



精品美文 双语阅读

马华◎主编

# 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。

## 爱似鲜花盛开

Love in bloom

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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## 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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## 向爸爸买一小时

男人带着一身的疲倦，恼火地回到家，这时天色已晚，他发现5岁的儿子在门口等着他。

“爸爸，可以问你个问题吗？”

“当然可以，想问什么？”男人答道。

“你一个小时能赚多少钱？”

“那和你没关系，为什么问这个？”男人生气了。“我想知道。请你告诉我，你一个小时赚多少钱？”小男孩哀求道。

“如果非要知道的话，告诉你，我一小时赚20美元。”

“哦，”小男孩的头低下了，然后又抬起，说道：“爸爸。我可以向你借10美元吗？”

男人暴怒，“如果你问这个问题，只是为了借钱买个愚蠢的玩具或一些废品，那你趁早滚到房间睡觉去。好好想想你这种自私的行为！我每天辛辛苦苦地工作，难道就是为了你这种小孩子的行为？”

小男孩默默地回到房里，关上门。这时男人坐下来，更加恼怒。为什么他仅仅为了借钱就要问这个问题？大约一个小时后，男人平静下来，开始想：或许他真的需要10美元买东西呢？他可是从来不要钱的。

男人走到小男孩房门前，打开了门。

“睡了吗，儿子？”男人问道。

“没有呢，爸爸。”男孩答道。

“我一直在想，可能我刚才对你太过分了，”男人说，“我把一天的火

儿都撒在你身上了。这是你要的10美元。”

小男孩顿时坐了起来，兴奋地叫道：“谢谢，老爸！”然后，他把手伸到枕头底下，摸出一叠皱巴巴的钞票。男人看到男孩手里攥着一把钱，又生气了。小男孩慢慢地数着钱，然后抬头望着父亲。

“你自己有钱，为什么还向我要钱？”父亲抱怨道。

“因为我的钱不够，但现在够了。”小男孩答道。“爸爸，我现在有20美元。我能买您一个小时的时间吗？明天请早点回家，我想和您一起吃晚饭。”





## To buy an hour from father

A man came home from work late, tired and irritated, to find his 5-year-old son waiting for him at the door.

"Daddy, may I ask you a question?"

"Yeah, sure, what is it?" replied the man.

"Daddy, how much do you make an hour?"

"That's none of your business. Why do you ask such a thing?" the man said angrily. "I just want to know. Please tell me, how much do you make an hour?" pleaded the little boy.

"If you must know, I make \$ 20 an hour."

"Oh," the little boy replied, with his head down. Looking up, he said, "Daddy, may I please borrow \$ 10?"

The father was furious, "If the only reason you asked that is so you can borrow some money to buy a silly toy or some other nonsense, then you march yourself straight to your room and go to bed. Think about why you are being so selfish. I work hard everyday for such this childish behavior."

The little boy quietly went to his room and shut the door. The man sat down and started to get even angrier about the little boy's questions, How dare he ask such questions only to get some money? After about an hour or so, the man had calmed down, and started to think: Maybe there was something he really needed to buy with that \$ 10 and he really didn't ask lot money very often.

The man went to the door of the little boy's room and opened the door.

"Are you sleep, son?"he asked.

"No, daddy, I'm awake." replied the boy.

"I've been thinking, maybe I was too hard on you earlier," said the man, "it's been a long day and I look out my aggravation on you. Here the \$ 10 you asked for."



## 母亲的手

十几岁的孩子与母亲生活在截然不同的两个世界里，他的世界由母亲监控着。当然，几乎每个人都曾生活这样的世界里，这是无法避免的困惑。

如今，我也处于这样的监控地位，女儿十几岁时，我便开始用另一种眼光去看待我的母亲。有时，我甚至期望时间停滞，让母亲停止衰老，不再让她无休止地唠叨。

我们在餐桌旁坐着，阳光照射进来，射在地板上形成马赛克图案。女儿安娜坐在我母亲身边。

“瑞克什么时候到？”母亲问起了我丈夫。

“我也不知道，妈妈，”我耐心地答道，“反正他会来这儿吃饭。”

我叹口气，站了起来。在短短的几分钟里，她已经问了不少10次。

母亲和女儿在玩强手棋，我则忙于做沙拉。

“不要放洋葱，”妈妈说，“你知道，你爸爸最讨厌洋葱了。”

“知道了，妈妈。”我回答着，随手又将洋葱放回冰箱。

我洗好了一个胡萝卜，准备把它切成小块。我用力切着，一片萝卜掉到了地上。

“千万别往沙拉里放洋葱，”她提醒我道，“你知道你爸爸最讨厌洋葱了。”

