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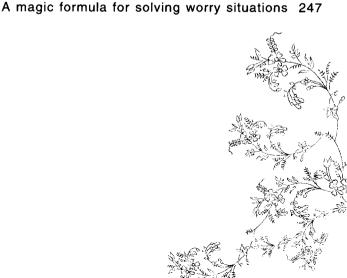
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溦笑

佚名

在美国,安东尼·圣艾修伯里的《小王子》,几乎家喻户晓。小孩子觉得那是个神奇的童话,成年人则认为那是个哲理故事,发人深思。至于圣艾修伯里的其他作品和故事,却很少有人知道。

圣艾修伯里是名飞行员,参加过反纳粹战争,在执行任务时不幸身亡。 二战前,他参加了西班牙内战,抗击法西斯。以此为素材,他写了篇感人至 深的《微笑》。现在,我们就来回味这个故事。故事是否真实,无从考证, 但我还是宁愿相信那是作者的亲身所历。

作者说,他被俘关进了监狱。从看守那轻蔑的眼神、恶劣的态度,他肯 定自己明天就会命丧九泉。以下我将用自己的话来讲述这个故事。

"明天便是我的末日,一想到这,我就恐惧慌乱,狂躁不安起来。我翻遍所有的口袋,终于找到了一支烟。我的手颤抖着,好不容易才把它放到嘴里。 但没有火柴。全被他们搜走了。

"透过铁栏,我看见外面的警卫。他并未注意到我在看他,毕竟,我只是他们眼里的一件'物品'、一具'尸体'。我冲他喊道,'能借我个火吗?'他看着我。耸了耸肩,走过来点燃我的香烟。

"他靠近我,给我点火。无意间,他扫了我一眼,不知怎地,我笑了起来。也许是紧张,也许是人与人近距离接触时,很容易就向对方微笑。不管出于何种原因,那一瞬,我笑了。这笑。犹如一颗跳跃的火花,打破了心灵的隔膜,拉近了两个人的灵魂。我知道那并非他本意,但我的微笑好像穿越了铁栏,感染了他,他竟然也笑了。他帮我点燃了香烟,并未立刻离开。而是注视着我,依旧笑着。

"我也笑着,仿佛他是我的朋友,而非看守。他的神色也似乎柔和了许多, '你有小孩吗?'他问道。 "'有,有,你看。'说着,我摸出皮夹,哆哆嗦嗦地掏出了家人的照片。他也拿出家人的照片,并开始讲述他的计划和梦想。我的眼里噙满了泪水。 我说,我恐怕以后再也见不到家人,无法看着孩子长大成人了。听到这些, 他也流下了泪水。

"突然,他打开牢门,悄悄地把我带出监狱,来到后面的小路上,出了镇, 在镇的边沿一带放了我,然后转身离去。

"微笑拯救了我。"

是的,微笑是最能打动人心、最质朴自然的交往之道。在这里,我之所以讲述这个故事,是希望人们能认识到:为了维护尊严、头衔、身份,地位和形象,我们建立了层层保护屏障,以此来掩饰自己。在这些掩饰之下,人人都有一个诚挚的真我,姑且就叫它灵魂吧。我坚信,如果我们能以诚相待,世间将成为友爱之邦,仇恨、嫉妒或恐惧会尽以消亡。遗憾的是,生活中,人人精心构建的保护膜分离和孤立着彼此,让我们远离与人坦诚相对的机会。圣艾修伯里的故事,讲述了那个神奇的瞬间——那个人与人之间心际相通的时刻。

那个神奇的瞬间,我也有历经过,比如,坠入情网,还有,看着婴儿的脸。 为何我们看到婴儿就会绽放笑容?或许就是那不设防的心,那纯真的笑,顷刻之间,打破了我们的心理防线。



The smile

Anonymous

Many Americans are familiar with the Little Prince, a wonderful book by Antoine de Saint-Exupery. This is a whimsical and fabulous book and works as a children's story as well as a thought—provoking adult fable. Far fewer are aware of Saint-Exupery's other writings, novels and short stories.

Saint-Exupery was a fighter pilot who fought against the Nazis and was killed in action. Before World War II, he fought in the Spanish Civil War against the fascists. He wrote a fascinating story based on that experience entitled the Smile. It is this story which I'd like to share with you now. It isn't clear whether or not he meant this to be autobiographical or fiction. I choose to believe it to be the former.

He said that he was captured by the enemy and thrown into a jail cell. He was sure that from the contemptuous looks and rough treatment he received from his jailers he would be executed the next day. From here, I'll tell the story as I remember it in my own words.

"I was sure that I was to be killed. I became terribly nervous and distraught. I fumbled in my pockets to see if there were any cigarettes, which had escaped their search. I found one and because of my shaking hands, I could barely get it to my lips. But I had no matches, they had taken those.

