

付出是一种幸福,彼此牵手同行,难免磕碰,重要的是要珍惜爱与付出。 懂得珍惜,爱才会长久,懂得付出,才会幸福。

懂得付出 才会幸福

Deliver Your Love, Then Happiness Returns 方雪梅 编译

天津教育出版:

一分耕耘一分收获,有付出才会有幸福。有人因惧怕付出而与幸福 失之交臂,也有人不在乎一时得失选择了付出,最终赢得了幸福。 本书精选了50余篇有关幸福的真情故事,仔细品味其中传达的深深 情意,你会为相濡以沫的亲情、刻骨铭心的爱情还有真挚的友情所 感动。 Deliver Your Love, Then Happiness Returns 懂得付出才会幸福

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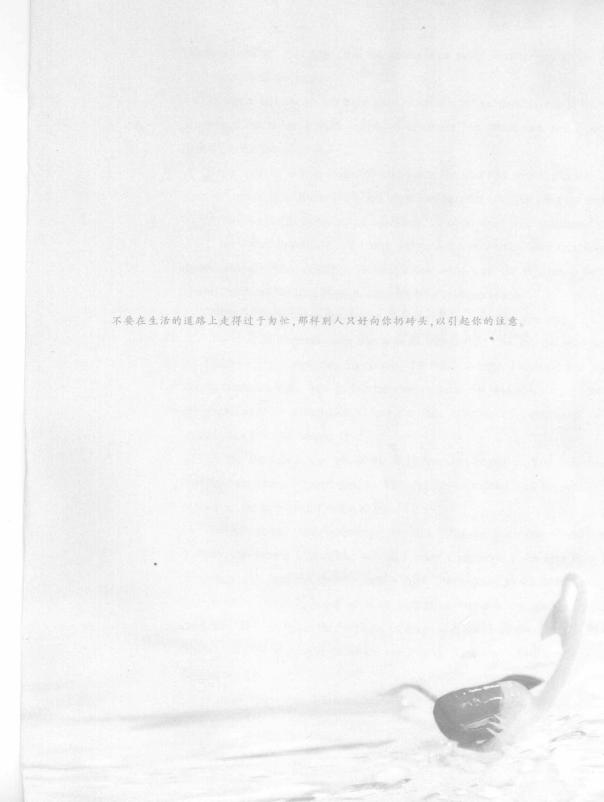
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有时候,爱,并不总是挂在嘴边,而是以最不同寻常的方式展现出来!爱你所爱的人吧,不要等到永远失去后再去追悔。



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第一卷 如何发现真爱

How to Find Ture Love

心灵的撞击	002
Under the Influence	005
温柔的爱	009
Love Me Tender	013
战地情书	017
1,716 Letters	019
幸福到老	021
A happy-Ever-After	023
照片中的回忆	026
Memory in a Photograph	028
不同寻常的爱	030
Love's Strange Ways	032
假如我知道	034
If I Had Only Known	036
天长地久,相伴相依	038
Forever Meant Being There—Always	042
金钱和爱情	047
Money and Love	049





时间•阿司匹林	052
Aspirin for a Severed Head	055
如何发现真爱	058
How to Find True Love	061
曾经沧海	065
My Special Someone	067

第二卷 走在阳光里

Keep Walking in Sunshine

深情拥抱	070
A Hug for Your Thoughts	072
妈妈与孩子	074
Mother and Child	076
我生命中的"另一位女人"	078
That "Other Woman" in My Life	080
阿什莉的来信	082
Ashley's Letter	084
母亲的辛路历程	087.
Journey of a Mother	089
爱的重心	091



The Day I was Too Busy	000	
	093	
我懂了她	095	
Just a Foot Rub	097	
园丁爷爷	099	
A Promise of Spring	101	
爱的价值	104	
The Treasure	106	
红围巾	108	
The Red Scarf	110	
沉默的握手 最深的交流	113	
A Silent Handshake That Speaks Volumes	114	
第三卷 成长中有你		
Growing Up Together		
我的第二任父亲	116	
My Second Father	117	
脚步声	119	
Footsteps	122	
爱要了解		
The Importance of Conscience	126	



我所过的最好的圣诞节	128
The Best Christmas I Never Had	132
我们选择做朋友	137
We Chose to Be Friends	139
奇迹的价格	142
A Brother's Miracle	144
玩具娃娃和白色玫瑰	146
The Doll and a White Rose	148
一起走过的日子	150
The Story of Gina	153
爱的礼物	157
A Gift of Love	159
生活中的"砖头"	161
"The Brick" in Life	162
情暖今生	164
The Gift	166

第四卷 永远的朋友

A Forever Friend

心中的温暖 170 Warm in the Heart 172



快乐的选择	175
A Happy Choice	177
危急时刻	180
At the Critical Moment	182
奉献	184
Outgiven	186
片刻的欢乐	188
A Moment of Joy	191
开启心门	194
Good Things	196
美丽心灵	198
The Old Fisherman	200
圣诞祝福	203
Toothless Grin	205
世界换个角度更美丽	207
The World Looks Better from the Way Back	208
溪流垂钓的一天	210
A Day in the Stream	212

