

<<那一年，我们各奔东西>>

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## <<那一年，我们各奔东西>>

### 内容概要

在人类的生命中，会经历很多事物，有些可以逐渐被时光带走而淡忘，有些却历久弥新永生不忘。把这些生命中的馨香记录下来的文字，时时品读，如咀嚼生命的芬芳，每一次都会有新的感动与体悟。

全书精选了五十余篇校园故事，在这些感性的文字中，那些生命中美好或痛苦的、让人难忘的事物历历在目；那些童年友情、校园故事、那些书香余韵在我们的眼前栩栩如生。阅读这样一本书，不仅带你回味了校园时光，也是对英语能力的锻炼，也是对性情的一种陶冶，对人生观的一种有益影响。

本书为中英双语对照版，既是英语学习爱好者、文学爱好者的必备读物，也是忙碌现代人的一片憩息心灵的家园，让读者在欣赏原法原味和凝练生动的英文时，还能多角度、深层次地品读语言特色与艺术之美，再配合文章后附加的多功能、全方位巩固题型，更有助于理解并学习英文。

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### 作者简介

吴文智，笔名兆彬，南京师范大学外国语学院《江苏外语教学研究》杂志主编，研究员，中国译协专家会员，中国译协理事，江苏省译协秘书长，从事翻译与翻译研究三十余年。

2009年获得“江苏省建国六十年来外国语言文学与翻译研究优秀成果”特别贡献奖。

在《外语研究》《上海翻译》等十余种公开报刊上发表译文、论文百余篇，在三十余家出版社出版过专著、著作、译著八十多部，总计四千余万字。

翻译的作品《YOU：身体使用手册》系列书籍，成为2006年以来的经久畅销书；主编的《实用汉英翻译词典》获“第五届国家辞书”二等奖；《别让医生杀了你》获2004年“全国大学版畅销书”二等奖。

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杨一兰，著名翻译，从事翻译十余年，曾翻译过《小王子》《致加西亚的信》《美国总统就职演说》《一只狗狗的遗嘱》等多部作品，主编作品有《伟大的声音》《最美丽的英文》等。

