



总主编 史小妹

FRIENDSHIP

LOVE

AND LIFE

CLASSIC ESSAYS FOR MORNING READING SERIES

# 英语有声晨读系列

——情、爱与人生

主编 曹煜

西北工业大学出版社

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# 情、爱与人生

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西北工业大学出版社

**【内容简介】** 本书是一本适合高中生、大学生及广大英语爱好者阅读的中英文双语读物,是一本集阅读性、休闲性和学习性于一身的英文读物。它包括以亲情、爱情、友情和积极人生为主题的共 40 篇美文。在这里读者不用顾忌高考,不用担心“四级”,更不用忧虑自己的阅读水平。读者不仅能轻松欣赏地道英语和优美文字,提高阅读水平和单词储备量,同时也能让自己的心灵震撼于不同的情感中,体会人间种种真情的无限宝贵,获得积极生活的力量。

### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

情、爱与人生:英汉对照/曹煜主编. —西安:西北工业大学出版社,2012.9  
(英语有声晨读系列)

ISBN 978-7-5612-3494-5

I. ①情… II. ①曹… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物②人生哲学—通俗读物  
IV. ①H319.4:B

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2012)第 234884 号

出版发行:西北工业大学出版社

通信地址:西安市友谊西路 127 号 邮编:710072

电 话:(029)88493844 88491757

网 址:www.nwpup.com

印 刷 者:陕西向阳印务有限责任公司

开 本:787 mm×960 mm 1/16

印 张:9.25

字 数:217 千字

版 次:2012 年 9 月第 1 版 2012 年 9 月第 1 次印刷

定 价:26.00 元(含 MP3 听力光盘 1 张)

# 前 言

在全球化、国际化浪潮汹涌澎湃的今天,英语对我们的个人生活、学习以及工作越来越重要。为了学好英语,很多人“饥不择食”,没有选择好适合自己的学习方法,没有找到合适的书本,便匆匆忙忙开始与英语“打交道”,而如此盲目学习的结果就是“欲速则不达”,经过一段时间的学习,不仅英语成绩没有提高,能力没有提升,相反却对英语越来越不感兴趣。当学习成为一种负担而不是乐趣时,学习的效果便可想而知了。

语言是用来交流和表情达意的,因此学英语首先要张开嘴巴,没有老外不要紧,不好意思去英语角也不要紧,关键是自己要养成每天坚持朗读的好习惯。每天晨起至少朗读半小时,声音越大越好,先培养起语感,日积月累,就会像我们平常说汉语一样,想到就会说出,而不是还在想主语对不对或谓语句放哪里。朗朗晨读原本是我们小时候学习母语的一种好方法,可是当我们长大成人时却往往忽视了这个简单而又十分有效的学习途径。

除了选择合适的方法,寻找一本能让自己爱不释手的英语书也很有必要。让读者们先被故事吸引,让学英语成为一种享受,然后在不知不觉中掌握语言的精华,轻松拿下英语——这正是编者编著本书的最大目的。

与同类书籍相比,本书主要具备以下4个特点:

(1)文章分为爱情、亲情、友情和积极人生4个主题,篇篇贴近生活,充满爱和力量的文字是滋润心灵的雨露,也是舒缓灵魂的良方。

(2)每部分的文章都按照从易到难的顺序安排,从而使读者轻松阅读、步步深入。

(3)每篇文章都配以与故事相关的优美名言和精美图片,使读者未读此文,先入此境。

(4)每篇文章都配有词汇表和参考译文,便于读者流畅阅读,真正不受干扰地欣赏优美文章,领略真情实感。

打开这本书吧,生动的语言和感人的故事会让你迷上它,沉醉其中能让你感受英语的魅力,也许它不能让你在短时间内提高英语成绩,但坚持下去,语感的形成、英语阅读能力的提高,则是“无求自得”的事情了,而心灵的复苏与情感的满足将是更加宝贵的收获。

编 者

2012年6月

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# Part One

## Unconditional Love

亲情

### 1. A Boy and His Apple Tree

From your parents you learn love and laughter and how to put one foot before the other.

你从父母那里学到爱，学到笑，学到怎样走路。

A long time ago, there was a huge apple tree. A little boy loved to come and lay around it every day. He climbed to the tree top, ate the apples, and took a nap under the shadow. He loved the tree and the tree loved to play with him.

