

美丽英文

BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH

将瞬间的感动永久留存 让动人的情愫历久弥新
Go Through the Time of Love

爱是宝贵的，是动情的，能创造出伟大奇迹。时光荏苒，斗转星移，蓦然回首，那些曾经感动过的爱是否依然萦绕。

穿过
爱的
时光

杨柳青 编译

 天津教育出版社
TIANJIN EDUCATION PUBLISHING HOUSE

美丽英文[®]

第三辑



穿过爱的时光

GO
Through the Time of Love

杨柳青 编译



天津教育出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

穿过爱的时光:英汉对照 / 杨柳青编译. —天津: 天津教育出版社, 2008. 7

(美丽英文. 第3辑)

ISBN 978-7-5309-5316-7

I. 穿… II. 杨… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物 ②散文-作品集-世界 IV. H319. 4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2008)第 100014 号

穿过爱的时光

出版人 肖占鹏

责任编辑 匡 威

装帧设计 晨旭光华

作 者 杨柳青 编译

出版发行 天津教育出版社
天津市和平区西康路 35 号
邮政编码 300051

经 销 新华书店

印 刷 北京华戈印务有限公司

版 次 2008 年 10 月第 1 版

印 次 2008 年 10 月第 1 次

规 格 16 开(720×1000 毫米)

字 数 300 千字


印 张 14

书 号 ISBN 978-7-5309-5316-7

定 价 21.80 元

这是一次无边无尽、无从定义的爱之旅。





在深深的寂寞中孤独地等待,是为了所爱的人。

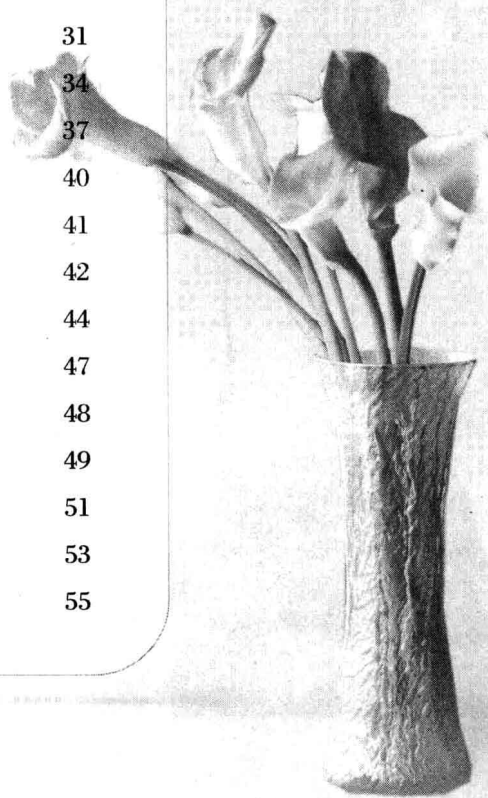
第一卷 追忆似水流年

Looking Back the Past Years

妈妈总是知道	2
A Mother Knows	5
她留下了一团糟	8
She Left a Mess Behind	12
亲爱的母亲	16
Dear Mom	19
生日的承诺	22
The Birthday Promise	25
爱上陌生人	28
To Love a Stranger	31
食袜蚁	34
Ant Bites	37
无声的爱	40
The Silent Love	41
初恋	42
First Love	44
家	47
Family	48
金秋时节	49
Altogether Autumn	51
祖母的瓷器	53
Grandmother's China	55

