



双语

精华版

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心灵鸡汤

[女性系列]

挥洒四季的芬芳

爱的花园里，你是最娇艳的奇葩，用鲜活的生命挥洒人间四季的芬芳。

Sprinkling Fragrance of Four Seasons

Jack Canfield & Mark Victor Hansen 等著

许炳坤 主译

Chicken
Soup for the
Soul

安徽科学技术出版社

Health Communications, Inc.

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A Gift for Robby

罗比的礼物

Little Robby,our neighbor's nephew,carefully spooned some of his water ration into a saucer and started for the door.How I hated this water rationing.We were forced to bathe without soap in the deep little pond we shared with Jessie,our cow.She was all we had now.Wells were dry,crops transformed to dust and blew away with our dreams,during the worst drought our small farming community had ever seen.

I held the screen open for Robby and watched,smiling,as he slowly sat on the steps.Dozens of bees circled his tousled brown curls in an angel's halo.He imitated their buzzing,which brought them to the saucer to sip the precious liquid.

His aunt's words echoed in my ears:

邻家侄子小罗比小心翼翼地用汤匙往碟子里舀了点定量配给他的水,然后动身朝大门走去。这样的定量配给供水,我真是厌恶透顶。连洗澡我们都只能和奶牛杰茜挤在一个小水塘里,肥皂当然没有,而这奶牛也只是我们仅有的了。水井干涸、庄稼绝收、地里尘土飞扬,收获的梦想也随之灰飞烟灭,我们农场区正经历前所未有的最严重的旱灾。

替罗比撩开了门帘,我笑着看他在台阶上慢慢坐下。一群蜜蜂绕着他的蓬头卷发,好像天使的光环。罗比也模仿它们嗡嗡作响,引得蜜蜂也飞到碟子里来享用这点宝贵的水。

此时,我耳边又回响起他大姨的一番话:





"I don't know what I was thinking when I took him in. Doctors say he wasn't hurt in the crash that killed my sister, but he can't talk. Oh, he makes noises all right, but they aren't human. He's in a world all his own, that boy, not like my children at all."

Why couldn't she see the wonderful gifts this four-year-old boy possessed? My heart ached for Robby. He had become the dearest part of our world, eagerly tending the garden with me and riding the tractor or pitching hay with my husband, Tom. He was blessed with a loving nature and a deep admiration for all living things, and I knew he could talk to animals.

We rejoiced in discoveries he joyfully shared with us. His inquisitive and often impish brown eyes mirrored an understanding of everything verbal. I longed to adopt him. His aunt had hinted often enough. We even called ourselves Mom and Dad to Robby, and before the drought had discussed adoption. But times were so bleak now that I couldn't approach the subject with Tom. The job he was forced to take in town to buy feed for Jessie and bare necessities for us had exacted its toll on his spirit.

Robby's aunt eagerly agreed to our request that he live with us for the summer. All his days were spent in our company anyway. I brushed away a tear, remembering how tiny and helpless he looked when she hastily put his hand in mine and gave me a rumpled brown paper bag. It contained two faded T-shirts we had bought him last year at the county fair and a hand-me-down pair of shorts. This and the clothes he wore were his only belongings, with the exception of one prized possession.

On a silken cord around his neck dangled a handcarved whistle. Tom had made it for him in case he was ever lost or in danger. After all, he could not call out for help. He knew perfectly well that the whistle was not a toy. It was for emergencies only, and to blow on it would bring us both running. I had told him the story of the boy who cried wolf, and I

“真不知当初收留他是怎么想的。我妹妹死于一场车祸,而医生说罗比没事,只是不会说话。哦,他要闹起来倒是挺好,不过,那可不是说话。和我的孩子们一点也不像,他是活在自己的世界里。”

为什么她看不出来这个4岁男孩拥有的天赋呢?我真为罗比心痛。后来他成了我们生活里最珍贵的一部分。有时他急着和我一起照料花园;有时和我丈夫汤姆一起开拖拉机;有时又一起堆干草。他天性仁慈,热爱自然万物,因此我觉得他肯定能通各种动物的语言。

