

回首往事，

日子里全是斑驳的光影，

记忆的迷雾中，

有太多东西渐行渐远，

唯有你，

依旧鲜活如初。



那些岁月，与你有关

Old Days About You

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
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升级版
大全集

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爱之絮语

爱一个人却得不到回应，是一种伤痛。但更令人痛苦的是，爱一个人，却没有勇气向她表白。

在遇到心仪之人前，上帝也许会让我们先遇到其他不合适的人。这样，当我们最终遇见真爱时，便会心存感激。

爱是当你和某人之间的感情、激情和浪漫不再后，发现自己仍然关心着他。

生命中的悲伤是，当你遇到心爱之人，却发现最终无缘在一起而不得不放弃。

当一扇幸福之门关闭时，另一扇便会开启。可大多数时候，我们却因为过久地凝望那扇紧闭的门，而忽视了为我们新敞开的那扇。

最好的朋友是那些与你心意相通的人，他与你坐在门廊上一起晃悠，相对无言，然后默默离去，而你会觉得这是最美妙的心灵交流。

只有在失去后，我们才懂得其珍贵。同样，只有拥有后，我们才知道自己曾失去过。

全身心地爱某人并不能保证他们也会同样爱你！不要期待爱的回报，只要等待爱在他们的心灵里成长。如果不能，满足于爱在自己心灵里成长。

也许你永远不会从想聆听的人那里听到你想听的话。但是，

不要对一个人的肺腑之言充耳不闻。

如果你还想尝试，永远不要说再见。

如果你还想前进，永远不要放弃。

如果你不能放手，永远不要说你不爱他。

那些曾失望过但仍抱有热情的人，被出卖过仍去相信的人，被伤害过仍渴望爱的人，有勇气和信念去重建信任的人才会真正拥有爱。

迷恋一个人，需要一分钟；喜欢上一个人，需要一小时；爱上一个人，需要一天；而忘记一个人，则需要整整一生。

不要追求外表的华美，它们会欺骗你；不要追求财富，它终会慢慢消逝。去追寻让你微笑的人，因为一个微笑会让黑夜变得明亮。

生命不可轮回，机会不可再来。所以，在有生之年，做自己想做的事，做自己想做的梦，去自己想去的地方，做自己想做的人。

愿快乐长驻，让你更可爱；愿考验常在，让你更强壮；愿悲伤满怀，让你富于同情；愿希望永存，让你幸福快乐。

经常换位思考，如果你感觉它伤害了自己，那么，它也可能伤害别人。

一语不慎，可能引发冲突；一句冷语，可能毁掉一生；一语及时，可以缓解紧张；爱之絮语，可以宽慰心灵。

爱的开始，让我们爱的人保持本色，不要根据自己的想象扭曲他们——否则，我们只不过是爱他们身上反射出的自己的影子。

最幸福的人不一定拥有最美好的一切，他们只不过是充分地珍惜了他们所拥有的一切。

你哭着降生人世时，周围的人都看着你笑；真诚地面对生活，那样当你走到生命尽头时，才会是你微笑着，而周围的人哭泣着。

最辉煌的未来往往建立在对过去遗忘的基础之上。如果你沉湎于过去的失败和痛心中无法自拔，生活就不能变得更加美好。

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Chapter 1

爱是一生的约定

Love Is a Date of Life



一生之恋

Forever in Their Eyes

✿ 佚名 / Anonymous

Early one morning, I **witnessed** romance at one of the least-expected places in the world—a long-term care facility. At the time, my father shared a room with three other gentlemen. While it wasn't an ideal situation, it was the best the administrator could do at the time.

A few days before this particular visit, an elderly couple was admitted to the facility. Since there wasn't a double room available, they were forced to separate the couple. The gentleman, Mr. West (name has been changed) was placed in the bed beside Daddy. His wife, Mrs. West, shared a room with several other ladies down the hall.

When I went to see Daddy that morning, I met Mr. West. Three employees were working with him. He hadn't eaten a bite of food since he was admitted several days earlier. I could tell by

the expression on the nurses' faces that they were worried about him. While one nurse was trying to get him to open his mouth with spoonfuls of gelatin, another nurse was trying to coax him to drink a health shake from a straw. The third nurse was standing nearby with a cup of water. Mr. West **refused** to open his mouth for any of them.