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## 章节摘录

寻找自己的路 Finding My Way 热妮·高迪奥瑟 / Zan Gaudioso I started college when I was 16 years old. It was a big scary place, and I was young. I remember standing in line for registration with the hordes of other people. I felt so insecure and inadequate next to those who were my supposed peers. How would I ever measure up to these people who seemed so confident and sure of what they wanted? I didn't have any specific direction. I didn't have a clue as to what I wanted to do or be. College was just the next logical step. I felt very much out of place. To me, these people around me embodied my picture of the consummate college student. They stood there laughing with their friends, a cup of coffee in one hand, the schedule of classes in the other, discussing their options for the upcoming term. Me, I had a list of classes on a piece of paper that I had painstakingly worked out with my big brother the night before. If I didn't get those particular classes, I was sunk. The idea of having a backup plan never even occurred to me. What would I do? I would just die. I knew that crying wasn't an option—I was in college for heaven's sake! Maybe throwing up would be a more socially acceptable reaction. I was alone, nervous and feeling like a cartoon in a museum of priceless paintings. When the first week of classes started, I had the daunting task of trying to figure out where my classes were in this city they called a school. I was already exhausted by the overwhelming task of trying to park my car. Feeling awkward, out of place and in a world of logistical nightmares, studying and getting an education were the last things on my mind. But I put one foot in front of the other and prayed I would find some solace somewhere. And I did. He walked into my life and into the huge auditorium that looked more like a movie theater than a classroom. But instead of taking a seat in the large lecture hall, he continued toward the front of the room to teach the class. He was smart and funny. I started to find any excuse to visit his office. This strange new world started to hold new meaning for me, and I began to explore it with more bravado. That was the good news. The bad news was that I had a crush on a man who was twice my age, married and had a family. But I felt helpless among all these new feelings and experiences I was having. Was this what becoming an adult meant? It all seemed too confusing. I excelled in his class. One day he asked me if I wanted to help him grade papers, file and do some office work—a teacher's aide of sorts. There was no need to ask me twice. As the weeks passed, we shared lots of time together. I learned how to drink coffee over long philosophical conversations. We became friends. Much to my surprise, out of the blue, he asked me if I would consider doing some baby-sitting for him. I was getting an invitation to become part of his private world. I was given directions to his house and told to come by that Thursday. I arrived at his house promptly at six. He greeted me at the door. "Thank you so much for doing this. It's very important to me." He explained that his wife was taking care of her ailing mother and had taken their 8-month-old baby with her. Lily, their 6-year-old, needed special care, and he was hoping to find someone who would click with her. "Lily has cystic fibrosis and spends too much of her little life in bed." My heart just broke as I saw the love he had in his eyes for his little girl. He took me into her room and, in the middle of a princess bed, sat this fair-haired little angel. She had some sort of breathing apparatus next to her bed that looked strangely out of place, what happened next was something I wasn't prepared for. "This is the girl I told you about, Sweetie," he signed to his daughter. It turned out that Lily was deaf as well. I panicked. How would I communicate with her? What if there was an emergency? "Her oral skills are good enough that you will be able to understand her, and you'll probably pick up some sign language. I'll only be gone, a couple of hours." He left me with emergency numbers and pertinent information, and then he was gone. I sat down on the bed with Lily, and her little fingers started flying. I shrugged my shoulders to let her know that I was lost. She smiled sweetly and then started to use her voice. She explained how it was easier to breathe when she let her fingers do her talking. That night I had my first lesson in sign language. Over the next couple of months, I spent a lot of time with Lily. As I got to know Lily's dad as a father and as a husband, the crush changed. Now I was falling in love with his daughter. She taught me so much: not only how to sign, but also how to appreciate each moment in my life and how worrying over needless things

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was just stupid. We laughed together when she taught me the sign for stupid, where you take the closed fist of your right hand and knock on the side of your forehead—as if you’re knocking to try to get in. She laughed as I made believe that I was hurting myself by knocking on my head too hard. And she would sign, “You hurt yourself just as much when you really do worry.” She was wise beyond her years. Besides giving me her love, Lily also gave me direction. I went on to get a bachelor’s degree in special education with an emphasis in deaf education. I remained friends with Lily and her whole family throughout my college years and beyond. The crush I had on my college professor served me very well. I learned a great deal about life at the hands of a young child. Some years later, I was asked to sign the Lord’s Prayer at Lily’s funeral. Everyone there told stories about how this one small life made such a big difference to so many. And, as Lily taught me when she showed me the sign for I love you, “Make sure when you use this sign that you really mean it.”

