

Say the Story just for My Love

说说吧，  
只为我的  
钟爱



# 温馨 英文

李颂 孟洁◎编译

欧美最新流行美文



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Richard took me outside into the cool, moonlit night, and there,  
under the stars, he told me he loved me and asked me to marry him. Of course I promised I would……

理查德将我领到外面清涼的月光中，  
在点点繁星之下对我倾诉爱慕之情，并向我求婚。我二话没说就答应了他的要求……

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warm  
English

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李颂 孟洁 编译

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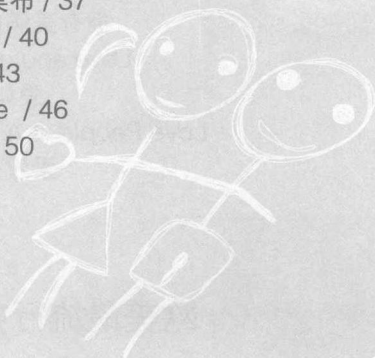
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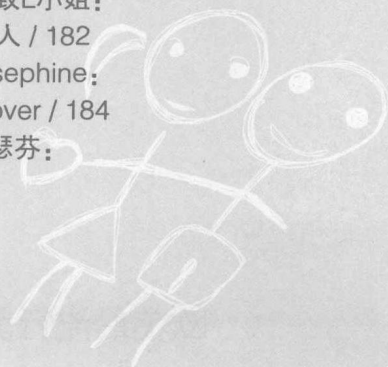
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## 爱的真谛

I love you not because of who you are, but because of who I am  
when I am with you.

我爱你，不是因为你是一个怎样的人，而是因为我喜欢和你在一起。





## What Did You Love?

· Tyler Brinkmann ·

John was waiting for the girl whose heart he knew, but whose face he has not known, the girl with the rose. Thirteen months ago, in a Florida library he took a book off the shelf and found himself intrigued with the notes in the margin. The soft handwriting reflected a thoughtful soul and insightful mind.

In front of the book, he discovered the previous owner's name, Miss Hollis Maynell. With time and effort he located her address. He wrote her a letter introducing himself and inviting her to correspond.

During the next year and one month the two grew to know each other through the mail. A Romance was budding. John requested a photograph, but she refused. She felt that if he really cared, it wouldn't matter what she looked like. Later they scheduled their first meeting — 7:00 pm at Grand Central Station in New York.

"You'll recognize me," she wrote, "by the red rose I'll be wearing on my lapel." So at 7:00 he was in the station looking for the girl with the red rose.

A young woman in a green suit was coming toward him, her figure long and slim and her eyes were blue as flowers. Almost uncontrollably he made one step closer to her, and just at this moment he saw Hollis Maynell — a woman well past 40.

The girl was walking quickly away. He felt as though he split in two, so keen was his desire to follow her, and yet so deep was his longing for the woman whose spirit had truly companioned him and upheld his own.

He did not hesitate. He squared his shoulders and said, "I'm John, and you must be Miss Maynell. I am so glad you could meet me; may I take you to dinner?"

The woman smiled, "I don't know what this is about, son," she answered, "but the young lady in the green suit begged me to wear this rose on my coat. And she said if you were to ask me out to dinner, I should tell you that she is waiting for you in the restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of test!"



## 你爱的究竟是什么？

泰勒·布林克曼

约翰正在等一个带着玫瑰花的女孩，他和她深交已久，却素未谋面。13个月前，他从佛罗里达图书馆的书架上拿下一本书。写在书页空白处的批注引起了他的兴趣。从柔和的字迹中可以看出，这是自一位有思想、有见解的女性。

他从书皮上发现了这本书原来主人的名字——哈里斯·玛尼尔小姐。他花了一些时间和精力，最后终于找到了她的地址。他给她写了一封信，信中做了自我介绍，并邀请她回信。

在随后的一年零一个月时间里，两个人通过信件加深了彼此之间的了解。一段浪漫的故事正在慢慢孕育。约翰要求她寄一张照片来，但她却拒绝了。她觉得如果真的要她，那么长得如何并不重要。后来他们安排了第一次见面——晚上7点钟在纽约中心火车站。

