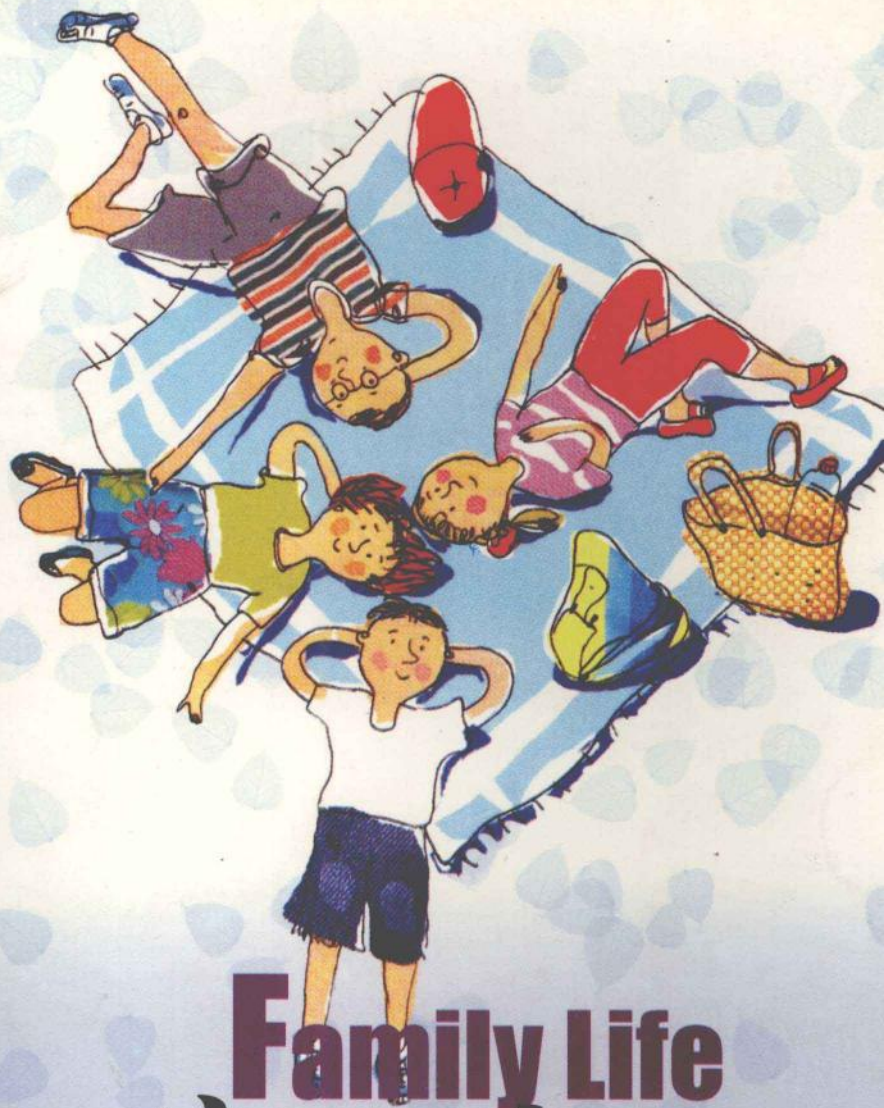


休闲英语沙龙  
The Series of Popular English



# Family Life 家庭生活

主编◎苏联波 双语版

新疆青少年出版社

✱ The Series of Popular English

休闲英语沙龙系列丛书

# Family Life

## 家庭生活

主 编 苏联波

执笔编委 李家圣

新疆青少年出版社



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### 家庭生活

苏联波/主编

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# 总 序

在激烈竞争的二十一世纪,具备广博的多学科综合知识并熟练掌握一门外语,尤其是英语,既是时代的要求,也是新世纪人才成功的基础。为此,我们隆重推出《休闲英语沙龙系列丛书》以满足渴望成功之士对知识的渴求和学习、运用英语的实际需要。

本丛书以学英语、长知识、贴近生活、寓学于乐为宗旨,经周密设计、精心编撰而成。内容涵盖了现代生活的方方面面,涉及了与此密切相关的诸多学科和行业,深入浅出而又不失风趣幽默地介绍了各方面的专业知识和逸闻趣事,集知识性、实用性、趣味性和可读性于一体,让读者在愉悦的环境中增长学识才干,在丰富的文化氛围中尽享个中乐趣,满怀豪情面对未来,笑迎新世纪的挑战。

