

詹少晶 / 编译

ZHANSHAOJING
WORKS



的爱， 是最美丽 的语言



the Most Affecting Word

爱是世界上
最简洁最有力量的语言。

我们懂得，
治愈一切创伤的并不是时间，
而是心中的爱。

的爱， 是最美丽 的语言

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爱，
是最美丽的语言

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Chapter 1

两个人的浪漫



Once I thought love meant flowers, gifts and sweet kisses. But from this experience, I understand that love is just a thread in the quilt of our life. Love is inside, making life strong and warm.

鲜花、礼物和甜蜜的亲吻。可这件事让我明白，爱就像是隐藏在生活这床被子里的线。爱是内在的，它让生活变得更加坚固和温暖。

Love Is Just a Thread

爱只是一根线

© Cathyma

Sometimes I really doubt whether there is love between my parents. Every day they are very busy trying to earn money in order to pay the high tuition for my brother and me. They don't act in the romantic ways that I read in books or I see on TV. In their opinion, "I love you" is too **luxurious**^① for them to say. Sending flowers to each other on Valentine's Day is even more out of the question. Finally my father has a bad temper. When he's very tired from the hard work, it is easy for him to lose his temper.

One day, my mother was sewing a **quilt**^②. I silently sat down beside her and looked at her.

"Mom, I have a question to ask you," I said after a while.

"What?" she replied, still doing her work.

"Is there love between you and Dad?" I asked her in a very low voice.

My mother stopped her work and raised her head with surprise in her eyes. She didn't answer immediately. Then she bowed her head and continued to sew the quilt.

I was very worried because I thought I had hurt her. I was in a great

① luxurious [lʌg'ʒu:riəs] adj. 奢华的, 舒适的

② quilt [kwilt] n. 被子, 被褥

美丽语录

Happiness is to look for a warm person for a lifetime.

幸福，就是找一个温暖的人过一辈子。

有时候，我真怀疑父母之间是否还有爱。他们每天都忙着给我和弟弟挣那高昂的学费。他们从未像我在书中读到，或者在电视上看到的那样互诉衷肠。在他们看来，“我爱你”太奢侈了，他们说不出口。在情人节给彼此送上一束花那就更不可能了。我父亲脾气不好。他常常会在劳累了一天之后乱发脾气。

一天，母亲正在缝被子。我静静地坐在她旁边看着她。

“妈，我有个问题想问你。”过了一会儿我说道。

“什么？”她一边继续缝着，一边答道。

“您跟爸爸之间还有没有爱情啊？”我低声问她。

母亲停下手中的活，满眼诧异地抬起头。她没有立刻回答，而是低下头，继续缝被子。

我担心我伤害了她。我尴尬极了，不知道该如何是好。不过，随后我

embarrassment and I didn't know what I should do. But at last I heard my mother say the following words:

"Susan," she said thoughtfully, "Look at this thread. Sometimes it appears, but most of it disappears in the quilt. The thread really makes the quilt strong and durable. If life is a quilt, then love should be a thread. It can hardly be seen anywhere or anytime, but it's really there. Love is inside."

I listened carefully but I couldn't understand her until the next spring. At that time, my father suddenly got sick seriously. My mother had to stay with him in the hospital for a month. When they returned from the hospital, they both looked very pale. It seemed both of them had had a serious illness.

After they were back, every day in the morning and dusk, my mother helped my father walk slowly on the country road. My father had never been so gentle. It seemed they were the most harmonious couple. Along the country road, there were many beautiful flowers, green grass and trees. The sun gently glistened^① through the leaves. All of these made up the most beautiful picture in the world.

The doctor had said my father would recover in two months. But after two months he still couldn't walk by himself. All of us were worried about him.

"Dad, how are you feeling now?" I asked him one day.

"Susan, don't worry about me," he said gently. "To tell you the truth, I just like walking with your mom. I like this kind of life." Reading his eyes, I know he loves my mother deeply.

Once I thought love meant flowers, gifts and sweet kisses. But from this experience, I understand that love is just a thread in the quilt of our life. Love is inside, making life strong and warm...

