# 练习

■英汉対照 ■ 双语美文

PRACTICE LIVE ALONE

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Everyday English Notes

一个人

常青藤语言教学中心◎编译

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## 练习一个人

成长是注定孤独的旅行

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黄金国

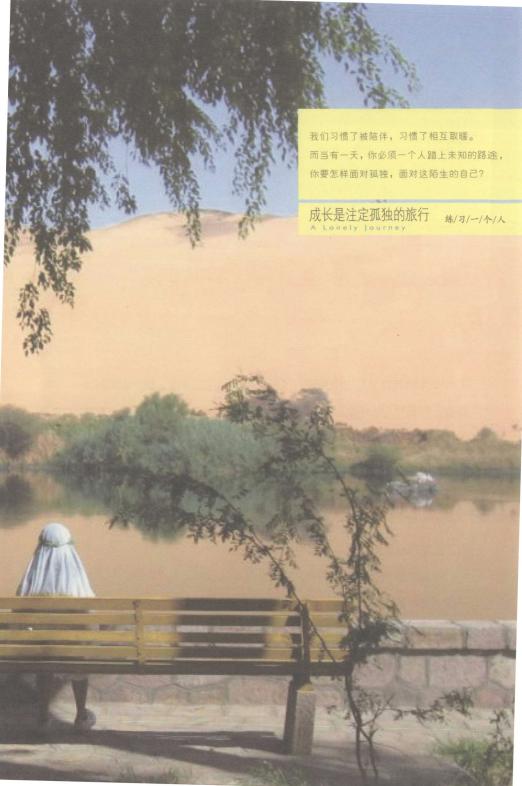
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## 水仙花法则

佚名

女儿给我打了几次电话说: "妈,在水仙花凋零前,您一定要过来看看。"我想去,但是从拉古纳开车到阿罗黑德湖要花两小时。"我下周二肯定去。"她第三次打电话来时,我有点儿不情愿地答应道。

接下来的那个星期二上午很冷,还下着雨。但是我已经答应在先, 所以还是去了。最终,当我走进卡罗琳的家,拥抱着问候外孙们时,我说: "忘了那些水仙花吧,卡罗琳!雾气笼罩着道路,能见度很低,要不是 为了见你和孩子们,我是绝对不会开车来的。"

女儿平静地笑着说: "妈,我们总是在这样的天气里开车。" "反 正你别想再把我拉到路上去,雨停了我就回家!"我想让她死心。"我 想请你开车带我去修车店,把我的车子取回来。"

"要开多远?""就几条街,"卡罗琳说,"我来开,我习惯在这种天气开车。"

几分钟后我忍不住问: "我们这是上哪儿去?去修车店不走这条路啊!" "我们去一个较远的修车店,"卡罗琳笑着说,"从水仙花旁经过。""卡罗琳,"我严厉地说,"调头!""好啦,妈妈。我敢保证,如果你错过了这次经历,会后悔一辈子的。"大约20分钟后,我们拐到一条碎石铺成的路上,然后我看到了一座小教堂。

我看到教堂的另一边有一个手写的牌子——"水仙园"。我们下了车,每人牵着一个小孩儿,跟着卡罗琳,沿着小路前行。然后转了个弯儿, 我抬头一看,不禁大吃一惊。

眼前的景象是如此壮观,就像有人把一大桶金子泼在山顶和斜坡上。 花儿呈壮观的涡流状,一条条像缎带似的,有深橙色、白色、柠檬黄、 橙红色、金黄色和油黄色。每种不同的颜色都栽成一列,像一泓泓有着 独特色调的河水在蜿蜒流动。

"这是谁的杰作啊?"我问卡罗琳。"一位女士,"卡罗琳说,"她以此为生,那就是她的家。"卡罗琳指着一栋修葺良好的A字型小木屋。在灿烂的花海中,它显得那么不起眼。我们走到屋前,看到天井里的一个布告,标题是"我知道您想问什么,答案如下"。第一个答案很简单:"50,000株。"第二个答案是:"每次一株,两只手,两只脚,没什么天赋。"第三个答案是:"始于1958年。"这就是"水仙花法则"。对我而言,这是生命的一个转折时刻。我想象着这位我素未谋面的女士,40年前开始在这个无名小山上,每次一株地实现她关于美丽和欢乐的梦想。就这样每次一株,年复一年,最终改变了环境。这个不知名的女人永远地改变了她所处的环境。



The Daffodil Principle

Anonymous

Several times my daughter had telephoned to say, "Mother, you must come see the daffodils before they are over." I wanted to go, but it was a two-hour drive from Laguna to Lake Arrowhead. "I will come next Tuesday," I promised, a little reluctantly, on her third call.

Next Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. Still, I had promised, and so drove there. When I finally walked into Carolyn's house and hugged and greeted my grandchildren I said, "Forget the daffodils, Carolyn! The road is invisible in the clouds and fog, and there is nothing in the world except you and these children that I want to see bad enough to drive another inch!"

My daughter smiled calmly, "We drive in this all the time, Mother." "Well, you won't get me back on the road until it clears—and then I'm heading for home!" I assured her, "I was hoping you'd take me over to the garage to pick up my car."

"How far will we have to drive?" "Just a few blocks," Carolyn said, "I'll drive. I'm used to this."

After several minutes I had to ask, "Where are we going? This isn't the way to the garage!" "We're going to my garage the long way," Carolyn smiled, "by way of the daffodils." "Carolyn," I said sternly, "please turn around." "It's all right, mother. I promise you will never forgive yourself if you miss this experience." After about twenty minutes we turned onto a small gravel road and I saw a small church.

On the far side of the church I saw a hand-lettered sign "Daffodil Garden". We got out of the car and each took a child's hand, and I followed Carolyn down the path. Then we turned a corner of the path, and I looked up and gasped.

