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大声说出你的爱

从前有个小伙子患了无法治愈的癌症。18 岁的他随时都面临着死亡的威胁。每天他都待在家里由母亲照顾,从未出过家门,实在待烦了,便征得母亲的同意出去转转。

走在大街上,他看到好多商店。当路经一家音像店时,他情不自禁地透过橱窗向里望了望。他停下脚步,又转身折回店门,向里望去。一个与他年龄相仿的、漂亮可爱的女孩子引起了他的注意。他对她一见钟情。他打开门,走了进去,眼里始终只有那女孩儿一个人,没有任何东西能吸引他的眼球。女孩坐在柜台旁,他不由自主地走了过去。

女孩儿抬头问他:"请问,您需要什么?"

她微笑着,他觉得这是他一生中所见到的最迷人的笑容。其实此时他最 想的是能亲吻她。

他吞吞吐吐地说:"嗯……那个……哦……我想买张 CD。"

他随便拿了张 CD, 然后把钱递给了她。

"我给你包起来吗?"女孩儿问,又冲他露出了迷人的微笑。

他点了点头,女孩儿又回到了柜台后面,出来时,把包好的 CD 递给了他。 他接过来,走出了商店。

他回家了。自那以后,他每天都要去那家音像店买一张 CD。女孩每天都要包好给他。而他每次把 CD 带回去,都要放到壁橱里。他很害羞,没有勇气约她出去,他真的很想那么做,但却怎么也做不到。母亲知道后,鼓励他向她表白。第二天,他终于鼓起勇气,像往常一样走进了那家音像店,买了一张 CD,她也像往常一样,到柜台后把 CD 包起来。他接过 CD。趁她不注意时他将自己的电话号码放到柜台上,跑了出去……

叮零零!!!

一天, 电话铃急促地响起来。母亲接起电话说,"喂,您好!"是那个

女孩儿!!! 母亲开始伤心地哭诉:"你知道吗?他昨天'走'了……"

电话那端沉默了片刻,只能听到母亲的啜泣声。后来 , 母亲到儿子房间去, 她只是想念儿子, 想看看他的衣物, 于是打开了壁橱。

一大堆包好的 CD 映人母亲的眼帘,这些 CD 还都没拆开过。母亲感到很吃惊,她好奇地打开一个包装,从中取出 CD,一张小纸条从里边掉了出来,她拾起来,看到上面这样写着:嗨……你好吗?我真的觉得你好可爱,高兴和我一起出去玩吗?爱你的乔斯琳。

母亲被深深地感动了,她打开了另一个 CD 盒……又掉出一张小纸条,上面写着同样的话:嗨……你好吗?我真的觉得你好可爱,高兴和我一起出去玩吗?爱你的乔斯琳。

爱就是在你做了巨大的思想斗争之后,最终能够决定舍弃一切去面对, 去接受的东西。那时你要攥紧他(她)的手,说出"我爱你。"





Say "I love you"

There was once a guy who suffered from cancer, a cancer that can't be cured. He was 18 years old and he could die anytime. All his life, he was stuck in his house being taken cared by his mother. He never went outside but he was sick of staying home and wanted to go out for once. So he asked his mother and she gave him permission.

He walked down his block and found a lot of stores. He passed a CD store and looked through the front door for a second as he walked. He stopped and went back to look into the store. He saw a beautiful girl about his age and he knew it was love at first sight. He opened the door and walked in, not looking at anything else but her. He walked closer and closer until he was finally at the front desk where she sat.

She looked up and asked, "Can I help you?"

She smiled and he thought it was the most beautiful smile he has ever seen before and wanted to kiss her right there.

He said, "Uh...Yeah...Umm... I would like to buy a CD."

He picked one out and gave her money for it.

"Would you like me to wrap it for you?" she asked, smiling her cute smile again.

He nodded and she went to the back. She came back with the wrapped CD and gave it to him. He took it and walked out of the store.

He went home and from then on, he went to that store every day and bought a CD, and she wrapped it for him. He took the CD home and put it in his closet. He was still too shy to ask her out and he really wanted to but he couldn't. His mother found out about this and told him to just ask her. So the next day, he took all his courage and went to the store as usual. He bought a CD like he did every day and once again she went to the back of the store and came back with it wrapped. He took it and when she wasn't looking, he left his phone number on the desk and ran out...

RRRRRING!!!

One day the phone rang, and the mother picked it up and said, "Hello?" It was the girl!!! The mother started to cry and said, "You don't know? He passed

away yesterday..."

The line was quiet except for the cries of the boy's mother. Later in the day, the mother went into the boy's room because she wanted to remember him. She thought she would start by looking at his clothes. So she opened the closet.

She was face to face with piles and piles and piles of unopened CDs. She was surprised to find all these CDs and she picked one up and sat down on the bed and she started to open one. Inside, there was a CD and as she took it out of the wrapper, out fell a piece of paper. The mother picked it up and started to read it. It said: Hi...I think U R really cute. Do u wanna go out with me? Love, Jocelyn.

