

英语沙龙

创刊

10

珍藏版



附赠光盘一张!

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● 知识性

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● 英语学习月

英语沙龙

创刊十年珍藏本

主编 吴龙森

世界知识出版社

《英语沙龙》杂志和她的系列读物

《英语沙龙》杂志创刊于1994年1月,是一本充满时代气息、内容极为丰富的英语学习刊物。她集知识性、实用性、趣味性于一体,用英汉两种语言对照表达,巧妙地将英语语言知识与当今青年渴望了解的外部世界的种种信息融合在一起,具有增强英语学习兴趣、掌握学习技巧、提高英语水平和扩大知识视野的多重效应。

《英语沙龙》充分考虑到中国人学英语的特殊需要,着意将英语的语言知识与文化内涵有机地结合在一起,在传授语言知识的同时,从多角度向中国读者介绍当今文化、艺术、科技、教育、外交、军事、商务、公关、礼仪、人物等多方面的知识与信息。由于她的内容和风格适应了时代的需求,创刊以来深受全国广大英语学习者的喜爱,发行量连年上升。

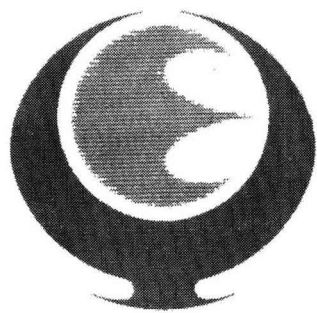
如今,已拥有数十万读者的《英语沙龙》杂志,载着广大热心读者的深情厚爱和殷切期盼,走上了一条立体发展的道路:在办好刊物的同时,努力向广大读者奉献《英语沙龙》半年合订本、《英语沙龙》全年合订本、《英语沙龙》系列图书读物、《英语沙龙》音带制品和电子读物。2000年,《英语沙龙》又利用自身的人才与信息资源的优势创办了“英语沙龙外语培训学校”及其翻译公司。2001年3月1日《英语文摘》正式创刊;同年9月《英语沙龙》推出自己的有声网站:www.es123.com。2002年9月,《英语沙龙》荣获了第二届国家期刊提名奖,从而成为全国外语期刊中惟一获此殊荣的杂志。2003年1月,《英语沙龙》改为上、下半月刊;同时推出刊、带同步,每月一期的《英语沙龙音带版》。

《英语沙龙》上半月刊侧重英语文化,每月1日出版,64页,定价:4.00元,订阅代号:82-506;下半月刊侧重实用英语,每月15日出版,64页,定价:4.00元,订阅代号:82-496。《英语沙龙音带版》每月10日出版,60分钟音带配小32开64页杂志,定价:10元,订阅代号:2-717。《英语文摘》每月10日出版,64页,定价:4.00元,订阅代号:2-716。

每年5~6月和10~11月底为邮局订阅期。读者可到您所在地区的邮局订阅上述刊物。各地报刊摊点亦零售当月杂志,英语沙龙杂志社还向订阅不便的读者提供邮购服务,邮购电话:85114887。

