

美丽英文系列丛书

故事里的哲理

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY

人生充满了变化，充满了挑战，充满了激情，因此我们需要不断激励自己。针对人生中不同方面的问题，用故事的形式让读者在阅读中得到启迪。

励志美文 英汉对照

余平姣◎编著

 企业管理出版社
ENTERPRISE MANAGEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE

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Momma Says It's for You

Anonymous

“And how can I help you, little lady?”

Pappy was a pleasant-looking old **fellow**. He had the whitest hair which he kept neatly cut and combed. His eyes were blue, though faded with age, and they seemed to emit a warmth from within. His face was quite drawn, but when he smiled, even his wrinkles seemed to soften and smile with him. He had a talent for whistling and did so happily each day as he dusted and swept his pawnshop; even so, he had a secret sadness, but everyone who knew him respected and adored him.

Most of Pappy's customers returned for their goods, and he did not do much business, but he did not mind. To him, the shop was not a **livelihood** as much as a welcome pastime.

There was a room in the back of his shop where he spent time tinkering with a **menagerie** of his own precious items. He referred to this back room as “Memory Hall.” In it were pocket watches, clocks, and electric trains. There were miniature steam engines and antique toys made of wood, tin, or cast iron, and there were various other obsolete **trinkets** as well. Spending time in “Memory Hall” delighted him as he recalled many treasured moments from his past. He handled each item with care, and sometimes he would close his eyes and pause to relive a sweet, simple childhood memory.

One day, Pappy was working to his heart's content reassembling an old

railroad lantern. As he worked, he whistled the melody of a railroad tune and **reminisced** about his own past as a switchman. It was a typical day at the shop. Outside, the Sun illuminated the clear sky, and a slight wind passed through the front screen door. Whenever the weather was this nice, Pappy kept the inner door open. He enjoyed the fresh air—almost as much as the **distinctive** smell of antiques and old engine oil.

As he was polishing his newly restored lantern, he heard the tinkling of his bell on the shop door. The bell, which produced a uniquely charming sound, had been in Pappy's family for over a hundred years. He cherished it dearly and enjoyed sharing its song with all who came to his shop. Although the bell hung on the inside of the main door, Pappy had strung a wire to the screen door so that it would ring whether the inner door was open or not. Prompted by the bell, he left "Memory Hall" to greet his customer.

At first, he did not see her. Her shiny, soft curls barely topped the counter.

"And how can I help you, little lady?" Pappy's voice was jovial.

"Hello, sir." The little girl spoke almost in a whisper. She was dainty, bashful, innocent. She looked at Pappy with her big brown eyes, then slowly **scanned** the room in search of something special.

Shyly she told him, "I'd like to buy a present, sir."

"Well, let's see," Pappy said, "who is this present for?"

"My Grandpa. It's for my Grandpa. But I don't know what to get."

Pappy began to make suggestions, "How about a pocket watch? It's in good condition. I fixed it myself." he said proudly. The little girl didn't answer. She had walked to the doorway and put her small hand on the door. She wiggled the door gently to ring the bell. Pappy's face seemed to glow as he saw her smiling with excitement. "This is just right," the little girl **bubbled**, "Momma says Grandpa loves music."

Just then, Pappy's expression changed. Fearful of breaking the little girl's heart, he told her, "I'm sorry, missy. That's not for sale. Maybe your Grandpa

would like this little radio.” The little girl looked at the radio, lowered her head, and sadly sighed, “No, I don’t think so.” In an effort to help her understand, Pappy told her the story of how the bell had been in his family for so many years, and that was why he didn’t want to sell it.

The little girl looked up at him, and with a giant tear in her eye, sweetly said, “I guess I understand. Thank you, anyway.” Suddenly, Pappy thought of how the rest of the family was all gone now, except for his **estranged** daughter whom he had not seen in nearly a decade. Why not, he thought. Why not pass it on to someone who will share it with a loved one? God only knows where it will end up anyway.

“Wait... little lady.” Pappy spoke just as the little girl was going out the door—just as he was hearing his bell ring for the last time. “I’ve decided to sell the bell. Here’s a hanky. Blow your nose.” The little girl began to clap her hands. “Oh, thank you, sir. Grandpa will be so happy.”

