

W H A I L I Y I N C O S

②双②语②美②文②阅②读②书②系②

为何而生

最|优|美|的|散|文

The most graceful prose

淡淡的友情很诚，淡淡的问候很醇，淡淡的情爱很柔，淡淡的思念很深，淡淡的祝福很真……优美的散文如诗如歌，只有宁静的心灵，纯净的灵魂才能体味，才能听到它最动人的声音。

主编：张德玉



WHAT LIVING FOR

微风缓缓地吹着百叶窗，吹在窗上，非常温柔，像羽毛似的；偶尔也会犹如几声叹息，听起来像夏日漫漫长夜里的风轻抚着树叶的声音。在铺着草皮的地下，田鼠正在地洞里呼呼大睡。猫头鹰则在沼泽地深处的一个空心树里蹲着，兔子、松鼠、狐狸都呆在家里。看门的狗静静地躺在暖炉旁，牛羊在栏圈里悄无声息。连大地都在沉睡。

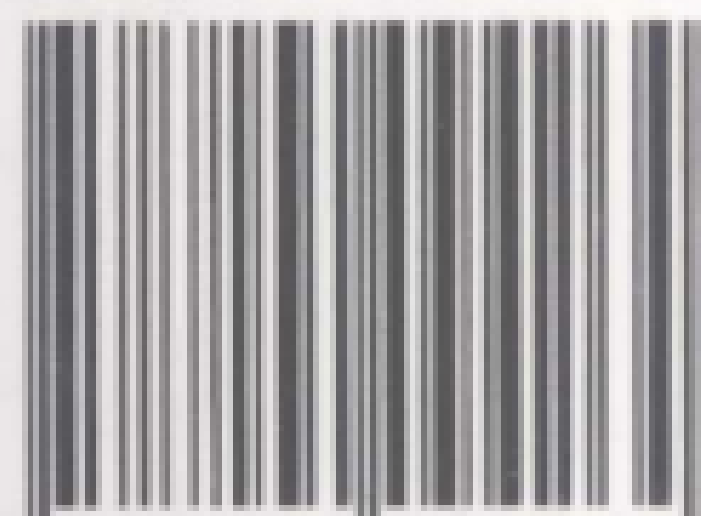
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假如给我三天光明，第一天，我要看人，他们的善良、温厚与友谊使我的生活值得一过。

首先，我希望长久地凝视我亲爱的老师，安妮·莎莉文·梅西太太的面庞，当我还是个孩子的时候，她就来到了我面前，为我打开了外面的世界。

海伦·凯勒：《假如给我三天光明》

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为何而生 最优美的散文

内蒙古人民出版社

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再度游湖

埃尔温·布鲁克斯·怀特

作者简介

埃尔温·布鲁克斯·怀特(1899~1985),美国著名散文作家、评论家。生于纽约,毕业于康奈尔大学。曾任《纽约人》杂志的编辑和《哈帕斯》的专栏作家,为《纽约人》供职长达12年之久,《纽约人》的成功,他有着不可替代的贡献。同时,怀特在儿童读物的创作上也颇有建树,其代表作是《这就是纽约》。怀特的思想敏感独特,对生活的观察细致入微,文风朴实无华,尤其是一些游记性的文章,被广泛转载于大量的课本与选本之中。其主要作品有散文集《拐角处的第二棵树》、诗集《冷漠的女士》等。

大约是在1904年的夏季,我父亲在缅因州的一个湖畔租了一间临时住房,把我们都带去了。整个八月,我们都是在那里度过的。我们从一些小猫身上传染了金钱癣,不得不在胳膊和腿上一天到晚都擦满旁氏冷霜;还有一次我父亲从船上掉入水中,当时他西装革履。不过除了这些,我们度过了一个愉快的假期。从那时起,我们大家都公认缅因州的这个湖是世上无与伦比的地方。我们连续几个夏天都在这里度过——通常8月1日到达,然后过完整个八月。再后来我爱上了海滨生活。但是在夏季的有些日子里,海浪汹涌不息,海水冰凉刺骨,海风从上午到下午吹个不停,这一切让我很是渴望山林中小湖边的清静。几周以前,这种情形愈演愈烈。于是我买了两根鲈鱼钓竿和一些诱饵,重新回到以前我们常去的那个湖畔,准备故地重游,再钓上一个星期的鱼。