Time went by... The little boy had grown up and he no longer played around the tree every day. One day, the boy came back to the tree and he looked sad. "Come and play with me," the tree asked the boy. "I am no longer a kid; I don't play around trees anymore." The boy replied, "I want toys. I need money to buy them." "Sorry, I don't have money... But you can pick all my apples and sell them, so you will have money." The boy was so excited. He grabbed all the apples on the tree and left happily. The boy never came back after he picked the apples. The tree was sad.

One day, the boy returned and the tree was so excited. "Come and play with me," the



tree said. "I don't have time to play. I have to work for my family. We need a house for shelter. Can you help me?" "Sorry, I don't have a house. But you can chop off my branches to build your house." So the boy cut all the branches off the tree and left happily. The tree was glad to see him happy but the boy never came back since then. The tree was again lonely and sad.

One hot summer day, the boy returned and the tree was delighted. "Come and play with me!" the tree said. "I am sad and getting old. I want to go sailing to relax myself. Can you give me a boat?" "Use my trunk to build your boat. You can sail far away and be happy." So the boy cut the tree trunk to make a boat. He went sailing and never showed up for a long time. The tree was happy, but it was not true.

Finally, the boy returned so many years later. "Sorry, my boy! But I don't have anything for you anymore. No more apples for you..." the tree said.

"I don't have teeth to bite," the boy replied.

"No more trunk for you to climb on."

"I am too old for that now," the boy said.

"I really can't give you anything... The only thing left is my dying roots," the tree said with tears.

"I don't need much now, just a place to rest. I am tired after all these years." The boy replied.

"Good! Old tree roots are the best place to lean on and rest. Come, Come and sit down with me and rest." The boy sat down and the tree was glad and smiled with tears...

This is a story of everyone. The tree is our parents. When we were young, we loved to play with Mom and Dad... When we grow up, we leave them, and only come to them when we need something or when we are in trouble. No matter what, parents will always be there and give everything they can to make us happy. You may think that the boy is cruel to the tree but that's how all of us are treating our parents.

### word Bank

nap *n.* 打盹

grab *v.* 抓住, 攫取

shelter *n.* 躲避处, 避难所

chop off 砍掉

trunk *n.* 树干

show up 出现





## 参考译文

## 奉 献 树

很久以前有一棵苹果树，一个小男孩每天都喜欢来到树旁玩耍，他爬到树顶，吃苹果，在树荫里打盹……他爱这棵树，树也爱和他一起玩。

随着时间的流逝，小男孩长大了，他不再每天到树旁玩耍了。

一天，男孩回到树旁，看起来很悲伤。“来和我玩吧！”树说。“我不再是小孩了，我不会再到树下玩耍了。”男孩答道，“我想要玩具，我需要钱来买。”“很遗憾，我没有钱……但是你可以采摘我的所有苹果拿去卖，这样你就有钱了。”男孩很兴奋，他摘掉树上所有的苹果，然后高兴地离开了。自从那以后男孩没有回来。树很伤心。

一天，男孩回来了，树非常兴奋。“来和我玩吧。”树说。“我没有时间玩。我得为我的家庭工作。我们需要一个房子来遮风挡雨，你能帮我吗？”“很遗憾，我没有房子。但是，你可以砍下我的树枝来建房。”因此，男孩砍下所有的树枝，高高兴兴地离开了。看到他高兴，树也很高兴。但是，自从那时起男孩没再出现，树又孤独、伤心起来。

突然，在一个炎热的夏日，男孩回到树旁，树很高兴。“来和我玩吧！”树说。“我很伤心，我开始变老了。我想去航海放松一下。你能不能给我一条船？”“用我的树干去造一条船，你就能航海了，你会高兴的。”于是，男孩砍倒树干去造船。他航海去了，很长一段时期未露面。树很开心，但它并不快乐。

许多年后男孩终于回来了。“很遗憾，我的孩子，我再也没有任何东西可以给你了。没有苹果给你……”树说。“我没有牙齿啃。”男孩答道。“没有树干供你爬。”“现在我老了，爬不上去了。”男孩说。“我真的想把一切都给你……我唯一剩下的东西是快要死去的树墩。”树含着眼泪说。“现在，我不需要太多东西，只需要一个地方来休息。经过了这些年我太累了。”男孩答道。“太好了！老树墩就是倚着休息的最好地方。过来，和我一起坐下休息吧。”男孩坐下了，树很高兴，含泪而笑……

