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Scrolls for Wisdom and Philosophy

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智慧·哲理卷

Chicken Soup for the Soul

心灵鸡汤

那些影响我们成长的故事

On earth there is nothing great but man; in the
man there is nothing great but mind.

地球上唯一伟大的是人，人身上唯一伟大的是心灵。

笛子 汪凤 编译

黑龙江科学技术出版社

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English-
Chinese

英汉对照



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快乐吧！ Be Happy!

► 劳埃德·莫里斯 / Lloyd Morris

The days that make us happy make us wise.

— John Masefield

When I first read this line by England's Poet Laureate, it startled me. What did Masefield mean? Without thinking about it much, I had always assumed that the opposite was true. But his sober assurance was **arresting**¹. I could not forget it.

Finally, I seemed to grasp his meaning and realized that here was a profound observation. The wisdom that happiness makes possible lies in clear **perception**², not fogged by anxiety nor dimmed by despair and boredom, and without the blind spots caused by fear.

Active happiness not mere satisfaction or contentment — often comes suddenly, like an April shower or the unfolding of a bud. Then you discover what kind of wisdom has accompanied it. The grass is greener, bird songs are sweeter, the shortcomings of your friends are more understandable and more forgivable. Happiness is like a pair of eyeglasses correcting your spiritual vision.

Nor are the insights of happiness limited to what is near around you. Unhappy, with your thoughts turned in upon your emotional **woes**³, your vision is cut short as though by a wall. Happy, the wall **crumbles**⁴.

The long **vista**⁵ is there for the seeing. The ground at your feet, the world about you — people, thoughts, emotions, pressures — fare now fitted into the larger scene. Every thing assumes a fairer proportion. And here is the beginning of wisdom.

源于番茄的快乐改变 Tomato Changed My Life

► 佚名 / Anonymous

Spontaneity¹ has never been my **forte**². As a 14-year-old, I would refuse to go for walks around the block with my friends if I was the least bit behind in my schoolwork. “You’re just no fun,” my friend Karen would tell me.

Unlike most teenagers, I lived not in my room, but in an unused kitchen upstairs where I sprawled my books and papers on a large round table. I spent an inordinate amount of time there, working continuously for hours, and my mother worried. She would try to lure me away. “Come watch the parade!” she would yell from downstairs. “All our neighbors are out there!” She thought of all kinds of enticements — the swimming pool, ice cream, stray cats and turtles — to **dislodge**³ me from my studies, but nothing ever worked.

Later, in college, the pattern continued. The library and my college dorm replaced the unused kitchen at home. When spring came along friends would stop by my dorm or peer into my library cubicle to persuade me to play Frisbee on the lawn outside the main building. “No,” I would almost always say. “I have too much to do.”

My college study days are gone, but not my need and love for schedules. They keep me focused. Justify my time. My friends and sisters try to pry me away from my plans in much the same way that my mom tried to coax me out of the kitchen, but they’re hardly ever successful.

This summer, though, while housesitting for my parents, I was persuaded to change my plans in the most unexpected way. The sight of tomatoes growing in my mother’s garden lured me out of my tightly scheduled world. They drew me with the power of a lover’s gaze.

Hundreds of them were turning ripe and red by the minute. Large beefsteak tomatoes — some doubled but not yet divided — hung heavily or dropped from their vines. Plum tomatoes, half-green, half-red — and cherry tomatoes, too many to count, decorated



1. spontaneity [ˌspɒntəˈnɪɪti] n. 自发行为, 行为冲动
2. forte [fɔːt] n. 特长, 专长
3. dislodge [disˈlɒdʒ] vt. 移走, 驱离
4. portfolio [pɔːtˈfəʊljəʊ] n. (艺术家等的) 代表作选辑
5. crotchety [ˈkrɒtʃɪti] adj. 顽固的, 有怪癖的

做事冲动可不是我的专长。十四岁的时候, 哪怕我只剩下一点儿作业没有做完, 也不会和小朋友们出去玩。每每遇到这种情况, 我的朋友卡伦就会对我说: “你这人真是无聊。”

与大多数同龄的孩子不同的是, 我并不住在卧室里, 而是住在楼上的一个厨房里。厨房里的大圆桌上堆满了我的书本和草稿纸。我大部分时间都待在那儿学习, 经常会持续学几个小时。母亲对此十分担心, 她总是想办法让我出去放松一下。有时, 她会在楼下喊: “快来看外面的游行队伍! 我们的邻居都去了!” 为了哄骗我出去, 母亲想尽了各种计策——去游泳、吃冰淇淋, 甚至她还会找来一些迷了路的小猫、小乌龟什么的, 试图让我从学习中放松下来, 然而, 她做的一切都是徒劳的。

我上了大学后, 依然一切照旧, 只不过学校的图书馆和宿舍代替了从前家里的那个厨房。春天到了, 朋友们会到寝室或是图书馆的小屋子里去找我, 劝我到主楼外面的草地上玩飞盘, 而我却总是回答说: “不行, 我还有很多事要做呢。”

