

温馨 血香 英文

Warm
English

高春梅 等 编译

大学英语美文赏析



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Chazha Man

边缘人

My mother died ten days after I was married. I was 22.
That was the year the gardenia stopped coming.
我结婚10天后，母亲离开了人世，那年我22岁。
从此，栀子花不再来了。

边缘人

Omega Man

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前言

阅读,是一种思考。品味文字的生动,体会言语的情绪,感受书籍的智慧。文字安静而整齐的排列,犹如涓涓细流,浅吟低唱;言语生动而活泼的堆砌,犹如奔涌河流,激昂心动;书籍平淡而朴实的陈白,犹如深蕴海洋,任君遨游。

阅读,是一种享受。一杯茶,一盏灯,一种心情,一番情境,如春之清香,夏之微风,秋之果实,冬之暖炉,或淡定如水,或生动如风,或细语倾述,或豪情壮志。

阅读,是一种力量。白纸黑字,不仅仅给予冷静的思量,深入的考究,也能成为刚强之源,平静之泉,鼓舞人心。有了阅读的力量,也能尝尽甜苦人生,也能体味冷暖人间,也能亲历苦难人世,也能坦然沧桑世间路。

阅读,是一种成长。读书,是一个富有生命力的进程,人生因为阅读而多姿多彩。足不出户,了知天下事。伴随着阅读,经历着成长之点滴,游历着历史之时空,了解着世间之丰富,感叹着人生之精彩。

阅读,是一种快乐。与作者的互动,与文字的游戏,心有灵犀的感悟,心有回应的慰藉。阅读的快乐之于人,犹如水之于鱼,不仅带来生之希望,亦能带来生之喜乐。

阅读之于人,能积累知识,能修生养性,能丰富人生,不受国界之限制,不论语言之异同。

因此,我们要学会阅读,更要学会阅读不同国度的书籍,亲历不同语言的美妙,体会不同文化的魅力。

我们希望《大学英语美文赏析》系列丛书能帮助渴望培养英语阅读能力,提高英文欣赏水平的读者们去破解英语阅读之秘密,去体验英语美文之瑰丽。

本书为《大学英语美文赏析》系列六级丛书之一。精心选取的四十篇国外最新美文,从情感、文化、社会、网络、科普、政经、名人、教育八个方面为读者提供接触经典英文的机会。每篇文章包括斟酌酌字、佳句有约、译笔生花、情趣链接四个部分,它们不仅帮助读者理解文章,掌握重要单词和句型,还为读者列出丰富的文化语言链接内容,以更好地欣赏美文,了解英语语言和文化。

本书所有的文章均来自于2005年之后的英语报刊杂志,选材新颖,结

构安排合理,内容紧跟时代潮流,语言地道真实。本书既能提供英语美文的赏析,也能拓展视野,更好的了解英语世界和文化。

本书的目标读者广泛,不论是教师还是研究生、本科生抑或专科生,只要对优美的英文篇章感兴趣的读者都将从中获益匪浅。

本丛书由浙江工商大学外国语学院骨干教师编写。本册由高春梅主编统稿。其中第6、7、8、13、21、22、23、31、32、33篇由高春梅编写;第1、2、3、11、12、16、17、18、19、20篇由陈培良编写;第4、14、24、29、30、34、35、38、39、40篇由王晓英编写;第5、9、10、15、25、26、27、28、36、37篇由张英编写。

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由于编者水平与经验有限,书中难免还有不足之处,希望广大读者批评指正。

编者

2009年12月

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Mystery of the White Gardenia¹

By Marsha Arons

从12岁起,我每次过生日都有人送我一朵白梔子花,但送花人是谁始终都是个谜。

Every year on my birthday, from the time I turned 12, a white gardenia was delivered to my house in Bethesda, Md. No card or note came with it. Calls to the florist² were always in vain — it was a cash purchase³. After a while I stopped trying to discover the sender's identity and just delighted in the beauty and heady⁴ perfume of that one magical, perfect white flower nestled⁵ in soft pink tissue paper.

But I never stopped imagining who the anonymous giver might be. Some of my happiest moments were spent daydreaming about someone wonderful and exciting but too shy or eccentric⁶ to make known his or her identity.

