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阅读经典，感悟人生 记录那些改变你人生的文字



【CLASSIC】

朱振武 主编

彭润润 张毅 编著

附赠超值MP3光盘

英语名篇 夜读精华

读书，能使你动力十足，充满正能量！

读书，能使你心里充实，瞄准前行的航向！

读书，能使你在希望的田野上，欣赏那风吹麦浪！

读书，能使你格物致知，穷尽物理，知晓天地，明白阴阳！



华东理工大学出版社
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朱振武

爱读才会赢

想学好英语吗？两个字：阅读！学英语，不能指望课堂，更不能指望各种提高班，想真正提高水平，提高整体素养，使之成为自己的东西，使之潜移默化在自己的学习、工作乃至言谈举止之中，最重要的当然就是阅读。“学外语，不读书，不如养只老母猪。”“晨不读，夜不读，英语绝不可能熟！”阅读不像背词汇、句型等属于简单的量的积累，阅读到了一定的程度，你的大脑里会产生“化学反应”，一下子使你的各种语言水平整体拔高，进而做到信手拈来，随心所欲，驾轻就熟，甚至旁征博引。阅读量一上去，外语自然就学好了。这貌似浅显的道理，却为绝大多数人所不知或不认可，或知道是这么个道理就是不能践行，只因为每天都在疲于奔命地游走于一个个考试之间。

现在步入工作阶段的人们一般至少都有十年左右的英语学习经历，但他们的英语大都没有形成起码的或较好的应用能力，有的干脆对外语都没有了概念，白白荒废了那么多宝贵时光！我们往往忽略了这样的事实：学好一门外语根本用不了十多年的时间。许多国家都是到了高中才开设外语，如土耳其等国，但他们的学生只用两年多的时间就能学到比较熟练地听说读写的程度。这和我们全民学英语、从幼儿园到博士生都在学英语、大部分精力都用在学一门单一的语言上面的情况形成了鲜明的对比。语言不同于数、理、化等学科，语言重在培养感觉和灵性。我经常对我的学生讲：“英语是用会的，不是学会的，更不是考会的。”对于一个生活在非英语环境中的中国学生来说，怎样做到在使用中学习英语呢？这就是读，找自己感兴趣的读，找各种文章读，早晨读一点，晚上读一点，坚持一段时间，成效自然出现。爱读才会赢！这是我们编写这两卷书的初衷。

不读书者何以言!

世上的人有千千万,其实只有两种:一种是读书的人,一种是不读书的人。人之所以有希望就在于读书。

晨也读,夜也读,少也读,长也读,幼也读,老也读。读书的妙处只有读书人能知道。

读书,能使你动力十足,充满正能量!

读书,能使你心里充实,瞄准前行的航向!

读书,能使你在希望的田野上,欣赏那风吹麦浪!

读书,能使你格物致知,穷尽物理,知晓天地,明白阴阳!

晋平公问于师旷曰:“吾年七十,欲学,恐已暮矣。”

师旷曰:“何不炳烛乎?”

平公曰:“安有人臣而戏其君乎?”

师旷曰:“盲臣安敢戏其君乎?臣闻之,少而好学,如日出之阳;壮而好学,如日中之光;老而好学,如炳烛之明,炳烛之明,孰与昧行乎?”

平公曰:“善哉!”

晋平公想要学习,却担心自己年龄已老。而师旷认为,人的一生都应该不断学习,不同时间段的学习有各自不同的意义。他形象地比喻:少年好学,恰似初升的太阳,壮年好学,恰似正午的阳光;老年好学,恰似蜡烛的光亮,虽然光线微弱,总比摸黑走路要好得多。

Table of Contents

目录

少而好学，
如日出之阳。

01 日出之阳

02 第1单元 温情散文

1. I Wonder Why Things Are the Way They Are
为何世事皆如此 2
2. Tess's Tree
苔丝的书 5
3. My Wonderful Days with Big Horses
与大马的欢乐时光 8
4. You Cannot Judge a Tree by Only One Season
试玉要待三日满 11
5. Life Is a Bottle of Rocks
生活是一瓶石头 13

