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激情晨读系列

主编：张刚 杜晓冰 副主编：毕敬轩 赵黎明 王萍

Stories of Youth

青春的童话

青春被不断回放，是因为我们心中盛满无限温馨爱恋
青春被无限憧憬，是因为我们心中驻留无数炫丽童话



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读趣文妙语尽显全新感受 迎晨风旭日燃点英语激情

Stories of Youth

青春的童话

主编：张刚 杜晓冰 主审：赵亚颀

副主编：毕敬轩 赵黎明 王萍

编者：单丽雯 王媛媛 王建伟



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这是一道有关青春童话的英语学习营养盛餐。约翰·济慈曾这样写道：“美丽的东西是永恒的快乐。”青春永远是一个快乐且美丽的季节，如玫瑰一般灿然绽放，亦如玫瑰一般芬芳馥郁。青春的书笺上永远写满瑰丽绮美的童话故事。

一日之计在于晨。晨晖之中，张口诵读妙文，既可以享用原汁原味的语言素材，领略语言学习的真谛，培养出地道英语的语感，又可以玩转语音、确保字正腔圆。您只需每天早上花上些许时间，仿 mp3 朗读，英语水平会得到全面提升。

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前言

Preface



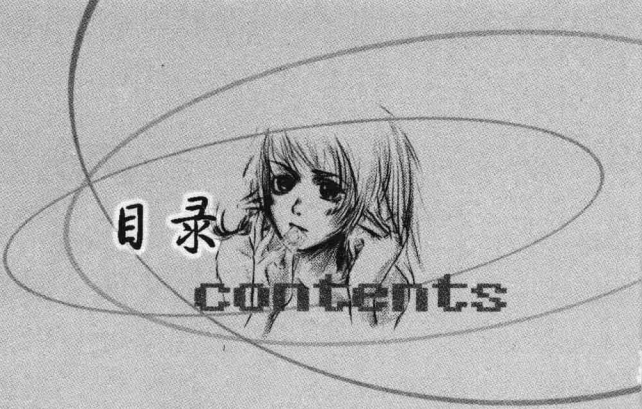
在我们生活的四周，充满了美好，也充满了情意。在我们生命的历程中，充满了生生之机，也充满了洋洋之趣。那是因为优美的、清冽的、情思隽永的文字使一切普通都变为美丽，使我们周围的一切都富于诗意。文章本天成，妙手偶得之。天成与妙手，人间处处有，需要的是迥然的慧眼，在浩瀚书海中，偶然的一瞥，结不解之缘。在你心中的欢乐里，愿你吟唱春日清晨鲜活的喜悦，让欢快流畅的文字带你穿越不朽的时空。

若有广大的心，一片茶叶，也可以跨泰山、超北海，领略千里之外的景色。若有细腻的情，一片茶叶，也能润灵台、破孤寂，与我们最细微的心思相会同行。美好的文字就是那一片片茶叶，一双双美丽的羽翼，带着我们走进生命的无限美好，品茗不可言喻的愉悦——每时每刻。

“激情晨读系列”丛书包括《成功的机遇》、《生命的真谛》、《青春的童话》、《宠物的情缘》以及《大自然的奇迹》5个分册。这些闪耀着激励、感动、哲思、欢快、惊喜光辉的文字更像一只只神奇灵动的手拨动着你的心弦，并使你从中呼吸到清新、自然、纯净的英语空气。就英语学习而言，背诵也是一种高效、简捷的学习方法，我们精心为您献上的文字饕餮盛宴是您背诵的最好素材，帮助您口诵琅琅，字正腔圆，锦心绣口，言语循章，行文得法。

