

Moral Reading Through English
英语情感阅读丛书

Nature

《自然篇》

编注 宫玉波 吕弘

主审 石洪林

大连海事大学出版社

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编者的话

朋友，敞开你的心扉，
用你跳动的心去观察、
感受大自然吧，
因为她是一首优美的歌，
能让你懂得许许多多。

*Friends, observe and feel
the nature with your open
and throbbing hearts for
she is a beautiful song,
which teaches you many,
many things.*

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，积极奋战，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

目 录

Light after Dark	
(月光).....	(1)
Spell of the Rising Moon	
(怡人的月出).....	(6)
When the Moon Follows Me	
(月亮伴我行)	(11)
Come Walk at Night!	
(晚上散步去!).....	(17)
Magic of a Full Moon	
(神秘的月圆之夜)	(25)
Pure Snow Night	
(清净的雪夜)	(31)
Suddenly, It's Spring!	
(不经意间,春来了!)	(38)
My Investment in Spring	
(我的春天投入)	(43)
Have You Seen the Tree?	
(你见过那棵树吗?).....	(54)
My Apple Tree	
(我的苹果树)	(58)

Message of the Maples	
(枫树的启迪)	(62)
Ole and Trufa	
(真谛)	(71)
Dawn's Early Delights	
(黎明好心情)	(78)
Message of the White Dove	
(白鸽的启迪)	(87)
America's Favorite Bird	
(全美最受欢迎的鸟)	(94)
Glories of the Storm	
(暴风雨的壮观景色).....	(105)
First Snow	
(初雪).....	(111)
First Snow	
(初雪).....	(117)
First Snow	
(初雪).....	(122)
In the Glass Meadow	
(在玻璃般光滑的草地上).....	(130)

**I drifted alone under the dome of
sky, until the magic of a midnight e-
clipse**

Light after Dark

EDIE CLARK

NOT LONG AGO, one August night, I was drawn outside to the brightness of the moon. Though it was almost ten o'clock, I could see the silvery silhouettes⁽¹⁾ of the sheep in my field and the gauzy⁽²⁾ brilliance of * zinnias and marigolds⁽³⁾ beside the stone wall. There was to be a * total eclipse⁽⁴⁾ that night, one clearly to be seen. With my flashlight I went down the root-stepped path to the narrow wooden dock⁽⁵⁾ where I keep the row-boat.

It is something Paul and I would have done. Often we went out before sunup, rowing through mist that rose from the water like angel's hair. We listened for loons⁽⁶⁾ and * came across⁽⁷⁾ great blue

herons⁽⁸⁾ breakfasting in the shallows. We rowed until the sun popped up from behind the hills that rim⁽⁹⁾ this long thin lake.

I am just *getting used to⁽¹⁰⁾ the boat's lightness with only one of us aboard. Finishing it was part of Paul's work during chemotherapy⁽¹¹⁾. He would come home from the hospital and *plane and sand the hull⁽¹²⁾, then coat it, layer on layer, with *high-sheen varnish⁽¹³⁾.

The drugs made him sick, but he hid his discomfort and *carried on⁽¹⁴⁾ as if nothing were happening. In three years he endured all that modern medicine had to offer. In 1988 he launched⁽¹⁵⁾ the boat and began rowing to *build his strength⁽¹⁶⁾, sucked from him by the chemicals and the cutting away of his lungs.

By the time I reached the middle of the lake, *a good chunk of⁽¹⁷⁾ darkness had *pushed its way into the moon⁽¹⁸⁾. Yellow light poured through the windows of the shoreline cottages, wavering⁽¹⁹⁾ on the waters like banners. I shipped the oars and sat still.

All around I could hear screen doors slam and voices drift toward me. Others, too, wanted to see the eclipse. Behind me I heard laughter, and though I saw no lights, I knew a boat must be

there. Darkness moved farther into the moon.

My little boat drifted in a wide, slow circle. There had been a breeze when I started out, but it had died, and now the water * stretched out flat beyond me⁽²⁰⁾, black as ink. I leaned back against the seat. High in the center of the sky, the moon had gone blood-red. A hair-thin crescent⁽²¹⁾ of light remained. I watched it close shut — the moon was fully dark.

On shore a firecracker⁽²²⁾ popped. A hoot⁽²³⁾, and then the voices faded, doors slammed, and one by one the cottages vanished into blackness. I snapped⁽²⁴⁾ on the flashlight to read my watch: midnight.

I lay back, face to the heavens. Paul had died almost three months before. He was only 39. Since his death there had been times when I felt this same kind of darkness, even on bright, sunlit days. Though I drifted alone in the boat, * I felt the weight of him near me. I felt the pressure of his hand in mine⁽²⁵⁾.

