

寻找 走过的足迹

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我行过许多地方的桥
看过许多次数的云
喝过许多种类的酒
却只爱过一个正当最好年龄的人

与美国人同步阅读的英文经典文集

Pursuit the Footprints of the Past



化学工业出版社

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The Surprising Gifts

意外的礼物

追寻过往的足迹，也许我们会发现，这一路走来，我们竟收获如此多而珍贵的礼物：博大无私的亲情、炙热如火的爱情、患难与共的友情……这些礼物让我们的旅途变得不再孤单、不再枯燥。

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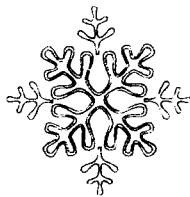
那个人本可能在试图进入车道时感到受挫，并将这种挫败感转嫁给他人。如果长时间在高速公路上滞留，那个女人本可能受到严重的伤害，而那个小男孩的高烧本可能因为没有药而变得危险。没有额外的那些钱，这对夫妇本可能不能那么好地照看他们新出生的宝宝。

一切都是因为一个微笑，一挥手。

好吧，这些都没有真正发生，除了那个微笑和挥手，但你永远不知道什么时候一个微笑和挥手可能产生的结果。有时尝试一下。如果正确地传递，幸福可以是一件富有感染力的事情。

Vocabulary

1. gridlock ['gridlɒk] *n.* 僵局，极端严重的全面交通堵塞
2. strand [strænd] *v.* 使搁浅，使陷于困境，弄断，使落后
3. prescription [pris'kripʃən] *n.* 药方，指示，惯例
4. infectious [in'fekʃəs] *adj.* 传染的，传染性的，易传染的



“我更喜欢 ‘A’，但如果是 ‘B’ 的话，也可以！”

你更喜欢人们有礼貌，但当他们表现粗鲁时，也不会破坏你的一天。

你更喜欢阳光，但如果下雨的话，也没有关系！

想要更快乐，我们需要做到以下二者之一：

a) 改变世界，或者

b) 改变我们的想法

而改变我们的想法显然要比改变世界简单。

概括地说：

问题常常不在于事情本身，而是在于你看待事情的态度。决定快乐
的不是发生在你身上的事情，而是面对发生在你身上的事情你怎么想。

Vocabulary

1. nutshell ['nʌt-ʃel] *v.*概括 *n.*坚果的外壳，小的东西，小容器

2. spiral ['spaiərel] *v.*作螺旋形行进，盘旋着上升(或下降)

3. frustrate [frʌs'treit] *v.*挫败，阻挠，使感到灰心

feigning helplessness to get me to make him his tea every now and then.

“That second time you came around, luv, it was then I saw how unhappy you were. Feeling lonely and sad about your dad and all. I thought, well, the lass could use a bit of an old shoulder to lean on. But I knew you were telling yourself you were visiting me for my sake and not your own. Didn’t think you’d come back if you knew I was fit. And I knew you were in sore need of someone to talk to. Someone older, older than your dad, even. And someone who knew how to listen.”

“And the stick?”

“Ah. A fine stick, that. I use it when I walk the moors. We must do that together soon.”

So we did. And Mr. Burns, the man I’d set out to help, helped me. He’d made a gift of his time, bestowing attention and kindness to a young girl who needed both.

译文参考

佚名

我18岁的时候，离开我在纽约布鲁克林的家前往英格兰约克郡的利兹大学研读历史。那是我一生中快乐而又充满压力的一段时光，我要努力去适应陌生环境里的新鲜事物。我还要学会去克服来自刚刚失去最亲近的父亲的悲痛——我从未接受这件事。

有一天，我在市场上正为一束能很好地装饰我那舒适但毫无生趣的宿舍的花而犹豫不决的时候，我看到一个老绅士手里提着一袋苹果，艰难地紧紧抓着拐杖有些站不稳。我跑过去，帮他拿着苹果，让他有时间调整平衡。

“谢谢你，亲爱的。”他用一种明显的约克郡口音说道，那种轻快的语调我从不感到厌倦。“我没事了，不用担心。”他说道。他看着我，那双明亮的蓝眼睛直到嘴角都洋溢着笑容。

“我能和你一起走吗？”我询问道，“我只是想确保这些苹果不会过早地变成果酱。”

他笑着说，“小姑娘，你家是在很远的地方吧？你从美国来的，对吗？”

“只是美国的一个城市，纽约。我会一边走一边给您讲述一些关于纽约的事。”

