

马华◎主编

# 、最美丽的英文

最优美华丽的文字、最温馨动人的故事、 最睿智的人生哲理,最经典的英文篇章。

## 一杯牛奶的温暖。

With one glass of milk

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。



精品美文 双语阅读

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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、鼓励和希望。

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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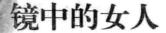
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11 岁那年,我被诊断患有脑瘤。手术切除了,但肿瘤的大小和位置却导致我的视觉神经萎缩。3 年后,我还能看见一点点东西,但眼科医生说我最终会失明。快过完 14 岁时,医生断言我已经完全失明,并且毫无办法治疗。当时,我患上脑瘤后,存活的机率只有 5%,结果我活了下来,但对于即将失明的现实,我却无能为力。我努力表现得一切正常,但当它真正成为现实时,我却绝望了。

5 岁那年,父亲离开了我们,这简直令我无法承受。正因为如此,再加上处于失明最痛苦的时期,我最大的恐惧是没有人再爱我,我永远都不能结婚,不能有自己的孩子和一个完整的生活。我害怕孤独。我想,这些就是我当时对失明的理解。

10年过去了,去年11月16日,我正在做晚餐,弯腰亲吻我的导盲犬阿米时,突然失去重心,一头撞在咖啡桌一角,然后又摔在地上。这没什么大不了的,要是你失明了,你也总会撞伤自己。我爬起来,继续做完晚餐,然后上床睡觉。

当我醒来时,我能看见了。阳光从拉着窗帘的窗户透进来。当然,我 大吃一惊,但并不像失明时那样恐慌。卧室里挂着一面大镜子,我并没有 立刻去照。我想先洗头,化妆,早晨的模样并不好看,我不想让自己受到 惊吓。洗澡的时候,我看见自己的影子,顿时说不出话来,真的。

最后一次见到自己时,我留着短短的头发,脸色苍白,面容黯淡。因 为我的眉毛和睫毛都很淡,看起来像一个十几岁的小女孩,糟糕极了。但 是,现在,我突然意识到,别人跟我说的都是真的,我是一个漂亮的女人。我站在镜子前,触摸着自己的脸。10 年来,我一直这样做——我只是这样理解的——所以这是一种自然冲动。直到我看见自己,才意识到曾经看见的记忆,已经在很大程度上消退了。大约四个小时后,我才告诉其他人。我和阿米在一起,注视着对方,在外面的院子里玩儿。我只想独自接受这一事实,它对我意义太大了。

奇怪的是,我很早就知道自己会复明。大概一个星期前,我带着阿米散步,突然看见左眼前面有蓝色的圆点。后来正是这只眼睛复明了。我告诉了妈妈,因为很有趣的是,我一直最喜欢蓝色,这也是我还有部分视力时最容易看到的颜色。我把它当成某种信号。

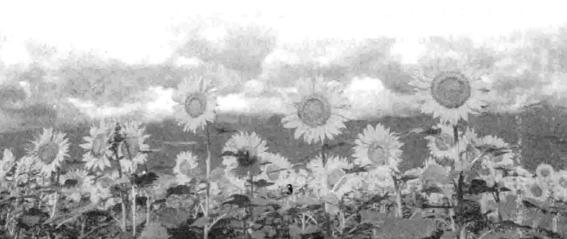
现在,我不再受到人们的特殊对待,我一直完全独立生活,带着小狗住在新西兰奥克兰市自己的公寓里。我以前会参加聚会,去俱乐部玩,会听着音乐,打着节拍,祈求最佳状态。我和朋友们疯玩,只有当他们抓住我的手,指着另一个方向,告诉我,其实他们在那边时,我才想起自己是盲人。

我也喜欢看电影,盲人看电影就好像在听别人给你讲一个非常好的故事,伴着精彩的音响效果,你可以在脑海中想象所有的情形。自从复明后,我还没有去看过电影,却在看我最喜欢的肥皂剧"苏特兰街"。朋友们翻开杂志,指出帕梅拉·李·安德森和布拉德皮特给我看,布拉德·皮特最令我吃惊,我只是想,他有什么值得人们反复谈论的呢?最美妙的事是见到我的男朋友。他坐渡船过来,我一眼就认出了他,和我想象中一样性感。

我并不感到惊奇,生活还和以前一样。现在拥有的一切已经让我感到 很满足,我并不期望更多。我努力工作,置身于这些诚恳的人群中,为自 己创造正常的生活。我还是以前的那个人,也许复明只是意味着,我能从 身体上分享更多的东西,而且,能把以前的感受和现在的结合起来。