"I looked through the bars at my jailer. He did not make eye contact with me. After all, one does not make eye contact with a thing, a corpse. I called out to him 'Have you got a light?' He looked at me, shrugged and came over to light my cigarette.

"As he came close and lit the match, his eyes inadvertently locked with mine. At that moment, I smiled. I don't know why I did that. Perhaps it was nervousness, perhaps it was because, when you get very close, one to another, it is very hard not to smile. In any case, I smiled. In that instant, it was as though a spark jumped across the gap between our two hearts, our two human souls. I

knew he didn't want to, but
my smile leaped through
the bars and generated a
smile on his lips, too. He lit
my cigarette but stayed near,
looking at me directly in the eyes
and continuing to smile.

"I kept smiling at him, now aware of him as a person and not just a jailer. And his looking at me seemed to have a new dimension, too. 'Do you have

kids?' he asked.

"'Yes, here, here.' I took out my wallet and nervously fumbled for the pictures of my family. He, too, took out the pictures of his family and began to talk about his plans and hopes for them. My eyes filled with tears. I said that I feared that I'd never see my family again, never have the chance to see them grow up. Tears came to his eyes, too.

"Suddenly, without another word, he unlocked my cell and silently led me out. Out of the jail, quietly and by back routes, out of the town. There, at the edge of town, he released me. And without another word, he turned back toward the town.

"My life was saved by a smile."

Yes, the smile is the unaffected, unplanned, natural connection between people. I tell this story in my work because I'd like people to consider that underneath all the layers we construct to protect ourselves, our dignity, our titles, our degrees, our status and our need to be seen in certain ways and underneath all that, remains the authentic, essential self. I'm not afraid to call it the soul. I really believe that if that part of you and that part of me could recognize each other, we wouldn't be enemies. We couldn't have hate or envy or fear. I sadly conclude that all those other layers, which we so carefully construct through our lives, distance and insulate us from truly contacting others. Saint-Exupew's story speaks of that magic moment when two souls recognize each other.

I've had just a few moments like that. Falling in love is one example. And looking at a baby. Why do we smile when we see a baby? Perhaps it's because we see someone without all the defensive layers, someone whose smile for us we know to be fully genuine and without guile. And that babysoul inside us smiles wistfully in recognition.

皮匠和银行家

拉·封丹

一个皮匠以歌自娱,在歌声中度过每一天。每一个见到他,或听到他歌声的人都甚感愉快。他安于自己的制鞋工作,甚至觉得比做希腊七圣还感满足。他的邻居是一个家财万贯的银行家,与他相反,银行家很少唱歌,睡眠也不好,偶尔在天快亮时才打个盹,又被皮匠的歌声吵醒了。他痛苦地抱怨上帝没把睡眠也变成商品,他多想睡眠也像食品和饮料那样能随意购买啊。最后,银行家把这个歌唱者请过来,对他说:"格雷戈里师傅,您一年能赚多少钱啊?"

"一年赚多少钱吗,先生?"快乐的皮匠笑道,"我可从来没有这样统计过, 我天天如此过着,每天挣足三餐,总能撑到年底。"

"啊、朋友、那么、你一天挣多少呢?"

"有时候挣得多,有时又少点,我们的收入还可以。最难过的日子就是每年总有些时候不让我们工作,而牧师又常吸纳新的圣徒。"

银行家被皮匠的直率逗乐了,他说: "今后,我将满足你的一切需求,你把这一百枚钱拿去存好,需要时就拿出来用。"

皮匠觉得自己好像看到了几个世纪以来,大地为人类所需创造出来的所有财富。 他回家后,把这笔钱给埋了起来,同时, 也埋葬了他的欢乐。从此,他不再唱歌。



在他得到钱这个痛苦根源的那刻起,就失去了歌喉。担心、怀疑、虚惊让他不能安稳入睡。他的目光整天游移在藏钱的地方。晚上,就是野猫弄出点声响,他也会以为有人来抢他的宝贝。最后,这个可怜的人跑到他富有的邻居那里,"还我睡眠和歌喉吧,把你的一百枚钱币拿回去。"

The cobbler and the banker

La Fontaine

A cobbler passed his time in singing from morning rill night; it was wonderful to see, wonderful to hear him; he was more contented in making shoes than was any of the seven sages. His neighbor, on the contrary, who was rolling in wealth, sung but little, and sleepless. He was a banker, when by chance he fell into a doze at day-break, the cobbler awoke him with his song. The banker complained sadly that providence had not made sleep a saleable commodity, like edibles or drinkables. Having at length sent for the songster, he said to him, "How much a year do you earn, Master Gregory?"

"How much a year, sir?" said the merry cobbler laughing, "I never reckon in that way, living as I do from one day to another; somehow I manage to reach the end of the year; each day brings its meal."

"Well then! How much a day do you earn, my friend?"