愿本丛书伴您走向辉煌的明天。

编 者

# 序

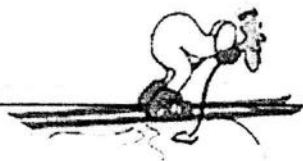
本书作为《休闲英语沙龙系列丛书》之一，始终注意突出现代生活的特色，以满足英语爱好者在生活、工作、学习等方面对知识、对英语学习的需求，使读者既能学习英语，又能增长知识，享受读书的乐趣。

《家庭生活》所选文章内容涉及普通家庭的方方面面，内容新颖，可读性强，尤其在家庭成员之间如何增进理解、加强亲情关系、对子女的教育等问题上均有独到的见解，对读者在个人健康幸福、婚姻美满、家庭和睦等方面的追求相信定会有所启发和帮助。

为了适应读者对各种英语文体阅读欣赏的需求，我们在选择文章时力求体裁的多样化。除各类议论文、科普性文章外，我们也选了一些短篇小说、故事和游记等，增加文章的趣味性，以飨读者。

在编写本书时，我们从《英语世界》等杂志中选取了部分作品及译文，谨在此向这些作者表示衷心感谢。

编 者



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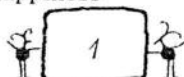
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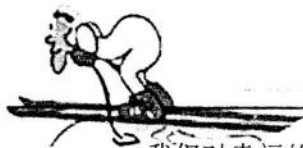
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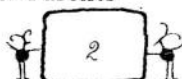
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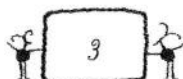
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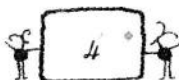
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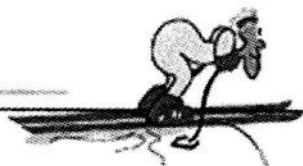
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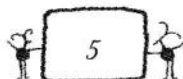
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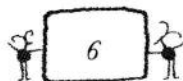
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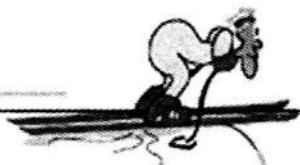
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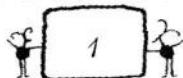
### 第一章 爱

爱是生命的源泉,是人类最普通、最崇高的追求。有了爱,生命才有意义。真正的爱不一定是浪漫的,而往往是平淡实在的。家庭中的爱有夫妻间真挚的恩爱,有父母对子女慈祥无私的爱,有子女对父母的孝顺敬爱。充满温馨之爱的家庭一定是幸福的家庭。

#### 1. Love 爱

第一章  
爱

I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy—ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of





## Chapter One Love

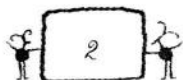
life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness—that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what—at last—I have found.

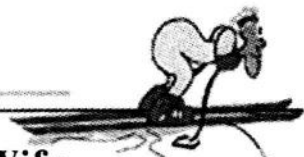
### 译文

## 爱

我寻求爱,首先是因为它带来了欣喜若狂之情——欣喜若狂使人如此心醉神迷,我常常愿意牺牲我的全部余生来换取几小时这样的欢乐。我寻求爱,其次是因为它能解除孤独——那种可怕的孤独,如同一个人毛发悚然地从这世界的边缘探望令人战栗的死气沉沉的无底深渊。我寻求爱,最后是因为在爱的结合中我看到了圣徒们和诗人们所想象的预言中的天堂景象的神秘缩影。这就是我所寻求的东西,虽然它也许似乎是人生所难以得到的美好事物,但这就是——最终——我所找到的东西。

周懿行 译





## 2. My Girl, My Wife

### 有情人终成眷属

I entered Northwestern University in the fall of 1941—a shy, skinny, ill-dressed boy on a \$300 scholarship from the Winnetka Community Theater. For the first two or three days in my theater course, I sat behind a girl named Lydia Clarke. All I saw was her tumbling mane of black Irish hair, which made me tremble. She bent over her desk, taking notes, I sat bemused, taking note only of her.