为了满足广大英语学习者的各种需求,《英语沙龙》杂志社正在继续努力地推出她的系列产品:《英语沙龙》系列图书读物、《英语沙龙》系列音像制品和《英语沙龙》电子读物。

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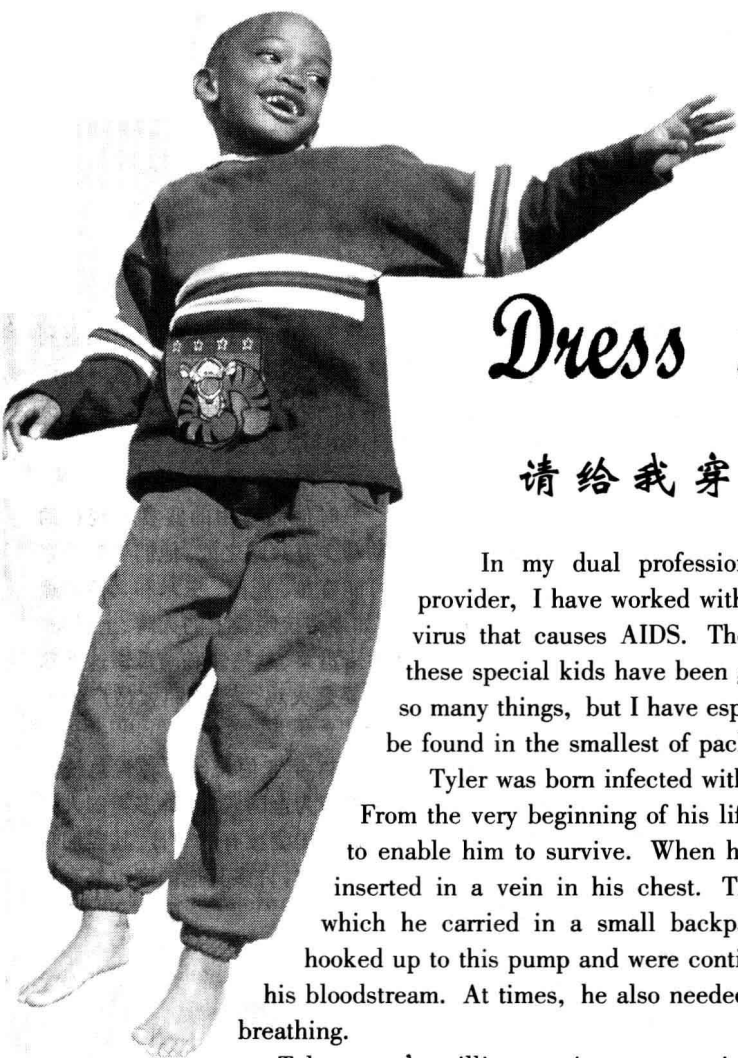
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主编:吴龙森
责任编辑:段呈伟 徐静
编辑:王娟
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Please Dress Me in Red

请给我穿上红色的衣服

In my dual profession as an educator and health care provider, I have worked with numerous children infected with the virus that causes AIDS. The relationships that I have had with these special kids have been gifts in my life. They have taught me so many things, but I have especially learned that great courage can be found in the smallest of packages. Let me tell you about Tyler.

Tyler was born infected with HIV; his mother was also infected. From the very beginning of his life, he was dependent on medications to enable him to survive. When he was five, he had a tube surgically inserted in a vein in his chest. This tube was connected to a pump, which he carried in a small backpack on his back. Medications were hooked up to this pump and were continuously supplied through this tube to his bloodstream. At times, he also needed supplemented oxygen to support his breathing.

Tyler wasn't willing to give up one single moment of his childhood to this deadly disease. It was not unusual to find him playing and racing around his backyard, wearing his medicine-laden backpack and dragging his tank of oxygen behind him in his little wagon. All of us who knew Tyler marveled at his pure joy in being alive and the energy it gave him. Tyler's mom often teased him by telling him that he moved so fast she needed to dress him in red. That way, when she peered through the window to check on him playing in the yard, she could quickly spot him.

This dreaded disease eventually wore down even the likes of a little dynamo like Tyler. He grew quite ill and, unfortunately, so did his HIV-infected mother. When it became apparent that he wasn't going to survive, Tyler's mom talked to him about death. She comforted him by telling Tyler that she was dying too, and that she would be with him soon in heaven.

A few days before his death, Tyler beckoned me over to his hospital bed and whispered, "I might die soon. I'm not scared. When I die, please dress me in red. Mom promised she's coming to heaven, too. I'll be playing when she gets there, and I want to make sure she can find me." ☞

Thanksgiving

感恩节

Thanksgiving was first celebrated in 1621, when Plymouth governor William Bradford invited neighboring Native Americans to join the Pilgrims for a three-day festival in gratitude for the successful harvest that followed a hard winter.

The feast they sat down to had very little in common with today's celebration, however. It is quite likely that their feast consisted of fish, venison, corn and other vegetables. Today's traditional dinner of turkey, mashed potatoes, green bean casserole, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie is mainly the result of a strong advertising campaign by turkey producers.

Thanksgiving was proclaimed a national holiday by President Abraham Lincoln in 1863. Many Americans consider this to be only an American holiday although it is also celebrated in Canada and harvest festivals are held throughout the world.