15 第2单元 童话王国

1. The Biggest Bear
最大的熊 15
2. Peter Pan
彼得·潘 19
3. The Little Mermaid
小美人鱼 23
4. Alice in the Wonderland
爱丽丝漫游奇境记 26
5. The Little Prince
小王子 29

33 第3单元 五味童年

1. The Stages of Friendship
不同阶段的友谊 33
2. He Kicked His Way up
以“足”成名 36



壮而好学，
如日中之光。

49

日中之光

50

第1单元 工作追求

1. The Road to Success
成功之路 50
2. An Eye on the Future
放眼未来 53
3. The Perfect Picture
完美的照片 58
4. The Personal Qualities of a Teacher
教师的个性品质 62
5. More than One Way to the Square
条条大路通“广场” 64

68

第2单元 情感世界

1. First Love
初恋 68
2. Paris in the Spring Time
春日巴黎 71
3. Dinner for Two: an Unconventional Romance
情人节的一段不寻常的浪漫故事 74
4. Forgiveness Unreturned
宽恕未予回复 77
5. Charm in Cryptography
密码的魅力 80

84

第3单元 家庭生活

1. A Boy and His Tree
男孩和树 84
2. Mother
母亲 87

3. A Good Heart to Lean on	
善心可依	90
4. Love in Bloom	
爱在鲜花中	94
5. What Do Parents Owe Their Children?	
拿什么给你,我的孩子?	98

104 外一章·馈赠“布朗”迷

1. Digital Fortress	
数字城堡	104
2. Deception Point	
骗局	108
3. Angels and Demons	
天使与魔鬼	112
4. The Da Vinci Code	
达·芬奇密码	116

人生之轨，
如盈仄之望。

121 盈仄之望

122 第1单元 事业巅峰

1. Way to Success	
J.K. 罗琳女士的成名之路	122
2. Kant the Man	
康德其人	125
3. Think Different	
非同凡想	128
4. Winston Churchill—His Other Life	
温斯顿·丘吉尔的另一种生活	131
5. The Late-blooming George W. Bush. Jr.	
大器晚成的小布什	135

139 第2单元 名人演讲

1. Inaugural Address of John F. Kennedy	
约翰·肯尼迪就职演说	139
2. First Inaugural Address of Franklin D. Roosevelt	
富兰克林·罗斯福第一次就职演说	142
3. Obama's Inaugural Speech	
奥巴马就职演说	146



4. Ronald Reagan's Speech on the Space Shuttle Challenger Explosion	
罗纳德·里根在“挑战者”号航天飞机爆炸后的演讲	149
5. Peace in the Atomic Age	
原子时代的和平	152

155 第3单元 人生感悟

1. July	
七月	155
2. The Value of Time	
时间的价值	159
3. The Art of Living	
生活的艺术	162
4. Glories of the Storm	
壮哉！暴风雨	165
5. Let Go of Stress	
抛开压力	168

老而好学，
如炳烛之明。

173 炳烛之明

174 第1单元 健康之路

1. Food and Energy	
对“症”饮食	174
2. Living a Long Life	
长寿	176
3. Surprising Facts About Sleep	
关于睡眠的惊人事实	178
4. Pain Can Be Tamed	
制服疼痛	181
5. Elixirs for Your Memory	
提高记忆力的灵丹妙药	184

187 第2单元 百味生活

1. Man Is Not Made for Defeat	
打不败的老汉	187
2. The Two Roads	
歧路	190

3. The Sampler	
品尝者	193
4. Business Partner	
生意伙伴	196
5. The Indomitable Washwoman	
坚强的浣衣妇	200

203 第3单元 人生体味

1. Night	
夜	203
2. A New Life	
新生	205
3. The Rewards of Living a Solitary Life	
独处的裨益	207
4. The Enchantment of Creeks	
溪之魅	210
5. My Life Is Over	
我的人生已逝	214