开始大学生涯的时候，我只有16岁。

由于年龄还小，那个地方让我感觉大而令人生畏。

我记得我和一大群人排队等待注册，这些人和我年龄相仿。

和他们待在一起，我感觉局促不安，缺乏信心。

我怎样才能像他们一样看上去信心十足，明确知道自己需要什么呢？

我没有明确的方向，也不知道自己想要干什么，上大学只是一个必须要经历的步骤。

我觉得很不自在。

对我来说，我周围的这些人体现了我对完美大学生的设想。

他们站在那里，和朋友们一起有说有笑，一手端着咖啡，一手拿着课程安排，讨论着这一学期该选什么课程。

再看看我，抓着一张纸，上面所列的课程，是前一天晚上我和哥哥千辛万苦才选出来的。

假如无法上这些课，一切就都结束了。

为自己准备一份选课计划，我从未有过这种想法。

我该怎么办？

我着急得快要死了。

我知道我可以大哭一场，然而，天哪，我是个大学生了。

我感到自己孤零零的，神经紧张，就像博物馆里毫无价值的卡通画，与那些馆藏的价值连城的油画根本不可同日而语。

第一周的课程开始了。

在这个他们称之为学校的城市里，我试图找到在哪个地方上课，这很令人沮丧。

把车停好已经耗尽了我的全部精力。

我觉得难受、不自在，在一个对于我来说混乱、无条理的环境里学习、接受教育，是我最不可能想到的事。

我向前挪动着脚步，心里祈祷我能在某个地方找到一丝慰藉。

我找到了。

他走进了我的生活。

他走进了这个大礼堂，走进了更像影院而不像教室的大礼堂。

他并没有在大厅里的某个位子坐下，而是径直走到大厅的前面，为全班同学讲课。

他不但潇洒，而且风趣。

我开始利用不同的借口去办公室找他。

对我而言，这个陌生而新鲜的世界里又有了新的意义。

我开始了虚张声势的打探。

这是个好消息。

但是坏消息是，我被一个年龄是我两倍的男人所吸引，他结婚了，还有自己的家庭。

在这段新的情感经历中，我感觉孤立无援。

这是不是意味着我长大了？

一切都令我感到迷惘。

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在他所教授的课程上，我的成绩很好。

有一天，他问我是否愿意当他的助手，帮他评判试卷、整理档案，并且做一些办公室工作。我想都没想便答应了。

时光一周一周地流逝，我们一起分享了许多时光。

我知道了怎样边喝咖啡边做哲学长谈。

我们成了朋友。

令我感到惊讶的是，他竟然问我能否帮他照料孩子。

我得到了邀请，成了他私人空间的一部分。

他给了我他家的地址，并让我这个周四过去。

我于六点到达他家。

他在门口欢迎我：“非常感谢你能来。

对我来说，这太重要了。

”他向我解释道，他的妻子需要照顾生病的岳母，带走了8个月大的小孩，而他们六岁的女儿莉莉则需要特殊照顾，他希望能找到一个和她合得来的人。

”莉莉患的是遗传性胰腺病，在她短暂的生命里，大多数时间都是在床上度过的。

”当看到他的眼中流露出对他女儿的疼爱时，我的心都要碎了。

他把我领进了她的房间。

在一张公主床的中央，有一个金发的小天使坐在那里。

在她的床边放着一种呼吸器，这使得整个房间都很怪异。

紧接着发生的事情，我没有任何准备。

”亲爱的，这位就是我跟你说过的女孩。

”他向女儿做了个手势。

原来莉莉的耳朵也听不到。

我惊慌失措。

我如何与她沟通？

假如有突发情况，我该怎么办？

”她的语言表达能力还好，能够让你懂得她在说什么，你或许能够学会一些手语。

我只离开一两个小时。

”他把紧急情况下能够用到的号码和有关信息留给我，然后便走了。

我和莉莉坐在床上，她的小手指便开始舞动起来。

我耸了耸肩膀，以便让她明白我不知道她在说什么。

她露出了甜甜的微笑，然后便开口说话。

她解释道，她用手指进行交流时，呼吸比较顺畅。

那天晚上，我第一次学习了手语。

接下来的几个月，我陪伴莉莉度过了一段很长的时光。

我慢慢明白了莉莉的爸爸，一个为人父为人夫的男人。

我改变了对他的迷恋。

现在，我迷上了他的女儿。

她教会我许多东西。

我不但学会了怎样使用手语，还学会了如何珍视生命中的每一刻，懂得了因为无关紧要的事情而烦心是多么愚蠢的一件事。

她教我怎么用手语表达“愚蠢”：握紧你的右手，敲打前额，仿佛要敲进去似的。

这时，我们都笑了。

我装着把脑袋敲得太厉害，打得疼痛时，她笑了。

然后，她打手势告诉我：“假如你烦恼的话，同样会伤到自己。

”她的智慧超过了她的年龄，莉莉不但给我爱，也给我以指导。

后来，我又攻读了以聋哑教育为主的特殊教育学士学位。



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我和莉莉及她的全家人的友谊一直贯穿我的整个大学时代及以后的日子。

