

读·品·悟·双语阅读系列



# The Phone Call Made To Heaven

## 打往天堂的 电话

感动中学生的 情感故事

偶遇中那一瞬的感动定格为永恒

刘 鹰 主编

本书精选了国外中学生优秀阅读作品，仔细品味有助于中学生美好情感的培养；精准的英汉互译，既方便阅读，又有助于读者翻译水平的提高。

血浓于水的亲情，永远“为你点一盏心灯”；“因为有爱”，所以这个世界才更加美丽；朋友、友谊让我们“走在铺满阳光的路上”；“偶遇中的那一瞬感动”让我们体味生活中的点滴温馨……





“读·品·悟” 双语阅读系列

# 打往天堂的电话

——感动中学生的情感故事

◎主 编：刘 鹰



二十一世纪出版社

**图书在版编目(CIP)数据**

打往天堂的电话:感动中学生的情感故事/刘鹰主编.  
—南昌:二十一世纪出版社,2005.8

(“读·品·悟”双语阅读系列)

ISBN 7-5391-3137-3

I. 感... II. 刘... III. 英语—阅读教学—中学—课外读物  
IV. G634.413

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2005)第103413号

**打往天堂的电话:感动中学生的情感故事**

---

作 者 刘 鹰 主编

策 划 高长梅

责任编辑 王 华

出 版 二十一世纪出版社

地 址 江西省南昌市子安路75号 邮编 330009

发 行 北京白鹿苑文化传播有限公司

印 刷 北京市德美印刷厂

开 本 787×960 1/16

印 张 15.875

字 数 203千字

版 次 2005年9月第1版

印 次 2005年9月第1次印刷

书 号 ISBN 7-5391-3137-3/I·783

定 价 22.80 元

---

★ 版权所有 侵权必究 ★



# 目 录

## 为你点一盏心灯

Lilacs .....	2
丁香花 .....	5
A Dance with Dad .....	8
和父亲共舞 .....	11
For the Love of Mother .....	13
献给母爱 .....	15
Mystery of the White Gardenia .....	17
白梔子花之谜 .....	19
A Boy with A Mission .....	21
一个男孩的心愿 .....	25
The Doll and a White Rose .....	28
布娃娃和一枝白玫瑰 .....	31
The Best Medicine .....	33
最好的药方 .....	36
A Daughter Thanks Her Mother .....	39
女儿对母亲的感谢 .....	42

The Ice Cream Girl .....	44
冰淇淋女孩 .....	47
The Coolest Dad in the Universe .....	49
天底下最酷的爸爸 .....	52
My Forever Valentine .....	55
我永远的情人节礼物 .....	58
A Friend Like Stepfather .....	60
继父如友 .....	63
Prayer for My Mother .....	66
给妈妈的祈祷词 .....	68
Father Forgets .....	70
爸爸忘记了 .....	73

## 因为有爱

The Gift of the Magi .....	76
麦琪的礼物 .....	82
All Our Lives Long .....	87
相爱到永远 .....	90
Test of True Love .....	92
真爱的考验 .....	94
Hungry for Your Love .....	96
渴望得到你的爱 .....	100
Distant Admirer .....	103
远距离的爱慕者 .....	105
Because of Love .....	107
因为有爱 .....	110
My Favorite Valentine .....	112
我的至爱 .....	116

Salty Coffee .....	120
咸咖啡 .....	122
Love Is Memory .....	124
爱是记忆 .....	127
My One and Only .....	130
我的惟一 .....	133
The Richest Woman in the World .....	135
世上最富有的女人 .....	137
George Washington to His Wife .....	139
乔治·华盛顿致妻 .....	141

### 走在铺满阳光的路上

The Color of Friendship .....	144
友谊的色彩 .....	147
To be a Better Friend .....	149
做个更好的朋友 .....	152
The Value of Friendship .....	154
友谊的价值 .....	156
The Tomb of Keats .....	158
济慈墓 .....	161
It Was a Good Barn .....	164
那曾是一座好谷仓 .....	166
A Good Heart to Lean on .....	168
可以依靠的“善良的心” .....	171

