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国家九部委联合举办的“中华全民读书书目推荐活动”入选图书

它不仅仅是心灵的鸡汤，在我看来，对于青年人来说，它甚至不亚于一场色香味俱全的人生盛宴：并非是饕餮的口腹之乐，而是滋补你精神饥渴的佳肴与美酿。让你畅饮人生！畅饮知识！畅饮爱心与大爱之情！

如今为了一次演讲，我在江南的霏霏梅雨中吟读它，蓦然回想起昔日在纽约洛克菲勒广场旌旗扬升的早晨，那一抹金晖中，我走出曼哈顿一家书店时，无意中向橱窗一瞥：曾经看到过它多彩的封面。同行的美国教授对我说：“您可能不会看那本小书，不过它的确不错。”

我后悔当初没有返回那家书店找到这本书，希望大家不要犯我当年的错误。

——北京大学东方文学研究中心特聘教授 方汉文

现代人的生活节奏快，压力大，普通百姓又没有时间去大部头的书籍，《心灵鸡汤》可以给你一份温情，让你在酷暑感到凉爽，在寒冬享受温暖，在春天播下爱的种子，在秋天收获勤奋的果实。我爱《心灵鸡汤》，像爱厨房里新端出的一盘青菜，餐桌上新烧出的一盆老豆腐。愿把《心灵鸡汤》奉献给你的家庭，换来孩子的健康成长，老人的欢声笑语。

——南开大学教授 王宏印

《心灵鸡汤》弘扬“真善美”，以“醒心”为己任。书中叙述的一段段人生经历能感动你，催你潸然泪下，因为那些事就发生在你身边，与你息息相关……失恋的人读之能重振对生活的信心，遭受病痛之苦的人读之似服灵丹妙药，孤独的人读之如沐“关怀”的春雨，丧失亲人者读之会感受到来自四面八方的慰藉……它是一扇窗户，让你了解世界；它是一座桥梁，连接你我他……

——苏州大学外国语学院教授 方华文

《心灵鸡汤》之所以能拨动人的心弦，是因为书中的话语全来自灵魂深处，是“肺腑之言”！人与人之间的隔阂与冷漠必须靠这种“真情”打破和消除——如此，人世间便会温情涌动、冰山消融……读了书中动人的故事，凡是有良知的人，其内心不可能不受到触动——《心灵鸡汤》之功大矣！

——商务印书馆《英语世界》主编 魏令奎

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第二辑

A 2nd Helping of Chicken Soul for the Soul

Jack Canfield
Mark Victor Hansen / 编著
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Introduction

The universe is made of stories, not of atoms.

Muriel Ruckeyser

From our hearts to yours, we are delighted to offer you A 2nd Helping of *Chicken Soup for the Soul*. This book contains many stories that we believe will inspire and motivate you to love more unconditionally, live with more passion and pursue your heartfelt dreams with more conviction. It will sustain you in times of frustration and failure and comfort you in times of pain and loss. It will become a lifetime companion offering support and wisdom whenever you need it.

You are about to embark on a wonderful journey. This book is different from other books you have read. At times it will touch you at the depths of your being. At other times it will transport you to new levels of love and joy. Our first *Chicken Soup for the Soul* book was so powerful that nonreaders reported that they read the entire book cover to cover. We wondered how this could be possible. They told us that the love energy, the inspiration and the tears and cheers for their soul captivated them and motivated them to read on.

I am only ten and I love this book. It's amazing that I love this book. I used not to read, but now I read, read and read.

Ryan O.—4th grade



How to Read This Book

This book could be read all at once in one sitting; however, we don't recommend it. We suggest that you slow down, take your time, savor it like a fine wine—one sip at a time. Each little sip will give you a warm glow, a tingling spirit and a radiant countenance. You will find that each story will nourish your heart, mind and soul in a different way. We invite you to surrender to the process and to give yourself enough time to digest each story. If you rush through them, you may miss the deeper meanings that lie beneath the surface. Each story contains a great deal of life wisdom and experience.

