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Everyday English Notes

每天读点好英文

# 阳光穿透 毕业的日子

Sunlight Enters the  
Graduation Day

吴文智 主编



海豚出版社  
DOLPHIN BOOKS  
中国国际出版集团

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密级(PIG)白类第壹年图

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你学什么专业？

这个问题就像一首古老的教堂圣歌，回荡在走廊里，一直飘向院子。每个人都在问这个问题，甚至比“你是什么星座”还要流行。然而，我无法回答这个问题，甚至害怕被问到这个问题，就像某种被偷运过国际边界的禁运生物。因为没有选定专业，我的生活没有目标，就像一个被解开绳子飘浮于太空的宇航员。我宁愿再考一次学术能力测验，也不愿意面对“你学什么专业”这个问题。

明天是选定专业的最后一天，最后一天！在人类学、社会学、分子生物学等等领域，别人都在努力开创自己的事业，都在快乐地沿着自己的生活轨迹前进。朋友们安慰我说：“不要担心，你可以主修商务。”商务？这对我来说是不可能的。我宁愿去死，也不会主修商务，我是一个艺术家。事实上，我不用上大学就能走入社会，并且，我突出的才干马上就会得到认可。

为了招待一些朋友，父母举办了一次晚宴，那是在我决定命运的前一天晚上。这真是一个避难所！父母的朋友们哪儿会在乎什么专业呢？我可以放松几个小时，平静地吃上一顿晚餐。

我想错了！专业成了所有人谈论的话题。每个人都与我谈论他们的专业，并且对我应该选择什么专业各抒己见。这些人的建议没有让我向任何一个专业更加靠近，反而更加困惑。

晚宴结束后，大家都走了。夜越来越深了，我仍然没有选定专业。我认为，如果自己睡一小觉，然后早早地起床，就能决定主修哪个专业了，这个办法曾经对我是有用的，这次却不灵验了。

我睡过头了，接下来，我有三个小时让自己思考一些专业，甚至是任何专业。然而，商务这个专业总是出现在脑海中。

我从家里出来，往校园里走去，心中期盼着能够在从家到学校行政楼之间的这段路上获得一些灵感。也许，在大街上时，一个陌生人会经过我的身旁，对我说：“畜牧业就是你一生应该从事的行业。”也许，我会看到一个努力工作的人，被这个人所感染，然后选择了与其相同的职业。在路上，我的确看到了野兔克利须那剧团，那看起来确实不像一个适合我的职业道路，剧团的人看起来并不特别为专业所困扰。我路过一家电影院，那里正在放映《一次不够》，电影是根据杰奎琳·苏珊的畅销小说改编的，主演是大卫·简森，我真想溜进去一睹为快。然而，我抵制住了这种诱惑。但是，等一下！影片，我喜欢影片！我可以主修影片，不，没有影片这个专业。我想了一下，蠢货，应该是电影。就选它了！之前，我迷失了；现在，我选定了专业，我找到了方向。

十五年之后，我想起了所有的朋友，他们自信地开始了大学生活，因为他们学着自己选定的专业。有些人曾经到处游荡，无礼地问别人：“你主修什么专业？”他们中没有几个人仍旧从事当初选定的专业，我也没有成为一名电影制片人。事实上，我现在从事的是我的第四种职业。有时候，我仍旧感到自己未定专业。只要你学习的是自己感兴趣的东西，并且乐于了解世界，那么，你学习什么专业并不重要。因为，关于你以后做什么的问题，你有大量的时间作决定。

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熟悉的地理建筑一点一滴地拼凑成一张叫作大学的地图，  
在这张地图上，我曾把自己的心瓣一片片撕下来，  
无论欢喜或忧伤，都夹在古老的历史褶皱叠起来的沧桑里。



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不经意间，  
一旦时间张开翅膀要带我离去，  
我会牵挂我的每一瓣心，  
频频回首这座印满我足迹和身影的美丽校园。

1. 2019年10月10日，在“2019中国（北京）国际文化创意产业博览会”开幕式上，北京冬奥会和冬残奥会吉祥物“冰墩墩”和“雪容融”首次亮相。

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Struggle for Dream  
为梦想披荆斩棘





## 追梦少年

### A Boy with a Mission

佚名 / Anonymous

In 1945, a 12-year-old boy saw something in a shop window that set his heart racing. But the price—five dollars—was far beyond Reuben Earle's means. Five dollars would buy almost a week's groceries for his family.