My mother contributed to⁷ these imaginings. She'd ask me if there was someone for whom I had done a special kindness who might be showing appreciation. Perhaps the neighbor I'd helped when she was unloading a car full of groceries. Or maybe it was the old man across the street whose mail I retrieved⁸ during the winter so he wouldn't have to venture⁹ down his icy steps. As a teenager, though, I had more fun speculating that it might be a boy I had a crush¹⁰ on or one who had noticed me even though I didn't know him.

When I was 17, a boy broke my heart. The night he called for the last time, I cried myself to sleep¹¹. When I awoke in the morning, there was a message scribbled¹² on my mirror in red lipstick: "Heartily know¹³, when half-gods go, the gods arrive." I thought about that quotation from Emerson for a long time, and until my heart healed, I left it where my mother had written it. When I finally went to get the glass cleaner, my mother knew everything was all right again.

I don't remember ever slamming¹⁴ my door in anger at her¹⁰ and shouting, "You just don't understand!" Because she did understand.

One month before my high-school graduation, my father died of a heart attack. My feelings ranged from grief to abandonment, fear and overwhelming anger that my dad was missing some of the most important events in my life. I became completely uninterested in my upcoming graduation, the senior-class play and the prom.¹⁵ But my mother, in the midst of her own grief, would not hear of¹⁶ my skipping¹⁷ any of those things.

The day before my father died, my mother and I had gone shopping for a prom dress. We'd found a spectacular one, with yards and yards of dotted swiss¹⁸ in red, white and blue. It made me feel like Scarlett O'Hara¹⁹, but it was the wrong size. When my father died, I forgot about the dress.

My mother didn't. The day before the prom, I found that dress — in the right size — draped²⁰ majestically²¹ over the living — room sofa. It wasn't just delivered, still in the box. It was presented to me — beautifully, artistically, lovingly. I didn't care if I had a new dress or not. But my mother did.

She wanted her children to feel loved and lovable, creative and imaginative, imbued²² with a sense that there was magic in the world and beauty even in the face of adversity²³. In truth, my mother wanted her children to see themselves much like the gardenia — lovely, strong and perfect — with an aura²⁴ of magic and perhaps a bit of mystery.

My mother died ten days after I was married. I was 22. That was the year the gardenia stopped coming.

From Reader's Digest

斟词酌字 NOTES

1. gardenia *n.* 梔子花, 一种常绿灌木, 花为白色。
2. florist *n.* 花商, 种花人
3. cash purchase 现金购买, 言下之意是, 用现金买的就查不出买主是谁。
4. heady *adj.* 令人兴奋的, 令人陶醉的
5. nestle *vi.* 偎依, 如: A dog nestled at her feet. (一条狗偎依在她的

脚边。)

6. *eccentric adj.* 古怪的,反常的,如:She is so eccentric that she is regarded as a bit of a curiosity. (她非常古怪,算是个奇人。)
7. *contribute to* 为……作贡献,促进,助长,如:Laissez-faire policy result in increase economic activity, but contribute to a rise in import. (自由放任政策导致经济活动的增加,但也促进了进口的增长。)
8. *retrieve vt.* 恢复,取回,如:I should like to retrieve my umbrella which I left in the car. (我想取回我留在车上忘记带走的雨伞。)
9. *venture v.* 冒险,如:Nothing venture, nothing have. ([谚]不入虎穴,焉得虎子)。
10. *have a crush on sb.* [俚]迷恋某人,深深地爱上某人
11. *cried myself to sleep:* 哭着哭着就睡着了。
12. *scribble v.* 潦草地书写
13. *Heartily know* 这句插入语可以理解为:“We know profoundly that …”。
14. *slam v.* 猛然关上,砰地关上,如:slam the door at sb. (当着某人的面摔门)。
15. *prom n.* (大学、高中等的)班级舞会
16. *hear of* 因……受到奖赏(或惩罚),如:You have done a brave act and you will hear of it. (你干了一件勇敢的事情,将会受到奖赏。)
17. *skip vt.* 略过,跳过
18. *swiss n.* 薄细布,薄纱,=Swiss muslin
19. *Scarlett O'Hara* 《乱世佳人》(《飘》)中的女主人公
20. *drape vt.* 使松松垂下,使随便悬挂,如:I took off my overcoat and draped it over the back of the booth. (我脱去大衣,顺手把它搭在座椅背上。)
21. *majestically adv.* 庄重地,高贵地
22. *imbue vt.* 灌输,使深深影响,如:The Egyptian poor are deeply imbued with the teachings of Islam. (埃及贫民深受伊斯兰教教义的影响。)
23. *adversity n.* 不幸,灾祸,逆境,如:Adversity is a good discipline. ([谚]逆境是锻炼人的最好场所。)
24. *aura n.* 氛围,气氛,如:She always seems to have an aura of happiness about her. (她好像总是喜气洋洋的。)

佳句有约 PATTERNS

1. Some of my happiest moments were spent daydreaming about someone wonderful and exciting but too shy or eccentric to make known his or her identity.

