EVERYDAY ENGLISH SNACK

IMPRESSIVE ENGLISH READINGS FOR A LIFELONG TIME

每天读点英文。感动你一生的英文全集

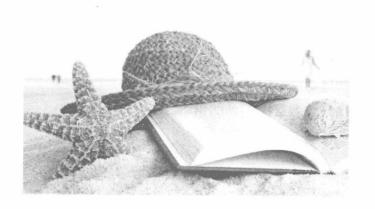
何梦雨 刘悦 胡军◎主编

典藏英文全集



365天享受阅读





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主编 何梦雨 刘悦 胡军

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前言 Preface

雨果曾说,书籍是改造灵魂的工具。在忙碌烦嚣的现代生活中,我们总是带着太多的负累上路,在尘埃喧嚣中疲惫不堪地渴求着幸福、追求着爱情,却忽视了生命驿站中的温暖灯光、成长路上的心灵佐餐。在每个悄然醒来的清晨或是安然人眠的睡前,品一杯咖啡抑或一盏清茶,读一篇感动心灵的美文,与自己的心灵进行一次坦然地交流。在你翻阅的这本书中,每一则故事,都直抵人心,帮你梳理纷乱的思绪,找到人生幸福的密码;每一篇美文,都怡人性情,为心灵注人勇气和力量,带给你爱和希望。使你可以更从容、更自信、更智慧,从庸庸碌碌中醒来,找到人生的正确态度、生活的正确方向,从而成就美满的人生。

编者希望把一切动人的文字呈献给读者,以滋养每个疲倦的心灵,秉承这样一个美好的愿 望,精心甄选,采撷最经典的美文佳作。本书收录了百余个精彩动人、发人深省的文章,内容 涉及心态、宽容、尊重、亲情、爱情、友谊、善良、感恩、幸福、做人、做事、挫折、成功等 重大人生课题,细写亲情的温暖、爱情的甜蜜,分享为人处世的奥秘、人生哲理的精髓。意蕴 隽永的美文,似那一道道晨曦之光,给我们的生活带来无尽的光明与希望,一言一语皆蕴含着 人性的真善美。就人选作品的内容而言,爱情是人类经久不衰的话题,《持续了60年的爱情》 为我们讲述了一个历久弥坚的爱情故事,略带悲伤,结局温馨,使得那些在爱情中经历迷茫无 助、苦苦寻觅的人们更加坚定自己内心的信仰。《曲折浪漫路》中命运似乎与两位主人公开了 一个无心的玩笑,让相爱的人彼此蹉跎等待,但是坚持的力量最终让真爱的花蕾绽放出幸福的 花朵。在《爱情》《爱之絮语》等篇文章中,笔者依旧引导我们思索和体味爱情的真谛。家庭 与亲情,对我们每个人而言同样也是弥足珍贵的,《一份爱的礼物》中可爱的小男孩儿,家境 贫寒,为了给心爱的妈妈准备一份母亲节的礼物,每天以自己稚嫩的小手用心地寻找着可以变 卖的麻袋,这份爱意与坚持让我们不禁感动与汗颜。《妈妈的小向导》则讲述了一个令人忍俊 不禁的小故事, 使我们隔着时光的隧道, 在不经意间回忆起遥远童年的温馨往事。而《我与父 亲》《老爸》《母亲》《孩子的守护天使》《家庭》《爱的小纸条》《谁是最爱你的人》等篇 则提醒着每日忙碌的人们要珍惜可贵的亲情、思考家庭的意义。本书中收录的另外一些故事, 还让我们看到了平凡人们身上卓越的闪光点,展现了人性美好的一面。《在李先生那一侧的 街》让我们看到了普通人身上的正义品质所蕴含的无尽力量,《一盏破提灯》则描述了一个小 女孩儿为了挽救他人所表现出的惊人勇气,在《一生的收获》中我们再次体味了诚实守信对于 人生的重要意义,而特蕾莎修女所撰写的《美丽的微笑与爱心》更使我们感受到人与人真挚的善良与悲悯的情怀所生发的无尽温暖。这些故事,似乎唤醒了我们已然蒙尘的心灵,使我们在浮华光影中反思自我的麻痹漠然,仰首间重拾对人性的信任、对生命的尊重。此外,在诸如《幸福》《热爱生活》《快乐之门》《学会生活在现实中》《两个要避免的字,两个要铭记的字》等篇中,作者提点着幸福的要义和人生的智慧,为我们倦怠的灵魂找寻休憩的所在,为在追求幸福道路上奔跑的人们指点迷津,读之如同沐浴秋日午后的暖阳。而《我为何而生》《不言放弃》《追随梦想》《天生赢家》等文则给人以醍醐灌顶之感,使我们在不知不觉中感悟生命的价值,获得奋进的动力,领会自信的魅力,奠定人生的基石。就人选作品的体裁而言,不仅有《秋天——收获的季节》和《夜》等篇文字优美、情思绵远的散文,还有《多森小溪救援记》《一盏破提灯》等故事性、情节性极强的叙事文章,以及像《这些美好不会消逝》《雪夜林边小驻》这般情感真挚、意境悠远灵动的诗篇。

