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温馨英文记

LEARNING ENGLISH IN BEAUTIFUL ESSAYS

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内 容 提 要

本书包括“闲暇时分的思索”(哲理)、“追逐灿烂的人生”(励志)、“亲情在左,友情在右”(亲情和友情)、“无时无刻爱相随”(爱情)四部分,共收录语言地道、适宜诵读的英文美文 68 篇。本书各篇文章均配有难词注释和文字优美的汉语译文,帮助读者轻松学习。

本书适合在校大学生和其他英语爱好者学习使用。

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Preface

背单词太枯燥，坚持不下来！

学口语太单调，不会开口说！

学习时间如何才能充分利用好？

现在，您不用再为难。“每天一刻钟系列”会帮助您充分利用每天的点滴时间，如早起时、临睡前、公交车上等时间学习英文。点滴时间不浪费！为了让学习英文变得更加轻松，此系列从演讲、歌曲、电影、美文四大方面入手，分为《名人会客室》、《好歌听不停》、《走进电影院》、《温馨英文记》四本分册，选取轻松的阅读材料，帮助您在轻松的氛围中学到地道的英文口语、写作句子、实用词汇。

本书精选了68篇英文美文，分为“闲暇时分的思索”、“追逐灿烂的人生”、“亲情在左，友情在右”、“无时无刻爱相随”四部分，文章风格各异，内容温馨丰富。小故事大哲理，愿这些文章能温暖您的心灵，启迪您的智慧。

本书具有以下特色。

1. 四大主题，体裁广泛

本书收录的文章主题鲜明，分为哲理、励志、亲情和友情、爱情四类，而体裁涉及记叙文和散文等，您在感受英文文章魅力的同时，也会对生活有新的思考。

2. 语言地道，适宜诵读

本书收录的文章短小精练、语言地道，并配有难词注释和优美的译文帮助增强英文学习效果。文章朗朗上口，适合诵读。通过诵读这些文章，您能在语感和口语等方面都有所提升。

本系列丛书主编为金利，副主编为杨云云、高楠楠、谭若辰，沈辉、刘夏菲、范芙蓉、肖严艳、都海飞、南方、杨洁、李素素、张丽芬、蒋志华、龙微、李琦、韩京婧参与了编写工作。

编者

2013年9月

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闲暇时的思索



胡萝卜、鸡蛋和咖啡豆

Carrot, Egg, Coffee Bean

A daughter complained to her father about her life and how things were so hard for her. She did not know how she was going to make it and wanted to give up. She was tired of fighting and struggling. It seemed that as one problem was solved, a new one arose.

Her father, a chef, took her to the kitchen. He filled three pots with water and placed each on a high fire. Soon, the pots came to a boil.

In one, he placed carrots, in the second he placed eggs, and in the last, he placed ground coffee beans. He let them sit and boil, without saying a word.

The daughter sucked her teeth and impatiently waited, wondering what he was doing. In about twenty minutes, he turned off the burners. He fished the carrots out and placed them in a bowl. He pulled the eggs out and placed them in a bowl. Then he **ladled** the coffee out and placed it in a bowl.

Turning to her he asked, "Darling, what do you see?"

"Carrots, eggs and coffee," she replied.

He brought her closer and asked her to feel the carrots. She did and noted that they were soft. He then asked her to take an egg and break it. After pulling off the shell, she observed the hard-boiled egg. Finally he asked her to sip the coffee. She smiled as she tasted its rich aroma. She **humbly** asked, "What does it mean, Father?"

He explained that each of them had faced the same adversity, boiling water, but each reacted differently. The carrot went in strong, hard and **unrelenting**, but after being subjected to the boiling water, it softened and became weak. The egg had been fragile. Its thin outer shell had protected its liquid **interior**, but after sitting through the boiling water, its inside became hardened. But the ground coffee beans were **unique**. After they were in the boiling water, they had changed the water. "Which are you?" he asked his daughter, "When adversity knocks on your door, how do you respond? Are you a carrot, an egg or a coffee bean?"

