

# 朋友别哭

## ——温暖你心灵的友情故事

吴文安 主编

温暖心灵的友情故事 伴随一生的永恒经典

这是一本让无数人潸然泪下的书，书中的每一个友情故事都曾经感动过千万读者，震撼过亿万心灵；朋友，你是否很久未曾感动了？轻轻翻开这本书吧！我坚信，你一定会被深深震撼。因为只要静静阅读本书，再坚强的人也会落泪……



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主编 吴文安

编委 毛文婷 王思为 何煜 鄱一帆

徐珏 黄飞高 蒲瑶



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# 前言

喧嚣浮世，多希望有个宁静的港湾。

世事沉浮，多希望留住永恒的瞬间。

当身处险境难关，多希望有个人能为我们呐喊助威。

当形影相吊，孤寂难耐，多希望有个人，能为我们打湿的心灵，撑起雨伞……

围绕着爱情、亲情、友情展开的这三辑故事，演绎着人生最核心的情愫，诉说着世间最动人的心声。静夜里轻启书页，鲜活的人物纷至沓来——酸甜苦辣，泪笑欣悲，于是我们从故事中看到生活，又在生活中，创造故事。

读这本书，其实是用心灵去感悟月的朦胧、星的灿烂、花的嫣然、泪的晶莹、叶的飘逸，还有生命的沧桑和美丽。书海茫茫、孤舟独荡、任意东西，实为快哉。开启扉页，缕缕的墨香如醇醇杨柳风，让心花悄然绽放，散发出无数感悟的诗行，随着一页页地翻过，书的妙味连同它的芳香会浸入肌肤；你的情绪也在意境中飘遥、远航……

篇篇文章，淡若菊香，沁人心脾，回味悠长。每篇文章都由文章导读、优美英文、精彩译文、热词空间、心灵小语五个部分

组成，环环相扣，交映生辉，相信在进行英语阅读能力的同时，您的心灵也将得到一次净化。

北京外国语大学翻译系师生精心奉献双语真情故事，为寻素材多方求索，为造佳句字斟句酌。更有师生切磋，热烈陈词，最终虽精益求精，仍嫌不够百分圆满。然译道无止境，惟尽心而为之，愿读者在这次美文徜徉中，于心灵深处得到一份真正的快乐。

本书所附MP3光盘收录了部分精选文章的精彩朗读，由北京外国语大学外国专家倾情奉献，相信他们的纯正标准发音，在您欣赏美文的同时，对您的口语、听力也有着潜移默化的影响。

亲爱的读者，让我们一起给自己的心灵洗个澡吧，一起为疲惫的心灵营造一个温馨、自然、优雅、恬淡的美丽空间吧。让我们一起去感受人间的至情，为自己的生活多一点感动、多一点温馨的回忆……

吴文安

2008年暮春于北外

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## 第一篇

In prosperity our friends know us; in  
adversity we know our friends.


——C. Collins

顺境中，朋友与我们相识；逆境  
中，我们与朋友相知。

——C. 柯林斯

不  
离  
不  
弃  
真  
朋  
友

*Friend in Need Is a Friend Indeed*



奥运圣火，不仅点燃了热情澎湃的心灵，也照亮了平凡而真挚的友谊。

## **A Story about Ryan Schroer, His Friends, and His Incredible Torch Run**

Who would have thought that a simple “Hello!” could have been the beginning of a wonderful friendship? This simple “Hello!” was all it took for Ryan Schroer and me to become great friends. I met Ryan in my biology class. He sat in the front of the class so that his motorized wheel chair wouldn’t get in the way. I, however, believe that he wouldn’t have gotten in the way no matter where he sat. From the first day of school, my simple “Hello!” and his cheerful reply were the keys to our friendship.

In our sophomore year, we were in the same English class—Mr. Weinheimer’s English class. This year was great! Mr. Weinheimer was able to open Ryan up to even more people. The two became great friends. In fact, I’m not sure who taught the other person more. They even had a comedy act that was spontaneously put together every day. (This was because Ryan was the only person that actually laughed at Mr. Weinheimer’s jokes.)

