

心灵SPA
美丽英文

盛小利 盛丹丹 等
编译

向来风花雪月情

鸟语花香的清晨 风和日丽的午后
虫鸣淅淅的午夜 在一处安静的角落
感受“jump and get an apple”的喜悦

还记得童年的嬉戏打闹声吗？
还记得青涩岁月的树林深处吗？……
或天真、或懵懂、或心动、或心碎——一曲记忆深处的共鸣



中国水利水电出版社
www.waterpub.com.cn

心灵SOS —— 美丽英文

向来风花雪月情

盛小利 盛丹丹 马德锋
王英辉 宋洪颖 张林坤
薛赟 丛倩倩 陈秀艳
牛立永 吴桂霞 赵薇
李晶磊 姜志伟

编译



内 容 提 要

本书精选数十篇优美的诗歌、散文、故事,采用中英文对照的形式,精心编排,便于读者阅读和更好地品味文字。文中注释单词配有音标,方便阅读和背诵。

本书既是英语学习爱好者、文学爱好者、翻译爱好者的身边必备读物,也是都市忙人憩息的心灵家园。在鸟语花香的清晨,或是风和日丽的午后,抑或是虫鸣渐渐的午夜,找一处安静的角落,感受“jump and get an apple”的喜悦。

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

向来风花雪月情:汉英对照/盛小利等编译. —
北京:中国水利水电出版社,2010.1
(心灵SPA美丽英文)
ISBN 978-7-5084-6976-8

I. ①向… II. ①盛… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物
②文学—作品综合集—世界 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2009)第208536号

书 名	心灵 SPA 美丽英文 向来风花雪月情
作 者	盛小利 盛丹丹 等 编译
出版发行	中国水利水电出版社 (北京市海淀区玉渊潭南路1号D座 100038) 网址: www. waterpub. com. cn E-mail: sales@waterpub. com. cn 电话: (010) 68367658 (营销中心)
经 售	北京科水图书销售中心(零售) 电话: (010) 88383994、63202643 全国各地新华书店和相关出版物销售网点
排 版	贵艺图文设计中心
印 刷	北京中科印刷有限公司
规 格	170mm×230mm 16开本 13印张 260千字
版 次	2010年1月第1版 2010年1月第1次印刷
印 数	0001—5000册
定 价	29.80元



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序

喧嚣浮世，多希望有个宁静的港湾，给心灵做个 SPA，荡去时事浮沉，静静地坐下来，享受那一份久违的沉寂……

• 《聆听花开的声音》源于内心世界对**平静**的渴望。在快节奏、浮躁的生活中，聆听花开的声音。简单生活，让我们飘逸而行，观花开花落，看云卷云舒。

• 《静谧心灵的缄默》是**睿智思维和睿智故事**，**心灵鸡汤**的展现。随遇而安，找到安宁与舒适，敞开心扉，将烦躁与苦恼过滤。沉默，很多时候是最好的语言，在沉默中感受生活五味，职场杂陈。

• 《一双隐形的翅膀》是典型的**励志**图书，每个人的内心都有对成功的渴望，并会采取行动。虽然并不是人人都能实现自己的目标。我们还是要向前奔跑，天空在遥远的前方，没有什么可以阻挡我们的脚步，理想在心中，尝试失败与成功，逆风中同样有精彩。

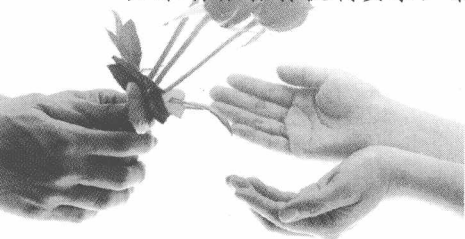
• 《向来风花雪月情》记录了唯美的**爱情宣言**。那或是令人激动的回忆，又或是明快清澈的期待。爱犹如花冠的露珠，只会停留在清纯的灵魂里。窗前的百合依旧绽放，床头的烟灰缸依旧静默，可是亲爱的，你怎么不在我身边？微凉的夜，月明星稀，树影婆娑，那条和他（她）曾经漫步的碎石小路依然伸向漆黑的远方……品味爱情！

