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对症足疗

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喧嚣的都市,行色匆匆的人群,令人无法喘息的压力……华灯初上,一切归于平静。在我们温馨的小窝里,床头灯光柔柔地撒下,静静地坐下来,享受久违的那一份沉寂,回忆起往事,依然那么美好,那或清纯或无暇、或跌宕起伏的日子和那曾经记忆中的过客……翻开那智慧的篇章,徜徉于那优美的文字,任由一个个小故事轻轻触碰您的心灵,在对人生的感悟和思考中进入梦乡。

书中收录的故事均有精彩优美的"译文参考"与辅助阅读的"词汇点拨",可以帮助您轻松完成对美文的鉴赏;"脱口秀"则为您提供了最为广泛和丰富的口语表达素材;此外,作者对文章精辟独到的观点提炼更是直抵心灵深处,能带给您情感上的共鸣。

时光飞逝,岁月荏苒!时间虽然带走了我们的青春,但它却在我们的记忆深处留下了最珍贵的回忆。无论是无忧无虑的童年,还是青春懵懂的少年,我们在生命的每个时期都留下了深深的足迹。或许我们时常会因为未能实现的梦想而悔恨不已,或许我们会因为不够圆满的往事而耿耿于怀,但这都是岁月留给我们的财富。正是因为这些遗憾,我们会更加发奋;正是因为这些往事,我们会更加懂得生活。历经岁月的磨砺,我们能够从纯真年代留下的记忆中得到成长的启迪;过往的故事能带给我们无尽的经验和动力。拥有回忆的人是幸福的,因为那一连串时喜时忧的岁月丰富着我们的人生。所以,让此书带领我们重回往昔的岁月,回味那些别样年华吧!

编 有 2011 年夏



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Part 1



美好不会消失

回忆是幸福的,面对一切美好的事物,我们不希望一切仅仅停留在回忆里,而是希望美好能永久保留。



悲伤时, 一句简单的鼓励能带来无限的希望和力量。所以任何时候只要我们 力所能及,我们都应该尽力给那些在"黑暗"中的人一点希望。



When I was in my first year of college, I hit a stretch where every area of my life was a disaster. I felt hopeless and alone, and more depressed than I knew was possible.

On one such day, I was walking from class across campus to catch my bus home, head down, fighting tears of total despair. When an old guy came down the sidewalk toward me, I had never seen him before. Embarrassed at being seen in such an emotional mess, I turned my head away and hoped to hurry past, I figured he'd walk on by, but he moved until he was directly in front of me, waited until I looked up, then smiled.

Looking into my eyes, this stranger spoke in a quiet voice, "Whatever is wrong will pass. You're going to be OK, just hang on." He, then, smiled again and walked away.

I can't explain the impact of that moment, of that man's unexpected kindness and unconditional caring! He gave me one thing I've lost completely: hope. I looked for him on campus, to thank him, but never saw him again.

That was thirty years ago. And I've never forgotten that moment. Over the years, whenever I see someone in distress, I think of that old man and try to give a glimmer of hope in the dark wherever I can—carrying groceries for people, sitting with cranky babies in airport lounges while the mother got up and got herself food or restroom, talking to tired couples at the checkout line, it could be anything.

If you keep your head up, your heart will show you the place that need a small dose of hope.



□ 译文参考

在大学的第一年里,有很长一段时间,我生活的各个方面都非常糟糕。我绝望、孤独,感到了从没有过的压力。

有一天,我从教室出来,穿过校园去赶班车回家。我低着头,强忍着因绝望而涌出的泪水。这时一个老人顺着便道朝我走过来,我以前从没见过他。给人看见自己这么糟糕的情绪实在很尴尬,于是我把头扭到一边去,希望赶紧过去。我感觉他走到我身边了,但是他挪动了一下,正对着站在我面前停了下来,一直等到我抬起头,然后他笑了。

这个陌生人看着我的眼睛平静地说:"无论多糟糕的事都会过去的,你会好起来的。 坚持下去。"然后他笑了笑,转身走开了。

我无法说清那一刻,那个人意想不到的善意和无条件的关怀对我有多大的影响,他 给了我一件我完全失去的东西:希望。我在学校寻找他,想感谢他,可再也没有见过他。

这是三十年前的事了,但我永远也不会忘记那一刻。这些年里,每当我看到有人悲伤时,都会想起那个老人。任何时候只要我力所能及,我都会尽力给那些在"黑暗"中的人一点希望的光芒——帮人拿拿东西,在机场休息厅里帮忙照顾哭闹的婴儿,好让做母亲的能够去买点吃的,或去去洗手间;还有在排队等候结账时,与疲倦的夫妇交谈,等等,可以是任何事。