诚然,在人生的旅途中,存在着许多让人无法预料的困难和诱惑,挫伤我们的自信,扰乱我们的视线和心灵,也会使我们的前途变得迷雾重重、扑朔迷离。每个人的人生道路都不是一帆风顺的,脆弱的心灵会受到各种各样的煎熬。生活的繁杂琐事、工作的重重压力、人际关系的烦恼不堪,使我们的心灵承受了太多的负累,纯净的心灵被层层灰尘所蒙蔽。但是,如果我们的心灵不是总被自私、贪婪、卑鄙、懒惰所笼罩 ,如果我们的心灵能不断被坚强、善良、纯真、刻苦之泉所灌溉,那么即使我们一贫如洗或是平凡普通,我们一样可以拥有梦想中的快乐和幸福。

生命,需要鼓舞与希望;心灵,需要温暖与滋润。精读书中故事,学习爱的表达,用最婉转动听的语言诉说世间至真至美的情感。在阅读中,掌握最地道的英文用法。希望本书带给读者的不仅是心灵的净化与陶冶,同时也有英语语言能力的提升与完善,而这也是编者最为朴素的初衷。

《感动你一生的英文——爱与人生》《感动你一生的英文——经典美文》和《感动你一生的英文——感悟生命》三本书自第一版上市至今,深受广大读者的喜爱,如今将这三本书重新整合,选取其中最感人的文章升级改版,希望这本新版的《每天读点英文感动你一生的英文全集》能继续得到读者朋友们的支持。

目录

contents

When We Give Thanks 2	Meeting at Night 26
感恩的机会	深夜幽会
The Priceless Mother Love 4	Of Love 26
母爱无价。这个人,是是一个人	论爱情
The Smile 4	Love Notes 30
微笑	爱的小纸条
The Sleeping Beauty 6	On the Feeling of
睡美人	Immortality in Youth 32
Sixteenth Birthday Letter 8	有感于青春常在
十六岁生日的信	My Perfect Wife 34
Every Living Person Has	我的完美妻子
Problems 10	Love of Self 34
人人有本难念的经	爱自己
Happiness 12	A Red, Red Rose 36
幸福	一朵红红的玫瑰
Learn to Live in Actuality 14	Love 38
学会生活在现实中显示调查	爱情
My Mother's Gift	Who Loves You the Best 40
母亲的礼物	谁是最爱你的人
My Forever Valentine 20	Love Your Life 42
永远的情人节礼物	热爱生活
Life Is a Game	Oh Babies 44
生活是一场游戏	噢,宝贝儿们
Love Is a Telephone 24	Take a Loving Look 44
爱情是一部电话 网络多数	运用充满爱意的眼神

My Symphony of Life 46	Love of Life 62	
我的生命交响曲	热爱生命	
Five Ways to Buff Up Your	She Walks in Beauty 64	
Love Ones 46	她光彩照人,款款而行	
让爱人心情愉快的五种方法	Put Time Where Love Is 66	
Mother 48	舍得为爱付出时间	
母 亲	The Day That Changed My	
Pain and Growth 52	Life 66	
痛苦与成长	改变我一生的一天	
I Travelled Among Unknown	The Art of Living 68	
Men 52	生活的艺术	
我曾在海外的异乡流浪	My Second Father 70	
Please Let Me Have a Little	我的第二任父亲	
World 54	The Happy Door 72	
给我一个小小的世界	快乐之门	
I Love You 56	The Joy of Living 72	
我爱你	生活的乐趣	
Put a Little Love in Your	Whispering Love 74	
Life 56	爱之絮语	
给生活多一份爱	Dad's Kiss 76	
Geraniums of Love 58	父亲的吻	
爱的天竺葵	The Lover and the Beloved 78	
Something Better than	施爱者与被爱者	
Money 60	Detour to Romance 80	
比金钱更珍贵的	曲折浪漫路	