本套《心灵 SPA 美丽英文》丛书内容体裁有诗歌、散文及故事。所选题材或纯情浪漫、缠绵悱恻，或经典优美、百读不厌，或震撼心灵、耐人寻味，或自然和谐、生动有趣，或陶冶情操、净化心灵，或美轮美奂、动人心扉……它们既像一颗颗珍珠、一粒粒钻石，又像一缕缕阳光、一泓泓清泉，更像一处处圣火、一座座灯塔。寻找到那一片净土，品味淡泊和宁静，梳理心情，打理人生。

本套书在编译过程中，引用了一些先贤和国外英文网站的文章，由于有些英文文章的作者无法查证，故本套书未标注作者，在此对全体作者一并致谢。如果有作者有权利要求，请与本书编译者联系。再次对全体作者表示感谢。

编者

2009年7月



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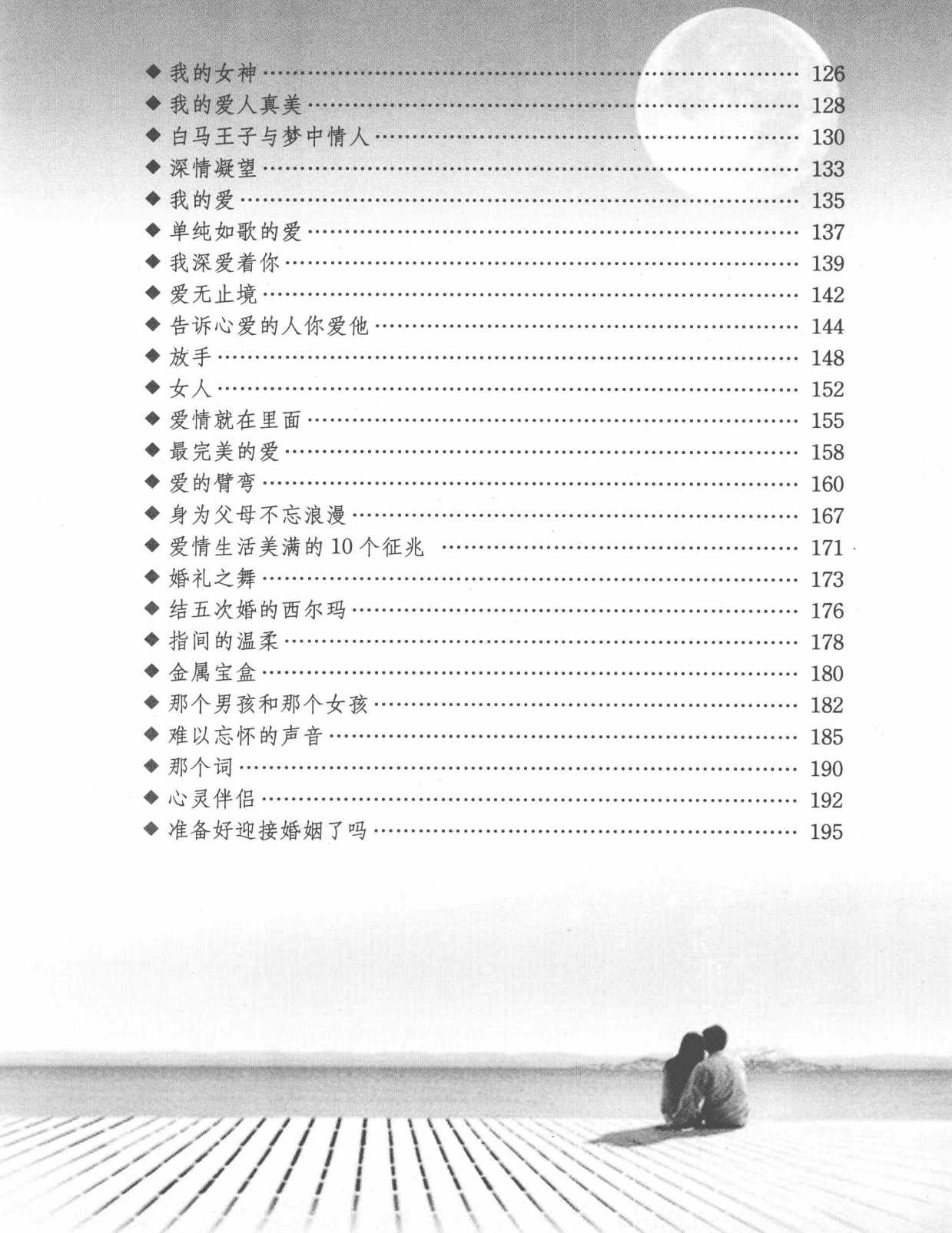
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第一章 你侬我侬

