

英汉对照·品读人生丛书

关于幸福

幸福的滋味

Happiness

编译：蒋海燕 夏伊 徐浩



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钱这东西

卷首语

总有一种感动无处不在。

总有一种情怀轻舞飞扬。

总有一种生活，在别处，闪动异样的光芒。

阅读，让我们的生活在情调与知性中享受更多……

故事与见闻，就如生活的魅力与智慧，合着我们自身生命的光与影，陪伴我们一路前行。

快乐和圆满，幻想与失落，飞扬的眼泪，行走江湖的落拓，不与人说的痛苦，渐行渐远的繁华，坚持的勇气，点点滴滴的小意思……

人生让我们感受到的，也许远远不只是这些；更多的是挫折后生长的力量，沉闷时的豁然开朗，是屋前那静静的南山上盛开的人淡如菊的境界，是闹市中跋涉红尘、豪情万丈的冲动，是很纯粹的一杯午后的香醇的咖啡……

漫步红尘，有彻悟来自他人的故事，有灵犀来自偶然的相遇，在这里，一种从未见过的却可能早就在我们心底的生活方式有可能与我们邂逅。

让我们一起阅读吧，感受生长的智慧、风雅与力量。



1. Hope / 1

希望

2. Reunion / 13

重逢

3. Happiness / 21

幸福快乐

4. Our Family Story / 29

我家的故事

5. Driving Lesson / 37

旅途心得

6. A Christmas Story / 47

圣诞节的故事

CONTENTS

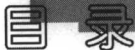
Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness

Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness

7. Helping One Another Through the Dark / 65
在相扶中走过黑暗
8. The Gift of Life / 75
生命的礼物
9. Things My Father Taught Me / 85
父亲的教诲
10. The Best Thanksgiving Ever / 95
最棒的感恩节
11. The Paradox of Happiness / 105
矛盾的幸福感
12. Just by Coincidence / 115
巧遇

contents contents contents contents contents

Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness



- 13. Working at Home / 127
在家工作
- 14. One Recipe for Happiness / 137
快乐的诀窍
- 15. The Red Balloon of Happiness / 147
快乐的红气球
- 16. The Truth About It / 155
奉 献
- 17. Real Friends / 165
真正的朋友
- 18. Breaking the Chain / 175
挣脱束缚

CONTENTS

Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness

Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness

19. Family as An Entity / 185
家庭是个整体

20. Friends Forever / 195
永远的朋友

21. Miracles Happen / 205
奇迹发生了

22. Happiness is a Choice / 213
幸福是一种选择

23. Mary's Dream / 227
玛丽的梦想

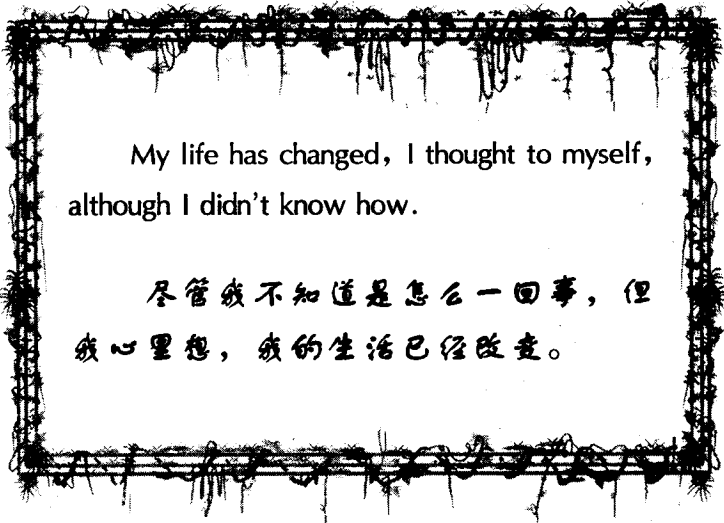
24. Looking for Happiness in All the
Workplaces / 241
在工作中寻找快乐

contents contents contents contents contents

Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness Happiness

Hope

希 望



My life has changed, I thought to myself,
although I didn't know how.