他只要有了新发现,总是开心地和我们一起分享,我们也替他高兴。他那双褐色的眼睛,好奇而又顽皮,透出他对所有言语的理解。我曾盼着能收养罗比,他大姨也经常暗示此意。我们甚至称自己是他的爸妈,旱灾前也都谈过了收养的事情。然而现在日子如此凄凉,我也没法和汤姆再提此事。为了能给杰茜买些饲料,给我们买最低生活必需品,汤姆被迫在城里找了份工作,这已经让他精神不堪重负了。

当提出让罗比夏天和我们一起过,罗比大姨立即就同意了。毕竟,他在这里的所有日子都是和我们相伴度过的。我拭去眼泪,想起那天她匆忙把罗比交到我手上,他是那么的瘦小而无助。随同还递给我个皱巴巴的棕色纸袋,里面装着两件褪色的T恤,那是去年我们在县里集市上给他挑的,还有一条半新的短裤,这些衣服和他身上穿的,是他的所有了。不过他还有一样宝贝。

他脖子上有一根丝绳,上面挂着一个手工雕刻的口哨。那是以前怕他走丢或有危险,汤姆做给他的,毕竟他没法开口说话求助别人。罗比很清楚这个口哨不是个玩具,只能紧急时才用,一旦吹响,我们都会跑去找他。我曾讲“狼来了”的故事给他听,看得出他明白





knew he understood me.

I sighed as I dried and put away the last supper dish. Tom came into the kitchen and picked up the dishpan. Every ounce of recycled water was saved for a tiny vegetable garden Robby had planted beside the porch. He was so proud of it, we tried desperately to save it. But without rain soon, it too would be lost. Tom put the pan on the counter and turned to me.

"You know, honey," he started, "I've been thinking a lot about Robby lately."

My heart began to pound in anticipation, but before he could continue, a shrill blast from the yard made us jump. My God! It's Robby's whistle! By the time we reached the door, the whistle was blowing at a feverish pace. Visions of a rattlesnake filled my head as we raced into the yard. When we reached him, Robby was pointing frantically skyward, and we couldn't pry the whistle from his grip.

Looking up, we saw the most magnificent sight. Rain clouds—gigantic rain clouds with black, ominous bottoms!

"Robby! Help me, quickly! We need all the pots and pans from the kitchen! "

The whistle dropped from his lips and he raced with me to the house. Tom ran for the barn to drag out an old washtub. When all the containers were placed in the yard, Robby ran back to the house. He emerged with three wooden spoons from my kitchen drawer and handed one to each of us. He picked up my big stock pot and sat down cross-legged. Turning it over, he began to beat a rhythm with his spoon. Tom and I each reached for a pot and joined in.

"Rain for Robby! Rain for Robby! " I chanted with each beat.

A drop of water splashed on my pot and then another. Soon the yard was enveloped in soaking, glorious rain. We all stood with faces held upward to feel the absolute luxury of it. Tom picked up Robby and

我的意思。

我边叹气,边擦干放好最后一个餐盘。这时,汤姆走进厨房,端起了洗碗盆。因为罗比在门廊边上弄了个小小的菜园,所以每一滴反复利用后的水都留下来浇灌。我们也竭尽全力要保住他那引以为荣的园子,可要再不下雨,这园子很快就会没了。汤姆把洗碗盆放在厨房餐台上,转向了我。

“亲爱的,”他说道,“我最近一直在考虑罗比的事情。”

我的心里不自觉地开始怦怦直跳,可汤姆还没来得及继续说下去,院子里传来了一声尖叫,我们都吃惊地跳了起来。天哪!罗比的哨子!我们跑到大门时,哨声已经非常急促。脑子想着罗比可能碰到响尾蛇了,我们急奔至院子里,来到罗比身边时,发现他发疯一样指向天空,嘴里牢牢含着口哨,而我们竟然无法撬开。

我们一抬头,看到了最为期待的一幕:乌云密布,大雨即将来临。

“罗比,快来帮我!我们把厨房所有的盆罐都拿出来!”