V

Chapter

如何发现真爱

How to Find Ture Love

告诉对方::你就是我的至爱!
也容、优雅与爱意。幸福是什色容、优雅与爱意。幸福是什么?幸福就是在回忆起这些爱的时刻时,能够握着爱人的手,



心灵的撞击

加布里埃尔·米拉尔克

听到外面汽车的声音,芭芭拉关上了电视。电视节目《深夜本地新闻》中讲到了一起库坡山肇事司机逃逸案,她看了之后一颗不安的心嗵嗵地跳着。警察正在搜捕肇事司机,一位警方发言人说,从现场轮胎滑行的轨迹来看,事故是由于肇事司机在高速行驶中没有看到拐弯处而发生的。

当迈克的脚步声在车道上响起时,芭芭拉拉紧身上的睡衣,转身看着镜子中的自己。她希望能看到一张平静的脸,就像个没事人一样。现在是周五的晚上,迈克通常都会在周五晚上处理完最后一批订单,醉醺醺地回家,看上去显得更加憔悴。

迈克的钥匙在前门的锁里转动,她听到他跌跌撞撞地慢慢走过门厅,然后出现 在放电视的那个房间里。

"亲爱的,你还好吗?"他一边模仿布鲁斯·佛西斯的声音问道,一边给她一个飞吻。他一下子倒在沙发上,痛苦地说:"别对我拉着脸。你知道,我不得不忍受啤酒的折磨。"他咕哝着,"这帮家伙就希望这样。我不能在他们面前显得太高高在上,周末的时候不同他们喝上一杯。"

"我知道。"芭芭拉答道。

迈克做集中供热系统安装生意。对于他而言,工作就是他的全部。他不喜欢喝酒,酒量也不大,但是喝酒能让他与他公司里的骨干员工们搞好关系。迈克一心扑在事业上,是人们所说的那种白手起家的人。

"给我来杯咖啡吧。"他叹着气说。

在这种情况下, 芭芭拉通常会说: "要喝咖啡, 自己去冲。要知道, 喝了咖啡你一夜都睡不着觉。"

但是今晚,她愿意去做——甚至是渴望去做——以此来转移自己的紧张情绪。

"我这就去。"她低声说道,然后朝厨房走去。她需要时间来好好想想。

在往咖啡过滤器中装咖啡时,芭芭拉的手在发抖。她想到了迈克的汽车,它静静 地趴在车库里,或许汽车的发动机还是热的呢。上面有能让人察觉的凹痕吗?在自己 产生最糟糕的念头之前,她可以去检查一下,去确定一下。

芭芭拉踮着脚尖溜出后门,让咖啡在壶里煮着。

她从未一个人驾驶过它。这些年来,她一直让迈克相信这对她来说没什么,因为 她并不想保管一辆这么值钱的名车。她有自己满意的活动褶篷车。她摸到了,她的手 指在左保险杠上摸到了一个深深的凹痕。

她头脑晕晕地回到厨房。咖啡已经煮好了,她倒出两杯,放到一个托盘里。

迈克晃晃悠悠地走进厨房。他伸出手臂搂住她,用鼻子爱抚着她的脖子。"对不起,亲爱的,"他打着嗝说,"明明知道你在这里等我,我却还要去跟那些混蛋出去。还记得咱们从前的日子吗?"

她当然非常清楚地记得。他们曾经如胶似漆。她从来没有遇到像迈克这样令她满意的男人。先前的男友也都是稳重、能给人安全感的那种类型——也不乏情趣,但是谁也没能让她动心。

迈克是如此的与众不同——他自信,有判断力,开着他的豪华汽车带着她去兜风露脸。他带她去豪华餐厅,假日里带她去晒日光浴。她过着高品位的生活,享受着其中的一分一秒。当她看出他那令人不满的另一面时,为时已晚,因为他们已经结婚了。

她的朋友中,没有谁能够知道和一位工作狂在一起生活是什么感觉。

当他吻着她的脖子,满嘴酒气地说着情话时,芭芭拉想起了更多的事。顺从和舒服是她唯一的感受。

难道她离开这一切,就只为了理查德所给予的那种生活吗?

她的这位情人一贫如洗,而且与钱之类的事情一点关系也没有。这也正是她在一开始的时候被理查德吸引的原因。他并不在意是否是住在带有豪华酒窖的高级住宅。他是一家游泳池安装公司的职员。那天他来给她家安装游泳池时,芭芭拉与他见面了。她看着他在自家的花园里忙了一整个春天。当芭芭拉发现他总是找理由与自己聊天时,她意识到自己与理查德是相互爱慕的。

尽管他有些粗野,但是她只是把他当作一个短时间调情的对象,她与他连续不 断地会面已经有一年多了。今晚理查德谈到了希望以后在一起的时间能够更多一 点,甚至要求她考虑离开迈克。

问题是,和迈克在一起生活了10年后,芭芭拉现在已经变成了一个严重的物质 女孩。就像她抱怨迈克带给她的悲伤一样,她已经非常习惯了这种舒适的生活。让 她离开奢华的生活并不是件容易事。