这是一个发生在每一个人身上的故事。那棵树就像我们的父母。我们小的时候，喜欢和爸爸妈妈玩……长大后，便离开他们，只有在我们需要父母亲，或是遇到了困难的时候，才会回去找他们。尽管如此，父母却总是有求必应，为了我们的幸福，无私地奉献自己的一切。你也许觉得那个男孩很残忍，但我们又何尝不是如此呢？



## 2. Who Gave Me the Ears?

A mother's love is like a circle. It has no beginning and no ending.

母爱就像一个圆,没有起点,也没有终点。

"Can I see my baby?" the happy new mother asked.

When the bundle was nestled in her arms and she moved the fold of cloth to look upon his tiny face, she gasped. The doctor turned quickly and looked out the tall hospital window. The baby had been born without ears.

Time proved that the baby's hearing was perfect. It was only his appearance that was marred. When he rushed home from school one day and flung himself into his mother's arms, she sighed, knowing that his life was to be a succession of heartbreaks.

He blurted out the tragedy. "A boy, a big boy... called me a freak."

He grew up, handsome but for his misfortune. A favorite with his fellow students, he might have been class president, but for that. He developed a gift, a talent for literature and music.

The boy's father had a session with the family physician... "Could nothing be done?"

"I believe I could graft on a pair of outer ears, if they could be gotten," the doctor declared. Whereupon, the search began for a person who would make such a sacrifice for a young man.

Two years went by. One day, his father said to the son, "You're going to the hospital, son. Mother and I have someone who will donate the ears you need. But the identity of the donor is a secret."

The operation was a brilliant success, and a new person emerged. His talents blossomed into genius, and school and college became a series of triumphs. Later he married and entered the diplomatic service.



One day, he asked his father, "Who gave me the ears? Who gave me so much? I could never do enough for him or her."

"I do not believe you could," said the father, "but the agreement was that you aren't to know... not yet."

The years kept their profound secret, but the day did come. One of the darkest days that had ever passed through a son. He stood with his father over his mother's casket. Slowly, tenderly, the father stretched forth a hand and raised the thick, reddish brown hair to reveal the mother had no outer ears.

"Mother said she was glad she never let her hair be cut," his father whispered gently, "and nobody ever thought mother less beautiful, did they?"

### word Bank

bundle *n.* 捆,卷,包裹

gasp *v.* (因惊讶等)倒抽一口气

mar *v.* 毁损,损伤

fling *v.* 猛冲,直奔

freak *n.* 怪人,畸形人

session *n.* (尤指法庭、议会等)开庭,开会

donate *v.* 捐赠,捐献

triumph *n.* 成功

casket *n.* 匣子,〈美〉棺材

reveal *v.* 泄露,揭露

### 参考译文

#### 谁给了我耳朵？

“我能看看我的孩子吗？”刚刚做了母亲的女人高兴地问。

当襁褓被放到她怀里、她拿开挡着孩子小脸的布时，她倒吸了一口凉气。医生快速地转过身去，向医院高高的窗外望去。这些都是因为这个婴儿生来就没有耳朵。

时间证明他的听力完全没有问题，只是容貌因此而显得不完美。一天，他从学校飞奔回家，投入妈妈的怀抱。她叹息着，知道他的一生将面临一连串的攻击。

他说出了那件让人心碎的事情：“一个男孩，大个子男孩，叫我怪物。”

他长大了，尽管有这点不幸但人还是长得很英俊。他人缘很好，如果不是因为那个残疾，他本可以做班长的。他在文学和音乐方面很有天赋。

男孩的爸爸去问家庭医生：“难道真的一点办法也没有吗？”

“办法是有的。如果能找到一双合适的外耳，我可以帮他植入。”医生说。他们开始寻找看有谁愿意为年轻人做出这样的牺牲。



两年过去了。一天,父亲告诉儿子:“孩子,你终于可以做手术了。妈妈和我找到愿意为你捐耳朵的人了。但是,捐献者要求身份保密。”

手术非常成功,他脱胎换骨。他的才华宛如鲜花怒放般得到了释放。学业也取得了一连串的成功。后来,他结了婚,并做了外交官。

有一天,他问父亲:“是谁给了我耳朵?是谁如此地慷慨?我永远报答不尽。”

“我不认为你有那个能力去报答,”爸爸说,“我们当初协议中规定你不能知道是谁,至少现在还不能。”

父亲的守口如瓶使这个秘密保持了许多年,但是,这一天终于还是来了。他和爸爸站在妈妈的棺木前。慢慢地,轻柔地,爸爸伸出手撩起了妈妈那浓密的红色的头发,他赫然发现:妈妈没有耳朵!