Suddenly, a fish plopped⁽²⁶⁾. The air moved again and brought current back to the water, making tiny waves tap the boat gently. A thumbnail of light opened from the other side of the moon. It grew wider, and light fell back down onto the wa-

ter with the glitter of stars dropped to earth.

I knew then why I had come. Not to see the earth go dark, but to see the light come back again. I sat up and set the oars⁽²⁷⁾ into the water. With strong, sweeping strokes⁽²⁸⁾, I rowed back to the dock in the broadening light.

Notes:

- (1) 黑色轮廓像
- (2) 薄纱般的
- (3) 百日草和金盏草
- (4) 月全食
- (5) 船坞
- (6) 阿比(一种大的会潜水的鸟)
- (7) 偶尔发现
- (8) 苍鹭
- (9) 镶边于……
- (10) 习惯于
- (11) 化疗
- (12) 刨平, 磨好船壳
- (13) 光漆
- (14) 继续(生活)
- (15) (船)下水

- (16)恢复体力
- (17)一大块
- (18)遮住了月亮
- (19)摇曳
- (20)在我面前平展开来
- (21)弦月
- (22)爆竹
- (23)汽笛,雾笛
- (24)打开
- (25)我感觉到好像他就坐在我身边,他的手就
压在我的手上
- (26)扑通落水
- (27)橹,桨
- (28)划动

With every moonrise comes the renewal — and enchantment — of an ancient mystery

Spell of the Rising Moon

PETER STEINHART

THERE IS A HILL near my home that I often climb at night. The noise of the city is a far-off murmur. * In the hush of dark⁽¹⁾ I share the cheerfulness of crickets and the confidence of owls. But it is the drama of the moonrise that I come to see. * For that restores in me a quiet and clarity that the city spends too freely⁽²⁾.

From this hill I have watched many moons rise. Each one had its own mood. There have been broad, confident harvest moons in autumn, shy, misty moons in spring; lonely, white winter moons rising into the utter silence of an ink-black sky and smoke-smudged⁽³⁾ orange moons over the dry fields of summer. Each, like fine music, excit-

ed my heart and then calmed my soul.

Moongazing is an ancient art. To prehistoric hunters the moon overhead was as unerring⁽⁴⁾ as heartbeat. They knew that every 29 days it became full-bellied⁽⁵⁾ and brilliant, then sickened and died, and then was reborn. They knew the waxing⁽⁶⁾ moon appeared larger and higher overhead after each succeeding⁽⁷⁾ sunset. They knew the waning⁽⁸⁾ moon rose later each night until it vanished in the sunrise. To have understood the moon's patterns from experience must have been a profound⁽⁹⁾ thing.

But we, who live indoors, have lost contact with the moon. The glare of street lights and the dust of pollution veil⁽¹⁰⁾ the night sky. Though men have walked on the moon, it grows less familiar. Few of us can say what time the moon will rise tonight.

Still, it * tugs at⁽¹¹⁾ our minds. If we unexpectedly encounter the full moon, huge and yellow over the horizon, we are helpless but to stare back at its commanding presence. And the moon has gifts to * bestow upon⁽¹²⁾ those who watch.

I learned about its gifts one July evening in the mountains. My car had mysteriously stalled, and I was stranded⁽¹³⁾ and alone. The sun had set, and I

was watching what seemed to be the bright-orange glow of a forest fire beyond a ridge⁽¹⁴⁾ to the east. Suddenly, the ridge itself seemed to burst into flame. Then, the rising moon, huge and red and grotesquely misshapen⁽¹⁵⁾ by the dust and sweat of the summer atmosphere, * loomed up out of the woods⁽¹⁶⁾.

Distorted thus by the hot breath of earth, the moon seemed ill-tempered and imperfect. Dogs at nearby farmhouses barked nervously, as if this strange light had wakened evil spirits in the weeds.

But at the moon lifted off the ridge it gathered * firmness and authority⁽¹⁷⁾. Its complexion⁽¹⁸⁾ changed from red, to orange, to gold, to impassive yellow. It seemed to draw light out of the darkening earth, for as it rose, the hills and valleys below grew dimmer. By the time the moon stood clear of the horizon, full chested and round and the color of ivory, the valleys were deep shadows in the landscape. The dogs, reassured that this was the familiar moon, stopped barking. And all at once I felt a confidence and joy close to laughter.

The drama took an hour. Moonrise is slow and serried⁽¹⁹⁾ with subtleties. To watch it, we must slip into an older, more patient sense of