



练习

■ 英汉对照 ■ 双语美文

PRACTICE
WITHOUT YOU

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Everyday English Notes

没有你

常青藤语言教学中心◎编译

开心 | 悲伤 | 离别 | 留恋 | 追寻 | 独享

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每天读点好英文

没 有 你 ， 世 界 空 无 一 人

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练习没有你



没有你，世界空无一人

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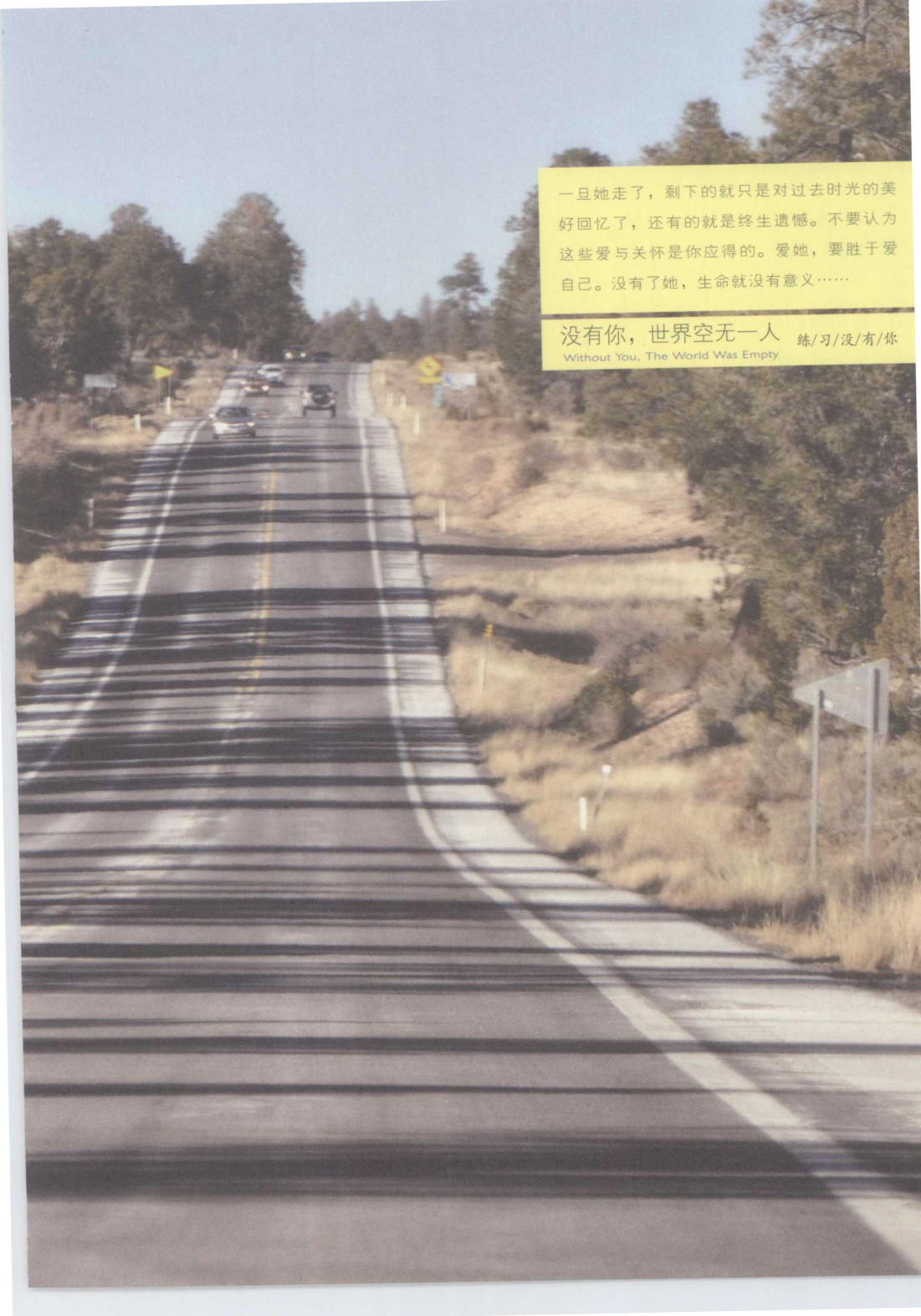


