

新概念英语

(第二册)

美文欣赏

新概念英语学习中心 编

2

中国石化出版社

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前 言

“A man may usually be known by the books he reads as well as by the company he keeps; for there is a companionship of books as well as of men; and one should always live in the best company, whether they are of books or of men.

A good book may be among the best of friends. It is the same today that it always was, and it will never change. It is the most patient and cheerful of companions. It does not turn its back upon us in times of adversity or distress. It always receives us with the same kindness; amusing and instructing us in youth, and comforting and consoling us in age.”

“通常看一个人读些什么书就可知道他的为人,就像看他同什么人交往就可知道他的为人一样,因为有人以人为伴,也有人以书为伴。无论是书还是朋友,我们都应该以最好的为伴。

好书就像是您最要好的朋友。它始终不渝,过去如此,现在如此,将来也永远不变。它是最有耐心、最令人愉悦的伴侣。在我们穷困潦倒、临危遭难时,它也不会抛弃我们,对我们总是一如既往地亲切。在我们年轻时,好书陶冶我们的性情,增长我们的知识;到我们年老时,它又给我们以慰藉和勉励。”

——选自 *Companionship of Books* 《以书为伴》

《新概念英语》是一套非常经典的教材,但是由于教材的编写者亚历山大已经离开了我们,他的妻子为了表达对他的爱,基本上不允许对该教材做任何修改。妻子对丈夫的爱让人感动,但是时代还在发展,为了让读者能够接触到除了经典文章之外的美丽文章,我们编写了这套《新概念英语美文欣赏》丛书。

此书的编写源于不同层次的读者对英语的需求。对于学习和工作都较忙的读者,如何才能较短的时间里,收到最好的成效呢?也许您在五彩缤纷的世界里,看过各种各样的英语书,而获得的效果不一定如您所愿。这时的您,请不妨止步,来阅读它——全新的新概念,它能满足您的现实需求。正如人们常常因为喜欢同一本书而结为知己,就像有时两个人因为敬慕同一个人而成为朋友一样,书是更为真诚而高尚的情谊纽带,人们可以通过共同喜爱的作家沟通思想、交流感情,彼此息息相通,并与自己喜欢的作家思想相通、情感相融。

怎样才能学好英语呢?对英语的理解,首先是老师对英语的理解,这直接关系

到英语学习的方式与效果。作为一个老师首先要搞清楚的是：究竟是帮学生掌握学英语的技巧还是炫耀自己的英语知识。在传统的教学中，大部分老师讲单词时毫无用处地大量扩充，讲语法时要求死记硬背，讲课文时机械地翻译，讲口语时老师一个人大侃特侃，这不利于学生英语水平的提高。我们应认识到英语是一种美丽的语言，是交流工具，所以，学习英语有两个秘诀：一是发现它的魅力，体味它的内涵；二是记忆，去模仿和练习。

我们为了帮助读者解决以上问题，撰写了一套与新概念英语配套的学习用书，帮助读者实现梦想。由于时间和经验问题，这套丛书还存在错误和不足，希望大家批评指正。

在这套书的撰写过程中，有很多朋友给予了帮助与支持。谨在此表示衷心的感谢。

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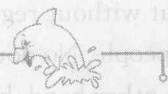
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Einstein's View of Life

爱因斯坦谈人生



How strange is the lot of us **mortals**! Each of us is here for a brief **sojourn**; for what purpose he knows not, though he sometimes thinks he senses it. But without deeper reflection one knows from daily life that one exists for other people. I regard class distinctions as unjustified and, **in the last resort**, based on force. I also believe that a simple and unassuming life is good for everybody, physically and mentally.

Schopenhauer's saying, "A man can do what he wants, but not want what he wants," has been a very real inspiration to me since my youth; it has been a continual **consolation** in the face of life's hardships, my own and others, and an unflinching **wellspring** of tolerance. This realization **mercifully mitigates** the easily **paralyzing** sense of responsibility and prevents us from taking ourselves and other people all too seriously; it is **conducive** to a view of life which, in particular, gives humor its due.

I do not at all believe in human freedom in the philosophical sense. Everybody acts not only under external compulsion but also in accordance with inner necessity. To inquire after the meaning or object of one's own existence or that of all creatures has always seemed to me **absurd** from an objective point of view. And yet everybody has certain ideals which determine the direction of his endeavors and his judgments. The ideals which have lightened my way, and time after time have given me new courage to face life cheerfully, have been Kindness, Beauty, and Truth. Without the sense of **kinship** with men of like mind, the eternally unattainable in the field of art and scientific endeavors, life would have seemed to me empty. The **trite** objects of human efforts possessions, outward success, luxury have always seemed to me **contemptible**.