Those Things Chall Name		William Villam V	
These Things Shall Never Die 84		What I Have Lived for	98
	4	我为何而生	
这些美好不会消逝		Why I Want a Wife	100
The World as I See It 86	3	我为什么想要个妻子	
我的世界观		You Are What You Do	102
The Paper Cup 86	3	你是你的所为	
纸杯上的爱		Work Done for Humanity	104
Sonnet 148 88	3	为人类而奋斗	
十四行诗第148首		Old Friends, Good Friends	104
We Need Friends 90)	老朋友, 好朋友	
我们需要朋友		Another Kind of Love	106
When Love Beckons You 90)	另一种爱	
当爱向你们挥手		F-A-M-I-L-Y	108
We Were Dear to Each		家庭	100
Other 92)	The Difference Between	
我们相亲相爱		Love and Like	110
What Happened to Sunday 94	1	爱与喜欢不同	110
星期天怎么了		Dating with My Mother	110
A Hug for Your Thoughts 94	Ĺ		110
深情拥抱		和母亲约会	
		Beautiful Smile and Love	112
	,	美丽的微笑与爱心	
微笑!你将感觉更好		A Child's Love	114
Break of Day 98		孩子的爱	
破晓			

	110	C 10 (V - I	100
Home	116	openii o iii i o iii =	138
家		爱要说出口	
Mom's Little Guide	116	Perseverance	142
妈妈的小向导		坚持不懈	
The Child's Angel	118	The Very Image of a	
孩子的守护天使		Father	142
On My Mother's Bir	thday 120	父亲的形象	
祝妈妈生日快乐		A Beautiful Story	144
Beauty	122	一个美丽的故事	
美丽人生		Children's Eyes	146
Dad and I	124	孩子的眼睛	
我与父亲		A Good Heart to Lean On	148
The Road to Happine	ess 126	善良的心	
幸福之道		A Love Story Lasting for	
Beauty Is in the Eye	of the	60 Years	150
Beholder	130	持续了60年的爱情故事	
男人眼中的完美女	大人	Feather in the Wind	156
Don't Give Up	132	风中的羽毛	
不言放弃		My Father Was My Hero	158
	134	我的父亲是我的英雄	
给母亲的礼物		Napoleon Bonaparte to	
A Gift of Love	134	Marie Josephine	160
一份爱的礼物	分为子 85	拿破仑・波拿巴致玛丽	· 约
MAHILLIM		瑟芬	

Mother	160	A Miracle	198
母 亲		奇 迹	
Three Days to See	162	Preparation Leads to	
假如给我三天光明		Success	200
Starting Point	178	成功偏爱那些有准备的	人
起点		Journey of a Mother	204
All You Remember	178	母亲的心路历程	
你所记得的一切		The Difference a Teacher	
A Story of the Angel	180	Can Make	206
天使的故事		老师改变了男孩的人生	
Words from the Heart	182	Two Words to Avoid,	
心底的话		Two to Remember	210
The Woodwork Angel	186	两个要避免的字,两个	要
木制品天使		铭记的字	
Friends	188	Rush	216
朋友		匆 匆	
Follow Your Dream	190	The Power of a Note	216
追随梦想		便笺的力量	
A Unique Job	192	Mr. Lee's Side of the Street	220
一份独特的工作		在李先生那一侧的街	
Can Money Buy Happiness	194	My Dad	226
金钱能买来幸福吗		老爸	
Growing Roots	196	No Time for Tears	228
成长的树根		来不及哭泣	

Loss Leads to New Life 234	The Door Swings Open 270
逝去与新生	渐开之门
Rescue at Dotson Creek 236	Autumn—the Harvest
多森小溪救援记	Season 272
The Prince and the Judge 240	秋天——收获的季节
王子和法官	Peace in the Atomic Age 274
Born to Win 244	原子能时代的和平
天生赢家	Spring 276
American of Paradox 246	春天
自相矛盾的美国人	Sweet and Low 278
Colors 248	轻轻地,柔和地
颜色	The Country Maid and Her Milk
Two Thanksgiving Day	Can 278
Gentlemen 248	村姑和牛奶罐
两位感恩节里的绅士	A Sailor's Christmas Gift 280
My Turkish Grandmother 252	一个船员的圣诞礼物
我的土耳其祖母	The Daffodils 282
Pennies from Heaven 254	水 仙
意外的好处	Express Your Love, Don't
My Second Chance to Live 258	Buy It 284
我的第二次生命	说你爱我吧!只是别用钱
The Broken Lantern 262	I Dread the End of the Year 286
一盏破提灯	我很担心一年又将逝去
The Light in the Window 266	Beautiful Day, Isn't It? 288
窗户里的阳光	多好的天气啊

