

英语学习的素材
文学欣赏之读本

【故事卷】

The Stories

方雪梅 编译

THE BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH 美丽英文

全集

生动的故事、寓意深刻的故事，更能打动人，更能激发人。读一个好故事，讲一个好故事，每个人都有自己的故事人生。

一滴水隐藏着大海的智慧
小故事蕴涵着人生大道理

哈尔滨出版社
HARBIN PUBLISHING HOUSE

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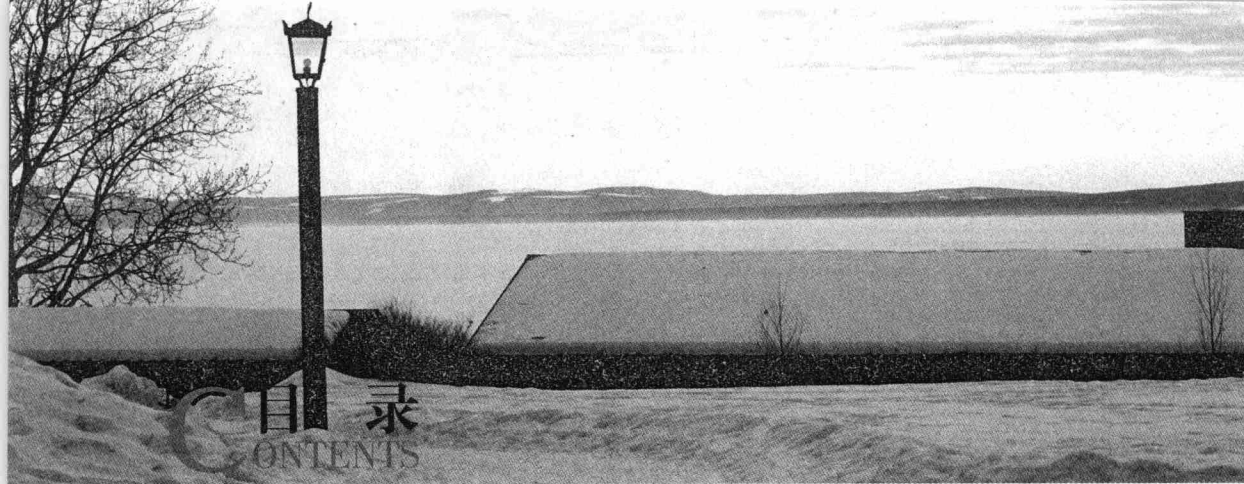


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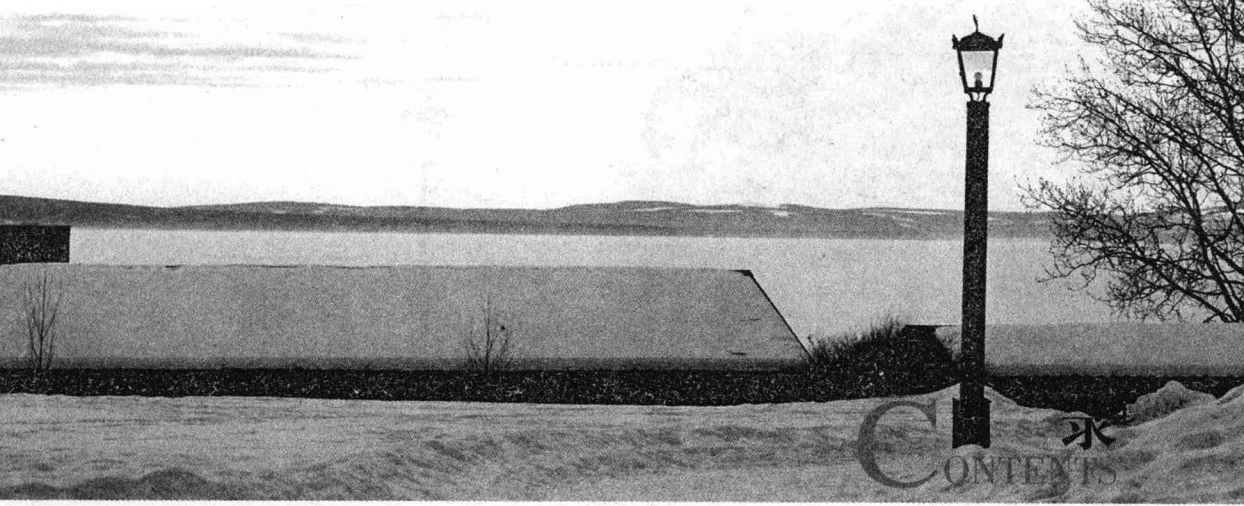