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The Love in That Summer

爱在那个夏天

She was fond of Strauss, KFC, and Brazil Espresso. Dressed in decent¹ grey skirt suit, she was busy working in a modernized office. That was her life before meeting me. Ever since our dating all those have vanished.

It was in 1997 when I started my so-called “great business”. She followed me wholeheartedly. That summer came early. Flowers dyed the town dazzlingly red. We stayed in the outskirts, in a small room of a condo known as an illegal structure of this city. Wind blew through all the four walls into the room, then home of her and me.

In order to save money, we walked to our store downtown every day. Lunches were always simple like doggie food, worth no more than 1.5 yuan for each of us. We walked back home at the end of the day, so beat that all we wanted was collapse into bed. It seemed that we made it through one whole year this way.

Those days were bitter. Business was my totem; love was her belief. Both supported us from falling apart.

We walked home late one day. She sat at the bed edge, washing her feet in a bucket on the floor. I went to the landlord for boiled water to make instant noodle. When I got back carrying a thermos bottle, she fell back into the bed sound asleep, feet in water. She must have been extremely exhausted². One of her hands was under her body. I heard her light snore. I tiptoed to the bed and tried to flip her over so that she would be in a more comfortable position. I stared at her face, which was a young and pretty one and yet so wearied and exhausted. I saw one mosquito³ on this pretty face.

That summer my city was like a huge steamer box. We put off one day to another the plan to buy a mosquito net, just to save money. I knew mosquitoes were flying all about in our room, but

1 decent /'di:snt/ *adj.* 有分寸的, 得体的; 相当好的

2 exhausted /ig'zɔ:stid/ *adj.* 用完的

3 mosquito /mə'ski:təu/ *n.* 蚊子

I seemed not to be bothered. So exhausted when I got back each day, I doubted if I would wake up even though someone cut a piece of flesh off my body, let alone mosquito bites.

That mosquito stayed at her forehead, sipping her blood greedily. She was still sound asleep, not feeling anything. Perhaps she was in a sweet dream in which our business was turning better. There came an abrupt throb of my heart. I reached to wave my hand at the mosquito. But it was not at all scared. I wanted to bat it to death. I raised my hand up high, but it could not descend. I was afraid of waking her up—she was really worn out.

There lay a weak mosquito between her and me, doing harm to her right now. I froze there, hand in the air. I did not know what to do. I was worried. Suddenly, I began to get deeply fed up with myself. I hated me. On the night of that summer, I stood by her side, feeling extremely guilty⁴ of her, of our love. The mosquito finally flew away. I forgave it, but I could never forgive myself.

In the daytime I went by a peddler's stall and saw a pink mosquito net priced 16 yuan. That amount could be spent on a lot of dealings at that time. I headed back home without buying it. After she fell asleep, I got out of bed, stood by her side, and waved away mosquitoes with a hard paper board as a weapon. I was her temporary mosquito net all that night through. After a while she woke up to find what I was doing. She gazed at me, and ten minutes later tears flooded⁵ her face.

The next day saw a pink mosquito net in my room. We were both silent working together to fix it on our bed. In my mind I had presented the net as a gift to her. I did not tell her that it was a gift. I was feeling that it was like a rose in full bloom. It was my compensation to love. Then I realized that nothing could really make it up. It was her birthday that day.

