

新英语故事丛书 3

樱 桃

Cherry

张 炜 刘 捷 任素珍 编

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内 容 简 介

魔鬼附着的地球仪，发人深省的梦幻世界，屠刀暂落一瞬间的人生回顾，女律师的伤心情结，崇拜吸血鬼的少年，二战期间的义盗，能探知他人思想的青年的悲惨结局，江湖杀手间的斗智，为魑魅痛苦不已的老妇人，嗜大蒜家庭的故事，……³⁷ 个闻所未闻的新奇故事，吸引您忘掉学英语的苦恼，而陶醉在使用英语的快乐之中。

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飞屋事件

The Flying House Incident

By David Kolb



喜悦的人说，酒是良淳佳酿。忧愁的人说，酒是精神食粮。闯祸的人说，酒能壮胆。患病的人说，酒能活血御凉。酒还能有什么作用？你一定没有想到。

My family just gotten divorced and we needed a place to live. So dad and I drove around all night looking for a place to rent. We found this really nice farm house setting back on a hillside. We went in and looked around and saw a stairway in the darkness, so we started to walk up the steps. When we got out about halfway up, the stairway opened up and my dad fell though. He went clear to the basement. I thought it was no big, deal so I let him go, and went on walking.

I got to the top and went in the bedroom, just being noisy I looked in the closet. There was a skeleton of old Man Wilson. Old man Wilson had got killed a few years back by a big bear one day when he was drunk, the stupid man tried wresting it and the bear ate out his heart. Then I panicked about my father being alone in the basement with who knows

what. Immediately rushed to the basement to find him. On the way I found a refrigerator in the kitchen, so I stopped and looked around. I opened the refrigerator. There was a whole case beer, Bush Light. Just being myself, I drank and drank until I forgot what I was doing there, so I left and went home.

My sister asked me where dad was. I told her that I got drunk and left him at the house we were looking at. I got drunk, came home, and forgot about him. We went back to the house with the police and got the police drunk, but they did find my dad. Me and my dad went home and lived in a drunken haze for some of are life but then we went to A. A. to get some help for our addiction with alcohol and other drug problems.

Notes

- panicky a. 恐慌的, 惊慌失措的
addiction n. 沉溺, 上瘾

我的泪

My Tears

By Miranda Scott



每个人都有自己的经历和情感世界，有的人是幸运的，有的人是不幸的。情感，有时可以与人共享，有时却只能独自品尝。“一个人就是一个世界”，你体验过这种感觉吗？

I sit, unadorned, the pain envelopes me. I feel sorrow yet joy, I feel pain yet happiness, I feel love.

I feel forbidden love, impossible love, love that exists deep within my soul but that I cannot touch.

He waits, smiling. His open arms embrace me from afar yet, I cannot have him. He waits for another, she loves him dearly. We both love him dearly, but he waits for her.

They dream of walking together on the ocean, of loving, of making love ... I dream of the same, it will not be.

He lives now but soon will not, a monster exists within. He could get ill at anytime, he could leave me, he could leave her. Without him we would also die, with him we both live ... our lives overtaken by the love of someone so special we cry at his absence, yet he knows not how incredibly special he is.

long to feel his touch, embracing me completely. I long to look into his eyes and see the joy, fear, love and pain that exists within. I long to hold him as he cries.

And yet, she longs for the same and he loves us both. Life is too cruel, allowing you to find someone whom you love so much but yet taking them away. My tears shed as I write, knowing it will never be for her or me, they shed knowing she is a friend, yet, I love the man she does, they shed knowing a monster will take him away from both of us much sooner than it should, he will have pain, he may be alone ... they shed for him, her, myself ... all of us ... my tears.

Notes

- monster n. 怪物, 恶人, 巨物
incredibly ad. 不能相信地
overtake v. 赶上, 突然来袭, 压倒

安慰话

Comforting Words

By Cassandra Free



时代在变换，生活的节奏越来越快。在精神生活和物质生活极大丰富的同时，仍然有不少人感受的是压力、无聊、痛苦，他（她）虽人已长大，但仍需要极大的关心，如同安抚孩子一般。

I gazed out at the ocean *F* the cool“ calm ocean *F* to which I had turned many times before. The ocean helped me think and lulled my emotions“ slowed the racing of my heart《

I could smell salt in the breeze as I gazed *F* mesmerised by the motion of the waves. The pace of thoughts interrupting my calm was slowing. As always my mind had overloaded while trying to comprehend emotion“ and death *F* plummeting me into a feeling of senselessness and worthlessness.

