

双语
精华版
(附赠 CD)



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心灵鸡汤

[爱情系列]

最幸福的约定

贺爱军 于应机 译

He-she Stories

Jack Canfield & Mark Victor Hansen 等著

Chicken
Soup for the
Soul

安徽科学技术出版社

Health Communications, Inc.



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作为美国大众心理自助与人生励志类的闪亮品牌,《心灵鸡汤》语言地道新颖,优美流畅,极富时代感。书中一个个扣人心弦的故事,深度挖掘平凡小事蕴藏的精神力量和人性之美,真率倾诉对生命的全新体验和深刻感悟,字里行间洋溢着爱心、感恩、信念、鼓励 and 希望。由于故事的蕴涵哲思深邃,豁然释然,央视“百家讲坛”曾引用其作为解读援例。

文本的适读性与亲和力、故事的吸引力和感召力、内涵的人文性和震撼力,煲出了鲜香润泽的《心灵鸡汤》——发行 40 多个国家和地区,总销量上亿册的全球超级畅销书!

安徽科学技术出版社独家引进的该系列英文版,深得广大读者推崇与青睐,频登各大书店及“开卷市场零售监测系统”的畅销书排行榜,多次荣获全国出版发行行业的各类大奖。

就学英语而言,本系列读物的功效已获莘莘学子乃至英语教学界的充分肯定。由于语篇的信度、效度符合标准化考试命题的质量要求,全国大学英语四级考试、全国成人本科学位考试的阅读理解真题曾采用其中的文章。

为了让更多读者受惠于这一品牌,我社又获国内独家授权,隆重推出双语精华版《心灵鸡汤》系列:英汉美文并蓄、双语同视面对照——广大读者既能在轻松阅读中提高英语水平,又能从中感悟人生的真谛,激发你搏击风雨、奋发向上的生命激情!

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CONTENTS

目 录



致天下有情人

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 1.Thinking of You | 2 |
| 常相思念 | |
| 2.Hungry for Your Love | 10 |
| 渴望爱情 | |
| 3.A Gentle Caress | 18 |
| 永相厮守 | |
| 4.The Metal Box | 22 |
| 金属宝盒 | |
| 5.The Greatest Gift of All | 24 |
| 特别礼物 |  |
| 6.Lemonade and a Love Story | 30 |
| 爱情故事 | |
| 7.A Second Chance | 36 |
| 二次机缘 | |
| 8.The Promise | 46 |
| 一言九鼎 |  |
| 9.How do I Love Thee? | 50 |
| 如此爱你 | |

目 录



56

10. Love Unspoken

无言的爱

60

11. The Richest Woman in the World

孰富孰贫

66

12. The Mayonnaise War

蛋黄酱大战

70

13. Coming Home

马上到家

78

14. Married to a Stranger

嫁给陌生人

88

15. Love Me Tender

温柔的爱

96

16. My Home Is Where My Husband Is

随夫同行

102

17. On Our Twentieth Wedding Anniversary

二十年结婚纪念

106

18. Rice Pudding

大米布丁



114

19. The Angel's Gift

天使的礼物

120

20. Sarah's Last Request

萨拉的最后请求





爱情问题

21. Everyone Has a Boyfriend but Me
等待爱情 128
22. Am I Good Enough for Him?
郎才女貌 130
23. I'm Not Pretty Enough for Him
情场逐鹿 136
24. Falling in Love
坠入爱河 140
25. The Perfect Guy?
白马王子 142
26. She's Been Hurt, and Now She Won't Love
受伤女子 150
27. My Special Someone
曾经沧海 154
28. What Is He Thinking?
子君所思 160
29. I Have to Choose Between Two Guys
脚踏两船 164
30. This Guy Is Spreading Rumors about Me
谣言中伤 168
31. I'm Afraid She'll Reject Me...
难以启齿 172
32. I Misjudged a Great Guy
判若两人 176
33. I'm Scared to Kiss Him
初吻难开 180





182

34.I don't Get It:What Is Love?

情为何物

186

35.What do Guys Like?What do Girls Like?