Years went by. I earned 160,000 yuan, or precisely we earned 160,000 yuan. We did a lot of shopping, but never a mosquito net any more. We did not need any mosquito net, living in a very well decorated apartment, where no mosquitoes could fly inside. Nevertheless, I always feel that all my money, and all my belongings are far less important than the 16-yuan mosquito net, which was invaluable to her, to our love.

That summer was past. We had no choice but to love each other.

4 guilty /'gilti/adj. 有罪的, 内疚的

5 flood /flʌd/v. 涌到

我知道她听施特劳斯，吃肯德基，喝巴西现磨咖啡，穿着得体的灰色套裙在写字楼里自在地忙碌。但那只是以前。后来，她与我相恋，这一切便消失了。

记得是1997年。那一年，我开始了自己所谓的事業，她跟着我，义无反顾。那个夏天来得特别早，花儿染得城市一片彤红。我们住在市郊，一个属于非法建筑的小屋，四壁透风。那是我们暂时的家。

为了省钱，每天我们步行至市区的店铺，中午买两份不超过一块五毛钱一碗的凉皮，晚上再步行回来，累得骨头散架。好像，整整一年，都是那样熬过来的。

那是一段艰苦和心酸的日子。那时，事业是我的图腾，爱情是她的信仰。那是支撑我们没有倒下去的全部。

有一次，记得很晚了，我们步行至临时的家，她坐在床沿洗脚，我去房东那里讨开水泡面。当我提着暖水瓶返回时，我发现，她已经睡着了。她保持着一种疲劳至极的姿势，两只脚仍在脸盆里泡着，人却已斜倒在床上。她的身体压着自己的一只胳膊，于是，有了轻微的鼾声。我轻轻地走过去，想翻动一下她的身躯，让她睡得更舒服。我盯着她的脸，那是一张年轻美丽的脸，此时却写满疲惫。在这张脸上，我发现了一只蚊子。

那个夏天，城市像个巨大的蒸笼，可为了省钱，我们一天天向后推迟买蚊帐的时间。我知道屋里到处都是蚊子，但我好像感觉不到。那样劳累的身体，睡下了，别说蚊子，切下一块肉，我都怀疑自己能不能醒来。

蚊子趴在她的额头，贪婪地吸食着她的血。她睡得很香，毫无察觉，也许正做着生意好转的梦。我的心猛地抽搐了一下，伸出手，挥动着，但蚊子对我的恐吓并不理睬。想用手拍死它，手扬着，却不忍拍下去。我怕惊醒了她——她已经那样的疲惫。

我与她之间，有一只弱小的蚊子，此刻正对她实施着伤害。我站在那里，就那样扬着手，愣着，矛盾着，心焦着，突然间，我对自己产生出一种深深的厌恶。在那个夏天的夜晚，我站在那里。那是一种极端亏欠的感觉，对她，对爱情。蚊子飞走了，我原谅了蚊子，却不能够原谅自己。

白天经过一个小摊，我注意到一个粉色蚊帐的标签：16元。这16元在当时可以做许多事。我回了家而没有买它。那天我一夜没睡，在她睡着后，我起了床，我拿着一个硬纸板挥动着，像一名士兵，不让蚊虫靠近她的身体。我成

了她临时的蚊帐。后来她醒了，看到我的行为，醒后的她盯着我看，10 分钟后，我突然发现她泪流满面。

第二天，小屋里挂上了粉色的蚊帐。挂蚊帐时，我们一直没有说话。我是把蚊帐当成礼物送给她的，但我没说。我觉得那像一朵盛开的玫瑰，就算是爱情的补偿。但我觉得，其实什么也补偿不了。那天，也是她的生日。

多年过去了，我有了 16 万，或者说我们有了 16 万，我们买了很多东西，却没有再买一床蚊帐。我们已经不再需要蚊帐了，装修严密的房间，已经飞不进一只蚊虫。可是我总觉得，我所有的钱，所有的这些东西，都远不如那个曾经只值 16 元钱的蚊帐对她有价值，或者说，对我们的爱有价值。