## 偶遇中的那一瞬感动

Lily of the Valley .....	174
一束铃兰 .....	179
The Mute Singer .....	183
哑巴歌手 .....	187
The Precious List .....	190
珍贵的纸片 .....	193
The Girl on the Train .....	196
火车上的少女 .....	199
Maybe A Miracle .....	202
可能是奇迹发生了 .....	207
Is It Worth the Risk? .....	211
值得冒险吗? .....	214
Tribute to Diana, Princess of Wales .....	217
致威尔士王妃戴安娜的献词 .....	221
Written in the Stars .....	224
命中注定 .....	227
The Date Father didn't Keep .....	229
父亲失约 .....	232
Another April .....	234
又是四月 .....	239
Spring Thaw .....	243
真情融冰雪 .....	245





为你点



Shuang Yu Yu Du Qing Gan Gu Shi  
双 语 阅 读 · 情 感 故 事

# 盏心灯





# Lilacs

Every year she remembers that smile on a lonely woman's face, and the kindness that put the smile there.

2

感动中学生的情感故事

打往天堂的电话



The family had just moved to Rhode Island, and the young woman was feeling a little melancholy on that Sunday in May. After all, it was Mother's Day—and 800 miles separated her from her parents in Ohio.

She had called her mother that morning to wish her a happy Mother's Day, and her mother had mentioned how colorful the yard was now that spring had arrived. As they talked, the younger woman could almost smell the tantalizing aroma of purple lilacs hanging on the big bush outside her parents' back door.

Later, when she mentioned to her husband how she missed those lilacs, he popped up from his chair. "I know where

we can find all you want," he said. "Get the kids and C'mon."

So off they went, driving the country roads of northern Rhode Island on the kind of day only mid-May can produce: sparkling sunshine, unclouded azure skies and vibrant newness of the green and growing all around. They went past small villages and burgeoning housing developments, past abandoned apple orchards, back to where trees and brush have devoured old homesteads.

Where they stopped, dense thickets of cedars and junipers and scrub birch crowded the roadway on both sides. There wasn't a lilac bush in sight.

"Come with me," the man said. "Over that hill is an old cellar hole, from somebody's farm of years ago, and there are lilacs all around it. The man who owns this land said I could poke around here anytime. I'm sure he won't mind if we pick a few lilacs."

Before they got halfway up the hill, the fragrance of the lilacs drifted down to them, and the kids started running. Soon, the mother began running, too, until she reached the top.

There, far from view of passing motorists and hidden from encroaching civilization, were the towering lilac bushes, so laden with the huge, cone-shaped flower clusters that they almost bent double. With a smile, the young woman rushed up to the nearest bush and buried her face in the flowers, drinking in the fragrance and the memories it recalled.

While the man examined the cellar hole and tried to explain to the children what the house must have looked like, the woman drifted among the lilacs. Carefully, she chose a sprig here, another one there, and clipped them with her husband's pocket knife. She was in no hurry, relishing each blossom as a rare and delicate treasure.

Finally, though, they returned to their car for the trip home. While the kids chattered and the man drove, the woman sat smiling, surrounded by her flowers a faraway look in her eyes.

When they were within three miles of home, she suddenly shouted to her husband, "Stop the car. Stop right here! "

The man slammed on the brakes. Before he could ask her why she wanted to stop, the woman was out of the car and hurrying up a nearby grassy slope with the

lilacs still in her arms.

At the top of the hill was a nursing home and, because it was such a beautiful spring day, the patients were outdoors strolling with relatives or sitting on the porch.

The young woman went to the end of the porch, where an elderly patient was sitting in her wheelchair, alone, head bowed, her back to most of the others. Across the porch railing went the flowers, into the lap of the old woman. She lifted her head, and smiled.

For a few moments, the two women chatted, both aglow with happiness, and then the young woman turned and ran back to her family.

As the car pulled away, the woman in the wheelchair waved, and clutched the lilacs.

"Mom," the kids asked, "who was that? Why did you give her our flowers? Is she somebody's mother?"

