

精品美文双语阅读《《

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。

把握生命的分分秒秒。

Seizing every minute in life

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。

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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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美丽的微笑与爱

穷人是很了不起的。一天傍晚,外出时,我们从街上带回4个人,其中一个生命垂危,因而我对修女说:"我来照顾她,你们去照顾其他3个。"我力所能及地帮助她,把她放到床上,只见她露出美丽的笑容,抓住我的手,说了句"谢谢您",然后离开了人世。看着她,我不禁扪心自问,假如是我,我会怎样呢?答案再简单不过了,我会让更多人关注我,会说自己又冷又饿,垂死挣扎,生活在极度苦痛之中,等等,可她,赠与了我更多——感激之爱。她带着一抹笑意离开了人世。从排水道带回的那个男子也是如此。当时,他的身体几乎被虫子吞噬,因此我们把他带了回来。"我像动物一样在街上活着,却能如天使般死去——充满爱与呵护。"他语出惊人,我觉察到他的伟大。没有责怪,没有诅咒,没有抱怨。如同天使——我不禁感叹,我们的人民这般伟大。正因为如此,我们对耶稣的圣言坚信不疑——我饥饿无比,赤身裸体,无家可归,我是个弃儿,人人皆厌恶我,我生活在没有温暖的世界里,然而你却给予了我一切。

我感到,我们的社会工作还做得很不够。也许在世人眼中,我们是社会工作者,而事实上,我们只能称为精神世界的修行者。因为,我们每时每刻都在触摸基督的圣体……我想,在这个大家庭里,我们要远离战争,团结一致,互助互爱,和平共处。唯有这样,一切邪恶才会消亡。

作为和平奖的获得者,我准备用所得奖金为那些无家可归的人建立家 园。我深信,家是爱的发源地,如果穷人在我们的帮助下,有了自己的家 园,那么爱便广为传播。而且,我们将成为穷人的福音,以宽容博大的爱来维系和平。我们此行的目的是,为自己家里的穷人,为国家,为世界上所有的穷人。为了达到这个目的,姐妹们,我们就必须日日祈祷,将自己与基督融为一体。这样,我们才能互相体谅,分享苦难,因为与基督融为一体就意味着体谅他人,与人分享;因为今天的世界仍存在如此多的苦难……当我把一个饥饿的人从街上带回,并施与他一盘饭,一片面包,驱逐他的饥饿,我就很满足了。假如一个人露宿街头,没有他人的关心和呵护,惊恐忧虑,为社会所弃——这样的贫闲,让人痛彻心肺,无法忍受……因此,让我们彼此相见时,给予微笑,因为爱源自微笑,只有相互关爱,才会施以关爱。



Beautiful smile and love

The poor are very wonderful people. One evening we went out and we picked up four people from the street. And one of them was in a most terrible condition, and I told the sisters: You take care of the other three. I take care of this one who looked worse. So I did help her with all that my love can do. I put her in the bed, and there was such a beautiful smile on her face. She look, hold of my hand as she said just the words "thank you" and she died. I could not help but examine my conscience before her and I asked what I would say if I was in her place. And my answer was very simple. I would have tried to draw a little attention to myself. I would have said I am hungry, that I am dying, I am cold, I am in pain, or something, but she gave me much more—she gave me her graceful love. And she died with a smile on her face. As did that man whom we picked up from the drain, half eaten with worms, and we brought him to the home. "I trove lived like an animal in the street, but I am going to die like an angel, loved and cared for." And it was so wonderful to see the greatness of that man who could speak like That, who could die like that without blaming anybody, without cursing anybody, without comparing anything. Like an angel-this is the greatness of our people. And that is why we believe what Jesus had said: I was hungry, I was naked, I was homeless, I was unwanted, unloved, uncared for, and you did it to me.

I believe that we are not real social workers. We may be doing social work in the eyes of the people, but we are really contemplatives in the head of the world. For we are touching the body of Christ twenty-four hours... And I think that in our family we don't need bombs and guns, to destroy, to bring peace, just get together, love one another, bring that peace, that joy, that strength of presence of each other in the home. And we will be able to overcome all the evil that is in the world.

And with this prize that I have received as a Prize of Peace, I am going to try to make the home for many people who have no home. Because I believe that love begins at home and if we can create a home for the poor I think that mom and more love will spread. And we will be able through this understanding love to bring peace be the good news to the poor. The poor in our own family first, in our country and in the world. To be able to do this, our Sisters, our lives have to be woven with prayer. They have to be woven with Christ to be able to understand, to be able to share. Because to be. woven with Christ is to be able to understand, to be able to share. Because today there is so much suffering... And when I pick up a person from the street, hungry, I give him a plate of rice, a piece of bread, I have satisfied. I have removed that hunger. But a person who is shut out, who feels unwanted, unloved, terrified, the person who has been thrown out from society—that poverty is so full of hurt and so unbearable... So let us always meet each other with a smile, for the smile is the beginning of love, and once we begin to love each other naturally we want to do something.