How about you? Are you the carrot that seems hard, but with pain and adversity

do you wilt and become soft and lose your strength?

Are you the egg, which starts off with a **malleable** heart? Were you a fluid spirit, but after a death, a breakup, a divorce, or a layoff, have you become hardened and stiff? Your shell looks the same, but are you tough with a stiff spirit and heart?

Or are you like the coffee bean? The bean changed the hot water, the thing that is bringing the pain, to its peak flavor, reached 100 Celsius degrees better.

If you are like the bean, when things are at their worst, you get better and make things better around you.

How do you handle adversity? Are you a carrot, an egg, or a coffee bean?

No matter how bad and difficult it is during times of adversity, through **endurance** and **perseverance** we will see the light in the dark. As long as we do not succumb to pain and hardship, we will always **emerge** a better person.

一个女儿对父亲抱怨她的生活，觉得事事都那么艰难。她不知该如何应付，想要自暴自弃了。她已厌倦了抵抗和奋斗，好像一个问题刚解决，新的问题就又出现了。

她的父亲是位厨师。他带她进了厨房，先往三只壶里倒满水，然后把它们放在旺火上烧，不久壶里的水就烧开了。

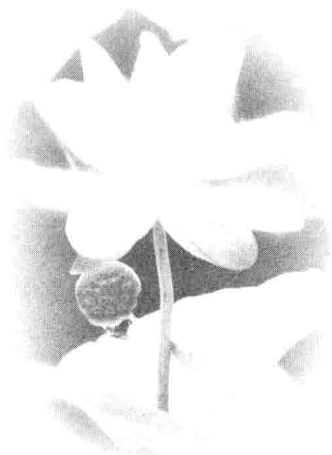
他往第一只壶里放入胡萝卜，第二只壶里放入鸡蛋，最后一只壶里放入碾磨过的咖啡豆。东西放进去后就开始煮，父亲一句话也不说。

女儿咂咂嘴，她等得有些不耐烦，纳闷父亲到底要做什么。大约 20 分钟后，父亲把火关了。他把胡萝卜捞出来放入一个碗里，把鸡蛋捞出来放入另一个碗里，然后又把咖啡舀到第三个碗里。

他转身问女儿：“亲爱的，你看见什么了？”

“胡萝卜、鸡蛋还有咖啡。”她回答。

他让她过来摸摸胡萝卜。她摸了摸，发现它们变软了。父亲又让女儿拿一只鸡蛋打开，剥掉壳后，她看到煮熟的鸡蛋很硬。最后他让她啜饮咖啡，品尝到香浓的咖啡，女儿笑了。她虚心地问道：“父亲，这意味着什么？”



ladle ['leɪdl] *v.* (用勺子) 舀

humbly ['hʌmblɪ] *adv.* 谦逊地

unrelenting [ʌnrɪ'lentɪŋ] *adj.*

(强度等) 未降低的

interior [ɪn'tɪəriə] *n.* 内部

unique [ju:'ni:k] *adj.* 独特的

malleable ['mæliəbl] *adj.*

(人) 易受影响的；易改变的

endurance [ɪn'djuərəns] *n.* 忍耐力

perseverance [pə:'si:vɪərəns] *n.*

坚持不懈

emerge [i'mə:dʒ] *v.* 显露，出现

父亲解释说，这三样东西面临同样的逆境——煮沸的开水，但其反应各不相同。胡萝卜被放入水中之前很坚硬、结实，毫不示弱，但在开水中煮过后，它变软了，变弱了。鸡蛋原来是易碎的，薄薄的外壳保护着它里面的液体，但是经开水一煮，内部变硬了。而碾磨过的咖啡豆则很独特，进入沸水后它们反而改变了水。“哪个是你呢？”他问女儿。“当逆境找上门来时，你会如何反应？你是胡萝卜、鸡蛋，还是咖啡豆？”