感恩节始于1621年。那年,普利茅斯总督威廉·布雷德福邀请邻近的印第安人与早期的移民一起欢庆3天,共同庆祝在经过了一个艰难的冬天之后取得的丰收。

那时他们享用的盛宴和现在的活动却少有共同之处。他们当时的宴会可能有鱼、鹿肉、玉米和其他的蔬菜。如今传统晚餐上的火鸡、土豆泥、豆角焙盘菜、越桔酱和南瓜饼这些东西主要是火鸡生产商们大做广告的结果。

1863年亚伯拉罕·林肯总统宣布感恩节为全国假日。许多美国人都认为这是美国独有的节日。其实加拿大也庆祝它,许多其他国家也都有自己的丰收节。

□康宁 选译

作为一名教育和保健护理人员,我曾经和数不清的感染上艾滋病病毒的孩子打过交道。我和这些特殊的孩子之间的关系是生活赋予我的恩赐。他们教会我许多东西,我尤其懂得了即使在最弱小的人物身上也能发现其所蕴含的巨大勇气。让我告诉你泰勒的故事。

泰勒出生前就从母体感染上艾滋病病毒。自他来到人间就一直靠药物维持生命。他5岁时做手术,胸部插了一根管子,管子连着他背的背包里的泵。泵不断地把药通过管子输入他的血液。有时他还需要补充氧气帮助呼吸。

泰勒不愿把童年的一分一秒屈服于致命的疾病。经常能发现他背着装药的背包和拖着载有氧气罐的小车在他家后院玩耍奔跑。我们所有认识泰勒的人

都惊叹生命带给他那纯朴的欢乐和赋予他的活力。泰勒的妈妈经常逗他说,他动得那么快,得给他穿件红衣服。这样,她透过窗户查看他在院子里玩得怎样时,能一眼发现他。

可怕的疾病最终还是拖垮了精力充沛得像台小电动机似的泰勒。他的病情越来越严重,不幸的是,身染艾滋病病毒的妈妈也病入膏肓。泰勒即将撒手人寰时,妈妈和他谈起死亡。她安慰他说,她也将要离开人世,不久会和他天堂见面。

泰勒病逝前几天,招呼我到他病床前,低声对我说,“我可能就要死了,我不害怕。我死时,请给我穿上红色的衣服。妈妈答应我她也会来天堂的。她来的时候我会在玩,我得保证她能找到我。”

□by Cindy Dee Holms 小月 译



Food for Thought

引人深思

From the time I was a child growing up in New Jersey, I loved spending weekends with my grandparents. Their big old house was cozy, and I felt especially welcome and relaxed in Granny's small kitchen. It was there that we had intimate conversations, and Granny always seemed to include morsels of wisdom with every recipe she prepared.

I remember one Saturday morning in particular. I was about 11 years old and had spent the night. After breakfast I asked Granny, "What kind of soup are you making today?" I could smell the broth simmering in a blue-speckled enamelware pot on top of the old gas stove.

"Vegetable beef," she answered. "And you can help by chopping some carrots and celery."

Granny tied an apron around her full waist. We got the vegetables from the refrigerator: onions, carrots, celery, potatoes and cauliflower. She gave me a knife and cutting board so I could do my share of the work.

As I slowly peeled carrots, I lamented, "I've got to give an oral book report next week and I'm scared."

Granny looked at me and then back to the handful of chopped onions she had measured in her hand. She dumped them into the soup pot and said, "Most people are afraid of public speaking. But remember, the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. So, what exactly are you afraid of?"

I slumped in my chair. "Everything, I guess. I don't like standing up in front of everybody. What if I forget what I'm going to say? Or what if somebody laughs?"

"And what if you do just fine?" Granny asked. "Have you prepared notes?"

"Well, no. That would be a lot of extra work."