“Okay, little lady. Okay.” Pappy felt good about helping the child; he knew, however, he would miss the bell. “You must promise to take good care of the bell for your Grandpa—and for me, too, okay?” He carefully placed the bell in a brown paper bag.

“Oh, I promise,” said the little girl. Then, she suddenly became very still and quiet. There was something she had forgotten to ask. She looked up at Pappy with great concern, and again almost in a whisper, asked, “How much will it cost?”

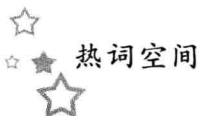
“Well, let’s see. How much have you got to spend?” Pappy asked with a grin. The child pulled a small coin purse from her pocket then reached up and emptied two dollars and forty-seven cents onto the counter. After briefly questioning his own sanity, Pappy said, “Little lady, this is your lucky day. That bell costs exactly two dollars and forty-seven cents.” Later that evening as Pappy prepared to close up shop, he found himself thinking about his bell. Already he had decided not to put up another one.

He thought about the child and wondered if her Grandpa like his gift. Surely he would cherish anything from such a precious **grandchild**. At that moment, just as he was going to turn off the light in “Memory Hall,” Pappy thought he heard his bell. Again, he questioned his sanity; he turned toward the door, and there stood the little girl. She was ringing the bell and smiling sweetly. Pappy was puzzled as he strolled toward the small child.

“What’s this, little lady? Have you changed your mind?” “No,” she grinned. “Momma says it’s for you.”

Before Pappy had time to say another word, the child’s mother stepped into the doorway, and choking back a tear, she gently said, “Hello, Dad.” The little girl tugged on her Grandpa’s **shirttail**.

“Here, Grandpa. Here’s your hanky. Blow your nose.”



fellow n. 人, 同事, 朋友

adj. 同伴的; 同道的; 同事的

livelihood n. 生计, 生活, 营生

menagerie n. 动物园, 动物展览

trinket n. 小装饰品, 无关紧要的小事, 琐物

reminisce v. 追忆; 回想

distinctive adj. 有特色的, 出众的

scan n. 细看; 扫描, 粗略一看; 审视; 浏览

v. 细看; 扫描; 粗略地看; 审视; 浏览

bubble n. 泡沫, 幻想

v. 冒泡, 沸腾; 使冒泡, 滔滔不绝地说

estranged adj. 疏远的; 分居的

grandchild n. 孙子; 外孙; 孙女; 外孙女

shirttail n. 衬衫之下摆; 附添资料



妈妈说这是给你买的

佚名

“你要买什么，小姑娘？”

帕匹是一位看上去很亲切的老人。他一头白发干干净净，梳理得有条不紊。他有一双湛蓝的眼睛，虽然由于年老而不再那么清澈了，但看起来还是和蔼可亲。他的脸上满是皱纹，当他微笑时，那些皱纹似乎也变得柔和起来，笑咪咪的。他的口哨吹得很好，每天打扫店铺时，他总是愉快地吹着口哨。私下里，他也有一件伤心事。认识他的人都很尊重他、喜欢他。

大多数帕匹的客人都是回头客。他的生意不太好，但他并不介意。对他来说，开店不是为了谋生，而只是一种消遣。

在他的小店后面有一个房间，他在那里摆弄自己心爱的东西来打发时间，他把后面这间房称作“记忆厅”。那里面有怀表、钟、电气火车等东西，还有小型蒸汽机，有木头、锡、铸铁做成的古董玩具。在记忆厅中的时间让他感觉很是快乐，他可以回忆过去的美好时光。他小心翼翼地摆弄每一样东西。有时候，他会闭上眼睛休息一会儿，使自己重新回到甜蜜、单纯的儿童时代。

一天，帕匹正在装配着一个铁路上用的旧灯罩，他一边吹着铁路工人的小曲，一边回忆起自己过去当铁路工人的岁月。这天他跟平常一样，开店营业。外面阳光灿烂，天空万里无云，微风轻轻拨弄着门口的屏风。天气好的时候，帕匹总是把里面的门开着。他喜欢新鲜空气，就像喜欢他的

