

强化英语阅读系列

肖文科

主编



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世界图书出版公司

ENGLISH

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[精选]
散文英语阅读
60篇



肖文科◎主编

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前 言

对于将英语作为外语的中国人来说,英语阅读不仅是英语学习的目的之一,而且是英语学习的主要手段和途径。英语阅读技能不仅是最重要的语言技能之一,也是学生必须掌握的学习技能之一。

阅读是一种言语活动。在这过程中所表现出来的能力,被称为“阅读能力”或“阅读理解能力”。一个人在具备了基本的文化素质后,主要是通过阅读来汲取信息和陶冶文化情操的。大量的阅读训练能促进其他语言技能的发展,譬如说,你要提高口语水平,就不能仅仅会几句日常用语。你的谈吐要有深度、有角度,对问题有自己的见解。那么这种技能从何处获得呢?这就离不开我们平时的大量的阅读。

通过大量阅读,我们可接触英语的各种语言现象,有效扩大词汇量,掌握更多表达方式,增强对英语的语感。

通过大量阅读,我们可从中了解英语国家的生活、思想和感情,以及他们的社会、历史和传统习惯,熟悉他们的道德标准、价值观念等等。既有利于提高英语水平,也能增长有关西方的文化知识。

通过大量阅读,我们可以领略英语名篇佳作的独特魅力,怡情悦性;不仅增加我们的知识,而且还能扩大我们的词汇量,提高欣赏和审美水平,进一步陶冶个人情操。

《强化英语阅读系列》正是为满足读者的阅读需要而编写的,同时我们从原创性、趣味性和针对性等几个方面进行了创新,使得此套书具有以下特色:

一、原创性:文章从国外图书、期刊、报纸或国外网站等处选择转载,保证所选阅读材料的“原汁原味”。

二、趣味性:本丛书涉及文学、商务及校园等各方面的内容,所选的都是广大读者普遍感兴趣的内容。

三、针对性:本丛书适合英语学习者提高阅读水平和具有一定英语水平的爱好者欣赏之用。

此外,文章后面的阅读理解题利于读者检查自己的阅读效果。为了方便阅读,每篇文章后面都列出了本篇的生词、难词,以及短文的翻译,对扩大读者的知识面,提高文化素质,培养语言运用能力将起到积极的促进作用。

用。《强化英语阅读系列》既有实用性,又具欣赏性,每日仅用 30 分钟的时间,既能提高英语阅读能力,又能从中了解西方文化,还能提高欣赏水平,陶冶个人情操。

全套书分为名著、散文、商务、校园等四本分册,可以满足不同专业和不同层次读者的需要。

《精选名著阅读 60 篇》给年青读者介绍一些英语名著精选,让他们在轻松有趣的阅读中,接触世界名著,欣赏英语经典作品。每篇文内均配备中文翻译、词语注释项,务使读者在欣赏名著之余,也可从中学习实用的英语,增强对英语的鉴赏与运用能力。

《精选散文阅读 60 篇》选编了一些英美作家创作的精致优美、易于诵读、又充满浪漫情调的短小散文,其中不乏名篇和传世之作。

如果把人生比作一幅画,学校生活就是画中的一道彩虹;如果把人生比作一次旅行,学生时代就是最激动人心的一站。学校是知识的象征,是人才的摇篮。在那里,有被称作辛勤园丁的可敬的老师们的默默耕耘和无私奉献,也有寻求知识、追求真理的莘莘学子们的勤奋学习;有攻克一道道难关后,获得优异成绩时成功的喜悦,也有暂受挫折时的深刻反思。在那百花盛开的校园里处处回荡着青春的脚步声,珍藏着真挚纯洁的友情。丰富多彩的校园生活是多么令人向往、令人珍视,又是多么令人感慨、令人追忆。在回顾自己人生旅程的时候,相信是忘不了这段令人激动而难忘的人生经历的。《精选校园阅读 60 篇》一书力求做到融知识性和趣味性为一体,旨在较为完整、全面地反映当代校园生活。