Thoughts of death always produced a disorienting confusion, and a sense of futility in the pit of my stomach. As I watched the white spray I tried hard to cope with thoughts of death, and life.

I shook my head violently, trying to clear my thoughts.

The sound of gulls crying over the surf pierced my soul. Feelings of failure had brought me to the brink. I knew I was being selfish, but self knowledge does not always result in change.

I sighed loudly, expelling air and tension as I bent to pick up a shell. Its surface vulnerable, smooth and cold in my hand, weathered by the ocean. The sharpness of the shell's edge and the biting wind around my ears made me feel satisfied“ pain was satisfying *F* it validated my existence.

Life goes on, I'm so sorry, if there is anything I can do, Live for now“ you'll get over it“ it was quick *F* you're lucky really, you're so strong, you have so much else to live for, life is short ...

Grief gripped my heart as I sank to the sand, waves lapping around me, to wait for sunset.

Notes

lull n. 暂停, 间歇, 稍息, 麻痹 *H v.* 使平静

mesmeric a. 催眠术的

futility n. 无用, 无益, 无价值

biting a. 刺痛的, 辛辣的

validate v. 使有效, 使生效, 确认, 证实, 验证

grief n. 伤心, 忧愁, 悲痛, 不幸, 灾难

短暂而普通的头衔

Generic Short Title

By Dan Krzyzanowski



孩童时代，总是那么不服输，那么自以为是，那么坚韧不拔。付出努力和代价之后获得成功的那份喜悦、那种自信。多么可贵的素质。人长大了会是什么样呢？千万别等老了再来评判。

Hello ... this is a test.

This is a test of the emergency broadcast system.

This is only a test.

If this had been a real emergency, you would have probably been outside pointing at the alien spaceships landing in your neighbor's front yard. Your dog would leap at the cosmic visitors and be dematerialized by a green laser ray shot from the alien's eyes《 Poof**B**

But this is not an actual emergency. It's just another way of filling dead air time that this network didn't, or couldn't, sell to advertisers. There used to be three channels on television and three good shows in each time slot. Now there are three hundred channels on television and zero good shows

in each time slot《 Mankind is advancing**b**

Another question**a** What does this have to do with the story?

Nothing. Think about reality for a moment. Does everything that happens to you have a sort of cosmic connection to everything else**b** Life is like a puzzle**F** but you only hold six or seven pieces《 To get more pieces“ you go out and meet friends and get married**H** but none of this matters because the cat stole half of the pieces and kicked them under the refrigerator.

Walter Jenkins and the Pope ate cucumber sandwiches and played cards every Saturday night, as was tradition in their slowly fading working class neighborhood. Walter usually lost though“ because the Pope had God on his side《

,He sets the deck!” claimed Walter《

,Let’s just play“ okay?”

,Okay. ”

The Pope dealt Walter three sixes, a queen, and the ace of spades《

,Hey,” said the Pope, “Is the game on? Turn it on, would ya?” Henry did.

The television buzzed in the background as the two men played their cards《 The Pope won《

,I thought you had a dog, Walter,” the Pope asked arranging his cards《

,I did“ but he was dematerialized by the aliens. ”

,Ah yes“ that’s right. ”

“Pope,” began Walter. “Could I get you to do a favor for me?”

,Sure Walter. ”

“See“ the thing is that I need you to talk to God for me.”

,I see《 But Walter“ anyone can talk to God《 Have you ever talked with God?”

,Well, several years ago I began to hear his voice in me. I thought he spoke to me《 Then the doctors just said I was a schizophrenic^F you know“ hearing voices and all. ”

,I see,” said the Pope, “I can talk to him for you, Walter《 No problem. ”

,Great!” exclaimed Walter.

They played another hand. Full house for the Pope and a pair of sixes for Walter《

Walter asked, “Do you take credit cards?”

,No“ sorry. ”

“Who do I make the check out to?”

,Oh“ just make it out to me,” said the Pope, “I’ll talk to God for you once the check clears. ”

Notes

cosmic a. 宇宙的，宇宙论的，有秩序的

dematerialize v. (使)非物质化，消失

poof n. 吹 烛的声音

deck n. 甲板，覆盖物^{H vt.} 装饰，打扮，装甲板^{H n.} 纸牌背面的图案

ace n. 好手，高手，发球得分^{H a.} 一流的，卓越的

spade n. 铲子，锄，铲齿，黑桃^{H v.} 铲

buzz n. 嗡嗡声，流言^{H v.} 发出嗡嗡声，流传

schizophrenic a. 精神分裂症的

最后一次拥抱

One Last Embrace, My Love

By Mike Duncan

爱，缠绵在心中。“魂断蓝桥”中男主人内心的情感，恐怕只能用心来感受，来体验，任何华丽的词语都难尽其情。下面这个故事中，我们将会看到另一番情景。

Her husband was dead. She looked upon his face, peaceful in its repose, trying to gather in his features. She knew that the memory of them would have to last her for the rest of her life.

