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主编

# 当你路过 我的阳光

*When You Pass by My Sunshine*

常青藤语言教学中心荣誉推荐  
阅读能力·单词强化·语法巩固  
美文赏析·翻译提升·内容记忆

无限芬芳落尽，惟有绿树依然。  
因为它扎根在人格的土壤里，  
默默地奉献着自己，  
也渐渐地壮大着自己。

# 当你路过我的阳光

吴文智,方雪梅 编著

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# 目 录

前言 Preface .....	4
你是我的一米阳光.....	7
食袜蚁 Ant Bites .....	7
礼物 The Gift\哈蒂·梅·拉特里夫 .....	12
默契的父亲 Tacit Understanding Father .....	19
雪 Snow.....	22
我最好的朋友阿诺德 My Best Friend Arnold .....	26
情暖今生 Warm in the Life.....	30
难忘的时刻 My Unforgettable Moment.....	35
一双新鞋 A Pair of New Shoes .....	40
理解的赠品 The Gift of Understanding.....	48
友谊的故事 A Story About Friendship.....	55
杰克逊的复活节 Easter in Jackson .....	59
假如你不曾来过.....	63
爱战胜一切 Love Conquers All.....	63
我和我的“喵斯” Me and My Mewse .....	67
一见如故 The Ice Breaker.....	72
只是一个普通人 Only a Man.....	75
果冻心 Jelly Hearts .....	80
送给玛丽的鲜花 Flowers from Our Garden .....	85
好朋友的定义 Idea of a Good Friend.....	91
电话里的朋友 A Friend on the Line.....	95

人间天使 One Determined Angel .....	101
对待感激的新态度 A New Attitude to Gratitude .....	105
献给佑兰的玫瑰 Roses for Yolande .....	112
友好的报答 A Kindness Returned.....	121
生命因你绚烂如花.....	126
溢满鲜花的巴士 Flowers on the Bus.....	126
最佳女演员 Best Actress .....	129
金色的眼睛 In Her Golden Eyes .....	134
你可以做任何事 You Can Do Anything.....	140
两者之间的秘密 A Secret for Two .....	143
真正的慷慨 True Generosity.....	150
大脚丫，大胸怀 Big Feet and Big Heart.....	153
明智之举 The Right Moves.....	156
七美元的梦想 A Seven-Dollar Dream.....	160
爷爷的藏宝图 A Giant Mystery .....	167
鹦鹉多莉 Dolly .....	172
重新振作起来 Second Wind.....	176
谢谢 All It Took Was Two Words.....	179
生命的转变 Changed Lives.....	182

# 前言 Preface

从事翻译研究二十多年，最大的收获就是认识了很多对英文学习、外国文化感兴趣的年轻朋友，他们身上那种鲜活的热情，使我很受触动和启发。

在我和钱厚生教授主编的《实用汉英翻译词典》获得国家辞书奖以后，就不断有年轻的朋友向我提同一个问题：怎样才能学好英文？

怎样才能学好英文？这确实是一个困扰了我们很久的不是问题的“问题”。对于这个问题，我的答案是“两读一听”——阅读、朗读与听力。

年轻的朋友首先要明确一个概念：英文，不仅是一种语言，也是一种文化，它绝不是枯燥的语法和单词背诵可以代替的，这些是基础，绝不是全部。

阅读优美而正确的英语文章，可以提高阅读能力，扩大词汇量，开阔视野，了解更多西方世界的风俗习惯。在阅读的过程中，可以对照在课堂上学到的语法知识，从感性上进一步掌握英文语法的应用；也可以通过对那些经典、优美的文章段落的反复品味，进一步提高英文写作水平。

朗读的好处更加显而易见。口语能力一向是国内学生学习英文的弱项之一，发音不准、不敢开口、磕磕绊绊都是常见的现象。怎样解决这些问题？我建议年轻朋友在阅读美文的时候更多地开口朗读出来，英语对话环境不好找，但是朗读却是人人都可以做到的。

经常朗读可以提高听力，培养英语语感——其实很多人的单词发音都是正确的，但是一旦开口却说不流畅，这就是语感在作祟了。曾发掘了特洛伊遗迹的德国语言天才希泊来，每学会一种外语只用三到六个月，秘诀何在？就是大声朗读。

多听标准语音是非常重要的一个环节，这样能够把自己置身于外语环境中，迫使自己接受，逐渐形成习惯。由听觉接收到大脑思考，再到发声表达，读和听可以帮助学习者建立这一流畅的反射体系，直到达成如同使用母语般的身体本能。

