



怦然心动了，
如此才是最好的自己

Meeting the Best of You

An English Book for Yourself

——
送给自己的英文书

遇见 最好的自己

主编
林萌



大连理工大学出版社
DALIAN UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY PRESS

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编者寄语

一个爱书的人，他必定不致于缺少一个忠实的朋友，一个良好的老师，
一个可爱的伴侣，一个温情的安慰者。

——巴罗

上面这句话便是对“送给”系列英文书最好的诠释——“送给”您一个
心有灵犀的朋友，“送给”您一个智慧笃深的导师，“送给”您一个清新灵动
的伴侣，“送给”您一个善解人意的安慰者。

“送给”系列英文书包括《遇见最好的自己——送给自己的英文书》和
《有你陪伴的旅程——送给狗狗的英文书》。原汁原味的英文，时而深刻隽
永，时而轻松活泼，这份精心打造的礼物必会让您的英语阅读成为一件赏
心乐事。让我们一起在“送给”系列英文书中寻找自己的影子，感受心灵的
碰撞，愿它成为您心灵的伴侣。

《遇见最好的自己——送给自己的英文书》是送给热爱书籍、热爱英语
的您的最好礼物。在享受美丽英文的同时，请您试着去寻找书中那似曾相
识的身影，那历历在目的往事。场景交替，时间更移，不曾改变的是故事中
形形色色的“自己”。

“送给”自己——天真善良的小女孩(*Santa Claus: The True Story*《圣诞
老人：那个真实的故事》)，相信自己是圣诞老人的助手，将幸福传播给最困
苦的人。

“送给”自己——生活富足的小男孩(*A Boy in Cave and a Boy in Palace*

《山洞里的男孩和皇宫里的男孩》),锦衣玉食却依然孤独,渴盼山洞里的那份友情。

“送给”自己——美丽活泼的少女(*The Camp Triangle*《露营三人行》),青春年少时那段青涩的爱情和酸酸的友情。

“送给”自己——坚强独立的少年(*Expensive Childhood Experience*《珍贵的童年经历》),永远珍视童年中每一个艰难的日子。

“送给”自己——享受独自生活的人(*The Rewards of Living a Solitary Life*《独自生活的报偿》),独居但不孤独:精神在不停的探索,徜徉于静寂的花园中,徘徊在阴凉的房舍里,独自在那逗留。

“送给”自己——渴望成功的人(*He Is a Legend—Warren Buffett*《传奇人物——沃伦·巴菲特》),变得富有的秘密就是在其他人畏惧不前时变得贪婪,在其他人的时候变得贪婪。

.....

在这些故事中,不同年龄不同层面的那个“我”跃然其间,本来,人就是多面而复杂的吧。那么,就将这许多关于“我”的故事“送给”自己吧,温馨的,浪漫的,柔情的,温暖心田;深刻的,感人的,悲伤的,碰触心弦。就让我们“送给”自己,一份礼物,特别的,喜爱的,只属于内心的那个“我”——《遇见最好的自己——送给自己的英文书》。

在每个章节中,我们都为您精心选择了一首动听的英文歌曲,希望您能聆听歌曲的同时体验情景交融的美好感觉。


编者

2011年3月

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Chapter One



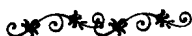
Santa Claus: The True Story



Santa Claus: The True Story

Then she drove me over to Bobbie Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially one of Santa's helpers.

之后奶奶开车带我去博比·戴克尔的家,在路上,她告诉我,从现在起,我就成为圣诞老人的正式助手了,永远都是。



I remember my first Christmas party with Grandma. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb:

"There is no Santa Claus," she **jeered**. "Even dummies know that!"

I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her world-famous cinnamon buns.

Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. "No Santa Claus!" she **snorted**. "Ridiculous! Don't believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad. Now, put on your coat, and let's go." "Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second cinnamon bun.

"Where" turned out to be Kerby's **General Store**, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days. "Take this money," she said, "and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned and walked out of Kerby's.