My passionate sense of social justice and social responsibility has always contrasted oddly with my **pronounced** lack of need for direct contact with other human beings and human communities. I am truly a "lone traveler" and have never belonged to my country, my home, my friends, or even my immediate family, with my whole heart; in the face of all these ties, I have never lost a sense of distance

and a need for solitude feelings which increase with the years. One becomes sharply aware, but without regret, of the limits of mutual understanding and **consonance** with other people. No doubt, such a person loses some of his innocence and unconcern; on the other hand, he is largely independent of the opinions, habits, and judgments of his fellows and avoids the temptation to build his inner equilibrium upon such insecure foundations.

我们这些终有一死的凡人是多么不可思议！每个人都只在这世界上作短暂的逗留，究竟为了什么却并不知道，虽然偶尔觉得自己意识到这个问题。但无需深思，从日常生活中就可认识到我们是为别人而活。我认为把人划分为不同的阶层是没有道理的，归根到底是一种强制行为。我还认为简单朴素、不事张扬的生活方式，对任何人的身心都有好处。

叔本华说过：“一个人能做他想做的，但不能要他想要的。”从年轻时起这句话就一直深深地激励着我。生活中，无论是我自己面临困境，还是看见他人遇到艰难，我都能以此自慰；同时，这句话也是使我宽容忍耐的不尽源泉。认识到这一点，就能安心地缓减那易于使人气馁的沉重的责任感，并使我们不至于对自己对他人都过分苛求；这也有助于培养一个人的人生观，特别是那种该幽默就幽默一下的人生观。

我根本就不相信哲学所谓的人的自由。一个人的所作所为，不仅是外界所迫也是内心所需。探求个人或一切生活生存的意义或目的，客观地讲，我一直都认为是荒谬的。当然，每个人都有某种理想，正是这种理想决定了他的奋斗目标和价值标准。一直照亮我前进道路并反复给我勇气使我愉快面对生活的理念是真、善、美。如果没有与我同心同德的人在一起而产生的亲和感，如果不倾心于客观世界、不倾心于艺术和科学领域永远达不到的目标，生活对我会是十分空虚的。至于那些老生常谈的人生目标，诸如物质占有、功成名就、舒适享受等等，在我看来都不值一顾。

我有强烈的社会正义感和社会责任心，另一方面我却又明显地不愿与世间人事直接接触，这形成了奇特的反差。我的确是个“孤独的旅行者”，从未全心属于我的国、我的家、我的朋友，乃至我的直系亲属；面对所有这些社会关系，我一直有一种距离感，一直想要孤独，这种感觉与时俱增。一个人会强烈地感到和他人相互理解、意见一致总有限度，但并不为之遗憾。毫无疑问，这样的人会失去一些天真和无忧；另一方面，他在很大程度上独立自主，不受他人的主张、习惯和判断的影响，同时也不至于情不自禁地把自己内心的平衡建立在这种不牢靠的基础之上。



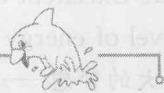
● Words and Expressions

mortal	/ˈmɔ:təl/ <i>n.</i> (终有一死的)生物;〈口〉人,凡人
sojourn	/ˈsɔ:dʒə:n/ <i>n.</i> 逗留;旅居
in the last resort	作为最后的一招
Schopenhauer	/ˈʃɔ:pənˌhaʊə(r)/ 叔本华(1788~1860,德国哲学家,唯意志论的创始人)
consolation	/ˌkɒnsəˈleɪʃən/ <i>n.</i> 安慰,慰藉
wellspring	/ˈwelsprɪŋ/ <i>n.</i> 〈喻〉源泉
mercifully	/ˈmɜ:sɪfʊli/ <i>adv.</i> (因结束痛苦等而)宽厚地,仁慈地
mitigate	/ˈmɪtɪgeɪt/ <i>vt.</i> 减轻(苦痛、惩罚等)
paralyze	/ˈpærəlaɪz/ <i>vt.</i> 使失去勇气,使气馁,文中动名词作形容词
conducive	/kənˈdʒʊsɪv/ <i>adj.</i> (与 to 连用)有益的,有助的,助长的
absurd	/əbˈsɜ:d/ <i>adj.</i> 荒谬的,荒唐的
kinship	/ˈkɪnʃɪp/ <i>n.</i> 亲密关系;亲切感
trite	/traɪt/ <i>adj.</i> (字句、意见、引语等)陈腐的,老一套的
contemptible	/kənˈtemptəbl/ <i>adj.</i> 不值得一顾的;可鄙的
pronounced	/prəʊˈnaʊnst/ <i>adj.</i> 显著的,明显的
consonance	/ˈkɒnsənəns/ <i>n.</i> 协调,一致