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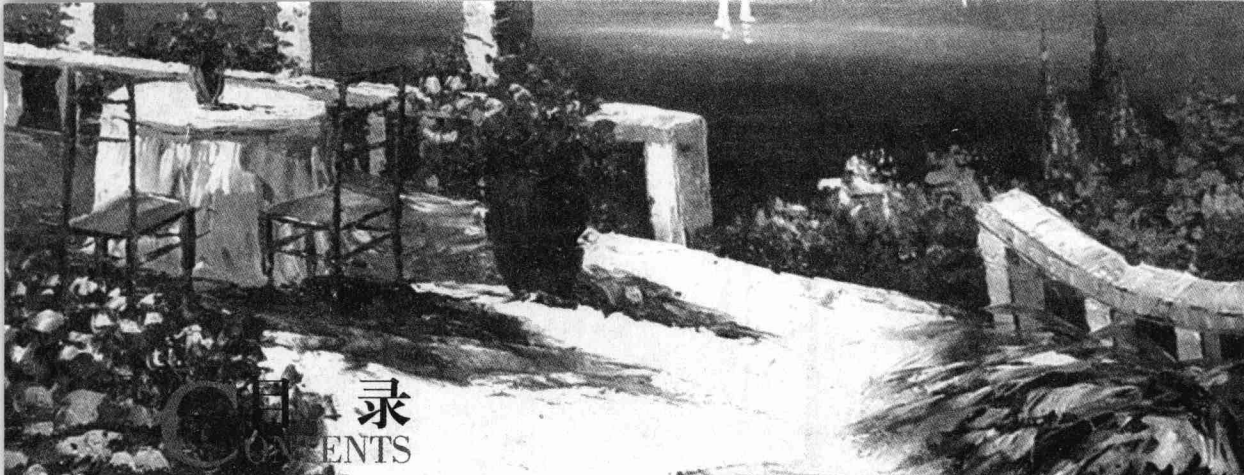