Having received thousands of letters from readers describing how the book affected their lives, we are more convinced than ever that stories are one of the most potent tools we can use to transform our lives. Stories speak directly to our subconscious mind. They lay down blueprints for living a better life. They offer practical solutions to our everyday problems and model creative behavior that works. They heal our wounds and remind us of the grandest aspects of our nature. They lift us out of our habitual day-to-day lives and awaken us to infinite possibilities. They inspire us to do and be more than we originally thought possible.

Share These Stories with Others

*You may have tangible wealth untold,
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you could never be;
I know someone who told stories to me.*

Cynthia Pearl Maus

Some of the stories you read will move you to share them with a loved one or a friend. When a story really touches you to the depths of your soul, close your eyes ever so briefly and ask yourself, "Who needs to hear this story right now?" Someone you care about may come to mind. Take the time to go to

them or call them and share the story with them. You will get something even deeper for yourself from sharing the story with someone you care about. Consider the following from Martin Buber:

A story must be told in such a way that it constitutes help in itself. My grandfather was lame. Once they asked him to tell a story about his teacher. And he related how his teacher used to hop and dance while he prayed. My grandfather rose as he spoke, and he was so swept away by his story that he began to hop and dance and show how the master had done. From that hour on he was cured of his lameness. That's how to tell a story!

Consider sharing these stories at work, at church, synagogue or temple, and at home with your family. After sharing, discuss how the story affected you and why you were drawn to share it with them. And most important, let these stories inspire you to share your own stories.

Reading about, telling and listening to each others' stories can be very transformational. Stories are powerful vehicles that release our unconscious energies to heal, to integrate, to express and to grow. Hundreds of readers have told us about how the first book of Chicken Soup stories opened a floodgate of human emotions and facilitated deep family and group sharings. Family members started recalling and relating important experiences in their lives and began to bring those to the dinner table, the family meeting, the classroom, the support group, the church fellowship and even the workplace.

One of the most valuable things we can do to heal one another is listen to each other's stories.

Rebecca Falls

One teacher in Pennsylvania had her fifth-grade class collaborate to write their own *Chicken Soup for the Soul* book with moving stories from their own



lives. Once the book was written and compiled, it was duplicated and circulated. It had a profound impact on both the students and their parents.

A manager at a Fortune 500 company told us she has started every staff meeting for a year with a story from *Chicken Soup for the Soul*.

Ministers, rabbis, psychologists, counselors, trainers and support group leaders have been beginning and ending their sermons and their sessions with stories from the book. We encourage you to do this too. People are hungry for this nurturance for the soul. It takes so little time and can have such a lasting impact.

We also encourage you to begin telling your stories to those around you. People may need to hear your story. As several stories in this book will point out, it may even save someone's life.

Sometimes our light goes out but is blown into flame by another human being. Each of us owes deepest thanks to those who have rekindled this light.

Albert Schweitzer

There have been many people who have rekindled our lights over the years, and we are grateful to them. We hope that, in some small way, we will be part of rekindling your light and blowing it into a bigger flame. If we do, then we have been successful.

We would love to hear about your reaction to this book. Please write to tell us how these stories affect you. We also invite you to become part of our "network of upliftment." Please send us any stories and poems you think we should include in future volumes of *Chicken Soup for the Soul*. See page 313 for our address. We look forward to hearing from you. Until then may you enjoy reading *A 2nd Helping of Chicken Soup for the Soul* as much as we have enjoyed compiling, editing and writing it.

Jack Canfield and Mark Victor Hansen

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1. ON LOVE

Life is a song—sing it.

Life is a game—play it.

Life is a challenge—meet it.

Life is a dream—realize it.

Life is a sacrifice—offer it.

Life is love—enjoy it.

