

读·品·悟·双语阅读系列



Happiness Always
Comes After The Rain

快乐总被 雨洗过

感动中学生的心情故事

有 好 书 读 才 有 好 心 情

刘 鹰 主编

本套书精选了国外中学生优秀阅读作品，仔细品味有助于中学生美好情感的培养；精准的英汉互译，既方便阅读，又有助于读者翻译水平的提高。

本书既揭示了青少年的心理成长、心路历程，又让学生体味现实社会的人情百态，全面展示我们的“心灵社区”。





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◎主 编：刘 鹰



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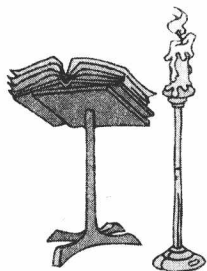
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心情小驿站

Shuang Yu Yu Du Xin Qing Gu Shi
双 语 阅 读 · 心 情 故 事

心动的故事



My Mother's Desk

I'm sitting at my mother's desk, a mahogany secretary with a writing leaf that folds down to reveal rows of cubbyholes and tiny drawers—even a sliding secret compartment.



I'm sitting at my mother's desk, a mahogany secretary with a writing leaf that folds down to reveal rows of cubbyholes and tiny drawers—even a sliding secret compartment. I've loved it since I was just tall enough to see above the leaf as mother sat doing letters. Standing by her chair, staring at the ink bottle, pens, and smooth white paper, I decided that the act of writing must be the most delightful thing in the world.

Years later, during her final illness, Mother reserved various items for my sister and brother. "But the desk," she'd repeated, "is for Elizabeth." I sensed Mother communicating with this gift, a communication I'd craved for 50 years.

My mother was brought up in the victorian belief that emotions were private. Nice people said

only nice things. I never saw her angry, never saw her cry. I knew she loved me; she expressed it in action. But as a teenager I yearned for heart-to-heart talks between mother and daughter.

They never happened. And a gulf opened between us. I was “too emotional.” She lived “on the surface”. She was willing to accept the relationship on these terms. I was not.

As years passed and I raised my own family, I loved the equilibrium. I loved her and thanked her for our harmonious home. Forgive me, I wrote, for having been critical. In careful words, I asked her to let me know in any way she chose that she did forgive me.

I mailed the letter and waited eagerly for her reply. None came.

Eagerness turned to disappointment, then resignation and, finally, peace. I couldn't be sure that the letter had even got to Mother. I only knew that having written it, I could stop trying to make her into someone she was not. For the last 15 years of her life we enjoyed a relationship on her terms—light, affectionate, cheerful.

Now the gift of her desk told me, as she'd never been able to, that she was pleased that writing was my chosen work.

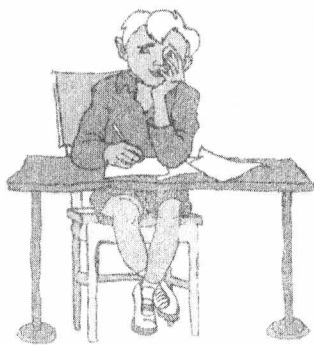
My sister stored the desk until we could pick it up. Then it stayed in our attic for nearly a year while we converted a bedroom into a study.

When at last I brought the desk down, it was dusty from months of storage. Lovingly, I polished the drawers and cubbyholes. Pulling out the secret compartment, I found papers inside. A photograph of my father. Family wedding announcements. And a one-page letter, folded and refolded many times.

Send me a reply, my letter asks, in any way you choose. Mother, you always chose the act that speaks louder than words.

母亲的书桌

我坐在母亲的书桌旁，这是一个红木做的带书橱的写字台，上面有个可以折叠的活动桌面，桌面翻下来就可以看见几排分类格子架和一些小抽屉，甚至还有一个可以拉动的秘密的小隔间。



我坐在母亲的书桌旁，这是一个红木做的带书橱的写字台，上面有个可以折叠的活动桌面，桌面翻下来就可以看见几排分类格子架和一些小抽屉，甚至还有一个可以拉动的秘密的小隔间。我刚刚长到可以看见桌面时，看着妈妈坐在那儿写信，我就喜欢上这个桌子了。站在妈妈的椅子旁，呆呆地看着上面的墨水瓶、钢笔和光滑的白纸，我就断定，写字这事儿准是世界上最好玩的事儿。