点拨 本句主干部分为“Some of my happiest moments were spent daydreaming”,即 spend + time + v-ing,句中使用了被动语态。Someone 一词的定语很长,有 wonderful, exciting, 以及一个 too...to...结构来修饰它。“known”是宾语补足语,修饰“his or her identity”,为了平衡起见而前置。

2. My feelings ranged from grief to abandonment, fear and overwhelming anger that my dad was missing some of the most important events in my life.

点拨 理解这句话的关键词是 range,其意思是“change or vary”。that 引导的从句作原因状语,表示我感到失望、恐惧甚至愤怒的原因。如: I am truly filled with happiness that I am a devoted friend and helper of human race. (我确实很高兴,因为我是人类忠实的朋友和帮手。)

译笔生花 TRANSLATION

白梔子花之谜

□ 玛莎·阿伦斯

从 12 岁起,每年我生日那天,都会有一朵白色的梔子花送到我在马里兰州贝塞斯达的家里。上面既没有卡片,也没有留言条。询问卖花的人,也总无结果,因为那是用现金付帐的。过了一段时间,我不再四处打听送花人是谁,而是尽情欣赏着那朵用柔软的粉红色薄纸包着的纯白无比的梔子花,陶醉于它的美丽和浓郁的香气。

然而,我一直在想谁有可能是那不知名的送花人。我最快乐的时光,有些是在幻想中度过的,我幻想有这么一个人,非常好又令人兴奋,但是却很害羞甚至有点古怪,所以不愿意暴露自己的身份。

妈妈的关心更激发了我这些想象。她问我是不是我给过什么人什么

特殊的帮助，人家在向我表示感激。可能是那位邻居，我帮她卸过一车食品杂货，或是住在街对面的那个老人吧，冬天我帮他拿过信件，这样他就不必战战兢兢的走下自家门前那结冰的台阶了。但作为一个十几岁的姑娘，我更喜欢推测送花人是我迷恋的某个男孩子，或是我根本不认识但却对我有点意思的一个男孩子。

17岁那年，一个男孩让我的心都碎了。他最后一次打电话给我的那个晚上，我哭着哭着睡着了。早上醒来，我发现有人用口红在镜子上写道“我们知道，该走的走了，该来的会来”。我把爱默生的这句名言想了很长时间，在我的心灵创伤愈合之前，我一直没动母亲所写的这句话。当我最终去拿玻璃清洁剂的时候，母亲知道一切已恢复正常。

我不记得我生气的时候曾当着她的面砰地关上门并冲她大吼：“你根本不理解！”那是因为她确实善解人意。

我中学毕业前一个月，父亲死于心脏病。我百感交集，悲伤、失望、恐惧，甚至非常气愤，因为父亲再也不能参加我一生中的某些最重要的活动了。我因此对即将到来的毕业典礼、高年级演出和班级舞会完全没了兴致。但母亲忍住了悲伤，她决不让我错过这些事情。

父亲去世的前一天，我和母亲去买参加班级舞会穿的服装。我们看到一件引人注目的衣服，上面装饰着许多有红、白、蓝色点子的薄细布。穿上它，我觉得自己就像郝思嘉一样漂亮，只可惜尺寸不合适。父亲的去世使我忘了衣服的事。

可母亲没有忘。舞会的前一天，我看到那件衣服搭在起居室沙发上，端庄高贵，而且尺寸正好合适。这可不是随便买来的，这是专门送给我的礼物，漂亮、高雅，惹人喜爱。我并不在乎有没有新衣服，可母亲很在乎。

她希望自己的孩子感到有人爱，招人喜欢，富有创造力和想象力，能深深地感受到世间的魔力和面对逆境时的美景。实际上，母亲想让她的孩子觉得自己像梔子花一样的可爱、顽强和完美，带点儿魔力，或许还有点儿神秘吧。

