

阅读套餐

新世纪英语阅读套餐

New Century English Readers

情感篇

朱万忠 编



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重庆大学出版社

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前 言

外语是吸取人类一切进步文明成果和对外交流合作的重要工具,一直受到各国的广泛重视。我国是世界上学英语人数最多的国家,但是,正如李岚清副总理多次指出的那样,我国外语教学“总的情况是不能令人满意的,花的时间长,相对效果较差”。可以说,李岚清副总理的讲话切中时弊,简要概括了我国外语教学的现状。我们十几年的教学实践让我们清楚地看到了这样一个严酷的现实:大多数英语专业的学生经过十多年的学习仍看不懂原著,不能与外国人进行正常交流,无法进行一般性学术讨论,不能适应工作需要。非外语专业的毕业生学习外语几乎就是为了通过各种考试,又“聋”又“哑”,根本无法用外语进行交流。造成这样结果的原因除了教学观念落后,一切围绕课堂转,学习方法枯燥乏味,缺乏一个适合中国人学习外语的教学模式,教学管理体制僵化等外,还跟我们学生了解外国历史、社会文化、风土人情、生活习性,接触原始真实材料不足等密切相关。

正因为如此,我们经过长时间的思考,并与多方英语教育专家学者讨论,编辑了这套英语套餐读物,旨在通过有趣的广泛阅读,让读者在轻松愉悦的环

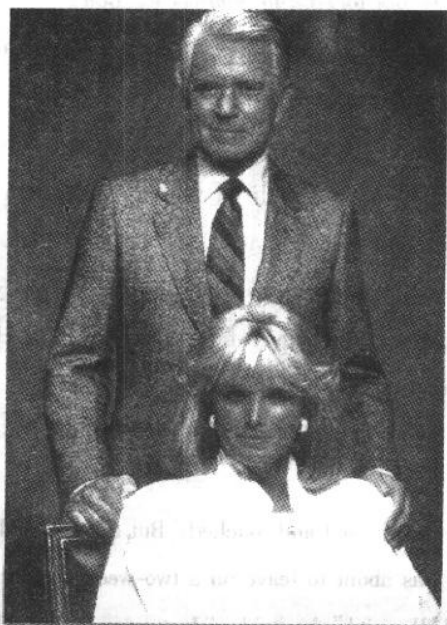
境中学习英语增长知识,了解异域文化。它包括《城市篇》、《情感篇》、《社会篇》、《演讲篇》、《知识篇》等。这些材料选材新颖、广泛,融知识性、趣味性为一体,注重寓教于乐,有助于建立一个英语学习新概念,全面提高学生的综合素质,适应我国社会、经济、科技和文化发展的迫切需要。

为了帮助不同层次的英语学习者,凡文章中的疑难单词和句子均在当页下端给予注释或翻译,免去了查阅词典的麻烦。在每篇文章前,我们都编写了简短的中文导言,以便指导读者更好地阅读。另外,每篇文章均配有图片,栩栩如生,让人耳目一新。该套丛书面向初、中级英语水平的大学生和具有一定英语基础的广大英语爱好者。

1. Love in an Unlikely Season

爱的真谛

爱情是五颜六色的。当有相同遭遇的两人相逢时,他们发现了爱的真谛,明白了什么才是真正的爱情,这给他俩带来了爱情的第二个春天。



On a bright February morning my telephone rang, "Marjorie Holmes?" a rich male voice announced. "You saved my life. I love you!"

Some nut, I thought—but I didn't hang up. As a writer you learn to listen. His name, he said, was George Schmieler, and he was a doctor from Pittsburg. He'd lost his wife eight months before. On New Year's Eve, wild with grief and on the verge of suicide, He'd found my book *I've Got to Talk to Somebody, God*.

"It was among her things," he said. "I read it that night, and it made me realize how precious life is."

He was calling from his son's home in Silver Spring, Md. "I knew you lived in the Washington area. I found out your married name, and began to dial." Finally, he had reached a man who said, "Why, yes, her husband was my cousin, who died a year ago. Her number's right here."

"If you are still free," George said, "may I see you?"

I was pleased and touched. But unfortunately, I told him, I was about to leave on a two-week speaking trip.