圣诞老人：那个真实的故事



和奶奶一起度过的第一个圣诞派对至今仍旧历历在目。那时我还是个孩子，骑着单车，穿街走巷，一路哭泣着去找奶奶，因为就在那天，大姐告诉了我一个爆炸性消息：

“世界上根本没有什么圣诞老人，”她嘲讽地说。“就连傻瓜都知道！”

我逃也似地跑到这里，我知道奶奶会告诉我一切，我知道奶奶一向不会欺骗别人，我知道一边吞咽着奶奶那闻名遐迩的桂皮甜面包，一面接受残酷的事实会让我好受一些。

奶奶在家里，甜面包还是热的。啃着面包，我向奶奶讲述了发生的事情。“没有圣诞老人！”她气呼呼地说。“无稽之谈！不要理她。一直都有这样的传言，我都快要疯了，真是要疯了。好了，穿上你的衣服，我们出发。”“出发？去哪里啊，奶奶？”我问道。我都还没吃完第二个甜面包呢。

原来我们是要去科尔比杂货店，这里什么都有得卖。走进去时，奶奶给了我十美元，在那时，对我来说可是一大笔钱啊。“拿着，”奶奶说，“给那些有需要的人买点什么。我在车里等你。”说完，奶奶转身走出了科尔比杂货店。

jeer /dʒiə/ v. 嘲弄

cinnamon bun 桂皮(香)甜面包

snort /snɔ:t/ v. 气愤地哼着鼻子说

general store 杂货店



I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people **scrambling** to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, **clutching** that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, the people who went to my church. I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobbie Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me. Bobbie Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out for recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all we kids knew that Bobbie Decker didn't have a cough, and he didn't have a coat. I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobbie Decker a coat. I settled on a red **corduroy** one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that. "Is this a Christmas present for someone?" the lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid my ten dollars down. "Yes," I replied shyly. "It's for Bobbie." The nice lady smiled at me. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat in Christmas paper and ribbons, and write, "To Bobbie, From Santa Claus" on it—Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobbie Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially one of Santa's helpers. Grandma parked down the street from Bobbie's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes. Then Grandma gave me a **nudge**. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going."

I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his doorbell and flew back to the safety of the bushes



当时我只有八岁，常和妈妈一起购物，但是还从来没有一个人买过东西。科尔比好大，好拥挤啊，满是争先恐后采购圣诞物品的人。我呆呆地站了好一会，迷茫不知所措，手里紧紧攥着那十美元，不知道该买什么，到底该给谁买。我回想认识的每一个人：我的家人、朋友、邻居、同学和一道做礼拜的人。终于，我想到了博比·戴克尔，一个臭烘烘、头发脏乱的男孩，和我一班，就坐在我的后面。他没有外套可穿，因为在冬天他从来不参加课间操活动。他的妈妈总是给他请假，假条上说他咳嗽，其实所有的孩子都知道博比·戴克尔并不咳嗽，他只是没有外套穿。我越想越兴奋，紧紧地抓着那十美元。我要给博比·戴克尔买一件外套。我相中了一件戴帽子的红色条绒外套，看上去真的好温暖，他一定会喜欢的。“这是圣诞礼物吗？”付款时，柜台后的那位夫人温和地问道。“是的，”我害羞地说。“这是给博比的。”那位好心的夫人向我微笑着。没有找零，但她把衣服放到袋子里，并且祝我圣诞快乐。

那天晚上，奶奶帮我用圣诞彩纸和丝带给那件外套打好包装，之后在上面写上，“送给博比，圣诞老人敬上”——奶奶说圣诞老人是要保守秘密的。之后她开车带我去博比·戴克尔的家，在路上，奶奶告诉我，从现在起，我就成为圣诞老人的正式助手了，永远都是。奶奶在博比家附近停下车，然后我们悄悄地摸进去，隐藏在灌木丛中。奶奶轻轻推推我，“好了，圣诞老人，”她低声说，“去吧。”

我深吸一口气，冲向博比家的前门，把礼物扔在台阶上，按响门铃，之后飞速跑回灌木丛，我和奶奶安全的藏身之所。我们一起在黑暗中屏住呼

scramble /'skræmbəl/ v. 乱抓，争抢

clutch /klatʃ/ v. 抓牢

corduroy /'kɔːdəroɪ/ n. 条绒

nudge /nʌdʒ/ v. 轻推



and Grandma. Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobbie.