Sai Baba





The Circus



小的时候,“我”跟爸爸去看马戏团的表演。购票时,“我们”前面站着一对夫妻和他们的八个孩子。他们兴高采烈,显然是第一次来看马戏。从他们的着装看,他们的经济情况一定很窘迫。该他们买票时,售票员说出的价钱高得超出了他们的想象。做父亲的满脸失望,不知该怎样向孩子们交代。这时,“我”看见爸爸把一张20元的钞票悄悄丢在地上,然后对那位父亲说:“对不起,你的钱掉在地上了。”那位父亲拿着捡起的钱,满脸的感激——他终于可以面对他的八个孩子了。“我”和爸爸没有能够看成马戏,但“我”却学到了帮助人的美德。

2



*That best portion of a good man's life, his little,
nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.*

William Wordsworth

Once when I was a teenager, my father and I were standing in line to buy tickets for the circus. Finally, there was only one family between us and the ticket counter. This family made a big impression on me. There were eight children, all probably under the age of 12. You could tell they didn't have a lot of money. Their clothes were not expensive, but they were clean. The children were well-behaved, all of them standing in line, two-by-two behind their parents, holding hands. They were excitedly jabbering about the clowns, elephants and other acts they would see that night. One could sense they had never been to the circus before. It promised to be a highlight of their young lives.

The father and mother were at the head of the pack standing proud as could be. The mother was holding her husband's hand, looking up at him as if to say, "You're my knight in shining armor." He was smiling and basking in pride, looking at her as if to reply, "You got that right."

The ticket lady asked the father how many tickets he wanted. He proudly

responded, "Please let me buy eight children's tickets and two adult tickets so I can take my family to the circus. "

The ticket lady quoted the price.

The man's wife let go of his hand, her head dropped, the man's lip began to quiver. The father leaned a little closer and asked, "How much did you say?"

The ticket lady again quoted the price.

The man didn't have enough money.

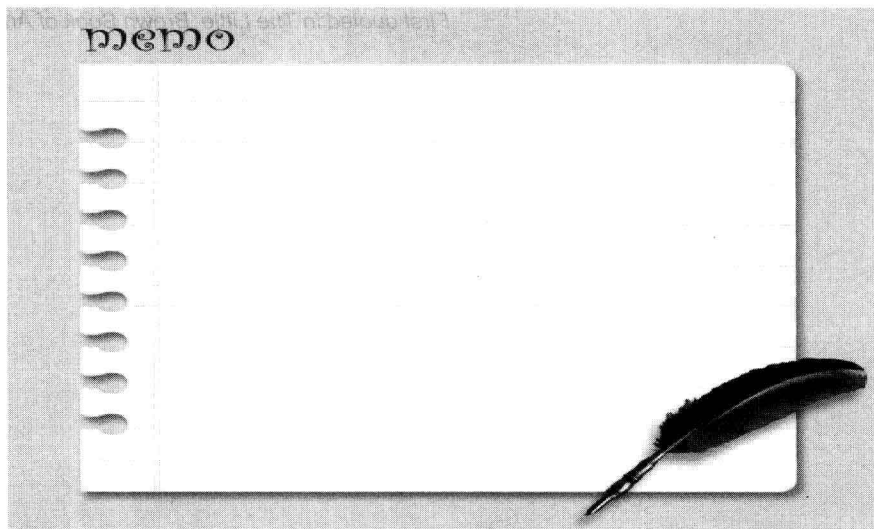
How was he supposed to turn and tell his eight kids that he didn't have enough money to take them to the circus?

Seeing what was going on, my dad put his hand into his pocket, pulled out a \$20 bill and dropped it on the ground. (We were not wealthy in any sense of the word!) My father reached down, picked up the bill, tapped the man on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, sir, this fell out of your pocket. "

The man knew what was going on. He wasn't begging for a handout but certainly appreciated the help in a desperate, heartbreaking, embarrassing situation. He looked straight into my dad's eyes, took my dad's hand in both of his, squeezed tightly onto the \$20 bill, and with his lip quivering and a tear streaming down his cheek, he replied, "Thank you, thank you, sir. This really means a lot to me and my family. "


My father and I went back to our car and drove home. We didn't go to the circus that night, but we didn't go without.