小的时候我是在新泽西长大的，那时，我就喜欢和祖父母一起度周末。他们的老房子很大，温暖又舒适。我觉得在奶奶的小厨房里特别随意、放松。我们常在那里进行亲密的交谈。奶奶总是在她准备的每一个菜谱里加上点滴哲理。

我特别清楚地记得，那是一个星期六的早晨，那时我大概是11岁，前一天我在那儿刚过的夜，吃完早点，我问奶奶：“你今天做什么汤？”我已闻到旧煤气炉上有蓝色斑点的搪瓷锅里炖的肉汤的香味。

“蔬菜牛肉汤，”她回答道。“你可以帮我切点儿胡萝卜和芹菜。”

奶奶在她那粗壮的腰上系了个围裙。我们从冰箱里取出了蔬菜：洋葱、胡萝卜、芹菜、土豆，还有菜花。她递给我刀和菜板，以便我做我那份活。

我边慢吞吞地给胡萝卜削着皮，边抱怨道：“我下礼拜还要做一个口头的读书报告，我有些害怕。”

奶奶看了看我，然后回头看了看她手里的那把掂量好了的切碎的洋葱。她把洋葱放在汤锅里，说：“大多数人都害怕在公众面前讲话，但你要知道，我们惟一要怕的就是害怕本身。那么你到底怕什么呢？”

我一下倒在靠椅里。“好像什么都怕，我不喜欢站在众人面前。我如果忘了要说的话怎么办？如果有人嘲笑我怎么办？”

“要是你一切都做得很好呢？”奶奶说。“你有没有准备发言稿？”

“嗯，没有，那要多花工夫。”

“Hard work never hurt anyone,” Granny cautioned as she pointed the wooden spoon toward me. “You could try practicing in front of a mirror.”

I pushed the pieces of carrots to the side of the cutting board. The room was quiet except for Granny’s thick-heeled lace-up shoes clicking across the worn linoleum floor. She took the chopped carrots to the stove and added them to the soup. Then, as I sliced celery, I went on to complain about schoolwork, friends and family. As far as I was concerned, I had more troubles than the amount of chopped vegetables on the wooden cutting board in front of me.

Granny took it all in, listening patiently while I sputtered about the bits and pieces of grief in my life. Wiping her hands on her apron, she brushed a strand of curly gray hair from her brow and sat down next to me. That close, I could smell the scent of her face powder. It not only whitened her face but made every wrinkle show up too.

I stopped cutting and looked into my grandmother’s blue-gray eyes. Her expression was stern yet gentle. “Nancy,” she started, “there’s nothing wrong with a little trouble in your life. It adds character.”

I sat back, but Granny leaned closer. Her glasses, which hung from a chain around her neck, hit the table, emphasizing her movement. I know she must have something important to say.

“Do you like my soup?” she asked. Soup? I wondered. I thought we were talking about my life.

“I love your soup, Granny.” I said.

“Well, you know, a lot of people don’t make homemade soup these days. They say it’s too much trouble. First you have to cook a nice broth and then chop all the vegetables into bite-size pieces.”

“But I don’t mind a little trouble,” she said. “It adds variety and flavor to my soup--and to my life. My soup would be pretty bland without the vegetables, and so would my life if it didn’t have the little ups and downs.”

After pausing she added, “Besides, you have to remember that God knows exactly what he’s cooking up in your life. You’ve got to trust him with the recipe.” She smiled and then walked to the sink to start washing the dishes.

While I helped Granny clean up, I thought about what she had said. I still had a few days to practice my oral report.

That Saturday, Granny gave me food for thought as well as a bowl of her homemade soup. Every spoonful of Granny’s masterpiece was loaded with delicious bits of meat and veg-

“多干活累不坏人,”奶奶用手中的木勺子指着我告诫说。“你可以对着镜子试着练练。”

我把菜板上的胡萝卜块推到一边。屋子里寂静无声,只能听到奶奶系带的厚跟鞋在破旧的铺着漆布的地板上发出的咔哒声。她把切好的胡萝卜拿到煤气炉前放在汤里。接着我一边把芹菜切成小细条,一边继续抱怨学校的作业、朋友以及家人。在我看来,我的麻烦要比我面前木菜板上切好的菜的数量还要多。

当我结结巴巴地讲述着那些琐碎的不愉快的事情时,奶奶耐心地听着,都听明白了。她在围裙上擦了擦手,将额头上的一缕卷曲的白发理了一下,在我的身边坐了下来,坐得那样近,我几乎闻到了她脸上的香粉气息。这不仅使她的脸看起来白皙了,而且使皱纹都露了出来。