Friends and Friends		Night	308
Forever	288	夜	
朋友和永远的朋友		The Value of Time	310
The Cobbler and the Banker	290	时间的价值	
皮匠和银行家		We Are on a Journey	312
Childhood	292	我们在旅途中	
童 年		New York Senate Race	
A Special Occasion	294	Speech	312
特殊的场合		竞选纽约参议员的演讲	
Tribute to White Poplar	296	Love Is Difficult	314
白杨礼赞		爱是艰难的	
Woods on a Snowy		True Love	316
Evening	300	真 爱	
雪夜林边小驻		Being in Love	316
Catch of a Lifetime	300	感 觉 爱	
一生的收获		Love Is Special	318
A Pair of Socks	302	爱是耐人寻味的	
一双短袜		A Little Girl	322
Confidence	304	小女孩	
自 信		How I Discovered Words	322
The Rainbow	306	我是怎样识字的	
彩 虹		What Has Einstein Left As	
Spring	308	Wisdom, Courage and Lov	e 326
春 天		爱因斯坦留下了什么一	——智
		慧、勇气与爱	

Dance Like No One's Your Idea of a Good Friend 346 Watching 328 你心目中的好朋友 像无人观望一样纵情起舞 If I Were a Boy Again 348 Every Man's Natural Desire 假如我又回到了童年 to Be Somebody Else 330 A Love Letter 350 人人想当别人 一封爱的信 Letter to His Son 332 Colour and Life 352 给儿子的信 色彩与人生 After a Long Winter 334 I Have a Dream 354 长冬讨后 我有一个梦想 Autumn 336 Wild Flowers 356 秋 野花 The Love of Beauty 338 There Is No Better than 爱美 Here 358 Attacked by a Butterfly 338 知足才长乐 遭到蝴蝶的袭击 Music 360 A Love Story 340 音乐 一个爱的故事 On Making Friends 362 Mother's Day and Father's 交友之道 342 Day 母亲节与父亲节 Love Can Last Forever 344

唯爱永存

We always delebrated Dad's November birthday on Thanks, iving Day, even after he entered a nursing Forne. As years went on, these events took on a couble meaning for me—a traditional birthday party for Dad, and a personal thanking for all he had been to me in my life.

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A few morn's later at that a memorial service, we more fully resitzed what we had given that that night. Thuse were the stones people normally tell at a fineral, after a loved one is no longer around to hear the words. They are told, then, find of tears, with the hope that the arpaired with somehow hear the outpouring of love. But we had given those loving memories a Dari if the fold through suighter, accompanied by longs and joy. He had them to not agod

When We Give Thanks



We always celebrated Dad's November birthday on Thanksgiving Day, even after he entered a nursing home. As years went on, these events took on a double meaning for me—a traditional birthday party for Dad, and a personal thanking for all he had been to me in my life.

When we knew that it might be his last birthday, the whole family decided to rearrange Thanksgiving plans and come together for a huge Grandpa Simon birthday celebration at the nursing home. It was a crowded party with lots of noise and abundant food. Dad was having the time of his life. He was a marvelous storyteller, and here was the biggest captive audience he'd ever had. The party crackled around him.

During a quiet moment, I announced that it was now Dad's turn to listen to some stories for a change. I wanted everyone to tell Grandpa Simon what we loved about him. The room became still, and even Dad was quiet as his family crowded around him, like subjects around the throne.

One after another, people told stories from their hearts, while Dad listened with wet, flashing blue eyes. People recalled all kinds of lost memories—stories about when they were little, stories about when Dad was young, stories that are shared family treasures. Then someone told the story of Mother and the vase...

My mother was a short stocky woman, who always bent over the table to read the newspaper. One night, Dad placed her precious gold plated vase, a family heirloom, right on her fanny at her body's angle. She couldn't move, couldn't stop from laughing, and screamed for help through her tears, while the vase teetered precariously. We all rolled on the floor laughing until Dad finally rescued the vase.

The stories flowed. Each one seemed to trigger the memory of two more. Even the littlest grandchildren couldn't wait to tell Dad why they loved him. For a man who had been kind to so many hundreds of people in his life, here was our chance to celebrate him.

A few months later, at Dad's memorial service, we more fully realized what we had given Dad that night. Those were the stories people normally tell at a funeral, after a loved one is no longer around to hear the words. They are told, then, full of tears, with the hope that the departed will somehow hear the outpouring of love. But we had given those loving memories to Dad in life, told through laughter, accompanied by hugs and joy. He had them to hold and roll over in his mind during his last months and days.

Words do matter, and they are enough. We just need to say them, to speak them publicly to the ones we love, for everyone else to hear. That's the way to give back love, and our chance to celebrate a person in life.

