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爱的模样

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张宝丹 解肱一 / 主编

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主 编 张宝丹 解肱一
编 者 苏丽娜

策 划 曹 芸 曾惠杰
责任编辑 曹 芸 陈 鹏
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编辑推荐序

读书是一种必须，也是一种乐趣！

“零生词”这个理念，我们酝酿了很久。

从学生时代开始，对于英语阅读总是忘文生怯，一个又一个生词、让人晕头转向的复杂句，等理清这些障碍之后，任何美文带来的阅读享受消失殆尽，既达不到学习的目的，也得不到阅读的快乐。读英文，成为学生时代最具压力的一件事情。

我们，深感于此。

读书是一种必须，也是一种乐趣。秉持这样的理念，我们开始了长时间的市场调查。从主题的选择到词句的把关，从插画人物设计到版式的轻松化运用……我们都做了新的尝试。无疑，我们带着学生时代的阅读情愫，运用编辑手法，正在使您的英文阅读变成一件乐事！

“零生词”畅读系列，这就是我们最终呈现给大家的。

畅读，最终“乐读”！哪怕享受到一篇故事的感动或欢愉，我们也将欣慰之至！

编辑





作者序

将“畅”读进行到底！

“零生词”畅读系列丛书在编辑的精心构思策划下以及作者历经长时间的素材收集、整理、语料精选、编译、趣味问题设计等环节的共同努力下，今天终于与大家见面了！

“零生词”畅读系列丛书紧紧抓住青年读者喜爱的三大故事主题“青春、探险、奇幻”循序渐进展开，每篇故事短小易读，英文句式结构简单，情节引人入胜，用最少的单词诠释最精彩的主题故事，激励大家热爱生活、用心去体验美好的青春。

本系列丛书分别是《那些青春，那些事》、《爱的模样》、《梦飞扬》、《快乐小猪威伯尔》、《勇敢者的游戏》、《魔幻蓝洞》共计六册。英语畅读词汇量分别由3000词、3500词、4000词、4500词、5000词、5500词构成，阶梯式分级阅读，令大家的选择更加贴近阅读的需求，一步步到达快乐畅读的目标。

我们在编写过程中，对每个单词的难易程度严格把握，对每个句式反复揣摩，以期呈现给大家的故事，能够做到“易读、有趣、有益”！

对大家而言，通畅地读英文故事的意义在于，没有生词及复杂句式的



PREFACE

阅读阻碍，流畅的阅读一篇小说，这对建立阅读的信心和积累语感至关重要。目前，英语读物市场中英对译、中文注释的方式虽然在一定程度上减少了阅读的障碍，但是对大家而言，阅读的质量与效果则大打折扣。

光看中文，不愿看英文，只了解了故事的大意，对英文的提高没有帮助；或者边看注释边读文章，思路走走停停，阅读效率低下影响了大家读下去的耐心。这些在阅读过程中经常遇到的状况，都将使简单的“英文阅读”成为需要付出极大耐心才能完成的工程。

在我们策划的这套畅读丛中，作者与编辑苦苦追求的是：力图对整体的构思主要显现在对故事的精选，以及对语句难易程度的严格把握上。情节起伏跌宕的故事、简单干练的词汇、轻松易读的句式，将成为这套书的最大特色与亮点。

相信大家通过这个系列的丛书能够开心畅读，淋漓的畅读。这不仅能增进大家对社会、世界奇闻趣事方面的了解，扩大知识的视野，更主要地是帮助朋友们能在轻松自如、无障碍畅读心境下，不知不觉提升英语的阅读水平。

本系列的读者对象建议是：具有初步英文基础的社会白领，青年读者；想通过课外青春趣味阅读，轻轻松松，在愉快的状态下提升英语阅读能力的大、中学校在校生朋友们。

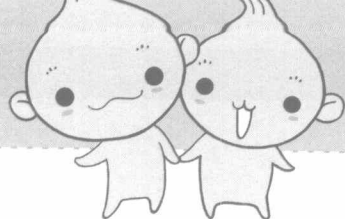
张宝丹、林学明





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A DANCE WITH DAD

I am dancing with my father at my parents' fiftieth wedding anniversary. The band is playing an old-fashioned waltz as we move gracefully across the floor. His hand on my waist is as guiding as it always was, and he hums the tune to himself in a steady, youthful way. Around and around we go, laughing and nodding to the other dancers. We are the best dancers on the floor, they tell us. My father squeezes my hand and smiles at me.

As we continue to swirl around, I remember a time when I was almost three, and my father came home from work, holding me into his arms and began to dance me around the table. My mother laughed at us, told us dinner would get cold. But my father said, "She's just caught the rhythm of the dance! Dinner can wait!" And then he sang out "Roll out the barrel, let's have a barrel of fun," and I sang back, "Let's get those blues on the run." That night he taught me to waltz and do the fox trot while dinner waited.

fox trot 狐步舞



We danced through the years. When I was five, my father taught me to “shuffle off to Buffalo”. Later we won a dance contest at a Campfire Girls Round-Up. Then we learned to jitterbug at the USO place downtown. Once my father caught on to the steps, he danced with everyone in the hall. We all laughed and clapped our hands for my father, the dancer.

