



精品美文 双语阅读

马华◎主编

心灵咖啡

最美丽的英文

最优美丽的文字, 最温馨动人的故事,
最睿智的人生哲理, 最经典的英文篇章。

爱的花朵为我绽放

Love Bloomed for Me

读一篇好的散文, 如品香茗, 留香唇齿, 馨香绕怀,
如聆听花开花落, 可播百代之芳。

延边人民出版社

经典阅读丛书

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藏书章

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前 言

Preface

愉悦心灵的阅读，在现代人的生活中已成为新的时尚。忙碌的工作学习之余，诵读一篇洋溢着至善至美的真情故事，如澄澈甘甜的泉水滋润着我们的心灵，丰富我们的生活。

《经典阅读丛书》(最美丽的英文)融学习语言和陶冶情操于一体，将优美华丽的文字，温馨动人的故事，滋润心灵的哲理，聪明睿智的启示紧密结合在一起。语言地道新颖，优美流畅，极富时代感。

本套丛书收录的千余个精彩故事，温馨生动，真挚感人。用心去看去领悟，或许某些故事会给读者以智慧的启迪，有的会让你感动落泪，有的会有特别的感受，有的则会让你会心一笑。你会感受本书如同春风轻轻吹拂你，帮你从平凡的生活中找到一份舒畅甜美的心境。书中一个个扣人心弦的故事，深度挖掘平凡小事蕴藏的精神力量和人性之美，真率倾诉对生命的全新体验和深刻感悟，字里行间洋溢着爱心、感恩、信念、鼓励 and 希望。

就学英语而言，本套读物的功效已获得莘莘学子乃至英语教学

界的充分肯定。由于语篇的信度、效度符合标准化考试命题的质量要求，全国大学英语四、六级考试、全国成人本科学位考试的阅读理解真题曾采用其中的文章。

本书为双语阅读，每篇文章中英对照，希望通过阅读提高英文能力的同时慰藉您的心灵，在记忆中会永远地留下清香。阅读该书，会给您带来前所未有的喜悦，获得内心的熏陶与升华。

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精神寄托

曾经，梦寐以求的就是受人追捧，交一帮铁杆朋友，加入热门摇滚乐队，和最帅的男人约会——全都是少女天真的梦想。有些梦想居然实现了。我组建了摇滚乐队。而且，就连墨尔本中学最酷的男生也约我出去。

我当然求之不得，可是还没到一周，他就抱怨：“你屁股太大了。应该减肥了。瞧你们乐队里别的女孩多苗条。”

于是，我立刻尝试了几种减肥饮食。比如，只吃葡萄柚和蔬菜。可是不行；我饿得发晕，只得恢复正常饮食。第二周，我试着每天只吃一顿中饭。可是吃晚饭时，我饿极了，于是狼吞虎咽，结果体重反而增加了。为了讨男朋友的欢心去减肥，结果一个月之内，却重了十磅。他不但不肯定我的努力，反而挫伤我的积极性。“你真像一头鲸，”他说。这让我觉得，与那些想跟他约会的朋友相比，自己长的太逊色了。虽然觉得难为情，但还是不想失去这个男友，所以，不顾一切地寻找新的减肥方法，好减去那几磅赘肉，免得他又不愿和我亲近。

根本没想过问题出在他身上。只是一味地跟自己过不去。吃什么都发胖。穿什么都难看。体重足有110磅，明摆着是个大胖子！

有一次约会，他又说我是头“鲸”，我生气极了，傍晚吃了块大蛋糕。受负疚感的驱使，我想尝试一下午餐时间同校女生的举动：呕吐。我走进浴室，把手指插入喉咙里，迫使自己呕吐，当时根本没考虑到这样做的严重后果。

曾经梦想着自己像模特一样漂亮。渴望男友看我的眼神跟看画报上身

着比基尼的美女一样。

这太简单了。刚刚享用的蛋糕没让我吸收任何多余的卡路里。

很快，一天一次变成一天三次强迫自己呕吐。由于营养不良，我老是饿得慌，所以，吃得越多，吐的就越多。一个月后，体重又莫名其妙地增加了15磅，我想放弃了，才发现，已是欲罢不能。从餐桌边刚起身，胃就开始痉挛。现在，连胃都认为呕吐是它的职责了。我得从餐桌边跑开。现在，用不着把手指插进喉咙里，就能吐了，不想吐也不成。