“你母亲说她很庆幸自己从来不用去理发,”爸爸低声说道,“但没人会认为她因此而减少了一丝一毫的美丽,不是吗?”

### 3. The Price of a Miracle

The greatest thing in family life is to take a hint when a hint is intended and not to take a hint when a hint is not intended.

家庭生活中最重要的不仅是成员之间的心领神会,还需要心有灵犀一点通。

Tess was a precocious eight-year-old girl when she heard her Mom and Dad talking about her little brother, Andrew. All she knew was that he was very sick and they were completely out of money. They were moving to an apartment complex next month because Daddy didn't have the money for the doctor's bills and their house.

Only a very costly surgery could save him now and it was looking like there was no one to loan them the money. She heard Daddy say to her tearful Mother with whispered desperation, “Only a miracle can save him now.”

Tess went to her bedroom and pulled a glass jelly jar from its hiding place in the closet. She poured all the change out on the floor and counted it carefully. Three times, even. The



total had to be exactly perfect. No chance here for mistakes.

Carefully placing the coins back in the jar and twisting on the cap, she slipped out the back door and made her way six blocks to Rexall's Drug Store with the big Red Indian Chief sign above the door.

She waited patiently for the pharmacist to give her some attention but he was too busy at this moment. Tess twisted her feet to make a noise. Nothing. She cleared her throat with the most disgusting sound she could muster.

No good. Finally she took a quarter from her jar and banged it on the glass counter. That did it! "And what do you want?" the pharmacist asked in an annoyed tone of voice. "I'm talking to my brother from Chicago whom I haven't seen in ages," he said without waiting for a reply to his question.

"Well, I want to talk to you about my brother," Tess answered back in the same annoyed tone. "He's really, really sick and I want to buy a miracle."

"I beg your pardon?" said the pharmacist.

"His name is Andrew and he has something bad growing inside his head and my Daddy says only a miracle can save him now. So how much does a miracle cost?"

"We don't sell miracles here, little girl. I'm sorry but I can't help you," the pharmacist said, softening a little.

"Listen, I have the money to pay for it. If it isn't enough, I will get the rest. Just tell me how much it costs."

The pharmacist's brother was a well-dressed man. He stooped down and asked the little girl, "What kind of a miracle does your brother need?" "I don't know," Tess replied with her eyes welling up.

"I just know he's really sick and Mommy says he needs an operation. But my Daddy can't pay for it, so I want to use my money."

"How much do you have?" asked the man from Chicago.

"One dollar and eleven cents," Tess answered barely audibly. "And it's all the money I have, but I can get some more if I need to."

"Well, what a coincidence," smiled the man. "A dollar and eleven cents — the exact price of a miracle for your little brother." He took her money in one hand and with the other hand he grasped her mitten and said, "Take me to where you live. I want to see your brother and meet your parents. Let's see if I have the kind of miracle you need."

That well-dressed man was Dr. Carlton Armstrong, a surgeon, specializing in neurosurgery. The operation was completed without charge and it wasn't long until Andrew was home again and doing well. Mom and Dad were happily talking about the chain of events

that had led them to this place.

“That surgery,” her Mom whispered, “was a real miracle. I wonder how much it would have cost.” Tess smiled. She knew exactly how much a miracle cost—one dollar and eleven cents plus the faith of a little child.