大量课外阅读、朗读和听力，可以升华我们的人格情操，促进心灵自省，增长语言文化知识，提高语言文化的综合素质，其更本质、更核心的意义，在于培养学习者对英文的浓厚兴趣——这才是一切学习者成功的原动力。

一直以来，我都有一个想法，想要整理一套经典优美的、适合年轻人的英文读物，将很多我认为年轻朋友们有必要读一读的优秀英文作品推荐给大家。但这是一个比较浩大且责任重大的工程，必须静下心来花费较长时间来进行。由于我本身的事务一直也比较繁忙，这个想法始终停留在构思阶段。

2008年，常青藤语言教学中心的负责人找到我，希望我能主持“每天读点好英文”系列双语读物的编译工作。我很认同常青藤出版的“美丽英文系列”的品质，中心的各位编辑老师对读者负责的态度，我也十分佩服，他们的提议对我来说正中下怀，于是我们就此开始了为期将近两年的选撰编译工作。“每天读点好英文”系列图书便于2010年应运而生。

经过一年多的市场考验，证明该系列图书是成功的，但还有一些不足，我思前想后，认为要在学习功能上再做加强，遂重新筛选编译，再次出版了“最美”系列图书（全五册），此套图书可以说是“每天读点好英文”的升级版。

“最美”系列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，并配有专业外教录制的光盘，将我倡导的“两读一听”真正体现出来，难度有所增加，适合英语中级以上的读者阅读。

在参与“最美”系列图书的制作过程中，我与杨一兰、方雪梅两位老师，以及常青藤语言教学中心的各位专业英语编辑也着手准备一套专为英语初学者阅读的“英文爱藏”系列丛书，就是现在您正在阅读的这套书。

此套图书依然延续了我一直强调的学习功能，这也是我们在编辑之初就赋予这套书的期许之一。“美文欣赏”、“单词积累”、“诵读记忆”“扩展阅读”将是阅读本书的提升重点。每篇文章的旁边会有重点单词提示，需要读者记忆，并学会运用。每篇作品后有三道巩固习题：“记忆填空”是对美文内容的回顾，填写重点单词，有助于英语句型的记忆；“佳句翻译”是让读者进行翻译训练，提升思维逻辑及单词、词组的整体应用能力；“短语应用”是提炼每篇文章的重点短语，并要求读者进行造句训练，进而提升短语运用能力。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，不愁英语功底打得

不扎实。

有读者会问，此系列图书是如何选材的呢？要解释这个问题，首先要明白衡量一部作品质量的最强大标准是什么。是时间。那些超越了历史与时代局限流传下来的，往往才是文化中最精华的部分。我们经过反复研究，精心选择了各国著名作家最具有代表性的作品来奉献给读者。一篇篇经典隽永的美文，不仅可以让人在反复咀嚼中唇齿留香，同时也拓展了读者的知识面，达到了开阔视野、提升素养的目的。

另一点值得注意的是，“英文爱藏”系列从典雅的版式设计到精美的细节标识，从题型设置、心灵感悟到部分文章的作者介绍等增补链接，在细节上下足了功夫，都是为了增加读者的阅读和学习兴趣。时尚的双色印刷技术，清晰地区别了阅读与学习功能，让读者能更轻松地享受阅读，提高英语水平。

主持编译“英文爱藏”“最美”系列的过程中，我与杨一兰、方雪梅两位老师收获良多，故此也希望年轻的朋友在阅读这套书的时候能有所收获，希望这套书能成为波澜壮阔的英文海洋中的导航员，帮助更多的读者发自内心地爱上英语学习，理解英语文化之美。

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2011年11月30日

# 你是我的一米阳光

1

当我的天空灰暗时，  
你把快乐带来，  
你是我的阳光，  
我唯一的阳光，  
亲爱的，你永远都不会懂，  
我有多么爱你，  
请，别让我的阳光离开……

## 食袜蚁 Ant Bites

埃玛丽·里尼克/Emmarie Lehnick

“Ow! Ow!” I shouted as I broke my jump rope rhythm and tangled my feet in the slack rope. “Something in my shoe is biting me.” I wailed.

The first graders waiting to jump and the two rope turners circled around me on the dirt playground. My teacher, Miss Bell, heard me and hurried over, leaving the other recess teacher in mid-conversation.

“Its still stinging me.” I cried as the circle of children opened for Miss Bell.