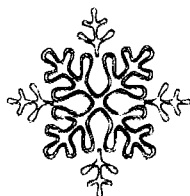
于是，我和伯恩斯先生的友谊开始了，他的笑容和热情对我意义重大。

我们一起走着，伯恩斯先生（我总是这么称呼他，从没直接叫过他的姓）紧紧地倚靠着他的拐杖，结实的、粗糙的，像一件圣经里的东西吸引着我的注意。到了他家后，我帮他把手袋放在桌子上，坚持要帮他准备“茶点”——即饭菜。他并没有强烈地反对，我把这当作是他对我提出帮助的感谢。

帮他做完饭后，我问道我走了以后还能不能再来拜访他。我想我能时不时地来看看他，看他有什么需要帮助的。他眨着眼笑着回答道，

Vocabulary

1. divine [di'vain] *adj.* 神圣的, 非凡的, 天赐的, 极好的
2. ail [eil] *v.* 使苦恼, 使烦恼





Please Hear What I Am Not Saying

请听听我没说的那部分

by Jill Zevallos-Solak

Don't be fooled by me. Don't be fooled by the face I wear. For I wear a mask, I wear a thousand masks, masks that I am afraid to take off, and none of them are me. Pretending is an art that is second nature with me, but don't be fooled, for God's sake don't be fooled. I give you the impression that I'm secure, that all is sunny and unruffled¹ with me, within me as well as without, that confidence is my name and coolness my game, that the water's calm and I'm in command, and that I need no one. But don't believe me, please.

My surface may seem smooth, but my surface is my mask, my ever-warying ever-concealing mask. Beneath lies no smugness, no complacency. Beneath dwells² the real me in confusion, in fear, in aloneness. But I hide this. I don't want anybody to know it. I panic at the thought of my weakness and fear being exposed. That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind, a nonchalant, sophisticated facade, to help me pretend, to shield me from the glance that knows. But such a glance is precisely my salvation³. My

no mother.

We all grew up alone. No mother around and practically no father. My father kind of deserted the home. He went to leave with another woman (as I came to learn later). He would make appearances about once every three months or so. We were too young that we never really understood what was going on. It didn't occur to us that something was wrong. May be it did to my elder brother and sisters but not me. Most of the time we had no food. We didn't know tea with sugar or food with salt or cooking fat. These were great luxuries and only tasted them when my grandma decided to invite us to eat in her hut.

Many nights we just drank water and slept. These were the nights when my elder sister, Consolata had not been to the neighbors to borrow some maize or beans in the pretext that it was for planting. They never understood but they gave anyway. They wouldn't understand because, our farm produced a lot of food. We had acres and acres of wheat, potatoes, maize, etc. My father would make sure we didn't attend school for long periods of time to work in the farm. We all worked so hard. When I was too young to dig, I would be the one to cook. I had to fetch firewood and make lunch for others (that is, if there was anything to cook. Mostly it was boiled maize. My grandma was kind enough to give us some salt to put in the maize.) When the harvest time came, my father was home full time. We were not allowed into the farm. He would hire casual labor to harvest, put the produce in bags and load into

二天早晨，我没有了妈妈。

我们都独自长大。没有妈妈的陪伴，事实上也没有爸爸。我的爸爸几乎抛弃了这个家。他离开家却跟另外一个女人在一起（我后来才知道的）。他每三个月左右露一次面。我们太小了，根本弄不清到底发生了什么。对于我们来说什么都没有错。也许对于我的哥哥姐姐来说事情有对错之分，但是我却不明白。大多数的时间里我们没有食物。我们不知道什么是带糖的茶或者有盐的食物或者烹饪油。这些都是极大的奢侈品，只有在我奶奶决定邀请我们去她的小屋里吃饭时才能品尝到。

许多的夜晚，我们只是喝点水就睡觉。那样的夜晚通常是我的姐姐康索雷塔没有去邻居家以种植为借口去借一些玉米或者豆类。他们永远都不明白，但是他们还是会给的。他们不明白，是因为我们的农场可产出许多食物。我们有好几亩的小麦、马铃薯和玉米等。我爸爸会设法让我们很长时间不去上学而去农场里干活。我们都很努力地干活。当我太小不会挖地时，我就要负责做饭。我不得不捡柴火，为其他人准备午饭（当然是在有东西可做的情况下。大多数情况下都是煮玉米。我的奶奶非常善良，给我们一些盐放在玉米里。）到了收获的季节，我的爸爸全天在家。不允许我们去农场里。他会雇一些临时工去收割，把庄稼都装进麻袋，装到卡车上，载到别的镇子里出售。我们奢华的日子就是收获后，返回到空旷的田地里，拾取剩下的产物——那些在市场上毫不起眼的小马铃薯，或者是在装袋时被落掉的那些很好的马铃薯。

“你有没有跟康妮说过你爱她？”我明知故问。他像看精神病人那样看着我。

“我不必说那些，”他说，“她很清楚我爱她！”

