

图书基本信息

书名：<<你好.旧时光-每天读点好英文-升级版大全集>>

13位ISBN编号：9787533673017

10位ISBN编号：7533673018

出版时间：2013-1

出版时间：安徽教育出版社

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页数：320

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内容概要

“每天读点好英文”系列升级版是专为有提高英文水平需要和兴趣的年轻朋友们量身打造的一套“超级学习版”双语读物，此套图书在选取优美文章的同时，附有较强的学习功能。

“美文欣赏”、“词汇笔记”、“小试身手”“短语家族”将是阅读《每天读点好英文：你好，旧时光》的提升重点，这就真正形成了一个初学者的学习体系——记忆单词、学习语法、运用词组、实践运用，不愁英语功底学习得不扎实。

作为双语读物，《每天读点好英文：你好，旧时光》让英语学习变得轻松有趣，在阅读中潜移默化地学习。

突显学习功能，补充句型详解，提升语法实力。

文后附阅读测验，提升文章理解力。

作者简介

常青藤语言教学中心，长期致力于双语读物的编撰工作，在编选与翻译方面兼具专业性与权威性

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章节摘录

最后一片叶 The Last Leaf 欧·亨利 / O. Henry 欧·亨利 (1862—1910), 20世纪初美国著名短篇小说家, 美国现代短篇小说创始人, 批判现实主义作家, 被誉为“美国的莫泊桑”。他一生极富传奇色彩, 当过药房学徒、牧羊人、办事员、新闻记者、银行出纳员。1898年2月, 他因贪污银行公款罪被判处五年徒刑, 后提前获释。他的作品贴近百姓生活, 结局往往出人意料, 以“含泪微笑”的风格被誉为“美国生活的幽默百科全书”。代表作有《麦琪的礼物》《警察与赞美诗》《最后一片叶》等。

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called “places”. These “places” make strange angles and curves. One Street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a “colony”. At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. “Johnsy” was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d’hôte of an Eighth Street “Delmonico’s”, and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted. That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown “places”. Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy she smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house. One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow. “She has one chance in—let us say, ten,” he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. “And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she’s not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?” “She—she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day,” said Sue. “Paint—bosh!

Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice—a man for instance?” “A man,” said Sue, with a Jew’s s-harp twang in her voice. “Is a man worth—but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind.” “Well, it is the weakness, then,” said the doctor. “I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 percent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten.”

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy’s room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime. Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature. As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshoe riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy’s eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting—counting backward. “Twelve,” she said, and little later “eleven”; and then “ten,” and “nine”; and then “eight”

and “ seven ” , almost together. Sue look solicitously out of the window. What was there to count - There was only a bare , dreary yard to be seen , and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old , old ivy vine , gnarled and decayed at the roots , climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung , almost bare , to the crumbling bricks.

“ What is it , dear . ” asked Sue. “ Six , ” said Johnsy , in almost a whisper. “ They ’ re falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it ’ s easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now. ” “ Five what , dear . Tell your Sudie. ” “ Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go , too. I ’ ve known that for three days. Didn ’ t the doctor tell you . ” “ Oh , I never heard of such nonsense , ” complained Sue , with magnificent scorn. “ What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well - And you used to love that vine so , you naughty girl. Don ’ t be a goosey. Why , the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were— let ’ s see exactly what he said—he said the chances were ten to one !

Why , that ’ s almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the streetcars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now , and let Sudie go back to her drawing , so she can sell the editor man with it , and buy port wine for her sick child , and pork chops for her greedy self. ” “ You needn ’ t get any more wine , ” said Johnsy , keeping her eyes fixed out the window. “ There goes another. No , I don ’ t want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I ’ ll go , too. ”

“ Johnsy , dear , ” said Sue , bending over her , “ will you promise me to keep your eyes closed , and not look out the window until I am done working - I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light , or I would draw the shade down. ” “ Couldn ’ t you draw in the other room - ” asked Johnsy , coldly.

“ I ’ d rather be here by you , ” said Sue. “ Beside , I don ’ t want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves. ” “ Tell me as soon as you have finished , ” said Johnsy , closing her eyes , and lying white and still as fallen statue , “ because I want to see the last one fall. I ’ m tired of waiting. I ’ m tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything , and go sailing down , down , just like one of those poor , tired leaves. ”

“ Try to sleep , ” said Sue. “ I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I ’ ll not be gone a minute. Don ’ t try to move until I come back. ” Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo ’ s Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress ’ s robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece , but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess , and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man , who scoffed terribly at softness in any one , and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above. Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy ’ s fancy , and how she feared she would , indeed , light and fragile as a leaf herself , float away , when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker. Old Behrman , with his red eyes plainly streaming , shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings. “ Vass !