我带着我儿子一起去。他从没有游过淡水湖,只是透过火车上的玻璃窗看见了漂浮在水面上的莲叶。在驶向湖畔的路上,我开始想象它现在的样子。我猜测岁月会把这片独一无二的圣地破坏成怎样一副模样——那里的海湾和小溪,笼罩在落日里的山峦,还有宿营的小屋和屋后的小路。我相信这条柏

油马路已经给了我答案，我还在想象其他哪些地方也被破坏了。很奇怪，一旦你任由思绪回归往日，很多旧地的记忆就会被重新唤醒。你记起了一件事情，就会联想起另一件事情。我想我记得最清楚的是那些爽朗的清晨，清凉的湖水，平静的湖面，卧室里弥漫着木屋的清香，屋子外面，湿润的树林散发的芳香穿透房间的墙板，依稀可嗅。木屋的隔板很薄，而且离房顶有一段距离。我总是第一个起床的人，为了不吵醒别人，我蹑手蹑脚地穿好衣服，悄悄地溜出屋来。外面一片馥郁芬芳，我坐上小船出发，沿着湖岸，在一条长长的松树阴影里划过。我记得当时我总是很谨慎，从来不让我的桨与船舷的上缘碰在一起，以免打破教堂的宁静。

这个湖绝不是人们所说的那种荒郊野湖。一些村舍零星地坐落在湖岸边上，尽管湖边都是茂密的树木，但是这里还是农业区；有些村舍是附近农家的，你可以住在湖边，到农舍里用餐——我们一家就是这样。不过，尽管这个湖泊不显得荒凉，可也相当大而且不受外界干扰。至少对于一个孩子来说，有些地方确实太过沉静，而且有点原始的味道。

我对柏油马路的猜测是正确的，它把我们带到了离岸边只有半英里的地方。我带着儿子又回到了这里，当我们安顿在一家农舍附近的木屋后，又重新感受到了我所熟悉的那种夏日时光，我知道这一切都和原来一样——我对这一点坚信不疑。第一天早上，我躺在床上，闻着卧室里的清香，听见我的儿子悄悄地溜出房门，乘上一条小船沿着湖岸划去。我突然产生一种错觉，他就是我，而根据最简单的推移法，我就是我父亲了。在那些日子里，这种感觉一直存在，反复地在我头脑中呈现。这种感觉并不是前所未有，但在这个地方，它却变得越来越强烈：我过的似乎是一种双重的生活。有时我做一些简单的活动，比方说捡起一个装鱼饵的盒子，或者放下一只餐叉，或是在说什么话的当儿，就突然有种感觉，好像说话的人或者摆着某个姿势的人不是我，而是我父亲——这真让我感到不寒而栗。

第一天早上我们一起去钓鱼。我感觉那些与往日同样潮湿的苔藓覆盖着罐子里的鱼饵，蜻蜓在离水面几英寸的地方盘旋，接着便落在了我的钓竿头上。正是这只蜻蜓的到来使我更加坚信，所有这一切都和过去一样。岁月就像海市蜃楼一样似乎从来没有存在过。湖面上一如既往地荡漾着微波，在我们暂停垂钓时轻轻地拍打着船头钩的下部；小船还是旧时的那一只，同样的绿色；在同样的位置，有同样的一根肋材断裂了；同样有些淡水中的残渣遗

骸停留在船板底下——死了的具角鱼蛉，一团团的苔藓，被人抛弃了的生满锈的钓鱼钩，还有前一天捕鱼时留在那里已经干了的斑斑血迹。我们静静地注视着钓竿的顶头，注视着那些来回飞舞的蜻蜓。我把自己钓竿的顶端伸进水中，试探着不声不响地想把蜻蜓赶走。它迅速地飞离了大约两英尺，平衡了一下身体，然后又飞回两英尺，重新停在钓竿上，不过位子高了一点点。在我的记忆中，这只蜻蜓躲闪的样子和曾经有过的一只一样，在它们中间没有岁月的间隔。我看了看身边的儿子，他正悄无声息地凝视着自己钓竿上的蜻蜓；突然间，他那握住钓竿的手仿佛是我的手，而他注视着蜻蜓的眼睛仿佛是我的眼睛。我感到一阵眩晕，不知道自己的手握着一根钓竿的一端。