Reuben couldn't ask his father for the money. Everything Mark Earle made was through fishing in Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, Canada. Reuben's mother, Dora, stretched like **elastic** to feed and clothe their five children.

Nevertheless, he opened the shop's weathered door and went inside. Standing proud and straight in his flour-sack shirt and washed-out trousers, he told the shopkeeper what he wanted, adding, "But I don't have the money right now. Can you please hold it for me for some time?"



"I'll try," the shopkeeper smiled. "Folks around here don't usually have that kind of money to spend on things. It should keep for a while."

Reuben respectfully touched his worn cap and walked out into the sunlight with the bay rippling in a freshening wind. There was a purpose in his loping stride. He would raise the five dollars and not tell anybody.

Hearing the sound of **hammering** from a side street, Reuben had an idea.

He ran towards the sound and stopped at a construction site. People built their own homes in Bay Roberts, using nails purchased in **hessian** sacks from a local factory. Sometimes the sacks were discarded in the flurry of building, and Reuben knew he could sell them back to the factory for five cents a piece.

That day he found two sacks, which he took to the rambling wooden factory and sold to the man in charge of packing nails.

The boy's hand tightly clutched the five-cent pieces as he ran the two kilometers home.

Near his house stood the ancient barn that housed the family's goats and chickens. Reuben found a rusty soda tin and dropped his coins inside. Then he climbed into the loft of the barn and hid the tin beneath a pile of sweet smelling hay.

It was dinnertime when Reuben got home. His father sat at the big kitchen table, working on a fishing net. Dora was at the kitchen stove, ready to serve dinner as Reuben took his place at the table.

He looked at his mother and smiled. Sunlight from the window gilded her shoulder-length blonde hair. Slim and

beautiful, she was the center of the home, the glue that held it together.

Her chores were never-ending. Sewing clothes for her family on the old Singer treadle machine, cooking meals and baking bread, planting and tending a vegetable garden, milking the goats and scrubbing soiled clothes on a washboard. But she was happy. Her family and their well-being were her highest priority.

Every day after chores and school, Reuben scoured the town, collecting the hessian nail bags. On the day the two-room school closed for the summer, no student was more delighted than Reuben. Now he would have more time for his mission.

All summer long, despite chores at home weeding and watering the garden, cutting wood and fetching water—Reuben kept to his secret task.

Then all too soon the garden was harvested, the vegetables canned and stored, and the school reopened. Soon the leaves fell and the winds blew cold and gusty from the bay. Reuben wandered the streets, diligently searching for his hessian treasures.

Often he was cold, tired and hungry, but the thought of the object in the shop window sustained him. Sometimes his mother would ask: "Reuben, where were you? We were waiting for you to have dinner."

"Playing, Mum. Sorry."

Dora would look at his face and shake her head. Boys.

Finally spring burst into glorious green and Reuben's spirits erupted. The time had come! He ran into the barn, climbed to



the hayloft and uncovered the tin can. He poured the coins out and began to count.

Then he counted again. He needed 20 cents more. Could there be any sacks left any where in town? He had to find four and sell them before the day ended.

Reuben ran down Water Street.

The shadows were lengthening when Reuben arrived at the factory. The sack buyer was about to lock up.

"Mister! Please don't close up yet."

The man turned and saw Reuben, dirty and sweat **stained**.

"Come back tomorrow, boy."

"Please, Mister. I have to sell the sacks now—please." The man heard a tremor in Reuben's voice and could tell he was close to tears.

"Why do you need this money so badly?"

"It's a secret."

The man took the sacks, reached into his pocket and put four coins in Reuben's hand. Reuben murmured a thank you and ran home.

Then, clutching the tin can, he headed for the shop.

"I have the money," he solemnly told the owner.

