

英语阅读文库·人生世界

丛书主编 马瑞香 王正元

Coming to Realize a Person's Life

感悟人生

主编◎马瑞香

编委◎张燕彬 苏杭 王慧

华中科技大学出版社

<http://www.hustp.com>

英语阅读文库·人生世界

丛书主编 马瑞香 王正元

Coming to Realize a
Person's Life

感悟人生

主编 马瑞香

编委 张燕彬 苏杭 王慧



华中科技大学出版社

中国·武汉

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

Coming to Realize a Person's Life 感悟人生/马瑞香 主编. —武汉:
华中科技大学出版社, 2009 年 3 月
ISBN 978-7-5609-5192-8

I. 感… II. 马… III. 英语-阅读教学-高等学校-自学参考资料
IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2009)第 028066 号

Coming to Realize a Person's Life

感悟人生

马瑞香 主编

策划编辑:梅欣君(mxj.8@163.com)

责任编辑:杨志刚 吴 妍

责任校对:李 琴

封面设计:潘 群

责任监印:熊庆玉

出版发行:华中科技大学出版社(中国·武汉)

武昌喻家山 邮编:430074 电话:(027)87557437

录 排:华中科技大学惠友文印中心

印 刷:华中科技大学印刷厂

开本:880mm×1230mm 1/32

印张:5.625

字数:170 000

版次:2009 年 3 月第 1 版

印次:2009 年 3 月第 1 次印刷

定价:15.00 元

ISBN 978-7-5609-5192-8/H·659

(本书若有印装质量问题,请向出版社发行部调换)

A decorative border featuring stylized flowers and leaves. On the left, a large flower is at the top, with a vine and leaves running down the side. On the right, there are more flowers and leaves at the top and bottom. The bottom of the page is filled with a dense pattern of small flowers and leaves.

主编寄语

有人说，人生是经历苦难
有人说，人生是观赏风景
有人说，人生是幸福的追求
有人说，人生是同命运的抗争

人生难得闲坐江边静听水
人生常有跌倒不为风
人生走过是苦，是累，是甜
关键是你的感悟和心情

谁能抓住天边的彩云
谁能留住永久的黎明
春秋四季走过一回回
边走边唱好心情

为世界祈祷和平
为百姓祈祷五谷丰登
为所爱的人祈祷幸福
胸中永远装着美好的憧憬

总 序

大学生的精神世界是活跃的、丰富多彩的，有着许多动人的美丽、憧憬和色彩光亮的梦想。大学生的心态很天真，很阳光。但是在成长的道路上，总会有快乐和迷茫，面对五彩缤纷的世界、求职的拥挤和失意，他们开始严肃地审视世界，认真地思考自己，什么是幸福、爱情、奋斗、经历、追求、创业等，这些话题悄然走进大学生们的生活。正是基于这些，我们为大学生编写了这套英语阅读文库《人生世界》。

这套书共十本，包括奋斗、爱情、创业、经历、幸福、梦想等十个大学生关心的话题。所选的英语原文词汇量和难度与大学生的英语阅读水平相适应，每篇文章前有导读，文中的疑难词语配有注释，并附有赏析和阅读思考题，每本书前主编还写了一首诗歌作为主编寄语，这一切，希望广大读者能够喜欢。

在编写这套书时，我们给读者提供的文章不仅是地道的英语表达，而且读来耐人寻味，从而使这套书更具有语言性和知识性、阅读性和思考性相结合的特点。在这套书出版之前，我们曾将部分书稿交给学生阅读，请他们谈谈阅读感想。有的说：“好像喝了杯热咖啡，有点苦，也有点甜。”有的说：“好像嚼槟榔，爽！”一个美丽的女孩悄悄地说：“我的爱情彩球飞得太高了，无法着陆。”

……我们感受到了写书的快乐。

北京外国语大学、辽宁大学、哈尔滨工程大学、燕山大学等十几所知名大学的英语教师参加了这套书的编写工作，给读者献上了文字优美的短文，感人的英文故事。华中科技大学出版社的梅欣君老师和诸位相关的编辑耐心、细致地把这套书做得如此漂亮，作为主编，我们实在应该感谢他们。这次推出了英语阅读文库的《人生世界》，也许很快就能陆续推出《文化世界》、《文学世界》、《商务世界》，与大学生朋友共享行走在英语世界中的快乐。