经济活动是维系现代社会最根本的基础。商品经济渗透到了我们生活中的每一层面,所以,了解一些商贸知识,对自己的生活和人生无疑具有重要的指导意义。《精选商务阅读 60 篇》一书力求展现现代经济生活的风貌,注重趣味性,以商贸领域为主轴,不拘一格,广泛取材,把读者带进了一个广阔的商贸园地。既有市场营销的运作,也有广告策划的基本原理;既有求职面试的技巧,也有办公室里的衣着打扮等,不一而足。即使读者提高了语言水平,又注入了商务理念。

由于编者水平和经验所限,书中存在的不足和疏漏之处,恳请广大读者批评指正。

编者

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1. My Girl, My Wife

有情人终成眷属



阅读全文

I entered Northwestern University in the fall of 1941—a shy, skinny, ill—dressed boy on a \$300 scholarship from the Winnetka Community Theater. For the first two or three days in my theater course, I sat behind a girl named Lydia Clarke. All I saw was her tumbling mane of black Irish hair, which made me tremble, she not only of her.

Between classes I made terse, offhand remarks—“Hi there. How are you doing?” But I couldn’t figure out how to advance the relationship. I’d never even been on a date. Girls expected to be taken out and bought hamburgers and coke and taken home in cars. I didn’t have any money. I didn’t drive a car or know how to dance. Girls? I didn’t have a clue.

Fate, as they say, took a hand: Lydia and I were cast in the same bill of plays. I was in Francesca da Rimini, playing a medieval lover, all tights and curled hair and daggers at the belt. Lydia was in a moody English piece called The Madras House. During dress rehearsal—could she have been nudging fate along? —Lydia asked me how to speak her opening line. She told me she was to enter and say, “Minnie, my frog is dead!”

Well, of course I knew how that line should be read. I had firm ideas about all the performances. This was conversation I knew. I just had no idea how to stop.

On opening night my medieval bit was first, and I decided I was terrible. As I brooded in a corner of the dressing room, Lydia came in and said, “I thought you were marvelous!”

Cary Crants would have thought of 20 funny or engaging replies. I stuck out my tongue.

In an infinity of female wisdom, Lydia neither walked out nor hit me. Finally I said in a strangled voice, “What I mean is, ah, I would like to talk to you about it. Could we go and, ah, have some coffee?”

Yes, she would like that (this to the music of the spheres). But later, as we walked to the coffee shop, I realized I had no money. Not a nickel. I couldn't tell the celestial beauty beside me. All I could do was silently pray that I'd find a pal I could hit up for a loan. I did: Bill Sweeney, who lent me a quarter. May his name be written in the Golden Book.

Lydia and I had tea, because it would last longer (you got more hot water free). We sat there for some two hours, talking about everything. After I left her at the dorm, I ran home along the dark streets, saying, "I love her, I love her," over and over. I did, too.

Never doubt that this can happen. I'd barely spoken to her before that night, but I knew absolutely. What are the odds: one in a hundred, a thousand? It happened to me.

The fall passed in a hazy mix of work and love. Then, on December 7, 1941 the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Every healthy male between 18 and 45 knew where he'd be before long: in uniform.

I enlisted in the Army Air Forces. During the six months before I was called up, Lydia and I continued to share classes, act and work in stage crews together. "In love" is an inadequate description, at least for me. Try "obsessed." But that was from my end. I don't think Lydia was even in love at that point. She kept me at arm's length waiting to see if I might ripen into an actual human being.

But she did go out with me, so she must have been drawn to me a little. Since I had no money, we seldom went out on real dates. We walked along the lakefront a lot. I remember once it snowed, and she took my arm. I never moved my elbow the whole 40 minutes we walked, with the flakes whirling down, coating her glove and the sleeve of my jacket. In spring we often stood beside a lilac bush at school, embracing for ten minutes at a time.

