

美丽英文系列丛书

故事里的大智慧

Great Wisdom In The Story

人生是一首交响曲，生命是音符，激情演奏出你的壮美；
人生是一段航程，生命是帆船，勇敢搏击出你的速度！

哲理美文 双语欣赏

主编 崔俊

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前言

毋庸置疑，世界正在变得越来越一体化，学会和世界各国交流成为我们必须面对的问题。作为世界通用语言之一的英语，就成为很多人学习外语的首选。要学好英语，学音标、背单词当然是非常重要的，但最有效的方法肯定离不开大量的英语阅读。那么，要让一个初学者对英语发生兴趣，让已经有一定基础的英语学习者水平更上一层楼，如果只是枯燥地看一些英语原文肯定不会有什么效果，甚至有可能让学习者丧失学英语的兴趣，因此，对于初学英语和希望提高英语水平的人首先应该阅读浅显易懂的文章，同时还应该注重文章的趣味性，最后就是选择多方面的内容。另外一点特别值得特别注意，学习语言应该循序渐进，持续学习，平时应该注意不间断地阅读，正是基于这些认识，我们编选了这套丛书。

在编选这套书的过程中我们认为英语阅读书籍应该更人性化一些，所以我们在书籍的功能上做了很多功课！

中国晋代有一位大诗人陶渊明，他在一首叫做《移居》的诗中有一句：“奇文共欣赏，疑义相与析”。这句是说有了好文章大家一起来欣赏，遇到疑难问题大家一同钻研。其实这句话用在我们对英语的学习上也很贴

切，我们希望这套书能够达到让读者欣赏美文的同时排解疑难，增长见闻的目的！所以这套书具备了如下特点：

从内容上来看，本套丛书涵盖面比较广泛，包括了亲情、友情、爱情、童年故事、成功故事、哲理故事、名人传记、名人游记、名篇名段、电影对白等 10 个主题。

从阅读及学习的具体要求上看，本书正文采用了英汉对照的方式，同时设计了“热词空间”，加注了单词释义，方便读者查询；我们还配合正文加了作者简介，以及电影内容简介，帮助读者理解正文；每篇中文译文的篇末加了精彩的名人名言或小幽默，也是采用了英汉对照，这样读者在阅读中会感到轻松，更加人性化！

从篇目选择上来看，我们尽量选择了贴近生活、易于理解、较富趣味的文章，争取所选择的篇目都能达到“奇文”的标准，从而增强读者阅读的兴趣。

的确，每个人都希望看到最精美的文字，因为读一篇好文章就如同品味一杯香茗，总是希望每一口都是馨香溢怀，久久回味。我们希望能把您带到浓浓的亲情之中，把您带到真挚的友情之中，把您带回甜美的爱情之中，把您带回童年的记忆之中，同时让成功的故事激励您前行，让哲理故事带给您深刻的人生思考，让名人的传记给您启迪，让名人的游记带您饱览世界风光，让名人的佳作带给您文学与艺术的品味，让电影的精彩对白带给您惊喜与感动！

人生或许也正是这样，各种颜色、各种气息，各种味道都汇聚在一起，我们的阅读也如同一道道色、香、味俱全的美文大餐，相信尽享这道大餐的感觉一定美妙无比啊！

让我们一起阅读吧，一起享用吧！

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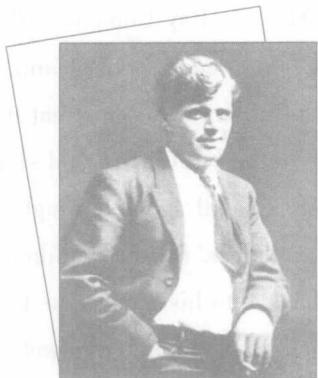
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Love of Life



Jack London

杰克·伦敦 (Jack London, 1876—1916), 原名“约翰·格利菲斯·查尼”。著名的美国小说家, 商业作家的先锋。他一生共创作了约50卷作品, 最为著名的有《荒野的呼唤》《海狼》《白牙》《马丁·伊登》, 及一系列优秀的短篇小说《老头子同盟》《北方的奥德赛》《马普希的房子》等。杰克·伦敦的短篇小说带有传奇浪漫色彩, 通常描写的都是太平洋岛屿和阿拉斯加冰天雪地的土著人和白人生活, 大部分可说是他短暂一生的历险记。他作品中的现实主义风格和多样化的题材, 以及作家流露出的独特个性, 时常深深吸引着不同时代、不同经历的读者。

Two men walked slowly, one after the other, through the **shallow** water of a stream. All they could see were stones and earth. The stream ran cold over their feet. They had blanket packs on their backs. They had guns, but no bullets; matches, but no food.