There was a time, however, in which Ryan was not able to come to school. He had surgery on his legs and hips. They had to keep him at home for rehabilitation. His parents had to turn his body every hour in order to prevent bed sores from occurring. His legs were much scarred and he was in a great deal of pain, but if you talked to him, he would never let on that he was in pain. He hid his pain from everyone.

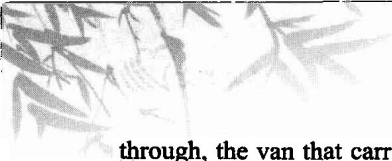
A few weeks after our English class wrote letters to him, he was able to return to school for half of the day. Soon after this short period of time, he was able to come to school for the whole day. (What you may not understand is that this remarkable young man has cerebral

palsy and has endured many an obstacle. Yet, he is able to go on living life to the fullest he is possibly able.) He knows the old saying "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." to the deepest and most personal extent.

In our junior year, we found that we didn't share a single class. This was not a problem; however, we just talked a little more in the hallway during passing periods. That year seemed to fly by. I must have blinked because I missed it! The highlight of the whole year (and maybe my life) was when Ryan asked me to hold the torch runner's flag that would mark the spot where Ryan would begin his Olympic torch run. When he asked me, I didn't know what to say. My first reaction was when I asked him why he didn't want someone from his family to hold it for him. He gently responded that he would be honored if I would accept this position for him. He said that the Olympic committee sent a letter saying that the person that holds the flag for him must be someone important to him. He said that I was important to him because I was the only true friend he had ever made that talked to HIM and not to his wheel chair. How could I refuse such a gracious compliment and request.

On June fifth, at 10: 36 A.M., I left early from class in order to take the flag and reach Ryan's starting point early. As I walked down the sidewalk, my heart raced and my mind became a factory of questions. I kept wondering how everything was going to happen and how Ryan would respond to the huge crowd of thousands of people. On my way, I encountered Ryan's parents, grandparents, and brother. They had all come to support Ryan.

As we reached the starting point, the streets began to fill with students from the surrounding schools and the area residents. Everyone had red, white, and blue on, and they each had an American flag. One school had even made two arches out of red, white, and blue balloons. These arches were big enough to cross the street and let semi-trucks pass through them. The patriotic atmosphere was set. The last ingredient was about to arrive. After the Coca-Cola trucks passed



through, the van that carried the torch runners pulled into the drop-off point. All of the runners got out except Ryan. They lined up outside of the van and began to chant his name. Ryan! Ryan! Then all of the people that lined the streets joined in. Ryan! Ryan! It was all I could do to not cry.

The lift then lowered Ryan to the ground. There he was, in all his glory. People saw him for Ryan and not for his wheel chair. The other runners returned to the van and were off to their next drop-off point. The police then helped in directing the torch runner in the right direction. It all became slow motion at the sight of the arriving torch. I gave Ryan a hug and then stepped into my spot. The runner lit Ryan's torch and then Ryan began his journey. As he took off down the street, the chanting became louder and louder. The excitement filled the air and even I felt like I was on cloud. I could not have been any prouder of Ryan! He deserved this moment in time—an historic moment—a moment that he was a part of and allowed me to be a part of, too.

As soon as Ryan began his torch run, his mother and I ran to the next relay point. It was amazing! Ryan was able to pass the torch to his favorite partner in comedy—Mr. Weinheimer. The excitement and happiness in Ryan's eyes could only express the feeling in the air. As Ryan approached Mr. Weinheimer, I could see the connection between the two. Mr. Weinheimer was another person that Ryan admired greatly and I'm sure the feeling was mutual between the two.

After Ryan passed the flame to Mr. Weinheimer, Mr. Weinheimer bent over and gave Ryan a hug. That moment will last in time forever. It symbolized the whole meaning of the flame. If anything, it showed the love, excitement, enthusiasm, brotherhood, and life of any man. The flame united every person as one. It was not the American Olympics that was held during the summer in Atlanta. It was the World Olympics. Ryan deserved his moment in time, and because of his family and friends, he was able to enjoy it. The flame united us all and showed us all that love is really what makes this small world go around after all.