"Sometimes more, sometimes less; but the worst of it is, and, without that our earnings would be very tolerable, a number of days occur in the year on which we are forbidden to work; and the curate, moreover, is constantly adding some new saint to the list."

The banker, laughing at his simplicity, said. "In the future I shall place you above want. Take this hundred crowns, preserve them carefully, and make use of them in time of need."

The cobbler fancied he beheld all the wealth which the earth had produced in the past century for the use of mankind. Returning home, he buried his money and his happiness at the same time. No more singing; he lost his voice, the moment he acquired that which is the source of so much grief. Sleep quitted his dwelling; and cares, suspicions, and false alarms took its place. All day, his eye wandered in the direction of the treasure; and at night, if some stray cat made a noise, the cat was robbing him. At length the poor man ran to the house of his rich neighbor; "Give me back," said he, "sleep and my voice, and take your hundred crowns."

最美的心灵

佚名

一天,一个年轻人站在小镇中心,声称他的心是整个山谷最美丽的。一大群人围了过来,人人都赞赏他的心确实完美无缺,没有一丝伤痕或瑕疵。他们一致认为这是最美丽的心。年轻人深感自豪,更大肆鼓吹起来。

突然,一个老人出现在人群前,说道:"我的心比你的更美丽。"大家都看着老人的心。这颗心有力地跳动着,布满了伤痕,有些地方被挖走了,虽然又重新补上,但并不完全吻合,依然有很深的锯齿状印迹,有的地方甚至还有很深的沟壑,那里的整个部分完全没有了。

人们凝视着,心想——他怎么能说自己的心更美呢?年轻人看着老人的心,大笑起来。"您在开玩笑吧,"他说,"与我的心相比,您的布满了伤疤和裂痕,而我的是那么完美。"

"是的,"老人说:"你的心看起来是很完美,但我绝不与你交换,你看,每一个伤疤都代表着我对别人的爱——我付出一份真心,他们常会回赠一份,填在我的空白处,由于不是完全吻合,伤口的边缘就会留下疤痕。我非常珍惜这些伤疤,它们常使我想起我们共有的爱心。有时,我付出了真心,但却没得到回报,因此就出现了这些沟壑——献出爱心其实也是一种冒险。这些沟壑整日敞着,虽然很疼痛,却让我想起曾给予别人的爱。我希望有一天,他们能回来填补我心上的空白。现在,你明白什么是真正的美丽了吧?"

年轻人默默地站着,眼泪顺着脸颊流下来,他走到老人身旁,把手伸进自己完美年轻的心,撕下一片,颤抖着双手献给了这位老人。

老人接受了他的馈赠,把它放在心上,然后,又掏出自己的一片年老而 又伤痕累累的心,放进年轻人的心里。很合适,但不完全吻合,因此有一些 疤痕。年轻人看着自己的心,虽不再那么完整,却比以前更美丽了,因为老 人心中流淌出来的爱流进了他的心里。他们互相拥抱,然后并肩离开了。



The most beautiful heart

Anonymous

One day a young man was standing in the middle of the town proclaiming that he had the most beautiful heart in the whole valley. A large crowd gathered and they all admired his heart for it was perfect. There was not a mark or a flaw in it. Yes, they all agreed it truly was the most beautiful heart they had ever seen. The young man was very proud and boasted more loudly about his beautiful heart.

Suddenly, an old man appeared at the front of the crowd and said, "Your heart is not nearly as beautiful as mine." The crowd and the young man looked at the old man's heart. It was beating strongly, but full of scars, it had places where pieces had been removed and other pieces put in, but they didn't fit quite right and there were several jagged edges. In fact, in some places there were deep gouges where whole pieces were missing.

The people stared—how can he say his heart is more beautiul? The young man looked at the old man's heart and saw its state and laughed. "You must be joking," he said. "Compare your heart with mine, mine is perfect and yours is a mess of scars and tears."

"Yes," said the old man, "Yours is perfect looking but I would never trade with you. You see, every scar represents a person to whom I have given my love—I tear out a piece of my heart and give it to them, and often they give me a piece of their heart which fits into the empty place in my heart, but because the pieces aren't exact, I have some rough edges, which I cherish, because they

remind me of the love we shared. Sometimes I have given pieces of my heart away, and the other person hasn't returned a piece of his heart to me. These are the empty gouges—giving love is taking a chance. Although these gouges are painful, they stay open, reminding me of the love I have for these people too, and I hope someday they may return and fill the space in my heart. So now do you see what true beauty is?"

The young man stood silently with tears running down his cheeks. He walked up to the old man, reached into his perfect young and beautiful heart, and ripped a piece out. He offered it to the old man with trembling hands.

The old man took his offering, placed it in his heart and then took a piece from his old scarred heart and placed it in the wound in the young man's heart. It fit, but not perfectly, as there were some jagged edges. The young man looked at his heart, not perfect anymore but more beautiful than ever, since love from the old man's heart flowed into his. They embraced and walked away side by side.