

朗朗·阅读

LANGLANG READERS

English & Chinese

Don Quixote

堂吉诃德

等候季风

WAITING FOR THE BREEZE

小伙子古德曼

YOUNG GOODMAN BROWN

感恩图报

THINKS FOR EVERYTHING

毕业生

THE GRADUATE

langlang
READERS
BY READING READER

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前 言

《朗朗·阅读》(LANGLANG READERS)是外文出版社为大中学生和广大英语爱好者精心策划的一套英语课外读物,是针对教育部对目前英语教学现状提出的意见编撰的,旨在为广大中学生和大学低年纸学生提供一套既实用又轻松的中英文对照读物。

这套书编排形式活泼新颖,文章短小精悍,图文并茂,注释详实,这是本书的第一个特点;

本书的第二个特点是取材广泛,纵横古今中外,品类繁多,包罗影视文(章)网(络)。

我们拟先推出10本,以后再陆续添加。在本丛书的成书过程中,许多人都付出了大量的时间、精力和心血。我们在此向他们表示由衷的感谢。

尽管我们在尽最大的努力做好每一件事,但是失误仍然在所难免。希望广大读者一如既往地对我们的工作进行监督与批评。

Waiting for the Breeze

Lie in bed, by an open window, and listen.

"No air conditioning? How can you sleep?" a friend asks, horrified. I've just revealed that my family has decided to shut the air conditioner off and **trim**^① our electric bill.

"Nobody opens a window, day or night," warns another friend, whose windows have been painted shut for a decade. "This is the '90s. It's not safe."

On this first night of our cost-cutting adventure, it's only 85 degrees. We're not going to suffer, but the three kids gummed anyway. They've grown up in 72-degree comfort, **insulated**^② from the world outside.

"How do you open these windows?" my husband asks. Jiggling the metal tabs, he finally releases one. A potpourri of bug **decorates**^③ the sill. As we spring the windows one by one, the night noises howl outside and in.

"It's too hot to sleep," my 13-year-old daughter moans.

"I'm about to die from this heat," her brother howled down the hall.

"Just try it tonight," I tell them.

In truth I'm too tired to argue for long. I'm exhausted

等侯微风

躺在床上把窗户敞开，静静聆听。

“不开空调？那怎么睡呀？”当我说出我家决定关掉空调以减低电耗时，一位朋友非常惊慌地问道。

“白天晚上都没有人会开窗户。”另一位朋友提醒我说。她家的窗户封上有十来年了。“这是九十年代，不安全。”

开始省电的那一晚，温度只有 85 度(华氏)。其实并不难受，但孩子们已经开始叫嚷了。他们习惯了 72 度室温，完全与外界隔绝。

“怎么打开这窗户？”丈夫边问边活动窗户把手，终于弄开了一边。窗台上点缀着几只小虫。我们把窗户一扇扇打开，夜晚的嘈杂声在窗外弥漫，一下如潮般灌进屋内。

“太热了，怎么睡呀！”十三岁的女儿抱怨道。

“我快热死了。”她的弟弟在过道 上叫嚷着。

“今晚先试试看吧。”我对他们说。

我实在不想跟他们争论。参加外

① trim[trim] v. 降低，降少

② insulate[ˈinsjuleit] v. 隔绝

③ decorate[ˈdekeɪreɪt] v. 装饰，点缀

after attending Grandma's estate auction. I toted home her oval in bathtub and the chair I once stood on like a big shot behind the counter of her store, sacking Tootsie Rolls and rolling pennies.

My face is sweaty, but I lie quietly listening to the cricket choirs outside the window remind me of childhood. The neighbor's dog howls. Probably a trespassing^① squirrel. It's been years since I've taken the time to really listen to the night.

I think about Grandma, who lived to 92 and still supervised^② Mom's gardening until just a few weeks before she died.

And then, I'm back there at the house in the summer heat of my childhood.

I move my pillow to the foot of Grandma's bed and angle my face toward the open window. I flip the pillow, hunting for the cooler side.

Grandma sees me thrashing. "If you'll just watch for the breeze^③," she says, "you'll cool off and fall asleep."

She cranks up the Venetian blinds. I stare at the filmy white curtain, willing it to flutter.