多年以后，母亲在弥留之际给姐姐和弟弟留下了各种各样的家什。“不过，那个书桌，”她反复说，“是留给伊丽莎白的。”我能感觉到母亲跟这个礼物一直灵犀相通，这是一种我朝思暮想了 50 年的灵犀相通。

我母亲从小到大一直有个刻板陈旧的信条:情感是不可以告诉他人的。性格温和的人言行举止都很温和。我从来没见过她发过火,从来没见过她哭过。我知道她爱我,但那是用行动而不是用语言表达的。但是,作为一个十几岁的小姑娘,我渴望母女之间能够亲密无间地倾心交谈。

这样的交谈从来没有过。于是我们之间产生了隔阂。我呢,“太爱动感情了”;她呢,“总是很冷静”。她愿意接受我们之间的这样的关系,可我不愿意。

一年又一年过去了,我也有了属于自己的家庭。我喜欢我们俩以前那种不远不近的距离。我爱她,我感激她给了我们一个和谐的家。“宽恕我”,有一次我在给她的信中写道,“宽恕我曾经有过的对你的不满。”我斟字酌句,请她挑选任何方式告诉我她确实宽恕了我。

我把那封信寄了出去,急切地等待着她的答复。但是,她的答复始终没有到来。

我的急切变成了失望,又变成无所谓,最后,归于平静。我不知道母亲是否收到了那封信。我只知道我写过那封信,我可以不再努力把她变成一个不是她真实自我的人了。在她生命的最后15年里,我们按照她的方式保持了一种轻松、亲密、愉快的关系。

现在,她把书桌作为礼物留给我,这说明,她对我挑选了文字工作感到欣慰,虽然她未能亲口告诉我。

姐姐把这个书桌收了起来,直到我们把它搬走。然后它在我家的阁楼里待了将近一年,因为那时我们正在把一间卧室翻修成书房。


我最后把书桌从阁楼上搬下来时,由于放了好几个月,它已经是尘埃满身了。我很疼爱地擦干净那些小抽屉和格子架。当我把那个秘密小隔间抽出来时,发现里面有几张纸:有一张父亲的照片,有家里人的结婚公告,还有一封只有一页的信,反反复复折叠了许多遍。

这就是我的那封信。信里我要求妈妈给我个答复,用任何方式都行。妈妈,您总是挑选胜过语言的行为来表达自己的。



The Story of an Hour

They knew that Louise Mallard had a weak heart. So they broke the bad news softly.



6

感动中学生的心情故事

快乐总被雨洗过

They knew that Louise Mallard had a weak heart. So they broke the bad news softly. Her husband, Brently, was dead.

"There was a train accident, Louise," said her sister Josephine. Richards brought the news, but Josephine told the story. She spoke in broken sentences.

"Richards... was at the newspaper office. News of the accident came. Louise... Louise, Brently's name was on the list. Brently... was killed, Louise."

Louise did not hear the story coldly, as some women would. she could not close her mind or her heart to the news. Like a sudden storm, her tears broke out. She cried loudly in her sister's arms. Then, just as suddenly,

the tears stopped. She went to her room alone. She wanted no one with her.

In front of the window stood an empty chair. She sat down and looked out the window. She was tired after her tears. Her body felt cold, her mind and heart were empty.

Outside her window she could see the trees. The air smelled like spring rain. She could hear someone singing far away. Birds sang near the house. Blue sky showed between the clouds. She rested.

She sat quietly, but a few weak tears still fell. She had a young, strong face. But now her eyes showed nothing. She looked out the window at the blue sky. She was not thinking, or seeing. She was waiting.

There was something coming to her. She was waiting for it with fear. What was it? She did not know; she could not give it a name. But she felt it coming out from the sky. It reached her through the sound, the smell, the color of the air.

Slowly she became excited. Her breath came fast, her heart beat faster. She began to see this thing. It wanted to find her and take her. She tried to fight against it. But she could not. Her mind was as weak as her two small white hands. Then she stopped fighting against it. A little word broke from her lips.

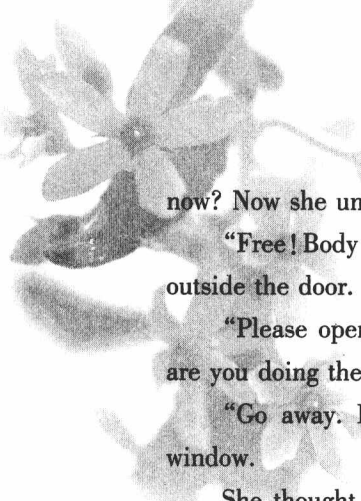
"Free," she said, "Free, free, free!" The emptiness and fear left her. Her eyes showed her excitement. Her heart beat fast, and the blood warmed her body. A sudden feeling of joy excited her.