少男少女

192

36.How can I Tell If He Likes Me?

爱情测定

196

37.How can I Tell If She Likes Me?

芳心测定

198

38.I Want Him to Be My Boyfriend...Not Just a Friend

向前一步

202

39.I Like Her...but She Likes My Friend

移情别恋

206

40.One Minute She's Nice,the Next She's Mean:What Am I Doing Wrong?

芳心莫测



212

41.How do I Save Our Relationship?

挽救爱情

218

42.I'm Always Worried He'll Find Someone Better

执子之手

220

43.My Parents don't Approve of My Boyfriend

父母之命

224

44.She's Moved on,and I can't Handle It

旧情难舍

228

45.Footprints in My Heart

情场留痕



致天下有情人

所有的愿望都会飞翔
所有的眼泪都有重量
所有的付出都会有回报
所有的真心都会被看到





Thinking of You

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

Thomas Campbell



Sophie's face faded into the gray winter light of the sitting room. She dozed in the armchair that Joe had bought for her on their fortieth anniversary. The room was warm and quiet. Outside it was snowing lightly.

At a quarter past one the mailman turned the corner onto Allen Street. He was behind on his route, not because of the snow, but because it was Valentine's Day and there was more mail than usual. He passed Sophie's house without looking up. Twenty minutes later he climbed back into his truck and drove off.

Sophie stirred when she heard the mail truck pull away, then took off her glasses and wiped her mouth and eyes with the handkerchief she always carried in her sleeve. She pushed herself up using the arm of the chair for support, straightened slowly and smoothed the lap of her dark green housedress.

Her slippers made a soft, shuffling sound on the bare floor as she walked to the kitchen. She stopped at the sink to wash the two dishes she had left on the counter after lunch. Then she filled a plastic cup halfway with water and took her pills. It was one forty-five.

There was a rocker in the sitting room by the front window. Sophie eased herself into it. In a half-hour the children would be passing by on their way home from school. Sophie waited, rocking and watching the snow.

常相思念

活在生者的心里就是永生。

托马斯·坎贝尔

映着冬天起居室灰暗的灯光,索菲的脸色显得有些憔悴。她躺在结婚40周年纪念——乔为她买的扶手椅上打了个盹儿。屋里温暖、安静,外面飘着雪花。

下午1:15分,邮递员艰难地来到艾伦街。今天他比往日来得晚些,倒不是因为下雪的缘故,而是因为今天是情人节,邮件比往常多。邮递员路过索菲家门口时头都来不及抬;过了20分钟,他才回来上了邮车,并把车开走了。

听着邮车离去的声音,索菲心里有些不平静。她摘下眼镜,拿出习惯放在袖筒里的手绢擦了擦嘴和眼睛。然后,撑着椅子的扶手慢慢地直起腰站起来,把她墨绿色的便服掸平。

索菲朝厨房走去,地板上没有地毯,便鞋拖在地上发出轻轻的响声。她在水槽旁停下来,把午饭后留在橱柜上的两个盘子刷了,然后用塑料杯子倒了半杯水把药喝了。当时是1:45分。

起居室里靠着前面的窗户有把摇椅,索菲在上面躺下来。半个小时以后,放学回家的孩子们就要从这儿走过。索菲躺在摇椅上,看着外面的雪,在那儿等着。

The boys came first, as always, running and calling out things Sophie could not hear. Today they were making snowballs as they went, throwing them at one another. One snowball missed and smacked hard into Sophie's window. She jerked backward, and the rocker slipped off the edge of her oval rag rug.

The girls dilly-dallied after the boys, in twos and threes, cupping their mittened hands over their mouths and giggling. Sophie wondered if they were telling each other about the valentines they had received at school. One pretty girl with long brown hair stopped and pointed to the window where Sophie sat watching. Sophie slipped her face behind the drapes, suddenly self-conscious.

When she looked out again, the boys and girls were gone. It was cold by the window, but she stayed there watching the snow cover the children's footprints.

A florist's truck turned onto Allen Street. Sophie followed it with her eyes. It was moving slowly. Twice it stopped and started again. Then the driver pulled up in front of Mrs. Mason's house next door and parked.