对大学教授的迷恋使我受益匪浅。

一个孩子的手让我懂得了许多生活的真谛。

几年之后，我被叫去在莉莉的葬礼上签主祷文。

那里的每个人都讲述了这个幼小的生命如何让众多人的生活发生改变。

就像莉莉做给我看“我爱你”的手势时教我的那样：“当你做这个手势的时候，你必须确信你真的是这个意思。

“心灵小语 我们要学会接受生活带来的磨难和迷惘。

其实，这些磨难并非毫无益处，它促使我们不断尝试，又不断获取新的知识，这就是成长。

在这个过程中，我们要学会的是相信爱、传递爱。

记忆填空 1. To me, these people around me embodied my of the consummate college student. They stood there with their friends, a cup of coffee in one hand, the of classes in the other, discussing their options for the upcoming .

2. As I got to know Lily's dad as a father and as a husband, the crush. Now I was falling in love with his daughter. She taught me so : not only how to , but also how to appreciate each moment in my life and how worrying over needless things was stupid.

佳句翻译 1. 我怎么才能像他们一样看上去信心十足，明确知道自己需要什么呢？

译 2. 时光一周一周地流逝，我们一起分享了许多时光。

译 3. 那里的每个人都讲述了这个幼小的生命如何让众多人的生活发生改变。

译 短语应用 1. Me, I had a list of classes on a piece of paper that I had painstakingly worked out with my big brother the night before. a list of : 一张&hellip;&hellip;的清单； 一列 造 2. She taught me so much: not only how to sign, but also how to appreciate each moment in my life and how worrying over needless things was just stupid.

not only&hellip;but also : 不但&hellip;&hellip;而且 造 专业未定

Undeclared 陶尔&middot;维格德森 / Tal Vigderson It echoed through the hallways and out onto the quad like some ancient Gregorian chant. Everyone was asking it. It was the new catchphrase. It was the new pickup line&mdash;more popular than&ldquo;What&rsquo;s your sign&middot;&rdquo; But I had no answer. I dreaded the question. I was undeclared. Like some contraband being smuggled across an international border. Like an astronaut floating untethered through space, I had no purpose in life. I would rather have taken the SAT again than

have to face the question, &ldquo;What&rsquo;s your major&middot;&rdquo; And tomorrow was the last day to declare a major. The last day! Everyone else was happily moving forward in their lives, striving toward careers in anthropology, sociology, molecular biology and the like.&ldquo;Don&rsquo;t worry,&rdquo; my friends would say, &ldquo;You can always major in business.&rdquo; Business&middot; Not me. I was an artist. I would rather have died than majored in business. In fact, I didn&rsquo;t even need college. I could just go out into the world, and my great talents would be immediately recognized.

On the night before my fate was to be declared, my parents were having a dinner party for some of their friends. Sanctuary! What would my parents&rsquo; friends care about majors&middot; I could eat dinner in peace and take a break from my inner angst for a couple of hours.

I was wrong. All they could talk about was majors. They each had to share their majors with me, and each had an opinion as to what mine should be. All their advice didn&rsquo;t put me any closer to a major. It just confused me even more. None of our dinner guests seemed particularly suited for their chosen professions. Dr. Elkins, the dentist, had spinach in his teeth. Mrs. Jenkins, the dentist, had spinach in her teeth. Mrs. Jenkins, the industrial chemist, put ketchup on her veal. And Mr. Albertson, the hydro-engineer, kept knocking over his water glass.

Dinner was over, everyone left, the night was getting later, and yet I was still undeclared. I got out the catalog and began paging through the possibilities for the millionth time. Aeronautical engineering&middot; I get airsickness. Chinese&middot; I&rsquo;d always wanted to go to China, but it seemed I could go there without majoring in it. Dentistry&middot; Just then I happened to look in the mirror and notice spinach in my teeth. This was hopeless.