“Which foot is it?” she asked.

I stuck up my right foot as she stooped over to inspect it. Just then, feeling a new sting, I yelped in pain.

“Here. Lets take off your shoe.” instructed Miss Bell, squatting down to get the shoe.

Then, I remembered the holes in my socks. Welfare socks didn't last long. Holes in socks were a common thing for our family in the years following the Great

Depression. Shoes got fresh paper inserted every Saturday to cover the holes in their soles. But socks with holes were just accepted. Socks with holes in the heels got pulled down so the hole wouldn't show. Where there was a hole, there would soon be a blister. Every week as she washed our clothes, Mama would say, "Even if we were poor and our clothes are worn out. We can still be clean."

I began to cry from the pain in my foot, but I refused to let Miss Bell take off my shoe. I could not bear for her and the others to see the hole in my faded red sock.

"Come on, then. Let's go inside to the office."

A trail of first graders followed after us until Miss Bell told them to stay on the playground. I did my best to curb my tears. Yet, each time the thing in my shoe stung me, I would let out a loud, "Oh, oh, oh!" Tears raced down my contorted face.

Mr. Stewart, the principal, rushed into his office.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Something is stinging her right foot, but she will not let me take off her shoe," said Miss Bell.

Mr. Stewart lifted me onto his desk. "Let me take a look." He just about had the shoe off when I saw the hole. I grabbed the shoe and pulled it on and held it. The stinging worsened the tighter I clasped the shoe.

"Why won't you let us take off your shoe?" Mr. Stewart asked as he looked from me to Miss Bell and back at me in puzzlement.

Miss Womble, the fifth-grade teacher, came into the office. "Can I help? I know her she lives next door to me."

"I suspect ants are in her shoes and stinging the living daylights out of her, but she won't let us take off her shoes," related Miss Bell.

Miss Womble was a great neighbor. She had even played Annie—over with us on occasion. She put both hands on my shaking shoulders and looked into my distressed, red eyes.

"Oh, yes," she said, as if remembering a fact. "I had a bite from one of those ants. Did you know they are sock eaters? By the time I got my shoe off, that ant had

eaten almost the entire bottom off my sock.” She nodded her head up and down as she looked at the other two adults.“Must be sock-eater ants.”

They returned the nod, as if they, too, had been bitten by sock-eating ants.

“Let me see here.”She freed my heel from the shoe.“Just what I thought. Those sock ants have eaten part of her sock.”

Miss Bell opened the medicine cabinet, got a cotton ball, and saturated it with alcohol. Miss Womble slipped off my shoe and sock and shook both of them over the gray trash bucket.Two red ants fell into the waiting container.A stray one ran for the wall, but Mr.Stewarts shoe stopped him.

My swollen foot throbbed. My stomach hurt.My head ached.

Stroking the alcohol ball across the angry bites, Miss Womble lifted her head and smiled at me. “I think shes going to be okay now, ” she said, as she glanced toward the two adults.

The bell rang, ending the recess period.“Its class time.”Mr. Stewart remarked, as he and Miss Belt hurried to their duties.

The alcohol felt cool on the savage welts.

“You were a pretty brave girl to take that many bites. I think you should leave this shoe and sock off for a while.”She helped me off the desk.“Wait for me after school, and well walk home together.”

Pride can be a wonderful, terrible thing. I knew that Miss Womble had saved my pride with her sock-eating ant story.She had seen that I would rather be stung to death than to let others see my poverty.This kind, insightful teacher had taught me a lesson of compassion that I have tried to apply in my thirty-seven years of teaching.

“哎哟！哎哟！”我大声地尖叫着，打乱了跳绳的节奏，脚也被松下来的绳子缠住了。

“鞋里有东西在不停地咬我。”我哭叫着说。

等待跳绳的一年级学生和两个摇绳的人马上将我围在了脏兮兮的操场上。我的老师——贝尔小姐听到我的叫声后，与几个正在休息的老师停止了谈话，匆忙地跑了过来。

“它还在咬我。”我叫道。围观的人让开了一条道，以便能让贝尔小姐进来。

“哪只脚？”她问道。

她俯下身来准备给我检查一下，我抬起了右脚。正在这个时候，我又感到一次新的叮咬，痛得我又一次叫了起来。

“好了，让我们把你的鞋子脱下来。”贝尔小姐说着便蹲下身子来脱我的鞋子。

这让我想起了袜子上的破洞。福利袜子穿不了多长时间。大萧条过后的几年里，带有破洞的袜子对我们家而言再普通不过了。每周六，我们都会把干净的纸塞到鞋子里，以此来盖住鞋底的破洞，然而袜子有破洞只好将就着。将袜子往下拉一拉，把破洞口盖住，就不会有人发现了。但是，一旦袜子上有了破洞，脚很快就会起泡。妈妈在每个星期洗衣服时都会说：“虽然我们很穷，衣服破旧不堪，但是我们依然能够穿得干净整洁。”

