

Moral Reading Through English

英语情感阅读丛书

# Marriage and Family

(婚姻家庭篇)

编注 宫玉波 石洪林

主审 汪光照



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参编:于春梅 赵红路

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## 编者的话

祝天下人人都拥有  
一桩美满的婚姻，  
一个幸福的家庭。

*May all the people all  
over the world have a  
sweet marriage and a  
happy family.*

## 前 言

人有贤愚，书有优劣。贤者愚者，差别在于读书，读书可以补先天之不足。读好书可以怡情、博采、长才、益德。《英语情感阅读丛书》，就是这样一套不可多得的好书。它包括父亲篇、母亲篇、师生篇、爱情篇、婚姻家庭篇等共十本，几乎囊括了人生的一切经历。作者们用短小的篇幅，质朴的语言，实话实说，将自己对父母的深情、师长的崇敬、子女的关怀、弟子的教诲、邻里的情谊、家庭的温馨、事业的追求、人生的感悟、童真的追忆等等至情至理，一一诉诸笔端，跃然纸上，不图粉饰，但求分享，读来使人感动，令人深思，给人激励，催人奋发。此书无论少长读者，不论英语水平深浅，都可阅读，益德长才。

此套丛书的文章均选自现代英美报刊，作者多是常人，述说的多是常事常情，对中国读者来说，仿佛是自己的经历，或是身边事儿，他人用英文写出，似曾相识，自己未曾表达出来而已。读着读着，你会不由自主地觉得，虽国度不同、肤色各异、语言有别，但人情人性通矣。读此书，可真正了解天下人的喜怒

哀乐、为人处事,足补时下传媒之不足。

十年前便有选编此丛书之想,盼望在书架上能有一排这样的小书,清清爽爽,干干净净,既能学到地道英文,又可了解欧美人情,既可推荐给学生与子女,又能坦然长留书橱。

当我将上述想法与大通私立商贸外语学校的同事一谈,皆表赞同,并有年轻学生的热盼,于是有关老师雷厉风行,积极备战,经过精心筛选和严谨注释,现在这套丛书的全部书稿便摆在案前,令人欣慰不已。于是写下上面几句,以作前言。

东北财经大学英语教授  
大连大通私立商贸外语学校校长 宋贵庆

1996.12 于大连



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# A Story for Valentine's Day

*JO ANN LARSEN*

LARRY AND JO ANN were an ordinary couple. They lived in an ordinary house on an ordinary street. Like other ordinary couples, they struggled to \* make ends meet<sup>(1)</sup> and to do the right things for their children.

They were ordinary in yet another way—they had their squabbles<sup>(2)</sup>. Much of their conversation concerned what was wrong in their marriage and who was to blame<sup>(3)</sup>.

Until one day, when a most extraordinary event took place.

"You know, Jo Ann, I've got a magic chest of drawers. Every time I open them, they're full of socks<sup>(4)</sup> and underwear<sup>(5)</sup>," Larry said. "I want to thank you for filling them all these years."

Jo Ann stared at her husband over the top of her spectacles<sup>(6)</sup>. "What do you want, Larry?"

"Nothing. I just want you to know I appreci-

ate<sup>(7)</sup> those magic drawers. ”

This wasn't the first time Larry had done something odd<sup>(8)</sup>, so Jo Ann pushed the incident out of her mind until a few days later.

“Jo Ann, thank you for recording so many correct check numbers in the ledger<sup>(9)</sup> this month. You put down the right number 15 out of 16 times. That's a record. ”

Disbelieving<sup>(10)</sup> what she had heard, Jo Ann looked up from her mending: “Larry, you're always complaining<sup>(11)</sup> about my recording the wrong check numbers. Why stop now?”

“No reason. I just wanted you to know I appreciate \* the effort you're making<sup>(12)</sup>. ”

Jo Ann shook her head and went back to her mending. “What's gotten into him?” she mumbled<sup>(13)</sup>.

Nevertheless<sup>(14)</sup>, the next day when Jo Ann wrote a check at the grocery store, she glanced at her checkbook to confirm that she had put down the right check number. *Why do I suddenly care about those dumb check numbers?* she asked herself.

She tried to disregard<sup>(15)</sup> the incident, but Larry's strange behavior<sup>(16)</sup> intensified<sup>(17)</sup>.

“Jo Ann, that was a great dinner,” he said one evening. “I appreciate all your effort. Why, in

the past 15 years I'll bet you've fixed over 14,000 meals for me and the kids. "

Then "Gee, Jo Ann, the house looks spiffy<sup>(18)</sup>. You've really worked hard to get it looking so good." And even "Thanks, Jo Ann, for just being you. I really enjoy your company<sup>(19)</sup>."