我失控了。陷入了恶性循环之中。原以为节食、呕吐会帮我减掉几磅肉，可几个月后，不但体重没控制住，而且，我受尽折磨，仿佛打开了地狱之门。

我需要帮助。现在我明白了，男友的冷嘲热讽，我的体重已算不得什么问题了。15岁的我不知如何是好。简直是黔驴技穷，精神都要垮掉了，于是含泪向我唯一信任的对象——妈妈吐露秘密。拿不准她会做何反应，担心她知道真相后，就不再爱我了。好不容易才鼓起勇气，写下实情，把便条放在她的梳妆台上。

“妈妈，我病了。为了减肥，我强迫自己呕吐，现在天天吐。停不了。我恐怕要死了。”

整晚把自己锁在房间里。妈妈来敲了好几次门。我能听见她的哭泣声。第二天早上，妈妈把门捶得嘣嘣作响，说已经帮我和医生约好了。“快出来，要迟到了！”她催促道。

我打开门。妈妈没有厉声斥责我，相反一把抱住了我。妈妈的体谅给了我信心，我有勇气跟她一起去看医生了。

第一次与医生见面的情景，我将终身难忘。他说，通过呕吐来减肥，实际上导致我身体出现了缺水症状，开始脱发，而且牙齿上的珐琅质也受损了。我患了严重的胃炎。他还严肃地说，我营养不良，有生命危险。他郑重建议我住院接受治疗。



一想到住院就得和朋友、妈妈分开，真不想去。去住院好似要远离曾经熟悉的一切。离开家让我万分恐惧。以前，从来就没有离开过家，学校以及朋友们。心想，朋友也许会离我而去，或许认为我不正常。甚至都想跟医生说不愿意住院，可理智告诉我，如果不住院，剩下的日子，不论多少，都会在呕吐中度过，也可以说在卫生间里度过余生。于是告诉医生我同意住院。

头一天一夜最难熬。护士们为我制定了学习、咨询服务时间表。每天要上六节课：数学，英语，科学，小组讨论，体育以及和主治医生密谈。所有的人我都不认识。同龄的病人大都患有严重的心理疾病，或有暴力倾向，不像我，来住院是为了调理饮食。第一节是数学课，我坐下后向旁边的女孩打招呼。她转过头去，不理我。于是我转变坐姿，向左边的女孩挥挥手，问她得了什么病。她没回答，咕哝着说要吃药。很快我就了解到，别的病人要么难以相处，要么依赖药物治疗。他们好像连交朋友的心思都没有。那夜，我哭着睡着了，感到从未有过的孤独。

次日早上，我被告知，血检表明我不仅脱水，而且严重营养不良。医生说不彻底康复，是不会让我出院的。一连好几个月，跟那群喧闹、疯疯傻傻的孩子一起上课。感觉很孤独。医生让我吃了几种药，好像根本没有用，我还是呕吐。他们开始给我打点滴。一天24小时，手背上都插着针，用胶布固定住。手背上针管突起，真难看。每天早晨，他们把针管插进装满液体的袋子，让营养液滴进血管里。每天晚上，又给我吃药，恶心得直想吐。我越来越沮丧。我能恢复正常吗？不禁产生了怀疑。可是，我不要轻易放弃。我知道该做什么，又试了一种药物疗法。

药物治疗再次失败后，护士走进病房，把那天早上的药从我手中拿走，建议我每天饭后在镜子前站上一个钟头，不停地对自己说：“是的，上帝造了我，我很完美。”

心想，真是痴人说梦！现代医药都无能为力，难道说几句话就能产生

奇迹？然而，我得尝试一下。又不会有什么损失。要是能让我远离输液管，还是值得的。听起来荒唐又怎样！再说了，要是没效果，我可以告诉护士，疗法不当，而且，也没有遗憾了。

