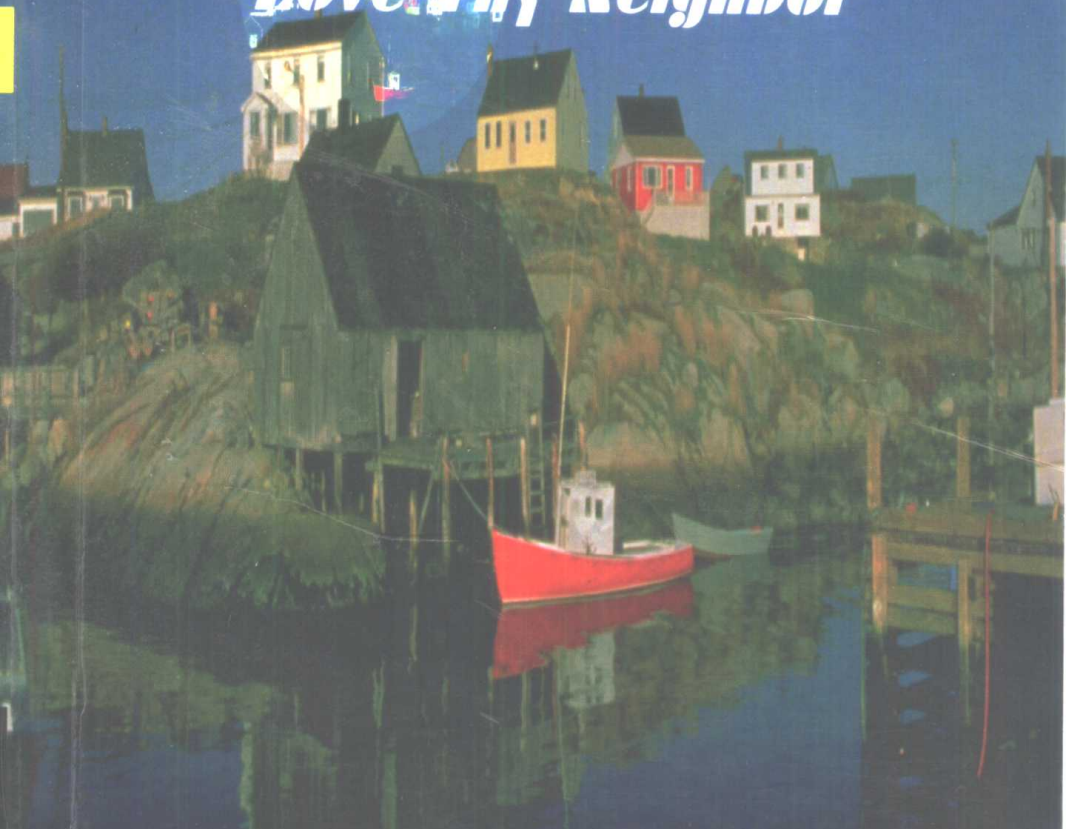


新英语故事丛书 9
NEW ENGLISH STORIES

爱你邻居

Love Thy Neighbor



孙长虹 罗佳 叶飞飞 编

西安电子科技大学出版社

新英语故事丛书 9

爱你邻居

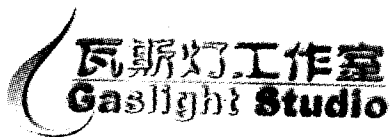
Love Thy Neighbor

孙长虹 罗 佳 叶飞飞 编

西安电子科技大学出版社

1998

Fk08/0P.



新英语故事丛书 9

爱你邻居

Love Thy Neighbor

孙长虹 罗佳 叶飞飞 编

责任编辑 殷咸安 柳瑾

出版发行 西安电子科技大学出版社
(西安市太白南路2号)

邮 编 710071

电 话 (029)8227828

经 销 新华书店

印 刷 空军电讯工程学院印刷厂

版 次 1998年12月第1版

1998年12月第1次印刷

开 本 850毫米×1050毫米 1/32 印张 9.125

字 数 219千字

印 数 1~6 000册

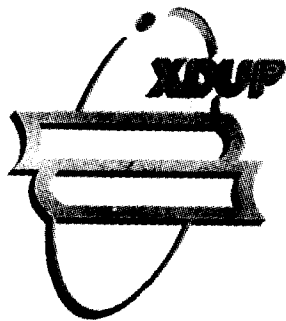
定 价 10.00元

ISBN 7-5606-0684-9/H·0058

*** 如有印制问题可调换 ***

内 容 简 介

谈笑风声的乡巴佬，忠实而又叫人讨厌的狗，宁为他人做工的面包房老板，稀奇古怪的入学考试，神奇的 MA-AT 精神，满腹理论而无实践的文人，担忧未来的中学生，从天而降的一笔横财，一如既往的丧妻者…… 29 个闻所未闻的新奇故事，吸引您忘掉学英语的苦恼，而陶醉在使用英语的快乐之中。