目 录

Contents



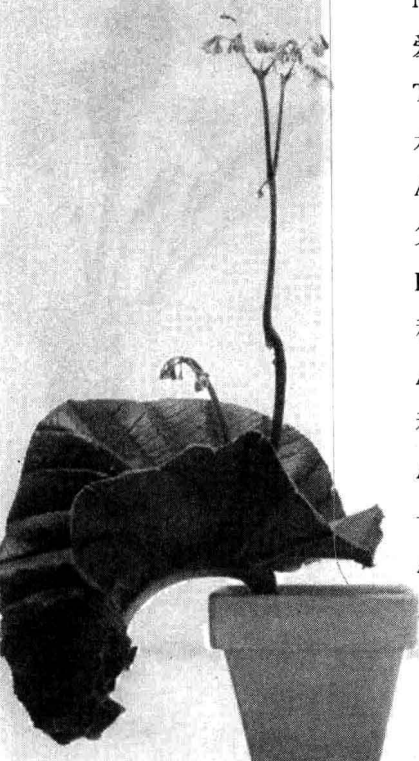
目 录

Contents

第二卷 爱在瞬间感动

Be Love at the Moment

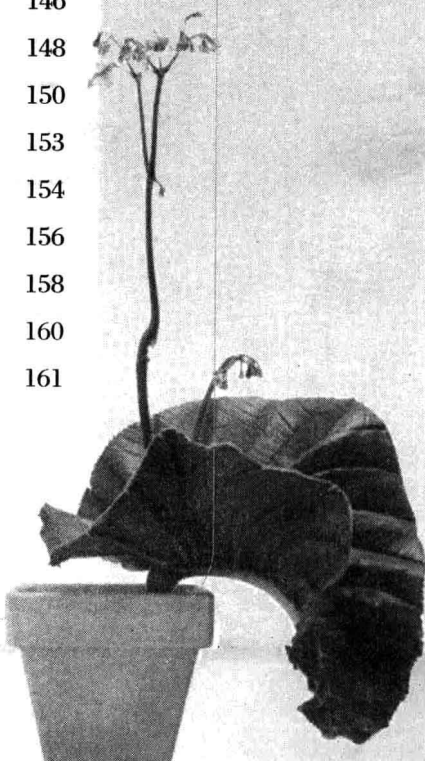
礼物	58
The Gift	61
一段小夜曲	64
A Little Night Music	67
谁是最爱你的人	70
Who Loves You the Best	72
我之所以教书	74
Why I Teach	76
欢聚一堂	79
Listen at It	81
难忘的时刻	83
My Unforgettable Moment	85
爱要了解	88
The Importance of Conscience	89
永相厮守	91
A Gentle Caress	93
父亲给儿子的一封信	95
Dear Son	97
和猫的对话	99
A Conversation with a Cat	101
看不见的微笑	103
An Invisible Smile	104
一双新鞋	106
A Pair of New Shoes	110



第三卷 最幸福的约定

The Most Happiest Appointment

为妈妈扮靓	116
Making Mommy Pretty	118
田间之旅	121
Field Trip	124
理解的赠品	128
The Gift of Understanding	131
继续跳舞	135
Let's Keep Dancing	138
生活中我们最幸福时	141
In Life, We Are Happiest When	142
心间	144
Among the Hearts	146
友谊的故事	148
A Story about Friendship	150
心声	153
Two Words from the Heart	154
珍贵的遗物	156
Precious Legacy	158
杰克逊的复活节	160
Easter in Jackson	161



目 录

Contents

第四卷 情爱两相知

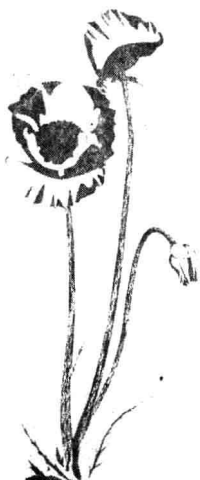
The Love between Us

母亲教给我的东西	164
Things My Mother Taught Me	166
父亲的皮带	168
Dad's Belt	170
我爱你,我的好妹妹	172
I Love You, My Twin Sister	174
黄昏时分	177
Twilight Time	180
一起走过的日子	184
The Story of Gina	187
爱战胜一切	191
Love Conquers All	193
爱,有时意味着牺牲	195
Sometimes to Love Means to Sacrifice	196
我和我的“喵斯”	198
Me and My Muse	200
老爸	203
Dad	205
不朽的爱情	208
Enduring Love	209
富裕家庭	211
The Rich Family	214

追忆似水流年

Looking Back the Past Years

岁月在我们的指尖轻轻滑过，有多少爱还在我们的心头翻腾。生命不可轮回，机会不会再来。所以，在有生之年，做自己想做的事，做自己想做的梦，去自己想去的的地方，做自己想做的人，更重要的是，珍惜爱我们的人。





妈妈总是知道

琳恩·鲁斯·米勒

并不是所有拥有孩子的女人都是母亲。你可以通过她们的眼神辨认出哪一位才是真正的母亲。一位母亲通常知道所有关于你的事，绝对是每一件事。

我就有这样一位母亲，在她的面前，我无法隐藏一切。在邻居家吃完巧克力回家时，母亲会看着我说：“我跟你说过多少次，不要在两餐之间吃东西？今天晚上不要吃甜点了，小姐。”

我望着她发愣：她刚才在清理浴室的地板，怎么会看到街道，怎么会看透朋友家的墙？

“您是怎么知道的？”我一边擦去黏在下巴上的蛋糕屑一边问道。

“妈妈总是知道，”她说，“我可以从你的脑门上读出来。把波纳米甜点递给我。我从门把手上看到了一个手印。”

放学到家时，我会跑进房间，眼睛瞪得像一条窒息的金鱼，母亲就会指着卫生间的门，“您怎么知道我要去那里？”我边问，边跑向卫生间，两腿扭得像一块脆卷饼。

母亲耸了耸肩，“我可以从你的脑门上读出来。”