我停住了切菜的手,盯着奶奶灰蓝的眼睛。她的表情和蔼而严肃。“南希,”她开始说,“生活中有一点点麻烦算不了什么,这会磨砺性格的。”

我往后靠了靠,她却向前逼得更近了。她那双用链子挂在脖子上的眼镜碰在桌子上,突出了她的动作。我知道她一定有重要的话要说。

“你喜欢我的汤吗?”她问道。汤?我们谈的是我的生活呀,我心里想着。

“我喜欢你的汤,奶奶,”我说。

“那么你知道,现在很多人不再自家做汤了,他们说太麻烦,你得先调好肉汤,然后把所有的蔬菜切成适口的小块。”

“但是小麻烦我是不在乎的,”她说。“这使我的汤和我的生活增添了花样和滋味。没有这些蔬菜,我的汤就会乏味,生活中如果没有点小坎坷同样会如此的。”

停了一会,奶奶又接着说:“而且,你要记住,上帝完全知道他要让你的生活安排成什么样,你要相信他的菜谱。”她笑了,然后走到洗涤槽前开始刷碗。

我帮奶奶收拾的时候思考着她说的话。我还有几天时间可以练习我的口头报告。

那个星期六,奶奶不仅给了我一碗自家做的炖菜汤,也给我提出了一个引人深思的问题。奶奶那精心调制的每一勺



June 26

Pied Piper Day

6月26日 彩衣魔笛手节

□如风 选译

One summer day in the Middle Ages, a strange man in multicolored (that is, pied) clothing strode into the German town of Hamelin. Learning that the town was infested with rats, the stranger offered to dispose of the rodents -- for a fee. When the burghers gratefully agreed, the stranger whipped out a flute and played a mysterious tune that proved an irresistible rat lure. Rats swarmed out of every house in Hamelin and followed the Pied Piper to the banks of the Weser River. Then they followed him into the swirling waters and were drowned.

When the burghers refused to pay the piper, he devised a plan of revenge. Once again putting his pipe to his lips, he played yet another air--one that seduced not rodents but children. Parents watched helplessly as the Pied Piper, playing merrily, led all of Hamelin's youngsters out of town, after which they were never seen again.

Although opinions vary on the exact date of the piper's revenge, the German government holds with June 26, 1284. The town of Hamelin stages Pied Piper plays every Sunday from June to September. Children form the bulk of the cast, but as 130 was the alleged number who went with the piper on that fateful day in 1284, the cast of today's productions is ritually limited to 130.

在中世纪的一个夏日里，一个穿彩衣的陌生人大步走进德国的哈默尔恩镇。他听说这个镇里老鼠成灾，表示可以消灭它们——不过要收一笔费用。当市民们感激地表示同意时，陌生入立即拿出一支笛子，吹出了一种神奇的曲调。这曲调对老鼠有不可抗拒的诱惑力。于是老鼠从镇里的各家各户成群地跑了出来，跟着彩衣魔笛手来到威悉河岸，跟着他走进激流之中，统统淹死在河里。

可是市民们却拒不付钱给他，于是他想了个办法报复他们。他再次把笛子拿到唇边，吹出了另一种曲调——这个曲调不是引诱老鼠而是引诱孩子的。父母们无奈地望着彩衣魔笛手吹起了欢快的笛声，带着所有的孩子走出了哈默尔恩镇。人们从此再没见到孩子们的踪影。

对于笛手究竟是在哪天进行报复的，人们众说不一，不过德国政府认为是在1284年6月26日。每年从6月到9月的每个星期天，哈默尔恩镇都要上演彩衣魔笛手的戏，由孩子们主演。据说在1284年那灾难的一天有130人跟着笛手走了，所以，演戏的演员通常都限定为130人。

etables. As I enjoyed the meal with my grandparents, somehow my problems didn't seem quite so big anymore. I would have to work on them, but Granny had said hard work paid off. Maybe I too could turn a little trouble into something as special as Granny's homemade soup.