我们钓到了两条鲈鱼，像扯鲑鱼似的轻快地把它们扯上来，也没有用任何鱼网，就这样有条不紊地把它们从船舷上拖进了船舱，然后猛击了一下鱼的脑袋，把它们打晕了。午饭前我们又到湖里游泳了一次，湖水和我們刚才离开时没有什么两样，你仍然可以站在离码头只有几英寸的地方，也只有一点点微风轻拂过的痕迹。这片湖水好像被施了魔法的大海一样，在你离开的几个小时里它可以随心所欲，回来却发现它丝毫没有改变，真可以称得上忠心耿耿值得信赖。在水浅的地方，有一些黝黑光滑的枯枝浸泡在水里，它们一丛一丛地在湖底那些干净的呈波纹状的沙石上随波起伏，而贻贝的痕迹也清晰可见。一群小鲤鱼从这里游过，每一条都投下自己的影子，数量立刻就增加了一倍，在阳光下十分清晰鲜明。有一些游客正沿着湖岸游泳，其中有一人用了香皂。湖水清澈透明，差不多让人感觉不到它的存在。很多年前，这个用香皂洗浴的人就在这里了，这是一个对湖畔热心崇拜的人，如今他依然在这里。这里的岁月似乎静止未动。

我们穿过了一片繁茂而且弥漫着灰尘的田野到农舍去吃午饭。脚下的这条小路有两条路痕，原来位于中间的那一条没有了，那上面曾经布满了马蹄印和一团团干巴巴的污粪的痕迹。以前这里一直有3条小路可以供人们选择，现在却只剩两条了。有一段时间我根本找不到中间的那条路。不过当我们到达网球场附近时，看见了阳光下的某些东西，让我重新确定它曾经确实存在。球场底线旁边的带子已经松懈下垂了，葱绿的车前草和其他杂草在球道上滋生横行；球网（六月份挂上，九月份摘下）在这个闷热的中午也耷拉着；整个球场都弥漫着酷暑正午滚滚的热气，让人感到饥饿、空乏。饭后的甜点可以自己选择黑莓饼或是苹果饼。做服务的人同样是些乡村少女，这里似乎不

存在时间的流逝，有的只是舞台的幕帘降落后带给人们的幻觉——这些侍女们依然只是 15 岁，她们的头发洗得干干净净，这是唯一改变了的地方——她们看过电影，见过那些有着干净头发的漂亮姑娘。

夏季呀夏季，永恒不变的生活方式，湖水永远不褪色，树木永远不可摧毁；草地上总是长满了香蕨和杜松，夏日的时光永无尽头，这些都是背景，而湖滨沿岸的生活就是其中美妙的图案。村子里的农民们过着恬静的生活；他们小小的码头上立着旗杆，美国国旗在镶嵌着白云的蓝天里飘扬，每棵树下都有一条小径通向一座座木屋，木屋处又有小径通往厕所和树木用的石灰罐；商店里纪念品的柜台上，摆放着用桦树皮制作的独木船的模型，而明信片上的景物也比眼前的真实景物美丽多了。在这里，美国人逃避了城市的酷热喧闹，到这个地方游玩。他们不知道那些新来的住在海湾尽头的居民是“普通老百姓”还是“贵族”，也不知道那些星期天驱车前来农舍吃饭的人，是不是被分量不足的鸡肉打发走了。