罗比终于松开了口哨,和我一起飞奔回屋。汤姆也赶紧跑到谷仓拖出了好久没用的洗衣盆。所有容器在院子里摆好后,罗比跑回房子。再回来时,手里多了3把厨房抽屉里的大木勺子,他递给我们一人一把。他拿起我的汤锅,翻转过来,盘腿坐下,开始用汤匙敲打节拍。见状我和汤姆也都各找一口汤锅加入进来。

“雨是为罗比下的!雨是为罗比下的!”我边敲边唱。

一滴雨水溅在我的锅上,接着,又一滴急速落下。很快院子就笼罩在瓢泼大雨中了。我们都抬头站着,尽情享受着久违而近乎奢侈的甘霖。汤姆抱起罗比绕着汤锅,纵情欢呼。开始还觉得声音比较温





danced about the pots, shouting and whooping. That's when I heard it—softly at first—then louder and louder: the most marvelous, boisterous, giggling laughter. Tom swung about to show me Robby's face. With head tilted back, he was laughing right out loud! I hugged them both, tears of joy mixing with the rain. Robby released his grip from Tom and clutched my neck.

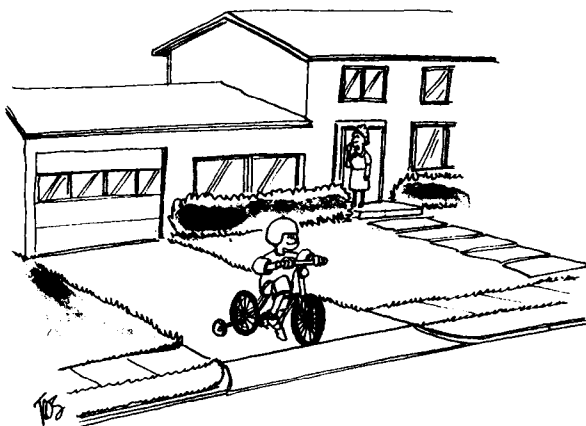
Stretching out one tiny cupped hand to catch the downpour, he giggled again. "Wain... Mom," he whispered.

Toni Fulco

和,随后越来越大,直至最后令人惊讶的哈哈大笑。汤姆旋转着,让我看罗比的脸蛋。他头朝后仰,纵情欢笑。我紧紧抱着他们俩,雨水夹着欢喜的泪水。罗比松开了汤姆,上来搂紧了我的脖子。

他伸出一只小手,窝着想要去接这倾盆大雨,又咯咯地笑起来。“雨……妈妈,”罗比轻声细语。

托尼·富尔科



"That's far enough for this year."

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The Best Badge of All



When I became a Girl Scout, my mother told me this story about her scout troop and what happened to them a long time ago, during World War II:

On a chilly Saturday morning in December, the eleven-year-old girls in our troop gathered excitedly at the bus stop, where we met our leader, Mrs. Taylor. We carried large paper sacks filled with skillets, mixing bowls and assorted groceries. On this long-awaited day, the girls of Troop 11 were going to earn our cooking badges.

"Nothing tastes as good as the first meal you cook yourself, especially on an open fire," Mrs. Taylor smiled.

It would take three bus transfers to get us all the way out to the wilderness. As we boarded the first, we clutched our groceries as if they were bags of jewels. Several mothers had generously contributed precious ration stamps so we could buy the ingredients for a real breakfast: pancakes with actual butter, bacon, and even some brown sugar for home-made syrup! We scouts would earn our badges in spite of hardship, in spite of the war. In our minds, we were not only learning to cook in the wilderness; we were doing our parts to keep life going apace on the home front.

We finally arrived at Papango Park, a beautiful desert refuge filled with paloverde trees, smoky mesquite bushes and massive red rock formations. As we started hiking up the dirt road into the park, a U.S. Army truck filled with German prisoners of war passed us, heading into the park.

至高荣誉

在我加入女童子军时,母亲给我讲了下面的这个故事,那是关于她那时的童子军以及很久以前二战时的经历:

12月里的一个周六早上,天气很冷,不过我们这群才11岁大的童子军女孩子却来到公交车站,整队集合,心情激动,并见到了我们的头儿——泰勒夫人。我们都带来了大大的纸袋,装满了煎锅和面碗,还有各类烹饪原料。经过许久的期盼,今天我们第11小队的女孩子们就要去赢取烹饪技能徽章了。

“什么美味都比不上你们自己煮的第一顿饭香,尤其是在野外煮出来的。”泰勒夫人笑道。

要换乘3次公交车才能最后到达野外。上第一辆时,我们牢牢抓着大纸袋,好像里面装有什么珠宝似的。有好几家孩子妈妈非常舍得,拿出了宝贵的定量配给券,我们这才得以购买一顿真正的早餐配料:涂着黄油的薄煎饼、熏肉,甚至还有一些用来自制糖水的红糖!不管日子多么艰辛,战争多么可怕,我们童子军一定要赢得我们的徽章。我们不但要学会在野外烧菜做饭,还要在后方尽自己的本分让生活继续下去,我们暗暗鼓劲。