Secrets of Self-Made Successes

自我奋斗走向成功的秘诀



1. Dream Big Dreams—How to **visualize**, imagine and create an exciting picture of prosperity.

2. Develop a Clear Sense of Direction—Learn a powerful, proven goal-setting exercise that can change your life.

3. See Yourself as Self-Employed—How to take complete control of your career and your life.

4. Do What You Love to Do—Identify the ideal work for you and then get paid well for doing it.

5. Commit to Excellence—How to move into the top 10% in your field.

6. Work Longer and Harder—How to organize your time so you get more

done and contribute more value.

7. Dedicate Yourself to Lifelong Learning—How to continually **upgrade** your **talents** and abilities.

8. Learn Every Detail of the Business—How to become an expert in your chosen field.

9. Dedicate Yourself to Serving Others—The starting point of all personal success and how to begin.

10. Be Absolutely Honest with Yourself and Others—How and why personal integrity goes hand in hand with success.

11. Set **Priorities** and Concentrate Single-mindedly—The importance of focusing on your most important tasks all day long.

12. Develop a Reputation for Speed and Dependability—How to give yourself the winning edge in everything you do.

13. Practice Self-discipline in All Things—Develop the most important quality for success.

14. Unlock Your **Inborn** Creativity—Learn how to solve any problem, overcome any obstacle, achieve any goal.

15. Get Around the Right People—The importance of surrounding yourself with winners at each stage of your career.

16. Take Excellent Care of Your Physical Health—How to develop and maintain high level of energy and fitness.

①有远大的梦想——设法想象并设计出令人兴奋的成功蓝图。

②构想一个清晰的发展方向——学会制定一个可以改变你生活的有效而明确的目标。

③要做自己的主人——设法完全掌握自己的职业和生活。

④做你喜欢做的事——确定自己理想的工作,并能获得好的报酬。

⑤工作出类拔萃——努力进入本领域前10%的行列。

⑥工作更努力,时间更长——设法安排好你的时间,以便完成更多的工作,创造更多的价值。

⑦活到老学到老——不断提高你的才能和本领。

⑧学会掌握本行业的每个细节——努力成为所选定领域的行家能手。

⑨热忱致力于服务他人——这是一切个人成功之起点,努力去做。

⑩对己对人都要绝对真诚——个人的真诚总是与成功并肩而行。

⑪分清主次,精力集中——关键是每天把精力和时间投入到最重要的工作

中去。

⑫树立一个办事迅速可靠的名声——由此你无论做何事都具有获胜的优势。

⑬凡事注意自律——提高这一走向成功的最重要的品质。

⑭发挥你内在的创造力——学会解决任何难题，克服任何障碍，达到任何目标。

⑮与值得结交的人相处——在事业的每个阶段你身边都有有成就的人，这很重要。

⑯倍加重视有一个健康的身体——努力提高健康水平，保持精力旺盛。

● Words and Expressions

visualize	/ˈvɪʒʊəlaɪz/ <i>vt.</i> 想象, 使形象化
upgrade	/ʌpˈɡreɪd/ <i>vt.</i> 提高, 改善
talent	/'tælənt/ <i>n.</i> 才干
priority	/'praɪ'ɔːrəti/ <i>n.</i> 优先, 重点
inborn	/'ɪnbɔːn/ <i>adj.</i> 天生的, 生来的

3

Help for the Helper

缘分



At age eighteen, I left my home in Brooklyn, New York, and went off to study history at Leeds University in Yourkshire, England. It was an exciting but stressful time in my life, for while trying to **adjust to** the novelty of unfamiliar surroundings, I was still learning to cope with the all-too-familiar pain of my father's recent death—an event with which I had not yet come to terms.

While at the market one day, trying to decide which bunch of flowers would best brighten up my comfortable but colorless student digs, I spied an elderly gentleman having difficult holding onto his walking stick and his bag of apples. I rushed over and relieved him of the apples, giving him time to regain his balance.

“Thanks, luv,” he said in that distinctive Yorkshire lilt I was never tired of hearing. “I’m quite all right now, not to worry,” he said, smiling at me not only with his mouth but with a pair of dancing bright blue eyes.

“May I walk with you?” I inquired. “Just to make sure those apples don’t become sauce **prematurely**.”

He laughed and said, "Now, you are a long way from home, lass. From the States, are you?"

"Only from one of them. New York. I'll tell you all about it as we walk."