古董特有的气味和旧火车的柴油味儿一样。

在他擦拭刚修好的灯罩时，他听到了小店的门铃声。门铃发出独特而悠扬的曲调，100多年来帕匹一家已经熟悉了这种悦耳的声音。他非常珍惜这个门铃，与进小店的每一个顾客分享着这愉悦的声音。门铃挂在主门的背后，帕匹在上面拴了根电线，把它与屏风连接起来，这样，不管里边的门是否打开，都会听到悦耳的铃声。听到门铃响，他离开了“记忆厅”，出来接待他的客人。

一开始，他没看到客人在哪里。客人柔亮的卷发还没有柜台高。

“你要买什么，小姑娘？”帕匹愉快地问。

“你好，先生。”小姑娘轻轻地说，她看上去有点害羞，显得非常得天真可爱。她那褐色的大眼睛看看帕匹，然后向屋子里看去，好像要找一样特别的東西。

她腼腆地告诉帕匹：“我想买一份礼物，先生。”

“好吧，咱们来找找看。”帕匹说，“是送给谁的礼物呢？”

“我的外公，给我外公的。我不知道该买什么。”

帕匹向她建议：“一块怀表怎么样？这块怀表很不错，是我亲自把它修好的。”他的口气很是自豪。

小女孩没有回答，她走到门口，把她的一只小手放在门上，她轻轻地摆动着门，门铃响了起来，看到她兴奋地笑了起来，帕匹感觉高兴极了。

“就这个。”小姑娘高兴得格格笑了起来，“妈妈说外公喜欢音乐。”

帕匹的脸色变了，他很担心伤了小姑娘的心，他告诉她：“对不起，小姐。这是不卖的。可能你的外公会喜欢这个收音机。”

小姑娘看了看收音机，低下头，难过地叹了口气：“不会，我想他不会喜欢。”

帕匹尽量让小姑娘明白他不想卖这个门铃的理由，这个门铃陪伴这个家很多年了，他实在不愿意失去它。

小姑娘抬头看看他，眼里含着泪水，甜甜地说：“我想我明白了，但我还是要谢谢你。”

突然，帕匹想起来，这个家除了他已没有其他成员了，他只有一个在

远方的女儿，但已经有差不多十年没见面了。那么，为什么不把它卖给小姑娘呢？为什么不把它交给一个能够与亲爱的家人分享它的人呢？上帝知道应该把它交给谁。

“等等，小姑娘。”帕匹喊道，这时，小姑娘正向门外走去，这次是他最后一次听到门铃的声音了。“我已经决定要卖掉这个门铃了。喏，给你手绢，擤擤鼻子。”

小姑娘开心地拍着手说：“噢，谢谢你，先生。外公一定非常高兴。”

“是的，小姑娘，是的。”帕匹为能给小姑娘帮上忙而感到高兴。然而，他知道，他会想念这个门铃的。“你一定要好好爱护这个门铃，为你的外公，也为我，好吗？”他小心翼翼地把门铃装进一个褐色纸袋。

“噢，我保证。”小姑娘说。突然，她愣在那里不说话了。她忘记了一件事情。她担心地抬头看看帕匹，用低得几乎无法听到地声音说：“这个门铃多少钱？”

“哦，我看看。你想花多少钱？”帕匹笑着问。

小姑娘从口袋里拿出一个小钱包，在柜台上倒出了里面所有的硬币，一共2美元47美分。确定了一下自己的脑袋还算清醒，帕匹说：“小姑娘，今天是你的幸运日，这个门铃正好卖2美元47美分。”

傍晚，帕匹准备关上店门时，突然思念起他的门铃来。他已经决定不再装门铃。他想起那个女孩，不知道她外公是否喜欢这个礼物。当然，他会珍惜这个宝贝外孙女送的任何东西的。

他正要关上“记忆厅”的灯时，他觉得自己听到了门铃声。他又想了想，确定不是脑袋有问题，于是转身往门外看去，一个小姑娘站在那里，她正摇动着门铃，甜甜地笑着。

帕匹有点糊涂了，他向小姑娘走去，问道：“怎么了，小姑娘？你改变主意了？”

“没有，”她笑着说，“妈妈说这是送给你的。”

帕匹还没来得及说话，小女孩的母亲进了门，她忍住了泪水，轻轻地说：“你好，爸爸。”

小姑娘拉着外公的衣角说：“外公，给你手绢，擤擤鼻子。”

As a man sows, so he shall reap.