One night when I was fifteen, lost in some painful, adolescent mood, my father put on a stack of records and teased me to dance with him. “C”mon,” he said, “let’s get those blues on the run.” I turned away from him and hugged my pain closer than before. My father put his hand on my shoulder, and I jumped out of the chair screaming, “Don’t touch me! Don’t touch me! I am sick and tired of dancing with you!” The hurt on his face did not escape me, but the words were out, and I could not call them back. I ran to my room sobbing madly.

We did not dance together after that night. I found other partners, and my father waited up for me after dances, sitting in his favorite chair, wearing his pajamas. Sometimes he would be asleep when I came in, and I would wake him saying, “If you were so tired, you should have gone to bed.”

“No, no,” he’d say. “I was just waiting for you.”

Then we’d lock up the house

jitterbug ['dʒɪtəbʌg] *n.* 吉特巴舞
pajama [pə'dʒɑ:mə, 'dʒæ] *n.* 睡衣



and go to bed.

My father waited up for me all through my high school and college years while I danced my way out of his life.

One night, shortly after my first child was born, my mother called to tell me my father was ill. “A heart problem,” she said. “Now, don’t come. Three hundred miles. It would upset your father. We will just have to wait. I’ll let you know.”

My father’s tests showed some stress, but a proper diet helped regain his good health. Little things, then, for a while; a problem in the back; more heart trouble. But the dancing did not stop. My mother wrote that they had joined a dance club. “You remember how your father loves to dance.”

Yes, I remember. My eyes filled up with remembering.

When my father retired, we mended our way back together again; hugs and kisses were common when we visited each other. But my father did not ask me to dance. He danced with the grandchildren; my daughters knew how to waltz before they could read.

“One, two, three and one, two, three,” my father would count out, “won’t you come and waltz with me?” Sometimes my heart would ache to have him say those words to me. But I knew my father was waiting for



an apology from me, and I could never find the right words.

As the time for my parents' fiftieth anniversary approached, my brothers and I met to plan the party. My older brother said, "Do you remember that night you wouldn't dance with him? Boy, was he mad! I couldn't believe he'd get so mad about a thing like that. I'll bet you haven't danced with him since."

I did not tell him he was right.

My younger brother promised to get the band.

"Make sure they can play waltzes and polkas," I told him.

"Dad can dance to anything," he said. "Don't you want to get down, get the fashion?" I did not tell him that all I wanted to do was dance once more with my father.

When the band began to play after dinner, my parents took the floor. They swirled around the room, inviting the others to join them. The guests rose to their feet, applauding the golden couple. My father danced with his granddaughters and then the band began to play the "Beer Barrel Polka."

"Roll out the barrel," I heard my father sing. Then I knew it was time. I knew the words I must say to my father before he would dance



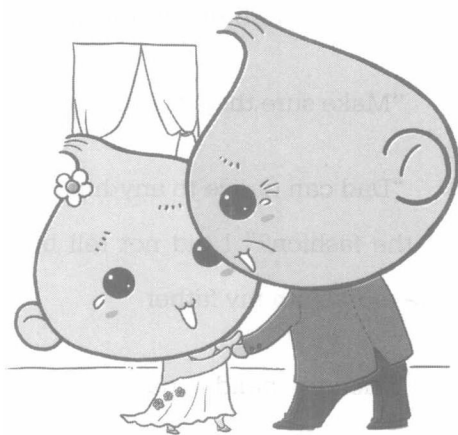
with me once more. I wound my way through a few couples and tapped my daughter on the shoulder.

“Excuse me,” I said, almost choking on my words, “but I believe this is my dance.”

My father stood rooted to the spot. Our eyes met and traveled back to that night when I was fifteen. In a trembling voice, I sang, “Let’s get those blues on the run.”

My father bowed and said, “Oh, yes. I’ve been waiting for you.”

Then he started to laugh, and we moved into each other’s arms, pausing for a moment so we could catch once more the rhythm of the dance.