Dan Clark







Shoes



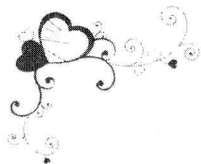
甘德海上火车时,一不小心把一只鞋掉在了车轨上。此时,火车已经开动,来不及取回鞋了。他索性把另一只鞋也丢下了车。同伴大惑不解,问他为什么这样做。他说穷人捡到一只鞋是没有用的,而捡到两只鞋就可以穿了……



4  As Gandhi stepped aboard a train one day, one of his shoes slipped off and landed on the track. He was unable to retrieve it as the train was moving. To the amazement of his companions, Gandhi calmly took off his other shoe and threw it back along the track to land close to the first. Asked by a fellow passenger why he did so, Gandhi smiled. “The poor man who finds the shoe lying on the track,” he replied, “will now have a pair he can use.”

Author Unknown

First quoted in *The Little, Brown Book of Anecdotes*



Chase



11岁的蔡斯患了牙病,牙齿严重畸形,而矫正牙齿需要花1500美元。这对离婚的妈妈来说,就是她的所有积蓄。同时,小蔡斯喜欢到雷克斯先生的农庄骑马。他最喜欢的是那匹叫雷蒂的马。一见到那匹马,蔡斯就情不自禁地抚摸它,显得难分难舍。雷蒂要被卖掉了,售价恰恰也是1500美元。妈妈选择了给儿子治病,而没有买那匹马。蔡斯伤心极了。就在这时,雷克斯先生找上了门,说要把马卖给蔡斯,问他口袋里有多少钱。蔡斯说只有17元钱,雷克斯先生说这正是他要的价钱。他们成交了——这恐怕是历史上最为奇特的交易了……

There was a definite quiver in Chase's lower lip as he followed his mother down the long, descending sidewalk to the parking lot at the orthodontist's office. This was going to be the worst summer of any that the 11-year-old boy had known. The doctor had been kind and gentle with him, but the time had come for him to face the reality that he would be fitted with braces to correct a misalignment of his teeth. The correction would hurt, he couldn't eat hard or chewy foods, and he thought he would be made fun of by his friends. No words passed between the mother and son as they drove back to the small, country home. It was only 17 acres, but it was a sanctuary for one dog, two cats, a rabbit and a multitude of squirrels and birds.

The decision to have Chase's teeth corrected had been a difficult one for his mother, Cindy. Having been divorced for five years, she was the sole provider for her young son. Little by little, she had saved up the \$1,500 required to have the teeth corrected.

Then one sunny afternoon, the person she cared for the most, Chase, fell in love. Chase and his mother had gone to visit the Rakers, who were old family friends, at their farm about 50 miles away. Mr. Raker took them out to the barn and there she was. She held her head high as the trio approached. Her light mane and tail rippled on a gentle breeze. Her name was Lady, and she was everything a



beautiful mare should be. She was saddled, and Chase had his first taste of horsemanship. There was an instant attraction, which seemed to be mutual.

"She is for sale, if you want to buy her," Mr. Raker had told Cindy. "For \$1,500 you get the mare, all the papers on her and the horse trailer to haul her." For Cindy, it was a big decision. The \$1,500 she had saved would fix Chase's teeth or buy Lady for Chase, but it wouldn't do both. Finally, she determined that getting the braces was the best longterm decision for Chase. It was a tearful decision for both mother and son. But Cindy promised to take Chase to the Raker farm to see Lady and ride her as often as they could.