Forty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my grandma, in Bobbie Decker's bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were: ridiculous.

Santa was alive and well, and we were on his team.

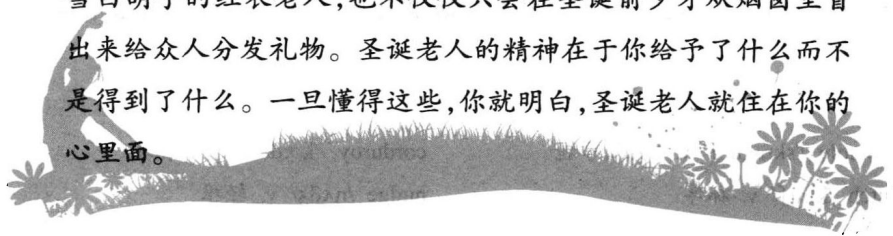
吸,默默等待大门开启。终于,门开了,开门的是博比。

四十年后,我依旧记得那个夜晚,在博比家的灌木丛中,在奶奶身边,我一阵阵战栗。那天晚上,我意识到那些说圣诞老人不存在的谣言就像奶奶说的,纯属无稽之谈。

圣诞老人是存在的,并且活得好好的呢,而我们就是他的队员。

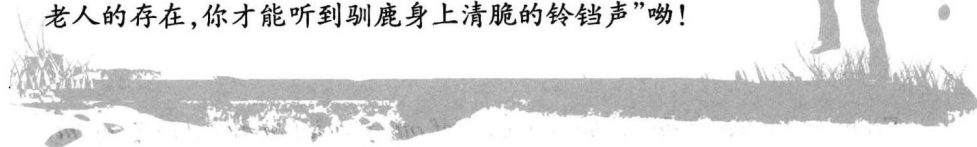
Heart Station

圣诞老人是童年最真、最纯的梦。他不只是商家手中蓄着雪白胡子的红衣老人,也不仅仅只会在圣诞前夕才从烟囱里冒出来给众人分发礼物。圣诞老人的精神在于你给予了什么而不是得到了什么。一旦懂得这些,你就明白,圣诞老人就住在你的心里面。





下面，让我们放松一下，一起来欣赏电影《极地特快》(*The Polar Express*)中的插曲 *When Christmas Comes to Town*，记得“只有相信圣诞老人的存在，你才能听到驯鹿身上清脆的铃铛声”哟！



When Christmas Comes to Town 当圣诞节降临在这城市

La la la la ...
I'm wishing on a star
And trying to believe
That even though it's far
He'll find me at Christmas Eve
I guess Santa is busy
Cause he never comes around
I think of him when Christmas comes to town

The best time of the year
When everyone comes home
With all this Christmas cheer
It's hard to be alone
Putting up the Christmas tree
With friends you come around
It's so much fun when Christmas comes to town

Presents for the children wrapped in red and green
All the things I've heard about, but never really see
No one will be sleeping on the night of Christmas Eve
Hoping Santa's on his way

When Santa's sleigh bells ring
I listen all around
The herald angels sing
I never hear a sound
And all the dreams of children
Once lost will all be found
That's all I want when Christmas comes to town
That's all I want when Christmas comes to town

啦啦啦啦啦……
对着星星许下愿望
并且尝试着去相信
即使一切是那么遥远
他会在圣诞夜来寻找我
我猜圣诞老人一定是很忙
因为这样所以他才没来到我的身边
每当圣诞节来临的时候我都会想他

一年之中最好的时节
当每个人回到家的时候
带着圣诞节的祝福
每个人都不会孤独
当圣诞节降临到这个城市的时候 装饰起圣诞树
和朋友一起
是多么快乐的事情

给孩子们礼物都包裹在红色或者绿色的盒子里
这些关于圣诞老人的事情我全都记得
只是从不曾真的见到
没有人会在圣诞节的夜晚睡觉
希望圣诞老人在途中

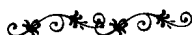
当圣诞老人的雪橇铃响的时候
我听见他就在周围
当天使的使者在歌唱
我却听不到声音
当孩子进入梦乡的时候
这谎言就会被拆穿
我想要圣诞节降临在这城市



Popsicle Sundays

Even on my worst days, the thoughts of our special Sundays light up my world.

