

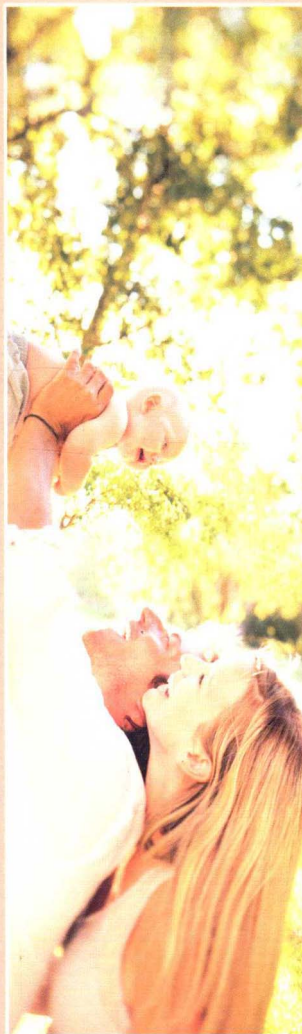
相信生命的优美，

相信生命的奇迹，

相信爱与关心的力量。

亲情的力量，

从未失去过光芒。



# 你给的爱，一如当初

Your Love, Good As Ever

## 每天读点好英文

Everyday English Notes

常青藤语言教学中心 编译

读故事 · 记单词 · 学语法  
阅读能力 · 单词强化 · 语法巩固  
美文赏析 · 翻译提升 · 内容记忆

3000个必备单词  
2000个实战短语  
1000个翻译测试

### 升级版 大全集

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## 无私的爱

她如此美丽，她的爱发自肺腑。我该如何赞美这位特殊的女人呢？从哪里说起呢？她永远知道该说什么，知道我需要听什么。当我需要这位特殊的人时，她总会陪伴在我身边。

她永远知道如何安慰迷茫时的我；她善良，有同情心，总是不惜一切代价地付出；她无私地分享她的爱，不求回报。我从她那里学到了，无条件付出的爱。

在我眼里，她是一位高贵典雅的女神。随着年龄的增长，我更强烈地意识到，她的爱总是那么充满智慧，她总是那么善解人意。现在，我明白了，她始终是我亲密的朋友。

她总是奉献，不求回报。多少次，由我们创造的且历久弥新的纽带，曾被我的所作所为毁灭。但她永远为我守

候，我从未因此感到孤独。

我们偶尔会有分歧，我觉得我们会分开，但是，她总是全心全意地等我回头，原谅了我所有的态度，爱我，只是因为，我是我。她总是有着独特的判断。

即使我犯了错，我知道她会说，昨天的过错已随风而逝，今天又是一个崭新的日子。不论，我是否还要叛逆，或不顾她的忠告，她会说，经验不是学习的唯一途径。

当我意气风发、万事如意时，她会分享我的喜悦，但是，当我跌入谷底，她也分担我的愁苦。她总会对我的处境提出忠告，不论对错与否，她绝不说那句可怕的话：“我早就告诉过你了。”

值此母亲节，我更懂得她的爱背后的力量，她给我的忠告帮我找到了属于自己的方向，我努力像母亲那样，无私地去爱。但是，在这个日子，我想让她知道，我真的很爱她。

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Chapter 1

# 希望一生有你陪伴

Come Along With You



# 爸爸忘记了

佚名 / Anonymous

Listen, son: I am saying this as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and blond curls stickily wet on your **damp** forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of **remorse** swept over me. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when you threw some of your things on the floor.

At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You **gulped** down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a hand and called, "Good-bye,

Daddy!" and I frowned, and said in reply, "Hold your shoulders back!"

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the road I spied you, down on your knees, playing marbles. There were holes in your socks. I humiliated you before your friends by marching you ahead of me to the house. Socks were expensive, and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such a stupid, silly logic.

Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door.

"What is it you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. When has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, finding fault, reprimanding—this was my reward to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected too much of you. I was measuring you by the **yardstick** of my own years.

And there was so much that was good and fine and true in your character. The little heart of yours was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. This was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me goodnight. Nothing else matters, tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I

have knelt here, choked with emotion and so ashamed!

It is a feeble atonement; I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours. But tomorrow I will be a real daddy. I will chum with you, suffer when you suffer, and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual, "He is nothing but a boy, a little boy!"

I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your bed, I see that you are still a little boy. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much!

Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers, and the damp forehead, and the yellow curls, and, if it were not for waking for you, I would snatch you up and crush you to my breast.

Tears came and heartache and remorse and, I think, a greater, deeper love, when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me!