我不停地回忆这一切，我似乎感觉那些日子和那些夏日时光的回忆对我而言都是珍贵无比、值得永远珍藏的。那里有快乐，有宁静，还有所有美好的事情。能够在八月就到达那里，这本身就是最重要的：农场的货车停在火车站外，这时又第一回闻到松木散发的清香，第一回见到农民笑容满面的脸庞，宽大的旅行箱气派极了，而父亲在指挥这些事情时显出绝对的权威性；你坐在货车上，享受它拉着你走上 10 英里的感觉，当到达最后一座小山顶时，一眼就能看见那阔别了 11 个月之久的、无比宝贵的一片湖水；其他的游客为你的到来大声欢呼。然后打开大旅行箱，卸下里面准备齐全的物品。（如今再到这里来，已经找不到昔日激动人心的场面了。你所需要做的只是静静地把车开过来，停在木屋旁的树底下，取出行李袋，把一切东西在五分钟内收拾完毕，不会有大声的喧闹，也不会忙着喊着搬行李了。）

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Once more to the lake

Elwyn Brooks White

One summer, along about 1904, my father rented a camp on a lake in Maine and took us all there for the month of August. We all got ringworm from some kittens and had to rub Pond's Extract on our arms and legs night and morning, and my father rolled over in a canoe with all his clothes on; but outside of that the vacation was a success and from then on none of us ever thought there was any place in the world like that lake in Maine. We returned summer after summer—always on August 1st for one month. I have since become a saltwater man, but sometimes in summer there are days when the restlessness, of the tides and the fearful cold of the sea water and the incessant wind which blow across the afternoon and into the evening make me wish for the placidity of a lake in the woods. A few weeks ago this feeling got so strong I bought myself a couple of bass hooks and a spinner and returned to the lake where we used to go, for a week's fishing and to revisit old haunts.

I took along my son, who had never had any fresh water up his nose and who had seen lily pads only from train windows. On the journey over to the lake I began to wonder what it would be like. I wondered how time would have marred this unique, this holy spot—the coves and streams, the hills that the sun set behind, the camps and the paths behind the camps. I was sure the tarred road would have found it out and I wondered in what other ways it would be desolated. It is strange how much you can remember about places like that once you allow your mind to return into the grooves which lead back, you remember one thing, and that suddenly reminds you of another thing. I guess I remembered clearest of all the early mornings, when the lake was cool and motionless, remembered how the bedroom smelled of the lumber it was made of and of the wet woods whose scent entered through the screen. The partitions in the camp were thin and did not extend clear to the top of the rooms, and as I was always the first up I would dress softly so as not to wake the others, and slide out into the sweet outdoors and start out the canoe, keeping close along the shore in the long shadows of the pines. I remember being very careful never to rub my paddle against the gunwale for fear of disturbing the stillness of the cathedral.

The lake had never been what you would call a wild lake. There were cottages sprinkled around the shores, and it was in farming country although the shore of

the lake were quite heavily wooded. Some of the cottages were owned by nearby farmers, and you would live at the shore and eat your meals at the farmhouse. That's what our family did. But although it wasn't wild, it was a fairly large and undisturbed lake and there were places in it which, to a child at least, seemed infinitely remote and primeval.

I was right about the tar: it led to within half a mile of the shore. But when I got back there, with my boy, and we settled into a camp near a farmhouse and into the kind of summertime I had known, I could tell that it was going to be pretty much the same as it had been before—I knew it, lying in bed the first morning, smelling the bedroom, and hearing the boy sneak quietly out and go off along the shore in a boat. I began to sustain the illusion that he was I, and therefore, by simple transposition, that I was my father. This sensation persisted, kept cropping up all the time we were there. It was not an entirely new feeling, but in this setting it grew much stronger. I seemed to be living a dual existence. I would be in the middle of some simple act, I would be picking up a bait box or laying down a table fork, or I would be saying something, and suddenly it would be not I but my father who was saying the words or making the gesture. It gave me a creepy sensation.