这一次，我没有吭声。

我只是流着泪不停地切着，剁着。要是我能把这些年流逝的时光一扫

而光该多好，那将抚平岁月在母亲脸上和手上留下的印记。

母亲一直都特别美，现在也是。事实上，母亲基本没什么变化，只是有些健忘。我试图劝慰自己，这不是问题，如果她精力能集中，就不会这样唠叨了，她并没其他毛病。

我把黄瓜根切下，用它在黄瓜上摩擦以消除苦味。白色汁液从侧面渗出来。如果一切痛苦和不快都能这么简单地消除，那岂不是太好了？切掉，然后摩擦。这个小窍门是从母亲那儿学来的，除此之外，我还学到了好多事情：做饭、缝纫、约会、微笑和思考。我学会了怎样成长，也学会了一些处理感情问题的艺术。

我知道，只要有母亲在身旁，就没什么令我恐惧的。

那为什么我现在感觉恐惧呢？

我端详着母亲的手。她的指甲不那么红了，但却涂成了淡淡的粉色，那颜色淡得几乎看不清。此时，我发觉自己不仅仅是在看这双手，而是在感觉和品味这双曾塑造我青春的手。不知多少次，这双手为我盛来午餐；也不知多少次，这双手为我拭去脸边的泪水。正是这双手在我生命中的每一天给我信心。

我转身把黄瓜扔进碗里的那一刹那，心不禁一颤，我的手已成了母亲的那样。

这双手曾为别人做了无数顿饭，曾在女儿上学的第一天，握住她那受惊的手，为她拭去脸上的泪水。

我舒畅多了。我能感觉到母亲向我道晚安时的热吻，当她检查窗子是否关严时，会站在门口再给我一个飞吻。后来，我也成了母亲，并用同样的手也给安娜同样的飞吻。

窗外一切如故，婆婆的树影如迷宫一般。

终究有一天我的女儿会站在这儿，而我则会在母亲的座位上休息。

到那时我还会记得既为人母又为儿女的感觉吗？我也会一个问题问无

数次吗？

我走过去，坐在母亲和女儿中间。

“瑞克在哪儿呢？”母亲问道，并把自己的手挨着我的手放在桌子上。我们之间的距离与我儿时相比要小得多，几乎可以说是没有距离的。

那一刻我知道她想起来了。她自言自语了一会儿，但终究还是想起来了。

“他会来的。”我笑着答道。

母亲也冲我笑了，那凝结着笑容脸，像女儿的一样可爱。

然后，她耸了耸肩，掷起了骰子。





## Mother's hands

As teenagers we live in a different world from our mothers, a world where mothers hang out on the peripheries. Of course, almost everyone has one; they are unavoidable annoyances.

Today, as I approach that edge, as I am the one with the teenage daughter, I look at my mother through different eyes. And I sometimes wish I could halt the years and stop her from growing older, stop her from repeating herself.

We sit at my kitchen table as the sun designs a mosaic of light on the floor. My daughter, Anna, sits next to my mother.

"When is Rick going to be here?" my mother asks, referring to my husband.

"I don't know, Mom," I answer patiently, "He'll be here for dinner."

I sigh and get up from the table. This is at least the tenth time she has asked that question in as many minutes.

While my mother and daughter play Monopoly, I busy myself making a salad.

"Don't put in any onions," Mom says, "You know how Daddy hates onions."

"Yes, Mom," I answer, shoving the scallions back into the fridge.

I scrub off a carrot and chop it into bite-size pieces. I thrust the knife into the carrot with more force than is necessary. A slice falls onto the floor.

"Don't put any onions in the salad," she reminds me. "You know how Daddy hates onions."

This time I can't answer.





I just keep cutting, chopping, tearing. If only I could chop away the years. Shred the age from my mother's face and hands.

My mother had been beautiful. She still is. In fact, my mother is still everything she has been, just a bit forgetful. I try to convince myself that's all that it is, and if she really concentrated, she would not repeat herself so much. There isn't anything wrong with her.

I cut off the end of the cucumber and rub it against the stalk to take away the bitterness. The white juice oozes out the sides. Wouldn't it be nice if all unpleasant situations could be so easily remedied? Cut and rub. This is a trick I have learned from my mother, along with a trillion other things: cooking, sewing, dating, laughing, thinking. I learned how to grow up. I learned the art of sorting through emotions.

And I learned that when my mother was around, I never had to be afraid.

So why am I afraid now?

I study my mother's hands. Her nails are no longer a bright red, but painted a light pink, almost no color at all. And as I stare at them, I realize I am no longer looking at those hands but feeling them as they shaped my youth. Hands that packed a thousand lunches and wiped a million tears off my cheeks. Hands that tucked confidence into each day of my life.

I turn away and throw the cucumber into the bowl. And then it hits me. My hands have grown into those of my mother's.

Hands that have cooked uneaten meals, held my own daughter's frightened fingers on the first day of school and dried tears off her face.

I grow lighthearted. I can feel my mother kiss me goodnight, check to see if the window is locked, then blow another kiss from the doorway. Then I am my mother, blowing that same kiss to Anna off that same palm.

Outside everything is still. Shadows fall among the trees, shaped like pieces of a