大学生活转眼间就逝去了, 而我却仍旧习惯于按部就班地做事情, 这样才不至于虚度时光。虽然朋友们和姐姐们也会像母亲当年一样, 用类似的方法劝我放弃一些计划, 放松放松, 可他们往往是白费力气。

然而, 就在这个夏天, 当父母因外出而留我在家看房子的時候, 我原有的计划却出乎意料地被改变了。我无意间看到了母亲在小花园里种下的番茄, 就像被爱人的眼神所吸引一样欣赏着它们。正是这些番茄让我走出了原本计划很紧的世界。

许多番茄就要成熟了, 个个都红艳艳的。大个儿的“牛肉番茄”, 有的两两长在一起, 沉甸甸地压在枝头上, 有的则落在地上。青红相间的是“梅子番茄”, 还有那些数不胜数的深红色“樱桃番茄”, 就像圣诞树上的小饰物, 把整个花园装点得美丽极了, 实在是惹人喜欢。

“如果有时间的话, 我就做些番茄酱。”我对自己说。然而我独自在家的这一周已被我安排得满满的: 写些东西, 然后把一些摄影作品作一下整理, 最后, 还有一些从公司带回来的任务需要完成。

做番茄酱只不过是一种无聊的家务活,对我达到工作目标可毫无帮助,更重要的是,它并不在我的计划之内。可那些番茄就挂在枝头上,有些还从上面悄悄落在地上。我来到园子里,摘了些番茄,又摘来一些菜豆、豌豆和洋葱,然后把它们放进温室,这样它们会更好地接受到光照。

午餐和晚餐我都吃了些番茄,还送了一些给朋友。可是园子里的番茄仍不断地往下掉,地面上已经熟透的番茄越来越多。“如果有时间的话,我就做些番茄酱。”我又在不断地对自己重复这样的话。然而,我再次想起了原来计划好的事情。

最终,我还是退了一步。

我从朋友那里抄来了番茄酱的制作方法:“加入大蒜和洋葱,添水,用文火煮两个小时,再加入糖、牛至叶粉、紫苏、百里香、迷迭香即可。”我在厨房里找了二十分钟,才找到一个白色的大搪瓷罐。我把番茄洗干净,挖去腐烂的部分,切碎后与刚刚煮好的东西一同放入搪瓷罐。我晃动搪瓷罐,就像是在淘金一样用力地把这些混合物摇匀。

完成这一切后,我打算安静地做自己的事。忽然有了个想法,我——真是心血来潮——决定打开收音机,还跟着比利·乔唱了一段,踏着我在舞蹈课上学过的舞步。厨房里炉子上的番茄正用文火煮着,散发出来的香气随着窗外的微风飘进屋来。

这时,我耳边又响起了那熟悉的声音:“你应该去读书了,你应该填写材料了。”于是,我尽量把这声音调小些。我没有去看《纽约时报周日杂志》,而是去翻看《家居与园艺》,看了看书里提及的家具以及一些工艺。我竟然如此无视那些曾不断扼杀我的兴趣爱好的声音,这种情形还真是不多见。

我的内心渐渐产生了微妙的变化,我想起了从前的那些本该属于我的时刻:大学时,同学们聚在草坪前,如果当初我能更多地接受他们的邀请,与他们度过一些美好时光,又会是怎样的呢?我想到过去很少和他人交谈,甚至还错过了与一些人相识的机会。

我坐在一边翻看着杂志,想到自己不会再理会那些让我按计划行事的声音,我由衷地笑了。

我们似乎总习惯拨动心中几根紧绷的弦,因而使我们的生活只是发出沉闷而单调的乐音。其实,生活中并不仅拥有“学习”、“工作”之类的主旋律,还有许多诸如“交友”、“休闲”、“烹饪”之类的协奏曲。如果在适当的时候,学会给心情放假,弹拨几下心灵深处的快乐之弦,你就会发现,生活原来如此精彩。

你是快乐的小喜鹊吗？ Are You a Good Joey Magpie?

► 佚名 / Anonymous

Many years ago my grandmother rescued a fledgling magpie from the base of a tree, on inspection she discovered that the tiny bird had a broken wing, thus he would never fly. I remember Joey Magpie well for in spite of his obvious **handicap**¹ Joey was a very “happy” bird, at least he seemed happy, though just how it is possible to measure the happiness of a bird is hard to tell.

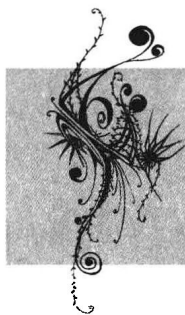
Every dawn Joey Magpie would **warble**² the beautiful magpie chorus along with the all the other magpies in the area. He had a keen eye for the insects and worms as he went about his daily task of enjoying his food. Because of Joey Magpie could not fly, he did learn to do other things. Joey Magpie learnt to climb, with the help of my uncle who put climbing structures around my Grandmother’s yard; Joey Magpie could at least for a while feel the wind in his face.