Who would be sending Mrs. Mason flowers? Sophie wondered. Her daughter in Wisconsin? Or her brother? No, her brother was very ill. It was probably her daughter. How nice of her.

Flowers made Sophie think of Joe and, for a moment, she let the aching memory fill her. Tomorrow was the fifteenth. Eight months since his death.

The flower man was knocking at Mrs. Mason's front door. He carried a long white and green box and a clipboard. No one seemed to be answering. Of course! It was Friday—Mrs. Mason quilted at the church on Friday afternoons. The delivery man looked around, then started toward Sophie's house.

Sophie shoved herself out of the rocker and stood close to the drapes. The man knocked. Her hands trembled as she straightened her hair. She reached her front hall on his third knock.



像往常一样,男孩子们先回来的,他们跑着喊着,喊的什么索菲听不清楚。今天他们边跑边打雪仗。一不小心,一个雪球没砸着人,却“啪”的一声狠狠地砸在索菲家的窗户上。索菲身子向后一仰,摇椅滑到了椭圆形碎呢地毯外边。

女孩子们三三两两、磨磨蹭蹭地跟在男孩子们的后面,戴着手套的手捂着嘴咯咯地笑着。索菲在想她们可能是在谈论着各自在学校里收到的情人节礼物。一个留着棕色长发的漂亮女孩停下来向索菲这儿的窗户指了指。突然间,索菲意识到了,有点不好意思,把脸藏在了窗帘后。

等她再朝外看时,那些孩子们都已经走了。挨着窗户很冷,但她还是一直待在那儿看着雪把孩子们留下的脚印盖住才离开。

这时,一辆送花的卡车开进了艾伦街。索菲的目光一直跟着车子走。车子速度很慢,停了两次,又开动了。之后,司机一直开到隔壁梅森夫人家门前停了下来。

“谁会给梅森夫人送花呢?”索菲有些纳闷。“是她在威斯康星州的女儿?还是她的弟弟?不会的,她弟弟病得厉害。可能是她女儿,多好的女儿啊!”

花儿使索菲想起了乔。一想起乔,痛苦的记忆使她难过了好一会儿。明天就是15号了,乔去世有8个月了。

屋外,送花人在敲梅森家的前门,手里拿着一个长长的绿白相间的盒子和一个写字板夹。好像没有人开门。当然不会有人了,这天是星期五——星期五下午梅森夫人在教堂缝被子。送花人四周看了看,然后向索菲家走来。

索菲吃力地从摇椅上起来,站在窗帘旁。那人敲了敲门,她手颤颤巍巍地捋了捋头发。敲第三下时,她已经来到了前门口。

"Yes?" she said, peering around a slightly opened door.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," the man said loudly. "Would you take a delivery for your neighbor?"

"Yes," Sophie answered, pulling the door wide open.

"Where would you like me to put them?" the man asked politely as he strode in.

"In the kitchen, please. On the table." The man looked big to Sophie. She could hardly see his face between his green cap and full beard. Sophie was glad he left quickly, and she locked the door after him.

The box was as long as the kitchen table. Sophie drew near to it and bent over to read the lettering: "NATALIE'S Flowers for Every Occasion." The rich smell of roses engulfed her. She closed her eyes and took slower breaths, imagining yellow roses. Joe had always chosen yellow. "To my sunshine," he would say, presenting the extravagant bouquet. He would laugh delightedly, kiss her on the forehead, then take her hands in his and sing to her "You Are My Sunshine".

It was five o'clock when Mrs. Mason knocked at Sophie's front door. Sophie was still at the kitchen table. The flower box was now open though, and she held the roses on her lap, swaying slightly and stroking the delicate yellow petals. Mrs. Mason knocked again, but Sophie did not hear her, and after several minutes the neighbor left.

Sophie rose a little while later, laying the flowers on the kitchen table. Her cheeks were flushed. She dragged a step stool across the kitchen floor and lifted a white porcelain vase from the top corner cabinet. Using a drinking glass, she filled the vase with water, then tenderly arranged the roses and greens, and carried them into the sitting room.