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一旦她走了，剩下的就只是对过去时光的美好回忆了，还有的就是终生遗憾。不要认为这些爱与关怀是你应得的。爱她，要胜于爱自己。没有了她，生命就没有意义……

没有你，世界空无一人 练/习/没/有/你
Without You, The World Was Empty

金秋时节

佚名

我突然想起了自己的小女儿，现在她在阿姆斯特丹生活。她一会儿就会打电话过来问：“你种上洋葱了吗？”然后，我就会跟她开玩笑说，事实上，我正等她回来帮我呢。这样，我俩便双双陷入回忆之中，因为，我们曾经在整個金秋时节的午后，一起种洋葱，当她还只有三岁半时，就满怀孩童的热情和欢欣来帮我了。

那天午后，她最后一次陪在我身边，因为她已经准备上学了。她拿着小桶和铁锹无忧无虑、满心欢喜地走来走去，用土盖洋葱时喊着：“晚安”或者“睡觉觉”，稚嫩的声音唧唧喳喳地说个不停。她发现了“洋葱宝宝”、“小洋葱”和“洋葱爸妈”——后者总是偎依在一起。当我们非常卖力地干活时，我特意去观察自己的孩子，她如此娇小，刚学会走路，挺着一个小圆肚子晃晃悠悠的。

每年秋天我们都会一起种洋葱，在她的童年中无一例外。我每年秋



天都能看到她的变化，从蹒跚学步的孩童变成一个女学生，坦率而现实，活力四射。她从不两手插兜地展开幻想，也不再满心欢喜地纵容自己沉湎于幻想。女学生双腿变得修长了，下巴的线条也改变了，她还剪短了头发。又一个金秋时节，我想：“再见了，玫瑰；再见了，蝴蝶；再见了，女学生。”我一边听她讲故事，一边用力挖土，播种春天的希望。

突然之间，这比我想象的要快很多，我的身边站着一位高挑的少女，她已经长得比我还高了。以往见面的仪式被沉默所取代，我们不再海阔天空地交谈。我想起她的房间满是海报和小装饰品；而曾经那里有装满白色卵石、一枚铜制胸针、彩色图画等“宝物”的瓶瓶罐罐，在对钱财一无所知的孩子们看来，这些如此珍贵；她还曾想让大人声给她念故事书，曾焦急地看着自己房间的蜘蛛问：“它想跟我做朋友吗？”

终于，那个秋天到了，我必须独自栽种洋葱了，我知道从那时起，将不会再有人陪我。但是每年秋季，女儿都会说起种洋葱，言语中流露出怀旧之情，怀念无邪的童年、仙境般的花园以及夏季的最后时光。我们都如此深深地渴望拥有一部时光机器，回到过去，即使仅有一天时间。

Altogether Autumn

Anonymous

Suddenly I think of my youngest daughter, living now in Amsterdam. Very soon she will call and ask, “Have you planted the bulbs yet?” Then I will answer teasingly that actually I’m waiting until she comes to help me. And then we will both be overcome by nostalgia, because once we always did that together. One entire sunny autumn afternoon, when she was just over three and a half years old, she helped me with all the enthusiasm and joyfulness of her age.

It was one of the last afternoons I had her around because her place in school had already been reserved. She wandered around so happily carefree with her little bucket and spade, covering the bulbs with earth and calling out “Night night” or “Sleep tight”, her little voice chattering constantly on. She discovered “baby bulbs” and “kiddie bulbs” and “mummy and daddy bulbs”—the latter snuggling cozily together. While we were both working so industriously, I watched my child very deliberately. She was such a tiny thing,

between an infant and a toddler, with such a round little tummy.

Every autumn, throughout her childhood, we repeated the ritual of planting the bulbs together. And every autumn I saw her changing; the toddler became a schoolgirl, a straightforward realist, full of drive. Never once dreamy, her hands in her pockets; no longer happily indulging her fantasies. The schoolgirl developed long legs, her jawline changed, she had her hair cut. It was autumn again and I thought "Bye roses; bye butterflies; bye schoolgirl." I listened to her stories while we painstakingly burrowed in the earth, planting the promise of spring.

Suddenly, much quicker than I had expected, a tall teenager was standing by my side; she had grown taller than I. The ritual became rather silent, we no longer chattered away from one subject to another. I thought about her room full of posters and knick-knacks, how it had been full of treasures in bottles and boxes, white pebbles, a copper brooch, colored drawings, the treasures of a child who still knew nothing of money, who wanted to be read aloud to and who looked anxiously at a spider in her room and asked, "Would he want to be my friend?"

