

Beautiful English

美丽英文

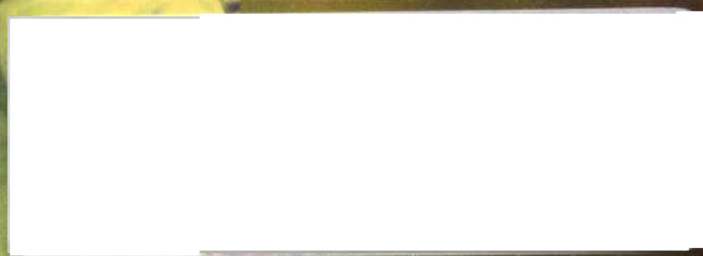
致十年后的自己

A Letter to Myself in Ten Years

何之遥◎编译



美丽英文袖珍馆
POCKET BOOK IV



365天享受阅读，从美丽英文开始

追梦卷

我们必须一次又一次选择成长，一次又一次克服恐惧。

当你每天朝着梦想前进，而且没有放弃做自己，你就是胜利的。



新世界出版社
NEW WORLD PRESS

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图书在版编目 (C I P) 数据

致十年后的自己：英汉对照 / 何之遥编译. -- 北京：新世界出版社, 2013.6

(美丽英文)

ISBN 978-7-5104-4123-3

I. ①致… II. ①何… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 IV. ①H319.4

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2013) 第045003号

致十年后的自己

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出版发行：新世界出版社

社 址：北京市西城区百万庄大街 24 号 (100037)

发 行 部：(010) 6899 5968 (010) 6899 8733 (传真)

总 编 室：(010) 6899 5424 (010) 6832 6679 (传真)

<http://www.nwp.cn>

<http://www.newworld-press.com>

版 权 部：+8610 6899 6306

版权部电子信箱：frank@nwp.com.cn

印 刷：北京中印联印务有限公司

经 销：新华书店

开 本：787 × 1092 1/32

字 数：132 千字 印张：7.5

版 次：2013 年 6 月第 1 版 2013 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5104-4123-3

定 价：15.00 元

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美丽英文袖珍馆·第4辑
致十年后的自己

A Letter to Myself in Ten Years



Years Gone By

逝水流年

A. Potter

As one year goes by and
another one begins.

It makes us remember
things that have happened and the has-beens.

Remember that and remember this,
what about the times, and why did that happens.

When did childhood end and adulthood start?

As you look back on the stages of life,
remember everything you can.

From mistakes, to accomplishments, to lessons
learned.

Because we know that nothing's without strife.

But in the end, no matter what else will be.

You will always have friends and family.

Remember the ones who were there during the "ifs",
"buts", "whens", or "whys".

The ones who've been there during the years gone by.



一年过去
又一年开始
我们总会想起
往日的种种
历历在目
逝去的时光，不堪回首的往事
遥远的童年，苦涩的青春
回首过去
拾起记忆的碎片
错误，成功，教训
纷纷扰扰
最终，无论如何
你总还有家人、朋友
在人生的跌宕起伏中
陪伴你走过一年又一年



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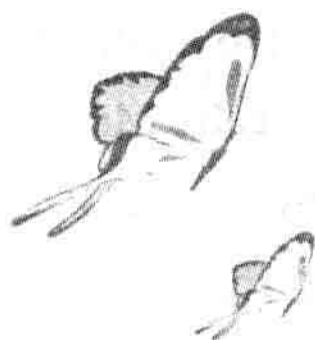
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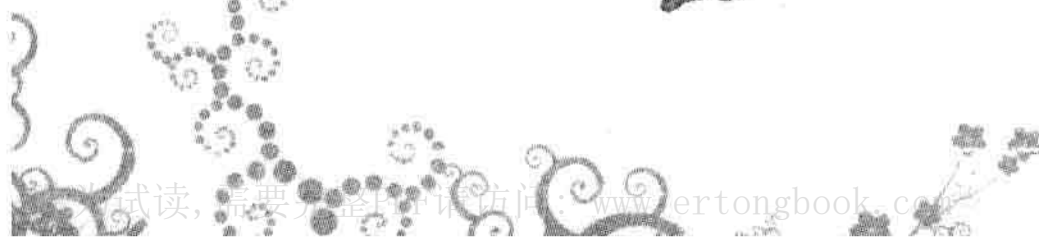
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Chapter 1