曾经说我再也不能复明的那个医生,现在又告诉我,我的左眼视力已经恢复了80%。能够看着他,说我又能看见了——老实说,这感觉简直再好不过了。他给我做了所有的测试,让我读视力检查表,却没有做出任何解释,他依然像以前那样,自言自语道,视觉神经已经损坏了,不可能再生的。

我并不认为这和我那天撞到头有什么关系,如果别人要这样认为,那 也没关系。但我认为这是一个奇迹,除此之外,再也没有其他方式可以形 容了。有些事情就是无法解释。当然,有些人会很怀疑,但对我来说,它 无比珍贵。我努力不去想可能还会失明,就是明天再度失明,我的恢复也 依然是一个奇迹。





# The woman in the mirror

When I was 11, I found out I had a brain tumor. I had surgery to remove it, but the size and location of the tumor

caused my optic nerve to atrophy. For three years afterward, I had partial sight, but my ophthalmologist told me that eventually I would go blind. At the end of my 14th year, doctors pronounced me legally blind and said there was nothing that could be done. I had a 5 percent chance of surviving the tumor, and I did, but somehow I could never deal with the fact that I was going blind. I tried to behave as if everything were just fine. When it happened, I was devastated.

My dad left us when I was 5, and I took that really hard. Because of that, and because I was blind on top of it, my greatest fear was that no one was ever going to love me, that I would never get married and have kids and a full life. I was afraid of being alone, and I guess that is what I thought blindness meant.

Ten years later, on Nov. 16 of last year, I was cooking dinner and leaned over to kiss my guide dog, Ami. I lost my balance and hit my head on the comer of my coffee table and then on the floor. It wasn't unusual. When you are blind, you hit yourself all the time. I got up, finished making dinner and went to bed.

When I woke up, I could see. Light was coming through my window, and the curtains were drawn. Of course, I was shocked, but not scared, not like when I lost my sight. There is a big mirror in my bedroom, but I didn't look at myself right away. I wanted to wash my hair and put on make—up first. I do not look good in the morn—

ing, and I didn't want to be frightened. As I was showering, caught my reflection.

And just that left me speechless, really.

The last time I saw myself, I had short hair, a pale complexion and features that didn't Show because I had such light eyebrows and eyelashes. I looked awful, like a teenage girl, I suppose. Now, all of a sudden, I realized that it was true what people told me, that I was an attractive woman. When I stood in front of the mirror, I reached to touch my face. That is what I had been doing for 10 years—it was how I understood—so it was a natural impulse. It was not until I saw myself that I realized how much my memory had faded of things I once could see. It was about four hours before I told anyone. I stayed with Ami. We looked at each other and played outside in the yard. I just wanted to be alone, and take it in. It was so much.

The strange thing was that I knew it was going to happen. About a week before.

I was walking Ami and suddenly saw blue dots in front of my left eye, the one I would regain my sight in. I told my mum because I found it funny; blue had been my favorite color and was the easiest color for me to see when I had partial sight. I took it as a sign.

People don't treat me differently now. I was always completely independent.I lived in Auckland, New Zealand, in my own flat with my dog. I would have parties and go clubbing: I would listen to the beat of the music and go with it and hope for

the best. When your friends grab you and point you in the other direction because they are actually over there, that is when you remember you're blind.

I also loved movies. Going to the movies blind was like someone telling you a really good story with great sound effects, and you make up all the images in your head. I haven't been back since I regained my sight. But I've been able to see my favorite soap, "Shortland Street". And my friends took out magazines and pointed out Pamela Lee Anderson and Brad Pitt. The biggest surprise was Brad Pitt. I just thought, what is everyone going on about? The best was seeing my boyfriend. He rode the ferry over, and I knew him the moment I saw him. He was as sexy as I had imagined.

I am not surprised that things are pretty much the same in my life. I didn't expect anything more than what I have now. I worked very hard to surround myself
with genuine people and to create a normal life for myself. I am still the same person:
It just means that physically, perhaps, I can share more and put the two together: the
feelings I had, with sight.

The same doctor who told me I would never see again told me I had regained 80 percent of the vision in my left eye. To be able to look him in the eye and tell him I could see again—honestly, that felt pretty damn good. He ran all the tests and made me read the eye chart, but he has no explanation. He said himself, and still says, that once the optic nerve is damaged, it cannot regenerate.

I don't think the knock on the head had anything to do with it. If others want to believe that is how it happened, that is fine. But I consider this a miracle. There is no other way to describe it. Some things just cannot be explained. Of course, some people are skeptical. For me, it is precious. I try not to think about the possibility of going blind again. But my recovery would be no less a miracle even if I lost my sight tomorrow.