She did not stop to ask if her joy was wrong. She saw her freedom clearly. She could not stop to think of smaller things.

She knew the tears would come again when she saw her husband's body. The kind hands, now dead and still. The loving face, now still and gray. But she looked into the future. She saw many long years to come that would belong to her alone. And now she opened her arms to those years in welcome.

There would be no one else to live for during those years. She would live for herself alone. There would be no strong mind above hers. Men and women always believe they can tell others what to do and how to think. Suddenly Louise understood that this was wrong. She could break away and be free of it.

And yet, she loved him—sometimes. Often she did not. What did love mean



now? Now she understood that freedom is stronger than love.

"Free! Body and mind free!" she said again. Her sister Josephine was waiting outside the door.

"Please open the door," Josephine cried, "You will make yourself sick. What are you doing there, Louise? Please, please, let me in! "

"Go away. I am not sick." No, she was drinking in life through that open window.

She thought joyfully of all those days before her. Spring days, summer days. All kinds of days that would be her own. She began to hope life would be long. And just yesterday, life seemed so long!

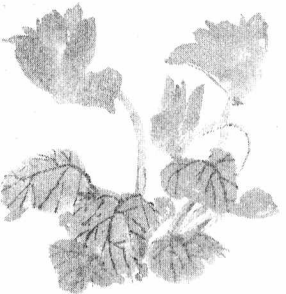
After a while she got up and opened the door.

Her eyes were bright, her cheeks were red. She didn't know how strong and well she looked—so full of joy. They went downstairs, where Richards was waiting.

A man was opening the door. It was Brently. He was dirty, and tired. He carried a suitcase and an umbrella. He was not killed in the train accident. He didn't even know there was an accident. He was surprised at Josephine's sudden cry. He didn't understand why Richards moved suddenly between them, to hide Louise from her husband.

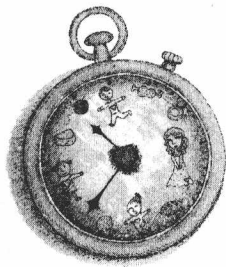
But Richard was too late.

When the doctors came, they said it was her weak bad heart. They said she died of joy—of joy that kills.



一小时的故事

他们都知道路易丝·马拉德的心脏不好，所以在告诉她这个噩耗的时候尽量说得很委婉。



他们都知道路易丝·马拉德的心脏不好，所以在告诉她这个噩耗的时候尽量说得很委婉。她的丈夫，布伦特里，死了。

“路易丝，刚才有一列火车出事了，”她的姐姐约瑟芬说道。是理查兹带来的这个噩耗，但是话得由约瑟芬来讲。只是她的话语断断续续。

“理查兹……在报社工作。报道说出事了。路易丝……路易丝，布伦特里的名字在遇难者的名单上。布伦特里……他死了，路易丝。”

听到这些，路易丝并不像有些女人那样表现得那么冷静。面对这个消息，她无法掩饰自己的情绪。忽然，如突袭的暴风雨一般，她泪如雨下，在姐姐的怀里放声大哭。后来，又很突然地，她的泪水止住了。她独自回到了自己的房间，想单独待一会儿。

窗前摆放着一把空椅子，她坐了下来，望着窗外。哭过之后，她感到疲倦极了，浑身发冷，大脑一片空白。

她可以看到窗外的绿树。空气里弥漫着春雨般的清香。远处传来了歌声。小鸟在房子附近啾啾歌唱。蓝天与白云相间。她的内心平静了下来。

静静地，她就这样坐着，眼中依然流淌出脆弱的泪水。她的脸庞是年轻的，坚强的。然而现在她的眼神空洞，毫无生气。她望着窗外的蓝天，什么也不想，什么都看不到。她在等待。

什么东西正在向她走近。她恐惧地等待着。究竟是什么呢？她自己也不知道，也说不清楚。但是她感到它正从那片天空向她走来。通过声音、气味、空气的颜色渐渐地靠近她。

一点一点地，她变得兴奋起来。她的呼吸急促，心跳加快。渐渐地，她看清