Lying still, waiting, I suddenly notice the life outside the window. The bug chorus shouts "Ajooga! Ajooga!" Neighbors, porch^④-sitting late, speak in hazy words with sanded edges that soothe me.

"Keep watching for the breeze," Grandma says softly,

婆遗产的拍卖后，我累坏了。因为我把椭圆锡浴缸和一张椅子扛了回来。从前在外婆的店里，我就站在那椅子上，像大亨一样在柜台后嚼着蛋卷收钞票。

我脑袋冒着汗，却在静静地聆听窗外昆虫的合唱，让我想起了童年。邻家有狗叫声，也许因为有只松鼠闯入了它的领地。好多年没有聆听夜的声音了。

我想起外婆，几个星期前去世时92岁，之前还一直帮妈妈照料着花草。

于是我回到了童年在她房子里度过的那个酷热的夏天。

我把枕头移到外婆的床脚，脸冲着窗户；又把枕头翻过去，想睡在较凉的一面。

外婆看见我祈祷，说道：“如果你看着风，就会凉快下来，很快就能睡着。”

她把百叶窗拉起。我盯着薄薄的白色窗纱，盼着它能抖动一下。

静躺，等待，我突然注意到窗外的生命。臭虫在“叽嘎，叽嘎”地夜唱，未睡的邻居在走廊里的低语抚慰着我。

“留意看风。”外婆轻声说。我“嗯”

① trespass [ˈtrespəs]

n. 逾越，打扰

② supervise

[ˈsjupəvaɪz] n. 监督，管理

③ breeze [ˈbriːz] n. 风，微风

④ porch [pɔːtʃ] n. 走廊

and I “uhliuh” in reply. June bugs ping the screen. Three blocks away the Frisco train **rumbles** ① across Roosevelt Avenue.

I catch the scent of fresh grass clippings. Then I hear something I can't decode—perhaps a tree branch raking asphalt shingles on the store roof next door.

Sleepy-eye now, I focus on the curtain. It flutters ...

“MOM, DID YOU HEAR THAT?” my seven-year-old son. “I think it was an owl family.”

“Probably” I tell him. “Just keep listening...”

Without the **droning** ② air condition, the house is oddly peaceful, and the **unfiltered** ③ night noises seem close enough to touch.

I hope I'm awake tonight when the first breeze sneaks in.



了一声作答。六月的小虫拍撞在窗帘上，三个街区外传来火车穿过罗斯威大道的隆隆声。

我突然嗅到一阵剪草清香。接着，一种陌生的声音传来——也许是一根树枝拂过隔壁屋顶的瓦砾吧！

这时的我已昏昏欲睡，眼睛仍盯在窗帘上。它动起来了……

“妈，你听到了吗？”我那七岁的儿子嚷道，“我猜是一群夜莺呢！”

“可能吧！”我说，“继续听……”

没有了嗡嗡作响的空调声，房子里显得格外平静，夜的声音真切的触手可及。

希望今夜第一丝晚风袭来时，我还依然清醒。

散文经典

①rumble[ˈrʌmbəl] v.

发出隆隆声行进

②drone[dʒʌn] v. 作

嗡嗡声

③unfiltered[ʌnˈfɪltəd]

a. 未过滤的



Transform Dreams into Success with Persistence

By Tom Morris

My friend Don considered himself a musician. He played the **tambourine** ① in junior high school and, by my recollection, wasn't very good. He also thought of himself as a singer, but he couldn't carry a tune in a bucket.

Years passed, and we lost touch. I went to college and graduate school, becoming a philosophy professor at the University of Notre. Don nurtured his dream of becoming a singer-songwriter and moved to Nashville.

Once there, Don made the most of limited resources. He bought a used car and slept in it. He took a job working nights, so he could visit record companies during the day. He learned to play guitar. As the years passed, he kept writing songs, practicing and knocking on doors.

One day I got a call from a friend who also knew Don. "Listen to this," he said, then held the phone close to his speakers. I heard a good song playing. Good singer. "That's Don," my friend said. "Capitol Records. It's on the country charts. Can you believe it?"