那天中饭后，我说了几分钟。很虔诚。坚持了一周，每天都会延长一段时间。不久，我便意识到我开始信服了，而且不再呕吐。我厌食的毛病得到了有效的控制。原因很简单，注意力转移了，不再一天到晚想着呕吐，而是想着说那些话。一周之内，我就不用输液可以直接进食了。我的胃不再拒绝食物，呕吐的冲动也停止了。我的心态更积极了，真是奇迹！

在心理咨询师和护士的帮助下，我继续寻找能增强自信心的方法，这样，就不会那么在意别人的评价了。为了提升自我形象，我开始阅读相关书籍和《圣经》。那时，男友已经把我甩了。大多数朋友都不来看我了。那天，呕吐停止了，我喜滋滋地打电话，向弟弟报告好消息，不料，他说：“你是故意的，希望大家注意你，是吧。”

他的话深深地伤害了我。但是，决不允许外界的残酷贬低我的成就，打击我刚刚建立起来的自信心。不论体重多少，我都要爱自己。终于明白，是这种力量帮我康复的。

我开始进食，决定要吃饱，给自己增加各种营养——物质的和精神的。饭后重复那几句话，学着爱自己，这样我更自信了。我遵循上帝的旨意，开始大口吃饭。不管别人怎么想，反正，我很特别。此外，还看穿了前男友的真实嘴脸：浅薄，死脑筋，不体谅人，根本就不值得我爱。

在医院里，我听从护士的建议，接受心理咨询。好几个月之后，才明白了一个让我终身难忘的道理：受欢迎只是个幻觉。爱自己，就是引领时尚。你就是上帝赐予人间独一无二的礼物。快乐源自展现真我本色，而非处心积虑充当别人的完美偶像。了解这一点真让人欣慰。

第一天重返校园，前男友居然主动迎上来约我出去。“哇喔，你看上去太棒了。这么苗条！周五想去看足球赛吗？”



“不想去，”我回答，一点也不觉得遗憾。“只想和爱我内心的人约会。”

我真棒！突然之间接纳了自己，天天都像过节。我爱我！多么简单的三个词语。让它成为生活的座右铭吧，相信它吧，生活就会精彩无限，其乐无穷！

米歇尔·沃乐斯·坎培恩利





Inner Sustenance

All I ever wanted was to be popular. Have the coolest friends. Be in a hot rock band and date the best-looking men—simple wishes for a young girl. Some of my dreams even came true. I started a rock band. And the cutest guy at Melbourne High School even asked me out.

I answered yes of course, but within a week, he complained, "Your hips are too big. You need to lose weight to look thin like the other girls in your band."

Immediately, I tried several different diets to lose weight. For one, I ate grapefruit and vegetables only. That didn't work; I felt faint and had to eat. The second week I tried skipping breakfast and dinner. When I did that, I became so hungry by the time dinner came, I splurged and eventually started gaining weight. Ten pounds I added in a month trying to please my boyfriend. Instead of praising my efforts, he cut me down even more. "You look like a whale," he said, making me feel not as pretty as my other friends who wanted to date him. I felt self-conscious and didn't want to lose him as a boyfriend, so I desperately searched for another way to lose the pounds that were keeping him at bay.

I didn't even think that he was the problem: just me, it was just me. Whatever I ate made me fatter. Whatever I wore, I looked hideous. I was now 110 pounds, a complete blimp!

One evening after a date, I got so angry by his "whale" remarks that I ate an enormous piece of cake. The guilt made me want to try something I had seen other

girls in my school doing at lunch break: throw up. I went to my bathroom and without even thinking of the consequences, stuck my finger down my throat and threw up in the toilet.

All I ever wanted was to be as pretty as a model. I wanted my boyfriend to look at me the same way as he did those bikini-poster girls.

It was so easy. That cake I just enjoyed didn't cost me any unwanted calories.

Once a day soon turned into three forced vomits. Becoming malnourished, I was constantly hungry, so I ate more, threw up more. It wasn't until I strangely gained another fifteen pounds and tried to quit a month later that I realized I couldn't stop. I fought to, for several weeks. As soon as I got up from the table, my stomach began convulsing. Now my own stomach somehow believed that's what it was supposed to do. I had to run from the table. I was throwing up without even sticking my finger down my throat or even wanting to!