The mother was deeply moved and opened another CD... Again there was a piece of paper. It said: Hi... I think U R really cute. Do u wanna go out with me? Love, Jocelyn.

Love is...when you've had a huge fight but then decide put aside your egos, hold hands and say, "I love you."

男孩的使命

1945 年,12 岁的鲁本 · 厄尔在一家商店橱窗里看到一件令他怦然心动的东西,但是——5 美元——鲁本的口袋里可没这么多钱。他们家一周的食物也不到5美元。

鲁本又无法张口向父亲要钱。他的父亲马克·厄尔仅靠在加拿大纽芬 兰的罗伯茨湾捕鱼的那点儿微薄收入来维持家人的生计。他的母亲多拉,为 了保证五个孩子的温饱,勤俭节约,恨不得将一个钱掰成两半花。

尽管如此,鲁本还是推开商店那扇破旧不堪的门,走了进去。他笔直地站在那儿,身着面粉袋改做的衬衫和洗得褪了色的裤子,却丝毫没有困窘之意。他告诉了店主他想要的东西,又补充说道:"但是我现在还没钱买它,您帮我预留一段时间好吗?"

"我会尽力的,"店主笑道,"这儿的人一般都没有太多钱来买这种东西, 一时半会儿还卖不出去。"

鲁本礼节性地摸了一下他的旧帽沿儿,然后径自走出店门。阳光下的罗伯茨湾海水在清新的微风吹拂下,泛着阵阵涟漪。鲁本大步流星地走着,他下定决心:一定要自己凑齐那5美元,不让任何人知道。

远处铁锤的重击声传到了鲁本的耳畔,他有了主意。

他循声跑到了一处建筑工地。罗伯茨湾的人喜欢用从本地一家工厂买来 的钉子自己建造房屋,这些钉子都用麻袋来装。有时人们实在太忙就会把麻 袋随手丢弃,而鲁本知道,他可以5分钱一条的价格把麻袋再卖回工厂。

那天,他去了凌乱的木材厂,把找来的两条麻袋卖给了那里给钉子装袋的人。

男孩手里紧紧攥着卖麻袋得来的两个 5 分硬币, 一路小跑奔回了家。那可是两公里的路程啊!

他家附近有座旧谷仓,是用来圈养山羊和鸡的。鲁本在那里找到一个锈迹斑斑的苏打铁罐,把两枚硬币扔了进去。然后,他爬上谷仓的阁楼,把铁罐藏在一堆散发着甜香味的干草下。

鲁本回到家时已是晚饭时分。此时父亲正坐在大餐桌旁摆弄着渔网,母 亲在灶台边忙着准备晚饭。鲁本在桌旁坐了下来。

他望着母亲,笑了。夕阳的余晖透过窗子照进来,把母亲棕褐色的披肩 发染成了金黄色。苗条、美丽的母亲是这个家的中心,她像胶水一样,把这 个家紧紧地粘结在一起。

母亲有永远也干不完的家务活。她要用老式的"胜家"缝纫机为一家人缝缝补补,要做饭,烤面包,打理菜园,挤羊奶,还要用搓衣板洗衣服。可母亲是快乐的,在她看来,全家人的安康才是最重要的。

每天放学后做完家务,鲁本就在镇上搜寻装钉子的麻袋。只有两间教室 的学校放暑假的那天,鲁本比任何人都高兴。现在他有更多时间去完成他的 使命了。

整个夏季,鲁本除了做家务——给菜园锄草、浇水以及砍柴、打水外, 一直进行着他的秘密活动。

转眼,菜园收获的季节到了,蔬菜被腌制装罐后储藏起来,此时,学校也开学了。不久,秋叶飘落,阵阵寒风从海湾吹来。鲁本在街头闲逛,努力寻找着他的宝贝麻袋。

他常常会饿着肚子,又冷又累,但是一想到商店橱窗里的那样东西,他 又劲头十足。妈妈偶尔会问:"鲁本,你去哪儿啦?我们都等你吃饭呢!"

"我出去玩啦,妈妈。对不起。"

每到这时,多拉总会看着他,无可奈何地摇摇头,心想:终究是男孩啊。 春天到了,万物复苏,鲁本的精神也随之振奋。时候到了!他跑进谷仓里, 爬上草垛取出铁罐,把硬币倒出,数起来。

他数了一遍又一遍,还差 20 美分。镇上哪儿还会有废弃的麻袋呢?他 必须在天黑之前再找四条卖掉。

鲁本向沃特街跑去。

当鲁本赶到工厂时,太阳快落山了。收购麻袋的人正要锁门。

"先生! 请先别锁门。"

那人转过身打量了一下鲁本,他脏兮兮的,满头大汗。

"明天再来吧,孩子。"

"求求您了,先生,我必须现在就把这几条麻袋卖掉——求您啦。"那人 听出鲁本的声音在颤抖,他快哭了。

"你为何这么急着要这点钱呢?"