By my last weeks on campus, I was preoccupied with getting Lydia into bed or married me. She rejected both options with adamant resolve. She had no intention of getting pregnant or wed: she was determined to get her degree.

After I left for basic training, I redoubled my efforts to get Lydia to marry me. "Just think, darling," I wrote, "if we're married and I get killed, you get \$10,000 free and clear." This appeal, eminently rational to my Scots soul, failed to move her.

Exhausted by the grind of basic training, I gave up even mentioning marriage in my letters. One day back to my barracks after hours on the obstacle course I found a yellow envelope on my bed. "HAVE DECID-ED TO ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL," the telegram said, "LOVE, LYDIA."

So she came down to the piney woods of Greensboro, N. C., to marry me. A two-day pass was the most I could wangle. I raced into town, where I got us a room and spent my private's pay on a \$12 ring.

I was a gangly kid in uniform. But Lydia, in a marvelous violet bridal suit, was a vision that still shimmers in my mind. As we walked to the church, a shower opened over us. Who cared? We ran laughing up the steps and inside to the altar.

Lydia and I have now celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. That's a long time. But half a century, two children and one wondrous grandson later, it seems no more than a time tick since I stood beside my girl—my wife—in that Carolina church.



练习

- What reaction did I have when I met Lydia at first?
 - I brought forward appointment to her.
 - I applauded her tumbling mane of black Irish hair.
 - I trembled, and when she bent over her desk, taking notes, I sat bemused, taking note only of her.
 - I turned round to go way.
- Why did Lydia have no intention of getting wed?
 - Because she was determined to get her degree.
 - Because I was poor.
 - Because of \$10,1000.
 - Because she would not like me to be in uniform.
- When did the author write this article?
 - Just after he got married.
 - After he had two children.
 - After he had a lovely grandson.
 - After his golden wedding anniversary.



词语注释

- ① **strangle** /'stræŋɡl/ *v.*
扼死 to kill by squeezing the throat so as to choke or suffocate;
throttle
- ② **adamantine** /ædə'mæntaɪn/ *adj.*
非常坚硬的; 坚定不移的 unyielding; inflexible
- ③ **eminently** /'emɪnəntli/ *adv.*
不寻常地 unusually
- ④ **gangly** /'gæŋɡli/ *adj.*
身材瘦长的 gangling
- ⑤ **wondrous** /'wʌndrəs/ *adj.*
令人惊奇的; 非常的 remarkable or extraordinary; wonderful



参考译文

1941 年秋,我——一个羞怯、瘦弱、寒酸的男孩,靠着 300 美元的奖学金,从温尼卡社区剧团进入西北大学就读,开始两三天的戏剧课我都坐在一个名叫利迪亚·克拉克的女孩后面。我所能看到的她就是她一头浓密、蓬松的爱尔兰黑发,使我心颤。她伏案记笔记,我却在后面神思恍惚,眼里心里都是她的情影。

课间休息时,我简短唐突地问候了一句:“嗨,你好吗?”但却不知道该如何进一步发展我们之间的关系。我从未和女孩子约会过。女孩们都希望有男孩请吃汉堡牛排,请喝可口可乐,有车接送。可我身无分文,又没车,连跳舞都不会。女孩?我心中一点儿谱都没有。

人们常说命运无处不在。我和利迪亚都被排在同一节目单中,我在《里米尼城的弗兰西斯卡》中扮演一个中世纪的情人,身穿紧身衣,头发卷曲,腰别匕首。利迪亚在一出叫《马德拉斯大厦》的多愁善感的英语剧中扮演一个角色。不知道是不是她有意找机会和我接近,彩排时利迪亚问我她的第一句台词该怎样说才好,她上台的第

一句台词是：“明尼，我的青蛙死了！”

哎，我当然知道她的第一句台词该怎么念，对全部的表演，我早已烂熟。我知道这就是我们谈话的开始，我却不知道怎样停止。

首场演出的晚上，我的一小段中世纪台词正好是第一个节目，我肯定自己演得糟糕极了。正当我在化妆室一角沉思时，利迪亚进来对我说：“你演得真好！”

