



Bilingual reading for Chinese students

中国学生双语阅读精品

【第二辑】

生活的启示

A lesson for life

由于我和各年龄段的青少年频繁接触，

使得我在他们中间有很强的亲和力。

也使我对他人的影响大大加强了。



山东电子音像出版社

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刘 庆 编著

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编 著 刘 庆
责任编辑 王 伟
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第一卷 爱之链

他告诉她，若她真想报答他的话，那就等下次遇到有困难的人时，给予他们帮助，布赖恩接着说，“……并且要想想我。”

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爱之链

佚名

一天傍晚，一名男子独自开车回家，车子行驶在双车道的乡间小路上。工作在这样一个中西部的小村落里，生活节奏就如同这破旧不堪的庞蒂亚克车一样奇慢无比，但对未来他还是满怀信心。

自工厂倒闭后，他便失业了。冬日渐近，生活的艰辛正如这冬日的寒流般逐渐侵袭着这个家庭。

静寂的路上空无一人，除了下班离开工厂的人，不会有这么多人走这条路。他的朋友大多已经离开。他们要养家糊口，要实现梦想，不得不自谋生路，但他却留了下来。

毕竟，这是安葬父母的地方，也是生养他的地方。他对这儿的一切再熟悉不过了。即使闭着眼睛，他也知

道道路两旁的风景；即使车的前灯坏掉了，他也能自如驾驶在这条路上。

夜幕降临，纷纷扬扬的雪花漫天飞舞。他得抓紧时间回家。知道吗，路边站着—一个年迈的老太太，他差点儿就没看到，虽然天色昏暗，他还是看得出来她是个需要帮助的人。他下了车，走到她跟前，他的庞蒂亚克车还在那儿扑哧扑哧喘着气呢。尽管看到他面带笑容，老太太仍忧心忡忡，因为刚才的一个多小时内一直没有人肯停下来帮她。

他会伤害她吗？他不能给人以安全感，因为他看上去那么穷困潦倒。他看得出来，站在冷风中的她有些害怕。他理解她的感觉，这么一个大冷天，人们难免会心存恐惧。

“女士，我来帮你吧。你怎么不在车里等呢？那里暖和啊。顺便说一下，我是布赖恩。”

原来，这位女士只是车胎爆了，但这对于这么大年纪的老太太来说，已是够糟糕的了。

布赖恩钻到车子底下，找合适的位置放千斤顶时，不小心手蹭破了几块皮。不一会儿，轮胎换好了，但他的衣服也弄脏了。他拧螺丝时，老太太摇下窗玻璃，与

他攀谈起来。她说她来自圣路易斯，不巧路过这儿时车子坏了，她不知道该怎么感谢他才好。布赖恩只是笑笑，把她的车后备箱盖上。

老太太问该付多少钱，只要他说个数，她都可以给。如果不是他停下来帮忙的话，她真不知还会发生什么可怕的事情。

布赖恩没考虑钱的问题，这又不是他为赚钱才干的工作。

这只不过是给有困难的人提供一些可能的帮助罢了，以前也有很多人曾给他一些帮助……他的生活原则就是这样，帮助别人很自然。

他告诉她，若她真想报答他的话，那就等下次遇到有困难的人时，给予他们帮助，布赖恩接着说，“……并且要想想我。”

他看着她把车子开走了。天很冷，阴沉得使人郁闷，然而他却异常兴奋。他开车向家驶去，很快消失在黄昏的暮色中。

老太太开了几公里车，看到了一家小咖啡厅，想进去吃些东西，暖暖身子后再





开车回家。小店灯光昏暗，门口还放着两个旧气泵。

周围的整个环境令老太太感到陌生。收银机就像失业演员家的电话机一样，根本派不上用场。女服务员递给她一条干净的毛巾，让她擦干弄湿了的头发。

虽然女服务员已在店里忙碌了一天，但此刻仍面带甜美的微笑。老太太发现她足有8个月的身孕了，但她并未让压力和痛苦影响她的服务。

老太太心里盘算着，怎样才能给这个陌生人帮助。这时她想起了布赖恩。

老太太吃完饭后，女服务员拿着她给的百元大钞去找零。回来时，老太太已经走了，女服务员正纳闷儿，猜测老太太会去哪里呢。这时她突然看见纸巾上写的字，下边还有4张百元大钞。读着纸巾上的话语，她的双眼泪如泉涌。