"I'll wait!" he said. "Just promise you'll call as

soon as you get back.” His voice was cheery but urgent.
“We haven’t got that much time.”

When I returned, my mailbox was stuffed with envelopes postmarked Silver Spring. They contained romantic notes, jokes, poems and items marked simply “interesting”.

I called him, as promised, and suggested meeting somewhere for dinner. But he insisted on coming to get me.

It was my first date in a very long time. I felt expectant, curious.

I thought about what I’d been doing on New Year’s Eve, when George had found my book. Watching couples on television dancing, I was lonely. “You need to get out,” my daughter Melanie chided^① me. Her tone was teasing, but her eyes were sweet with caring. “Much as we all loved Daddy, we know things were very hard for you. He was sick so long, and...” She hesitated. “You deserve to be happy!”

George arrived an hour early that evening. While

① chide 责备,责骂

Melanie and her husband, Haris, entertained him, I rushed to do my makeup, trying not to panic. Finally, I took a deep breath and joined them.

A tall, handsome man leaped to his feet, clutching an armful of roses. He had curly gray hair, a mustache, and the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. Beaming like a school-boy, he handed me the flowers.

"You're so little!" George exclaimed, but he sounded delighted. "I could put you in my pocket."

"And you are so tall!"

"Never mind, we'll match."

He held out his arms, and suddenly we were hugging.

We ate at a restaurant near my home. He was gallant^①, poised^② and charming—and also very funny. Never had I felt more comfortable with anyone. As we walked to the car after dinner, he began to sing songs that we both remembered, in the sweetest male voice I had ever heard.

Later, while I made coffee, he opened his worn doctor's bag to show me his family pictures. His wife, Car-

① gallant 献殷勤的

② poised 沉着

olyn—slim, fair and serene^①. Two attractive sons and a lovely daughter. George and Carolyn on Florida beaches where they vacationed every winter, and on cruises^② to Bermuda^③, “We always put our marriage first,” George explained. “But we also spent plenty of time with the children at our Lake Erie cottage every summer.”

“My goodness, when did you practice medicine?” I asked.

“Between vacations,” he said with a laugh. “And I worked hard. Work and play, love and pray. These are words I’ve always tried to live by. Love is the most important—to love your wife and children next to God.

“If I didn’t love God first,” he said, “I couldn’t love other people so much.” George paused, his voice unsteady. “The way I loved Carolyn. Or the way I love you now.” To my surprise, he kissed me.

I was thrilled but bewildered^④. Unsure of myself, I couldn’t think what to say except, “That’s beautiful.

① serene 安详的

② cruise 巡游

③ Bermuda 百慕大群岛

④ bewilder 为难, 迷惑

And your wife must have shared the same philosophy.”

“Oh, she was wonderful.” He went on to describe their marriage.

Carolyn had been not only his sweetheart and companion, he told me, but also his secretary and nurse. When she died suddenly at their summer cottage, he went into shock for months.

Then he found my book. “It told me you, too, had suffered,” he said, “that a lot of people suffer, but with God’s help we can and must go on.”

Gone was his former aplomb^①. “Would you consider marrying me?” he asked, with pleading eyes.

I shook my head. “No, George. You’re still in love with your wife. And I could never be the kind of wife she was to you.”

“But the past is gone,” he said with emotion. “Something happened the minute I heard your voice. It was like waking from a long nightmare. And when I actually saw you tonight! It’s not your book, it’s you, the wonderful time we’ve had just in these past few hours.

① aplomb 沉着,镇静

We need each other. Please, at least make an effort to know me.”

I explained how difficult that would be. He was practicing in Pittsburgh. I was busy with a new book.

“When will I see you again?”

“Not for a while. I’m leaving tomorrow for a book-sellers’ convention. Not long after that, I’ll be flying to Israel for two weeks.”

“Let me go with you!”

“Oh, no,” I protested. I steered him firmly but kindly toward the door and kissed him good—night.

Watching his car disappear, I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. What a remarkable man. What had I thrown away? “Well, so be it”, I thought. “I’ll probably never see him again.”