脚部疼痛难忍，我哭了起来，然而我还是不让贝尔小姐脱掉我的鞋子。我实在不想让她和其他人看到我褪了色的红袜子上的破洞。

“那么，走吧，我们到办公室去。”

一群一年级的孩子跟在我们身后，可贝尔小姐让他们留在操场上。

我竭尽全力不让泪水流出来，然而鞋里的东西每次叮我的时候，我都会疼得嗷嗷叫。眼泪在我痛得扭曲的脸上无声无息地落下。

校长斯图亚特先生也冲进了办公室。

“发生了什么事情？”他问道。

“有东西正在咬她的右脚，可她又不肯让我把她的鞋子脱下来看一看。”贝尔老师答道。

斯图亚特校长一把把我抱到他的桌子上。“让我看看。”正当他要把我的鞋子脱掉时，我看到了那个破洞。我一把抢过鞋子，迅速穿好，抱住它再也不撒手了。我抱得越紧，那个东西就咬得越厉害。

“为什么你不肯让我们给你脱鞋呢？”校长满脸疑惑地看看我，又把目光转到贝尔小姐身上，最后又看了看我。

正当这时，五年级的老师瓦门蒨小姐进来了。“我能帮上什么忙吗？我认识她，她就住在我家的隔壁。”

“我觉得有蚂蚁在她的鞋子里狠咬她，可她就是不肯让我们把她的鞋子脱掉。”贝尔小姐说。

瓦门菠小姐是一个非常棒的邻居。她有时甚至还和我们一块玩游戏。她双手放在我发抖的肩上，满怀关切地望着我紧张而发红的眼睛。

“噢，是的。”她仿佛记起了什么似的，“我就曾经被那些蚂蚁咬过。你知不知道它们就是‘食袜蚁’呀？在我脱下袜子时，它们已经把袜子的底部几乎全咬光了。”她看着旁边两个大人，不住地点头。“一定是‘食袜蚁’。”她说。

两个大人也点着头，就像他们也曾被“食袜蚁”咬过似的。

“让我来看看。”说着，她松开了我的鞋。“果然不出我所料，蚂蚁已经把她的一部分袜子吃掉了。”

贝尔小姐打开药品柜，从里面取出一个棉球，蘸了些酒精。瓦门菠小姐把我的鞋和袜子脱掉，放到垃圾桶上抖了起来。两只红色的蚂蚁掉进了垃圾桶，还有一只则掉在了地上，向墙边跑去，斯图亚特校长一脚踩住了它。

我的脚已经变肿了，不停地颤抖。这时，胃和头也疼了起来。

瓦门菠小姐一边用棉球擦拭着被蚂蚁咬得红肿的伤口，一边微笑地看着我，“我想，她现在已经没事了。”她边说边看了看身旁的两个大人。

此时，铃声响了，休息时间也宣告结束。“上课时间到了。”话音刚落，校长和贝尔小姐便朝各自的工作岗位奔去。

伤口处的酒精凉飕飕的。

“让蚂蚁咬了那么长时间，你可真是个勇敢的姑娘。我觉得你还是过一会儿再穿袜子和鞋吧。”老师把我从桌子上扶下来。“放学后，等我一起回家吧。”

自尊就是如此美好而可怕的一件事。我知道瓦门菠小姐为了挽救我的自尊，才编造了那个“食袜蚁”的故事。她明白，我宁可被蚂蚁咬死，也不愿别人知道我的贫困。这位心地善良、有着深刻见解的老师让我懂得要有一颗同情之心。我也尝试着将这颗同情之心带到自己三十七年的教学生涯中，并将它很好地传递了下去。

记忆填空

1.The first graders waiting to and the two rope turners circled around me the dirt playground.My teacher, Miss Bell, heard me and hurried over, the other recess

teacher in mid-conversation.

2.Then, I remembered the in my socks.Welfare socks didnt last long.Holes in socks were a thing for our family in the following the Great Depression.Shoes got fresh paper inserted every Saturday to the holes in their soles.