I wasn't in control anymore. I was caught in a whirlwind. I thought bulimia would help me lose pounds but after the months of doing it, not only hadn't it controlled my weight, but the purging had opened up the pits of hell.

I needed help. My boyfriend's comments and my weight were the least of my problems now and I knew it. At age fifteen I didn't know what to do. Desperate for a solution, I broke down into tears and confided in the only person I could trust: my mom. Unsure, of how she would react and wondering if she'd stop loving me if she knew, I mustered up the courage to write the truth on a note and leave it on her dresser:

"Mom, I'm sick. I tried forcing myself to throw up to lose weight, now I am vomiting every day. I can't stop. I'm afraid I'm going to die."

I locked myself in my room the entire night. My mother knocked on my door several times. I could hear her crying. The next morning she pounded harder and told

me she had made a doctor's appointment for me. "Get out here before we're late!" she said.

I opened the door. Instead of a hard and loud scolding, I received a hug. Being in her understanding arms, I had the confidence to go to the doctor with her.

The first meeting with the doctor, I'll never forget. He told me that by using bulimia to lose weight I was actually retaining water, losing hair, ruining the enamel on my teeth and was now developing a very serious stomach condition called gastritis. He informed me I was malnourished and in danger of losing my life. He strongly recommended that I check myself into a hospital for treatment.

Knowing that I would be apart from my friends and my mother, I didn't want to agree. Going to the hospital seemed to be a way of walking away from everything I've ever known. I was terrified about leaving home. I'd never been away from my house, my school or my friends before. I was wondering if anyone would even stay my friend or if they all would think I was a freak. I thought about telling the doctor I wouldn't even consider it, but my conscience reminded me, If I don't go I'll be spending the rest of my days, however many more I have left, throwing my life away, literally down the toilet. I told the doctor I would go.

The first day and night were the hardest. Nurses gave me a study schedule for both educational and counseling activities. I would attend six different classes each day: math, English, science, group counseling, PE and a personal session with my doctor. All the people were complete strangers. Most of the patients my age weren't there for eating disorders but for severe mental illnesses or violent behaviors. In my first class, math, I sat down and said hello to the girl sitting next to me. She turned her head and ignored me. I shifted in my chair and waved to the girl on my left and asked what her problem was. She didn't answer and mumbled something about needing medicine. I quickly learned that the other patients were hard to relate to or on heavy



medication.They didn't seem to have any desire to make friends.That night,I cried myself to sleep,feeling more alone than I ever had.

The next morning,I was told that my blood work reported that I was not only dehydrated but also starving.The doctor said he wouldn't release me until I was strong inside and out.Months passed like this and I continued attending classes with screaming,irrational kids.I felt so isolated.The doctors tried several types of medicines;none of them seemed to be working to keep my food down.They started feeding me intravenously.A needle was stuck in the top of my hand and stayed there,taped,twenty-four hours a day.It was so gross,having a big needle sticking out in my hand.Every morning they would attach a liquidfilled bag that dripped nutrients into my bloodstream.Each night they gave me pills that made me nauseous and want to throw up.I was becoming more and more discouraged.Will I ever be normal again?I wondered.Still,I wouldn't give up.I knew what I had to do and I tried yet another medication.

When that didn't seem to do anything,a nurse came into my room,took that morning's medication out of my hand and suggested that I stand in front of the mirror one hour after each meal and repeat to myself these words, "Yes,I am perfect because God made me."

I thought she was nuts! If modern medicine couldn't work,how could saying a few words do the trick?Still,I knew I had to try it.It couldn't hurt and if it got me off the feeding tube,it was worth it no matter how crazy it sounded.Beside,if it didn't work,I could tell the nurse that it wasn't the cure and that at least I tried.

The next meal,I said the words for several minutes.Religiously.I said them for an entire week extending the time every day.After a while,I realized I began saying them as if I meant them and I had been keeping my food down.My bulimia was becoming under control because my mind stopped focusing on throwing up,and started