Then came the autumn when I planted the bulbs alone, and knew that from then on it would always be that way. But every year, in autumn, she talks about it. Full of nostalgia for the security of childhood, the seclusion of a garden, the final moments of a season. How both of us would dearly love to have a time machine. To go back. Just for a day.



佚名

躲到一边

杂物上放着一本陈旧的相册。她轻轻地翻开，仅仅是打算回忆片刻。第一张是她一岁的小宝宝坐在她的腿上。她面带微笑地回想着，这张是她带他在公园玩儿时照的，奇怪的是，这笑容依稀就在昨天，但那些日子却已是遥远的记忆。能让我们再次回味的也只有这些照片了。

她看到一张儿子两岁时和他生日蛋糕的相片，记起他常常做的鬼脸。当他准备好了使劲吹蜡烛时，却怎么也吹不灭，于是妈妈过来帮助他，挥一下手。在他又吹蜡烛时，她轻轻扇了一下。她微笑着回想着他所有的第一次，她帮助了他，又躲到了一边。

她又看到一张儿子紧握着他的第一辆自行车把的照片，当她想到儿子说“这比恶作剧难”时不禁笑了。但是当他骑车时，她就跟在他的后面扶着跑，直到他平衡了，她才躲到一边。

她翻到另一页，看到了他上学时的照片，记起他曾经说等校车时妈妈在身边就不酷了。当校车进入她的视线时，她就急忙躲到了一边。

她继续翻着相册，就像是进行一次岁月的旅行，一页又一页，泪水模糊了她的双眼。在儿子的生命中，他每做一件事情，她都会站在他身边，直到他能独立完成，才会躲到一边。但尽管躲到了一边，却还是很近，带着母亲的牵挂和泪水，她知道总有一天生活会为她的孩子做好安排，现在他已经成为一个男子汉了。

她合上相册，望着壁炉，看着那张壁炉架上他面带笑容的相片。他很骄傲被应征入伍。她又一次牵挂着，却还是要躲到一边。

Side Stepping

Anonymous

The photo album worn and old is sitting on the pile. She flips the cover open just to reminisce awhile. On the first page there she is, a baby in her lap, her son when he was one year old; she smiles as she thinks back. That was taken in the park where she took him to play. Funny how it sometimes seems like only yesterday. But other times it seems those days are distant memories. And all we have reminding us are pictures such as these.

She sees a picture of him with his second birthday cake, and smiles as she remembers of the face that he would make. When trying to blow out the candles he would have a fit. He tried so hard to blow them out but they would all stay lit. So Mom came to the rescue with a waving of her hand. The same time that he blew on it she waved a little fan. She smiles as she thinks back at all the things when he first tried, when she would lend a helping hand and then just step aside.

She sees a picture of him standing holding his first bike, and smiles when thinking how he said, "It's harder than a trike." But she would run behind him



holding on while he would ride, until he got his balance and then she would step aside.

She turns the page and sees a picture when he was in school, remembering he used to say that it was not so cool to have your mother waiting for the school bus at your side. So when the bus would get in sight, she quickly stepped aside.

She goes on through the album like a trip down through the years, and as she goes from page to page her eyes start forming tears. All through his life she stood by him in everything he tried, until he could do it alone and then she stepped aside. But even though she stepped aside she was always near, with a mother's worried heart and with a mother's tears, knowing that a day would come when life would have a plan for her little boy who now has grown to be a man.

She closes up the album and looks at the fireplace. She sees his picture on the mantel with his smiling face. Called to active duty and he's serving now with pride. And once again with worried heart, she had to step aside.

童年时光

佚名

童年时光

你来到世间，她怀抱着你。你以号啕大哭向她表示谢意。

你1岁时，她给你喂奶，为你洗澡。

你以彻夜啼哭回应她。

你2岁时，她教你走路。

她一叫你，你就跑开。

你3岁时，她充满爱意地为你准备三餐。

你却把盘子摔在地上。

你4岁时，她送你些彩笔。

你把餐桌涂得五颜六色。

你5岁时，为了迎接节日，她特意为你精心打扮。

你却扑通一声摔进路旁的泥坑里。