Grow in Memories

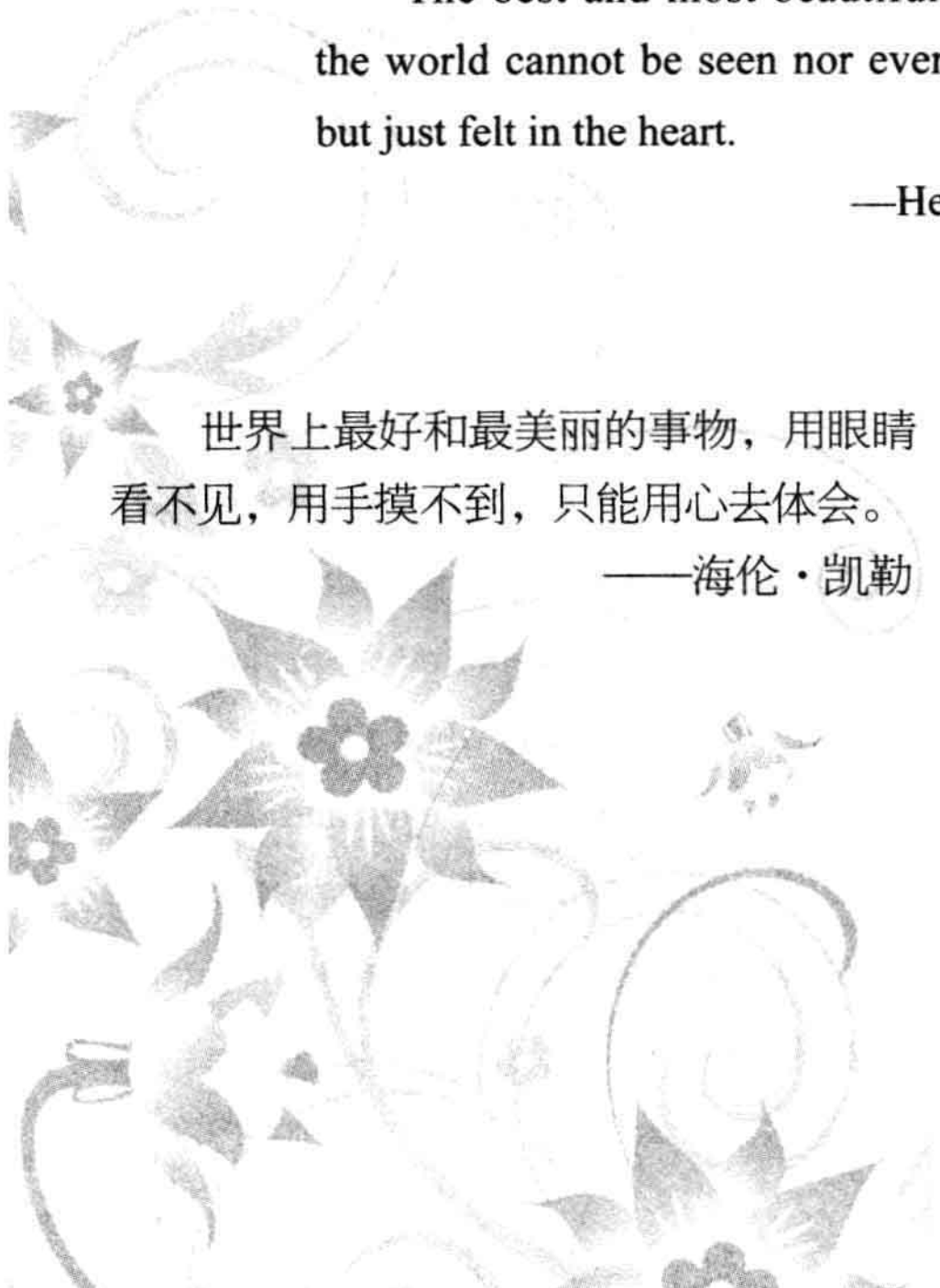
在追忆中成长

The best and most beautiful things in
the world cannot be seen nor even touched,
but just felt in the heart.

—Helen Keller

世界上最好和最美丽的事物，用眼睛
看不见，用手摸不到，只能用心去体会。

——海伦·凯勒



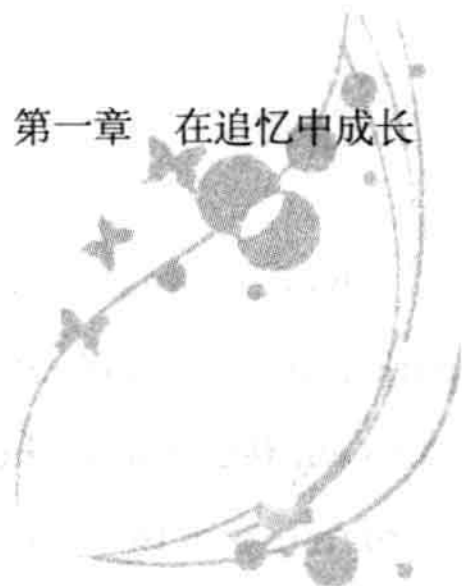
A Time for Memories

松树下的生命轮回

Sharon Wright

One **balmy** ^① summer afternoon, I sat on an old blanket under a pine tree chatting with my mother. For years, we had been coming to this park for family picnics and gatherings, and my mother and I often sat in this same spot.