与父共舞

在 父母五十周年结婚纪念日那天我与父亲跳舞了。乐队演奏着旧式的华尔兹，我们在地板上优美地滑动着。他的手环着我的腰，像以往一样指引着我，平和而又充满活力地哼着调子。我们跳了一圈又一圈，不时地向其他舞者笑着点头致意。他们说我们是舞场中最优秀的舞者。父亲握着我的手，露出了微笑。

我们继续着舞步，这让我想起在我三岁那年，父亲下班回家，一把将我搂在怀里，围着桌子开始跳舞。母亲笑着说，饭都要凉了。但父亲却说：“她刚好跟上舞蹈的节奏，饭可以等会再吃。”然后，他开始哼唱：“Roll out the barrel, let's have a barrel of fun。”我就唱道：“Let's get those blues on the run。”那天晚上，他教我跳华尔兹，跳狐步舞。那晚我们连饭都没吃。

我们每天都要跳舞。在我五岁时，父亲教我跳 shuffle off to Buffalo。后来，我们在露营少女团夏令营中，赢得了舞蹈比赛的冠军。我们还去美国劳军联合组织所在的地方表演吉特巴舞。每次父亲进入舞池之后，都会与所有的人跳舞。我们都为父亲欢呼、鼓掌，因为他是一个真正的舞者。

我十五岁那年的一个晚上，或许由于青春期的多愁善感，我非常悲



伤。父亲拿出一堆唱片，非要我跟他跳舞。“来吧，”他说，“Let's get those blues on the run.”我没理他，独自承受着自己的痛苦。他走过来把手放在我的肩上。我跳下椅子，对他吼道：“别碰我！别碰我！我讨厌和你跳舞！”我看到了他脸上受伤的表情，但话已出口，我无法收回。我痛哭着跑回了房间。

从那之后，我再也没和父亲跳过舞。我有了其他舞伴，而父亲总是会穿着睡衣，坐在自己最喜欢的椅子上，等我回家。有时当我回来，他已经睡着了。我便把他叫醒，告诉他：“既然你这么累，就该早点去睡觉。”

他总是会说：“不，不累，我在等你呢。”

然后，我们就锁上房门，各自去睡了。

在我上高中和大学的几年里，每次我出去跳舞，父亲都会一直等我回家。

在我的第一个孩子出生不久的一个晚上，母亲打电话告诉我说父亲病了：“是心脏的问题。现在不要过来，三百英里太远了，你父亲会生气的。等等吧，有了结果我会告诉你。”

父亲的检查显示他压力有些过重，不过合理的饮食使他恢复了健康。只是暂时的小毛病。背部的毛病，心脏问题。但是他从未停止跳舞。母亲写信说他们参加了一个舞蹈俱乐部。“你还记得你父亲多么喜欢跳舞吗？”

是的，我记得。我的眼中充满了对过去的回忆。

父亲退休之后，我们又聚在了一起。每次见面，我们都要相互拥抱，亲吻。但是父亲从未让我陪他跳舞。他和外孙女们跳舞。我的女儿们还不识字就知道怎么跳华尔兹。

“一、二、三，一、二、三，”父亲总是数着舞步。“能来和我跳支华



尔兹吗？”每次我希望父亲对我说出这句话的时候，心里都会感到阵痛。但是我知道父亲在等我的道歉，而我总是很难找到恰当的语言。

而随着父母结婚五十周年纪念日的到来，我的兄弟和我计划为他们举办一次舞会。我哥哥说：“还记得你拒绝陪他跳舞的那个晚上吗？天哪，他简直疯了。真不敢相信他为了此事竟如此伤心。从那以后，你肯定没和他跳过舞吧。”

我没有回答，但他说得没错。

弟弟说他能够搞定一支乐队。

我告诉他：“一定要保证他们能够演奏华尔兹和波尔卡舞曲。”

他说：“爸爸可以跳任何一支曲子。你不想跳吗？是不是赶时髦啊？”我没有告诉他，我只是想和父亲再跳一次舞。

晚餐过后，乐队开始演奏，父母步入了舞池。他们在房间里翩翩起舞，并邀请其他人加入。客人们都站起来，一齐为这对金婚夫妇喝彩。父亲开始和他的外孙女跳舞，乐队演奏起了“Beer Barrel Polka”。

我听见父亲在唱：“Roll out the barrel”。我知道现在是最佳时机。我知道要想让父亲和我跳舞，我需要说些什么。我穿过人群，拍了拍女儿的肩膀。

“对不起。”我说，有一种窒息的感觉。“我想这是我的舞曲。”

父亲呆了一样站在那里。我们都注视这对方，思绪飞回到我十五岁的那个夜晚。我用略带颤抖的声音唱道：“Let's get those blues on the run。”

父亲鞠躬道：“噢，当然。我一直在等你。”

说完，他大笑起来。我们挽着彼此的胳膊，停了一下，以便跟上舞曲的节奏。



Exercise

1. Questions and answers:

- 1) How do you know that the author's father love dance very much?
- 2) When did the author start to dance with her father? When did they stop dancing with each other, and why?
- 3) Why did it take so long for them to dance together again?
- 4) Why did the author decide to hold a dancing party on her parents' 50th wedding anniversary?

2. True or false:

- 5) The author loved dancing very much, but she didn't like dancing with her father.
- 6) They stopped dancing with each other, because they had a quarrel with each other.
- 7) Both the father and daughter longed to dance together again.
- 8) The author held a dancing party for her parents because she wanted their wedding anniversary to be more fashionable.

The days that make us happy make us wise.

快乐的日子使人睿智。