等我长大一些时，她读我脑门的本领已经到了“炉火纯青”的地步了。我没有什么事情能够瞒得过她那“明察秋毫”的眼睛。我约完会回到家时，母亲就会板着脸。

“你知道现在几点了吗？”她会这样问，“男人不会与轻易得到的女孩结婚的。”

“我们只不过是牵手而已，看在上帝的份上。”我一边擦着自己有些发烫的嘴唇，一边撒谎答道。

“你骗不过我的，琳恩·鲁斯，”母亲说，“我可以从你的脑门上读出你那粗俗的故事。往脸上擦点乳液吧，否则明天你看起来会像个生番茄。”

她可以洞察到她看不到的事情，我离家越远，她的洞察力就越敏锐。在我上大学的第一天，我就分不清方向，感到很寂寞，有点想家，就在很短的几个小时之前，我还对这个憋闷的监牢怨声载道。当我在宿舍的床上收拾好准备大哭一场时，母亲进来了。

“你忘了你的枕头了。”她边说边递给我昨晚用过的枕头。

在我驾车前往安阿伯之前，我收拾好行李，关上房门离开了。母亲的眼睛近视得厉害，她不戴眼镜根本看不清超市货架上的东西。她是怎么在 60 英里之外看到我脑门上的印迹的？显而易见，母亲也能听到我脑中的思想，因此她回答了我还没有来得及问的问题。

“妈妈总是知道，”她说，“我给你带了一些巧克力，还有罗斯玛丽·克隆妮的最新唱片。”

在将近 30 岁时，我出了一次车祸。那时，我已经大学毕业，从父母家搬了出来。每天晚上 10 点，母亲总会拿着一本低俗的书和一杯热牛奶上床休息，然后在 11 点的时候看新闻。在电视上，她看见担架在移动，有一个人躺在上面，只有两只脚露在被单外面，整个人平得像一本杂志。母亲立刻起身，叫醒了父亲。

“快穿衣服，”她说，“我们要去趟医院，那是琳恩·鲁斯。”

时间没有减弱母亲惊人的直觉。事实上，随着我的年龄的增长，她的这种直觉也越来越敏锐。我结婚时，她透过我的婚纱就读出了我很快就会离婚。我开始找工作时，她在我收到拒绝信之前就知道了我面试的结果。在我搬到另一个城市后，我在一起街头暴力事件中受了重伤，我带着全身的针缝伤口和淤青从医院回到了家。在我摇摇晃晃地走进卧室时，电话响了，是母亲。

“琳恩·鲁斯，”她说，“告诉我发生了什么事。”

她已经知道了。

5年后,母亲患上了癌症。虽然每晚我都会打电话给她,可一直都没有去探望过她,直到我突然有一种强烈的欲望想要去看她。于是第二天,我乘飞机回家了。躺在枕头、被单、帮助维持生命的器具中的她显得如此瘦小,我几乎都找不到她。她用瘦弱的胳膊抱住了我。

“哦,琳妮,”她低声地说道,“你怎么猜到我是多么想让你到这里来?”

“我从您的脑门上读到的。”我流着泪说。

“在加利福尼亚?”母亲问我。

那时,我意识到所有的女人都是母亲,但是只有很少的女儿会如此幸运。我抱着母亲说:“女儿总是知道。”



这是一篇很令人感动的文章,一句简单的“妈妈总是知道”道出了母亲对女儿的爱与了解;当母亲年迈时,这种爱又在女儿的心头燃起,一句“女儿总是知道”又表达了女儿对母亲的依恋与感激。





A Mother Knows

Lynn Ruth Miller

Not all women who have children are mothers. You can tell a true mother by the **penetrating**¹ look in her eye. A mother always knows everything about you. Absolutely everything.

I had such a mother. I could hide nothing from her. When I would walk into the house after pigging out on chocolate cake at the neighbor's, she would glance at me and say, "How many times do I have to tell you not to eat between meals? No dessert for you tonight, young lady."

I looked at her, dumbfounded: How could she see across the street and through the walls of my friend's house, while she was cleaning the bathroom floor?

"How did you know that?" I asked, wiping crumbs from my chin.

"A mother always knows," she said. "I can read your forehead. Hand me the Bon Ami. I see a fingerprint on the doorknob."

When I would race into the house from school, my eyes popping like a choked fish, my mother would simply point to the bathroom door. "How did you know I had to go?" I asked, as I **galloped**² to the toilet with my legs twisted like a pretzel.

My mother would shrug. "I read it on your forehead."

When I got a bit older, her forehead reading became truly remarkable. I could hide absolutely nothing from that woman's penetrating gaze. I would come home from a date, and my mother would scowl ominously.

"Do you know what time it is?" she'd say. "Men don't marry fast girls."