你会是什么呢？你是看似强硬，但遭遇痛苦和逆境就畏缩、软弱并失去力量的胡萝卜吗？

你是内心可塑的鸡蛋吗？你是否原本是个性情不定的人，但经过死亡、分手、离异或失业，是不是变得坚硬、倔强了？你的外表看似从前，但你是不是因有了执着的信念和追求而变得无比坚强？

或者你是咖啡豆吗？豆子改变了给它带来痛苦的开水，水越烫，它越香，当水温达到 100℃ 时它就会散发出最佳醇香。

如果你和咖啡豆一样，那么当事情变得极度糟糕时，你却能振作起来，努力改变环境并使其变得更加美好。

你是如何应对逆境的呢？你是胡萝卜、鸡蛋，还是咖啡豆？

不管逆境多么糟糕、多么艰难，只要我们有持久的耐力和坚定不移的信念，就肯定能在黑暗中找到光明；只要我们不向痛苦和艰难屈服，历经风雨后我们必将更加完美。





人生如斯

Life Is like That

That was an overnight journey and I had planned well in advance to schedule all my appointment and work through the day so that I can catch up with the sleep during the night.

The train was just packed and probably overbooked. Passengers on the seats across the aisles sat uncomfortably almost on each other's lap.

There are times when you thank your stars and the lord for the silliest of all reasons and one of them was just this to have been blessed with a sleeper berth.

As the train moved a few fellows moved out of the train too and even then there were quite a few of them perched diagonally opposite. I decided to ignore their ordeal for the next half-hour for I knew that they would be waiting for the final verdict from the tt before they resign to their fate for the rest of the journey.

I spread the sheet across the berth and decided to catch up with some reading to distract myself from the fellow passenger's discomfort.

Well reading before retiring for the day has in it some opium that puts you to sleep faster and secretly I was waiting to be transformed into that state for I was too tired of the day's routine and had to also refresh for the day next.

I would have just settled to the reading position when a guy tapped me gently on my back and requested if he could be accommodated to share the berth with me. He looked quite an extroverted person who would chance his luck at every turn of events in life. He suggested that we could sleep with the head on the opposite sides! And he was looking at me quite expectantly that somehow I will agree to his idea.

I was too tired and was just not in a mood to compromise, accommodate and adjust. More than that, I was a bit taken aback with his boldness to make such a strange suggestion. I raised my head half way from my berth and said, "Sorry man, I am too tired and would not like to be disturbed in my sleep with each of us falling and rolling over the other."

He turned back to his seat showing me a sign of "no problems" and flopped awkwardly between the other two passengers on both sides.

The novel almost did the trick, but then only for a few hours. I was up and awake suddenly to the deadness of the night save the snores here and there and of course the beat of the train as it crossed each part of the track at good speed.

I saw this guy sleeping in a sitting position blissfully oblivious of the discomfort that he would have in that position.

As of me, the next few hours and in the process the whole night I somehow could not manage to catch up with the sleep and even the opium of the novel proved ineffective.

I tossed around left and right and tried all poses known to me to summon the sleep but to no avail. It went on this way much to my irritation all through the night and till it was almost the dawn of the next day.

Frustrated I decided to give up and sat up. One look at him and I could not help **relenting** and it helped me to open my eyes of understanding (notwithstanding that my eyes were burning with tiredness).

I had a sleeper but here I could not manage to sleep most of the night, while he had to sit through and yet was having a sound sleep. Well, as if to have heard me thinking loud he opened his eyes and in a jiffy sat upright.

He looked so fresh as the morning dew and ready to take the world on; while I felt dull at dawn feeling sleepy. I realized, a berth hardly mattered for a sound sleep; it's all in the mind to command the body to sleep; sitting or sleeping pose? Never mind.

So what if you have the means to secure those comforts and leisure? It hardly matters when you cannot experience the pleasure.