本书精选数十篇精彩美文，献给亲爱的读者。青春甜美的岁月里，所有的故事都会绚丽，所有的心绪都会美好。年轻的心灵迎着太阳，开启梦想的旅程，收获一种意想不到的喜悦。

编者

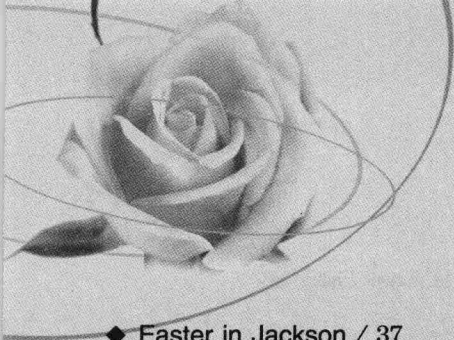


目录

contents

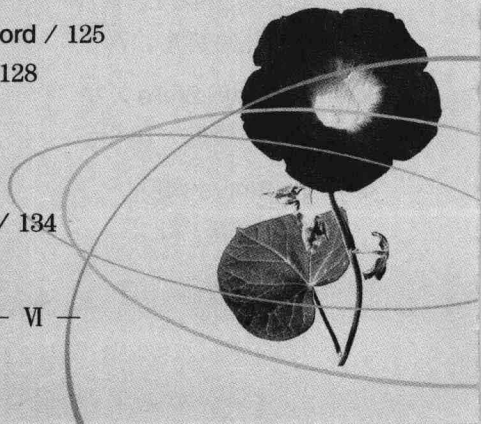
前言

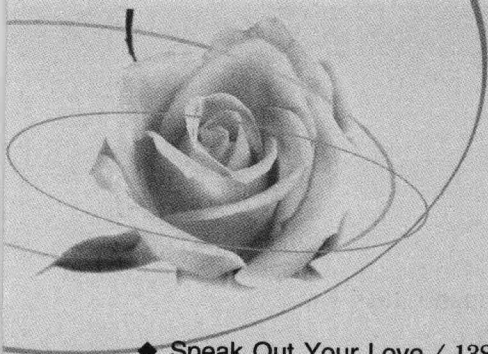
- ◆ Girls of Summer / 1
夏日女孩 / 3
- ◆ First Love / 5
初恋 / 7
- ◆ Unfolding New World / 9
世界在面前展开 / 11
- ◆ Advices from an Old Man / 13
长者给年轻人的忠告 / 15
- ◆ A Father, a Son and an Answer / 16
父亲、儿子和答案 / 19
- ◆ When We Were Girls / 21
那时我们还是小女孩 / 23
- ◆ The Twenty Seconds / 25
难忘的 20 秒 / 27
- ◆ Say "I Love You" / 29
说“我爱你” / 31
- ◆ We Never Told Him He Couldn't Do It / 33
从不说他做不到 / 35



- ◆ Easter in Jackson / 37
杰克逊的复活节 / 40
- ◆ A Boy with a Mission / 42
男孩的使命 / 45
- ◆ Joy in the Journey / 48
生命重在过程 / 50
- ◆ The Wish of Brother / 51
哥哥的愿望 / 53
- ◆ Silent Love / 55
无言的爱 / 57
- ◆ The Splashes of Life / 59
生命的波纹 / 61
- ◆ Tell Mommy I Love Her / 62
告诉妈妈我爱她 / 64
- ◆ Silence Is Bliss / 66
寂静的狂欢 / 69
- ◆ A Lady Named Lill / 71
有个女孩叫莉儿 / 74
- ◆ Just a Little Smile / 76
只是一个微笑 / 78
- ◆ Dell's Story / 79
戴尔的故事 / 81

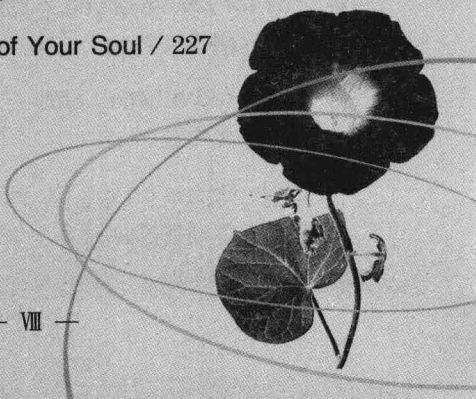
- ◆ Run Freely / 82
自由奔跑 / 84
- ◆ No Young Man Believes He Shall Die / 86
青春有永生之感 / 88
- ◆ If I Were 18 Years Old Again / 90
如果回到 18 岁 / 92
- ◆ First Day on Campus / 94
大学第一天 / 96
- ◆ Reaching the Top of the Mountain / 98
攀登峰顶 / 100
- ◆ Why Love / 101
为何而爱 / 104
- ◆ Mother's Hands / 106
母亲的手 / 108
- ◆ Blossoms of Father's Love / 110
父爱如鲜花盛开 / 113
- ◆ Catch of a Lifetime / 116
一生的垂钓 / 119
- ◆ If the Dream Is Big Enough / 121
梦想展翅飞翔 / 123
- ◆ The Wisdom of One Word / 125
改变一生的智慧箴言 / 128
- ◆ Youth / 131
青春 / 133
- ◆ Weakness or Strength / 134
将弱项变为强项 / 136