Joey Magpie only ever learnt to climb up, so for a while it meant some one had to rescue him when he wanted to get down. Then one day Joey simply launched himself and clumsily **fluttered**³ back down to earth. The landings were never elegant, but they served Joey Magpie well. Joey Magpie just went about his daily tasks as if he knew he did have a very important life to live.

Joey Magpie never quite understood the full meaning of being a bird. He could be found curled up sleeping with the cat, or walking with the dog. He could climb up to the kitchen sink to help prepare the meals or make a cup of tea. One of my most favorite memories of Joey Magpie was seeing him hold the tea strainer over the cup whilst my Grandmother poured the hot tea, first into her cup, then into a saucer for his cup of tea.

It would be safe to say that Joey Magpie was very much a social bird, who thoroughly enjoyed his life and never once accepted that he had a handicap. Joey Magpie also had another talent that caused a few concerns but it also endeared him to those

I ask that you look at yourself, look inside and see if you really are being the best Joey Magpie you can be singing your own beautiful life chorus every day? Or are you still sitting at the base of the tree with a broken wing, waiting, resenting, and watching your life pass you by?



1. handicap ['hændikæp] n. 障碍, 缺陷
2. warble ['wɔ:bl] vt. 以颤音歌唱、说话
3. flutter ['flʌtə] vi. 鼓翅; 拍动, 飞舞
4. replicate ['replikit] vt. 复制

许多年前,我的祖母在一棵树下救了一只喜鹊的幼鸟;经过检查之后,她发现这只小鸟有一个翅膀断了,因此它再也不能飞了。我对这只小喜鹊记得非常清楚,因为尽管有明显的残疾,但它却是一只“快乐”的鸟,至少它看上去非常快乐——虽然如何衡量一只鸟快乐与否的标准很难讲。

每天清晨,小喜鹊都会与附近所有的喜鹊一起发出婉转优美的鸣叫声。它的目光非常敏锐,每天出去觅食的时候,各种小虫子都逃不过它的眼睛。正因为小喜鹊不会飞,所以它学会了做许多其他事情。在我叔叔的帮助下,小喜鹊学会了攀爬;叔叔在祖母的院子周围放了一些攀登梯,小喜鹊爬上梯子至少能够享受到片刻微风拂面的感觉。

小喜鹊只学会了向上爬,因此当它想从上面下来的时候,有时需要有人去援救它。有一天,小喜鹊自己从上面跳了下来,并且笨拙地扇动着翅膀落在了地上。这种落地方式一点儿也不优美,但却能使小喜鹊毫发无损。到处走动是小喜鹊每天的任务,仿佛它知道自己的生命非常重要一样。

小喜鹊从来都不明白身为一只鸟的全部意义;常常可以看到它蜷缩着和猫睡在一起,或者和狗一起散步。它能够爬上厨房的水槽,帮着准备晚餐或沏茶。在关于小喜鹊的记忆中,我最喜欢的是看到它叼着滤茶网放到茶杯上,而我的祖母则会将热茶先倒进她的茶杯里,然后再为小喜鹊倒进它的茶碟里。

可以确定无疑地说,小喜鹊是一只非常爱交际的鸟,它十分享受自己的生活,从不认为自己有残疾。小喜鹊还有另一种令人感兴趣的天分,这也使熟悉它的人更加喜欢它了——它能够惟妙惟肖地模仿各种声音。送奶工的咳嗽声很特别,小喜鹊能够很容易地模仿出来;它也会学我祖母打喷嚏的声音;它还能模仿刚出生的小猫发出的声音,而且几乎是一模一样。

不要推迟感谢 Never Wait to Thank

► 埃文斯 / Evans

For a long time, every Sunday in church the **pastor**¹ would say keep Gloria Beck in your **prayers**². She was an older member of the church that was **suffering from**³ cancer. I got sort of use to hearing about her, and didn't think about her too much.

Until one day, I was sitting by a friend in church, and she told me that she had went to see Gloria in the hospital. She wasn't doing good at all and she had asked her to just hold her hand. I thought about Gloria all day, and I prayed for her that night. I thought of what I could tell her if I went to see her. She had been my computer teacher in **grade school**⁴. I clearly remember her calm voice and gentle hands. She was a great teacher.

I made it a promise to myself to go and see her. But then the week started and I got busy with school and practice. Pretty soon I was back in church the next Sunday. Only this time the pastor said sorrowfully that Gloria Beck had died **the day before**⁵. My heart sank. If only I would have spent 10 minutes of my day to tell her how much she meant to me, but it was to late now.

I learned a very valuable lesson that day. Never wait to thank. Please, take the time to thank the people who have made a difference in your life.



1. pastor ['pɑ:stə] n. 牧师
2. prayer [preə(r)] n. 祈祷, 祷告; 祷文
3. suffer from 遭受, 忍受
4. grade school 小学
5. the day before (某日的)前一天, 头天