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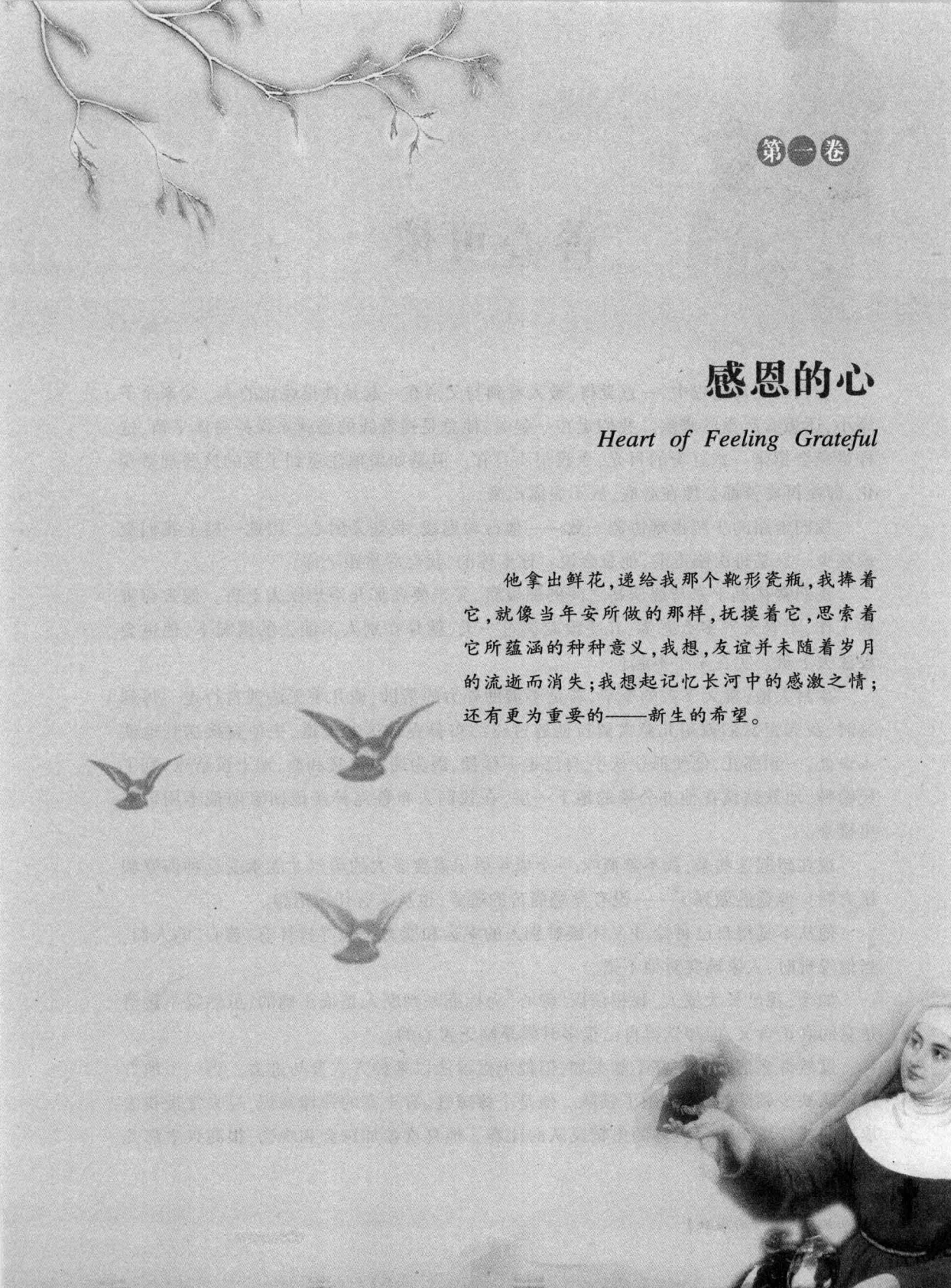