汤，都含有美味的肉和菜。当我和爷爷奶奶享用美餐时，不知怎的，我的问题似乎不再那么大了。我得应付我的问题，奶奶说过努力工作是有回报的。也许我也能将一点麻烦变成一个像奶奶自家炖的菜汤一样特别的东西。

□by Nancy Otto Boffo 王金生 译

Trust

Last night I was driving from Harrisburg to Lewisburg, Pa., a distance of about eighty miles. It was late. I was late and if anyone asked me how fast I was driving, I'd have to plead the Fifth Amendment to avoid self-incrimination. Several times I got stuck behind a slow-moving truck on a narrow road with a solid white line on my left, and I was clenching my fists with impatience.

At one point along an open highway, I came to a crossroads with a traffic light. I was alone on the road by now, but as I approached the light, it turned red and I braked to a halt. I looked left, right and behind me. Nothing. Not a car, no suggestion of headlights, but there I sat, waiting for the light to change, the only human being for at least a mile in any direction.

I started wondering why I refused to run the light. I was not afraid of being arrested, because there was obviously no cop around, and there certainly would have been no danger in going through it.

Much later that night, after I'd met with a group in Lewisburg and had climbed into bed near midnight, the question of why I'd stopped for that light came back to me. I think I stopped because it's part of a contract we all have with each other. It's not only the law, but it's an arrangement we have, and we trust each other to honor it: we don't go through red lights. Like most of us, I'm more apt to be restrained from doing something bad by the social convention that disapproves of it than by any law against it.

It's amazing that we ever trust each other to do the right thing, isn't it? And we do, too. Trust is our first inclination. We have to make a deliberate decision to mistrust someone or to be suspicious or skeptical. Those attitudes don't come naturally to us.



信任

□ by Andy Rooney 丁夏林 译

昨天晚上我驾车从哈里斯堡驶往宾西法尼亚州的刘易斯堡,路程约为80英里。天色已晚。我迟到了,如果有人问我行驶速度有多快,我得求助于美国宪法的第五条修正案,不要自证有罪。我好几次被堵在一辆开得缓慢的卡车后面,路面很窄,而且我左边是不可超越的白线,于是我捏紧双拳,有点按捺不住了。

在公路的某一处,我行驶到了有交通灯的一个十字路口。这时路上只剩下我一个了,但当我快到路口时,交通灯变成了红灯,于是我刹了车。我左看右看,又向后面望了望。毫无动静。没有车子,也没有车灯的影儿,但我就那么坐在那儿,等着红灯变绿,方圆一英里内就我一个人。

我开始想,为什么我不闯红灯呢?我不怕被抓着,因为很明显周围并没有警察,闯红灯肯定也不会有什么危险。

那天夜里,我在刘易斯堡会见了一些朋友,接近午夜上床后,我又回想起了我为什么要停下来而不闯过去呢。我想,我停了下来,是因为它是我们相互间的一种公约。这不仅是法律,而且也是我们共有的一个协议;我们互相信任,都要遵守:我们不能闯红灯。像我们大多数人一样,我要善于克制自己,不做社会行为准则不许做的坏事,而不仅是因为有法律禁止它。

我们从来都是彼此信任会做正确的事,这难道不令人惊奇吗?我们也是这样的。信任是我们的第一本能。要让我们不信任某人,猜疑,不相信,那是非常不容易的,因为这种态度对我们很不自然。☞



Greek New Year's Day

希腊新年

The people of Greece hail September 1 as their New Year's Day because it marks the start of the Greek sowing season, a time of hope and promise.

To start things off right, farmers' families take plates of seeds to church for the priest to bless. On the island of Kos, people fashion first-of-the-year wreaths of pomegranates, grapes, quinces, garlic bulbs, and plane-tree leaves--all of which are traditional symbols of abundance. Just before dawn on September 1, island children carry their households' wreaths down to the shore, the old year's wreaths and the new ones, and they throw the old ones out to sea. They briefly immerse the new ones, for luck. Then they carry sea-water and pebbles home in a jar, to serve, along with the new wreath, as protective devices. Tradition calls for exactly forty pebbles and water collected from the tops of exactly forty waves. This is also a time of trepidation. One old folk belief is that on this day the Angel of Death writes down the names of all those unfortunates destined to die within the coming year.