感恩的机会

我们总是选择在11月感恩节的那天为父亲庆祝生日,即便是父亲进了疗养院也一如既往。 很多年就这样过去了,对于我而言,它代表着双重含义——其一是为父亲举办的传统生日聚 会,其二则是为父亲在生命中所给予我的一切表达感激之情。

这或许是父亲最后一个生日了,我们决定重新安排一个特别的感恩节,全家人聚在一起,在疗养院举办一个盛大的西蒙祖父生日庆典。聚会真是人声鼎沸、热闹非凡,美味佳肴,应有尽有,寿星更是喜笑颜开。父亲真不愧是个绝妙的故事家,这次全神贯注地听他讲故事的听众恐怕也是有史以来最多的了。整个生日聚会一片生机盎然。

在片刻的安宁中,我宣布该轮到父亲听我们讲故事了。我让每一个人告诉西蒙祖父,我们都爱他什么。屋子骤然静了下来,父亲也静了下来,家人们围簇在他周围,犹如臣民们簇拥着皇帝一般。

一个又一个,大家讲述着各自内心的故事,父亲默默地听着,湿润的眼睛里闪烁着晶莹的 泪光。我们回忆着那些被淡忘了的各种记忆——童年的记忆、父亲年少的记忆、家人们共同珍藏着的那些记忆。然后有人讲到了母亲和花瓶的故事……

母亲矮矮胖胖的,总爱俯身于桌上看报。那天晚上,父亲把她珍爱的传家宝——一个金底花瓶放在她屁股上。母亲动弹不得,却又咯咯笑个不停,直到笑出了眼泪,不停尖呼着救命,而花瓶在她身上晃晃悠悠,摇摇欲坠。我们见她这副模样,都笑得在地上打滚,最后还是父亲救了那个花瓶。

整个房间里霎时间充满了故事。每个人似乎都被勾起了两三个回忆。甚至小孙儿们也迫不及待地要告诉他们的爷爷,他们为什么爱爷爷。父亲这辈子把自己的慈爱给予了这么多人,现在正是我们向他表达感恩的好机会。

几个月以后,在父亲的追悼会上,我们才清楚地意识到那天晚上我们给予了父亲什么。人们一般在葬礼上才会去讲述那些故事,而所爱的人却永远无法听到他们的心声。人们眼里噙满了泪水,心里期望着离去的人能够听到他们爱的倾诉。可是我们将这些爱的记忆在父亲有生之年就给予了他,在笑声中、在拥抱中、在欢乐中,我们向父亲讲述了我们对他的爱,让他在人生最后的日子里和记忆中拥有并充满了爱的思绪。

语言就是这样重要,它们足以表达我们的爱。我们只需要说出来,开口把爱告诉所爱的人,让其他每一个人听见。这是回报爱的方式,也是我们向活着的人表达感恩的机会。

The Priceless Mother Love

One night when my wife was preparing dinner, our little son took a piece of paper to her which read: For washing the car—\$5.00

Playing with little sister—\$0.25

Getting a good report card—\$5.00

For sweeping the common corridor—\$2.00

Total-\$12.25

His mother looked at him standing there expecting payment. She picked up the pen and turning the paper over, this is what she wrote: For 10 months I carried you—No charge

For the night I sat up with you and prayed for you—No charge

For the toys, food and clothes-No charge

The full cost of my love-No charge

When he finished reading, he had big tears in his eyes. He looked at his mother and said, "Mummy, I love you!" Then he took the pen and in great big letters wrote on the "bill": "All paid."

The Smile



I was sure that I was to be killed. I became terribly nervous, I fumbled[©] in my pockets to see if there were any cigarettes, which had escaped their search, I found one and because of my shaking hands, I could barely get it to my lips. But I had no matches, they had taken those. I looked through the bars at my jailer. He did not make eye contact with[®] me. I called out to him, "Have you got a light?" He looked at me, shrugged[®] and came over to light my cigarette. Ashe came close and lit the match, his eyes inadvertently locked with mine. At that moment, I smiled. I don't know why I did that. Perhaps it was nervousness, perhaps it know why I did that. Perhaps it was nervousness; perhaps it is very hard not to smile. In any case, I smiled. In that instant, it was as though a spark jumped across the gap between our two hearts, our two human souls. I know he didn't want to, but my smile leaped through the bars and generated a smile on his lips, too. He lit my cigarette but stayed near, looking at me directly in the eyes and continuing to smile.

I kept smiling at him, now aware of him as a person and not just a jailer. And his looking at me seemed to have a new dimension[®] too.