序

如今，大家都爱赶时髦。大学校园里，也不时地掀起一股股学英语“风”。当然各家出版社也抓住这个大好机会。各类英语读物层出不穷。它们都不同层次地满足了英语爱好者的需要。

自己学习英语，算起来也有不少年头了，可以说英语书也读了不少，但回想起来，真正认真读的也就那几本书。平常一起工作时，总免不了与同事们聊天，谈论有关英语方面的知识。一本好的书、一盒好的磁带、一位新的影星……谈论过程中，自己偶尔也能插上几句，但大部分是洗耳恭听。因为觉得自己知之甚少，若真正与别人争辩起来，恐怕会很快败下阵来。

诸多的英语学习者可能不知自己究竟为什么要学习英语。大部分人只是一味地为了应付四、六级考试、考研而学习。考试通过，则万事大吉，把英语抛在一边，如同摆脱了一种负担。当然，我们也不否认有一些真正的英语爱好者，他们学习是为了进一步研究专业知识的需要。自己是学习英语专业的，我想感受与他们可能会有所不同。

讲这些琐事，无非是为了让同学们懂得自己学习英语的真正目的。只有知道自己学它是为了什么，才能用心地去学习它。学英语是一件花费时间的事。英语不是一两天就可以掌握的。但是只要有信心，持之以恒，采取正确的学习方法，就肯定会掌握这门语言。

语言也是在不停地发展着，我们应该了解它的最新动

向。我们这套书的英语故事几乎都是最新的英文文章。故事作者对语言的灵活运用，细腻的情节描写，令人迷惑的悬念，叫人捧腹大笑的语言，都会吸引读者去阅读它。读了这些有趣的故事，你会感到受益匪浅。它对你的英语学习是一种极大的帮助。

我们真诚地把这些故事献给热爱英语的人们！

编 者

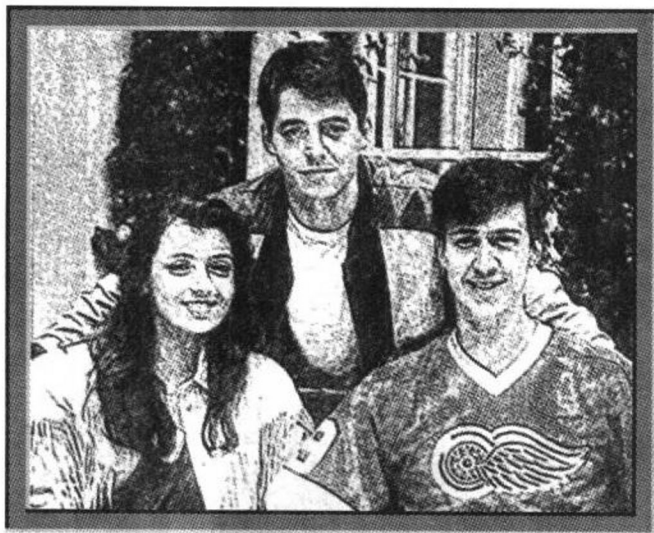
1998年6月



凯若琳用颤抖的手去拿她的咖啡。也许高兴和放松的时刻是对于另外一天而言。

我怎样才能成为一个从未在我们家度过单独一夜的孩子的母亲？当没有连环漫画来藏时凯文会怎样对待这一切呢？像这样的事情怎么会发生在孩子们身上？而且对于那些自己生活也过得不太好的女人？

——摘自“圣母”



然而人们在自己居住地附近工作还不够。购物区域——从杂货店到服装店——应当在他们的家附近，这样一来居民无须走远路办杂事。与此相同的是，娱乐设施应该在家和商店附近，这样一个多功能养育社区就会在一步之遥。

——摘自“未来社区”



“我曾经认真读过一本书。”乔走到酒吧后面，从啤酒龙头加满自己的酒杯。“不对人有所了解，你不会成为一个成功的商人。”

“真的。”潘尼坐在他的位置上，猜疑地盯着乔。

“那么，汤姆，”卫利脱口而出。“当你不在融会贯通字典时，你会怎么做？”

“我假设你可以叫我研究者。”

——摘自“爱我邻居”



当我无声地参与时，我只是在每场赛马中赌我赢的。我走到窗口，顾客们不会知道我的系统。第三场比赛我赌一匹叫 Biretta 的二等赛马赢了，然后第四场我赌一个幸运儿叫 Baret Rouge。我的头脑告诉我应当拿罐子回家，但我太兴奋了，从未赢得这么多的钱，于是我呆了下来。

——摘自“灿烂一天”

目 录

惯例	1
沉睡	6
外来发现	15
谋杀	18
MA-AT 源泉	25
DNA	29
教母	36
舱口	45
海洛因之消失	56
回家的喜悦	61
玉米负载	72
野餐点	78
在校日	85
特种服务	94
未来社区	105
美国暴力	110
阴谋	117
男人鞋	123
爱你邻居	136
威尔士圣诞节	151
感觉的力量	164

灿烂一天	181
墓地	188
老虎还是女人?	204
究竟谁需要?	215
泽克与车	227
狗	241
错综复杂	249
瓶中生活	260
生命的延续	272
我们的发现	276
好医生	279

习惯例

The Ritual

By Jade Walker



死者已已，生者终究不能忘怀。失去爱妻的他，每个星期天早晨都要带着女儿和他的回忆走过一样的历程。

Every Sunday morning is the same.