① glisten ['glɪsn] v. 闪耀, 发光

听见母亲说：

“苏珊，”她若有所思地说道，“看看这些线。有的时候，你能看得见它们，但大多数时候它们都隐藏在被子里。这些线的确让被子变得更加耐用。如果生活是床被子的话，那么爱就是其中的线。你不可能随时随地看到它，但它却是真实存在的。爱是内在的。”

我听得 very 仔细，但直到来年春天，我才真正理解她的这番话。那时，我的父亲突然得了重病。母亲需要在医院里照顾他一个月。当他们从医院回家时，两个人看上去都十分苍白，好像他们俩都得了重病一样。

他们回来之后，每个清晨和黄昏，母亲都要搀扶着父亲在乡间小路上散步。我的父亲从未如此温柔过。他们就像是天作之合。小路两旁点缀着许多美丽的鲜花、绿草和树木。阳光透过树叶的缝隙，温柔地洒在地面上。这一切组成了一幅世间最美好的画。

医生说父亲将在两个月内康复。可两个月后，他仍然无法独立行走，我们都很替他担心。

“爸爸，你现在感觉怎么样？”一天，我问他道。

“苏珊，别为我担心。”他温和地说道，“实话告诉你吧，我只是喜欢和你妈妈一起散步的感觉。我喜欢这种生活。”从他的眼神里，我读到他对母亲深深的爱。

曾经我认为爱情就是鲜花、礼物和甜蜜的亲吻。可这件事让我明白，爱就像是隐藏在生活这床被子里的线。爱是内在的，它让生活变得更加坚固和温暖……

Just Two for Breakfast

两个人的早餐

© Joe

When my husband and I celebrated our 38th wedding **anniversary**^① at our favorite restaurant, Lenny, the piano player, asked, “How did you do it?”

I knew there was no simple answer, but as the weekend approached, I wondered if one reason might be our ritual of breakfast in bed every Saturday and Sunday.

It all started with the breakfast tray my mother gave us as a wedding gift. It had a glass top and slatted wooden side pockets for the morning paper the kind you used to see in the movies. Mother loved her movies, and although she rarely had breakfast in bed, she held high hopes for her daughter. My **adoring**^② bridegroom took the message to heart.

Feeling guilty, I suggested we take turns. Despite grumblings—“hate crumbs in my bed”—Sunday morning found my spouse eagerly awaiting his tray. Soon these weekend breakfasts became such a part of our lives that I never even

① anniversary [ˌæniˈvɜːsəri] n. 周年纪念日；结婚周年日

② adoring [ˈædɔːrɪŋ] adj. 崇拜的；爱慕的

美丽语录

Love is when you take away the feelings, the passion, the romance, you find out you still care for that person.

所谓爱，就是当感觉、热情和浪漫统统拿掉之后，你仍然珍惜对方。

当我和丈夫在我们最喜欢的饭馆庆祝结婚 38 周年纪念日时，那个钢琴手莱尼过来问道：“你们是怎么过来的？”

我知道，这个问题无法简简单单地来回答。但随着周末的临近，我开始在想：或许其中的一个原因就是每个星期六和星期天都在床上吃早餐。

这一切都是从这个早餐托盘开始的，它是妈妈送给我们的结婚礼物。它有一个玻璃盘面，两边各有一个放早报用的细长的木制侧袋，就像过去在电影中见到的那样。我妈很喜欢那些电影，虽然她自己很少在床上用早餐，却非常希望她的女儿能这样。深爱着我的新郎把我母亲的话牢记在心。

出于心里的愧疚感，我提议我们两个轮流准备早餐。星期天早上，虽然他嘴上嘟嘟囔囔地抱怨着——“我讨厌面包屑弄到床上”——但我还是见到丈夫在急切地等候他的早餐。不久，周末早餐就成为我们生活的一部

thought about them. I only knew we treasured this separate, blissful time read, relax, forget the things we should remember.

Sifting through the years, I recalled how our weekends changed, but that we still preserved the ritual. We started our family (as new parents, we slept after breakfast more than we read), but we always found our way back to where we started, just two for breakfast, one on Saturday and one on Sunday.

When we had more time, my tray became more festive. First it was fruit slices placed in **geometric**^① pattern; then came flowers from our garden, sometimes just one blossom sprouting from a grapefruit half. This arranger of mine had developed a flair for decorating, using everything from amaryllis to the buds of a maple tree. My husband said my cooking inspired him. Mother would have approved. Perhaps it was the Saturday when the big strawberry wore a daisy hat that I began to think, how can I top this? One dark winter night I woke with a vision of a snowman on a tray. That Sunday I scooped a handful of snow and in no time had my man made. With a flourish I put a miniature pinecone on his head.

As I delivered the tray, complete with a nicely frozen snowman, I waited for a reaction. There was none but as I headed down the stairs I heard a whoop of laughter and then, “You’ve won! Yes, sir, you’ve won the prize!”



① geometric [dʒiə'metrik] adj. 几何图案的；成几何级数增加的