



鹰语坊 双语心灵阅读系列



# 记得 当时年纪小

风云英语 栾桂凤 ■ 编 译  
Patch Willis Ember Swift ■ 英文配音

记不记得

稚嫩的脸庞

缺牙的模样

住过的小村庄

游戏过的水坑旁

抱着板凳打盹的时光

与美国人同步阅读的英文经典文集

## When We Were Young



化学工业出版社



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## Spring/Love Blooms Like Flowers

### 春/爱如花儿般绽放

春天里的花儿，尽情地绽放，带着阵阵的芬芳，润人心田，沁人心脾。那一丝丝的暖意，荡漾在心里，回忆时，总能想起童年幸福的点点滴滴……

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冬日里的雪花，轻轻地飘散，正如那些撒在心头的痛，都随着那些白色的雪瓣，随风而去，留在心间的，是阵阵的温暖和甜甜的感动……

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## 第一章

# Spring/Love Blooms Like Flowers

## 春/爱如花儿般绽放

春天里的花儿，尽情地绽放，带着阵阵的芬芳，润人心田，沁人心脾。那一丝丝的暖意，荡漾在心里，回忆时，总能想起童年幸福的点点滴滴……

# What Prettier Than Freckles

## 还有什么比脸上的雀斑更美的

by Author Unknown

An elderly woman and her little grandson, whose face was sprinkled with bright freckles<sup>1</sup>, spent the day at the zoo. Lots of children were waiting in line to get their cheeks painted by a local artist who was decorating them with tiger paws.

“You’ve got so many freckles, there’s no place to paint!” a girl in the line said to the little fellow.

Embarrassed, the little boy dropped his head. His grandmother knelt<sup>2</sup> down next to him. “I love your freckles. When I was a little girl I always wanted freckles,” she said, while tracing her finger across the child’s cheek. “Freckles are beautiful.”

The boy looked up, “Really?”

“Of course,” said the grandmother. “Why, just name me one thing that’s prettier than freckles.”

The little boy thought for a moment, peered intensely into his grandma’s

face, and softly whispered, "Wrinkles<sup>3</sup>."

## 译文参考

佚名

一个上了年纪的老奶奶和她长着一脸明显雀斑的幼小孙子在动物园里玩。有好多孩子都排成一队，等着当地的一位画家在他们的脸颊上画老虎爪子。

“你长了这么多的雀斑，哪儿还有地方画啊！”队伍中有个女孩对这个小家伙说。

小男孩很是尴尬，一下子就低下了头。奶奶屈下膝来靠在他身旁说：“奶奶好喜欢这些雀斑，当我还是小女孩的时候，我巴不得想让自己长雀斑呢，”她一边说着，一边用手爱抚地摸着小孙子的脸颊：“雀斑多美呀！”

男孩仰起脸：“是真的吗？”

“当然了，”奶奶答道，“不然你给奶奶说一件比雀斑更美的东西？”

思索了一会儿，小男深深地注视着奶奶的脸，轻轻地低语道：“皱纹。”

## Vocabulary

1. freckle ['frekl] *n.* 斑点, 雀斑 (通常作复数)
2. knelt [nelt] *v.* 跪下 (kneel 的过去式)
3. wrinkle ['rɪŋkl] *n.* 皱纹



# A Boy With a Mission

## 男孩的使命

by Author Unknown

In 1945, a 12-year-old boy saw something in a shop window that set his heart racing. But the price — five dollars — was far beyond Reuben Earle's means.

Reuben couldn't ask his father for the money. Everything Mark Earle made through fishing in Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, Canada.

Nevertheless, he opened the shop's weathered door and went inside. He told the shopkeeper what he wanted, adding: "But I don't have the money right now. Can you please hold it for me for some time?"

"I'll try," the shopkeeper smiled.

Reuben respectfully touched his worn cap and walked out into the sunlight. There was purpose in his loping stride. He would raise the five dollars and not tell anybody.

Hearing the sound of hammering from a side street, Reuben had an idea.

He ran towards the sound and stopped at a construction site. That day he found two sacks, which he took to the rambling<sup>1</sup> wooden factory and sold to the man in charge of packing nails.

The boy's hand tightly clutched the five-cent pieces as he ran the two kilometers home.

It was dinnertime when Reuben got home. His father sat at the big kitchen table, working on a fishing net. Dora was at the kitchen stove, ready to serve dinner as Reuben took his place at the table.

He looked at his mother and smiled. Sunlight from the window gilded her shoulder-length blonde hair. Slim and beautiful, she was the center of the home, the glue that held it together.

Every day after chores and school, Reuben scoured the town, collecting the hessian nail bags. On the day the two-room school closed for the summer, no student was more delighted than Reuben. Now he would have more time for his mission.

All summer long, despite chores at home weeding and watering the garden, cutting wood and fetching water — Reuben kept to his secret task.

Often he was cold, tired and hungry, but the thought of the object in the shop window sustained him. Sometimes his mother would ask: "Reuben, where were you? We were waiting for you to have dinner."

"Playing, Mum. Sorry."

Dora would look at his face and shake her head.

Finally spring burst into glorious green and Reuben's spirits erupted. The time had come! He ran into the barn, climbed to the hayloft<sup>2</sup> and uncovered the tin can. He poured the coins out and began to count.

Then he counted again. He needed 20 cents more. Could there be any sacks left anywhere in town? He had to find four and sell them before the day ended.

Reuben ran down Water Street.

The shadows were lengthening when Reuben arrived at the factory. The sack buyer was about to lock up.

“Mister! Please don’t close up yet.”

The man turned and saw Reuben, dirty and sweat stained.

“Come back tomorrow, boy.”

“Please, Mister. I have to sell the sacks now — please.” The man heard a tremor in Reuben’s voice and could tell he was close to tears.

“Why do you need this money so badly?”

“It’s a secret.”

The man took the sacks, reached into his pocket and put four coins in Reuben’s hand. Reuben murmured a thank you and ran home.

Then, clutching the tin can, he headed for the shop.

The man went to the window and retrieved Reuben’s treasure.

He wiped the dust off and gently wrapped it in brown paper. Then he placed the parcel in Reuben’s hands.

Racing home, Reuben burst through the front door. His mother was scrubbing the kitchen stove. “Here, Mum! Here!” Reuben exclaimed as he ran to her side. He placed a small box in her work roughened hand.



She unwrapped it carefully, to save the paper. A blue-velvet jewel box appeared. Dora lifted the lid, tears beginning to blur her vision.

In gold lettering on a small, almond-shaped brooch was the word Mother. It was Mother's Day, 1946.

Dora had never received such a gift; she had no finery except her wedding ring. Speechless, she smiled radiantly and gathered her son into her arms.

## 译文参考

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佚名

1945年，透过一家商店的橱窗，一个12岁的男孩看到一样让他心动的东西，但是5美元的价格——远不是鲁本·埃尔可以支付得起的。

鲁本不能跟父亲要钱。父亲马克·埃尔的每一分钱都是靠在加拿大纽芬兰的罗伯茨湾捕鱼赚来的。

尽管如此，鲁本还是打开商店那风化严重的大门，走了进去。他跟店主说了他想要的那件东西，同时还补充道：“现在我还没钱购买它，您能不能先给我保留一段时间？”

店主微笑着说：“我尽力而为吧。”

鲁本彬彬有礼地碰了下他的旧帽沿儿，走到店外，走在阳光下。他大步向前，并打定了主意：他要在不让任何人察觉的情况下凑齐那5美元。

听到街边传来的铁锤声，鲁本顿时就有了办法。