丛书主编

目 录

Be Inspired by Growing	
成长中的感悟	(1)
A Special Reward	
特殊的报酬	(7)
Affection Between the Son and His Father	
父子情	(12)
Find Yourself	
寻找自我	(17)
The Sound of Our Soul	
灵魂的声音	(21)
No Signposts in the Sea	
海上无航标	(25)
The Courageous Journalism	
勇敢的新闻报道	(33)
The "Endurance" Exploration	
“持久号”探险之旅	(37)
You Are My Life	
你是我的生命	(41)
The Beautiful Flower in the Broken Pot	
碎花瓶中的美丽花朵	(44)
Living Proof	
生活中的奇迹	(50)



Create a Life of Love	
创造爱的生活	(55)
Norwegian Wood	
挪威森林	(59)
Love You, but I'm Not in Love	
爱你, 却激情不再	(66)
Return to Paradise	
重回爱天堂	(74)
Praise and Thankfulness	
称赞和感恩	(79)
A Perfect Wife	
完美的妻子	(84)
Going Home	
回家	(89)
One Lovely Wife Died of Joy That Kills	
乐极生悲	(94)
Eveline	
伊芙琳	(100)
The Best Kind of Love	
最真挚的爱情	(108)
The Invisible Wall	
无形的墙	(112)
Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus	
男人来自火星, 女人来自金星	(116)
The Lover and the Beloved	
施爱者和被爱者	(124)
What's the End Up of Marriage?	
婚姻的结局是什么?	(128)
Be an Informed Friend	
好朋友要知道	(132)



How To Handle Toxic Friends

如何应对你的毒友(138)

The Decay of Friendship

友谊慢慢褪色(147)

My Mentor and Friend

我的恩师与挚友(153)

Will You Be My Neighbor?

你愿意作我的邻居吗?(159)

To the Man on the Trail

为赶路的人干杯(165)

Be Inspired by Growing

成长中的感悟

导读

时光如梭，转眼间作者已经从懵懂的少年成为有名望的记者。回望成长的路途，那一行行歪歪斜斜的脚印，伴着一路的欢笑与泪水，在阳光的映射下，是那么晶莹剔透！他发现，这深深浅浅的足迹记载了他成长的点点滴滴。在成长中蜕变成熟，在成长中感受生活，在成长中升华思想，在成长中满怀希望不懈追求地前行。

这篇文章，讲述了男孩的妈妈，在困难面前不向命运低头的顽强生活的故事，给男孩留下了宝贵的精神遗产。

Coming home from school that dark winter's day so long ago, I was filled with **anticipation**¹. I had a new **issue**² of my favorite sports magazine **tucked under my arm**³, and the house to myself. Dad was at work, my sister was away, and Mother wouldn't be home from her new job for an hour. I **bounded**⁴ up the steps, burst into the living room and **flipped**⁵ on a light.

I was shocked into stillness by what I saw. Mother, **pulled into a tight ball**⁶ with her face in her hands, sat at the far end of the couch. She was crying. I had never seen her cry.

I **approached**⁷ cautiously and touched her shoulder. "Mother?" I said, "What's happened?"





She took a long breath and managed a weak smile. "It's nothing, really. Nothing important. Just that I'm going to lose this new job. I can't type fast enough."

"But you've only been there three days," I said. "You'll catch on." I was repeating a line she had spoken to me a hundred times when I was having trouble learning or doing something important to me.

"No," she said sadly. "I always said I could do anything I set my mind to, and I still think I can in most things. But I can't do this."

I felt helpless and out of place. At age 16 I still **assumed**⁸ Mother could do anything. Some years before, when we sold our **ranch**⁹ and moved to town, Mother had decided to open a day nursery. She had had no training, but that didn't stand in her way. She **sent away for**¹⁰ **correspondence courses**¹¹ in child care, did the lessons and in six months **formally**¹² **qualified**¹³ herself for the task. It wasn't long before she had a full **enrollment**¹⁴ and a waiting list. I accepted all this as a perfectly normal instance of Mother's ability.

But neither the nursery nor the motel my parents bought later had provided enough income to send my sister and me to college. In two years I would be ready for college. In three more my sister would want to go. Time was running out, and Mother was **frantic**¹⁵ for ways to save money. It was clear that Dad could do no more than he was doing already — farming 80 acres in addition to holding a fulltime job.

A few months after we'd sold the motel, Mother arrived home with a used typewriter. It skipped between certain letters and the keyboard was soft. At dinner that night I pronounced the machine a "piece of junk".

"That's all we can afford," Mother said. "It's good enough to learn on." And from that day on, as soon as the table was cleared



and the dishes were done, Mother would disappear into her sewing room to practise. The slow tap, tap, tap went on some nights until midnight.