I wake up with a start to find myself buried in my wife's empty pillow. I'm almost able to smell her. And my hands ache to touch her body.

That's when I remember she's gone.

And so, wearily, I rub the sleep from my eyes with closed fists, run my hands through my tousled hair and force my feet over the bed's edge. As I slowly stand up, I hear the television downstairs blaring "Bullwinkle and Rocky"—a sure sign that Angel is awake. This always puts a smile on my face.

I head down the stairs and give her a big hug and kiss. It is a daily ritual between us. When I'm too tired to remember to do it though, she sweetly purses her lips at me and waits expectantly.

"What are you doing?" I'll always ask.

“It’s morning,” she says and purses her lips again.

“I know. But what are you doing?”

Of course I know the answer.

Angel always sighs loudly and rolls her eyes in that adorable, three-year-old way of hers.

“I’m waiting for my kiss, Daddy.”

And dutifully, though a little chagrined, I lean down to kiss her small lips. This elicits a smile brighter than the morning sun.

Breakfast with Angel is my favorite part of the day. My wife, a true night owl, would never wake before noon on Sundays, so we used to fend for ourselves. I’ve become quite the cook lately, and now our table is usually laden with French Toast, bacon, cinnamon muffins, freshly-made orange juice and coffee.

Angel and I converse about her dollies and all the things she has planned for the day, most of which includes playing “house” and having snacks. I pull out the paper and show her all the pictures, explaining the stories behind them.

“Just like on TV!” she cries, and I laugh while shaking my head.

After eating, she and I go through the daily ritual of getting dressed, which she must do by herself. I watch her carefully, on hand in case the buttons decide to be a bit difficult. Sundays call for a dress, something she loathes because it limits her outside play activities, but she never complains. She knows why she’s getting dressed up.

I throw on clothes of my own. We climb into the car and get seat-belted in.

“Last one belted in is a rotten egg!” she cries out and we



both race to see who can get buckled in first. It's become a game for us, a way to never forget.

That's when we drive to the cemetery.

Walking among the tombstones and flowers, Angel grows quiet. This is Daddy's sad place, and she instinctively knows not to chatter. I appreciate this gesture, for it lets me get a little bit lost in my sorrow.

This is where my wife sleeps now.

Carrie Rochelle Davis

Beloved wife of Michael and mother of Angel

Born May 2nd, 1966

Died July 1st, 1995

... is what the hard, gray stone reads, the words so stark I can see them behind my closed eyelids at night.

All around us, I can smell Spring. The trees are green and leafy. I can hear the sounds of children playing in their yards and the lawn mowers kicking into gear. And the air has a warm breeze to it — the kind that warms the hairs on your arms as it blows by.

But none of that is Carrie.

Carrie who wore the musky smell of vanilla behind her ears. Carrie who had the icy blue eyes of a winter sky. Carrie who would sing off-key in the car with the radio turned loud.

This place of quiet, this place of the dead, was not Carrie. My Carrie would have laughed at me for being so foolish. She would have wanted me to go on with my life, and set about finding another woman to give my love to.

Still, each Sunday we came.

Angel falls to her knees and stares at the orange and yellow tulips I place on the ground.

“Does Mommy like flowers?” she asks.

“Yes, sweetie. She liked them in the brightest of colors. They made her happy,” I say as the tears well up in my eyes. I fight hard to keep them in, and just when I think I succeed ...

“When’s Mommy coming home?”

Anguished, I can’t answer her. Seeing this, she wraps her small arms around my legs and says, “It’s okay. Let’s let Mommy go nigh-night.”

I nod silently, and she stands back up.

“Bye Mommy! Don’t let the bed bugs bite!”

And she pats the stone’s top like she’s patting a dog’s head. I smile at the gesture. To her, Mommy will always be this place, and Daddy putting flowers next to her bed. She’ll never know the woman who brought her home from the hospital and cried the whole night through because “she’s gonna grow up someday and go to school and fall in love and get married and make me a grandmother!”

Carrying that thought with me, a small smile appears at my mouth.

“Come on, beautiful. Let’s go play house.”

“Can I be the Mommy? Please?”

“Sure you can.”

And we turn away to face the afternoon, together.

Notes

tousle v. 搅乱, 弄乱; n. 乱发, 杂乱, 糟乱
blare v. 发出很大的声音

purse v. (使)缩拢, (使)皱起
chagrin n. 懊恼; v. 使……懊恼

fend for oneself 照顾自己
 off-key ad. 走调地; 不和谐地
 musky a. 麝香的, 产生麝香的, 麝香似的

Angel and I converse about
 her dollies and all the things she

has planned for the day, most of
 which includes playing "house"
 and having snacks. 安吉儿和我
 谈着她的娃娃, 谈着她一天要做
 的事, 比如玩过家家, 享受点小
 点心。