- ◆ Speak Out Your Love / 138
爱在心里口要开 / 141
- ◆ An Ingenious Love Letter / 143
一封绝妙的情书 / 145
- ◆ The Best Time of My Life / 147
美好时光相伴一生 / 149
- ◆ All That You Remember / 151
成长的记忆 / 154
- ◆ Flying like a Kite / 156
像风筝自由飞翔 / 158
- ◆ A Lesson of Life / 159
生活的一课 / 161
- ◆ The Friend Who Followed / 163
挚友默默守候 / 165
- ◆ It's Never Too Late for Success / 167
成功之路，永不言迟 / 169
- ◆ Gifts for My Valentine / 171
难忘的情人节礼物 / 174
- ◆ Marty Had a Little Lamb / 176
羊羔伴我成长 / 179
- ◆ Life Is Based on the Questions We Ask / 181
生活在解疑答惑中升华 / 184

- ◆ The Pickle Jar / 187
咸菜坛子 / 189
- ◆ Broken Wings, Flying Heart / 191
羽翼虽折，心飞翔 / 193
- ◆ Don't Quit, Keep Playing / 195
别停下，继续弹 / 197
- ◆ Give Love Wings / 198
将爱放飞 / 200
- ◆ The Importance of Being Honest / 201
诚信为人 / 204
- ◆ My Inconstant Youth / 206
我那悸动的青春 / 208
- ◆ I Love You, Little Girl / 210
我爱你，小丫头 / 212
- ◆ Whatever Love Means / 214
爱就是一切 / 217
- ◆ Dance with My Father / 220
和爸爸跳舞 / 222
- ◆ The Last Rose of Summer / 224
夏日最后一支玫瑰 / 226
- ◆ Listen to the Whispers of Your Soul / 227
倾听心灵的私语 / 229





Girls of Summer

Girls blush, sometimes, because they are alive, half wishing they were dead to save the shame.

— Elizabeth Barrett Browning

有时候，女孩子羞愧得要死，正是因为她们还活着。

——伊丽莎白·勃朗宁

We lived on the banks of the Tennessee River, and we owned the summers when we were girls. We ran wild through humid summer days that never ended but only melted one into the other. We floated down rivers of weekdays with no school, no rules, no parents, and no constructs other than our **fantasies**^①. We were good girls, my sister and I. We had nothing to rebel against. This was just life as we knew it, and we knew the summers to be long and to be ours.

The road that ran past our house was a one-lane rural route. Every morning, after our parents had gone to work, I'd wait for the mail lady to pull up to our box. Some days I would put enough change for a few stamps into a mason jar lid and leave it in the mailbox. I hated bothering mail lady with this **transaction**^②, which made her job take longer. But I liked that she knew that someone in our house sent letters into the outside world.

I liked walking to the mailbox in my bare feet and leaving footprints on the dewy grass. I imagined that

feeling the wetness on the bottom of my feet made me a poet. I had never read poetry, outside of some Emily Dickinson. But I imagined that people who knew of such things would walk to their mailboxes through the morning dew in their bare feet.

We planned our weddings with the help of Barbie dolls and the tiny purple wild flowers growing in our side yard. We became scientists and tested **concoctions**^③ of milk, orange juice, and mouthwash. We ate handfuls of bittersweet chocolate chips and licked peanut butter off spoons. When we ran out of sweets to eat, we **snitched**^④ sugary **Flintstones**^⑤ vitamins out of the medicine cabinet. We became masters of the Kraft **macaroni**^⑥ and cheese lunch, and we dutifully called our mother at work three times a day to give her updates on our adventures. But don't call too often or speak too loudly or **whine**^⑦ too much, we told ourselves, or else they'll get annoyed and she'll get fired and the summers will end.