“你会认出我的，”她写道，“我会把一朵红玫瑰别在衣领上。”所以那天晚上7点钟他就在车站寻找那位戴着红玫瑰的女孩。

一位身穿绿色衣服的年轻女子向他走来，她身材修长而苗条，眼睛蓝蓝的，美如鲜花。他几乎是不由自主地向她走近。就在那时，他看见了——哈里斯·玛尼尔——一位年过四十的女人。女孩很快地走开了。他感觉自己好像被撕裂成了两半——他是多么强烈地想跟随这位年轻女子，然而又是如此深深地向往这位在心灵上陪伴他、鼓舞他的

女人。

他没有迟疑,挺起胸膛,说道:“我是约翰,你一定是玛尼尔小姐吧。我很高兴你来和我相见,我能请你吃饭吗?”

女人笑了笑,回答说:“孩子,我不知道这是怎么回事,但是那位穿绿衣的年轻女子请求我把这朵玫瑰别在我的外套上面。她说如果你邀请我吃饭的话,就让我告诉你她在马路对面的餐厅等你。她说这是一种考验!”



## Ole and Trufa

• Isaac Singer •

The forest is large and thickly overgrown with all kinds of leaf — bearing trees. Usually, it is cold this time of year and it even happens that it snows, but this November was relatively warm. You might have thought it was summer except that the whole forest was strewn with fallen leaves — some yellow as saffron, some red as wine, some of the color of gold and some of mixed color. The leaves had been torn down by the rain, by the wind, some by day, some at night, and they now formed a deep carpet over the forest floor. Although their juices had run dry, the leaves still exuded a pleasant aroma. The sun shone down on them through the living branches, and worms and flies which had somehow survived the autumn storms crawled over them. The space beneath the leaves provided hiding places for crickets, field mice and many other creatures who sought protection in the earth.

On the tip of a tree which had lost all its other leaves, two still remained hanging from one twig: Ole and Trufa. For some reason unknown to them, Ole and Trufa had survived all the rains, all the cold nights and winds. Who knows the reason one leaf falls and the other remains? But Ole and Trufa believed the answer lay in the great love they bore one another. Ole was slightly bigger than Trufa and a few days older, but Trufa was

prettier and more delicate. One leaf can do little for another when the wind blows, the rain pours, or the hail begins to fall. Still, Ole encouraged Trufa at every opportunity. During the worst storms, when the thunder clapped, the lightning flashed and the wind tore off not only leaves but even whole branches, Ole pleaded with Trufa: "Hang on, Trufa! Hand on with all your might!"

At times during cold and stormy nights, Trufa would complain: "My time had come, Ole, but you hang on!"

"What for?" Ole asked, "Without you, my life is senseless. If you fall, I'll fall with you."

"No, Ole, don't do it! So long as a leaf can stay up it mustn't let go."

"It all depends if you stay with me," Ole replied, "By day I look at you and admire your beauty. At night I sense your fragrance. Be the only leaf on a tree? No, never!"

"Ole, your words are so sweet but they're not true," Trufa said, "You know very well that I'm no longer pretty. Look how wrinkled I am, how shriveled I've become! Only one thing is still left me—my love for you."

"Isn't that enough? Of all our powers, love is the highest, and the finest," Ole said, "So long as we love each other we remain here, and no wind, rain or storm can destroy us. I'll tell you something, Trufa, I never loved you as much as I love you now."

"Why, Ole? Why? I'm all yellow."

"Who says green is pretty and yellow is not? All colors are





equally handsome. ”

And just as Ole spoke these words, that which Trufa had feared all these months happened—a wind came up and tore Ole loose from the twig. Trufa began to tremble and flutter until it seemed that she, too, would soon be torn away, but she held fast. She saw Ole fall and sway in the air, and she called to him in leafy language: “Ole! Come back! Ole! Ole!”