We went fishing the first morning, I felt the same damp moss covering the worms in the bait can, and saw the dragonfly alight on the tip of my rod as it hovered a few inches from the surface of the water, it was the arrival of this fly that convinced me beyond any doubt that everything was as it always had been, that the years were a mirage and there had been no years. The small waves were the same, chucking the rowboat under the chin as we fished at anchor, and the boat was the same boat, the same color green and the ribs broken in the same place, and under the floor, boards the same freshwater leavings and debris—the dead hellgrammite, the wisps of moss, the rusty discarded fishhook, the dried blood from yesterday's catch. We stared silently at the tips of our rods, at the dragonflies that came and went. I lowered the tip of mine into the water, tentatively, pensively dislodging the fly, which darted two feet away, poised, darted two feet back, and came to rest again a little farther up the rod. There had been no years between the duckling of this dragonfly and the other one—the one that was past of memory. I looked at the boy, who was silently watching his fly, and it was my hands that held his rod, my eyes watching. I felt dizzy and didn't know which rod I was at the end of.

We caught two bass, hauling them in briskly as though they were mackerel, pulling them over the side of the boat in a businesslike manner without any landing net, and stunning them with a blow on the back of the head. When we got

back for a swim before lunch, the lake was exactly where we had left it, the same number of inches from the dock, and there was only the merest suggestion of a breeze. This seemed an utterly enchanted sea, this lake you could leave to its own devices for a few hours and come back to, and find that it had not stirred, this constant and trust-worthy body of water. In the shallows, the dark, water-soaked sticks and twigs, smooth and old, were undulating in clusters on the bottom against the clean ribbed sand, and the track of the mussel was plain. A school of minnows swam by, each minnow with its small individual shadow, doubling, the attendance, so clear and sharp in the sunlight. Some of the other campers were in swimming, along the shore, one of them with a cake of soap, and the water felt thin and clear and unsubstantial. Over the years there had been this person with the cake of soap, this cultist, and here he was. There had been no years.

Up to the farmhouse to dinner through the teeming, dusty field, the road under our sneakers was only a two-track road. The middle track was missing, the one with the marks of the hooves and the splotches of dried, flaky manure. There had always been three tracks to choose from in choosing which track to walk in, now the choice was narrowed down to two. For a moment I missed terribly the middle alternative. But the way led past the tennis court; and something about the way it lay there in the sun reassured me, the tape had loosened along the backline, the alleys were green with plantains and other weeds, and the net (installed in June and removed in September) sagged in the dry noon, and the whole place steamed with midday heat and hunger and emptiness. There was a choice of pie for dessert, and one was blueberry and one was apple, and the waitresses were the same country girls, there having been no passage of time, only the illusion of it as in a dropped curtain—the waitresses were still fifteen; their hair had been washed, that was the only difference—they had been to the movies and seen the pretty girls with the clean hair.

Summertime, oh summertime, pattern of life indelible, the fadeproof lake, the woods unshatterable, the pasture with the sweetfern and the juniper forever, and ever, summer without end; this was the background, and the life along the shore was the design, the cottagers with their innocent and tranquil design, their tiny docks with the flagpole and the American flag floating against the white clouds in the blue sky, the little paths over the roots of the trees leading from camp to camp and the paths leading back to the outhouses and the can of lime for sprinkling, and at the souvenir counters at the store the miniature birch-bark canoes and the post cards that showed things looking a little better than they looked. This was the American family at play, escaping the city heat, wondering whether the newcomers

in the camp at the head of the cove were "common" or "nice", wondering whether it was true that the people who drove up for Sunday dinner at the farmhouse were turned away because there wasn't enough chicken.

It seemed to me, as I kept remembering all this, that those times and those summers had been infinitely precious and worth saving. There had been jollity and peace and goodness. The arriving (at the beginning of August) had been so big a business in itself, at the railway station the farm wagon drawn up, the first smell of the pineladen air, the first glimpse of the smiling farmer, and the great importance of the trunks and your father's enormous authority in such matters, and the feel of the wagon under you for the long tenmile haul, and at the top of the last long hill catching the first view of the lake after eleven months of not seeing this cherished body of water. The shouts and cries of the other campers when they saw you, and the trunks to be unpacked, to give up their rich burden. (Arriving was less exciting nowadays, when you sneaked up in your car and parked it under a tree near the camp and took out the bags and in five minutes it was all over, no fuss, no loud wonderful fuss about trunks.)