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感恩的心

Heart of Feeling Grateful

他拿出鲜花，递给我那个靴形瓷瓶，我捧着它，就像当年安所做的那样，抚摸着它，思索着它所蕴涵的种种意义，我想，友谊并未随着岁月的流逝而消失；我想起记忆长河中的感激之情；还有更为重要的——新生的希望。





善心可依

佚名

在我的成长过程中,一直觉得,被人看到与父亲在一起是件很尴尬的事。父亲个子矮小,还患有严重的脚疾。我们走在一起时,他总是挽着我的胳膊来保持身体平衡,这样难免会招来一些好奇的目光,令我很不自在。但是如果他注意到了我的这些细微变化,即使再痛苦都会埋在心底,从不表露出来。

我们走路的步调很难协调一致——他行动迟缓,我毫无耐心。因此一路上我们交谈甚少。只是每次临走前,他总会说:“你走你的,我会尽量跟上你。”

我们常往返于家与地铁站之间的那段路,父亲要在那儿乘地铁去上班。他常会带病工作,不管天气多么恶劣,几乎没耽误过一天,就是在别人不能去的情况下,他也会设法去上班。实在是了不起!

冰封大地,漫天飞雪的季节,若是不借助外力的帮助,他几乎无法独自行走。每到这时,我和姐妹们就用儿童雪橇拉他通过纽约布鲁克林区的街道,把他直接送到地铁入口处。一到那儿,他便抓住扶手,自己走下楼梯,因为通道里暖和些,地上没结冰。到了曼哈顿,地铁站就在他办公楼的地下一层,在我们去布鲁克林接他回家前他不用再走出楼来。

现在想起这些来,我不禁慨叹,一个成年男子需要多大的勇气才能承受这种侮辱和压力啊!他竟然做到了——没有丝毫痛苦的迹象,也从未有任何抱怨。

他从不觉得自己可怜,也从不嫉妒别人的幸运和能力。他寻找怀有“善心”的人们,当他发现时,人家确实对他不错。

如今,我已长大成人,我相信以“善心”为标准来判断人是很正确的,虽然我不甚清楚它的真正含义,但却觉得自己很多时候是缺乏善心的。

虽然许多活动父亲都不能参加,但他仍然设法以某种方式参与进去。当一个地方棒球队缺少领队时,他就做了领队。他是个棒球迷,有丰富的棒球知识,过去常带我去埃比茨棒球场看布鲁克林的鬼精灵队的比赛。他喜欢参加舞会和晚会,很高兴坐那儿当观众。

记得有一次,在海边的晚会上,有人打架,并动了拳头。父亲不忍坐视不管,但在松软的沙滩上他又无法使自己站起来。失望之下,便吼了起来:“你们谁坐下来和我打?”没人回应。第二天,人们都开玩笑说,还是头一次看到这种情形,比赛还没开始,拳击手就被劝服输。


如今,我知道,有些事情父亲是通过我——他唯一的儿子来参与的。我打球时(虽然我的球技很差),他也在“打球”。我参加海军时,他也“参加”。我休假在家时,他会让我去他办公室。向同事介绍时,他认真地说:“这是我儿子,也是我自己,假如事实不是这样的话,我也会像他一样做那些事情。”这些言语,他以前从未说出来过。

父亲虽已去世多年,但我仍会时常想起他。不知他是否感觉到我和他在一起时,曾是那么不愿意被人看到。如果他知道那一切,我现在会感到非常难过,因为我从没告诉过他我是如此愧疚和悔恨,我是不孝的。每当为琐事烦扰而怨天尤人时,为别人的红运当头而心怀妒忌时,为自己缺乏“善心”而自责时,我就会不由自主地想起父亲。

那时,我就会挽着他的胳膊,也为了保持我的身体平衡,并说:“你走你的,我会尽力跟上你。”

父爱是深沉的,但同样伟大。在迎接生活中风风雨雨的同时,父亲不轻易表露的爱时时刻刻都在向孩子流淌着。做一个懂得感恩的孩子,不要漠视世界上最为深沉的父爱。





A Good Heart to Lean On

Anonymous

When I was growing up, I was embarrassed to be seen with my father. He was severely **crippled**¹ and very short, and when we would walk together, his hand on my arm for balance, people would stare. I would inwardly squirm at the unwanted attention. If he ever noticed or was bothered, he never let on.

It was difficult to coordinate our steps—his halting, mine impatient—and because of that, we didn't say much as we went along. But as we started out, he always said, "You set the pace. I will try to adjust to you."

Our usual walk was to or from the subway, which was how he got to work. He went to work sick, and despite nasty weather. He almost never missed a day, and would make it to the office even if others could not. A matter of pride.

When snow or ice was on the ground, it was impossible for him to walk, even with help. At such times my sisters or I would pull him through the streets of Brooklyn, NY, on a child's sleigh to the subway entrance. Once there, he would cling to the handrail until he reached the lower steps that the warmer tunnel air kept ice-free. In Manhattan the subway station was the basement of his office building, and he would not have to go outside again until we met him in Brooklyn, on his way home.