## 瑞恩火炬接力的故事

谁曾想到，一句简单的“你好”会衍生出一段感人至深的友谊？就是这样一句简单的“你好”让我和瑞恩·施罗尔成为挚友。然而，我和瑞恩是在生物课上遇见的。他坐在教室前排，这样他的电动轮椅就不会挡住别人的路。不过，我相信他不管坐在哪里都不会妨碍到别人。从开学第一天起，我们之间简单的问候就成了开启友谊大门的钥匙。

高中二年级时，我们在同一个班上英语课，教课的是温海默老师。那一年真是太棒了！温海默老师可以让瑞恩敞开心扉，和更多人交流。他们两人成了好朋友。事实上，我说不准到底他们谁从对方身上学到的东西更多。他们甚至每天都会自发地在课堂上上演一出小幽默剧。（因为瑞恩是唯一一个被温海默老师的笑话逗乐的学生。）

但是有一段时间，瑞恩不能来上学。他的双腿和髋部都动了手术。为了术后康复，他需要待在家里。他父母每小时为他翻一次身，防止长褥疮。他的双腿布满伤口，疼痛难忍。但他绝不会在交谈中向你透露半个字。谁都没发觉他正经受疼痛的折磨。

英语班的同学给他写了几封信，几周以后他就能到学校上课了。一开始只能坚持半天，不久就能够上一整天了。（你可能无法想象，这个非凡的青年在患脑性瘫痪的情况下克服了多少困难。但他仍可以尽自己所能让生活变得更有意义。）他深谙“勇者生于逆境”的含义，并且对此有着切身体会。

高三那年，我们所有的课都不在一起上。不过这很容易解决，我们只要利用下课休息时间在走廊上多说几句话就可以了。这一年似乎过得飞快。一不留神，时间便转瞬即逝。整整一年中（或许整整一生中）最令我激动的是瑞恩请我去为他举起奥运火炬手



的旗帜，这面旗帜将标记他开始火炬接力的起“跑”点。听到这个请求，我一时不知该说什么。我的第一反应是问他为什么不让他家人去举旗。他轻声回答，如果我能答应他，他会感到荣幸。他告诉我，奥委会在来信中说，为他举旗的必须是对他而言很重要的人。他说，我对他而言很重要，因为我是他唯一真正的朋友，只有我与他交谈时注视着他而不是他的轮椅。他的赞美和请求是如此诚恳，我怎能拒绝呢？

6月5日上午10:36，我离开学校去取旗帜，以便早早赶到瑞恩的起“跑”点。走在人行道上，我的心狂跳不已，脑子里接二连三地冒出许多问题。我一直在想事情会如何进展，瑞恩会如何回应数以千计的围观人群。在路上，我遇见了瑞恩的父母、祖父母和他哥哥。他们都去为瑞恩加油。

我们到达时，来自邻近学校的学生和附近的居民已经开始涌上街道。每个人都身着红白蓝三色服装，举着美国国旗。有一个学校甚至制作了两道红白蓝三色气球组成的拱门。这些拱门大到足以横跨街道，拖车都能够从下方通过。大家的爱国情绪高涨。主角马上就要出现了。首先驶过的是可口可乐公司的拖车，火炬手乘坐的面包车紧随其后，驶到了接送地点。所有人都下了车，但瑞恩没有出来。他们在车外列好队，开始高喊瑞恩的名字：“瑞恩！瑞恩！”道路两旁的人群也都加入进来，一齐高喊：“瑞恩！瑞恩！”我努力克制自己才没有哭出来。

然后，升降梯将瑞恩放到了地上。他出现在大家面前，容光焕发。大家注视着他，因为他是瑞恩，不是因为他坐着轮椅。其他火炬手回到了面包车上，前往各自的接送地点。接着，警察开始为火炬手引导方向。当奥运火炬进入人们的视线，一切动作似乎都慢了下来。我与瑞恩拥抱了一下，然后走到自己的位置上。到达的火炬手点燃了瑞恩手中的火炬，瑞恩便出发了。他一路前进，道路两旁的加油呼喊声也越加响亮。空气中弥漫着激动与兴奋，就连我都感到飘飘然如在云端。我深深地为瑞恩自豪！此时此刻的荣耀他受之无愧，他亲历了这一历史性的时刻，因为他的存在，