即使在我最沮丧的日子里,只要想到这些特别的星期天,我的世界就会被点亮。



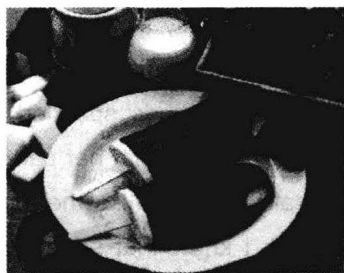
As a young girl growing up, dealing with life changes, and withstanding my parents' brutal divorce, there was a place I would go, and always feel truly loved. Hidden by huge **swooping** oak trees and a long **gravel** driveway was a house that I visited every Sunday, and I knew as soon as I arrived that I would have a special treat waiting for me. This place, where I felt such enjoyment, belonged to my Paw-Paw.

Every Sunday, Paw-Paw and I would eat orange cream-filled popsicles, and he always had a way of making something so small very special. I knew no matter what my parents were doing, they would take me to my Paw-Paw's on Sunday afternoon. I would walk through his heavy oak door, like a queen coming into her palace, and there he was, always laid out on his old orange and brown **plaid** sofa, acting shocked to see me. After we exchanged huge bear hugs, he would convincingly say that the grocery stores had stopped selling cream-filled orange popsicles, yet amazingly enough, he just happened to have the very last one for me in his ice chest. We would run hand in hand to his chest, and when he handed me that cold delicious treat, I would curl my tiny fingers around the popsicle stick, and hold it like I had just been handed a prize golden egg. Next, as the coldness of it cooled off my fingers, I would carefully open one end of the white wrapper, and watch the cold smoke **puff out** of the opening. Finally, as I pulled the bright orange



冰棒星期天

当我还是一个处于成长中的小女孩时，应对着生活中的各种变化，忍受着父母亲离异的残酷现实，我经常 would 去一个地方，在那里我总能找到真正被爱的感觉。每个星期天我都会去那里，那是一座隐藏在巨大的橡树下，



位于一条长长的碎石车道尽头的房子。我知道我一到那儿就会受到特殊待遇。这个地方属于我的泡泡先生，在这里我会感到非常地快乐。

每个星期天，泡泡先生和我会一起吃橘子味的奶油冰棒，他总是有办法把普通小事变得非常特别。我知道不管我父母在做什么，他们总是在星期天的时候把我带到泡泡先生那里去。我会从他家那沉沉的橡树门走进去，就像一个女王走进她的宫殿里一样，而他就在屋子里，总是摆好他那棕橘色的格子沙发，表现出见到我十分惊讶的样子。我们热烈拥抱之后，他会非常有说服力地告诉我说杂货店刚刚卖光了橘子味的奶油冰棒，可最令人意想不到的，他恰好给我买到了最后一只，而那只冰棒就在他的冰柜里。于是我们会手拉手跑到冰柜那里，当他递给我那只冰凉可口的冰棒的时候，我会弯曲起纤细的手指来握住冰棒棍子，我紧紧地握着，就好像刚刚得到一个被嘉奖的金蛋一样。接下来，冰凉的感觉传递到我的手指，我会小心翼翼地打开白色包装纸的一端，看着随之冒出的冷气。最后，就在我

popsicle /'pɒpsɪkl/ n. 冰棒

swoop /swu:p/ v. 抓取，猛扑，突然袭击

gravel /'grævəl/ n. 碎石

plaid /plæd/ n. 彩格呢，格子花呢

puff out 使膨胀，肿胀；吹灭



popsicle out of its wrapper, I would look at my Paw-Paw, and I don't know exactly whose eyes were bigger with excitement, his or mine.