So began my friendship with Mr. Burns, a man whose smile and warmth would very soon come to mean a great deal to me.

As we walked, Mr. Burns (whom I always addressed as such and never by his first name) leaned heavily on his stick, a stout, **gnarled** affair that resembled my notion of a biblical staff. When we arrived at his house, I helped him set his parcels on the table and insisted on lending a hand with the preparations for his "tea"—that is, his meal. I interpreted his weak protest as gratitude for the assistance.

After making his tea, I asked if it would be all right if I came back and visited with him again. I thought I'd look in on him from time to time, to see if he needed anything. With a wink and a smile he replied, "I've never been one to turn down an offer from a good-hearted lass."

I came back the next day, at about the same time, so I could help out once more with his evening meal. The great walking stick was a silent reminder of his **infirmary**, and, though he never asked for help, he didn't protest when it was given. That very evening we had our first "heart to heart". Mr. Burns asked about my studies, my plans, and, mostly, about my family. I told him that my father had recently died, but I didn't offer much else about the relationship I'd had with him. In response, he **gestured** toward the two framed photographs on the end table next to his chair. They were pictures of two different women, one notably older than the other. But the resemblance between the two was striking.

"That's Mary," he said, indicating the photograph of the older woman. "She's been gone for six years. And that's our Alice. She was a very fine nurse. Losing her was too much for my Mary."

I responded with the tears I hadn't been able to shed for my own pain. I cried for Mary. I cried for Alice. I cried for Mr. Burns. And I cried for my father to whom I never had the chance to say goodbye.

I visited with Mr. Burns twice a week, always on the same days and at the same time. Whenever I came, he was seated in his chair, his walking stick propped up against the wall. Mr Burns owned a small black-and-white television set, but he evidently preferred his books and photograph records for entertainment. He



always seemed especially glad to see me. Although I told myself I was delighted to be useful, I was happier still to have met someone to whom I could reveal those thoughts and feelings that, until then, I'd hardly acknowledged to myself.

While fixing the tea, our chats would begin. I told Mr. Burns how terribly guilty I felt about not having been on speaking terms with my father the two weeks prior to his death. I'd never had the chance to ask for my father's **forgiveness**. And he had never had the chance to ask for mine.

Although Mr. Burns talked, he allowed me the lion's share. Mostly I recall him listening. But how he listened! It wasn't just that he was attentive to what I said. It was as if he were reading me, absorbing all the information I provided, and adding details from his own experience and imagination to create a truer understanding of my words.

After about a month, I decided to pay my friend a visit on an "off day". I didn't bother to telephone as that type of formality did not seem requisite in our relationship. Coming up to the house, I saw him working in his garden, bending with ease and getting up with equal facility. I was **dumbfounded**. Could this be the same man who used that massive walking stick?

He suddenly looked in my direction. Evidently sensing my puzzlement over his mobility, he waved me over, looking more than a bit sheepish. I said nothing, but accepted his invitation to come inside.

"Well, luv. Allow me to make you a 'cuppa' this time. You look all done in."

"How?" I began, "I thought..."

"I know what you thought, luv. When you first saw me at the market... well, I'd twisted my ankle a bit earlier in the day. Tripped on a stone while doing a bit of gardening. Always been a clumsy fool."

"But... when were you able to... walk normally again?"

Somehow, his eyes managed to look merry and contrite at the same time. "Ah, well, I guess that would be the very next day after our first meeting."

"But why?" I asked, truly **perplexed**. Surely he couldn't have been feigning helplessness to get me to make him his tea every now and then.

"That second time you came round, luv, it was then I saw how unhappy you were. Feeling lonely and sad about your dad and all. I thought, well, the lass could use a bit of an old shoulder to lean on. But I knew you were telling yourself you were visiting me for my sake and not your own. Didn't think you'd come back if

you knew I was fit. And I knew you were in sore need of someone to talk to. Someone older, older than your dad, even. And someone who knew how to listen.”

“And the stick?”

“Ah. A fine stick, that. I use it when I walk the moors, We must do that together soon.”

So we did. And Mr. Burns, the man I'd set out to help, helped me. He'd made a gift of his time, and paid attention and kindness to a young girl who needed both.