感受异国的阳光

今天周几,周二还是周三?她一直带着学生们进行那似乎永无休止的复习。这件事我好像昨天刚刚做过啊?还是去年做的?烦死了,怎么都赶到一块儿了。"史密斯小姐,我去下洗手间可以吗?"正要迈腿跑出去的乔治,停下来问道。我是第几次听到这样的话了?她想着,随口答道:"好的。"然后她看着他跑出了教室。

她坐在桌旁,眼睛凝视着学生,脑子却不停地在想下班后该做些什么事情。我今晚该去健身房或是该去市场买点儿吃的东西。她机械地继续上她的课,给学生讲字母"a"。"'a'怎么读?""a-a-a·····"学生们异口同声干巴巴地读着。时间一分一秒地过去了,似乎在嘲笑她这无聊单调的一天。

该下课了吧?正想着,教室的电话响了,她叹口气,起身,走过学生的课桌去接电话。话筒那端的声音似乎传自一百英里之外。哦,我多希望我现在不是在这儿,而身处异国他乡啊。她的思绪飞到了异国情调浓郁的墨西哥卡波海滩,去年她在那儿度过了愉快的暑假:慵懒地躺在沙滩上,任由阵阵微风轻吻她的肌肤,那种惬意、恬静的感觉,至今记忆犹新。

"史密斯小姐,你在听我讲话吗?"秘书有点儿不耐烦地问道。"哦, 抱歉。刚才你说什么了?""麻烦你让卡拉到我办公室来一趟。"秘书更加 不耐烦地说。"哦,当然可以。"说着,她挂断了电话。她转过身来叫了卡拉的名字。卡拉是这个班上众多的贫困生之一。她抬起头,松散的头发像堆稻草,满脸污垢,活像《绿野仙踪》里的稻草人。"你到办公室去一趟。"她对慢慢抬起头的卡拉说道。"为什么让我去?"卡拉嘀咕道。"让你去你就去——快去吧!"卡拉出去了,她匆忙地转回身。卡拉是去领免费校服的。如果有人打电话来说些好听的或是对我做的这些讨厌的工作表示感谢该多好。她叹了口气,走回去,学生们都耐心地等着她。

这无尽单调的工作重复了一下午。最后,解放的钟声终于响了。她把学生带出教室,就像母鸡带着小鸡崽儿回窝似的。她看到学生的妈妈们都在铁门外热切地期待着。当她路过走廊时,满载西班牙音乐气息的空气迎面扑来。她欣慰地看着孩子们离开,回到充满欢声笑语的家,而自己却不得不重又回到那无尽的单调和无聊中。

"夫人,您好,可以打扰您几分钟吗?"她扭过头,一个窘迫的男子出现在她面前,他那棕色的面庞布满皱纹。"谢谢您给予我孙子胡里奥的帮助。"他用蹩脚的英语说道。她忽然想起了胡里奥,外表看起来那么不易接近,后来渐渐地敞开了他充满渴盼的内心世界。她想胡里奥一定在暗下决心努力学好外语,并会为每次进步而欢欣鼓舞。这位祖父也和他的孙子一样吗?她抬头看了看这位老人,很快便找到了两人的共同之处。"谢谢您,夫人!"老人用那只饱经沧桑的手,紧紧握住她的手,他的热情深深地感染了她。很快,他把手又缩了回去,走开了。当他渐渐远去时,她想到了异国的阳光,而且也意识到了,异国的阳光其实就近在咫尺。



Thout of the exotie sun

What day is it today? Is it Tuesday or Thursday? This thought raced shrough her mind as she sat back with her students going over the lesson that never seemed to end. Didn't I just do this yesterday? Or was it a year ago? Hell, everything seemed to jumble together anymore. "Miss Smith, can I go to the bathroom?" Jorge asked, as he proceeded to jump from one foot to another, holding himself. How many times have I heard this? She wondered as she abruptly said, "Yes" and watched as he raced out of the room.

Sitting at the table she gazed at her students while thinking of what she would do after work. Maybe I'll go to the gym or stop at the market for something to eat tonight. Mechanically she continued with her lesson on the short letter "a" with her students. "The letter 'a' makes what sound?" "A, a, a", the students sang together going through the empty motions. The clock dragged away the minutes teasing her with the tediousness of the day.

Won't it end? She thought as the phone rang out its morse code for her room. Sighing she stood up and walked through the maze of students desks to get to the phone. Picking up the receiver the other voice seemed a hundred miles away. Oh, how I wish I were anywhere but here, Here mind wandered to the hot exotic beach of Calx, Mexico, where she had spent her last summer break. She still remembered the cool breezes that caressed her skin as she lay on the gritty sand.



"Miss Smith did you hear me?" the secretary annoyingly asked her. "Oh, sorry. What did you say?" "Can you send Carla to the office?" the secretary impatiently asked. "Oh, of course," she replied as she hung up the phone. She turned from the phone and yelled out Carla's name. Carla, who was one of the many who always seemed so needy that were in her class this year. Carla looked up from her desk, her hair hanging like a matted displaced doll. Her face was lined with dirt that gave her the appearance of one of those munchkins from the Wizard of Oz. "You need to go to the office, "she said while Carla slowly rose from her desk. "Why do I have to go?" whined Carla. "It's between you and the office—just go up," she hastily turned her back as Carla walked out of the room. Like having free school uniforms is the answer. It would be nice if just once someone called saying something nice or thanking me for all the endless crap I have to deal with. With a sigh she walked back to her other students who were clustered at the back table patiently waiting her return.

The rest of the afternoon blurred into one long endless repetition. Finally the bell rang as a relief. As she led her students out the door they walked behind her as baby chicks returning to their fold. She noticed that their mother hens clucked to them behind the iron gate. As she proceeded to walk down the corridor, the air, which rose with the musical tingle of Spanish coloring everything that touched it,