那是一次夜间的旅行，我已经提前计划和安排好了所有的任务和一整天的工作，这样晚上我就能好好地睡一觉了。

火车上人满为患，估计是订票人数过多，过道两边的乘客们坐得很不舒服，挤得几乎都坐到彼此的膝盖上了。

人生中总会因为各种最愚蠢的理由而要感谢命运和上天，这其中之一便是幸运地得到一个卧铺。

当火车开动时，也有些人下了车。尽管如此，还是有许多人在斜对面坐着。我决定在接下来的半个小时里无视他们的“痛苦”，因为我知道他们在把命运托付给余下的旅途前，他们在等待着总时间的最终裁决。

我把铺位上的被单打开，决定趁此机会赶紧看些书来转移自己对那些旅客的不舒适的注意力。

在睡眠前进行适当的阅读有利于更快地入睡，而我私下里也正期盼着进入那种状态，因为今天的日常事务可把我给累坏了，而且我得为第二天养精蓄锐。

按理我是要开始进入阅读状态的，可有个家伙轻轻地拍了拍我的后背，问能不能和我共用一个铺位。他看起来相当外向，属于那种在人生的每一个转折点都会去碰运气的人。他提议说我们可以头对脚各睡一头，并用充满期待的目光看着我，想用这种方法让我答应他。

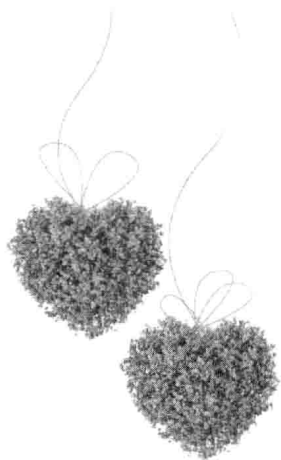
可我太累了，刚好也没心情去妥协折中、去为别人提供方便或进行调整。更重要的是，我有点儿被他提出的这个大胆冒失的建议给吓住了。我从铺位上稍稍抬起头，说道：“兄弟，不好意思，我太累了，不太愿意在睡觉时被我们双方来回翻身所打扰。”

他做了个“没问题”的手势，然后走向自己的座位，在过道两边的乘客中举步维艰地走过去。

这本小说几乎很快就让我入睡了，但也不过是睡着了几个小时。我突然醒了，坐了起来。这样的夜里四处是死一样的沉寂，除了此起彼伏的打鼾声，当然，还有列车飞速轧过每一节铁轨时发出的撞击声。

我看到那个家伙坐着美美地睡着了，完全忘掉了以这种姿势睡觉所带来的不适。

而我则在接下来的几个小时甚至整个晚上不知怎么回事竟然难以入睡，即便是催眠“鸦片”似的小说也不奏效了。



star [stɑ:] *n.* 命运

ordeal [ɔ:'di:l] *n.* 严酷的考验

verdict ['və:dikt] *n.*

(陪审团的) 裁决，判决

tt (Total Time) 总时间

extroverted ['ekstrəvə:tɪd] *adj.*

外向的

irritation [iri'teɪʃən] *n.* 愤怒

relent [ri'lent] *v.* 变宽厚，变温和

jiffy ['dʒɪfi] *n.* 瞬间，一会儿

我辗转反侧，试遍了我所知道的各种有助于睡眠的姿势，但都徒劳无功。整个晚上都是如此，这令我极为恼火，直到天快亮为止。

我沮丧地放弃了睡觉，于是坐起来。看了他一眼，我不禁心平气和起来，这有助于我张开领悟的眼睛，尽管我的眼睛正燃烧着疲惫之火。

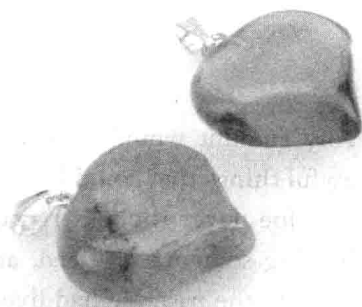
我有铺位但却几乎整晚不能入睡，而他由始至终只能坐着却仍然美梦香甜。这时，他就好像听到了我喧嚣不断的思绪一样，睁开了眼睛并一下子就笔直地坐了起来。