Jo Ann was growing worried. *Where's the sarcasm<sup>(20)</sup>, the criticism<sup>(21)</sup>?* she wondered.

Her fears that something peculiar<sup>(22)</sup> was happening to her husband were confirmed<sup>(23)</sup> by 16-year-old Shelly, who complained, "Dad's \* gone bonkers<sup>(24)</sup>, Mom. He just told me I looked nice. With all this makeup<sup>(25)</sup> and these sloppy<sup>(26)</sup> clothes, he still said it. That's not Dad, Mom. What's wrong with him?"

Whatever was wrong, Larry didn't get over it. Day in and day out he continued \* focusing on<sup>(27)</sup> the positive. Over the weeks, Jo Ann grew more used to her mate's unusual behavior, and occasionally even gave him a grudging<sup>(28)</sup> "thank you." She prided herself in \* taking it all in stride<sup>(29)</sup>, until one day something so peculiar happened she became completely discombobulated;<sup>(30)</sup>

"I want you to take a break," Larry said "I am going to do the dishes. So please take your hands off that frying pan and leave the kitchen. "

(Long, long pause.) “Thank you, Larry. Thank you very much!”

Jo Ann’s step was now a little lighter, her self-confidence<sup>(31)</sup> higher, and once in a while she hummed<sup>(32)</sup>. She didn’t seem to experience \* blue moods<sup>(33)</sup> much any more. *I rather like Larry’s new behavior*, she thought.

That would be the end of the story except one day, another most extraordinary event took place. This time it was Jo Ann who spoke.

“Larry,” she said, “I want to thank you for going to work and providing for going to work and providing for us all these years. I don’t think I’ve ever told you how much I appreciate it.”

LARRY HAS NEVER REVEALED<sup>(34)</sup> the reason for his dramatic<sup>(35)</sup> change of behavior no matter how hard Jo Ann has pushed for an answer, and so it will likely remain one of life’s mysteries. But it’s one I’m thankful to live with.

You see, I am Jo Ann.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Notes :

- (1)使收支平衡
- (2)争吵
- (3)责怪
- (4)短袜
- (5)内衣
- (6)眼镜
- (7)感激
- (8)怪异的
- (9)分类帐
- (10)不信
- (11)抱怨
- (12)你所做的努力
- (13)低声说
- (14)然而
- (15)忽视
- (16)行为,举止
- (17)加强
- (18)漂亮的
- (19)陪伴
- (20)挖苦
- (21)批评
- (22)怪异的
- (23)确认
- (24)发疯了

- (25) 化装
- (26) 邇邊的
- (27) 集中
- (28) 不情願的
- (29) 轻易地做某事
- (30) 攪亂的
- (31) 自信心
- (32) 哼曲
- (33) 忧郁的情绪
- (34) 表露
- (35) 惹人注目的



**There are things about being a parent  
you just can't predict**

## **Magic Moment with My Son**

*SAM COOK*

WE ARE DANCING in the living room. Just the two of us.

I'm the one in the \* blue jeans<sup>(1)</sup> and T-shirt, getting ready for work. He's the little guy in my arms, almost three, still in his gold pajamas<sup>(2)</sup> with the feet on them.

I had put on the tape to hear "Silver Thunderbird," a song by Marc Cohn. A tribute<sup>(3)</sup> to a car is all it is, sung with feeling. It seems to say something about a simpler time, but I'm not seeking deeper meaning at the moment.

I'm dancing.

The little guy has his legs around my waist. He's soft and wiry<sup>(4)</sup> at the same time, and he still smells like last night's sleep. We have the volume

\* cranked up<sup>(5)</sup> good so we can feel the music.

Mom is brushing the eight-year-old's hair in the next room. The music is too loud to hear if they're laughing at us or at something<sup>(6)</sup> else. But if they're getting a chuckle<sup>(6)</sup> \* at our expense<sup>(7)</sup>, it's worth it.

We swoop<sup>(8)</sup> over the living room. I do things I would never consider on a dance floor. We spin<sup>(9)</sup>. We dip<sup>(10)</sup> until my boy's hair all hangs down.

If you know anything about almost-three-year-olds, you know they don't stay with one thing for long. It wouldn't surprise me if he suddenly slid from my arms and hopped<sup>(11)</sup> away to play with his toy gas station.

But he doesn't.

Clinging to me like a little monkey, he nuzzles<sup>(12)</sup> his face against my neck. It is one of those happenings between a parent and a child that gets inside you and brings you fully into the moment.

After you've been at the dad game for a while, you know how rare such moments are. You can never predict them — and you will do almost anything to prolong<sup>(13)</sup> them.

The music carries us away as we \* whirl around<sup>(14)</sup> the room.