When I think of it now, I marvel at how much courage it must have taken for a grown man to subject himself to such **indignity**² and stress. And at how he did it—without bitterness or complaint.

He never talked about himself as an object of pity, nor did he show any envy of the more fortunate or able. What he looked for in others was a "good heart", and if he found one, the owner was good enough for him.

Now that I am older, I believe that is a proper standard by which to judge people, even though I still don't know precisely what a "good heart" is. But I know the times I

don't have one myself.

Unable to engage in many activities, my father still tried to participate in some way. When a local sandlot baseball team found itself without a manager, he kept it going. He was a knowledgeable baseball fan and often took me to Ebbets Field to see the Brooklyn Dodgers play. He liked to go to dances and parties, where he could have a good time just sitting and watching.

On one memorable occasion a fight broke out at a beach party, with everyone punching and shoving. He wasn't content to sit and watch, but he couldn't stand unaided on the soft sand. In **frustration**³ he began to shout, "I'll fight anyone who will sit down with me!" Nobody did. But the next day people kidded him by saying it was the first time any fighter was urged to take a dive even before the bout began.

I now know he participated in some things vicariously through me, his only son. When I played ball (poorly), he "played" too. When I joined the Navy, he "joined" too. And when I came home on leave, he saw to it that I visited his office. Introducing me, he was really saying, "This is my son, but it is also me, and I could have done this, too, if things had been different." Those words were never said aloud.

He has been gone many years now, but I think of him often. I wonder if he sensed my reluctance to be seen with him during our walks. If he did, I am sorry I never told him how sorry I was, how unworthy I was, how I regretted it. I think of him when I complain about trifles, when I am envious of another's good fortune, when I don't have a "good heart".

At such times I put my hand on his arm to regain my balance, and say, "you set the pace, I will try to adjust to you."



热词空间

1. cripple ['kripl] v. 使受伤致残
2. indignity [in'digniti] n. 侮辱; 轻蔑
3. frustration [frʌs'treɪʃən] n. 挫折; 顿挫; 挫败



一杯牛奶的温暖

佚名

一天,一个可怜的小男孩儿为凑足学费正挨家挨户地推销商品。他发现身上只剩一角钱了,此时他很饿,因此决定从下一家要点儿吃的。

然而,当一位年轻貌美的女子打开门时,他却紧张得不知所措。他没有要吃的,只是要了口水喝。女子看到小男孩儿饥饿的样子,顿生怜悯之心,便倒了一大杯牛奶递给他。他慢慢地喝光了牛奶,问道:“我需要付您多少钱呢?”

“你不必付钱给我,”女子答道,“妈妈教育我说,爱心善举,不求回报。”男孩说:“那么我就发自内心地向您说声谢谢!”当霍华德·凯利走出这户人家时,他觉得浑身充满了力量,也对上帝和整个人类充满了信心。原本,他打算放弃。

若干年后,那位女子得了重病,当地医生都束手无策。最后,她转院到大城市,接受专家会诊。著名的霍华德·凯利医生也参与了医疗方案的制定。当他得知这位病人来自那个城镇时,一个奇怪的念头闪过,他立即起身直奔她的病房。

身着白大褂的凯利医生走进了病房,一眼便认出了那个女子,她正是他的恩人。回到诊室,他下定决心要竭尽全力医治她。从那天起,他就对恩人给予了特殊的照顾。

经过艰苦卓绝的努力,手术终获成功。凯利医生要求把医药费结算单送到他那儿,他看了一下,便在上面签了字。当结算单送到女子的病房时,她甚至不敢打开来看,因为她知道这医药费一定极其昂贵,或许她要用整个余生去偿还。最后,她还是鼓足勇气打开了看,她注意到单子旁边的一行小字,不禁小声地念起来:

“医药费已由一杯牛奶支付。”

(署名)霍华德·凯利医生

喜悦的泪水夺眶而出,她不禁默默祈祷:“感谢您,上帝!您的爱已经通过人类的心灵和双手传递开来。”