他看上去像清晨的露珠一样神清气爽，准备好了去融入这个世界。而我则在黎明到来时感觉迟钝，昏昏沉沉。我意识到，一个卧铺与一个香甜的睡眠几乎毫无关系。让身体入睡完全在于心念，与姿势是坐着或躺着并没有关系。

即便你有了可以保证舒适与安逸的手段，那又如何？如果不能体验到快乐的话，那几乎是毫无意义的。

让心灯亮起来

Let the Light Shine



He was driving home one evening, on a two-lane country road. Work, in this small midwestern community, was almost as slow as his beat-up Pontiac, but he never quit looking. Ever since the factory closed, he'd been unemployed, and with winter raging on, the chill had finally hit home.

It was a lonely road. Not very many people had a reason to be on it, unless they were leaving. Most of his friends had already left. They had families to feed and dreams to fulfill, but he stayed on. After all, this was where he buried his mother and father. He was born here and knew the country.

He could go down this road blind, and tell you what was on either side, and with his headlights not working, that came in handy. It was starting to get dark and light snow **flurries** were coming down. He'd better get a move on.

You know, he almost didn't see the old lady, stranded on the side of the road. But even in the dim light of day, he could see she needed help. So he pulled up in front of her Mercedes and got out. His Pontiac was still **sputtering** when he approached her.

Even with the smile on his face, she was worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so. Was he going to hurt her? He didn't look safe; he looked poor and hungry.

He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the cold. He knew how she felt. It was that chill that only fear can put in you. He said, "I'm here to help you ma'am. Why don't you wait in the car where it's warm? By the way, my name is Joe."

Well, all she had was a flat tire, but for an old lady, that was bad enough. Joe crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his **knuckles** a time or two. Soon he was able to change the tire, but he had to get dirty and his hands hurt. As he was tightening up the lug nuts, she rolled down her window and began to talk to him. She told him that she was from St. Louis and was only just passing through. She couldn't thank him enough for coming to her aid.

Joe just smiled as he closed her trunk. She asked him how much she owed him.

Any amount would have been all right with her. She had already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped.

Joe never thought twice about the money. This was not a job to him. This was helping someone in need, and God knows there were plenty who had given him a hand in the past. He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act any other way. He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance that they needed, and Joe added "...and think of me".

He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a cold and depressing day, but he felt good as he headed for home, disappearing into the twilight. A few miles down the road the lady saw a small café. She went in to grab a bite to eat, and take the chill off before she made the last leg of her trip home. It was a dingy looking restaurant. Outside were two old gas pumps. The whole scene was unfamiliar to her. The cash register was like the telephone of an out of work actor — it didn't ring much.

Her waitress came over and brought a clean towel to wipe her wet hair. She had a sweet smile, one that even being on her feet for the whole day couldn't erase. The lady noticed that the waitress was nearly eight months pregnant, but she never let the strain and aches change her attitude. The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so giving to a stranger. Then she remembered Joe.

After the lady finished her meal, and the waitress went to get her change from a hundred dollar bill, the lady slipped right out the door. She was gone by the time the waitress came back. She wondered where the lady could be, then she noticed something written on a napkin. There were tears in her eyes, when she read what the lady wrote. It said, "You don't owe me a thing. I've been there too. Someone once helped me out, the way I'm helping you. If you really want to pay me back, here's what you do...Don't let the chain of love end with you."

Well, there were tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through another day. That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the money and what the lady had written. How could she have known how much she and her husband needed it? With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard. She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered soft and low, "Everything's gonna be all right; I love you Joe."