217 美文赏析

1. August	
八月	218
2. Late Summer	
夏 末	220
3. The Song of the River	
河 之 歌	223
4. Once More to the Lake	
再度游湖	225
5. Westminster Abbey	
西敏寺	229
6. Of Studies	
论学习	232
7. El Dorado	
黄金国	235
8. On Idleness	
论懒散	238
9. The Lowest Animal	
最低等动物	241
10. Prologue Tolerance	
《宽容》序言	244



“少而好学，如日出之阳。”这句话来自我们众所周知的“师旷论学”（西汉刘向编《说苑·建本》）。晋平公问于师旷曰：“吾年七十，欲学，恐已暮矣。”师旷曰：“何不炳烛乎？”平公曰：“安有为人臣而戏其君乎？”师旷曰：“盲臣安敢戏其君乎？臣闻之，少而好学，如日出之阳；壮而好学，如日中之光；老而好学，如炳烛之明，炳烛之明，孰与昧行乎？”平公曰：“善哉！”。

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第1单元 温情散文

1. I Wonder Why Things Are the Way They Are

Christy Carter Koski

导读

这篇小品文会令读者联想到一本深受广大青少年喜爱的书——《十万个为什么》。在《十万个为什么》里，每个“为什么”都有答案，但是这篇文章里的许多“为什么”却无答案可寻。我们在人生的每个阶段都会遇到很多困惑，找得到答案也好，找不到也罢，其实生活就是这样，永远给人以雾里看花的感觉。关于生活的真谛，需要我们用一生来探寻。

During my junior year in high school, Mr. Reynolds, my English teacher, handed each student a list of thoughts or statements written by other students, then gave us a creative writing assignment based on one of those thoughts. At 17, I was beginning to wonder about many things, so I chose the statement, “I wonder why things are the way they are?”

That night, I wrote down in the form of a story all the questions that puzzled me about life. I realized that many of them were hard to answer, and perhaps others could not be answered at all. When I turned in my paper, I was afraid that I might fail the assignment because I had not answered the question, “I wonder why things are the way they are?” I had no answers. I had only written questions.

The next day Mr. Reynolds called me to the front of the class and asked me to read my story for the other students. He handed me the paper and sat down in the back of the room. The class became quiet as I began to read my story:

Mommie, Daddy...Why?

Mommie, why are the roses red? Mommie, why is the grass green and the sky blue? Why does a spider have a web and not a house? Daddy, why can't I play in your toolbox? Teacher, why do I have to read?

Mother, why can't I wear lipstick to the dance? Daddy, why can't I stay out until 12:00? The other kids are. Mother, why do you hate me? Daddy, why don't the boys like me? Why do I have to be so skinny? Why do I have to have braces and wear



glasses? Why do I have to be 16?

Mom, why do I have to graduate? Dad, why do I have to grow up? Mom, Dad, why do I have to leave?

Mom, why don't you write more often? Dad, why do I miss my old friends? Dad, why do you love me so much? Dad, why do you spoil me? Your little girl is growing up. Mom, why don't you visit? Mom, why is it hard to make new friends? Dad, why do I miss being at home?

Dad, why does my heart skip a beat when he looks in my eyes? Mom, why do my legs tremble when I hear his voice? Mother, why is being "in love" the greatest feeling in the world?

Daddy, why don't you like to be called "Gramps"? Mother, why do my baby's tiny fingers cling so tightly to mine?

Mother, why do they have to grow up? Daddy, why do they have to leave? Why do I have to be called "Grannie"?

Mommie, Daddy, why did you have to leave me? I need you.

Why did my youth slip past me? Why does my face show every smile that I have ever given to a friend or a stranger? Why does my hair glisten a shiny silver?

Why do my hands quiver when I bend to pick a flower?

Why, God, are the roses red?

At the conclusion of my story, my eyes locked with Mr. Reynolds's eyes, and I saw a tear slowly sliding down his cheek. It was then that I realized that life is not always based on the answers we receive, but also on the questions that we ask.