我结婚 10 天后，母亲离开了人世，那年我 22 岁。从此，梔子花不再来了。

Give All To Love 为爱牺牲一切

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

Give all to love; 为爱牺牲一切，
Obey thy heart; 服从你的心；
Friends, kindred, days, 朋友, 亲戚, 时日，
Estate, good fame, 名誉, 财产，
Plans, credit, and the muse; 计划, 信用与灵感，
Nothing refuse. 什么都能放弃。

Tis a brave master, 它是一个勇敢的主人，
Let it have scope, 让它尽量发挥：
Follow it utterly, 无条件地跟从它，
Hope beyond hope; 绝望之后又抱着希望：
High and more high, 它高高地, 更高地
It dives into noon, 跃入日上中天的正午, 挟着
With wing unspent, 不知疲倦的翅膀——
Untold intent; 带着说不尽的意向；
But 'tis a god, 但它是一个神，
Knows its own path, 知道它自己的途径，
And the outlets of the sky. 与天空的一切出路。

'Tis not for the mean, 它从来不为粗鄙的人而在；
It requireth courage stout, 它需要坚强的毅力，
Souls above doubt, 绝对可靠的精神，
Valor unbending; 不屈的勇敢，
Such 'twill reward, 它会报偿我们，
They shall return 毅力可以带回来，
More than they were, 更多的东西, 而且
And ever ascending. 永远向上直升。

Leave all for love;— 为爱离弃一切;
Yet, hear me, yet, 然而,你听我说:你的心
One word more thy heart beloved, 应当再听我说一句,
One pulse more of firm endeavor, 你的努力还要再加一把劲,
Keep thee to-day, 你需要保留今天,
To-morrow, for ever, 明天,你整个的未来,
Free as an Arab 让它们绝对自由,
Of thy beloved. 不要被你的爱人占领。

Cling with life to the maid; 拼命抱住那姑娘不放松;
But when the surprise, 然而一旦她年轻的心中
Vague shadow of surmise, 别有所欢——
Flits across her bosom young 她模糊地揣测着,
Of a joy apart from thee, 自己也感到诧异——
Free be she, fancy-free, 你还她自由,只当她从未恋爱过;
Do not thou detain a hem, 你不要拖住她的裙幅,也不要抬起
Nor the palest rose she flung 她从她花冠上掷下的
From her summer diadem. 最苍白的一朵玫瑰。

Though thou loved her as thyself, 虽然你爱她,把她当自己一样,
As a self of purer clay, 把她当作一个较纯洁的自己,
Tho' her parting dims the day, 虽然她离去了使日月无光,
Stealing grace from all alive, 使一切生物都失去了美丽,
Heartily know, 你应当知道
When half-gods go, 半人半神走了,
The gods arrive. 神就来了。

Tiger's Greatest Shot

By Joe Bordonaro

泰格·伍兹堪称当今高尔夫头号选手，在加拿大公开赛上他用 6 号铁杆打出一个 218 码的沙坑球，在菲尼克斯的 TPC 球场一杆进洞，在 2005 年的大师赛上他切球进洞。但对我来说，他最伟大的击球却是在他的一次练习赛上。

We knew something was wrong with my father when he started to slur¹ his words. In mid-sentence he would lose his thought and become frustrated. At first we dismissed his confusion as another indignity of old age. But soon it became apparent that denial was no longer a sensible option, and the family took action. We navigated² a medical maze³ of questionable procedures and differing opinions, eventually arriving at an unpleasant reality. The prognosis was terminal. It was hard to accept. There was nothing in our family history to suggest anything other than a long, active life capped off⁴ with a quick exit.

We all pitched in⁵ whenever we were able. Unfortunately I lived 400 miles away and wasn't much help with the day-to-day challenges. I tried to get back more frequently, although it was painful to watch my father, who had given me so much, deteriorate from visit to visit.

One of his many gifts to me was the game of golf. When I was ten, he taught me the basics with a set of junior starter clubs⁶. We played most of our rounds on a local course, which I have yet to conquer. On the days that the majors were televised, we hurried home after 18 holes to watch Snead, Palmer, and Nicklaus work their magic on our black-and-white TV set.