She was smiling as she reached the middle of the room. She turned slightly and began to dip and twirl in small slow circles. She stepped lightly, gracefully, around the sitting room, into the kitchen, down the hall, back again. She danced till her knees grew weak, and then she dropped into the armchair and slept.



“有事吗？”她问道，透过打开的门缝朝四周看了看。

“下午好，夫人，”那人高声说。“你能替你邻居收一下货吗？”

“可以，”索菲答道，同时把门开大了。

“我该放在哪儿呢？”那人走进来后礼貌地问道。

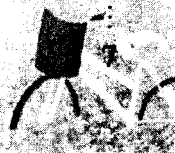
“请放在厨房里。就放桌子上。”索菲觉得那人很高大，戴着绿色的帽子，留着满脸的胡子，索菲无法看到他的脸。索菲很高兴那人很快走了，她随后锁上了门。

盒子跟厨房的桌子一样长，索菲走到盒子跟前弯下腰去读纸条上的字：“纳塔里送上的节日鲜花。”盒子里面玫瑰花散发的浓浓的香味令她陶醉。她闭上眼睛，慢慢地呼吸，眼前是美妙的黄色玫瑰。乔以前喜欢选择黄色，他总是捧着一大束黄玫瑰对索菲说，“送给我的阳光。”他总是高兴地笑着，吻着她的前额，然后拉着她的手对她唱“你是我的阳光”。

梅森夫人敲索菲家前门时，已经是下午5点了。索菲还在厨桌旁，不过，装花的盒子已经打开了，她把玫瑰花放在膝盖上抱着，轻轻地摇晃着，用手抚摸着鲜嫩的黄色花瓣。梅森夫人又敲了几下，但索菲还是没听到。等了好几分钟，邻居才走了。

又过了一会儿，索菲起身把花放在厨桌上。她脸颊带着红晕，拖着一把脚凳穿过厨房，从上面拐角的橱柜里取出一个白色的陶瓷花瓶。她用喝水的杯子给花瓶灌满了水，然后小心翼翼地把玫瑰花插进花瓶，再把这些花搬进了起居室。

她面带微笑，走到房子中间，微微转过身来，开始降低重心并缓慢旋转。她步履轻盈优美，先在起居室，然后进入厨房，穿过大厅，然后再一路转回来。就这样，她一直跳到两膝发软，倒进扶手椅就睡着了。





At a quarter past six, Sophie awoke with a start. Someone was knocking on the back door this time. It was Mrs. Mason.

"Hello, Sophie," Mrs. Mason said. "How are you? I knocked at five and was a little worried when you didn't come. Were you napping?" She chattered as she wiped her snowy boots on the welcome mat and stepped inside. "I just hate the snow, don't you? The radio says we might have six inches by midnight, but you can never trust them, you know. Do you remember last winter when they predicted four inches and we had twenty-one? Twenty-one! And they said we'd have a mild winter this year. Ha! I don't think it's been over zero in weeks. Do you know my oil bill was \$263 last month? For my little house! "

Sophie was only half-listening. She had remembered the roses suddenly and was turning hot with shame. The empty flower box was behind her on the kitchen table. What would she say to Mrs. Mason?

"I don't know how much longer I can keep paying the bills. If only Alfred, God bless him, had been as careful with money as your Joseph. Joseph! Oh, good heavens! I almost forgot about the roses."

Sophie's cheeks burned. She began to stammer an apology, stepping aside to reveal the empty box.

"Oh, good," Mrs. Mason interrupted. "You put the roses in water. Then you saw the card. I hope it didn't startle you to see Joseph's handwriting. Joseph had asked me to bring you the roses the first year, so I could explain for him. He didn't want to alarm you. His 'Rose Trust', I think he called it. He arranged it with the florist last April. Such a good man, your Joseph..."

But Sophie had stopped listening. Her heart was pounding as she picked up the small white envelope she had missed earlier. It had been lying beside the flower box all the time. With trembling hands, she removed the card.

"To my sunshine," it said. "I love you with all my heart. Try to be happy when you think of me. Love, Joe."