Chase reluctantly began his long torturous course of treatment. With little courage and a low tolerance for pain, Chase submitted himself for the impressions, fittings and never-ending tightening of the expanders. He gagged, cried and pleaded, but the orthodontic correction went ahead. The only shining moments of Chase's life that summer came when his mother took him to ride Lady. There, he was free. Horse and rider would go galloping into the big pastures and into a world that knew no pain or suffering. There was only the steady rhythm of the horse's hooves on the sod and the wind in his face. Riding Lady, Chase could be John Wayne, "tall in the saddle", or one of the knights of old, off to rescue the fair maiden in distress, or anything his imagination let him be. At the end of his long rides, Chase and Mr. Raker would rub down Lady, clean her stall and feed her, and Chase would always give his new friend lumps of sugar. Cindy and Mrs. Raker spent their afternoons together making cookies and lemonade, and watching Chase ride his new best friend.

The goodbyes between Chase and the mare lasted as long as Cindy would permit. Chase would hold the horse's head in his hands, and then rub her strong shoulders and comb his fingers through her mane. The gentle animal seemed to understand the affection given to her and would stand patiently, now and then nipping at his shirt sleeve. Each time they left the Raker farm, Chase feared that this might be his last look at the mare. Lady was, after all, for sale, and the market was good for that quality of riding stock.

The summer wore on with repeated tightening of the expander in Chase's mouth. All of the discomfort would be worth it because this would make room for his yet undescended teeth to come in, he was told. Still, there was the agony of food particles trapped by the appliance, and that ever-constant pain of his facial bones stretching. All of the \$1,500 would soon be used up on his dental work, and nothing would remain with which to purchase the mare he loved so much. Chase asked his mom countless questions, hoping for an answer that would eventually satisfy him. Could they borrow the money to buy the mare? Would Grandpa help them buy her?

Could he get a job and save his money to buy the horse? His mother fielded the questions as best she could. And when all else failed, she would quietly slip away to shed her own tears, that she could not provide for all the wants of her only child.

A crisp September morning brought the opening of school, which also brought the big yellow school bus to the end of the lane at Chase's home. The schoolchildren took turns recounting the things they did during summer vacation. When his turn came, Chase talked about other subjects, but he never mentioned the golden-coloured mare named Lady. The last chapter in that story had not yet been written, and he was afraid of how it would end. The battle with the stretching appliance in his mouth had been won, and the less obtrusive retainer had taken its place.

With eager anticipation, Chase looked forward to the third Saturday, when his mother had promised to take him to the Rakers' to ride Lady. Chase was up early on the appointed day. He fed his rabbits, dogs and cats, and even found time to rake leaves in the backyard. Before Chase and his mother left the house, he filled his jacket pocket with sugar cubes for the golden-maned mare, who he knew would be waiting for him. To Chase, it seemed an eternity before his mother turned the car off the main road and down the lane to the Raker farm. Anxiously, Chase strained his eyes for a glimpse of the mare that he loved so much. As they drew closer to the farm house and barns, he looked, but Lady was nowhere to be seen. Chase's pulse pounded as he looked expectantly for the horse trailer. It was not there. Both the trailer and horse were gone. His worst nightmare had become a reality. Someone had surely bought the horse, and he would never see her again.

Chase began to feel an emptiness in the pit of his stomach that he had never known before. They got out of the car and ran up to the front door of the house. No one answered the doorbell. Only the big collie, Daisy, was there with tail wagging to greet them. While his mother sadly looked on, Chase ran to the barn where the mare had been kept. Her stall was empty, and the saddle and blanket were also gone. With tears streaming down his cheeks, Chase returned to the car and got in. "I didn't even get to say goodbye, Mom," he whimpered.

On the drive back home, both Cindy and Chase sat quietly with their own thoughts. The wound of losing his friend would be slow to heal, and Chase only hoped that the mare would find a good home with someone to love and take care of her. She would be in his prayers, and he would never forget their carefree times together. Chase's head was bowed and his eyes closed as Cindy pulled into the driveway of their home. He did not see the red, shiny horse trailer by their barn, or Mr. Raker standing beside his blue pickup truck. When Chase finally looked up, their car had stopped and Mr. Raker was opening Chase's door. "How much money have you got saved up, Chase?" He asked.