“我确信她清楚，”我说，伸手触摸着他那双粗糙的木工的手。他的手紧紧地握着杯子，仿佛这是他唯一能够依附的东西——“但是她想听这些，比尔。她想了解这些年来她对你到底意味着什么。你想想吧。”

我们走回康妮的病房。比尔进了屋，而我则走开了，去看望另外一位病人。之后，我看到比尔坐在床边。在康妮睡着的时候，他还握着她的一只手。那一天是2月12日。

两天后，我在中午的时候沿着安养院病房过道往前走。比尔站在那里，倚靠着墙，眼睛盯着地上。那时，我已经从护士长那里得知，康妮在上午11点去世了。

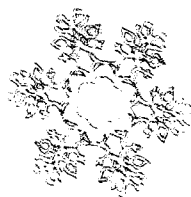
看见我后，比尔久久地拥着我。他泪流满面，全身颤抖。最后他又靠回到墙上，做了个深呼吸。

“有些话我必须得说，”他说，“我得说，对她说出来的这种感觉真是棒极了。”他停下来揉揉鼻子。“我反复想了你说的话。于是在今天早上，我跟她说，我是多么爱她，能和她成为夫妻我是多么得珍惜。真希望你能看看她当时的笑容！”

我走入康妮的房间去亲自跟她告别。在床头的桌上放着一张比尔送给她的充满柔情蜜意的大大的情人节卡片，上面写着：“送给我出色的妻子，我爱你。”

Vocabulary

1. hospice ['hɒspɪs] *n.* 收容所, 救济院 (晚期病人) 安养院
2. gurney ['gɜ:ni] *n.* (医院用来移动病人的) 轮床
3. confide [kən'faɪd] *v.* 吐露, 委托
4. tremble ['trembl] *v.* 发抖, 战栗, 焦虑, 摇晃



Sit Quietly and Allow the World to Pass Us by 静静地坐下来看世界 与我们擦身而过

by Author Unknown

“The time you enjoy wasting is not wasted time.” — Bertrand Russell

I was sitting outside my new home yesterday (we just moved last week, and we love the new place), watching the world go by.

There were people in cars, in a hurry to get to their next appointment. There were birds flying by, insects just as busy as the people in cars, plants and weeds **thriving**¹ in the humid Guam climate.

Inside the house, my children were also busy, as ever, making a mess of the house (which my wife and I would soon clean up), getting into things, their natural curiosity overpowering our previous pleas for them not to play with lotion or take things apart.

The sky was slightly **overcast**² and there was a cool breeze, quite strong and pleasant actually.

“请问有人出价50美元吗？”

还是没有人回答，所以他又问：“是否有人出价40美元？”没人想竞标这幅遗像。因此，拍卖师问，“有人竞拍这幅肖像吗？”

一个老人站了起来，问道：“请问你能把它标价为10美元吗？你看10美元是我所有的钱。我是住在他们街对面的邻居，我认识这个男孩。我看着他长大，我真的很喜欢他。我想要这个肖像。因此，你们能标价10美元吗？”拍卖师说，“10美元一次，两次，售出！”欢呼声立即响起来了，人们自言自语道：

“噢，哥们儿，现在我们可以拍卖真正的艺术品了。”

拍卖人接着说：“我要感谢你们的到来。你们能够出席很令人高兴。今天的拍卖结束了。”

人们变得非常生气，问道：“你说拍卖结束了是什么意思？你甚至还没有开始就所有这些其他艺术作品出价！”

拍卖师说，“我很抱歉，但拍卖已结束。你看，按照这位父亲的意愿，谁要他的儿子的肖像谁就能得到一切！！！这就是最低价格。”

Vocabulary

1. engulf [in'gʌlf] v. 吞没, 吞食, 狼吞虎咽
2. rip [rip] v. 裂开, 被撕裂
3. portrait ['pɔ:trɪt] n. 肖像, 画像
4. swell [swel] v. 充满, 膨胀, 肿胀, 隆起

The Greatest Joy, the Most Perfect Gift 最珍贵的快乐, 最美妙的礼物

by Denyel Cusimano

Having been down on myself and unhappy in my marriage I spent the week not being very nice to anyone in my family. I felt myself distancing myself from those people that were not the root of my anger. Those little people with sweet **innocent**¹ eyes, wondering why Mommy was only going through the motions; wondering why there was no love in her actions. I pushed my daughter away as she tried to hug me. Though I saw the pain in her eyes I didn't know how to change what I was feeling. I saw more pain in their little eyes when I served them dinner and turned and walked out of the room and didn't join them for their last meal of the day.

For years I had made such a big deal out of having dinner as a family but during this time of heartache that I was experiencing I just couldn't bring myself to be with them. I began to **resent**² them. It would be so easy to