- ① fantasy [ˈfæntəsi, ˈfæntəzi] *n.* 幻想, 白日梦
- ② transaction [trænˈzækʃən] *n.* 办理, 处理, 公报, 事务
- ③ concoction [kənˈkɒkʃən] *n.* 混合, 调和, 调和物
- ④ snatch [snɪtʃ] *v.* 偷
- ⑤ Flintstone [ˈflɪntstəʊn] *n.* 弗林斯通复合维生素 (拜耳公司的复合维生素产品品牌)
- ⑥ macaroni [ˌmækəˈrəʊni] *n.* [食] 通心面, 纨绔子弟
- ⑦ whine [(h)weɪn] *v.* 抱怨, 牢骚, 哀鸣



夏日女孩

在还是小女孩的时候，夏天是属于我们的，那时，我家住在田纳西河畔。在那些永无尽头、一天天彼此交融的湿润夏日里，我们撒了野地跑着。我们在长长的周日中放任着自己，没有学校的管束，没有规则的羁绊，没有父母的训诫，没有既定的观念，只有属于我们自己的梦幻。我和姐姐，我们都是好女孩，没有什么需要我们去对抗和反叛的。这就是我们所知的生活。我们知道夏日正长，而且是属于我们的。

我家门前的那条路是一条单车道的乡间小路。每天早上，父母上班以后，我会等着女邮差把车停在我们的信箱前。有时候，我会在大口玻璃瓶的瓶盖里放上够买几张邮票的零钱，再把它放在信箱里面。我讨厌为这样的交易去麻烦女邮差，这会延长她的工作时间。但我喜欢让她知道我们家里也有人寄信到外面的世界。

我喜欢赤足走向我家的信箱，在沾着露水的草地上留下脚印。我想象着，足底湿漉漉的感觉使我成了一个诗人。除了艾米莉·狄金森的一些作品外，我其实从不读诗。但是我想，懂得这类东西的人一定会赤足踏着晨露走向他们的信箱。

我们用芭比娃娃和旁边小花园里紫色的小野花来筹办我们的婚礼游戏。我们是科学家，尝试牛奶、橙汁和漱口水的混合物。我们吃光一把又一把甜中带苦的巧克力片，把勺子上的花生酱舔得干干净净。糖果吃完了，我们就从药箱里偷拿有甜味的弗林斯通复合维生素。我们成了用卡

夫通心面和干酪烹制午餐的专家，并尽职尽责地每天给正在上班的妈妈打3个电话汇报我们的最新情况。但是，我们告诫自己：不要打太多电话，不要说得太大声，也不要电话里过多地诉苦，要不然他们就会生气，妈妈就会被解雇，美好的夏日也就完结了。





First Love

First love is only a little foolishness and a lot of curiosity.

— George Bernard Shaw

初恋就是一点点笨拙外加许许多多好奇。

——萧伯纳

She was my first and foolish love. In the half-light of the morning I lay awake waiting for her quiet, almost silent feet to come down the hallway, for her scent — curious mixture of honey and peach to part the thick air outside my room filled with the lonely smells of young men living away from home. She would pause outside my door for a moment to put on her slippers before climbing the two steps down into the kitchen, and my foolish imagination would swell with the shadowy silhouette of her lingering by my door, a phantom more real than anything I could have seen with my open eyes. Every morning, I waited like that, for the circles of azure and gold and **auburn**^① to gather like clouds inside my closed eyelids as I felt her steps down the hallway over my body, and for the clouds to burst suddenly and reveal her large and limpid eyes framed with **demure**^② lashes, the ghost of a smile on her bud-like lips. Stretching out my arms toward the naked light bulb, my eyes still closed, I would cry out love and agony, muted by my blanket I love you more than you will ever know, your image will be a fever that will last a lifetime in my brain, your name a poem heard deep, deep

inside my ears, and I will tremble with tenderness and desire for you at a mere imagined touch of your hand, always.