听着，我的儿子：这是在你熟睡时我对你说的一番话。你的，一只小手弯曲着枕在小脸蛋儿下，温湿的金色鬈发贴在额前。我蹑手蹑脚地走进你的房间。之前，我在书房看报，突然，一阵懊悔袭上心头，令我窒息。我忍无可忍，满怀歉意地来到你的床前。

这是我的心里话，儿子：都是爸爸不好，总向你发脾气。当你穿衣准备上学时，只是因为你拿毛巾在脸上胡乱一擦了事，我

便责骂了你；只因你没擦干净鞋子，我便训斥你；只因你把东西乱扔在地板上，我也会对你大喊大叫。

在你吃早饭时，我也总和你发脾气。你把食物洒得到处都是；你囫囵吞枣；你将胳膊肘放在桌上；你在面包上抹了太厚的黄油。我匆忙地要赶火车去上班，你也刚好吃完饭要跑出去玩，你转过身，挥手向我喊道：“爸爸，再见！”而我只是皱皱眉头对你说：“把胸挺起来！”

晚上，又上演了同样的事情。当我走上坡时，瞥见你蹲在那儿玩弹子，袜子都磨破了。于是我命令你跟我回家，使你在小伙伴们面前很尴尬。我责备你说，袜子很贵的，如果你得自己赚钱买袜子，你就知道珍惜了。儿子，是不是很难想象，这话是出自一个父亲之口！多么愚蠢的逻辑啊！

还记得吗？后来，有一次我在书房看报，你是如何怯生生地走进去的？眼中充满了受伤害和受压制的胆怯神情。我抬起头来，因看报被你打扰而显得不耐烦，你则迟疑地站在门口。

“你来干什么？”我厉声呵斥道。

你什么也没说，鼓足了勇气，跑向我。你用小胳膊搂住我的脖子，不断地亲吻我，一遍又一遍地。爱赋予你的小胳膊以无穷的力量，这爱是上帝对你的恩赐，是盛开在你心间的花朵，即使备受冷落也不会凋零。之后你转身，噔噔噔地跑上了楼。

哦，儿子，不一会儿，报纸从我的手上滑落，一种难以言状的恐惧侵袭着我。霎时间，我看清了自己，我的心有种说不出的痛。我什么时候养成了这些恶习？怨天尤人，吹毛求疵，谩骂连连——这就是我给你的“奖赏”，而你只不过是个孩子。我不是不爱你，只是对你期望太高。我是在用我这个年龄的标准去要求你。

你性格中有许多美好而真实的特质。你幼小的心灵犹如群山

之上喷薄而出的曙光一样宽广。你情不自禁地跑来，亲吻我道晚安的事就足以证明了这一点。儿子，今晚，其他任何事情都不再重要，我在黑暗中走来，跪在你的床边，心潮起伏，悔恨不已！

我知道这是于事无补的，如果你醒着，你也不会理解我对你说的这些话。但是明天我要成为真正的爸爸，我要做你的好朋友，和你同欢喜，共患难。当无耐心的话溜至嘴边时，我要忍住不说。我要时刻告诫自己：“他不过是个孩子——一个小男孩！”

我担心自己可能是把你当成大人了。可是，儿子，当我现在看到你柔弱地蜷缩在小床上时，我终于意识到了，你只不过是孩子。昨天你还躺在妈妈的臂弯里，头靠着她的肩膀撒娇。我对你的要求太多了，简直苛刻！

亲爱的孩子！我可爱的宝贝儿子！月光下一个忏悔者跪在你面前，我亲吻着你的小手、你汗湿的额头和金色的鬃发。若不是怕惊醒你，我真想一把把你抱起，紧紧地贴近我的胸膛。

我痛心和悔恨的泪水顿时涌了出来。我知道，当你跑进我的书房亲吻我向我道晚安时，你心存至真、至纯且至深的爱！

## W 词汇笔记

damp [dæmp] *adj.* 潮湿的

The damp wood began to warp.

这块潮湿的木材有些翘棱了。

remorse [ri'mɔ:s] *n.* 懊悔; 悔恨; 同情

He never seems to have been touched with the slightest remorse for his crimes.

他似乎从来没有丝毫悔罪之意。

gulp [gʌlp] *v.* 吞; 呛; 抑制

He gulped his food.

他狼吞虎咽地吃东西。

yardstick ['jɑ:dstik] *n.* 码尺; 标准; 尺度; 指标

She is a yardstick against which I can measure my achievements.

她是一个我可以用来衡量我的成就的准绳。

## S 小试身手

听着，我的儿子：这是在你熟睡时我对你说的一番话。

---

霎时间，我看清了自己，我的心有种说不出的痛。

---

你性格中有许多美好而真实的特质。

---

## P 短语家族

**Nothing else** matters.

nothing else: 没什么别的东西

---

I would **snatch** you **up** and crush you to my breast.

snatch up: 夺取; 抓起来; 猛然抓住

---



# 爱在无语时

佚名 / Anonymous

In the doorway of my home, I looked closely at the face of my 23-year-old son, Daniel, his backpack by his side. We were saying good-bye. In a few hours he would be flying to France. He would be staying there for at least a year to learn another language and experience life in a different country.

It was a transitional time in Daniel's life, a passage, a step from college into the adult world. I wanted to leave him some words that would have some meaning, some significance beyond the moment.

But nothing came from my lips. No sound broke the stillness of my beachside home. Outside, I could hear the shrill cries of sea gulls as they circled the ever changing surf on Long Island. Inside, I stood frozen and quiet, looking into the searching eyes of my son.

What made it more difficult was that I knew this was not the first time I had let such a moment pass. When Daniel was five, I took him