3.This kind, insightful teacher had me a lesson of compassion that I have tried to apply in my thirty-seven years teaching.

佳句翻译

1.脚部疼痛难忍，我哭了起来，然而我还是不让贝尔小姐脱掉我的鞋子。

译

2.自尊就是如此美好而可怕的一件事。

译

3.她明白，我宁可被蚂蚁咬死，也不愿别人知道我的贫困。

译

短语应用

1.“Something is stinging her right foot, but she will not let me take off her shoe.”said Miss Bell.

take off: 脱下；移去

造

2.They returned the nod, as if they, too, had been bitten by sock-eating ants.

as if: 犹如；好像

造

## 礼物 **The Gift**\哈蒂·梅·拉特里夫

Hattie Mae Ratliff

One morning my oldest daughter, Rhonda, rushed in my front door.“Mom, the most wonderful thing just happened.”

I smiled, remembering Rhondas enthusiasm as a young girl, when she would come barreling into our home with news of her day. Now, as a wife and mother of two, she could still energize a room.

“Good morning, Rhonda, and a good morning to you too, sweet pea,” I said, picking up my two-year-old granddaughter. “Let’s sit and have coffee and cookies. Then you can tell me all about your news.” Turning around, I looked at my daughter. “Are you pregnant?”

“No, Mom,” Rhonda answered. Sitting with her coffee cup in hand, she sighed with excitement. “Mrs. Perkins, the director of Saint Francis School, told me this morning that an anonymous person is paying Greg’s tuition. Mom, they’re paying his tuition for the whole year.”

Rhonda’s eyes filled with tears as she grabbed my hand. “Was it you, Mom? You and dad?”

“No, I wish we could, but it wasn’t us.” I said.

Rhonda and her husband, Gil had both selected the role of educators for their careers. I remembered when, as newlyweds, they set off for their first teaching jobs, ready to change the world, one child at a time, if necessary.

After Rebekah was born, Rhonda and Gil decided to tighten their belts and live on one income. Rhonda gave up her paid teaching job and became a full-time, stay-at-home mom, reserving her teaching for her own little one.

This was great for their children but hard on their pocketbook. Greg showed signs of being a gifted child and could read at the age of three. Rhonda and Gil talked at length and decided to send him to a private preschool for two days a week. The school was expensive, but it offered great teachers with small classrooms and produced good results. Knowing they would have difficulty paying the tuition alone, they had requested a partial scholarship. The director assured them this was a common practice and that they had several alumni who helped out from time to time. No one had dreamed someone would pay the whole amount of Greg’s tuition.

Rhonda, still holding the note from the school in her hand, said, “I just wish I knew who was so generous.”

“Rhonda, I think that, whoever the benefactor is, it must be important to them to keep their identity private.” Giving her a hug, I continued, “Count your blessings.

And someday you can do the same for someone else.”

“Mom, you ‘re such a Pollyanna! But I sure would like to know. That’s a lot of money.I wrote a thank-you note and asked Mrs.Perkins to see that the donor receives it.”

Several months later, near the end of the school year, Rhonda was dropping Rebekah off at my house to spend a couple of hours while she ran some quick errands. We said our good-byes as Rhonda hunted through her purse for her misplaced keys.

“Shoot, I forgot to sign and return this,” she said, retrieving an envelope. Greg had brought home a permission slip to attend a field trip.When she opened the envelope, a small piece of pink paper fell to the floor.

“Whats this?”I asked, picking up the paper and handing it to Rhonda.

Rhonda scanned the paper.“Mom, look,” she said as tears rolled down her face.“It was Christie, Christie Leeks. Someone in the Saint Francis office must have put this receipt in Gregs envelope by mistake.”Christie was making monthly payments of\$120 for Gregs tuition.

Christie Leeks was a young girl who had been in Rhonda’s first dance class at the high school where she had taught five years earlier. Christie had lived in the Methodist Home as a ward of the state.Rhonda and Gil had taken Christie and another student who lived at the foster home under their wings.They invited them to their home for Sunday dinners, baked them birthday cakes, counseled and loved them.After two years, Rhonda and Gil moved to another city and new jobs.They lost contact with the other student, who had moved out of the country, but stayed in touch with Christie over the years.Rhonda and Gil even traveled back to attend Christie’s high school graduation and then helped her move into a college dorm.

“How can she pay for this?”Rhonda asked.“This has to be a hardship on her I know she is only making student wages. We cant accept this.I have to call her and tell her to stop.”