"去睡觉吧。"迈克轻声说。

她低声答道:"过一会儿吧。等我们把咖啡喝完。我有些话想对你说。"

她引着他来到客厅,忽地坐在一把椅子上。

迈克发出一声叹息,倒在精美的沙发上。

她低着头说:"我有事要向你坦白。今晚我开你的车出去了。"芭芭拉准备一口气说完,"当我看时间时,发现你就要从酒店回来了,于是我疯一般开着车。但是因为一场交通事故库坡山被关闭了,于是我不得不绕道从霍克路回家。"

"因为不习惯那儿要按车道行驶,我心里很慌张,车子撞上了下一个路口突出的墙上。只是轻轻地撞了一下。事情是这样——我开着这辆车——与理查德约会去了。还记得他吗?他在我们去年请来安装游泳池的那家公司工作。我们约会有一段时间了……"

因为想知道他听到哪个消息更生气,芭芭拉好奇地抬起头来想看个究竟。

迈克已经睡着了。他的头向后仰着,很快就睡着了。迈克一个字也没听到。

她闭上双眼。现在收回一切都还来得及。在他发现凹痕之前,她可以去把车修好。他开着面包车一早去接他的伙计,他一离开,她就可以开着自己的车迅速到最近的修车点去,带一个汽车修理工回来,把迈克的车开去修理。

她再也不会开那辆车了。

她同样也有时间考虑是否要放弃理查德了。

迈克的确是一个慷慨的给予者,并且很有责任感。理查德正好相反,他追求刺激,又没有责任感。正是理查德鼓动她去开迈克心爱的汽车,去过不安分的生活的。 而且,她发现当自己走近他或者与他在一起时,自己什么都敢做。

查理德给她的生活带来了刺激,同时又不使她的生活遭到破坏。不,这场事故很显然警告了她——她已经接近犯重大错误的边缘。为什么要去破坏自己现在安逸无忧的生活呢?

"来吧,"她用脚拨动着迈克,轻叹着气对他说,"我们上楼吧,明天又是新的一天!"

Under the Influence

Gabrielle Mullarkey

Hearing a car outside, Barbara turned off the TV. Her heart was pounding. She'd been listening to the late-night local news about a hit-and-run fatality on Cooper's Hill. Police were hunting the driver responsible. A police spokesman had said. "Judging by skidmarks at the scene, whoever it was took the unsighted bend on Cooper's Hill at speed."

As Mike's footsteps tapped up the drive, Barbara tightened her robe and turned to look at her face in the mirror. She was hoping for the calm, non-committal look. It was a Friday night. He often rolled home after last orders on Fridays, the worse for wear.

His key scratched at the front door. She heard him shuffle uncertainly across the entrance hall and then he appeared in the television room.

"All right, my love?" he asked in a camp Bruce Forsyth voice, blowing her a kiss. He collapsed on the sofa and added balefully. "No need to give me the thin-lipped and beetle-brewed treatment. You know I have to endure trial by pint," he grunted. "The blokes expect it. I can't be seen to be too high and mighty to share a drink at the end of a working week."

"I know that." she said.

Mike ran his own business installing central heating systems. Work came first, second and last for him. He didn't like alcohol much and wasn't good at holding it. But anything to keep in with the lads, the backbone of his company. Mike was dedicated to his work and he was, as they say, a self-made man with all the trapping of wealth.

"I wouldn't say no to a black coffee," he sighed.

Usually, Barbara said. "If you want coffee, make it yourself. You know it'll keep you up all night."

But tonight she was grateful—eager even—for some distracting task.

"I'll make some," she mumured, heading for the kitchen. She needed time to think.

Her hands shook as she filled the coffee filter machine. She thought of his car, its engine probably still warm, squatting silently in the garage. Would there be a telltale dent on one side? She should check, be really sure before she thought the worst.

She tiptoed out of the back door, leaving the kettle boiling.

She'd never taken it out alone. Over the years, she'd convinced him that this was fine by her—that she didn't want sole custody of such a valuable piece of metal. She had her own little convertible and she was content with that. Then she felt it. Her fingers traced a deep dent on the left bumper.

She walked back to the kitchen in a daze. The coffee was ready and she poured out two cups and then put them on a tray.

Mike stumbled into the kitchen. He slipped his arms around her and nuzzled her neck. "Sorry, babe," he hiccuped. "Dunno why I go out with those apes when I've got you waiting back here. Remember how it used to be?"

She remembered only too well. They hadn't been able to keep their hands off each other. She'd never met a man like him. Her previous boyfriends had been safe, secure types—not exactly dull, but none of them had ever been destined to set the world on fire.

Mike was so different—confident, assertive, showing her off in his flash car. He took her to expensive restaurants and on holidays in the sun. She lived the high life and loved every minute of it. By the time she saw his flipside, it was too late. They were married.

None of her friends knew what it was like living with a workaholic1.

She was reminded of all this and more as he went on kissing her neck, mingling sweet nothings with the beer fumes. She'd become too passive and comfortable.