” he cried. “ Are there people in the world with the foolishness to die because leaves drop off a confounded vine - I had not heard of such a thing. No , I will not bese as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Why do you allow such silly business to come in the brain of her - Ach , poor little Miss Yohnsy. ” “ She is very ill and weak , ” said Sue , “ and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well , Mr. Behrman , if you do not care to pose for me , you needn ’ t. But I think you are a horrid old—old flibbertigibbet. ” “ You are just like a woman !

” yelled Behrman. “ Who said I will not pose - Go on. I come with you. For half an hour I had been trying to say that I am ready with to pose. Gott !

This is not any place in which one so good as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I will pain a masterpiece , and we shall all go away. Gott !

Yes. ” Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window. She , and Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent , cold rain was falling , mingled with snow. Behrman , in his old blue shirt , took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock. When Sue awoke from an hour ’ s sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull , wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade. “ Pull it up ; I want to see , ” she ordered , in a whisper. Wearily Sue obeyed. But , look !

After the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night , there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem , but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay , it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground. “ It is the last one , ” said Johnsy. “ I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall today , and I shall die at the same time. ” “ Dear , dear !

” said Sue , leaning her worn face down to the pillow , “ think of me , if you won ’ t think of yourself. What would I do . ” But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious , far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed. The day wore away , and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then , with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed , while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves. When it was light enough Johnsy , the merciless , commanded that the shade be raised. The ivy leaf was still there. Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue , who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove. “ I ’ ve been a bad girl , Sudie , ” said Johnsy. “ Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now , and some milk with a little port in it , and—no ; bring me a hand-mirror first , and then pack some pillows about me , and I will sit up and watch you cook. ” And hour later she said , “ Sudie , some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples. ” The doctor came in the afternoon , and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left. “ Even chances , ” said the doctor , taking Sue ’ s thin , shaking hand in his. “ With good nursing you ’ ll win. ” And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman , his name is—some kind of an artist , I believe. Pneumonia , too. He is an old , weak man , and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him ; but he goes to the hospital today to be made more comfortable. ” The next day the doctor said to Sue , “ She ’ s out of danger. You ’ ve won. Nutrition and care now—that ’ s all. ” And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay , contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf , and put one arm around her , pillows and all. “ I have something to tell you , white mouse , ” she said. “ Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn ’ t imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern , still lighted , and a ladder that had been dragged from its place , and some scattered brushes , and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it , and—look out the window , dear , at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn ’ t you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew . Ah , darling , it ’ s Behrman ’ s masterpiece—he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell. ” 华盛顿广场西面的一个小区里 , 街道错综复杂 , 形成了崎岖狭长的小胡同 , 被称为 “ 巷子 ” 。

这些 “ 巷子 ” 角度怪异 , 线条奇特 , 街道甚至会同自己交叉一两次。

一位艺术家曾经发现了这条大街的可贵之处 : 如果有人来收颜料、纸张和画布的账款 , 就会在这条大街上七转八拐 , 最后突然发现自己又绕回了原处 , 但依旧两手空空 , 未收回一文钱 !