"这是个秘密。"

那人接过麻袋,从衣袋里掏出四枚硬币放到鲁本手中。鲁本轻声说了句 "谢谢",就转身跑回家去。

然后,他取出铁罐紧紧地抱着它,直奔那家商店。

"我有钱啦!"他郑重地对店主说。

店主向橱窗走去,拿出了鲁本想要的那样"宝贝"。

他掸去上面的灰尘, 小心地用牛皮纸把它包好, 放到鲁本手中。

鲁本跑回家, 冲进房门。妈妈正在厨房擦灶台。"看呀, 妈妈!看这个!" 鲁本边跑边叫着冲到妈妈跟前。他把一个小盒子放到妈妈那双因劳动而变得 粗糙的手上。

妈妈生怕把包装纸弄坏了,小心冀翼地将它拆开。一个蓝色天鹅绒首饰 盒展现在她面前。多拉打开盒盖,瞬间,泪水模糊了她的双眼。

一枚小巧的心形胸针上刻着两个金字: 母亲。

那刚好是1946年的母亲节。

多拉从没收到过这样的礼物:除了结婚戒指外,她没有别的饰物。她激动得说不出话来,一把搂住儿子,露出了欣慰的笑容。

A boy with a mission

In 1945,a 12-year-old boy saw something in a shop window that set his heart racing. But the price—five dollars—was far beyond Reuben Earle's means. Five dollars would buy almost a week's groceries for his family.

Reuben couldn't ask his father for the money. Everything Mark Earle made through fishing in Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, Canada. Reuben's mother, Dora, stretched like elastic to feed and clothe their five children.

Nevertheless, he opened the shop's weathered door and went inside. Standing proud and straight in his flour-sack shirt and washed-out trousers, he told the shopkeeper what he wanted, adding, "But I don't have the money right now. Can you please hold it for me for some time?"

"I'll try," the shopkeeper smiled. "folks around here don't usually have that kind of money to spend on things. It should keep for a while."

Reuben respectfully touched his worn cap and walked out into the sunlight with the bay rippling in a freshening wind. There was a purpose in his loping stride. He would raise the five dollars and not tell anybody.

Hearing the sound of hammering from a side street, Reuben had an idea.

He ran towards the sound and stopped at a construction site. People built their own homes in Bay Roberts, using nails purchased in hessian sacks from a local factory. Sometimes the sacks were discarded in the flurry of building, and Reuben knew he could sell them back to the factory for five cents a piece.

That day he found two sacks, which he took to the rambling wooden factory and sold to the man in charge of packing nails.

The boy's hand tightly clutched the five-cent pieces as he ran the two kilometers home.

Near his house stood the ancient barn that housed the family's goats and chickens. Reuben found a rusty soda tin and dropped his coins inside. Then he climbed into the loft of the barn and hid the tin beneath a pile of sweet smelling

hay.

It was dinnertime when Reuben got home. His father sat at the big kitchen table, working on a fishing net. Dora was at the kitchen stove, ready to serve dinner as Reuben took his place at the table.

He looked at his mother and smiled. Sunlight from the window gilded her shoulder-length blonde hair. Slim and beautiful, she was the center of the home, the glue that held it together.

Her chores were never-ending. Sewing clothes for her family on the old Singer treadle machine, cooking meals and baking bread, planting and tending a vegetable garden, milking the goats and scrubbing soiled clothes on a washboard. But she was happy. Her family and their well-being were her highest priority.

Every day after chores and school, Reuben scoured the town, collecting the hessian nail bags. On the day the two-room school closed for the summer, no student was more delighted than Reuben. Now he would have more time for his mission.

All summer long, despite chores at home weeding and watering the garden, cutting wood and fetching water—Reuben kept to his secret task.

Then all too soon the garden was harvested, the vegetables canned and stored, and the school reopened. Soon the leaves fell and the winds blew cold and gusty from the bay. Reuben wandered the streets, diligently searching for his hessian treasures.

Often he was cold, tired and hungry, but the thought of the object in the shop window sustained him. Sometimes his mother would ask: "Reuben, where were you? We were waiting for you to have dinner."

"Playing, mum. Sorry."

Dora would look at his face and shake her head. Boys.

Finally spring burst into glorious green and Reuben's spirits erupted. The time had come! He ran into the barn, climbed to the hayloft and uncovered the tin can. He poured the coins out and began to count.

Then he counted again. He needed 20 cents more. Could there be any sacks left any where in town? He had to find four and sell them before the day ended.

Reuben ran down Water Street.

The shadows were lengthening when Reuben arrived at the factory. The sack buyer was about to lock up.

"Mister! Please don't close up yet."

The man turned and saw Reuben, dirty and sweat stained.

"Come back tomorrow, boy."