尽管我不知道是怎么回事，但
我心里想，我的生活已经改变。



Ready for School

Brooke: The summer of 1990 had drawn to a close, and as always, the air felt different. Everybody knows that school is about to begin. My mother, Jean, was beginning a job teaching special-education kids in a neighboring district. My father, who works for the Social Security Administration, had taken the day off. He didn't want to miss either of our first days and felt the uncertainty that always goes along with new experiences. It was early in the morning, and my younger brother, Reed, and older sister, Kysten, were still sleeping.

“What time is Brooke's bus coming, and where is it picking her up?” My mother likes to ask questions to which she already knows the answer. My father grabbed a schedule off the refrigerator door. “She gets picked up at nine and dropped off at one, at the corner of Shetland and Sheppard,” he said, as if it was something he knew right off the top of his head. Dad and I looked at each other and smiled.

The Phone Call

Brooke: My father was on the deck finishing a cup of coffee. I went out to sit with him after I was finished getting ready. “Brooke, you look terrific.” “Thanks,” I said, “and thanks for taking time off from work to be with me today.” My dad and I were pals. It would take only a look or gesture for either one of us to know exactly what the other was thinking. We walked and he held my hand. If I had known then that it would be the last time I would be able to feel his



上学前

布鲁克：1990年的夏天即将结束，与往常一样，从空气中就能嗅出那天的与众不同。每个人都知道要开学了。我的妈妈，简，是一个特殊教育老师，在附近的城区上班。在社会安全部工作的父亲请假在家。他不想错过我们新学期的头几天，以及新环境带来的不安。那时天还早，我的弟弟里德和姐姐凯斯顿，还都在睡觉。

“布鲁克的校车什么时候到呀？它停在哪里呀？”我妈妈喜欢问她早已知道答案的问题。爸爸从电冰箱门上扯下了日程表，“她九点上车，下午一点下车。上下车地点在Shetland和Sheppar的街拐角。”他好像不假思索地回答着。我和爸爸相视而笑。

电话

布鲁克：爸爸在桌边喝咖啡。我做好上学的准备，坐在了他旁边。“布鲁克，你看上去真漂亮。”“谢谢。”我说，“谢谢您今天为了陪我而请假。”我爸爸和我是哥们儿。我们之间只需要一个表情或一个手势，就能知道对方在想什么。他拉着我的手向前走着。如果我早知道那天是我最后一次握着他的手，我永远也不会撒开的。

① right off the top
of one's head 不加

思索



hand in mine, I would have never let it go.

Jean: I had just returned from lunch when a woman stopped me in the corridor. “Jean, there’s an emergency phone call for you in the nurse’s office. It’s your husband, Ed.” First I was confused and then I felt an overwhelming sense of panic. What could be wrong? It seemed to take forever to get to the nurse’s office. “Honey, what’s the matter?” “There’s been an accident.” Ed spoke calmly, but I heard nervousness in his voice. “What?... Where?...” “Broo-ke’s had an accident.” His voice was beginning to crack. “Come to the Stony Brook emergency room,” he said. “Come quickly.”

Waking Up

Jean: Ed and I were finally allowed to go in and see Brooke at about nine that night. Brooke was the only patient in the room. We could see the outline of a tiny body covered in white sheets. She’s in a coma[●] and is not aware of what’s going on. The only part of her that I could see was her face. It was swollen from the impact of hitting the windshield of the car and scratched from sliding across the pavement. “Brooke ... honey ... can you hear me?... It’s Mommy. I love you,” I said.