Suddenly the man who followed fell over a stone. He hurt his foot badly and called: “Hey, Bill, I’ve hurt my foot.” Bill continued straight on without looking back.

The man was alone in the empty land, but he was not lost. He knew the way to their camp, where he would find food and bullets. He **struggled** to his feet and limped on. Bill would be waiting for him there, and together they would

go south to the Hudson Bay Company. He had not eaten for two days. Often he stopped to pick some small berries and put them into his mouth. The berries were tasteless, but he knew he must eat them.

In the evening he built a fire and slept like a dead man. When he woke up, the man took out a small sack. It weighed fifteen pounds. He wasn't sure if he could carry it any longer. But he couldn't leave it behind. He had to take it with him. He put it back into his pack, rose to his feet and staggered on.

Darkness fell. His blanket was wet, but he knew only that he was hungry. Through his restless sleep he dreamed of banquets and of food. The man woke up cold and sick, and found himself lost. But the small sack was still with him. As he dragged himself along, the sack became heavier and heavier. The man opened the sack, which was full of small pieces of gold. He left half the gold on a rock.

Eleven days passed, days of rain and cold. One day he found the bones of a deer. There was no meat on them. The man broke the bones and he **sucked** and chewed on them like an animal. Would he, too, be bones tomorrow? Why not? This was life. Only life hurt. There was no hurt in death. To die was to sleep. Then why was he not ready to die? He, as a man, no longer strove. It was the life in him, unwilling to die, that drove him on.

One morning he woke up beside a river. Slowly he followed it with his eyes and saw it emptying into a shining sea. When he saw a ship on the sea, he closed his eyes. He knew there could be no ship, no sea, in this land. A vision, he told himself he heard a noise behind him, and turned around. A wolf, old and sick, was coming slowly toward him. This was real, he thought. The man turned again. His foot hurt, but it was nothing compared with his hunger, which made him go on until dark, but the sea and the ship were still there. He didn't understand. Had he been walking north, away from the camp, toward the sea? He stood up and started slowly toward the ship, knowing fully well the sick wolf was following him. On the afternoon, he found some bones of a man. Beside the



bones was a small sack of gold, like his own. So Bill had carried his gold to the end. He would carry Bill's gold to the ship. Haha! He would have the last laugh on Bill. His laughing sounded like the low cry of an animal. The wolf cried back. The man stopped suddenly and turned away. How could he laugh about Bill's bones and take his gold?

The man was very sick, now. He **crawled** about, on hands and knees. He had lost everything—his blanket, his gun, and his gold. Only the wolf stayed with him hour after hour. At last he could go on no further. He fell. The wolf came close to him, but the man was ready. He got on top of the wolf and held its mouth closed. Then he bit it with his last strength. The wolf's blood **streamed** into his mouth. Only love of life gave him enough strength. He held the wolf with his teeth and killed it, then he fell on his back and slept.

The men on the ship saw a strange object lying on the beach. It was moving toward them perhaps twenty feet an hour. The men went over to look and could hardly believe it was a man.