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青春

塞缪尔·乌尔曼

作者简介

塞缪尔·乌尔曼(1840~1920)，是位犹太人，出生于德国，1851年随家人移民到美国密西西比，他虽以教育家和社会活动家而闻名于世，但在文学创作方面也很有才华。

太平洋战争打得正酣之时，麦克阿瑟将军常常从繁忙中抬起头，注视着挂在墙上的镜框，镜框里正是这篇名为《青春》的文章，这篇文章一直伴随着他到东京。后来，日本人在东京的美军总部发现了它，《青春》便开始在日本流传。

一位资深的日本问题观察家说，在日本实业界，凡有成就之人，几乎都受过这篇美文的激励，松下电器的创始人松下幸之助就一直把《青春》当做他的座右铭。

青春不是年华，而是心态；青春不是粉面、红唇、柔膝，而是坚强的意志，恢宏的想象，炙热的恋情；青春是生命的深泉涌流。

青春气贯长虹，勇锐盖过怯弱，进取压倒苟安。如此锐气，二十后生而有之，六旬男子则更多见。年岁有加，并非垂老，理想丢弃，方堕暮年。

岁月悠悠，衰微只及肌肤；热忱抛却，颓废必致灵魂。忧虑、惶恐、丧失自信，定使灵魂扭曲，意气如灰。

无论年届花甲，抑或二八芳龄，心中皆有生命之欢乐，好奇之冲动，孩童般天真久盛不衰。

你我心中都有一台天线，只要你从天上、人间接受美好、希望、欢乐、勇气和力量的信号，你就会青春永驻，风华常存。

一旦天线坠下，锐气便被冰雪覆盖，玩世不恭、自暴自弃油然而生，即使年方二十，实则垂垂老矣；然而只要竖起天线，捕捉乐观信号，即使80高龄，行将告别尘寰，你也会觉得年轻依旧，希望永存。



Youth

Samuel Ullman

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind; it is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a tempera-mental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of 60 more than a boy of 20. Nobody grows old merely by a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals.

Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, fear, self-distrust bows the heart and turns the spring back to dust.

Whether 60 or 16, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the unfailing childlike appetite of what's next and the joy of the game of living.

In the center of your heart and my heart there is a wireless station:so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage and power from men and from the infinite, so long are you young.

When the aerials are down, and your spirit is covered with snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at 20, but as long as your aerials are up, to catch waves of optimism, there is hope you may die young at 80.

给露丝的玫瑰

佚名

红玫瑰是她的最爱，她的名字叫罗斯，也是“玫瑰”的意思。每年情人节，丈夫都要送她一些玫瑰花，并用漂亮的丝带扎着。丈夫去世的那年，她依然收到了玫瑰花，卡片像往年一样写着：“献给我的爱人！”

每年，丈夫送她花时，都要写下这样一些话：“我爱你，今朝更胜往昔。”“时光流转，我对你的爱历久弥新。”她知道，这是她最后一次收到丈夫的玫瑰花了。

她想，玫瑰花一定是他预订的。她亲爱的丈夫或许不知道，自己会死去。他总喜欢提前把一些事情安排妥当，这样，即使再忙，也可以从容应对，处理好一切。

她修剪好枝叶，将花插到一只别致的花瓶里。然后，把花瓶放到面带微笑的丈夫的遗像旁。她在丈夫最喜欢的椅子上一坐就是几个小时，伴着玫瑰花，凝神地望着他的照片。

一年终于过去了，没有丈夫的日子十分难捱。在孤独与寂寞中，她又迎来一个情人节。情人节前夕，家里门铃响了，有人送来一束玫瑰花，放在了门口。

她把玫瑰花拿进屋，吃惊地看着它们。然后走到电话旁，拨通了花店的电话，是店主接的，她要他解释为什么还有人送花给她，增添她的悲伤。

“我知道您的丈夫一年前就过世了，”店主说，“我也知道您会打电话来问究竟的。您今天收到的花，已经提前付过款了。您丈夫总是提前做好计划，万无一失。”

“他预付了花款，委托我们每年给您送花。还有一件事，我想您有必要知道，还有一张特别的小卡片……是他去年写的。”

“那张卡片……是他让我们要在他死后的第二年送给您。现在他不在了，