什么人交什么朋友。





Merope's Reward

Anonymous

Of the seven beautiful ones, Merope was the quietest and the easiest to overlook. She herself became **accustomed** to blending into the background, and found a way to content herself with that. "Everyone is always watching them," she thought, "so they have to be perfect. No one watches me; I can settle for being good."

Her sisters went through the world being cherished and adored and sought after by all manner of young men. Merope watched the parade pass by her quiet corner, pleased that it made her sisters happy. To amuse herself, she learned to read and write and began writing down her **fantasies** of what her life would be like if she were as beautiful and brilliant as her siblings.

The other six pitied Merope, for while they thought themselves beautiful, to them she was only pretty. Where they were vibrant with the joy of life, Merope wore a dreamy **countenance** that many found uninviting. She seemed so taken with the world of her dreams that they assumed she was unhappy with her lot.

The young men continued to come and go, changing as frequently as her sisters' whims. The only male face Merope saw with any regularity was Sisyphus, the mason who was building a stone wall around their property. Her sisters paid him no heed, for he didn't wear fine clothes and didn't bring them gifts. He

would come into the kitchen through the back door and would ask Merope to find her father for him to answer some question or other about the exact **placement** of the wall.

Merope noticed that Sisyphus treated her with complete respect, and seemed to genuinely care when he asked how she was. On occasion, he would bring her a bucket of berries or a bag of apples he'd found in his wanderings, and Merope would blush as she accepted these gifts. Her sisters laughed at her, and the gifts from **Sisyphus**, for the flocks of young men who swarmed about her sisters offered them jewels and roses, lace and furs.

But the quiet Merope was inwardly thrilled by these homely tributes. "Anyone can buy a ruby," she told them, "anyone can buy a rose or a fur. But not one of those dandies would spend a morning or an afternoon collecting fruit in the broiling sun, being tortured by buzzing, biting flies for one of you." Her sisters laughed at that, but a little less brilliantly than they had before.

One afternoon, Merope's father went out into the fields with Sisyphus, to explain to him where he wanted the fence placed. A short time later, a soaked Sisyphus carried the unconscious, equally drenched man into the kitchen and laid him on the table. He barked orders to Merope, telling her to find clean towels and fetch some brandy.

The story was told in gasps, between sips of the strong liquor. Her father had been backing up, holding a sextant to his eye, and had fallen into the deep, swift river than ran along the edge of their property. Sisyphus had immediately **plunged** in after him, and had pulled him from the cold water.

After he recovered, the grateful man offered Sisyphus any one of his daughters for his wife. The daughters were summoned to his study, six of them crying and protesting that Sisyphus was unworthy. Merope took her customary place in the corner, smiling serenely and saying nothing.

Their father became angry and told the girls sharply that they were being ungrateful and that Sisyphus had proven himself worthy without a doubt by

saving his life. At his admonition, their cries became snuffles, and they sat quietly, swollen-eyed and sullen.

Sisyphus surveyed his choices and smiled when his eyes landed upon Merope. “I would have Merope, sir. Merope will be my wife.” Her sisters’ heads snapped up, and where there had been dread a moment before, there was now **jubilation** and chagrin in quick succession.

“You would prefer Merope over us?” the eldest asked incredulously. “Have you no eyes to see?”

Their father spoke harshly again, and all the sisters but Merope left the room. “Sisyphus, I am happy to give you Merope’s hand in marriage, but I must know why you chose her and not one of my other daughters.”

“Sir,” the mason explained, “your daughters are brilliant beauties, that no one can deny. But their beauty will fade and their brilliance will become brittle and bitter when they realize they are no longer desirable. But Merope’s beauty is of the spirit, and that will not fade. Her **brilliance** is of the mind, and that will not fade. I think I made the wisest choice from among all of your daughters, sir.”

So Merope and Sisyphus were married, and over time, his prophecy came to pass. Merope’s sisters lost their beauty and ceased to be the quarry of young men’s quest for love. They became bitter and morose, locked in their father’s house with no more gentleman callers to pass the hours with them.

Merope glowed in the light of Sisyphus’s love for her, and her brilliant stories entertained them both—her with the writing of them and him with the reading of them—as they grew old together.