Although George could tell from my book that I had suffered, few suspected the secret agonies^① of my marriage, and I was too proud to show it. My husband, Lynn, and I lived “lives of quiet desperation” behind the facade^② of supposed success.

① agony 极度的痛苦

② facade 表面

The truth was he could not show me the affection I craved. He was a fine man, highly respected, a model father, a manager of his firm. But the pressures of work were enormous, and as the years passed, he slipped into alcoholism. There is no loneliness like that of living with an alcoholic. Finally, in despair, I called our son Mark, who persuaded his father to go to Alcoholics Anonymous^①.

That blessed organization saved what was left of our marriage and probably Lynn's life. From then on, he had something to live for, and he was generous and giving. Fifteen years later, in 1979, he died.

It was APRIL. George and I had been in constant touch by phone. I was thoroughly infatuated^② with him, but whenever he proposed I put him off^③.

At the airport before leaving for Israel, I was paged^④ for a telephone call from Pittsburgh. "Before you go: W—Y—M—M? Translation: will—"

① Alcoholics Anonymous 嗜酒者互诚协会

② infatuate 迷恋

③ put off 搪塞

④ page 呼叫某人的名字以便找到这个人

I broke in, laughing. "I get it, darling, but they're calling my plane. Tell you when I get back."

I had agreed to go to the shore with him on my return. And did. We spent glorious, carefree days swimming, dining and dancing. I had already fallen in love with George's personality. Before our time at the shore was over, I was in love with something even more important—his mind. He was fascinated by so many things, and expressed himself with profundity and wit.

On Easter^① Sunday, our holiday was ending. As we sat in church, waiting for the service to begin, George reached for my left hand, and slid his own wedding ring onto my finger. He whispered, "I, George, take thee, Marjorie..."

Startled, I tried to quiet him. George proceeded, mouthing the words: "Will ...you ...marry me?"

While a few heads turned, I whispered, "Yes, oh yes!"

Thrilled, he called his family after church. "When?" they asked, "June," I heard him reply.

① Easter 复活节

“No!” I cried when he hung up. I had too many commitments that summer, I explained. “We can’t possibly be married before Christmas.”

“Christmas?” George gasped. “How could we endure being separated so long?” We had to, I insisted. We weren’t a couple of kids. “That’s exactly it,” he said soberly. “We don’t have that much time.”

Three weeks later, George drove me to the airport. I’d promised my son and his family a visit. We were in tears at parting, but also cheerful and mature. We had so much to look forward to.

The next morning at Mark’s house I was so happy I began dancing in the shower. Out of sheer exuberance^① I kicked as high as I could, then fell, crashing against the tub’s rim.

For an instant I was in too much pain to think. An ambulance was called, and the four fractured ribs were taped. Worse, there was no call from George for the next three days. I was hurt, bewildered and even afraid. What if his love was cooling? What if his family was advising

① exuberance 充沛

him to think it over, urging him to wait?

For the first time I realized how much I needed him.

Finally, on the third night, he called Mark explained about the accident and handed me the phone. I was crying so hard I could scarcely speak.

“Darling, I’m so sorry!” George said. “I didn’t want to bother you I wanted you to enjoy your family.”

“Let’s not wait,” was all I could say. “You were right.”

“Thank God!” he said.

We were married on the Fourth of July.

AS A YOUNG WOMAN, I dreamed of marrying a man who would always be crazy about me. When things didn’t turn out that way, I was bitterly disillusioned. Then I grew up and accepted some ancient truths there are different kinds of love. There is romance, and there is devotion. Romance, we are warned, is fleeting^①. So we must settle down and be content. For years, I lived that way.

And then, George found me. In the ten years, six

① fleeting 短暂的

months and eight days we had together—before he died of lung cancer in 1992—I had both romance and devotion, and I learned what happiness really was. As the groom was told at the wedding in Cana: truly, the best wine was saved for the last.

2. *What No Marriage Can Do Without*

找回往日的恋情

当两人世界里增加了一个第三者——孩子之后,昔日的恋情似乎荡然无存,没有了往日的亲近和花前月下的卿卿我我。那么,夫妻该如何找回失去的恋情,重返爱情伊甸园呢?