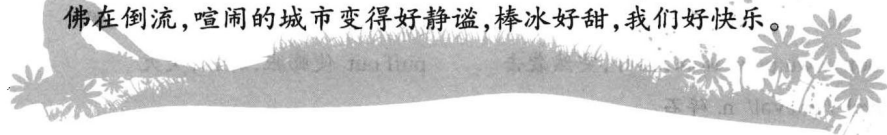
I always felt an explosion of joy when Paw-Paw would take me and my dripping popsicle outside to his old front porch swing. While we slowly swung, I would tell silly stories, yet despite how stupid they were he always listened so intently, **hanging onto** every last word, as if it would be my last. As he listened, his eyes sparkled, and he used to tell me that only his favorite granddaughter, with her careless smile, could make him so happy, and when he said this I felt like the most special girl in the world. As we laughed and played, I knew that soon I would be going home, but I was excited when I would pretend that my parents had forgotten me, and I got to stay with my Paw-Paw forever and be treated like a princess.

Now as an adult, everyday is a **hustle and bustle** there are no longer popsicle Sundays, but in the midst of all the **havoc**, a simple remembrance of Paw-Paw and our special afternoons calms the storm. When I am having a horrible day, or just feeling down in the dumps, I go to the closest store, and buy myself orange cream-filled popsicles, and then I go sit on my front porch swing, and think about all the wonderful Sundays my Paw-Paw spent with me.

My Paw-Paw died about ten years ago, but the memories of him and me eating popsicles and talking will always vividly live inside of me. Even on my worst days, the thoughts of our special Sundays light up my world.

Heart Station

那是一个寒冷的冬日,孩提时的玩伴出差在大连转机,留给我们难得的几个小时。回忆起儿时一起买了棒冰坐在邻居奶奶的花圃旁美滋滋地吮吸,好甜,好快乐。于是,决定在这个冬日里,瑟瑟发抖地在白雪皑皑的花坛边一起吃棒冰,此时,时光仿佛在倒流,喧闹的城市变得好静谧,棒冰好甜,我们好快乐。





把颜色鲜艳的橘子冰棒从包装纸里拿出来的一刹那,我真不知道我们谁的眼睛瞪得更大,他的还是我的?

当泡泡先生把我和那滴水的冰棒带到外面,来到他那古老的前廊秋千面前的时候,我总能感到幸福的迸发。我们一边缓慢地荡着秋千,我一边向他讲述我那些可笑的故事,不管那些故事有多么愚蠢,他总是一心一意地听着,尤其非常关注我所说的每最后一句话,就好像那是我故事的结尾一样。当他听我说话的时候,眼睛都在发光,他还告诉我说只有他最喜爱的孙女以及她那不经意间的微笑才可以让他感觉如此幸福,也就在他跟我说这些话的时候,我感受到我是这世界上最特别的女孩。我们笑着,玩着,我知道很快我就要回家了,可当我假装父母忘记来接我,我可以和泡泡先生永远呆在一起并且被他像公主般对待的时候,我会异常的兴奋。

现在,作为一个成年人,我的每一天都喧闹繁忙,再也不会会有什么冰棒星期天了。但是每当我身处混乱之中,只要一回想起泡泡先生以及我们那些特别的下午,风暴就会立刻停止。在我度过糟糕的一天,或要感觉即将垮掉的时候,我就会去离附近最近的商店,给我自己买一只橘子味奶油冰棒,然后我会坐在我家前廊的秋千上,回忆我和泡泡先生度过的所有美妙的星期日。

我的泡泡先生十年前去世了,但我脑海中他和我吃着冰棒,促膝长聊的情景会永远记忆犹新,挥之不去。即使在我最沮丧的日子里,只要想到这些特别的星期天,我的世界就会被点亮。

hang onto 注意(倾听)

havoc /'hævək/ n. 大破坏,混乱

hustle and bustle 拥挤喧闹