所以 , 搞艺术的人很快就都聚集到了这个古老而离奇的格林尼治村。他们四处搜寻朝北的窗子、18世纪的山墙、荷兰式的阁楼和低廉的房租。

然后，他们从第六街区“进口”几只锡铅合金的杯子和一两个烘锅，这就成了他们的“据点”。

有一处低矮的三层砖瓦顶楼，那儿就是苏和琼西的画室，琼西是乔安娜的昵称。

她们一个来自缅因州，一个来自加利福尼亚。

她们是在第八大街的“德尔莫尼科”的餐馆里吃饭时相遇的，发现彼此在艺术、饮食和衣着品味上都非常契合，于是就共同创建了那家画室。

那是五月份的事了。

到了十一月，街区里突然闯进了一位冷酷的不速之客，它冰冷的魔爪肆意横行——医生称之为“肺炎”。

这个无情的蹂躏者在广场东面趾高气扬地肆虐，残害了很多人的生命。

然而，在这个狭窄拥塞、青苔蔓生、迷宫一般的“巷子”里，它却放慢了脚步。

“肺炎先生”可不是你们所谓的那种具有骑士风范的老绅士。

一个被加利福尼亚的西风吹得不见血色的柔弱女子哪是这个摩拳擦掌、气势汹汹的老混蛋的对手。可它还是没有放过琼西。

琼西一动不动地躺在那张刷过油漆的铁床上，透过荷兰式的窗格，凝望着对面砖屋空白的墙壁。

一天早晨，那长着乱蓬蓬灰色眉毛的医生神色匆匆地把苏叫到走廊上。

“听我说，她的病只有——十分之一的希望，”他一边说一边甩着体温表，让水银柱滑下来，“而这一线希望取决于她的求生欲望。

人要是放弃了生存的念头，存心想去殡仪馆排队，那任何医药都无能为力。

您这位朋友认定自己是好不了了——她有什么心事吗？

” “她——她希望有朝一日能去画那不勒斯海湾。

” 苏说。

“画画？

——胡扯！

有没有值得让她一再花心思去想的事——比方说一个男人？

” “男人？

” 苏像犹太的竖琴一样从鼻子里哼了一声，“男人难道值得——可是，哎，算了，医生，根本没那回事。

” “哦，那么，这正是她虚弱的原因。

” 医生说，“我会竭尽全力，用科学所能达到的一切办法来为她治疗。

可要是我的病人开始数她出殡队伍中的车辆，那我医药的疗效就要减少百分之五十。

如果你能使她对今年冬季大衣袖子的新款式有兴趣并提个问题，我就可以向你作五分之一的保证，而非十分之一。

” 医生走后，苏走进工作室，哭了，眼泪把一张日式餐巾纸弄得一团湿。

然后，她带上画板，吹着轻松欢快的口哨，装作精神抖擞的样子跨进了琼西的房间。

琼西裹在被子里，脸对着窗子，一动不动。

苏以为她睡着了，赶紧停止了口哨。

她架起画板，开始为一本杂志上的故事画钢笔插图。

青年画家必须通过为杂志社的故事作插图来铺平他们通往艺术的道路，而那些故事则是青年作家通往自己的文学殿堂的铺路石。

苏正在为小说里的主人公——一个爱达荷州的牛仔，画一条在马匹展览会上穿的高雅马裤和一柄单片眼镜。

一个低低的声音传入了她的耳朵，一次又一次地重复着，她急忙来到床边。

琼西双眼圆睁，盯着窗外，数着数——是倒着数的。

“十二，”她说，过了一会儿，“十一”，接着“十”、“九”，“八”和“七”几乎连在了一起。

苏关切地看看窗外，那儿有什么好计算的呢？

只有一个光秃秃、阴沉沉的院子，20英尺外，还有一堵砖屋的空白墙壁。

一株沧桑衰老的常春藤，攀爬在砖墙的半中央，根部扭曲枯朽。寒瑟的秋风几乎扫落了藤上所有的叶子，只剩下光秃秃的枯枝虚弱地攀附在那几乎化为齏粉的砖块上。

“怎么了，亲爱的？”

”苏问道。

“六，”琼西说道，几乎是在耳语，“它们现在落得更快了。

三天前，还有将近一百片，数起来让我头疼，可现在简单了，又落了一片，只剩五片了。

” “五片什么啊，亲爱的？”

告诉你的苏迪。

” “叶子，常春藤上的叶子，当最后一片落下时，我也得走了。

两天前我就知道了，难道医生没有告诉你吗？”

” “哦，我可从来没听过这种无稽之谈，”苏极其不满地奚落道，“那老藤叶和你健康的恢复有什么关系呢？”

你过去不是一直很喜欢那株藤树吗？”

你这淘气的姑娘，别犯傻了。

对了，今早医生告诉我，你很快就会康复的——让我想想他到底是怎么说的——他说十有八九能好！

啊，那就是说康复的可能性几乎与我们在纽约搭街车或是走过一幢新建筑物一样。

来喝点儿肉汤吧，让苏迪回去画画吧，这样才能卖给那些编辑，来给她生病的孩子买葡萄酒，也给自己买点儿猪排解解馋。

” “你没必要再买什么酒了，”琼西说，眼睛定定地看着窗外，“又落了一片，不，我也不要什么肉汤，叶子只剩四片了。

我想天黑前看到最后一片叶子落下来，那时，我也该走了。

” “琼西，亲爱的，”苏俯下身说，“拜托你在我画完前闭上眼睛，不要看窗外，好不好？”

那些插图我明天必须得交。

要不是需要光，我早就把窗帘拉上了。

” “你不能到另一间屋子里去画吗？”