The mother said she didn't know the old woman. But it was Mother's Day, and she seemed so alone, and who wouldn't be cheered by flowers? "Besides," she added, "I have all of you, and I still have my mother, even if she is far away. That woman needed those flowers more than I did."

This satisfied the kids, but not the husband. The next day he purchased half a dozen young lilac bushes and planted them around their yard, and several times since then he has added more.

Now, every May, their own yard is redolent with lilacs. Every Mother's Day their kids gather purple bouquets. And every year she remembers that smile on a lonely woman's face, and the kindness that put the smile there.

# 丁香花

每年她都会记起那位孤独的老妇人的微笑，和微笑所表达的善良心意。



全家人刚刚搬到罗德岛来。五月的那个星期天，年轻的女主人感到有点忧郁。那天正逢母亲节，然而她的父母却远在 800 英里之遥的俄亥俄州。

那天早晨她已打过电话祝她母亲节日快乐，母亲告诉她春天里她的庭院多么绚丽多彩。说着说着，年轻的女主人几乎闻到了她父母家后门外的一大丛紫丁香那撩人的香气。

后来，当她告诉丈夫她非常想念那堆丁香花时，他一下子从椅子上站起。“我知道一个能找到你想要的东西的地方，”他说，“叫上孩子跟我来。”

然后他们出发了，车子行驶在罗德岛北部的乡间大道上。这是只有五月中旬才有的天气：阳光灿烂，碧空万里，处

处生机盎然,一片新绿。他们驶过小小的村落和加紧建设的楼房建筑工地,驶过荒芜了的苹果园,回到了旧日的农场,那里早已长满了乔木和灌木。

他们停车的道路两边,长满了茂密的雪松、桧柏和低矮的桦树,看不见一丛丁香。

“跟我来,”男的说,“翻过那座小山,有一个多年前谁家农场里的地窖。四周全是丁香花。农场的主人说我随时都可以来玩。我肯定,假如我们摘几株丁香花,他一定不会介意的。”

当他们刚爬到半山腰就闻到了丁香花的香气,孩子们开始跑起来。一会儿,妈妈也开始跑起来,一直跑到山顶。

那里,远离过往的乘车旅行的人们,不受文明的践踏,一株株高大的紫丁香枝头结满簇簇锥形的丁香花,枝头几乎垂到了地上。年轻的女主人微笑着冲到最近的一株丁香花丛前,将脸埋进花里,吸吮着芳香,追忆着往事。

就在男人察看地窖,向孩子们解释这房子以前大概的样子时,女主人流连于丁香花丛之间。这里摘一枝,那里摘一枝,并用她丈夫的小刀精心地修剪。她不紧不慢地欣赏着每一个花朵,好像是在欣赏一件稀世珍宝。

但最后,他们还是又回到了车上,踏上了归途,孩子们叽叽喳喳地说个不停,男人在开着汽车,女主人微笑地坐在花丛间,两眼遥望着远方。

当他们离家只有三英里时,她突然冲丈夫喊道:“停车,快在这儿停车。”

男人猛地一踩刹车,还未来得及问为什么,女主人已下了汽车,快步走上附近的草坡,怀里仍抱着那些丁香花。

山顶上有一所疗养院。在这美丽的春天里,病人们都走到户外,有的与亲人们一起散步,有的坐在游廊上。

年轻的女主人走到游廊的尽头,那里有一位上了年纪的病人坐在轮椅上,独自一人,头低垂着,背向着大多数人。鲜花越过游廊的栏杆,被放在了老妇人的大腿上,老人将头抬起,笑了。

两位妇女聊了一会儿,都高兴得容光焕发,随后年轻的女人转身跑回到家人这边来。

当车子开动时,轮椅里的老人向他们招手,手里握着丁香花。

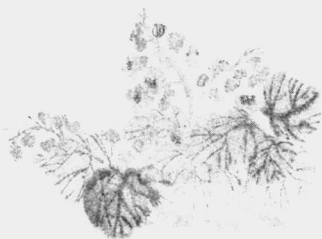
“妈妈,”孩子们问,“那是谁?你为什么把我们的花给她?她是谁的母亲吗?”