"Let's try this," one of the nurses said. She pulled out a lollipop, tore off the paper and offered it to Mr. West. His lips were clamped together tightly. He refused to listen to reason. Finally, he uttered something about his sweetheart, who was resting down the hall.

"Go get Mrs. West," the **nurse** instructed her helper, while handing her the lollipop. "Maybe Mr. West will eat for her."

In a few minutes a kind-looking lady was wheeled into the room. She held the lollipop in her hand. Her smile was contagious and Mr. West smiled brightly. I felt as though I was intruding on a private moment, but I couldn't take my eyes off the couple. The love between them was obvious, as Mrs. West patted Mr. West's hand and then caressed his forehead.

With a soft voice, Mrs. West convinced Mr. West to eat. To everyone's surprise Mr. West opened his mouth and began to enjoy the lollipop and his wife's company. While the nurses fed him, he stared at his sweetheart with a smile on his face. Mrs. West began humming a tune to him. The expression on his once solemn face became even brighter.

Tears filled my eyes. The nurse then pulled the curtain around the couple to give them some quality time alone to visit. I discovered that romance doesn't only exist when we're young and in love. Romance lasts a lifetime and grows stronger with age. Before long I heard snores of contentment coming from the bed beside me.

Today, Mr. and Mrs. West **reside** together in a place where

there are no limitations, nursing homes or wheelchairs. There are no tears in their eyes or rooms dividing them. I am convinced that the West marriage went well beyond "till death us do part" and will last throughout eternity. Not only did I witness a memorable romance that day, I saw a glimpse of forever in a loving couple's tired and worn-out eyes.



一天清晨，我在世界上人们最不想去的地方——长期看护所里，目睹了一段浪漫故事。那时，我父亲和另外三位先生同住一间房。虽然条件不是很好，但已是当时管理员所能提供的最好环境了。

在那次特殊拜访的前几天，一对老年夫妇被送进这家看护所。因为没有多余的双人间，他们只好被分开。那位老先生，维斯特先生（化名），被安排住到我父亲的临床。而他的妻子，维斯特太太，则被安排到大厅另一侧的房间，和几位女士同住。

去看父亲的那个上午，我见到了维斯特先生。当时有三个护理员在照料他。自从住进看护所，他就没吃过一口东西。从护理员的神情中，我能看出他们很担心他。当一个护理员正用小勺哄他吃一种胶状食物时，另一个护理员则试着让他吸食一种营养汁，而第三个护理员则端着一杯水站在旁边。可是，维斯特先生却坚决不肯张嘴。

“来尝尝这个。”其中一个护理员取出一支棒棒糖，撕掉糖纸递给维斯特先生。然而他仍紧闭着双唇，不听任何人劝说。最后，他自言自语地说了一些有关他妻子的话，而她就住在大厅的另一侧。

“去把维斯特太太找来，”护理员对助手说着，随手把棒棒糖也给了他。“或许维斯特先生肯为她而吃点东西。”

几分钟后，一位和蔼可亲的老太太坐着轮椅，被推了进来，她手里拿着的正是那支棒棒糖。她的微笑极富感染力，维斯特先生也露出了灿烂的笑容。我突然觉得自己的存在仿佛侵犯了他们的私人空间，但是我却无法将视线从那对老夫妇身上移开。当维斯特太太轻拍维斯特先生的手并轻抚他的额头时，你可以真切体会到他们之间的那份爱。

维斯特太太温柔地劝说维斯特先生先吃点东西。令人惊讶的事情发生了，维斯特先生张开嘴津津有味地吃那支棒棒糖，同时也享受着妻子陪伴的欢愉。护理员喂他食物时，他始终带着笑意凝视着妻子。维斯特太太开始为他轻声哼唱。他原本严肃的脸顿时露出了轻松的表情。

我被感动得热泪盈眶。护理员拉上围帘，将他们围在其中，让他们尽情享用这段私人空间。我发觉，浪漫不仅仅是恋爱中的年轻人的专利，它会陪伴我们一生，并随着年龄的增长而变得愈加香醇。不一会儿，惬意的鼾声从旁边的床上传来。