### word Bank

precocious *adj.* 早熟的, 早成的

desperation *n.* 绝望

pharmacist *n.* 药剂师

muster *v.* 召集, 集合

bang *v.* 重击, 大声敲

well up (眼泪) 涌出

audibly *adv.* 听得见地

coincidence *n.* 巧合, 巧事

neurosurgery *n.* 神经外科

### 参考译文

#### 奇迹的代价

听爸爸妈妈谈起小弟安德鲁的事情时, 苔丝已是一个八岁的很懂事的小女孩。她只知道弟弟病得很厉害, 父母却无钱给他医治。下个月他们要搬到一个公寓房, 因为爸爸已经无力支付医药费 and 他们的房款。

现在唯一可以救他的办法就是做手术, 但手术费用非常昂贵, 没有人肯借钱给他们。她听到爸爸对满含泪水的妈妈低声而绝望地说: “现在只有奇迹可以救他了。”

苔丝回到房间, 从壁橱一个隐藏的地方拿出一个玻璃瓶子, 把里面所有的零钱倒在地上并仔细数了三次, 直到确定无误。

她仔细地把硬币放回瓶子并把盖子拧好, 悄悄地从后门溜出去, 穿过六条街区, 来到门上有红色印第安语大标志的 Rexall 药店。

她耐心地等待着药剂师, 可是药剂师非常忙, 并没有注意她。苔丝扭动着她的脚弄出摩擦的声音, 没有反应。她大声地清清嗓子, 还是没反应。

最后, 她从瓶子里拿出个两角五分的硬币摔在玻璃柜台上, 弄出清脆的响声。成功了! “你需要点什么?” 药剂师不耐烦地问, “我在和弟弟聊天, 他从芝加哥来, 我们很多年没见了。”他没等苔丝说话就接着说起来。

“我想跟你说下我弟弟的事情。”苔丝回答, “他真的病得很严重……我想为他买个奇迹。”

“你说什么?” 药剂师问道。

“他叫安德鲁, 他病得很厉害, 爸爸说现在只有奇迹能救他。所以, 请问奇迹多少钱?”



“我们这里不卖奇迹，小女孩，很抱歉不能帮助你。”药剂师说，语气温和了一些。

“听着，我有很多钱，如果这里的不够，我就回去取剩下的，请告诉我奇迹多少钱？”

药剂师的弟弟是个穿着很得体的男人，他俯身问小女孩：“你弟弟需要什么样的奇迹呢？”“我不知道，”苔丝的眼泪涌了上来，“我只知道他病得非常厉害，妈妈说他需要做手术，但是爸爸支付不起手术费，所以我想用我自己的钱。”

“你有多少钱？”这个从芝加哥来的男人问。

“一美元十一美分，”苔丝用很勉强才能听到的声音回答，“这是我所有的钱，但是如果不够的话我再想办法。”

“刚刚好，”男人笑着说，“一美元十一美分——正好可以为你弟弟买个奇迹。”他一手拿着小女孩的钱一手紧紧握住她的手说：“带我去你住的地方，我想去看看你弟弟和你的父母，看看我是不是有你们需要的奇迹。”

这个穿着得体的男人就是卡尔顿·阿姆斯壮，著名的神经外科医生。手术没有支付任何费用，安德鲁回家后不久就康复了。爸爸和妈妈高兴地谈论着这件事情。

“这个手术真的是个奇迹，奇迹到底需要多少钱呢？”母亲低声自语。苔丝笑了，她知道奇迹的真正价值：一美元十一美分，加上一个小女孩的信念。

#### 4. A Special Date

It is at our mother's knee that we acquire our noblest and truest and highest, but there is seldom any money in them.

就是在我们的母亲膝上，我们获得了我们的最高尚、最真诚和最远大的理想，但里面很少有任何金钱。

After 21 years of marriage, I discovered a new way of keeping alive the spark of love. I started to go out with another woman. It was really my wife's idea.



“I know that you love her,” she said one day, taking me by surprise. “But I love YOU,” I protested. “I know, but you also love her.”

The other woman that my wife wanted me to visit was my mother, who has been a widow for 19 years, but the demands of my work and my three children had made it possible to visit her only occasionally. That night I called to invite her to go



out for dinner and a movie. "What's wrong, are you well?" she asked.

My mother is the type of woman who suspects that a late night call or a surprise invitation is a sign of bad news. "I thought that it would be pleasant to pass some time with you," I responded. "Just the two of us." She thought about it for a moment, and then said, "I would like that very much."