It was nearly Christmas when I heard Mother got a job at the radio station. I was not the least bit surprised, or impressed. But she was **ecstatic**¹⁶.

Monday, after her first day at work, I could see that the excitement was gone. Mother looked tired and drawn. I responded by ignoring her.

Tuesday, Dad made dinner and cleaned the kitchen. Mother stayed in her sewing room, practising. "Is Mother all right?" I asked Dad.

"She's having a little trouble with her typing," he said. "She needs to practise. I think she'd appreciate it if we all helped out a bit more."

"I already do a lot," I said, immediately on guard.

"I know you do," Dad said evenly. "And you may have to do more. You might just remember that she is working primarily so you can go to college."

I honestly didn't care. I wished she would just forget the whole thing.

My shock and **embarrassment**¹⁷ at finding Mother in tears on Wednesday was a perfect index of how little I understood the **pressures**¹⁸ on her. Sitting beside her on the couch, I began very slowly to understand.

"I guess we all have to fail sometime," Mother said quietly. I could sense her pain and the **tension**¹⁹ of holding back the strong emotions that were interrupted by my arrival. Suddenly, something inside me turned. I reached out and put my arms around her.



She broke then. She put her face against my shoulder and sobbed. I held her close and didn't try to talk. I knew I was doing what I should, what I could, and that it was enough. In that moment, feeling Mother's back racked with emotion, I understood for the first time her **vulnerability**²⁰. She was still my mother, but she was something more: a person like me, capable of fear and hurt and failure. I could feel her pain as she must have felt mine on a thousand occasions when I had sought comfort in her arms.

A week later Mother took a job selling dry goods at half the salary the radio station had offered. "It's a job I can do," she said simply. But the evening practice sessions on the old green typewriter continued. I had a very different feeling now when I passed her door at night and heard her tapping away. I knew there was something more going on in there than a woman learning to type.

When I left for college two years later, Mother had an office job with better pay and more responsibility. I have to believe that in some strange way she learned as much from her moment of defeat as I did, because several years later, when I had finished school and proudly accepted a job as a newspaper reporter, she had already been a journalist with our hometown paper for six months.

The old green typewriter sits in my office now, unrepaired. It is a **memento**²¹, but what it recalls for me is not quite what if recalled for Mother. When I'm having trouble with a story and think about giving up or when I start to feel sorry for myself and think things should be easier for me, I roll a piece of paper into that **cranky**²² old machine and type, word by painful word, just the way mother did. What I remember then is not her failure, but her courage, the courage to go ahead.

It's the best memento anyone ever gave me.



注释



1. anticipation [æntisi'peiʃən] *n.* 预期, 预料
2. issue ['isju:] *n.* (报刊等)期
3. tucked under my arm夹在腋下
4. bound [baund] *v.* 跳跃
5. flip [flip] *vi.* 用指轻弹, 轻击
6. pulled into a tight ball 身体因情绪低落而蜷缩成一团
7. approach [ə'prəʊtʃ] *vt.* 接近 *vi.* 靠近, 走近
8. assume [ə'sju:m] *vt.* 假设, 主观认为
9. ranch [ræntʃ, rɑ:ntʃ] *n.* 大牧场, 大农场
10. send away for 函索
11. correspondence [kɒris'pɒndəns] *n.* 通信
correspondence course 函授课程
12. formally ['fɔ:məli] *adv.* 正式地, 形式上
13. qualify ['kwɒlifai] *vt.* 使具有资格
14. enrollment [in'rəʊlmənt] *n.* 登记, 注册
15. frantic ['fræntik] *adj.* 狂乱的, 疯狂的
16. ecstatic [eks'tætik] *adj.* 欣喜若狂的
17. embarrassment [im'bærəsmənt] *n.* 困窘, 阻碍
18. pressure ['preʃə(r)] *n.* (心理上的)压力
19. tension ['tenʃən] *n.* 紧张
20. vulnerability [vʌlnərə'biləti] *n.* 易受伤性, 脆弱性
21. memento [mi'mentəu] *n.* 纪念品, 引起人回忆的东西
22. cranky ['kræŋki] *adj.* 不稳的, 有毛病的



赏析

作者用清新的白描手法，记述了自己的母亲坚强不屈、誓不言败的顽强性格。人生漫漫，命运多舛；如何与命运抗争，是很多人都会遇到的问题。本文的作者，用流畅、感人的语言讲述了自己母亲为了改变家庭命运而不断努力进取的经历。

母亲为了找到收入更高的工作，坚持不懈地练习打字，在男孩完成学业成为记者时，母亲也成了当地报纸的一名记者。母亲的经历深深感染着作者，同样也感染着你和我。



思考

1. What did the author plan to do when he came home from school one winter day?
2. Why was his mother in tears?
3. How did he try to relieve her from anxiety?
4. Did his mother enjoy her first day at the radio station?
5. How does the old typewriter serve the author now?