一天傍晚,一名男子独自开车回家,车子行驶在双车道的乡间小路上。工作在这样一个中西部的小村落里,生活节奏就如同这破旧不堪的庞蒂亚克车一样奇慢无比,但对未来他还是满怀信心。

自工厂倒闭后,他便失业了。冬日渐近,生活的艰辛正如这冬日的寒 流般逐渐侵袭着这个家庭。

静寂的路上空无一人,除了下班离开工厂的人,不会有很多人走这条路。他的朋友大多已经离开。他们要养家糊口,要实现梦想,不得不自谋 生路,但他却留了下来。

毕竟,这是安葬父母的地方,也是生养他的地方。他对这儿的一切再熟悉不过了。即使闭着眼睛,他也知道道路两旁的风景;即使车的前灯坏掉了,他也能自如驾驶在这条路上。

夜幕降临,纷纷扬扬的雪花漫天飞舞。他得抓紧时间回家。知道吗,路边站着一个年迈的老太太,他差点儿就没看到,虽然天色昏暗,他还是看得出来她是个需要帮助的人。他下了车,走到她跟前,他的庞蒂亚克车还在那儿扑哧扑哧喘着气呢。尽管看到他面带笑容,老太太仍忧心忡忡,因为刚才的一个多小时内一直没有人肯停下来帮她。

他会伤害她吗?他不能给人以安全感,因为他看上去那么穷困潦倒。 他看得出来,站在冷风中的她有些害怕。他理解她的感觉,这么一个大冷 天,人们难免会心存恐惧。 "女士,我来帮你吧。你怎么不在车里等呢?那里暖和啊。顺便说一下,我是布赖恩。"

原来,这位女士只是车胎爆了,但这对于这么大年纪的老太太来说, 已是够糟糕的了。

布赖恩钻到车子底下,找合适的位置放千斤顶时,不小心手蹭破了几块皮。不一会儿,轮胎换好了,但他的衣服也弄脏了。他拧螺丝时,老太太摇下窗玻璃,与他攀谈起来。她说她来自圣路易斯,不巧路过这儿时车子坏了,她不知道该怎么感谢他才好。布赖恩只是笑笑,把她的车后备箱盖上。

老太太问该付多少钱,只要他说个数,她都可以给。如果不是他停下 来帮忙的话,她真不知还会发生什么可怕的事情。

布赖恩没考虑钱的问题,这又不是他为赚钱才干的工作。

这只不过是给有困难的人提供一些可能的帮助罢了,以前也有很多人 曾给他一些帮助……他的生活原则就是这样,帮助别人很自然。

他告诉她,若她真想报答他的话,那就等下次遇到有困难的人时,给 予他们帮助,布赖恩接着说,"……并且要想想我。"

他看着她把车子开走了。天很冷, 阴沉得使人郁闷, 然而他却异常兴奋。他开车向家驶去, 很快消失在黄昏的暮色中。

老太太开了几公里车,看到了一家小咖啡厅,想进去吃些东西,暖暖 身子后再开车回家。小店灯光昏暗,门口还放着两个旧气泵。

周围的整个环境令老太太感到陌生。收银机就像失业演员家的电话机 一样,根本派不上用场。女服务员递给她一条干净的毛巾,让她擦干弄湿 了的头发。

虽然女服务员已在店里忙碌了一天,但此刻仍面带甜美的微笑。老太太发现她足有8个月的身孕了,但她并未让压力和痛苦影响她的服务。

老太太心里盘算着,怎样才能给这个陌生人帮助。这时她想起了布赖

恩。

老太太吃完饭后,女服务员拿着她给的百元大钞去找零。回来时,老 太太已经走了,女服务员正纳闷儿,猜测老太太会去哪里呢。这时她突然 看见纸巾上写的字,下边还有4张百元大钞。读着纸巾上的话语,她的双 眼泪如泉涌。

纸巾上写着: "这是你应得的,我也这样接受过别人的帮助,就像我帮助你一样。如果你真想报答我的话,你应这么做:不要让这爱之链在你这儿断掉。"

清理桌面,加满糖罐,招待客人,女服务员又应付过了一天的繁忙工作。晚上下班回到家,她躺在床上,想着这笔钱,想着老太太写的那句话。这位老太太怎么会知道她和丈夫急需这笔钱呢?下个月孩子就要出生了,日子自然会越来越艰难。

她知道丈夫很担心她,当丈夫在身边躺下时,她温柔地吻了他,然后 对他耳语道:"一切都会好的,我爱你,布赖恩。"