But before she could even finish, Ole vanished from sight. He blended in the other leaves on the ground, and Trufa was left all alone on the tree.

So long as it was still day, Trufa managed somehow to endure her grief. But when it grew dark and cold and a piercing rain began to fall, she sank into despair. Somehow she felt that the blame for all the leafy misfortunes lay with the tree, the trunk with all its mighty limbs. Leaves fell, but the trunk stood tall, thick and firmly rooted in the ground. No wind, rain or hail could upset it. What did it matter to a tree, which probably lived forever, what become of a leaf? To Trufa, the trunk was a kind of god. It covered itself with leaves for a few months, and then it shook them off. It nourished them with its sap for as long as it pleased, then it let them die of thirst. Trufa pleaded with the tree to give her back her Ole, to make it summer again, but the tree didn't heed her prayers.

Trufa didn't think a night could be so long as this one — so dark, so frosty. She spoke to Ole and hoped for an answer, but Ole was silent and gave no sign of his presence.

Trufa said to the tree: “Since you've taken Ole from me,

take me too. ”

But even this prayer the tree didn't acknowledge.

After a while, Trufa dozed off. This wasn't sleep but a strange languor. Trufa awoke and to her amazement she found that she was no longer hanging on the tree. The wind had blown her down while she was asleep. This was different from the way she used to feel when she awoke on the tree with the sunrise. All her fears and anxieties had now vanished. The awakening also brought with it an awareness she had never felt before. She knew now that she wasn't just a leaf that depended on every whim of the wind, but that she was part of the universe. Through some mysterious force, Trufa understood the miracle of her molecules, atoms, protons and electrons-the enormous energy she represented and the divine plan of which she was a part.

Next to her lay Ole, and they greeted each other with a love they hadn't been aware of before. This wasn't a love that depended on chance or caprice, but a love as mighty and eternal as the universe itself. That which they had feared all the days and nights between April and November turned out to be not death but redemption. A breeze came and lifted Ole and Trufa in the air and they soared with the bliss known only by those who have freed themselves and have joined with eternity.



## 两片树叶的爱情

艾萨克·辛格

这是一座很大很茂密的森林，长满生有各种各样叶子的树。通常每年的这个时候，天气就已经很冷了，甚至下雪了，可是这个11月比较暖和，如果不是满林子的落叶——桔黄的，酒红的，金黄的，还有杂色的——也许人们以为还是夏天呢。这些落叶有些在白天，有些在夜里被雨打落，被风吹落，如今它们在森林的地面上形成了一条厚厚的落叶毯子。尽管已干枯，落叶仍散发出好闻的香味。阳光透过树枝照耀着它们，落叶上爬动着在秋天的暴风雨中不知怎么存活下来的虫子、苍蝇。落叶底下也为蟋蟀们提供了藏身之所，田鼠和许多其他生物也在大地上找寻庇护。

在一根其他叶子都落了的树梢上，还有两片叶子挂在一根细枝上：这是奥立和特鲁法。奥立和特鲁法也不知道为什么他们在所有的风雨和寒夜中幸存了下来。没有人知道为什么有的树叶会飘落下来，而有的树叶依旧长在树上？可是奥立和特鲁法认为，原因在于他们深深地爱着对方。奥立比特鲁法年长几天，外形略大于特鲁法，可是特鲁法更漂亮精致。每当刮风下雨或开始下冰雹时，一片树叶并不能为另一片做些什么。然而每到这个时候，奥立都鼓励特鲁法。在最恶劣的暴风雨里，雷鸣电闪，狂风不仅刮落树叶，甚至刮断整根树枝，奥立鼓励着特鲁法：“坚持，特鲁法！尽你的全力坚持住！”

有时在寒冷的暴风雨之夜，特鲁法会抱怨：“我的时间