Brooke: I slowly became aware of myself. I tasted the blood that was plastered in my mouth. I tried to concentrate on what was going on. My life has changed, I thought to myself, although I



简：我刚刚吃完午饭，一个人在走廊里
叫住我。“简，护士站有个紧急电话找你。是
你的丈夫埃德打来的。”起先我觉得纳闷，然
后感到一种巨大的恐慌。出了什么事？去护
士站的路好像永远也走不完。“亲爱的，出了
什么事？”“出了车祸。”埃德很平静地说，但
我听出了他声音中的紧张感。“什么？在哪
里？”“布鲁克出了车祸。”他的声音开始变得
嘶哑。“到斯托尼布鲁克急诊室来，快点来。”

醒来

简：那晚九点，埃德和我终于允许进去
看布鲁克。她是那里唯一的病人。我们可以
看到一个弱小的身体盖在白床单下。她处于
昏迷状态，对所发生的一切一概不知。我只
能看见她的脸。因为撞到了挡风玻璃，又滚
到了人行横道上，她的脸是肿的。

我说：“布鲁克，亲爱的，你能听到我的
声音吗？我是妈妈呀。妈妈爱你。”

布鲁克：我慢慢有些意识了。我能感到
嘴里的血腥味。我尽力集中精力去想发生了
什么事情。尽管我不知道是怎么回事，但
我心里想，我的生活已经改变。我想说话，
去得到答案，但当我张开嘴时却说不出一个
字。我觉得我像失去声音的美人鱼。我的大

● coma [ˈkəʊmə]

n. 昏迷



didn't know how. I tried to speak, to get some answers, but when I opened my mouth, no words came out. I felt like The Little Mermaid after her voice had been taken away. My brain was talking, but my body wasn't listening. My body . . . wait, where is my body? I thought. Why couldn't I feel anything? It seemed as though my body was asleep. "Call the doctor. I think she's awake," I heard my father say.

Beautiful Dreams

Jean: From the hospital, Brooke was moved to a rehabilitation center in New Jersey, where a device added to her ventilator tube allowed her to talk again. But watching her struggle unsuccessfully to try to regain the use of her body and get off the ventilator was devastating to all of us. Hope was critical. Ed and I both believed that with hope, anything was possible.

Brooke: Being back at my house and not getting up and going to school each day was peculiar. Every year in June we would have our dance recital. It was a big occasion for the whole family, and my parents would buy flowers and take pictures. But this year there would be no dancing. It was almost more than I could bear.

Four teachers from the junior high came to our house. I was a little nervous at first because I didn't know how they'd react to me. I also felt I had something to prove, not so much to them as to my-



脑在说话，但我的身体却听不到。我的身体，
是啊，我的身体在哪里？为什么我感觉不到
它？我的身体好像睡着了。我听见爸爸说：
“叫医生。我觉得她醒了。”

美丽的梦想

简：布鲁克出院后，转到了新泽西的一个
康复中心。在那里，人工呼吸机管儿和相关
设备可以帮助她说话了。看着她为了恢复
对身体的控制，摆脱人工呼吸机的努力失败
后，所有的人都感到受到了沉重的打击。希
望是关键。埃德和我都相信只要抱有希望，
所有的事都有可能。

布鲁克：虽然回到家中，但每天无法起床，
无法去上学却让我感到怪怪的。每年的六月，
我们应该举行个人舞蹈表演会。那是我家的
一个盛会，爸爸妈妈会买花，拍照片。但今年不
会有舞蹈。我简直无法忍受这件事情。

四名高中老师来到我家。起先我有些紧
张，因为我不知道他们对我会有什么反应。
同时我觉得我有一些事情需要去证实，向自
己证实。我需要去证明我能做好，我不希望
任何人都不理解我，或是为我感到惋惜。日
子一天天过去，到了夏末，我做好了返回学
校的准备。

● rehabilitation

[ˈri:(h)əbɪli'teɪʃən]

n. 康复

● ventilator

['ventɪleɪtə]

n. 呼吸机

● recital [ˈri:saɪtəl]

n. 独奏会