

☆☆ 心情故事 ☆☆

# 那时花开

## 谈回忆

成应翠 刘文娟 主编

THE STORIES FROM MEMORY  
ABOUT MEMORIES OF LIFE



科学出版社

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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

## 世事如棋

有人说，世事如棋，一旦迈出一步，便无法反悔，就像我们再也无法找回童年的回忆，更无法抓住往日的时光；世事如棋，谁也不能断定我们的选择就一定完美无缺，但一步步的选择就这样决定了棋局的输赢，一步步的选择就这样组成了我们的人生；世事如棋，也许一着失策，全盘皆输，也许峰回路转，柳暗花明……

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## 只因有爱

爱，可以历久弥新，可以挽救一切。漫步在爱的阳光下，即使是寒冷的冬夜，你也会感到阵阵温暖。爱的形式不必刻意去想，一次举手之劳，一个灿烂微笑，这都是爱的传达。爱的能量有时会超出我们的想象，它能化敌为友、能帮助人们战胜困境、能吞噬仇恨，甚至可以挽救一个人的生命。

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## 一帘幽梦

爱情，可能发生在一瞬间，也可能亘古流传；可能惊天动地，也可能转瞬即逝。缘分在不经意间来去匆匆，却铸就了我们或苦或甜的一生。然而，关于爱的回忆却会永远停驻在我们的心底深处，定格成一道永不褪色的风景。追忆往昔，难忘一帘幽梦……

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## 岁月之帆

翻开岁月尘封泛黄的书页，细读一个个似水流年。岁月如梭，恍如隔世。在流逝中，总有一些人、一些事，在我们人生处于低谷时，给予我们希望；在面临各种困难时，给予我们力量；在春风得意马蹄疾时，给予我们忠告。在人生的每个阶段，在追求梦想的路上，这些人或事激励着我们更坚强、更洒脱、更稳健地迈向成功的彼岸。这些人或事，就是我们的岁月之帆……

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## 血浓于水

是什么样的思绪在安静的夜晚里悄悄泛起，随即那一点牵挂便涨满了整个心房？是什么样的感动在一个毫不相关的瞬间突然掠过心际，让我们不由自主地回忆？那是生命里最难忘的感动——那血浓于水的亲情。父母深情，祖孙挚爱，任山高路远，弱水三千，仍然剪不断，理还乱。世事沉浮，漫漫人生，唯一让人可以不惧名利世俗，只感温馨甜蜜的地方，只有那生我养我的故乡和亲人……

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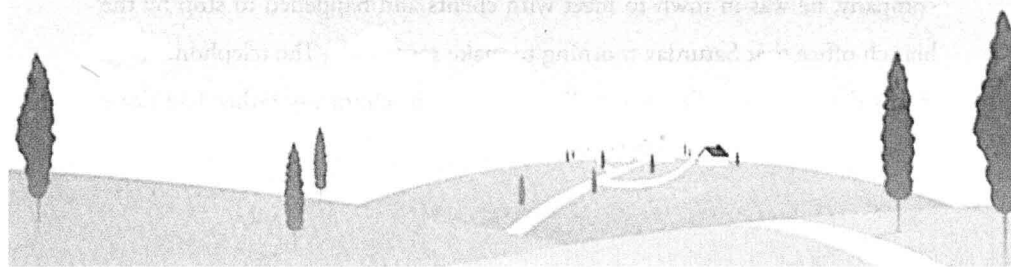


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# 世事如棋

有人说，世事如棋，一旦迈出一步，便无法反悔，就像我们再也无法找回童年的回忆，更无法抓住往日的时光；世事如棋，谁也不能断定我们的选择就一定完美无缺，但一步步的选择就这样决定了棋局的输赢，一步步的选择就这样组成了我们的人生；世事如棋，也许一着失策，全盘皆输，也许峰回路转，柳暗花明……

请在“生命之溪”、“化茧成蝶”、“我为何而生”等优美篇章中静静感悟人生这盘棋吧。





## *Near Miss of Love*

命运使素不相识的我们走到一起，相遇、抉择。于是在我们做出选择的那一瞬间，生活便充满了截然不同的激情和快乐，虽然也面临着截然不同的问题和失望。

My father met my mother in a poker game. He said she was the best bluffer he'd ever seen. She sat with five men at a table under an elm tree that shaded them from the hot Kansas City, Missouri. Her talent for subterfuge lay hidden behind her sweet, serene<sup>1</sup> smile. She beat them all. My father couldn't take his eyes off her.

It was her company's annual<sup>2</sup> picnic, and he walked her home. The next week, from his home in Chicago, he sent her a post card: "Remember me? Please do, because I'll be calling you one of these days. David."