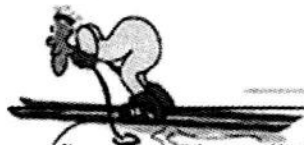
Between classes I made terse, offhand remarks—“Hi there. How ya doin’?” But I couldn’t figure out how to advance the relationship. I’d never even been on a date. Girls expected to be taken out and bought hamburgers and Cokes and taken home in cars. I didn’t have any money. I didn’t drive a car or know how to dance. Girls? I didn’t have a clue.

Fate, as they say, took a hand: Lydia and I were cast in the same bill of plays. I was in Francesca da Rimini, playing a medieval lover, all tights and curled hair and daggers at the belt. Lydia was in a moody English piece called *The Madras House*. During dress rehearsal—could she have been nudging fate along?—Lydia asked me how to speak her opening line. She told me she was to enter and say, “Minnie, my frog is dead!”

Well, of course I knew how that line should be read. I had



## Chapter One Love



firm ideas about all the performances. This was conversation I knew. I just had no idea how to stop.

On opening night my medieval bit was first, and I decided I was terrible. As I brooded in a corner of the dressing room, Lydia came in and said, "I thought you were marvelous!"

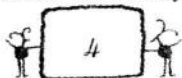
Cary Crants would have thought of 20 funny or engaging replies. I stuck out my tongue.

In an infinity of female wisdom, Lydia neither walked out nor hit me. Finally I said in a strangled voice, "What I mean is, ah, I would like to talk to you about it. Could we go and, ah, have some coffee?"

Yes, she would like that (this to the music of the spheres) But later, as we walked to the coffee shop, I realized I had no money. Not a nickel. I couldn't tell the celestial beauty beside me. All I could do was silently pray that I'd find a pal I could hit up for a loan. I did: Bill Sweeney, who lent me a quarter. May his name be written in the Golden Book.

Lydia and I had tea, because it would last longer (you got more hot water free). We sat there for some two hours, talking about everything. After I left her at the dorm, I ran home along the dark streets, saying, "I love her, I love her," over and over. I did, too.

Never doubt that this can happen. I'd barely spoken to her before that night, but I knew absolutely. What are the odds: one



## Chapter One Love



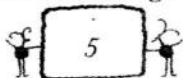
in a hundred, a thousand? It happened to me.

The fall passed in a hazy mix of work and love. Then, on December 7, 1941 the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Every healthy male between 18 and 45 knew where he'd be before long: in uniform.

I enlisted in the Army Air Forces. During the six months before I was called up, Lydia and I continued to share classes, act and work in stage crews together. "In love" is an inadequate description, at least for me. Try "obsessed." But that was from my end. I don't think Lydia was even in love at that point. She kept me at arm's length waiting to see if I might ripen into an actual human being.

But she did go out with me, so she must have been drawn to me a little. Since I had no money, we seldom went out on real dates. We walked along the lakefront a lot. I remember once it snowed, and she took my arm. I never moved my elbow the whole 40 minutes we walked, with the flakes whirling down, coating her glove and the sleeve of my jacket. In the spring we often stood beside a lilac bush at school, embracing for ten minutes at a time.

By my last weeks on campus, I was preoccupied with getting Lydia into bed or married to me. She rejected both options with adamant resolve. She had no intention of getting pregnant or wed; she was determined to get her degree.







## Chapter One Love

After I left for basic training, I redoubled my efforts to get Lydia to marry me. “*Just think, darling,*” I wrote, “*if we’re married and I get killed, you get \$ 10,000 free and clear.*” This appeal, eminently rational to my Scots soul, failed to move her.

Exhausted by the grind of basic training, I gave up even mentioning marriage in my letters. One day back to my barracks after hours on the obstacle course I found a yellow envelope on my book. “*HAVE DECIDED TO ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL,*” the telegram said, “*LOVE, LYDIA.*”

So she came down to the piney woods of Greensboro, N. C., to marry me. A two-day pass was the most I could wangle. I raced into town, where I got us a room and spent my private’s pay on a \$ 12 ring.

I was a gangly kid in uniform. But Lydia, in a marvelous violet bridal suit, was a vision that still shimmers in my mind. As we walked to the church, a shower opened over us. Who cared? We ran laughing up the steps and inside to the altar.

Lydia and I have now celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. That’s a long time. But half a century, two children and one wondrous grandson later, it seems no more than a time-tick since I stood beside my girl—my wife—in that Carolina church.