Three weeks later, when the man felt better, he told them his story. But there was one strange thing: he seemed to be afraid that there wasn't enough food on the ship. The men also noticed that he was getting fat. They gave him less food, but still he grew fatter with each day. Then one day they saw him put a lot of bread under his shirt. They examined his bed and found food under his **blanket**. The men understood. He would recover from it, they said.



shallow adj. 浅的, 肤浅的

struggle n. 奋斗; 努力; 斗争; 使劲

v. 努力, 挣扎, 奋斗; 尽力使得, 使劲移动

suck n. 吸, 吮吸, 吸入

v. 吸, 吸入, 吮: 吸, 吸奶

crawl n. 爬行, 缓慢的行进, 蠕动; 自由式游泳

v. 在…上爬行; 斥责, 训斥; 在…上蔓生; 爬行, 徐徐行进, 蠕动; 起鸡皮疙瘩

stream n. 溪, 流, 川

v. 流, 流动; 涌入, 涌进; 淌; 川流不息; 流出, 展开, 流动

blanket n. 毛毯, 毯子

v. 用毯覆盖; 掩盖

adj. 总括的, 全体的; 没有限制的



热爱生命

[美] 杰克·伦敦

在一条很浅的小河中一前一后地慢慢走着两个男人。石块与土地是他们能看到的所有东西。刺骨的河水淌过他们的脚面。用毯子打成的背包背在他们身上。他们有枪，不过没有子弹；有火柴，可是没有食物。

突然，一块石头绊倒了后面的那个男人，他的脚伤得很重，他大声叫道：“喂，比尔，我脚受伤了。”那个被称作比尔的人头也不回地继续往前赶路。

这个人独自待在荒原中，可他心里没有丝毫慌乱。他清楚通向他们营地的路，他能在那里找到食物和子弹。于是他挣扎着站起来，一瘸一拐地向前移动着。比尔会在那儿等他的，然后他们一起朝南走，抵达哈得逊海湾。他有两天没吃东西了。他经常停下来去摘小莓果，然后把它们塞进嘴里，那些莓果没有什么味道，但他明白他不吃不行。

晚上，他点着一堆火，然后就如入无人之境般睡着了。醒来后，他拿出一只小袋子。小袋有15磅重。他不知道还能不能继续带着它，但无论如何也不能把它扔掉。他只好带着它。他又把袋子放进背包，站起身来，跌跌撞撞地继续往前走。

夜幕降临，寒气打湿了他的毛毯，但他此时只知道饿。他也没睡好觉，梦到的都是许多宴会和食物。醒后他觉得又冷又难受，还发现自己迷了方向。小袋子还在。他迈着铅般的腿吃力地往前挪，那袋子越发地沉了。他不得不打开装满小块金子的袋子，把一半金子放在岩石上。

11天过去了，天一直很冷，还不停下着雨。一天，他看到了一具死鹿的骨骼，上面早已没肉了。他敲开骨头，野兽般吮吸着，咀嚼着。会不会明天自己也只留下一把骨头？完全可能。这就是生活。只有活着才能品尝痛苦，死亡却不痛苦。要想死，只用睡着就行了。为什么他不愿意死呢？作为一个人，他不想再反抗。驱使他向前走的是他那不愿死去的生命力。

一天早晨，他在一条河边醒来。他的目光缓缓地顺着那条河，同它一起流入闪闪发光的大海里。当看到有一只船在海面上时，他闭上了眼睛。他明白在这种地方不可能有船，更不会有大海。他对自己说这只是幻觉。感觉自己身后有响动，他就转过身来。一只又老又病的狼，正慢慢地朝他走来。这是真的，他思索着。接着他又转过身，脚很疼，但同饥饿比起来却算不了什么。饥饿迫使他继续往前走，直到夜幕再次垂下。大海和船只还在那儿。他搞不清楚。难道他这是朝北走，远离了营地，往海边方向去？他站起身，缓慢地走向那只船。在他身后一直跟着那只病狼，这一点他非常清楚。下午时，他看到了一个男人留下的一些遗骨。有一个装满金子的小袋子放在骨头旁边，和他自己的袋子一模一样。哦，肯定是比尔，金子一直被带到最后。比尔的金子将被他带着登上那条船。哈哈！他会是讥笑比尔的最后胜利者。听起来他的笑声就像野兽低沉的叫声，狼在身后也低吼着，突然他停下脚步，转过身来。他怎么会看到比尔的遗骨就幸灾乐祸呢？他怎么能把他的金子拿走呢？