In recent years, we usually just talked about life, but sometimes we recalled events from my childhood. Like the time I was thirteen and had my first date, when Mother brought me to this spot under the tree and told me about the facts of life. Or the time a few years later, when my hair turned out pink for my senior prom and she'd held me while I cried. But the most special event that occurred next to this tree was when I told Mother I was getting married. Tears filled her eyes and this time I held her while she cried. She told me she was sad to lose her little girl but happy to see that I had turned into a beautiful young woman.



一个阳光和煦的夏日午后，公园大松树下的地上铺了一层老旧的地毯，我和母亲坐在上面静静地聊天。多年以来，我们一直在这个公园举行家庭聚会、野餐，而我和母亲就时常坐在这棵松树下。

最近这些年，我们大多数只是谈论生活，但有时也会回忆我童年时代的一些往事。比如，13岁那年我第一次约会，母亲就把我带到这里，在松树下告诉了我很多生活的真谛；比如，又过了几年，即将从中学毕业的我，变成了一个染着粉红色头发的叛逆少女，而就在这棵松树下，我紧紧地依偎在母亲怀里失声痛哭。但是，最让人难忘的是，在这棵松树下，我告诉母亲我要结婚了。那一刻，喜悦的泪水溢满了她的眼眶，我紧紧地搂住母亲。她说，此刻，她既为即将失去她的小女孩而难过，也为她的小女孩终于长成美丽的年轻女子而欣喜不已。

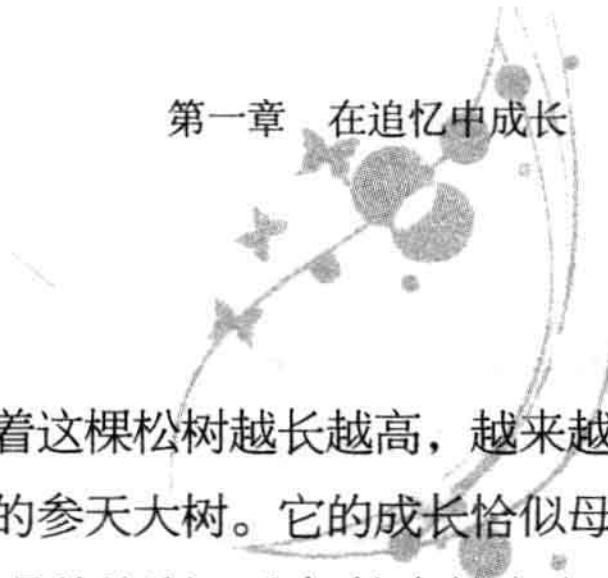
Over the years, we'd watched the pine trees in this park grow tall and straight until their needles seemed to touch the clouds. Each year of their growth seemed to match our increasingly close relationship and the deepening love we had for each other.

On this particular sunny afternoon, Mother and I sat quietly breathing in the scent of freshly mown grass. She was unusually solemn and took me by surprise when she asked me, "Who will you bring here after I'm gone?"

I gave her one of my arched-eyebrow inquiries, then smiled. After a few moments, when she didn't return my smile, I began to wonder what made her ask such a **disturbing**^② question. Mother picked up a blade of grass and began to shred it with her fingernail. I'd become well acquainted with my mother's habits, and this particular one indicated she had something serious on her mind.

For several minutes, we sat in silence gathering our thoughts. A couple of blue jays **squawked**^③ nearby and an airplane flew overhead, but they didn't ease the awkward moment between us. Finally, I reached over and took my mother's hand in mine. "There's nothing you can't tell me, Mother," I said. "We will handle this together, like we always have."

She looked into my face, and her eyes filled with



多年来，我们眼看着这棵松树越长越高，越来越直，逐渐长成直逼云霄的参天大树。它的成长恰似母亲与我的关系；随着岁月的流逝，我们越来越亲密，对彼此的爱也越来越深。

在这个阳光灿烂的午后，草坪刚刚修过，我和母亲静静地坐着，呼吸着空气中弥漫着的青草芳香。她显得格外沉默而肃穆。出乎意料地，她忽然问我道：“在我走了以后，你会带谁来这里呢？”

我不禁扬起了眉毛，惊讶地想要问点什么，却又很快露出了一丝微笑。过了很久，她仍旧对我的微笑没有丝毫回应。我开始疑惑她为什么会问这样一个让人不安的问题。母亲捡起一片青草，用指甲不停地撕扯着。我对母亲的习惯非常熟悉，这个动作意味着她的脑海里正在思考很重要的事情。

有那么一会儿，我们安静地坐着，只是整理着自己的思绪。一对蓝色松鸦在不远处嘎嘎地惊叫着，飞机从我们头顶上一掠而过，但这一切似乎都没能缓和我们之间的尴尬气氛。后来，我伸出双手，紧紧握住母亲的手，说道：“妈妈，这世上没有什么事是你不能和我说的。让我们一起来面对吧，就像我们一直以来的那样。”

她看着我，脸色苍白得惊人。她的眼泪夺眶而