现在，维斯特夫妇住在一个没有轮椅，没有看护室，没有任何限制自由之所。他们不会再因为房间而分离，而他们的眼中也不再有泪水。我坚信他们的婚姻已经超越了“生死相许”的誓言成为永恒。那天，我不仅亲眼见证了一段难忘的浪漫故事，也从这对相亲相爱的老夫妇那倦怠而焦灼的眼神中，瞥到了永恒的瞬间。

心灵小语

最幸福的爱情，就是当两个人已经老去，还可以手拉着手，肩并着肩，坐在长椅上，慢慢聊那些不起眼的往事。

W 词汇笔记

witness ['wɪtnɪs] v. 亲眼看见；目击

例 I witnessed the accident.

我亲眼目睹了这场事故。

refuse [rɪ'fjuːz] v. 拒绝；回绝

例 We asked him to come, but he refused.

我们叫他来，可是他拒绝了。

nurse [nɜːs] n. 护士；保育员；保姆

例 The nurse wore a pleated cap on her head.

护士头上戴着打褶的小帽。

reside [rɪ'zaid] v. 居住；定居

例 They reside abroad.

他们居住在国外。

S 小试身手

我发觉浪漫不仅仅是恋爱中的年轻人的专利，它会陪伴我们一生，并随着年龄的增长而变得越愈加香醇。

译

我坚信他们的婚姻超越了“生死相许”的誓言成为永恒。那天，我不仅亲眼见证了这段难忘的浪漫故事，也从这对相亲相爱的老夫妇那倦怠而焦灼的眼神中瞥到了永恒的瞬间。

译

P 短语家族

The third nurse was standing nearby with a cup of water

a cup of : 一杯

造

I felt as though I was intruding on a private moment, but I couldn't take my eyes off the couple.

as though: 好像；仿佛

造

汉诺威广场，不见不散

My Darling Wife

❀ 佚名 / Anonymous

Can it really be sixty-two years ago that I first saw you?

It is truly a lifetime, I know. But as I **gaze** into your eyes now, it seems like only yesterday that I first saw you, in that small cafe in Hanover Square.

From the moment I saw you smile, as you opened the door for that young mother and her newborn baby, I knew that I wanted to share the rest of my life with you.

I still think of how foolish I must have looked, as I gazed at you, that first time I remember watching you intently, as you took off your hat and loosely shook your short dark hair with your fingers I felt myself becoming immersed in your every detail, as you placed your hat on the table and cupped your hands around the hot cup of tea, gently blowing the steam away with your pouted lips.

From that moment, everything seemed to make perfect sense to

me. The people in the cafe and the busy street outside all disappeared into a hazy blur. All I could see was you.

All through my life I have relived that very first day. Many, many times I have sat and thought about that the first day, and how for a few fleeting moments I am there, feeling again what is like to know true love for the very first time. It pleases me that I can still have those feelings now after all those years, and I know I will always have them to comfort me.

Not even as I shook and trembled uncontrollably in the **trenches**, did I forget your face. I would sit huddled into the wet mud, terrified, as the hails of bullets and mortars crashed down around me. I would clutch my rifle tightly to my heart, and think again of that very first day we met. I would cry out in fear, as the noise of war beat down around me. But, as I thought of you and saw you smiling back at me, everything around me would become silent, and I would be with you again for a few precious moments, far from the death and destruction. It would not be until I opened my eyes once again, that I would see and hear the carnage of the war around me.

I cannot tell you how strong my love for you was back then, when I returned to you on leave in the September, feeling battered, bruised and fragile. We held each other so tight I thought we would burst. I asked you to marry me the very same day and I whooped with joy when you looked deep into my eyes and said "yes" to being my bride.

I'm looking at our wedding photo now, the one on our dressing table, next to your jewellery box. I think of how young and **innocent** we were back then. I remember being on the church steps grinning like a Cheshire cat, when you said how dashing and handsome I looked in my uniform. The photo is old and faded now, but when I look at it, I