纸巾上写着：“这是你应得的，我也这样接受过别人的帮助，就像我帮助你一样。如果你真想报答我的话，你应这么做：不要让这爱之链在你这儿断掉。”

清理桌面，加满糖罐，招待客人，女服务员又应付过了一天的繁忙工作。晚上下班回到家，她躺在床上，想着这笔钱，想着老太太写的那句话。这位老太太怎么

会知道她和丈夫急需这笔钱呢？下个月孩子就要出生了，日子自然会越来越艰难。

她知道丈夫很担心她，当丈夫在身边躺下时，她温柔地吻了他，然后对他耳语道：“一切都会好的，我爱你，布赖恩。”



The chain of love

Anonymous

A man was driving home one evening, " on a two-lane country road. Work in this small mid-western community, was almost as slow as his beat-up Pontiac. But he never quit looking.

Ever since the factory closed, he'd been unemployed, and with winter raging on, the chill had finally hit home.

It was a lonely road. Not very many people had a reason to be on it, unless they were leaving. Most of his friends had already left. They had families to feed and dreams to fulfill. But he stayed on.

After all, this was where he buried his mother and father. He was born here and he knew the country. He could go clown this road blind, and tell you what was on either side, and with his headlights not working, which came in handy.


It was starting to get dark and light snow flurries were coming down. He'd better get a move on. You know, he almost didn't see the old lady, stood on the side of the road. But even in the dim light of day, he could see she needed help. He pulled up in front of her and got out. His Pontiac was still sputtering when he approached her. Even with the smile on his face, she was worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so.

Was he going to hurt her? He didn't look safe, he looked poor and hungry. He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the cold. He knew how she felt. It was that chill which only can put fear in you.

"I'm here to help you ma'am. Why don't you wait in the car where it's warm? By the way, my name is Bryan."

Well, all she had was a flat tire, but for an old lady, that was bad enough.

Bryan crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his knuckles a time or two. Soon he was able to change the tire. But he had to get dirty and his hands hurt. As he was tightening up the lug nuts, she rolled down the window and began to talk to him. She told him that she was from St.



Louis and was only just passing through. She couldn't thank him enough for coming to her aid. Bryan just smiled as he closed her trunk.

She asked him how much she owed him. Any amount would have been all right with her. She had already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped.

Bryan never thought twice about the money. This was not a job to him. This was helping someone in need, and God knows there were plenty who had²⁴ given him a hand in the past... He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act any other way.

He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance that they needed, and Bryan added, "... and think of me".

He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a cold and depressing day, but he felt good as he headed for home, disappearing into the twilight.


A few miles down the road the lady saw a small cafe. She went in to grab a bite to eat, and take the chill off before she made the last leg of her trip home. It was a dingy looking restaurant. Outside were two old gas pumps.

The whole scene was unfamiliar to her. The cash register was like the telephone of an out of work actor, it didn't ring much. Her waitress came over and brought a clean towel to wipe her wet hair.

She had a sweet smile, one that even being on her feet for the whole day couldn't erase. The lady noticed that the waitress was nearly eight months pregnant, but she never let the strain and aches change her attitude.

The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so giving to a stranger. Then she remembered Bryan.

After the lady finished her meal and the waitress went to get change for her hundred dollar bill, the lady slipped right out the door. She was gone by the time the waitress came back. She wondered where the lady could be, and then she noticed something written on the napkin under which were 4 \$ 100 bills. There were tears in her eyes when she read what the lady wrote.



It said, "You don't owe me anything, I have been there too. Somebody once helped me out, the way I'm helping you. If you really want to pay me back, here is what you do: Do not let this chain of love end with you."

Well, there were tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through another day. That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the money and what the lady had written. How could the lady have known how much she and her husband needed it? With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard.

She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered soft and low, "Everything's gonna be all right; I love you, Bryan."