And now she was sitting in front of me, no longer a phantom, stirring slowly her cup of coffee into which she had carefully dropped two cubes of sugar the minute before, the movement of her hand deliberately and grossly delicate. Into the poorly lit corners of the plush hotel lounge seeped^③ in music, a famous violin melody with a great deal of weeping on the E-string, as impeccably^④ made-up waitresses in fluttering handboks^⑤ of magenta and blue floated down the aisles carrying trays of fruity cocktails.

The coarseness of her age shocked me. I noticed the powder on her face, spread generously and glistening now in the damp wrinkles of her skin. I saw her no longer bud-like lips, and knew without having to look that they would leave a smear on the white porcelain of her coffee cup that she would try surreptitiously^⑥ to wipe off when she thought that I was not looking. The new shirt under my favorite suit derided^⑦ me as I searched her face hopelessly for some faint echo, for an almost undetectable shadow of the girl whose steps had followed me into my new life in America and lulled me to sleep every night of these twenty-five odd years, the girl whose smile I greeted in the morning on my wife's pale and lovely face.



初恋

她是我傻傻的初恋的女主角。在晨曦的微光中，我醒来，躺着，等待着她那安静的脚步下到门厅，等待着她那蜂蜜和蜜桃混合的一种说不清的气味，来冲淡屋外那浓厚的单身男人离家在外独自生活的孤独气氛。她会在门外停留片刻，换上拖鞋，然后再走下两级台阶进到厨房。那时，我荒谬的想象中便充满了她在门外徘徊的侧影，再真实不过的幻影，比我睁开双眼所见到的一切更真实。每一个清晨，每一个清晨，我便那样等待着，守候着姹紫斑斓的光晕像云朵似地聚拢在我紧闭的双眼里，那时，我感到她下到门厅，从我身旁走过，那些云朵突然间散开，露出了她那大大的清澈的带着腼腆睫毛的眼，蓓蕾般的双唇还带着一抹笑容的模样，我的双眼仍紧闭着，向着裸露着的白炽灯，我张开双臂，大声说出我的爱、我的痛苦：你不知我有多爱你，你的倩影将是我脑中持续一生的兴奋点，你的名字就像一首沁入我耳的诗，仅仅想象轻触你的手，我便会轻轻地颤抖。然而，所有这些声音都因毛毯的存在而变得寂静无声。

而现在她正坐在我面前，不再是幻影。她正缓缓地搅拌着那杯她刚小心放入两块方糖的咖啡。她的一举一动得体而十分精致。一首著名的小提琴曲，渗入这间豪华旅馆休息室的光线昏暗的一角，曲里多有 E 弦音，穿着完美的女侍者着品红色及蓝色的韩服托着果味鸡尾酒在厅里缓缓地移动。

岁月在她身上的痕迹令我震惊。我注意到她脸上抹的粉，在她皱纹丛生的皮肤上毫不吝啬地铺开，闪着光。我

看着她那不再是花蕾的唇，心里明白，不用再看了，它们定会在白瓷杯上留下污渍，而她会在认为我没看她时悄悄地把它们擦掉。当我无望地搜索着她脸上模糊的反映时，我那最喜爱的西装里的新衬衣都在嘲笑我，为那女孩几乎捉摸不定的影子，她的脚步声已随我到美国的新生活，且在这 25 年多的每个乏味的夜晚安慰我入眠，为我曾经每早等候的那女孩的笑容的影子，若有若无地显现在妻子苍白可爱的脸上。

- ① auburn [ˈɔːbən] *n.* 赤褐色 *a.* 赤褐色的
- ② demure [diˈmjʊə] *a.* 端庄的
- ③ seep [si:p] *v.* 渗出，渗漏
- ④ impeccably [imˈpekəbli] *ad.* 得体，完美
- ⑤ handbok [hænbɒk] *n.* 韩服
- ⑥ surreptitiously [ˌsʌrəpˈtɪʃəsli] *ad.* 暗中地，秘密地，偷偷摸摸地
- ⑦ deride [diˈraɪd] *vt.* 嘲弄，嘲笑