这个男人现在病得很严重。他已经是四肢伏地的爬行了。他扔掉了所有的东西：毛毯、步枪，包括他的金子。他唯一没有甩掉的就是每时每刻紧盯着他的那只狼。最后，他实在爬不动了，贴在地上。狼离他更近了，但是他已经准备好了。他一下子跨到狼背上，使劲掐住它的嘴巴。然后他使尽最后的力气去咬狼，狼的血喷入他嘴里。只有对生命的热爱才能使他获得足够的力量。狼被他用牙齿狠狠地咬着，直至死为止。最后他仰面倒下去，睡着了。

船上的人们看见一个奇怪的东西躺在海滩上，它一直不停地往他们这边移，也许以1小时移动20英尺的速度。船上那些人走过去，难以置信地看到那东西竟然是一个人。

三个星期后，这个男人觉得自己好多了，他就把自己的经历讲给那些人听。但奇怪的是：他似乎总害怕船上没有足够的食物。他们还发现他在不断地长胖。于是他们给他的食物开始减少了，但他每天仍在变胖。后来有一天，他们发现许多面包被他塞进自己衬衣的下面。他们还查看了他的床，发现他的毛毯下也藏着食品。那些人懂了。他们说他们总能够恢复的。



There is a saying that no man has tasted the full flavour of life until he has known poverty, love and war.

——O. Henry

据说人只有经历过贫穷、爱情和战争才能尝到生活的酸甜苦辣

——欧·亨利



Bob's Gift



Thomas Pucci

Bobby was getting cold sitting out in his back yard in the snow. Bobby didn't wear boots; he didn't like them and anyway he didn't own any. The thin sneakers he wore had a few holes in them and they did a poor job of keeping out the cold.

Bobby had been in his backyard for about an hour already. And, try as he might, he could not come up with an idea for his mother's Christmas gift. He shook his head as he thought, "This is useless, even if I do come up with an idea, I don't have any money to spend."

Ever since his father had passed away three years ago, the family of five had **struggled**. It wasn't because his mother didn't care, or try, there just never seemed to be enough. She worked nights at the hospital, but the small wage that she was earning could only be stretched so far.

What the family lacked in money and material things, they more than made up for in love and family unity. Bobby had two older and one younger sister, who ran the **household** in their mother's absence.

All three of his sisters had already made beautiful gifts for their mother. Some how it just wasn't fair. Here it was Christmas Eve already, and he had nothing.

Wiping a tear from his eye, Bobby kicked the snow and started to walk down to the street where the shops and stores were. It wasn't easy being six

without a father, especially when he needed a man to talk to.

Bobby walked from shop to shop, looking into each decorated window. Everything seemed so beautiful and so out of reach. It was starting to get dark and Bobby **reluctantly** turned to walk home when suddenly his eyes caught the glimmer of the setting sun's rays reflecting off of something along the curb. He reached down and discovered a shiny dime.

Never before has anyone felt so wealthy as Bobby felt at that moment. As he held his new found treasure, a warmth spread **throughout** his entire body and he walked into the first store he saw. His excitement quickly turned cold when salesperson after salesperson told him that he could not buy anything with only a dime.

He saw a flower shop and went inside to wait in line. When the shop owner asked if he could help him, Bobby presented the dime and asked if he could buy one flower for his mother's Christmas gift. The shop owner looked at Bobby and his ten cent offering. Then he put his hand on Bobby's shoulder and said to him. "You just wait here and I'll see what I can do for you."

As Bobby waited, he looked at the beautiful flowers and even though he was a boy, he could see why mothers and girls liked flowers.

The sound of the door closing as the last customer left, jolted Bobby back to reality. All alone in the shop, Bobby began to feel alone and afraid.

Suddenly the shop owner came out and moved to the counter. There, before Bobby's eyes, lay twelve long stem, red roses, with leaves of green and tiny white flowers all tied together with a big silver bow. Bobby's heart sank as the owner picked them up and placed them gently into a long white box.

"That will be ten cents young man." The shop owner said reaching out his hand for the dime. Slowly, Bobby moved his hand to give the man his dime. Could this be true? No one else would give him a thing for his dime! Sensing the boy's reluctance, the shop owner added, "I just happened to have some roses on sale for ten cents a dozen. Would you like them?"