终于来到了帕攀沟公园,这里是一处美丽的沙漠绿洲,满是假紫荆树、茂密的豆科灌木丛和大量的红色岩层。正当我们开始沿着泥路徒步进入公园时,一辆装满了德国战犯的美国陆军卡车从我们身边驶过,径直开进公园。





"There go those Germans!" one of the girls said, contemptuously. "I hate them! "

"Why did they have to start the war?" another complained. "My dad's been gone for so long."

We all had fathers, brothers or uncles fighting in Europe.

Determinedly, we hiked to our campsite, and soon the bacon was sizzling in the skillets while the pancakes turned golden brown around the edges.

The meal was a success. Mrs. Taylor's prediction about our gastronomic delight was proved correct.

After the meal, one of the girls started a scouting song as we cleaned up our cooking site. One by one, we all joined in. Our leader started another song, and we continued wholeheartedly.

Then, unexpectedly, we heard male voices. A beautiful tune sung in deep, strong tones filled the December air and drifted down to us.

We looked up to see the cavernous natural shell in the red sediment boulders, called "Hole in the Rock", filled with the German prisoners and their guards.

As they finished their song, we began another. They reciprocated with another haunting melody. We couldn't understand a word they were singing, but to our delight, we continued exchanging songs throughout the clear desert morning.

Finally one of the girls began to sing "*Silent Night*", and we all added our voices to the Christmas carol. A few moments of silence followed, and then... the familiar melody flowed back to us.

"How can they know our Christmas carols?" One of the girls asked our leader. They were our country's enemies!

We continued to listen in awe. For an odd, unforgettable moment, the men in the cave became somebody's fathers and brothers, just as they understood us to be beloved daughters and sisters.

“是德国佬！”一个女孩轻蔑地说道，“我恨死他们了！”

“为什么他们要挑起战争？”另一个女孩抱怨道，“我爸爸打仗已经去了很久了。”

的确，我们都有爸爸、哥哥或是叔叔们在欧洲打仗。

坚定步伐，我们来到了营地。不一会儿，煎锅里熏肉就开始滋滋作响，煎饼周边也慢慢烤得焦黄。

野炊非常成功。泰勒夫人先前提到的美食乐趣确实很有道理。

早餐过后，我们便开始清理野炊营地，这时有一个女孩开始唱起了童子军歌谣。一个接一个，不一会儿我们都跟着唱了起来。我们的头儿又起了另一首歌，大家也热情高涨地跟着唱起来。

突然，我们意外地听到了有男子的歌声。优美的旋律伴着浑厚、低沉的音调弥漫在这12月的天空，很快就飘向我们。

我们抬头望去，只见一个叫“岩洞”的红色沉积大石头，下面天然生成一个扇贝状空间，里面挤满了德国战犯和看守卫兵。

他们的歌声才落，我们又起了一首。他们接着又送上了一段难忘的旋律。尽管他们唱的我们一个字也听不懂，我们居然开心地和他们继续对唱，在这晴朗的沙漠绿洲上持续了一上午。

最后，一个女孩唱起了《平安夜》，大家紧跟着就都唱起了这首圣诞颂歌。这次唱完后却是一阵寂静，随后这熟悉的旋律又飘了回来。

“为什么他们也知道我们的圣诞颂歌？”一个小女孩问我们的头儿。他们可是我们国家的敌人啊！

我们怀着敬畏之情，继续在那静静地听着。那一刻，感觉如此奇怪，却又难以忘怀，洞里面的人仿佛成了我们某人的父亲或兄长，他们 also 把我们当成心爱的女儿或是小妹妹一样。



In the years that followed,others probably looked at our new badges as proof that we could cook over a fire.But to us,they were reminders of the need for peace,and a very strange transformation that happened one Christmastime.

Gerry Niskern



在后来的岁月里,别人都认为我们的新徽章是证明我们学会了在野外做饭,而对我们来说,那是提醒我们对和平的渴求,还有在那年圣诞我们心里奇怪的转变和升华。

格里·尼斯肯