如果你昂起头, 你的心会告诉你看哪些是需要服用微剂量希望的地方。

■词红点拨◎

disaster [idi zaɪstə] n.灾难: 不幸

despair [di'spea] n. 绝望:令人绝望的人或事

sidewalk ['saidwo:k] n. 人行道

unconditional [¡ʌnkən'diʃənəl] adj. 无条件的; 无限制的

glimmer ['glimə] n. 微光; 闪光; 少许

cranky ['krænki] adj. 暴躁的: 古怪的

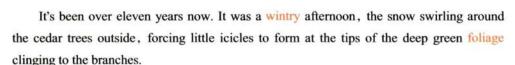


- 1. This way, please. My car is outside. 这边请, 我的车在外面。
- 2. You can wait here and I will get the car. 你可以在这里等, 我去开车来。
- 3. I will bring my car here, so please wait a moment. 我把车开过来,请稍等。
- 4. There is a car waiting for you, so please follow me. 外面有车在等您,请随我来。
- 5. Please wait for me here, I am going to the parking lot to drive my car. 请在这儿等我,我去停车场开车。
- 6. I have a car waiting outside to take you to our company. Right this way, please. 我的车正在外面等着接您到我们公司,请这边走。

The Angel among Us 天使在人间

每个孩子都像是上天派来给我们创造欢乐的天使,只要你用心地去发现,也许 -----你也正与其中一位天使生活在一起。





My older son, Stephen, was at school, and Reed, my husband, at work. My three little ones were clustered around the kitchen counter, the tabletop piled high with crayons and



markers. Tom was perfecting a paper airplane, creating his own insignia with stars and stripes, while Sam worked on a self-portrait, his chubby hands drawing first a head, then legs and arms sticking out where the body should have been. The children mostly concentrated on their work. Tom occasionally tutoring his younger brother on exactly how to make a plane that would fly the entire length of the room.

But Laura, our only daughter, sat quietly, engrossed in her project. Every once in a while she would ask how to spell the name of someone in our family, then painstakingly form the letters one by one. Next, she would add flowers with small green stems, complete with grass lining the bottom of the page. She finished off each with a sun in the upper right hand corner, surrounded by an inch or two of blue sky. Holding them at eye level, she let out a long sigh of satisfaction.

"What are you making, honey?" I asked.

She glanced at her brothers before looking back at me.

"It's a surprise," she said, covering up her work with her hands.

Next, she taped the top two edges of each sheet of paper together, trying her best to create a cylinder. When she had finished, she disappeared up the stairs with her treasure.

It wasn't until later that evening that I noticed a "mailbox" taped onto the doors to each of our bedrooms. There was one for Steve. There was one for Tom. She hadn't forgotten Sam or baby Paul.

For the next few weeks, we received mail on a regular basis. There were little notes confessing her love for each of us. There were short letters full of tiny compliments that only a seven-year-old would notice. I was in charge of retrieving baby Paul's letters, page after page of colored scenes including flowers with happy faces.

"He can't read yet," she whispered, "But he can look at the pictures."

Each time I received one of my little girl's gifts, it brightened my heart.

I was touched at how carefully she observed our moods. When Stephen lost a baseball game, there was a letter telling him she thought he was the best ballplayer in the whole world. After I had a particularly hard day, there was a message thanking me for my efforts, complete with a smile face tucked near the bottom corner of the page.

This same little girl is grown now, driving off every day to the community college but some things about her have never changed. One afternoon only a week or so ago, I found a love note next to my bedside.

"Thanks for always being there for me, Mom," it read, "I'm glad that we're the best of friends."

I couldn't help but remember the precious child whose smile has brought me countless hours of joy throughout the years. There are angels among us. I know, I live with one.

译文参考

11 年前一个寒冬的下午,窗外大片的雪花绕着外面的雪松盘旋飞舞,枝头深绿色的叶尖上挂着小小的冰柱。

我的大儿子史蒂芬去上学了,丈夫里德去上班了,三个小孩儿挤在橱柜旁,桌上蜡笔和记号笔堆得高高的,汤姆正用星星和条纹做徽章,为纸飞机做漂亮的装饰;山姆正忙着自画像,他胖乎乎的小手先画了一个头,然后在本该画身体的位置画了腿和胳膊。孩子们都全神贯注地忙碌着,汤姆不时地告诉弟弟怎样正确地制作一架能够穿行于整间房子的飞机。