I couldn't believe it. A song Don had written and recorded. He had made it. Don Schlitz has since had 23 No. 1 songs. As a result of his focused concentration, the

坚韧不拔

梦想成真

汤姆·莫里斯

我的朋友唐一直认为自己是音乐家。他初中时打过手鼓，不过在我的记忆中，他打得并不好；他还觉得自己是个歌唱家，但是他音调唱不准。

多年后，我们失去了联系。我上大学、读研究生，现为圣母玛丽亚大学的哲学教授。唐则编织着当歌手和流行歌曲作者的梦想，并搬到了纳什维尔。

一到那里，唐就充分使用了他有限的财力。他买了辆旧车并睡在里边。他找了份夜班工作以便白天去拜访唱片公司。他还学弹吉他。时间一年年过去，他坚持写歌和练唱，并不断拜访唱片公司。

一天，我接到一位也认识唐的朋友的电话，“听听这个，”说着他把听筒拿到扬声器旁。我听到一首动听的歌曲。歌手很不錯。“那是唐，”朋友说，“朱庇特唱片。上了全国歌曲排行榜。你信吗？”

我简直难以相信，一首由唐创作并录制的歌曲，他成功了。此后，唐·施利茨共录制了23首冠军歌曲。由于

生活新知

① tambourine

[ˈtæmbəˈriːn] n. 手鼓

teen-age dreamer became a success.

What Don did almost **intuitively**^① is based on principles I've discovered in reading the world's **great** literature on human excellence and personal success. I've found four basic conditions we need to satisfy to launch ourselves into a life of true success.

Define your goals. The quest for success always begins with a target. Too many people wander through life like sleep-walkers. Each day they follow familiar routines, never asking, "What am I doing with my life?" And they don't know what they're doing because they lack goals.

Goal-setting is a focusing of the will to move in a certain direction. Begin with a clear conception of what you want. Write down your goals and date them—putting them into words clarifies them.

It's important to visualize yourself accomplishing your goal. While losers visualize the penalties of failure, winners visualize the rewards of success. I've seen it among athletes, **entrepreneurs**^② and public speakers.

I've done it myself. I was terrified of air travel. Friends quoted statistics contrasting air and highway safety, but it made no difference. I had read too many articles describing crash scenes and imagined these scenes vividly. I had programmed myself, without realizing it, stay off planes.

专注,他少年时的梦想成了现实。

唐的成功几乎完全是凭直觉依据的一些原则,我在阅读有关人士的美德和个人成功的世界优秀文学作品时曾有所发现。我发现要走向成功,需要具备四个基本条件:

明确你的目标。目标往往使人开始对成功求索。很多人像梦游者一样,生活漫无目的。他们每天干着熟悉的事情,从不问自己:“我这一生要干什么?”而他也因缺乏目标而不清楚自己在做什么。

确定目标就是要集中意志,向某一方向努力。首先要明确你要什么。把你的目标都写下来并注明完成日期——落实到文字会使它们更明确。

想象达到目标后的情景很重要。失败者想象失败后的种种惩罚,而成功者却想象成功后的回报。我从运动员、企业家和演说家身上看到过这一点。

我自己对此有体验。我曾极怕坐飞机。朋友们列举了许多空中与地面交通安全性比较的统计资料,但没用。我读过太多描述飞机失事的文章,并想象得很生动,不知不觉中我早把自己算做不能坐飞机的人了。

生活新知

- ① intuitively *adv.* 直觉地
② entrepreneur *n.* 企业家

Then one summer I had the opportunity to fly on a private plane with friends to a resort^①. I didn't want to miss out on a great vacation. So I spent two weeks imagining a smooth flight on a beautiful sunny day and an easy landing.

When the day arrived, I was eager to go. To everyone's surprise, I got on the plane and flew. I loved every minute of it, and I still use the techniques I employed that day.

Seek out those who know more than you. My father was 17 when he left the farm in Cameron, N. C., and set off for Baltimore to apply for a job at the Martin Aircraft Company. When asked what he wanted to do, he said, "Everything."

He explained that his goal was to learn every job in the factory. He'd like to go to a department and find out what was done there. When the supervisor^② determined his work was as good as anyone else's he'd want to go to a different department and start over. The personnel people agreed to this unusual request, and by the time H. T. Morris was 20, he'd made his way through the huge factory and was working in experimental design for a fantastic salary.

Whenever he went to a new department, he looked for the guys who had been around forever. These were the people novices^③ usually avoided, afraid that next to them