”琼西冷冷地问。

“我宁愿待在你这儿，”苏说，“再说，我也不想你老盯着那些无聊的藤叶。”

” “你一画完就告诉我，”琼西闭上眼睛躺了下来，她面色苍白，一动不动，像一尊倒下的雕塑，“我想看到最后一片藤叶落下。”

我累了，不想再等了，也不愿再想了，我想摆脱一切，像那可怜的、疲惫的藤叶一样慢悠悠地飘下去，飘下去。

” “赶紧睡吧，”苏说，“我得把贝尔曼叫上来，让他给我当那个隐居老矿工的模特，我一会儿就会回来的，我回来之前别乱动。”

” 老贝尔曼是一位画家，住在她们楼下底层，六十多岁。

他长着像米开朗基罗的雕像摩西一样的胡子，它从森林之神萨迪的脑袋上沿着小鬼般的身体卷曲地垂下来。

贝尔曼在艺术上非常失败，他挥着画笔画了四十年，还不曾摸到艺术女神的裙带边儿。

他总是酝酿着一幅传世经典之作，但始终也没见他动笔。

几年以来，除了时不时涂抹一些商业画和广告画之外，他什么也没画过。

他给那些“据点”里雇不起专职模特的青年艺术家充当模特，挣几个钱。

他过量地饮用杜松子酒，不断地谈论他未来的杰作。

除此之外，他还是一个脾气暴躁的小老头儿，猛烈地嘲讽任何人的温情，却甘愿做保护楼上两位青年艺术家的看门狗。

在楼下光线昏暗的小窝里，苏找到了酒气扑鼻的贝尔曼。

角落的画架上是一块空白画布，二十五年来，一直等候着迎接传世之作的线条。

苏把琼西奇怪的想法告诉了他。

她是多么害怕那轻柔脆弱的琼西会抓不住她与人世的最后一丝联系，像枯叶一样随风飘逝。

老贝尔曼红红的眼睛里分明涌出了泪水，他咆哮着表明他对这白痴的想法是多么地轻蔑和不屑。

“混帐话！”

”他嚷道，“世界上还会有这样的笨蛋，叶子一落就想死。

我从没听过还有这种事。

不，我没心情给你那个傻瓜隐士当模特。

哎，你怎么会叫她的脑袋里生出这种愚蠢的念头呢？

哎，可怜的琼西小姐！

” “她病得很严重，很虚弱，”苏说，“高烧把她烧糊涂了，她满脑子古怪的想法。

好了，老贝尔曼先生，如果你不想给我当模特，我不勉强你，但我觉得你是个讨人厌的老——老啰嗦鬼。

” “你真是个妇人！”

”贝尔曼叫道，“谁说我不愿意？”

走啊，我陪你去。

我都说老半天了愿意帮你忙。

天啊！

像琼西这样的好姑娘，不该在这种地方生病啊。

总有一天我会画一幅杰作，到时我们就离开这里。

天啊，会的！

” 他们上楼时，琼西已经睡了。

苏把窗帘拉下，一直遮住窗台，示意贝尔曼去另一间屋子。

在那儿，他们忧心忡忡地看着窗外的那株常春藤，四顾无言。

过了一会儿，冷雨夹着冰雪固执而持久地下着。

贝尔曼穿着蓝色的旧衬衣，坐在一只倒放的作为岩石的大鼓上，扮成隐居的矿工。

第二天一早，苏睡了一个多小时后，醒过来，发现琼西睁大着两眼，呆呆地盯着那拉下的绿色窗帘。

“把窗帘拉开，我想看看。”

”她低声命令道。

苏快快地听从了。

可是，看呐！

经历了一夜漫长的狂风暴雨，那儿居然还有一片常春藤叶依偎在砖墙上。

那是藤条上的最后一片了。

靠近叶柄处是深绿的，但锯齿状的叶片边缘已经呈现出枯黄，它傲然地悬挂在离地面二十英尺高的枝杈上。

“它是最后一片了，”琼西说，“我想它昨晚准会落的。”

我听到了风声。

今天它会落下的，而那时我也就死了。

” “亲爱的，亲爱的！”

”苏说着，疲倦的脸贴在枕头上，“即便你不想自己，也想想我啊。”