我们唯一的女儿劳拉静静地坐在那里,聚精会神地忙着她的事。偶尔她也会问及如何拼写我们家庭某位成员的名字,然后极为困难地逐个字母拼写出来。接着,她画了一些有着嫩绿小茎的花朵,在纸张的底部添些草边,每完成一页,她都会在右上角处画一个太阳,周边是蓝天。然后把它们举到眼前欣赏一番,心满意足地长舒一口气。

"宝贝, 你干什么呢?" 我问道。

看我之前她瞥了一眼她的兄弟们。

"这是一个惊喜。"她双手捂住了作品说道。

接着,她把每张纸的上下两边粘贴起来,尽量做成一个圆筒。做好后,她带着那些 宝贝消失在楼梯上。

直到深夜我才发现,每个人的卧室门上都贴着一个"邮箱"。史蒂夫一个,汤姆一个,她也没把山姆和小保罗忘了。

之后的几周,我们都会定期收到信件。她用这小小的纸条表达了对我们每个人的爱。 这些短信满载着一个年仅7岁孩子的纯真问候。小保罗的信件由我负责拆阅,那是一页 一页的彩色图画,其中有花朵,也有欢乐的笑靥。

"他还不识字,"她喃喃自语道,"但他能看这些图画。"

每次收到小女儿的礼物,我沉闷的心就会豁然开朗。

她对我们心情细微的体察令我颇为感动, 史蒂芬输了棒球赛后, 便会有一封信告诉他, 她认为史蒂夫是世界上最好的球手。如果哪天我特别疲惫时, 便会收到一封对我的努力表示感谢的信, 信纸下角还附有一个笑脸。



如今,那个小女孩已经长大,每天开车上社区学院,但是有些事情她一直都没有改变。大概就在一周前的一个下午,我在床边发现了一张爱的纸条。

"妈妈,感谢您一如既往地支持我,"上面写着,"我为有您这样的好朋友而感到 高兴。"

我不禁想起,多年以来,这个可爱孩子的笑容曾带给我无尽的欢乐。人间确有天使, 我知道,我正与其中一位生活在一起。

■词汇点拨

wintry ['wintri] adj. 寒冷的,冬天的;冷淡的
foliage ['fauliidʒ] n. 植物 tabletop ['teibltop] n. 桌面 insignia [in'signia] n. 记号,标志;徽章;荣誉
painstakingly ['peins,teikiŋli] adv. 煞费苦心地;费力地
ballplayer ['bɔːl,pleia] n. 棒球手;参加球赛的人
throughout [θruː'aut] prep. 贯穿 adv. 全部,自始至终



- 1. The lift broke down. 电梯坏了。
- 2. The elevator is being repaired. 电梯正在修理。
- 3. Sorry, the lift is full. Would you please just wait a moment? 对不起, 电梯已满员, 请您稍等一会儿, 好吗?
- 4. When the lift reaches the fourth floor, they go to their respective offices. 电梯开到4楼, 他们走进了各自的办公室。
- 5. Elevators must undergo an annual safety inspection. 电梯必须每年做一次安全检查。
- 6. Please stand clear of the gates of the lift. 请不要站得太靠近电梯门。



Put up a Banner for Yourself 给自己树一面旗帜

人生要有目标和前进的方向,这样才能发挥自己的潜能,成就一番事业。所以我们每个人都应该给自己树一面信念的旗帜,让自己充满奋斗的动力和生命的活力。

🥶 美文悦读 💝

Roger Rolls was the first black governor in the history of New York State, USA. He was born in one of New York's notorious slums. The children born here rarely did decent work after they grew up. However, Roger Rolls was all exception, for he was not only admitted to the university, but also he became a governor.

At his inaugural press conference, a reporter asked him, "What made you become the governor?" Faced with more than 300 journalists, Rolls did not mention his struggle but only spoke of his primary school schoolmaster—Pierre Paul.

In 1961, Pierre Paul was engaged as the director and principal of Nobita Primary School. When he entered this school, he found the children here did not cooperate with the teachers. Pierre Paul thought up many ways to guide them, but no one was effective. Later, he found these children were very superstitious, so when he gave lectures, he added a program of palm reading as a means of fortune-telling, with which he encouraged the students.

When Rolls jumped from the hath pace and walked to the platform with his small hands stretched out, Pierre Paul said, "As soon as I see your slender little fingers, I know you will be the governor of New York State in future." At that moment, Rolls was shocked because only his grandmother inspired him once, saying that he could become the captain of a five-ton ship. This time, Pierre Paul said he could become the governor of New York State, so he remembered that remark and believed him.

From that day on, the "New York State Governor" was like a banner that constantly in-