That Friday after work, as I drove over to pick her up I was a bit nervous. When I arrived at her house, I noticed that she, too, seemed to be nervous about our date. She waited in the door with her coat on. She had curled her hair and was wearing the dress that she had worn to celebrate her last wedding anniversary. She smiled from a face that was as radiant as an angel's. "I told my friends that I was going to go out with my son, and they were impressed," she said, as she got into the car. "They can't wait to hear about our meeting."

We went to a restaurant that, although not elegant, was very nice and cozy. My mother took my arm as if she were the First Lady. After we sat down, I had to read the menu. Her eyes could only read large print. Half way through the entrees, I lifted my eyes and saw Mom sitting there staring at me. A nostalgic smile was on her lips. "It was I who used to have to read the menu when you were small," she said. "Then it's time that you relax and let me return the favor," I responded.

During the dinner we had an agreeable conversation — nothing extraordinary — but catching up on recent events of each other's life. We talked so much that we missed the movie. As we arrived at her house later, she said, "I'll go out with you again, but only if you let me invite you." I agreed.

"How was your dinner date?" asked my wife when I got home. "Very nice. Much more than I could have imagined," I answered.

A few days later my mother died of a massive heart attack. It happened so suddenly that I didn't have a chance to do anything for her. At that moment I understood the importance of saying in time: "I LOVE YOU" and to give our loved ones the time that they deserve. Nothing in life is more important than your family. Give them the time they deserve, because these things cannot be put off till "some other time".

### word Bank

spark *n.* 火花

protest *v.* 抗议, 反对

widow *n.* 寡妇, 遗孀

anniversary *n.* 周年纪念日





radiant *adj.* 容光焕发的  
elegant *adj.* 讲究的, 精致的  
cozy *adj.* 舒适的  
entrée *n.* 主菜

nostalgic *adj.* 怀旧的  
agreeable *adj.* 令人愉快的, 怡人的  
massive *adj.* 巨大的, 大量的

### 参考译文

## 不能改天的约会

结婚 21 年后, 我发现了保持爱之火花的一种新方法。我开始与另一个女人出去约会。其实这还是我妻子的主意呢。

“我知道你爱她,” 有一天她对我说, 这令我感到惊奇。“但我也爱你,” 我声明。“我知道, 不过, 你也爱她。”

我妻子想让我去拜访的另一个女人就是我的妈妈, 她守寡 19 年了, 但由于我的工作需要以及有三个孩子要抚养, 我很少有机会去看望她。那天晚上, 我打电话约她吃饭看电影。“出什么事了? 你还好吧?” 她问。

我妈妈是那种认为深夜电话或出其不意的邀请代表坏消息的女人。“我觉得与您共度一段时间将是一件愉快的事,” 我这样回答, “就我们两个人。”她想了一想, 便说: “其实我很想这样。”

于是周五下班后, 我开车去接她。我有点儿不安。到了她的住所, 我注意到, 她对我们的约会好像也有些紧张。她穿着外套在门口等我。她将头发盘了起来, 并且穿着最后一次结婚纪念日那天穿的套装, 天使般容光焕发的脸上带着笑容。“我告诉朋友们我要跟儿子出去约会, 他们都很感动,” 上车时她对我说, “他们急迫地想了解我们约会的情况。”

我们去了一家虽不是一流却很温馨舒适的饭店。妈妈挽着我的手臂, 宛如第一夫人。我们坐下后, 我开始看菜单。她的眼睛现在只能看清一些大字。浏览菜单的间隙, 我抬眼看到妈妈坐在那儿盯着我, 嘴上带着怀旧的笑容。“你小的时候, 都是我来看菜单,” 她说。“现在轮到您休息了, 该我回报您了。”我答道。

吃饭的时候, 我们谈得很愉快——也没什么特别的事——只是简单描述一下彼此生活中最近发生的事。我们谈得太尽兴以至错过了看电影。当我送她回到家时, 她说: “我会再跟你出去约会, 但必须是我邀请你。”我同意了。

“饭吃得怎么样啊?” 回到家时我妻子问。“非常好, 比我想象中要好得多。”我回答。

几天后, 妈妈由于严重的心脏病发作去世了。发生得如此突然以至我没有机会为她做任何事。那一刻, 我明白了及时说出“我爱你”以及给予我们所爱的人他们应该得到的时间的重要性。生命中没有什么比你的家庭更重要, 多花些时间陪陪你的家人, 因为这些事情不能被推