我十八岁的时候离开纽约布鲁克林的老家前往英国约克郡的利兹大学攻读历史。那段时间我既很兴奋又精神紧张，一方面要适应很陌生的新环境，另一方面父亲突然逝世又使我感到太不适应的痛苦——这件事令我一直心里平静不下来。

有一天我去市场想挑选一束花来打扮一下宿舍，我那宿舍虽很舒适却无色彩。我发现一位老先生拿着一大包苹果拄着手杖很困难，就跑过去接过他的苹果，让他腾出手来恢复身体平衡。

“谢谢，宝贝，”他说，那种约克郡人特有的轻快声调我是百听不厌的。“现在没事了，不用担心，”他说话时不仅嘴角在笑，他那双跳动而明亮的蓝眼睛也在笑。

“我陪你走走好吗？”我问道，“只是想保你的苹果平安，免得过早地成了苹果酱。”

他笑了，对我说：“妮子，你远离故乡了吧？从美国来的，对吗？”

“只是从其中的一个州，纽约。我们一路走一走谈。我会告诉你的。”

就这样开始了我和伯恩斯先生之间的友谊。他的笑容和温情很快就感染了我，对我影响很大。

我们同行时伯恩斯先生（我一直称呼他的姓，从不叫他的名字）几乎全靠手杖支撑，那是根粗壮多节的棍子，很像我心中《圣经》里的牧杖。到了他家我把东西放在桌上，还一定要帮他准备“茶点”——也就是他傍晚那顿饭。他不让我干，但也不拦阻，我认为这只是他对我的帮助表示感激而已。

沏好茶以后，我问他下次再来看看他可不可以。我是想不时来看一眼有什么需要我帮助的。他眨眨眼笑笑，回答说：“对于一个好心的妮子任何建议我都不会反对的。”

第二天大约同一时间我去了，这样我就可以再次为他做傍晚那顿饭。他那根大手杖虽不会说话却提醒我他行动不便，虽然他从不主动请我帮忙，但我帮上手时他也不拒绝。就在这晚我们头一次“谈心”。伯恩斯先生问我的学习情况，我有什么计划，主要的还是问我家庭情况。我告诉他我父亲最近死了，但关于我和父亲的

关系却没怎么谈。谈到他的时候他指给我看他椅子旁靠边的桌子上两张有镜框的照片。这是两张女人的照片，一个比另一个老得多，两人非常相像。

他指着那张年纪大的照片说：“这是玛丽，她走了六年了。那是我们的爱丽丝，曾经是一个很不错的护士。失去她给我的玛丽打击太大了，她受不了。”

我遏止不住自己的泪水，在我自己痛苦时都没有流的眼泪一下子涌出来了。我为玛丽痛哭，为爱丽丝痛哭，为伯恩斯先生痛哭，为我没有机会做临终告别的父亲痛哭。

这以后我每周去看伯恩斯先生两次，都在同一个日子同一个时候，我每次去都看见他坐在椅子上，他的手杖靠墙立着。伯恩斯先生有一台黑白电视，但显然他宁愿看书、看照片集自娱而不太看电视。他一见我来总是特别高兴。我心想我很高兴能对别人有所帮助，但更高兴的是找到一个人倾吐自己迄今都不太愿意承认的思想感情。

在准备茶点的时候我们就闲聊。我告诉伯恩斯先生在我父亲逝世前的两周我和父亲彼此连一句话都不说，为此我感到十分内疚。最终我连请求父亲原谅的机会都没有，他也没有机会请我原谅。

伯恩斯先生也讲，但他让我尽量多讲。我记得他多半时间在倾听。他是怎样听呀！不只是认真听我说什么，他似乎在体察我的心思，吸收我提供的所有信息，加进他自己的经历和想像，对我的话语做出更真实贴切的理解。

大概一个月以后我决定不按原定时间做一次例外访问。我也不先打电话，这种形式的礼节似乎在我们的关系中用不着。去到他家时我发现他竟在园子里劳动，弯腰起立都轻松自如。我简直惊呆了。这是那个用粗大手杖走路的人吗？

忽然他转向我。显然意识到我对他活动自如感到疑惑，他招手示意让我过去，脸上颇为尴尬。我一句话没说，但接受他邀请进屋了。

“咳，宝贝。这回让我给你沏杯茶。你看来累坏了。”

“怎么啦？”我说，“我想……”

“我知道你怎么想，宝贝。你当初在市场见到我的时候……哎，我那天刚崴了脚，在园子里干活时摔在一颗石子上。老是笨手笨脚的。”

“那……你又是什么时候能……正常走路的呢？”

他的眼睛竟能同时既表歉意又显欢快。“啊，我想就在我们第一次见面后的第二天。”

“可为什么？”我问，这回真是大惑不解了。他不会假装孤立无助的样子好让我不时去为他沏茶吧。

“第二次你来时，宝贝，我发现你很不快活。你感到孤独凄凉，为你父亲悲伤等等。我想，那好吧，让这妮子靠在我这老头子的肩上宽一下心。我知道你自认为你