那个夏天过去了，我们别无选择，只能相爱。



My Heart 我的心

Unquiet thought, whom at the first I bred.
Of th'inward bale of my love-pined heart:
And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
Till greater then my wombe thou woxen art.
Break forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest lyke to viper's¹ brood;
And seek some succour both to ease my smart,
And also to sustayne² thy selfe with food.
But if in presence of that fayrest proud.
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:
And with meeke humbless and afflicted mood,
Pardon for thee, and grace³ for me, intreat.
Which if she graunt, then live and my love cherish.
If not, die soone, and I with thee will perish⁴.

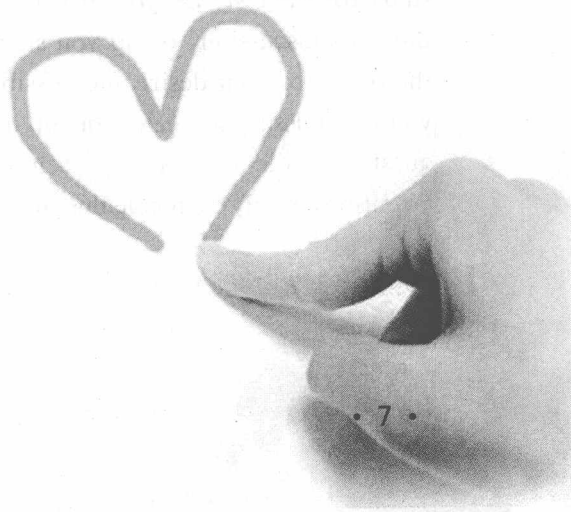
1 viper /'vaɪpə(r)/ *n.* 毒蛇; 阴险人

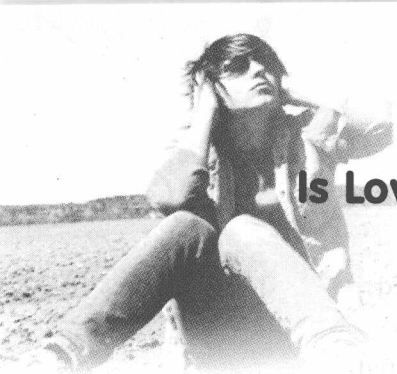
2 sustayne /sə'steɪn/ *v.* 支撑, 维持, 供养

3 grace /ɡreɪs/ *n.* 优雅; 慈悲; 风度

4 perish /'perɪʃ/ *v.* 毁灭; 腐烂; 使麻木

不平静思绪哟, 你开始滋衍,
在我受爱情煎熬的忧伤的心里:
最初只是忧思绵绵, 声声哀叹,
到后来却愈演愈烈, 难以抑制。
宣泄出来吧, 从我深深的心底,
你像毒蛇一样在那儿藏身,
去寻找一个救星解除我的悲郁,
同时也为你自己寻觅养料食品。
但若是偶然遇见那骄傲的美人,
那你就恭恭敬敬拜伏在她脚边,
谦卑地向她哀求, 苦苦地恳请,
请她把你宽恕, 求她赐我恩典。
如蒙她垂青, 那就把我的爱珍藏,
如被她拒绝, 我就随她一道死亡。





Is Love a Kind of Motivation for Learning 爱情是学习的一种动力吗

Some people say that in the United States the most academically fulfilled college students are those who have fallen in love. Love is a kind of motivation for learning. They even say that a student on a US campus will be regarded as eccentric if without a boyfriend/girlfriend and that dating is the most indispensable part of college campus life. Most college students are young adults who are discovering their places in the world. They discover ideas, information and opportunities, but they also often discover each other. Everyday on campus, I see students in love, students hoping for love, and students mourning lost or unrequited love.

Love is a kind of motivation for learning—this would be hard to prove or disprove, but real, solid love between two students definitely can bring clarity and focus to a student's work. Suddenly, doing well in school may be twice as meaningful. They have each other to impress and to look for help and support when things get difficult. I've seen this happen, and like all aspects of true love; it is a beautiful sight.