A Special Reward

特殊的报酬



本文的作者在夏天打工时，常常替巴卢先生修剪草坪。唯一的问题是，巴卢先生从来没有给作者支付过工钱。然而，他所给予的却远比工钱更珍贵。

When I was fourteen, I earned money in the summer by cutting lawns, and within a few weeks I had built up a body of customers. I got to know people by the flowers they planted that I had to remember not to cut down, by the things they lost in the grass or stuck in the ground **on purpose**¹. I reached the point with most of them when I knew in advance what complaint was about to be spoken, which particular request was most important. **And I learned something about the measure of my neighbors by their preferred method of payment: by the job, by the month — or not at all.**²

Mr. Ballou fell into the last **category**³, and he always had a reason. On one day he had no change for a fifty, on another he was flat out of checks, on another, he was simply out when I knocked on his door. Still, except for the money part, he was a nice enough old guy, always waving or tipping his hat when he'd see me from a distance. I figured him for a thin retirement check, maybe a





work-related injury that kept him from doing his own yard work. Sure, I kept track of the total, but I didn't worry about the amount too much. **Grass was grass, and the little that Mr. Ballou's property comprised⁴ didn't take long to trim.⁵**

Then, one late afternoon in mid-July, the hottest time of the year, I was walking by his house and he opened the door, **motioned⁶** me to come inside. The hall was cool, shaded, and it took my eyes a minute to **adjust⁷** to the dim light.

"I owe you," Mr. Ballou began, "but..."

I thought I'd save him the trouble of **thinking up⁸** a new excuse. "No problem. Don't worry about it."

"The bank made a mistake in my account," he continued, ignoring my words. "It will be cleared up in a day or two. But **in the meantime⁹** I thought perhaps you could choose one or two volumes for a down payment."

He gestured toward the walls and I saw that books were stacked everywhere. It was like a library, except with no order to the arrangement.

"Take your time," Mr. Ballou encouraged. "Read, borrow, keep. Find something you like. What do you read?"

"I don't know." And I didn't. I generally read what was in front of me, what I could get from the paperback stack at the drugstore, what I found at the library, magazines, the back of cereal boxes, comics. The idea of consciously seeking out a special title was new to me, but, I realized, not without **appeal¹⁰** — so I started to look through the piles of books.

"You actually read all of these?"

"This isn't much," Mr. Ballou said. "This is nothing, just what I've kept, the ones worth looking at a second time."

"Pick for me, then."



He raised his eyebrows, cocked his head, and regarded me as though measuring me for a suit. After a moment, he nodded, searched through a stack, and handed me a dark red hardbound book, fairly thick.

"The Last of the Just," I read. "By Andre Schwarz-Bart. What's it about?"

"You tell me," he said. "Next week."

I started after supper, sitting outdoors on an uncomfortable kitchen chair. **Within a few pages, the yard, the summer, disappeared, and I was plunged into the aching tragedy of the Holocaust, the extraordinary clash¹¹ of good, represented by one decent man, and evil.¹²** Translated from French, the language was elegant, simple, impossible to resist. When the evening light finally failed I moved inside, read all through the night.

To this day, thirty years later, I vividly remember the experience. It was my first voluntary encounter with world literature, and I was stunned by the **concentrated¹³** power a novel could contain. I lacked the vocabulary, however, to translate my feelings into words, so the next week, when Mr. Ballou asked, "Well?" I only replied, "It was good."

"Keep it, then," he said. "Shall I suggest another?"

I nodded, and was presented with the paperback edition of Margaret Mead's *Coming of Age in Samoa*.

To make two long stories short, Mr. Ballou never paid me a cent for cutting his grass that year or the next, but for fifteen years I taught **anthropology¹⁴** at Dartmouth College. **Summer reading was not the innocent entertainment I had assumed it to be, not a light-hearted, instantly forgettable escape in a hammock (though I have since enjoyed many of those, too).¹⁵** A book, if it arrives before you at the right moment, in the proper season, at an