She still has that. I'm not sure what made her save it. Though he already had his heart set on her, she hadn't chosen him yet, at least not consciously.

As my father often told us while we were growing up, it was blind luck that he was at the picnic that day. As a salesman for a big electronics company, he was in town to meet with clients and happened to stop by the branch office that Saturday morning to make some calls. The telephone rang: it was the manager of a local radio station with whom my father had done

some business. “Dave! Glad you’re in town!” he said, and invited him to come right over to their annual picnic.

My mother was a writer at that radio station. If my father hadn’t stopped by the office that morning, he told us, or if he’d gotten there two minutes later, we shivered with a delicious horror at the opportunity, the life—our lives that would have been missed.

My mother saw him when he was in town, but she dated other men, including a car salesman who entered our family lore. Soon after she met my father, the car salesman gave her a watch for her birthday. In those days the gift of a watch meant the relationship was moving toward an engagement. But she returned the watch, and one night a few months later, she woke her mother and told her she was going to marry Dave.

A few months after the wedding, my father was transferred East. They settled in New York, in the house where I grew up. I was eight years old when I met my future husband. He was in high school, a friend of my brother’s. I remember him only peripherally, as I was much more interested in my brother’s other friend Francois, a Swiss exchange student, dark, mysterious and decent.

Fifteen years later, the man I would eventually marry came back to town for Christmas and stopped by my parents’ house to pick up my brother for an evening out. When he saw me in the next room, he hissed, “Who’s that?”

My brother looked at him strangely and said, “It’s just Lisa.” They walked into the room, reintroduced himself and pretended he didn’t know how to wrap his Christmas gifts. I pretended to believe him and helped. He came around a lot over the next few days. “I don’t know who’s interested in,” my mother told me, “you or your sister.” I knew. But later that week I flew

across the country to spend New Year's Eve with another man. Though I'd been chosen, I wasn't ready to admit it yet.

If the timing had been different, the distance less daunting<sup>3</sup> and my heart not already albeit unknowingly engaged, I could have ended up with that man whom I went off to visit. Or if not him, then with someone else.

Sometimes, I think about that, how time sweeps us along and puts us in a certain place where we're faced with one option or another. By chance and by choice, we leave behind whole other lives we could have lived, full of different passions and joys, different problems and disappointments.

My father could have missed that picnic. Or my mother could have picked the car salesman. She would have had other children and an entirely different future.

Other times particularly when I come home late to a sleeping house, my husband and daughter curled around each other after drifting off during the third reading of Jane Yolen's *Owl Moon*—I think about the lives we would not have had if chance or choice had brought us to a different place. And I shiver, much the way I did as a child at the story of my father's near miss, at the thought that I might have missed this life, this man, this child, this love.

## 擦肩而过时抓住爱



我的父亲和母亲是在一次打牌时邂逅的。父亲说母亲是他有生以来见到的最棒的牌手。赤日炎炎，她跟5个男人坐在密苏里州堪萨斯城榆荫下的一张桌边。她脸上挂着甜甜的、淡淡的微笑，却出手老练、隐而不露，将他们统统打败。我的父亲怎么也无法将目光从她的身上移开。



那是她们单位一年一度的野餐聚会。随后，父亲送她回家。又过了一个星期，父亲从芝加哥的家里给她寄去了一张明信片，上面写道：“还记得我吗？请记住吧，因为这些天我会给你打电话的。戴维。”

如今，母亲仍保留着那张明信片。我拿不准究竟是



什么让她保留了下来。因为她当时还没有决定选择他，至少潜意识中还没有这样。尽管那时父亲已经一门心思都放在了她的身上。

在我们做子女的逐渐成长的岁月中，父亲经常告诉我说那天野餐会他是无意中撞了一个好运。作为一家大型电子公司的推销员，他进城是要会见客户。那个星期六上午碰巧停在分公司，准备打几个电话。这时电话铃响了起来：正好是当地广播电台的经理，我的父亲和他做过一笔生意。“戴维！你也在城里呀！真巧！”那位经理说，然后邀请父亲过去参加他们的年度野餐会。

我的母亲是那家广播电台的一名撰稿人。父亲告诉我说，如果他那天上午不停在分公司，或者他晚两分钟到达那里，那就……我们对这样千载难逢的机会感到既甜蜜又害怕得浑身颤抖，生命——我们的生命——不留神，就会擦肩而过。

尽管父亲那次进城时他们见了面，但母亲当时约会的是别的男人，其中包括一名汽车推销商。在她遇见父亲不久，那位汽车推销商曾送给她一块表作为生日礼物。那个时候，送表作为生日礼物意味着两人的关系正朝着订婚的方向进展。但她将表又还给了那位推