As college students are prone to do. I decided that if I just slept for a while and woke up really early, I would be able to manifest a major. I don&rsquo;t know exactly what it is in the college student&rsquo;s brain that thinks some magical process occurs between 2: 00 A. M. and 6: 00 A. M. that

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will suddenly make everything more clear. It had worked for me in the past, but not this time. In fact, as college students are also prone to do, I overslept. I woke up at 10: 00 A. M.. I had missed my 1st class, Physics for Poets, and I had 3 hours to commit the rest of my life to something, anything. There was always business. I left for campus hoping for a divine major-declaring inspiration between my house and the administration building that would point me in the right direction. Maybe a stranger would pass by on the street and say, "This is what you should do for the rest of your life: animal husbandry." Maybe I would see someone hard at work and become inspired to pursue the same career. I did see a troupe of Hare Krishnas who didn't seem particularly troubled about majors, but that didn't quite seem to be a career path suited to my temperament. I passed a movie theater playing *Once Is Not Enough*, and was tempted to duck inside and enjoy the film based on Jacqueline Susann's best-selling novel and starring David Janssen. I passed up the temptation. But, wait a minute! Movies. I love movies! I could major in movies. No, there is no major in movies. Film, you idiot, I thought. That's it! I was lost but now I was found. I was declared. 15 years later, I think of all my friends who so confidently began college with their majors declared. Of those who went around snottily asking, "what's your major?" very few are working in their chosen professions. I didn't end up a filmmaker. In fact, I'm now on my 4th career—and some days, I still feel undeclared. It really doesn't matter what you major in, as long as you get the most out of college. Study what interests you, and enjoy learning about the world. There is plenty of time to decide what you will do with the rest of your life.

这个问题就像一首古老的教堂圣歌，回荡在走廊里，一直飘向院子。每个人都在问这个问题，它成了新的流行语，成了人们口头吟诵的新的诗句，甚至比“你是什么星座”这个问题还要流行。

然而，我无法回答这个问题，我害怕被问到这个问题。

我就像某种被偷运过国际边界的禁运生物，因为我没有选定专业。

我的生活没有目标，就像一个被解开绳子漂浮于太空的宇航员。

我宁愿再考一次学术能力测验，也不愿意面对“你学什么专业”这个问题。

明天是选定专业的最后一天，最后一天！

在人类学、社会学、分子生物学等等领域，别人都在努力开创自己的事业，都在快乐地沿着自己的生活轨迹前进。

朋友们安慰我说：“不要担心，你总可以主修商务。”

“商务？”

这对我来说是不能的。

我宁愿去死，也不会主修商务，我是一个艺术家。

事实上，我不用上大学就能够走入社会，并且，我突出的才干马上就可以得到社会的认可。

为了招待一些朋友，父母举办了一次晚宴，那是在我决定命运的前一天晚上。

这真是一个避难所！

父母的朋友们会在乎什么专业呢？

我可以放松几个小时，平静地吃上一顿晚餐。

我想错了！

专业成为了所有人谈论的话题。

每个人都与我谈论他们的专业，并且对我应该选择什么专业各抒己见。

这些人的建议没有让我向任何一个专业更加靠近，反而令我更加困惑。

在这些人中，没有一个人与自己的专业看起来相称的。

牙医厄尔金先生的牙齿中嵌着菠菜叶；牙医詹金斯夫人的牙齿中也嵌着菠菜叶；工业化学家詹金斯夫人向她的小牛肉上涂抹番茄酱；水利工程师艾伯特森先生，总是把他喝水的玻璃杯打翻。