母亲说她不认识那位老妇人,但是因为这天是母亲节,而且她好像很孤

独,有谁会不高兴见到花呢?“而且,”她又说,“我有你们大家,还有我的妈妈,尽管她在很远的地方。那位老人比我更需要花。”

孩子们满意了,而丈夫却没有。第二天他买了六丛丁香,把它们栽在自己院子四周,而且以后,他又买了几次。

如今,每到五月,他们的院子就会花香四溢。每到母亲节,孩子们都会采来一束束丁香花。每年她都会记起那位孤独的老妇人的微笑,和微笑所表达的善良心意。



# A Dance with Dad

My father squeezes my hand and smiles at me. All the years that I refused to dance with him melt away now.

8

感动中学生的情感故事

打往天堂的电话



I am dancing with my father at my parents' 50th-wedding-anniversary celebration. The band is playing an old-fashioned waltz as we move gracefully across the floor. His hand on my waist is as guiding as it always was, and he hums the tune to himself in a steady, youthful way. Around and around we go, laughing and nodding to the other dancers.

We are the best dancers on the floor, they tell us. My father squeezes my hand and smiles at me. All the years that I refused to dance with him melt away now. And those early times come back.

I remember when I was almost three and my father came home from work,



swooped me into his arms and began to dance me around the table. My mother laughed at us, told us dinner would get cold. But my father said, "She's just caught the rhythm of the dance! Our dinner can wait." Then he sang out, "Roll out the barrel, let's have a barrel of fun," and I sang back, "Let's get those blues on the run."

We danced through the years. One night when I was 15, lost in some painful, adolescent mood. My father put on a stack of records and teased me to dance with him. "C'mon," he said, "let's get those blues on the run."

When I turned away from him, my father put his hand on my shoulder, and I jumped out of the chair screaming, "Don't touch me! I am sick and tired of dancing with you! "

I saw the hurt on his face, but words were out and I could not call them back. I ran to my room sobbing hysterically.

We did not dance together after that night. I found other partners, and my father waited up for me after dances, sitting in his favorite chair. Sometimes he would be asleep when I came in, and I would wake him, saying, "If you were so tired, you should have gone to bed."

"No, no," he'd say. "I was just waiting for you."

Then we'd lock up the house and go to bed.

My father waited up for me through my high-school and college years when I danced my way out of his life

Shortly after my first child was born; my mother called to tell me my father was ill. "A heart problem," she said, "now, don't come. It's three hundred miles. It would upset your father."

A proper diet restored him to good health. My mother wrote that they had joined a dance club. "The doctor says it's a good exercise. You remember how your father loves to dance."

Yes, I remembered. My eyes filled up with remembering.

When my father retired, we mended our way back together again; hugs and kisses were common when we visited each other. He danced with the grandchildren, but he did not ask me to dance. I knew he was waiting for an apology from

me. I could never find the right words.

As my parents' 50th anniversary approached, my brothers and I met to plan the party. My older brother said, "Do you remember that night you wouldn't dance with him? Boy, was he mad? I couldn't believe he'd get so mad about a thing like that. I'll bet you haven't danced with him since."

I did not tell him he was right.

My younger brother promised to get the band. "Make sure they can play waltzes and polkas," I told him.

I did not tell him that all I wanted to do was dance once more with my father.

When the band began to play after dinner, my parents took the floor. They glided around the room, inviting the others to join them. The guests rose to their feet, applauding the golden couple. My father danced with his granddaughters, and then the band began to play the "Beer Barrel Polka".

"Roll out the barrel," I heard my father singing. Then I knew it was time. I wound my way through a few couples and tapped my daughter on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," I said, looking directly into my father's eyes and almost choking on my words, "but I believe this is my dance."

My father stood rooted to the spot. Our eyes met and traveled back to that night when I was 15. In a trembling voice, I sang, "Let's get those blues on the run."

My father bowed and said, "Oh, yes. I've been waiting for you."

Then he started to laugh, and we moved into each other's arms.