Before me lay the most glorious sight. It looked as though someone had taken a great vat of gold and poured it down over the mountain peak and slopes. The flowers were planted in majestic, swirling patterns, great ribbons and swaths of deep orange, white, lemon yellow, salmon pink, saffron, and butter yellow. Each different-colored variety was planted as a group so that it



swirled and flowed like its own river with its own unique hue. Five acres of flowers!

"But who has done this?" I asked Carolyn. "It's just one woman," Carolyn answered, "She lives on the property. That's her home." Carolyn pointed to a well-kept A-frame house that looked small and modest in the midst of all that glory. We walked up to the house. On the patio we saw a poster: "Answers to the Questions I Know You Are Asking" was the headline. The first answer was a simple one: "50,000 bulbs," it read. The second answer was, "One bulb at a time, two hands, two feet, and very little brain." The third answer was, "Began in 1958." There it was. The Daffodil Principle. For me that moment was a life-changing experience. I thought of this woman whom I had never met, who, more than forty years before, had begun—one bulb at a time-to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountain top. Still, just planting one bulb at a time, year after year, had changed the world. This unknown woman had forever changed the world in which she lived.

## 玫瑰人生路

佚名 man implication of the control o

试想一朵玫瑰。你能看到粗壮的绿茎上,嵌着少许的小刺,像楼梯或梯子似的排列有序,慢慢伸向盛开的花朵吗?或是当我们将花朵捧近时,看到那颜色、形状各异的柔软、丝滑而又蓬松的花瓣,温柔地亲吻我们的鼻子,或亲切地拂过我们的脸颊?谁又能忘得了这独特的甜美芳香?那种健康的、养分充盈的、妙曼盛开的玫瑰的气息。

同你一样,很久以前我是从一粒种子开始的。不管怎么样,即使是一粒种子,也一定会成长。随着时间的流逝,我变得更加强壮、圆润、匀称,但还是没有准备好被栽植。作为一粒种子,我需要学会忍耐艺术中重要的课程。那是生长在土壤中的一门很有价值的艺术。在我忙着壮大自己的种子,练习耐性的同时,我知道自己随时都可能被栽种。我飞跃般地生长,那速度是发生在一粒种子的生长中的惊人的跳跃。甚至没有意识,没有一个特定的时间,没有任何征兆,我就被栽种了。



我的种子根植在深深的充满养分的黑土中,伸展根须,加固根基。我的根极力向四处延展,为茎做好准备。仓促中,我想强壮我的茎,因为它很快就要开出花朵。"耐性"再一次崭露它的头角,而对我来说,这次更容易接受。就像重逢旧友,我再次学会如何拥抱忍耐。与此同时,不知不觉中我开始生长,我的茎也开始长高。随着茎的生长,我长了刺。一根粗大坚硬的刺长成了,它根本没办法折掉,也无法让人忽视。这根刺,不仅让我难以忍受,而且表面看来完全物质化是很慢的。这是为什么呢?为什么我会长刺?这并不能带来一点好处。这是不公平的、艰苦的、不能被接受的。我不停地哭泣着。

我身上不停生长的刺太引人注目了。随着时间的推移, 我学着将人们的注意力从丑陋的刺转移到即将开放的花上。那里才是我希望留住人们目光的地方, 也是我可以留住的地方。在我的茎干得以充分浇灌的时

候,我的泪水便化作了祝福。感谢上苍,我终于从长刺期挺了过来,我的躯茎继续生长。我不断长大并越来越接近花朵,可是又要停下来了,因为另一根刺出现了。痛苦再一次令我难以忍受,这是不公正的、不公平的。但是后来,我明白了些什么。长出的刺都以正确的角度排列着,先前长出的为新生的留出位置并打好基础,使我得以继续生长。过程这样周而复始——生长、生刺、另一阶段,生长、生刺、又一阶段,直到最终我成为蓓蕾。

作为一个花蕾,我紧紧地包着花瓣,期待着进程在这里停止,享受 长久奋斗来的花朵。但这是不可能的,因为我依旧觉得不完美。一朵美 丽的花朵,却没有完全绽放。考验仍然存在,但是现在却是不同的形式 了。不管有怎样全新的方式,一旦习惯了,就会在忍耐中挫败,于是我 成长。我的花瓣一层接一层地绽放。玫瑰花,如我想象的那样,孕育出 我未预见的东西。如今,这朵花的美丽超出了我的想象,正如当初设想 的一样。

玫瑰没有停止它的努力,也从没有停歇过。因为,一朵玫瑰源自一粒种子,渐渐长出根茎,生出刺儿,然后长成另一朵玫瑰……每过一年,就会有另一枝玫瑰加入,年复一年,玫瑰就成了玫瑰园。

所以,精心种下你的种子,因为你就是形成玫瑰园的一朵玫瑰,作 为花束送予他人的一粒种子。 The Rose

Anonymous

Envision a rose. Can you see the strong green stem laced with a few thorns that were carefully placed leading up to the blossom like a staircase or rungs on a ladder? Or how about the soft, silky, velvet petals varying in colors and sizes that gently kiss our noses or lovingly brush our cheeks as we hold them close? And who can forget the unique sweet fragrance of a healthy, well-maintained and well-groomed rose?

Like you, I started, as a seed long ago. Even a seed somehow must take shape. As each year passed I grew stronger, better rounded, and more evenly distributed, yet not ready to be planted. As a seed I have had to learn valuable lessons in the art of patience. An art, I say, that is well worth its weight in soil. As I busied myself strengthening my seed and practicing patience, knowing that at any given moment I would be planted, I grew by leaps and bounds! It is amazing what can take place in a seed over time. Without even realizing it, without a specific time to pin point and without warning, I was planted.