我该怎么办啊？

” 可琼西没有回答。

世界上最孤寂的莫过于一个准备踏上神秘而遥远的死亡之旅的灵魂了。

当她与友谊和尘世的纽带一点点松开时，那种幻想似乎把她抓得更紧了。

这一天终于挨过去了，黄昏时分，她们仍然看到那片孤零零的藤叶倚着墙壁紧紧地挂在茎上。

随着夜色渐浓，北风又开始咆哮，雨点不停地敲打着窗户，雨水从低矮的荷兰式的屋檐上倾泻下来。

天刚蒙蒙亮，毫不留情的琼西又要将窗帘拉起来。

那片藤叶依旧在那儿。

<<你好.旧时光-每天读点好英文-升级>>

琼西躺着，久久地注视着它。

然后她开始喊苏。

苏正在煤气炉边忙着给她熬鸡汤。

“苏，我是个坏女孩，”琼西说道，“天意让最后一片藤叶留在那儿，来表明我曾经有多邪恶。想死就是罪恶。

现在给我点儿肉汤，再加点带葡萄酒的牛奶，再——不，先给我拿面小镜子来，再替我把枕头垫起来，我要坐着看你煮汤。

“一小时后，她说：“苏，我希望有朝一日能去画那不勒斯海湾。

“下午医生来了，在他离开时，苏找了个借口跟他来到走廊。

“百分之五十的希望，”医生握着苏瘦弱颤抖的手说道，“好好照顾她，你会成功的。

现在我得去楼下看另一个病号了，贝尔曼——他的名字好像是——我想或者是个艺术家之类的人，也得了肺炎。

他年纪太大，身体又弱，病得很严重，几乎没什么希望了，不过今天还是让他进了医院，好让他过得好受些。

“第二天，医生告诉苏：“她已经脱离危险了，你成功了。

现在只需要加强营养和精心调养了。

“下午，苏来到琼西床边，琼西正靠在那儿，心满意足地织一条毫无用处的深蓝色羊毛披肩，苏用一只胳膊把她连同枕头一把搂住。

“我有件事想告诉你，小家伙，”她说，“贝尔曼先生今天在医院去世了，他得了肺病，才两天时间啊。

头一天早上，看门人发现他在自己的房间里痛苦而无助地呻吟着。

他的鞋子和衣服都湿透了，冰冷彻骨。

谁也想不到，在那样一个可怕的夜晚他会去哪儿。

后来，他们找到了一只灯笼，还依旧亮着，一架不知从哪儿拖来的梯子，几只散落的画笔，还有一块调着黄色和绿色的调色板，还有——看看窗外吧，亲爱的，看看墙上那最后一片藤叶吧。

你难道不觉得奇怪，狂风大作时它居然动也不动！

啊，亲爱的，它就是贝尔曼的传世之作——最后一片叶子掉落时，他把它画了上去。

“相信那最后一片叶子会永远挂在那里，任凭风吹雨打，绝对不会摇一摇，动一动，它会那么坚强地挂在高高的枝头上，告诉琼西，告诉所有人，生命总是有希望的，所有的人都要对生命充满信心！

curve [k · : v] n. 曲线；弯曲状 The path of an arrow is a curve. 箭的轨迹是一条曲线。

ravager ['r · vid · ·] n. 破坏者；蹂躏者；劫掠者 The main combat role of the ravager is that of support. 掠夺者在战斗中的主要角色是支援。

thermometer [· 'm · mit ·] n. 温度计；体温计 When thermometer drops below zero celsius, water freezes into ice. 当温度计降至摄氏零度时，水便会结冰。

colony ['k · l · ni] n. 殖民地 An independence movement grow in the colony. 殖民地的独立运动得到发展。

我想摆脱一切，像那可怜的、疲惫的藤叶一样慢悠悠地飘下去，飘下去。

在那儿，他们忧心忡忡地看着窗外的那株常春藤，四顾无言。

亲爱的，它就是贝尔曼的传世之作。

The lonest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious . make ready : 准备好 A ladder that had been dragged from its place. drag from : 从……拖出

编辑推荐

1.学英语不再枯燥无味：《每天读点好英文：你好，旧时光》内文篇目均取自国外最经典、最权威、最流行、最动人的篇章，中英双语，适于诵读，提升阅读能力； 2.学英语不再沉闷辛苦：优美的语言、深厚的情感、地道的英文，让我们在阅读这些动人的绝美篇章时，不仅能够提升生活质量，丰富人生内涵，更能够轻松提升英文领悟能力，体味英文之美，轻松提高学习兴趣； 3.学英语不再学了就忘：每篇文章的旁边列有词汇，均是生活和学习中的常见词汇，读者可重点记忆。文章后附有填空、句型、短语等语法练习，用最短的时间、最有趣的方式就能完成复习与巩固，提升语法能力。

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