The man went to the window and retrieved Reuben's treasure.

He wiped the dust off and gently wrapped it in brown paper. Then he placed the parcel in Reuben's hands.

Racing home, Reuben burst through the front door. His mother was scrubbing the kitchen stove. "Here, Mum! Here!" Reuben exclaimed as he ran to her side. He placed a small box in her work roughened hand.

She unwrapped it carefully, to save the paper. A blue-velvet jewel box appeared. Dora lifted the lid, tears beginning to blur her vision.

In gold lettering on a small, almond-shaped brooch was the word Mother.

It was Mother's Day, 1946.

Dora had never received such a gift; she had no finery except her wedding ring. Speechless, she smiled radiantly and gathered her son into her arms.



1945年，12岁的鲁本·厄尔在一家商店橱窗里看到一件令他怦然心动的东西，但是——5美元——鲁本的口袋里可没这么多钱，5美元足够他们家买一周的伙食了。

鲁本又无法张口向父亲要钱，他的父亲马克·厄尔仅靠在加拿大纽芬兰的罗伯茨湾捕鱼的那点儿微薄收入来维持家人的生计。他的母亲多拉，为了保证五个孩子的温饱，勤俭节约，恨不得将一个钱掰成两半花。

尽管如此，鲁本还是推开商店那扇破旧不堪的门，走了进去。他笔直地站在那儿，身穿面粉袋改做的衬衫和洗得褪了色的裤子，并不觉得困窘。他告诉了店主他想要的东西，又补充说道：“但是我现在还没钱买它，您帮我预留一段时间好吗？”

“我尽量吧，”店主笑道，“这儿的人一般都没有太多钱来买这种东西，一时半会儿还卖不出去。”

鲁本礼貌地碰了一下他的旧帽檐儿，然后径自走出店门。阳光下的罗伯茨湾海水在清新的微风吹拂下，泛着阵阵涟漪。鲁本迈开大步，走得很坚定，他一定要自己凑齐那5美元，不告诉任何人。





远处街边传来了铁锤声，鲁本有了主意。

他循着声音跑过去，来到了一处建筑工地。罗伯茨湾的人喜欢自己建房，用的钉子是从当地一家工厂买的，都用麻袋来装。有时人们实在太忙，就会把麻袋随手丢弃，而鲁本知道，他可以以5分钱一条的价格把麻袋再卖回工厂。

那天，他找到了两条麻袋，拿到杂乱的木材厂，卖给了为钉子打包的人。

男孩手里紧紧攥着两个5分硬币，两公里的路程，他是一路小跑着回到家的。

他家附近有座旧谷仓，是用来圈养山羊和鸡的。鲁本在那里找到一个锈迹斑斑的苏打铁罐，把两枚硬币投了进去。然后，他爬上谷仓的阁楼，把铁罐藏在一堆散发着甜香味的干草底下。

鲁本回到家时已是晚饭时分，此时父亲正坐在大餐桌旁摆弄着渔网，母亲多拉在灶台边忙着准备晚饭，鲁本在桌旁坐了下来。

他望着母亲，笑了。夕阳的余晖透过窗子照进来，把母亲棕褐色的披肩发染成了金黄色。苗条、美丽的母亲是这个家的中心，她像胶水一样，把这个家紧紧地黏结在一起。

母亲有永远也干不完的家务活，她要用老式的“胜家”缝纫机为一家人缝缝补补，要做饭、烤面包、打理菜园、挤羊奶，还要用搓衣板洗衣服。可母亲很快乐，在她看来，全家人的安康才是最重要的。

每天放学后做完家务，鲁本就在镇上搜寻装钉子的麻袋。只有两间教室的学校放暑假的那天，鲁本比任何人都高兴，现在他有更多时间去完成他的使命了。

整个夏季，鲁本除了做家务——给菜园锄草、浇水以及砍柴、打水外，一直进行着他的秘密活动。

转眼，菜园收获的季节到了，蔬菜被腌制装罐后储藏起来，此时，学校也开学了。不久，秋叶飘零，海湾吹来阵阵寒风。鲁