"We were only holding hands, for God's sake," I lied, rubbing my chafed mouth.

"You can't fool me, Lynn Ruth," said my mother. "I can read the whole vulgar story on your forehead. Put some lotion on your face, or you'll look like a raw tomato tomorrow. "

Her amazing knowledge of things she could not see sharpened the farther away I was from home. I arrived at college my freshman year, disoriented and **lonesome**³ for the very place I had denounced as a suffocating prison a few hours before. As I settled down on the dormitory bed for a good cry, my mother walked in the door.

"You forgot your pillow," she said and handed me the very one I had used the night before.

I had done my own packing and had shut the door to my room when we left the house to drive to Ann Arbor. My mother was so nearsighted she couldn't see products on the supermarket shelf without her glasses. How could she possibly make out the print on a forehead sixty miles away? Apparently, my mother could also hear the thoughts rattling around in my brain, for she then answered my unspoken question.

"A mother always knows. "she said. "I also brought you some brownies and Rosemary Clooney's latest record release. "

In my late twenties, I was in a terrible automobile accident. By that time, I had graduated from college and moved out of my mother's house. One night my mother, who always retired promptly at ten with a potboiler novel and a glass of warm milk, decided to watch the eleven o'clock news. She saw a stretcher move across the screen, the body on it flat as a pile of magazines except for two tremendous feet protruding from the sheet. My mother sat up and shook my father awake.

"Get dressed," she said. "We need to get to the hospital. That's Lynn Ruth. "

Time did not diminish my mother's amazing intuition. In fact, it became sharper as I grew older. When I married, she read my impending divorce right through my

bridal veil. When I began my job search, she knew the results of my interviews before I received the **rejection**⁴ letters. After I'd moved across the country, I sustained serious injuries from a random violent assault. I returned from the hospital with stitches and bruises all over my body. As I staggered into my bedroom, the telephone rang. It was my mother.

"Lynn Ruth, " she said. "Tell me what happened."

She knew.

Five years later my mother succumbed to cancer. Although I called her every night, I did not go to her until my urge to see her suddenly overwhelmed me. I flew home the next day. She was so small I could barely locate her among the pillows, sheets, and instruments keeping her alive. She held out her wasted arms to embrace me.


"Oh, Lynne," she whispered. "How did you guess how much I wanted you here?"

"I read it on your forehead. " I said through my tears.

"In California?" asked my mother.

I realized then that all women have mothers, but only a few are lucky enough to become daughters in time. I hugged my mother and said, "A daughter always knows."

热词空间

- 
1. penetrating ['penitreitɪŋ] *adj.* 敏锐的; 明察秋毫的
 2. gallop ['gæləp] *v.* 飞驰; 急速进行
 3. lonesome ['ləʊnsəm] *adj.* 寂寞的
 4. rejection [ri'dʒekʃən] *n.* 拒绝



她留下了一团糟

杰儿·W. 马努斯

我眼睁睁地看着她将那辆新买的卡车倒出了车道。那辆皮卡体积太大，价钱又贵。然而她却拒绝考虑买一辆实用的小型汽车，尽管这种汽车既省油，又便于停放。我觉得这全都是因为我。而她买那辆车就是为了与我作对。

自从她从大学退学之后，我便让她回了家。整个夏天，她就像一团不稳定的汽油雾，只等待有一根火柴能让她爆炸。我们曾为了她的工作、她的辍学、她的男朋友以及她的未来而争吵。她痛哭过很多次，我试图安慰她，然而每次都遭到她的拒绝。

“我已经 20 岁了，马上，”她经常这样告诉我，这句话令我的牙齿发痛。“我是个大人了！”

每当她说这些话的时候，我都会在心里默默地说，不，你还是个孩子。你仍然在看动画片，你还指望我给你洗衣服，在我去杂货店的时候，你还会要我帮你买牙膏。

如今，她走了，离我远去了，去做她的大人了。我非常高兴她能走掉。她不可理喻，脾气暴躁，简直无法相处。我疲于争吵，对她的坏脾气也忍无可忍。

她的父亲也很生气，默不作声地看着电视节目。然而，他帮她支付了买卡车的首付，并且帮她谈了个好价钱。在女儿离开家之前，他还把一叠钞票塞到她的手里。我想说的是，假如当初没有人帮她买下这辆卡车，她仍然会在这里。然而，这只是谎言。

“我不会再回来了。”她告诉我，“如今，我是个大人了。我要生活。”

在过去的 20 年里，她曾经做过什么？是以假死的状态存在吗？

行李箱、纸盒箱，以及相互之间无声的指责，所有的一切都令家里的猫感到陌生。它藏了起来。有那么一会儿，我害怕它会偷偷地跑到卡车上，随我的女儿一起离