要是亨利·格兰特的话，他准会想出二十个幽默或动人的回答。我却只是伸了伸舌头。利迪亚以女性特有的高度的智慧，既没有走出去，也没有碰碰我。最后还是我瓮声瓮气地说：“我的意思是。嗯……，我想跟你说，嗯……，我们可不可以，出去喝咖啡？”

她竟答应了（——那里还有凡夫俗子听不到的仙乐伴奏）。在去咖啡馆的路上，我突然意识到自己囊空如洗。连5美分都没有。我又不敢告诉身边这位貌若天仙的美人儿。我只有暗暗祈祷我能撞上个熟人借点钱。祈祷应验了，我们撞见了比尔·期威尼，借了25美分。愿上帝将他的名字记在功劳簿上。

利迪亚和我喝着茶，因为喝茶持续时间较长（可以老续免费的开水），我们坐了两小时左右，无所不谈。我把她送到宿舍以后，沿着黑暗的街道跑回家，边跑边说：“我爱她，我爱她，”一遍又一遍。我的确爱上她了。

从不怀疑这件事会发生，尽管在那夜之前，我几乎没和她说过什么话。但我深信我们会相爱。多么难得的机遇：百分之一？千分之一？但它的确发生了。

那个秋季在忙忙乱乱的工作和朦朦胧胧的爱情中过去了。1941年12月7日，日本袭击了珍珠港。任何介于18岁到45岁之间的健康男性都知道自己不久将去何处：参军。

我加入了空军。在应召入伍前六个月，我们继续在一起上课，一起在剧组里工作，演戏。“坠入爱河”是个很不恰当的说法，至少对我是如此。也许用“如痴如醉”要好些。但这只是一厢情愿。我觉得利迪亚那时根本没坠入情网。她总对我保持一定的距离，等着我成长为一个成熟的真正男子汉。

但她仍然和我外出，因此我肯定对她还有点吸引力。因为身无分文，我们外出约会也颇为寒酸。我们经常在湖前散步，我记得有一次，天下雪了，她挽起了我的胳膊，我们走了整整40分钟，我的胳膊一动不动。雪花漫天飞舞，她的手套和我的袖子都盖上了一层雪。春

天,我们常常站在学校的紫丁香丛旁拥抱,每次达十分钟之久。

在离校前的最后几周,我挖空心思地想把她弄上床和我结婚。她坚如磐石地拒绝我的两个建议。她不想怀孕,也不想结婚。她一心一意想拿到学位。

我去进行军事基础训练之后更加倍努力向她求婚。“想想吧,亲爱的,”我在信里写道,“如果我们结了婚,万一我战死在沙场,你会净得1万美元的。”尽管我这颗苏格兰人的灵魂认为这是非常合理的要求,却也无法感动她。

军事训练耗尽了我的精力,我甚至放弃了在信中提及结婚这个话题。然而那天,在经过几小时的障碍练习之后,我摇摇晃晃地回到兵营,发现床上搁着一个黄色信封。电报说,“我已决定接受你的建议。爱你的利迪亚。”

就这样她沿着北卡罗来纳州格林斯博罗的松柏成荫的道路来找我,和我结婚。我好不容易弄到两天的假期,飞奔入城,定了一个房间,用我的下士津贴买了个12美元的结婚戒指。

结婚那天的情景仍然历历在目:一个是穿着军装、瘦长难看的小伙子,而利迪亚身穿浅紫色结婚礼服,光彩照人。我们去教堂的路上被淋了一阵大雨。谁会在乎这点呢?我们边跑边笑,爬上台阶,跑到圣坛前。

我和利迪亚刚刚庆祝完金婚纪念,五十年是一段很长的时间,但从在卡罗来纳州教堂里我站在我的情人——我的妻子身旁的那一刻起,半个世纪,两个孩子,后来的一个可爱的孙子也似乎只不过是一瞬间。



参考答案

1. C 2. A 3. D