“Rhonda, it’s obviously important to Christie for you not to know. You can’t tell

her you found out her secret.”

A few months later, during Gregs summer vacation from school, Christie stopped by to visit and celebrate a belated birthday. That night, Rhonda and Christie sat up talking, while the rest of the household slept. Christie, about to graduate from college with honors, had met a special young man.

“I am so proud of you, Christie, ” Rhonda said. “You have grown into a special young woman. I always knew you would, from the first day I saw you in class.”

“Mrs. Davidson, I want to show you something, ” Christie said as she went to her overnight bag and retrieved her Bible. Opening it, she removed the thank-you note Rhonda and Gil had written to the anonymous contributor. “Would you read this, Mrs. Davidson?”

As Rhonda read the note aloud, she had to swallow the lump in her throat.

Rhonda read the last sentence.....

We only hope that one day we can give to a child as you have so generously given to our child.

“Don’t you know, Mrs. Davidson? I am that child. You and Mr. Davidson taught me and gave me so much. This was a small way I could say ‘Thank you.’”

I often reflect on this rewarding experience in my daughter’s life and on Christie’s generosity. I think of all the other students whose lives have been positively impacted by Rhonda and Gil, in ways these two young teachers will never know. With Christie, they were fortunate. Not only did they get to see the positive outcome of the life they touched, but they also saw their gift of compassion returned to them.

一天早上，大女儿朗达从前门跑进来，冲我喊道：“妈妈，刚才发生了一件非常奇妙的事情。”

我笑了，记得朗达小时候就是一个热情洋溢的小女孩，她会冲进家门，把一天听到的新闻宣布出来。如今，朗达结婚了，并且已经是两个孩子的母亲，但她的热情仍然能使整个家庭充满活力。

“早上好，朗达！小豆子，你也早上好！”我一边打着招呼，一边抱起两岁大的外孙女，“坐在这里，吃些点心，喝些咖啡。吃完早餐，把你知道的新闻全

部告诉我。”我转过身去，看了看朗达，“莫非是你怀孕了？”

朗达答道：“不是，妈妈。”她端着咖啡，激动地说：“今天早上，圣弗朗西斯学校的校长柏金斯太太告诉我，有一个人支付了格雷格的学费，但是那个人没有留下姓名。妈妈，那可是一整年的学费。”

朗达紧紧地抓住了我的手，眼眶中充盈着泪水，说：“是你们吗，妈妈？是你和爸爸付的学费吗？”

我告诉她：“我们很希望能够替你付学费，但不是我们。”

朗达和她的丈夫都选择了教师这个职业，他们准备改变世界，必要的话，至少改变一个孩子的命运。记得他们刚刚结婚，就开始了第一次教学工作。

丽贝卡出生后，朗达和吉尔决定两个人中由一人挣钱养家，全家以后要勒紧裤腰带过日子。朗达辞掉了工作，成了全职妈妈，但仍然继续教学工作，只不过学生是自己的孩子。

他们两个人的决定对孩子的成长是有益的，可夫妇二人的生活却艰难了。格雷格三岁的时候就能阅读，这说明了他是一个有天分的孩子。经过长时间的讨论，朗达和吉尔决定每周抽两天把格雷格送到私立幼儿园。那里有优秀的教师，还是小班授课，效果很好，只是学费很昂贵。由于两个人没有足够的钱支付学费，便申请了部分奖学金。校长告诉他们，申请奖学金是很正常的，有几个校友时常来幼儿园帮忙解决这些问题。可居然有人支付了格雷格一年的学费，真是难以置信。

那张从学校拿回来的支票仍然握在朗达的手中，她说：“我真想知道那个慷慨解囊的人的姓名。”

“朗达，我认为应该为这些捐助者保守秘密，不管他们是谁。”我抱了抱她，继续说：“记住别人对你的帮助，将来某一天你也可以为他们做同样的事情。”

朗达说：“妈妈，您也太盲目乐观了，这可是一笔数目不小的钱，我当然想知道那些好心人是谁。我写了一封感谢信，让柏金斯太太务必帮我转交给捐助者。”

几个月之后，学年即将结束，朗达要出去办点事情，就把丽贝卡送到我家让我帮她带几个小时。朗达一边在包里翻找钥匙，一边跟我道别，她总是把钥匙乱放。

她从包里拿出了一封信，说道：“哎呀，我忘了把这封信签上名寄出去了。”