Enlarge your vocabulary

1. assignment [ə'saɪnmənt] *n.* 分配, 任务, 作业, 功课
2. puzzle ['pʌzl] *v.* 使……困惑, 使……为难
3. spoil [spɔɪl] *v.* 溺爱, 糟蹋, 掠夺
4. tremble ['trembl] *v.* 发抖, 战栗, 焦虑, 摇晃
5. glisten ['glɪsən] *v.* 闪光, 闪亮
6. quiver ['kwɪvə] *v.* 颤抖, 振动
7. slide down 滑下来

参考译文

为何世事皆如此

克里斯蒂·卡特·科斯基

当我上中学三年级的时候,英语老师雷诺兹先生曾发给每个同学一张纸条,上面列着其他同学写的想法和陈述。然后他要我们据此写一篇创意作文。17岁的我开始对许多事情



迷惑不解。因此,我选择了:“为何世事皆如此”作为题目。

那天晚上,我用故事的形式将我生活的困惑全部写了下来。我只觉得有太多的困惑都难以找到答案,而还有一些,或许根本就没有答案可寻。当我把作文交上去之后,很担心它会不合格。因为对于“为何世事皆如此”这个问题,我根本就没有做出回答,而我写下来的,也只有我的困惑。

第二天,雷诺兹先生把我叫到教室前面,让我把作文念给全班同学听。他把文章递给我,自己坐到了教室的后排。整个教室安静了下来,我开始念自己编写的故事:

爸爸、妈妈……为什么?

妈妈,为什么玫瑰是红的?妈妈,为什么草是绿的,天是蓝的?为什么蜘蛛织网不造房?爸爸,为什么我不能在你的工具棚里玩耍?老师,为什么我一定要读书?

妈,为什么我不能抹上口红参加舞会?爸,为什么我不能在外面玩到12点以后再回家?别的孩子都可以啊!妈,你为什么讨厌我呢?爸,为什么男生不喜欢我呢?为什么我必须苗条骨感,还非得戴牙齿矫正器和眼镜?为什么我必须得过16岁?

妈,为什么我非得毕业?爸,为什么我非得长大?爸,妈,为什么我非得离开你们?

妈,为什么您不给我多写几封信?爸,为什么我会那么想念老朋友?爸,您为什么会那样地宠我,那样地爱我?您的女儿已经长大了呀!妈,您为什么不常来看我呢?妈,为什么交上一个新朋友会如此的难?爸,为什么我怀念在家的日子?

爸,为什么我见了他会怦然心跳?妈,为什么我听到他的声音会两腿发颤?妈,人们说“堕入爱河”是世上最妙不可言的感觉,真的吗?

爸爸,为什么不喜欢有人叫你“姥爷”呢?妈妈,为什么我宝贝的小手会把我的手抓得紧紧的?

妈,为什么我的孩子一定要长大?爸,为什么我的孩子必须离开我?总有一天,也会有人叫我“奶奶”,是这样的吗?

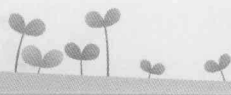
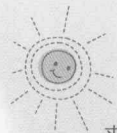
爸爸、妈妈,为什么你们非得离开我呢?可我离不开你们啊!

为什么我的青春已悄悄溜走?为什么我会笑对朋友,也会笑对陌生人?为什么我满头银发?

为什么我弯腰摘花时会双手抖动?

上帝啊,为什么玫瑰是红的?

念完作文,我一直盯着雷诺兹先生的双眼,只见一颗泪珠顺着他的面颊缓缓地滑落下来。至此,我明白了:生活的根基不仅包括我们得到的所有答案,而且还包括我们提出的所有问题。





2. Tess's Tree

Jess Brallier

导读

你还记得童年里那个让你爱不释手的芭比娃娃,或是那个让你日夜着迷的飞机模型吗?可能随着童年的逝去,它们早已被遗弃在记忆的角落里。而苔丝的树不同,奉献一生的它,虽早早离开了苔丝的童年,却幸运地在苔丝,甚至几代人的心里得到了永生。而她的小主人苔丝虽然失去了她的树,却收获了更多的爱与温暖……

Tess is a little girl and she has a tree—Tess's tree.

