting-together.

Often woken in the dark of the mid-night, my heart hurt,

That's the hurt while missing you,

Looking at the stars in the blue sky,

Thinking of the night belongs to you far away,

Are you fine? Are you happy all the time?

Without my care,

Is there anyone care for you and love you?

Life must be continued,

There is one kind of love named leaving.

Good bye my lover...

My friend, if you have the same experience as mine,

I hope you can resign yourself to that fact,

Not all the Leaving is wrong,

Sunny always appears after raining...

爱不能成为牵绊，所以要选择放手，
从容的让彼此走出彼此的世界。

昨日的幸福已成为一种痕迹。
两人能携手走完整人生固然美好，
可陪上了一段也应心存感激了。

经常惊醒于午夜梦回的黑暗中，我的心都好痛，
是思念一个人的疼痛，
看着夜空中的星星，
想着远方属于你的夜，
你还好吗？一直都快乐吗？
没有我在身边，
是不是有另外一个人去关心你，爱你呢？

生活还是要过的。
其实有种爱叫作离开。
再见了，我的爱人……
如果你也和我一样的话，朋友，
我希望你看开点，
离开不全是坏事，
雨过总会天晴的……

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第一部分

The Yearning Flowing Deep In Heart

流淌在心底的思念

不论以后的生活会怎样,我只知道,我思念
的心,永远地留在了这里,这一刻思念的美丽,
已牢牢锁在我心中,并给我力量。



The Empty Box Filled Of *Kiss*

装满吻的宝盒

Once upon a time, a man punished his 5-year-old daughter for using up the family's only roll of expensive gold wrapping paper. Money was tight, and he became even more upset when on Christmas Eve, he saw that the child had pasted the gold paper so as to decorate a shoebox to put under the Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, the next morning the little girl, filled with excitement, brought the gift box to her father and said, "This is for you, Daddy!"

As he opened the box, the father was embarrassed by his earlier over-reaction.

But when he opened it, he found it was empty and again his anger flared. "Don't you know, young lady," he said harshly, "when you give someone a present there's supposed to be something inside the package!"

The little girl looked up at him with tears rolling from her eyes and said: "Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into it until it was all full."

The father was crushed. He fell on his knees and put his arms around his precious little girl. He begged her to forgive him for his unnecessary anger.

An accident took the life of the child only a short time later. It is told that the father kept that little gold box by his bed for all the years of his life. Whenever he was discouraged or faced difficult problems he would open the box, take out an imaginary kiss, and remember the love of this beautiful child who had put it there.

In a very real sense, each of us as human beings have been given an invisible golden box filled with unconditional love and kisses from our

children, family, friends and God.

There is no more precious possession anyone could hold.

从前,一位父亲惩罚了自己5岁的女儿,因为她用光了家里仅有的一卷昂贵的金色包装纸。家中余钱无多,在圣诞前夜来临时,父亲变得更加心烦意乱,他看到了圣诞树下的一个鞋盒,女儿原来把金纸贴在了这个鞋盒上做装饰。

然而,圣诞日的早上,小女孩满是兴奋得把这个圣诞礼盒呈到了父亲面前,说到:“爸爸,这个送给你!”

在父亲打开礼盒时,他为自己先前的过度反应而局促不安着。

但当他打开盒子后,发现里面是空的,他的怒火再次爆发了。“你不知道吗,小丫头,”他严厉地说,“当你送人礼物时,盒子里面应该是有东西的!”

小女孩抬头看着气头上的父亲,泪水在她的眼眶中打圈:“爸爸,它不是空的。这里面装满了我的吻。”

男人顿时被击垮了。他跪下双膝,双手环抱着自己珍爱的小女儿,祈求她的原谅。

之后不久,一场事故夺走了小女孩的生命。据说,父亲便将那个小金盒子放在床头,一直陪伴着他的余生。无论何时他感到气馁或者遇到难办的事情,他就会打开礼盒,取出一个假想的吻,记起漂亮女儿给予了自己的特殊的爱。

从一个非常真实的意义上说,我们每个人都被赠与过一个无形的金色礼盒,那里面装满了来自子女、家人、朋友及上帝无条件的爱与吻。

人们所能拥有的最珍贵的礼物莫过于此了。



迟到的情书

The Late Letter Of Love

I was always a little in awe of Great-aunt Stephina. Indeed, as children we were all frankly terrified of her. The fact that she did not live with the family, preferring her tiny cottage and solitude to the comfortable but rather noisy household where we were brought up—added to the respectful fear in which she was held.

We used to take it in turn to carry small delicacies which my mother had made down from the big house to the little cottage where Aunt Stephina and an old colored maid spent their days. Old aunt Sanna would open the door to the rather frightened little messenger and would usher him or her into the dark living room, where the shutters were always closed to keep out the heat and the flies. There we would wait, in trembling but not altogether unpleasant.

She was a tiny little woman to inspire so much veneration. She was always dressed in black, and her dark clothes melted into the shadows of the living room and made her look smaller than ever. But you felt. The moment she entered. That something vital and strong and somehow indestructible had come in with her, although she moved slowly, and her voice was sweet and soft.