晚宴结束后，大家都走了。

夜越来越深了，我仍然没有选定专业。

我把目录册拿出来，开始翻找可能的专业，我已经翻了无数次的了。

主修航空工程学？

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可是我晕机。

主修汉语？

去中国一直是我的心愿，然而，我即使主修的不是这个专业也可以去中国。

牙科？

正在那时，我从镜子中看到自己的牙齿上嵌了菠菜叶，看来这也行不通了。

我认为，如果自己小睡一觉，然后早早地起床，就能够决定主修哪个专业了，大学生就常常这么做。

大学生的脑袋在凌晨2点至6点之间究竟产生了哪些不可思议的思维，使得他们能够把所有事情都想明白，对此我无法彻底地了解。

这个办法曾经对我是有用的，这次却不灵验了。

我睡过头了，事实上，大学生也很容易睡过头。

我早上十点钟才起床，第一节课应该是“诗人的自然哲学”，我错过了那节课。

接下来，我有三个小时让自己思考一些专业，甚至是任何专业。

然而，商业总是出现在脑海中。

我从家里出来，往校园里走去，心中期盼着能够在家与学校行政楼之间的这段路程获得一些灵感，给我指引正确的方向，选定一个非常好的主修专业。

也许，在大街上时，一个陌生人会经过我的身旁，对我说：“畜牧业就是你一生应该从事的行业”。

也许，我会看到一个努力工作的人，被这个人所感染，然后选择与其相同的职业。

在路上，我的确看到了野兔克利须那剧团，那看起来确实不像一个适合我的职业道路，剧团的人看起来并不特别为专业所困扰。

我路过了一家电影院，那里正在放映《一次不够》，电影是根据杰奎琳·苏珊的畅销小说改编而成的，主演是大卫·简森，我真想溜进去一睹为快。

然而，我抵制住了这种诱惑。

但是，等一下！

影片，我喜欢影片！

我可以主修影片，不，没有影片这个专业。

我想了一下，蠢货，应该是电影。

就选它了！

之前，我迷失了，现在，我选定了专业，我找到了方向。

十五年之后，我想起了所有的朋友，他们自信地开始了大学生活，因为他们学着自己选定的专业”。

有些人曾经到处游荡，无礼地问别人：“你主修什么专业？”

他们中几乎没有几个人仍旧从事当初选定的专业。

我没有成为一名电影制片人，事实上，我现在从事的是我的第四种职业。

有时候，我仍旧感到自己未定专业。

只要你学习的是自己感兴趣的东西，并且乐于了解世界，那么，你学习什么专业并不重要。

因为，关于你在以后的日子做什么的问题，你有大量的时间做决定。

心灵小语 在人生的道路上，每个人都会有迷茫的时候，面对人生的岔路口，该如何选择呢，是听从别人的建议，还是追随自己内心的感觉？

不管怎样，你要对自己的选择感兴趣，并且乐于去了解。

记忆填空 1. Everyone else was moving forward in their lives, striving toward careers in anthropology, sociology, molecular biology and the like. “Don’t ,” my friends would say. “You can always major in .” 2. I decided that I just slept for a while and woke up really early, I would be able to manifest a . I don’t know exactly what it is in the college student’s that thinks some magical process between 2: 00 A. M. and 6: 00 A. M. that will suddenly make everything more . 佳句翻译 1. 然而，我无法回答这个问题，我害怕被问到这个问题。

<<那一年，我们各奔东西>>

译 2. 事实上，我不用上大学就能够走入社会，并且，我突出的才干马上就可以得到社会的认可。

译 3. 十五年之后，我想起了所有的朋友，他们自信地开始了大学生活，因为他们学着自己选定的专业。

译 短语应用 1. I would rather have died than majored in business. major in : 主修，专攻  
造 2. And Mr. Albertson, the hydro-engineer, kept knocking over his water glass. knock over : 打翻，撞倒；使惊奇；消除 造 &hellip;&hellip;

## <<那一年，我们各奔东西>>

### 编辑推荐

1.学英语不再枯燥无味 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； 4.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

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