However, love does not arrive fully formed, as if it is something for college students to pick up when they pay their tuition or buy their books. Getting to know **potential**¹ romantic partners requires the awkward, time-consuming, and frequently frustrating process called dating. At this stage, relationships are new, unstable, and often **chaotic**². Do you go on that date or study for the test? Do you sit where you can hear the teacher and participate in the class discussion, or do you sit in the back of the room where you can see the object of your desire and possibly exchange these all-important glances? Do you risk missing a **crucial**³ bit of information or being caught unaware with a question while you plan your next step in the relationship? Where is your attention, really? On calculus or on how to land that date?

1 **potential** /pəu'tenʃl/ *adj.* 有潜力的, 潜在的; 可能的

2 **chaotic** /kei'ɒtɪk/ *adj.* 混乱的, 无秩序的

3 **crucial** /'kru:ʃl/ *adj.* 决定性的, 重要的; 严厉的

有人说，在美国，学习最好的学生是那些坠入爱河的人。爱情是学习的一种动力。他们甚至说在美国大学里，没有男/女朋友的学生会被认为是古怪的，约会是大学生的生活中不可缺少的一部分。大部分大学生是正在寻找自己在世界上的位置的年轻人。他们探求思想、收集信息和寻找机会，但他们往往还能发现彼此。在校园里我每天都看到学生们坠入爱河、寻求爱情、哀悼失去的或没有回应的爱情。

爱情是学习的一种动力——这很难证实或反驳，但两个学生之间真挚的、牢固的爱情无疑能使他们的学习更明确又突出重点。忽然间，取得好成绩有了双倍的意义。他们能给对方留下好印象，如果遇到困难也能相互帮助、彼此支持。我看到过这样的情况，并且喜欢真爱的各个方面，那真是美丽的风景。

然而，爱情来临时，它并不完全成熟，仿佛它也是在他们付学费或买书之后要慢慢学习的内容。要了解可能的恋人需要那种叫做“约会”的过程，这一过程往往棘手、耗时，常常令人沮丧。在这个阶段，两人间的关系是新鲜、不稳定的，而且常常混乱的。是去约会呢？还是复习准备考试？是坐在能够听到老师讲课和参与课堂讨论的地方呢？还是坐在教室后面能看到你渴望的目标，并可能交换意义重大的眼神的地方？在课堂上不顾老师讲授的重要信息，而去计划如何发展两人下一步的关系，结果被老师提问而一无所知，你敢冒这样的险吗？你的注意力到底放在哪里？是微积分还是怎样落实那次约会？

Ordinary Couple

寻常夫妻

Larry and Jo Ann were an ordinary couple. They lived in an ordinary house on an ordinary street. Like any other ordinary couple, they struggled to make ends meet and to do the right things for their children.

They were ordinary in yet another way—they had their squabbles¹. Much of their conversation concerned what was wrong in their marriage and who was to blame.

Until one day when a most extraordinary event took place.

“You know, Jo Ann, I’ve got a magic chest with many drawers. Every time I open them, they’re full of socks and underwear,” Larry said, “I want to thank you for filling them all these years.”

Jo Ann stared at her husband over the top of her glasses. “What do you want, Larry?”

“Nothing. I just want you to know I appreciate those magic drawers.”

This wasn’t the first time Larry had done something odd, so Jo Ann pushed the incident out of her mind until a few days later.

“Jo Ann, thank you for recording so many correct check numbers in the ledger this month. You put down the right numbers 15 out of 16 times. That’s a record.”

Disbelieving what she had heard, Jo Ann looked up from her mending. “Larry, you’re always complaining about my recording the wrong check numbers. Why stop now?”

“No reason. I just wanted you to know I appreciate the effort you’re making.”

Jo Ann shook her head and went back to her mending, “What’s got into him?” She mumbled² to herself.

1 squabble /'skwɒbl/ *n.* 口角

2 mumble /'mʌmbəl/ *v.* 含糊地说, 咕哝着说; 抿着嘴唇