She never embraced us. She would greet us and take our hot little hands in her own beautiful cool one, with blue veins standing out on the back of it, as though the white skin were almost too delicate to contain them.

Aunt Sanna would bring in dishes of sweet, sweet, sticky candy, or a great bowl of grapes or peaches, and Great-aunt Stephina would converse

gravely about happenings on the farm, and, more rarely, of the outer world.

When we had finished our sweetmeats or fruit she would accompany us to the step, bidding us thank our mother for her gift and sending quaint, old-fashioned messages to her and the father. Then she would turn and enter the house, closing the door behind, so that it became once more a place of mystery.

我对斯蒂菲娜老姑总是怀着敬畏之情。说实在话，我们几个孩子对她都怕得要死。她不和家人一块生活，宁愿住在她的小屋子里，而不愿住在舒舒服服、热热闹闹的家里——我们六个孩子都是在家里带大的——这更加重了我们对她的敬畏之情。

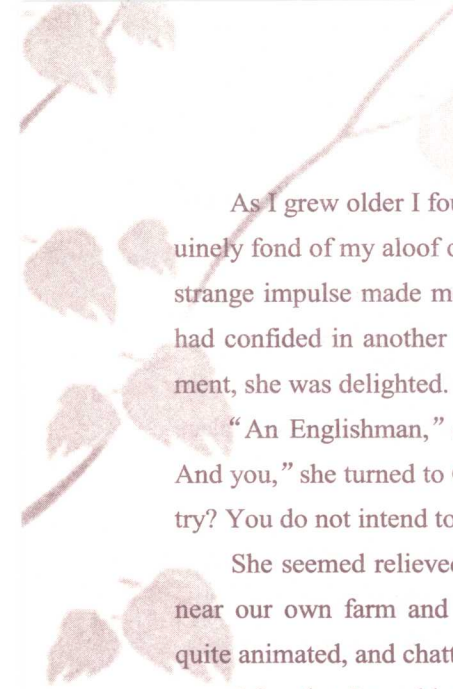
我们经常轮替着从我们住的大房子里带些母亲为她做的可口的食品到她和一名黑人女仆一块过活的那间小屋里去。桑娜阿姨总是为每一个上门来的怯生生的小使者打开房门，将他或她领进昏暗的客厅。那里的百叶窗长年关闭着，以防热气 and 苍蝇进去。我们总是在那里哆哆嗦嗦，但又不是完全不高兴地等着斯蒂菲娜老姑出来。

一个像她那样身材纤细的女人居然能赢得我们如此尊敬。她总是身穿黑色衣服，与客厅里的阴暗背景融成一体，将她的身材衬托得更加娇小。但她一进门，我们就感到有一种说不清道不明、充满活力和刚强的气氛，尽管她的步子慢悠悠、声调甜柔。

她从不拥抱我们，但总是和我们寒暄，将我们热乎乎的小手握在她那双秀美清爽的手里。她的手背上露出一些青筋，就像手上白嫩的皮肤细薄得遮不住它们似的。

桑娜阿姨每次都要端出几碟粘乎乎的南非糖果和一钵葡萄或桃子给我们吃。斯蒂菲娜老姑总是一本正经他说些农场里的事，偶尔也谈些外边世界发生的事。

待我们吃完糖果或水果，她总要将我们送到屋前的门廊，叮嘱我们要多谢母亲给她送食品，要我们对父母亲转达一些稀奇古怪的老式祝愿，然后就转身回到屋里，随手关上门，使那里再次成为神秘世界。



As I grew older I found, rather to my surprise, that I had become genuinely fond of my aloof old great-aunt. But to this day I do not know what strange impulse made me take George to see her and to tell her, before I had confided in another living soul, of our engagement. To my astonishment, she was delighted.

“An Englishman,” she exclaimed. “But that is splendid, splendid. And you,” she turned to George, “you are making your home in this country? You do not intend to return to England just yet?”

She seemed relieved when she heard that George had bought a farm near our own farm and intended to settle in South Africa. She became quite animated, and chattered away to him.

After that I would often slip away to the little cottage by the mealie lands. Once she was somewhat disappointed on hearing that we had decided to wait for two years before getting married, but when she learned that my father and mother were both pleased with the match she seemed reassured.

Still, she often appeared anxious about my love affair, and would ask questions that seemed to me strange, almost as though she feared that something would happen to destroy my romance. But I was quite unprepared for her outburst when I mentioned that George thought of paying a lightning visit to England before we were married. “He must not do it,” she cried. “Ina, you must not let him go. Promise me you will prevent him.” she was trembling all over. I did what I could to console her, but she looked so tired and pale that I persuaded her to go to her room and rest, promising to return the next day.

When I arrived I found her sitting on the step. She looked lonely and pathetic, and for the first time I wondered why no man had ever taken her and looked after her and loved her. Mother had told me that Great-aunt Stephan had been lovely as a young girl, and although no trace of that beauty remained, except perhaps in her brown eyes, yet she looked so small and appealing that any man, one felt, would have