Tess loved to swing from her tree, play in its leaves, and camp out under it. Tess loved her tree. Tess was exactly 6 years, 3 months and 2 days old. Tess's tree was about 175 years old. That's very old for a maple tree.

One night a storm blew hard and long, making the old tree's branches bend and shake. A big branch fell from Tess's tree. And then another fell. Tess's Mom was worried.

She said, "The tree could fall and hurt someone."

"Not MY tree," thought Tess! But Tess's tree was taken down.

Tess was angry! She threw her toys. She screamed at the neighbors and kicked the other trees. Tess was sad. She hugged the branch from which her swing had hung. She laid on the stump of her tree and cried for a long time.

Tess had to do something for her tree. She couldn't just let it quietly go away. "I know," she thought, "my tree will have a funeral."

Tess invited friends, family, and neighbors to come "celebrate the life of Tess's tree". Tess set up chairs and helped the children of her tree dress for the service. When the service began, Tess walked slowly to the stump of her tree. She laid a flower on it, wiped her nose, and sat on the nearest chair. The neighbor with the white collar said, "We, friends and family, are gathered here today to celebrate the life of Tess's tree." Tess's teacher stood next to the stump and read a poem about a swing.

"How do you like to go up in a swing.

Up in the air so blue?

Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing

Ever a child can do!"

Tess cried, when she thought about her tree and its swing.

The handsome husband and pretty wife who looked like movie stars and lived



near the playground walked slowly to the stump.

"Dear friends of Tess's tree," said the wife, "I'm Tyler."

"And," said the husband, "I'm Max." They looked at Tess and smiled.

"Wow," Tess whispered, "it's them!"

They each kissed Tess on the cheek. Tess's eyes got wet when she thought about those names. Tyler and Max, carefully carved in the shape of a heart on the trunk of her tree.

An older woman walked unsteadily to the stump.

"Who's she?" wondered Tess.

"My dear friends," she said. "This is me." She held up an old photo, "as a child, more than 70 years ago, happily climbing among the branches of Tess's tree."

"Awesome!" thought Tess.

The old woman turned to Tess, "I loved your tree. Here, please, this is for you." She handed the old photograph to Tess. Tears filled Tess's eyes when she thought about how she too used to climb her tree. Tess's mother stood next to the stump and invited Tess to join her. She told the friends of Tess's tree how proud she was of her daughter.

Tess smiled and thanked the people for helping to celebrate the life of her tree. That night, Tess looked out her bedroom window to where her tree once stood. At last tear dried. She was OK.

Enlarge your vocabulary

1. swing [swɪŋ] *v.* (使)摆动, 摇摆, 摇晃
2. maple ['meɪpl] *n.* 槭树, 枫树
3. kick [kɪk] *v.* 踢, 踹
4. stump [stʌmp] *n.* 树墩, 树桩
5. funeral ['fjuːnərəl] *n.* 葬礼, 丧礼, 出殓
6. wipe [waɪp] *v.* 擦, 拭, 抹, 揩, 蹭
7. whisper ['wɪspə(r)] *v.* 耳语, 低语, 私语
8. awesome ['ɔːsəm] *adj.* 出色的; 极好的
9. camp out 露宿



参考
译文

苔丝棵树

杰斯·布莱丽尔

苔丝是个小女孩,她有一棵树——苔丝的树。

苔丝很喜欢在树上荡秋千,在树叶中玩耍,在树下露营。苔丝喜欢她的树。苔丝的准确年龄是6岁3个月零2天。苔丝的树已经有大概175岁了,这对于一棵枫树来说已经是高寿了。

一天晚上,一场猛烈的暴风雨来袭,持续了很久,吹得老树的枝条摇摇晃晃。一根粗树枝被风吹得折断,接着又是一根。苔丝的妈妈非常担心。

她说:“这棵树会倒下来伤到人的。”