希腊人在9月1日欢庆新年,因为这一天标志着希腊播种季节的开始,这是一个充满希望和期待的季节。

为了有个好的开端,农家把种子放在盘子里拿到教堂接受牧师的祝福。在科斯岛上,人们流行用石榴、葡萄、榲桲、蒜头、悬铃木的树叶等编织新年花环。所有这些都是传统上丰裕的象征。9月1日黎明前,岛上的孩子们把家里的新旧花环都拿到海边。他们把旧花环抛到海里,把新的花环在海水里迅速浸泡一下以求好运。之后,他们用罐子装上海水和小鹅卵石带回家,海水和小鹅卵石连同新花环能帮助他们驱魔避邪。传统上要求要捡正好40块小鹅卵石和正好从40朵浪花上汲取的海水。这一天同时又是令人惶恐不安的日子。有一个古老的民俗认为,在9月1日,死亡天使会写下来年里将死去的所有不幸的人的名字。 □如雨 选译

It's a damn good thing too, because the whole structure of our society depends on mutual trust, not distrust. This whole thing we have going for us would fall apart if we didn't trust each other most of the time. We do what we say we'll do; we show up when we say we'll show up; we deliver when we say we'll deliver; and we pay when we say we'll pay. We trust each other in these matters, and when we don't do what we've promised, it's a deviation from the normal. It happens often that we don't act in good faith and in a trustworthy manner, but we still consider it unusual, and we're angry or disappointed with the person or organization that violates the trust we have in them.

I was so proud of myself for stopping for the red light that night!

这也是一件很好的事情,因为我们整个社会结构是靠互相信任而不是猜疑来维系的。如果我们大部分时间互不信任,那么整个社会秩序将崩溃。我们说到做到;我们说什么时候到场,就什么时候到场;我们说什么时候交货,就什么时候交货;我们说什么时候付款,就什么时候付款。在这些问题上,我们互相信任,要是我们违约的话,那是不正常的。虽然我们常发生不守信用的事,但我们仍认为这是不正常的;对有负我们对其信任的个人或组织,我们感到生气或失望。

我为那天晚上没有闯红灯而感到骄傲!



装满碎玻璃的大箱子

□如雨 选择

The Chest of Broken Glass

John had lived all alone ever since his wife died. He had worked hard as a tailor all his life, but misfortune had left him penniless, and now he was so old he could no longer work for himself. His hands trembled too much to thread a needle, and his vision had blurred too much for him to make a straight stitch. He had three sons, but they were all grown and married now, and they were so busy with their own lives, they only had time to stop by and eat dinner with their father once a week.

Gradually the old man grew more and more feeble, and his sons came by to see him less and less. "They don't want to be around me at all now," he told himself, "because they're afraid I'll become a burden." He stayed up all night worrying what would become of him, until at last he thought of a plan.

The next morning he went to see his friend the carpenter, and asked him to make a large chest. Then he went to see his friend the locksmith, and asked him to give him an old lock. Finally he went to see his friend the glassblower, and asked him for all the old broken pieces of glass he had.

The old man took the chest home, filled it to the top with broken glass, locked up tight, and put it beneath his kitchen table. The next time his sons came for dinner, they bumped their feet against it.

"What's in this chest?" they asked, looking under the

约翰自从妻子去世之后就一直孤零零地生活着。他干了一辈子的裁缝,但时运不济,到头来他一贫如洗。现在他太老了,已经不能再自食其力。他的双手抖得太厉害,针线都穿不上,眼睛老花得连线都轧不直。他有三个儿子,但他们都已经长大成人,结婚成家,各自忙于自己的生活,每星期只能抽空来一次陪老父亲一起吃顿饭。

慢慢地,老人越来越衰弱,儿子们来看他的次数也越来越少。“他们现在根本不想再理我了,”他自言自语,“因为他们怕我成为他们的负担。”他一宿没合眼,不知自己将来会怎样,直到最后想出了一个方案。

第二天一早,他去见他一个木匠朋友,请他做个大箱子。之后他又去见他的锁匠朋友,要了一把旧锁。最后他去见他吹玻璃的朋友,向他索取所有废旧的碎玻璃。

老人把大箱子运回家,里面装满碎玻璃,锁得严严实实,然后将箱子放在餐桌下面。等他的儿子们再来吃饭时,他们的脚踢到了箱子上。

“这个大箱子里装的什么?”他