Trip to Walden Pond

After visiting Harvard University, my parents and I started to look for a place as our next destination. Walden Pond came up immediately. It was the place where one of the greatest writers, Henry David Thoreau, spent two years, two months, and two days in a house he built himself. It was also the inspiration and namesake of his iconic work, *Walden; or, Life in the Woods*. We had long been intrigued by this reflection of simple living in natural surroundings. This was a chance to see the birthplace of the immortal work and pay our tribute.

As we passed through numerous forests in Concord town, we realized that Walden Pond was not a popular tourist attraction as we anticipated. There were less and less cars and eventually we were the only one on the road leading to the site. Our solo trip was reminiscent of the one Thoreau took 170 years ago to the place he thought to be the nearest place to Heaven. In 1845, Thoreau came to the woods near the lake alone, built himself a house, and earned a living by the labor of his hands only. It was here he wrote the beautiful words enjoyed by generations of readers. “At evening, the distant lowing of some cow in the horizon beyond the woods sounded sweet and melodious…” During summer, hawks screamed in the sky and frogs sang near his house. In the morning, he walked in the woods, “to anticipate, not the sunrise and the dawn merely, but, if possible, Nature herself!” His favorite pass time was to sit in a boat staring at the bass in the pond while playing a bagpipe. This brought him closer to the meaning of a simple life. With the life on this magic pond, everything was so beautiful to his eyes.

Thirty minutes of driving from Wellesley town, after passing a dense forest, I finally embraced the pond. The golden pond in the afternoon sun was covered by snowflakes. I carefully approached the shore, focusing on the water for a long time. It was exactly like Thoreau described. “If you saw the ice and water of Walden far away, it was blue. But if you did that again nearer, it was jade green.” When Thoreau saw the lake in the past, he words were nothing short of praises. “There was nothing more beautiful and broad than this pond which was connected with the sky.” Standing near the pond, I reminisce about the sound of poetic water, with the sight of birds flying in the sky.

In the afternoon, the sunlight faded away quickly. At the time, there’s no one nearby, which lets you calm down and think about Thoreau and this serene pond. I was totally immersed in Thoreau’s world, not because of his beautiful writings, but his spirit in the face of life. “I will root deep in to life, derive the marrow of the life, and have a deep and easy life. Put everything which not include life away, and become as easy as possible” .During the time when he tried to find nature, he not only told us about our life should find a way to be much easier, a way that the next generation could survive, more importantly, Thoreau expressed an attitude toward life which prompted us to think deeply. He rediscovered himself and faced the life patiently. He dropped everything that bothered him and retreated to the easiest and purest life. Because of this experience, he could guide us in the future: “There are none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon.”

When I left Walden Pond, I thought of the saying by Nietzsche, “What trifles constitute happiness! The sound of a bagpipe.” This was exactly the spirit that Thoreau wanted to show us. *Walden* is undoubtedly the book we should read nowadays. In my opinion, everything here was surreal. The pond was like a mirror, it showed us a beautiful view, and also reflected the purest form of living in the busy modern life. Well, admittedly, the house of Thoreau has long disappeared after 170 years, yet the spirit of Thoreau remains. As he said, “What's the use of a fine house if you haven't got a tolerable planet to put it on?”

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                                      静静的瓦尔登湖

                                          沈杨驰骋

      从细雪飘飘的哈佛大学校园出来，我们开始寻找那个叫做“瓦尔登湖”的地方。其实，瓦尔登湖是个地名，并非是一个湖。地图上并没有瓦尔登湖，只有瓦尔登池塘。1845年，美国作家梭罗孤身一人来到无人居住的湖边山林中，亲手搭建了一个小木屋，过着一种简单的生活。梭罗的小木屋就建在马萨诸塞州康科德城的森林中，它的旁边就是瓦尔登湖，方圆一英里内没有任何邻居。然而，在梭罗的眼中，再没有比这里更接近上帝和天堂，＂时间只不过是我垂钓的溪流＂。就在这里，梭罗完全依靠自己的双手生活了两年零两个月，写下了《瓦尔登湖》这本传世之作，这是我最喜欢的书。

      一路上，我不停地在脑海里捜寻着梭罗笔下那片明亮而神奇的阅读记忆。这是多么美妙的记忆啊！在瓦尔登湖，你可以聆听令人神往的声音，＂从森林尽头，遥远的地平线上传来了牛的叫声，甜美而悠扬＂。夏日傍晚，夜鹰站在家门口吟唱晚祷曲。夜深时刻，湖岸上响起了蛙鸣之声。冬日早晨，在群鸟栖息的林中漫步，倾听野公鸡清脆嘹亮的歌声，回荡在数里之外的大地上空。温暖的傍晚时分，梭罗经常坐在船上，吹着长笛，看着鲈鱼在四周来回游动，＂月光在波光起伏的湖底，我能够清楚地看到散落在湖底零星的林木碎片。＂

      就在离威尔斯利镇30分钟的路程，车子拐进一片密林，一片静静的池水咉入眼帘。林中的这个池塘，应该就是传说中的瓦尔登湖了。这是一片金色的池塘，午后的阳光透过挂满雪花的树枝，柔美地洒满正在结冰的湖面。瓦尔登湖有如森林的一面明镜，它四面用石子镶边，湖岸积满残雪。一切真的如梭罗说的那样，瓦尔登湖的冰与瓦尔登湖的水，近看是绿色，远看则是美丽的蓝色。当年，梭罗曾经赞叹：“或许再没有任何东西，能够像大地表面的这个湖泊这样美丽纯洁，同时又是这样辽阔。它一直延续到天边。”站在静静的湖边，我仿佛又看见，“从裸露的潮湿的田野里，传出了青鸟、篱雀和红翼鸫的隐约而清脆的叫声，就像冬天最后一场雪飘落的声音！”我仿佛又听见，简朴而诗意的水声，日日夜夜轻拍着湖边。

      午后的阳光很快消失在密林之中，四周空寂无人。在这个时刻，静静地阅读梭罗，阅读瓦尔登湖，有如阅读一种能让你感到幸福的生活。我钦佩梭罗，钦佩他勇敢地追求一种自己喜欢的生活方式。《瓦尔登湖》不仅告诉我们人生可以是一种简朴和节俭的生活方式，一种不仅为了今人还要让后代人生存、发展的生活方式，而且，更重要的是，梭罗展示了一种值得我们认真思索的人生态度。他卸却了一切繁华绮丽，反璞归真，回到一种最为简单、朴素、纯净的原生状态中，回归到生命的本质。我们这一代人在教室中成长，并不缺少幸福生活的物质必需品，我们缺少的只是一颗安宁的心灵，一颗亲近自然的心灵。我相信，亲近自然就是亲近自己的心灵，远离自然也就远离了自己的心灵。我喜欢像梭罗那样过一种简单的生活，因为简单纯朴才能让你看清人生正确的方向。梭罗说过：“只有可以自由欣赏广阔地平线的人，才是世上最幸福的人。”

      离开瓦尔登湖时，我想起了尼釆说过的一句话：“幸福所需的东西多么少，也许仅只一支风笛的声音！”今天，我们已经找不到梭罗的那个小木屋了，然而，《瓦尔登湖》依然是我们最该静心阅读的书，它有如一支幸福的风笛，一次次唤醒寂静的湖水，无论身在何处，我们都可以从心灵深处听见这声音。