When I returned for one of my visits, I discovered that Dad had taken a turn for the worse. He was struggling more than usual with simple tasks. He was still able to walk slowly, get in and out of the car with assistance, and occasionally converse for about 20 seconds before drawing a blank⁷.

Through pure chance, I scored⁸ a couple of tickets to the practice round for the 2002 Masters⁹. Dad and I had never attended a major, and this would certainly be our last opportunity to do something like this together. When we arrived in Augusta, he was having a rough¹⁰ time. His condition seemed to be adversely affected by the rigors of the flight¹¹, but we had made it to this point and I decided to see it through¹². To complicate matters, a light rain was falling, I had to support Dad with one arm and carry an umbrella and two small sports chairs with the other as I pulled him along, coaxing¹³ him to take almost every step. A staff member who noticed our difficulty offered a golf cart and drove us to a position near the 18th green, where I spotted a roped-off¹⁴ empty section that hugged¹⁵ the apron¹⁶. For whatever reason, spectators lined the rope behind the cordoned area¹⁷, but no one breached¹⁸ it. We threaded our way through the gallery¹⁹ and set up camp by ourselves within the vacant patch.

Seconds after we settled in, someone shouted, "Fore"²⁰! I glanced up and saw a ball approaching. It sailed over our heads, struck a spectator's umbrella, and bounded back landing directly in front of us. My father never budged²¹. I glimpsed over at the ball and spotted the Nike logo. At that time, there was only one tour player who I knew of using Nikes. I turned my head towards the fairway²². Emerging from the mist, 175 yards away, was the unmistakable figure of the world's greatest golfer. This was the era of "Tiger Fever." Dad was familiar with Tiger's exploits. He had witnessed his heroics²³ on TV before his illness had taken its toll²⁴. The buzz²⁵ was circulating throughout the crowd as Tiger approached. "Look, Dad, it's Tiger!" I said. Dad stared off in a different direction. "Dad, Tiger is coming!" Nothing. We were at the Masters with front-row seats at the 18th green, and all I could think about was how much I hated myself for not bringing my father here when he was healthy. As Tiger walked closer, I tried in vain to pry²⁶ Dad from his stupor²⁷. Nothing worked. Then for a moment, within a radius of 12 feet, there were only three people. Tiger Woods, my father, and myself. Tiger's mind was on his game. He lined up his shot and effortlessly chipped²⁸ to within a few feet of the flag. Tiger took his putter²⁹ from his caddy³⁰ and casually strolled onto the green.

“Dad, did you see that?”

He slowly looked up. His eyes locked on mine with the warmth and affection I remembered from my childhood. He smiled and said. “That’s Tiger.”

I would never expect Tiger to remember such an insignificant shot or the tears in a stranger’s eyes. He would have no reason to, with the countless highlights of his career. There were his 218-yard six-iron shot from the sand at the Canadian Open, his ace³¹ at the TPC in Phoenix, and his dramatic, incomparable Nike chip shot at the 2005 Masters. There will be many more. He has spoiled us. We expect perfection and he frequently delivers. But no matter how dazzling his next stroke of genius, for me, Tiger’s greatest shot will always be a meaningless, errant fairway iron struck on a rainy day in a practice round at the 2002 Masters.

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斟词酌字 NOTES

1. slur *v.* 含糊地说话, 如: The drunk man slurred his words. (醉汉说话含糊不清。)
2. navigate *vt.* 走过, 经过, 如: He has trouble navigating the stairs. (他登楼梯有困难。)
3. maze *n.* 弯弯曲曲, 迷宫, 如: We were quite disorientated by the maze of streets. (街道曲曲弯弯的, 把我们弄得迷失了方向。)
4. cap...off 完成, 结束
5. pitch in 协力, 共同努力, 如: Everywhere people pitched in to help. (到处都有人协力相助。)
6. club *n.* 高尔夫球棒
7. draw a blank 记不得, 意同 forget.
8. score *vt.* 获得, 取得, 如: The play scored a great success. (那出戏取得了巨大成功。)
9. Masters 高尔夫大师赛, 也叫名人赛, 1934 年举办第一届, 迄今已有 75 年的历史, 其间仅有 1943—1945 三年未举办, 到 2009 年已经举办了 73 届。
10. rough *adj.* 艰难的, 糟得难以忍受的, 如: We had a pretty rough day. (这一天我们过得很不愉快。)