There were his mustaches, dark and thick, now neatly trimmed. The clean dark turban covering his head. The brown uniform, imposing and trim, with its medals and honors. She touched the closed eyelids, gently, knowing they would not open again to look at her with their sharp, keen blackness, their indomitable purpose, their impassioned love. She kept tears far away. She had already shed enough of them.

She wondered at how he had wooed her so easily, so many years ago. Him a dashing adventurer out of Dutch Curacao, fresh from voyages with some of the most dreaded

names in the Indies“ a long blade at his hip and chests of hard *F* won prize money to purchase himself respectability. Her, a governor's daughter, young but firm in her beliefs, English born and English bred« He had swept her off her feet at that dance *F* what year had that been, that day in Saint Kitts? She smiled at the memory. Her father had counseled her, of course. “His affections are more likely to be aimed at currying my favor, my dear.” She had believed that. But he kept on courting her for months on end, longer than he could have for even a powerful governor's ear« His wealth gave him a comfortable amount of tobacco *F* growing land and all the things that went with it, and she, without too much effort, fell for his charms, and his strange desire to be with her whenever possible. For a young sheltered girl growing up in what amounted to a rough colonial trading town, he was desire personified.

The skies of Barbados were clear and blue above her beloved. It is a beautiful day for a burial, she thought. Not a cloud was in the sky, and heaven itself could not be far behind such a wondrous sight, she thought.

Throughout the time he had not been able to speak any longer, his sickness a long one, she remained at his side. As she would on this day. She smiled and smoothed out her dress. It was long and white, the one she had married him in. It still fit her. The ring at her finger had been there for seven years. She remembered their vows, remembered him speaking them, remembered their mutual answers, and the outrush of raw emotion with each word spoken.

She wiped at her eyes. The hollow darkness of the grave was carefully spaded out, at the edge of a bluff overlooking the

sandy beach. She turned away to watch the gently cresting waves embrace the motionless land for a time, through the material of her veil. The dreamy material gave a gentle softness to her world《

She nodded to the first of the darkskinned men that hovered about her, their miens solemn and anxious.

Her husband was held in great respect, and their hands were not rough with him as they laid him in the earth. The strong angles of his face sank into the deep shadows cast by the overhead sun, as he was lowered. It seemed an eternity to her before he came finally to rest amidst the soft soil.

She considered the small silver cross that hung from her neck by a fine chain, for a moment. She touched the inscription, 1726, with a finger, smiling at the words of young lovers under it, young and blind to future as they were.

It is the custom among some native widows here that he spoke of“ she thought *F* I have only a plantation *F* not a life *F* to oversee now. She could think of nothing more worthwhile than assuring his happiness in the next world. He had only mentioned it to her as a jest, she was sure, but the softness of her gaze had stopped him. Why, I think you would indeed accompany me, my dear, he said, as he took her hand, his manners ever perfect. He did not laugh, for he knew her seriousness, and neither did he frown, as she knew the lengths of his.

The decision was already made in her mind, but the doubt, the fear, crept into her at that last moment. She pushed it away, and extended her left hand, in its fine white glove, to her left.

The man there took it in his own, and with utmost

carefulness, helped her down into the blackness.

The smell of dirt and earth assailed her, and the sun became dim, but she did not flail. She clasped her helper's hand when safely down, seeing his impassive expression. "I am fine," she said. He murmured something she barely heard, a blessing.

She laid herself beside her husband, propping him up against the earthen wall with her right arm around him. She waited until the workers had buried them both up to their waists, stroking his face softly with the edge of her glove. His sickness had not made him any less handsome. The weight of the dirt on her legs did not seem a burden. One of the men came down and offered her a shallow bowl to drink from, which she shook her head to. He blessed her as well, his voice low and murmuring.

She looked up into the sun then, seeing only the bright white light, the silhouettes of the strong black workers, shovels in their hands, all around the dark earth. Her chest rose and fell. Excitement filled her. The soft, glowing material of her wedding train was lowered, falling over her vision, over their passive forms. Before the first violent splash of black dirt fell upon the lace, she lifted her veil and turned to her husband, to where he only could see her beauty, and she touched her lips to his.

Notes

mustache n. 鬚, 胡子

turban n. 穆斯林的头巾

medal n. 奖牌, 勋章 *Hv.* 授勋予