

# The Magic Button 神奇按钮

刘晨 [著]



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责任编辑：向一辉

版面设计：侯国强

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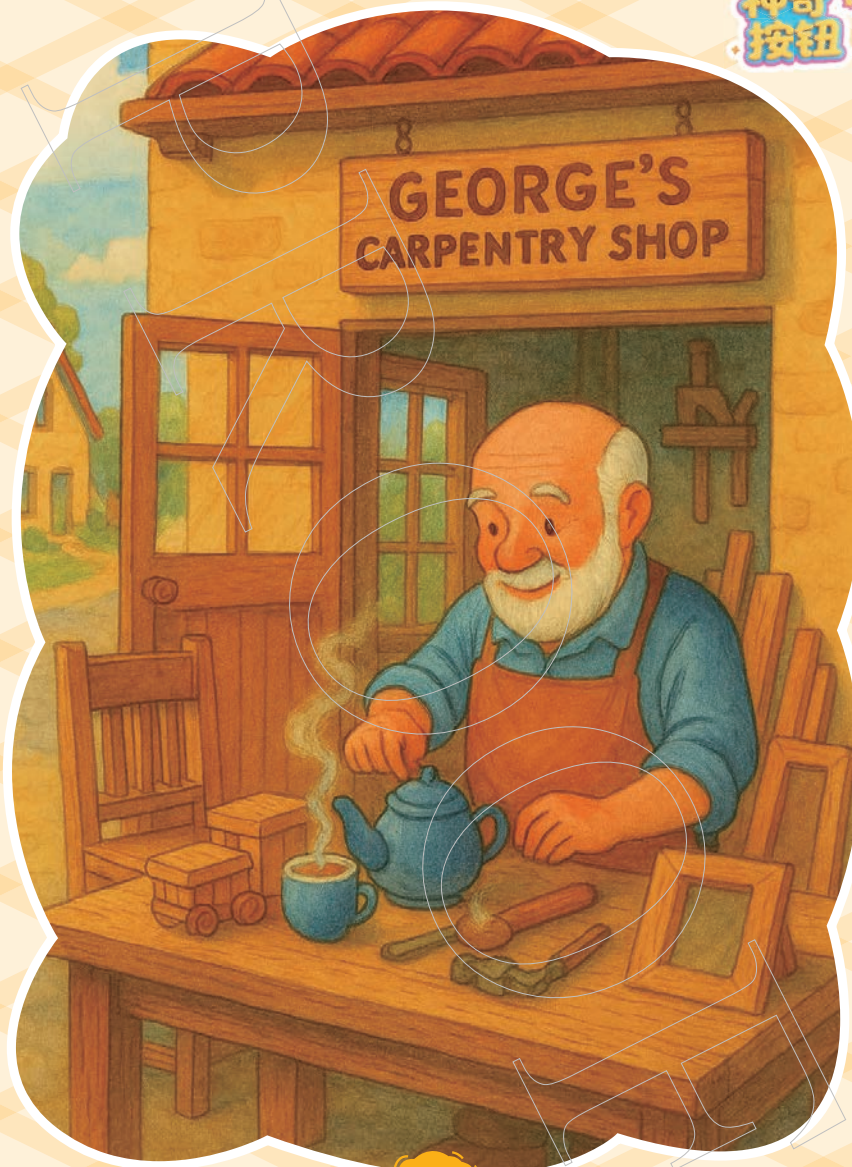
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## 作者简介

刘晨毕业于北京医科大学，先后在中美两国从事医学临床和基础研究工作。她同时对幼儿启蒙教育充满热情，希望通过生动有趣的儿童读物，寓教于乐，启发孩子们的思维，使他们在成长的道路上获得知识的滋养和精神的启蒙。她曾著有《童年的歌—童谣一百首》一书，由台湾博客思出版社和少年儿童出版社出版；《错在哪里》一书，由美国南方出版社出版。

神奇按钮



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在一个古老宁静的小镇上，有一家充满木头香气的作坊，店门口挂着一块木牌，上面刻着：“乔治木工坊”。乔治爷爷是这家作坊的主人，也是镇上唯一的木匠。他年纪虽大，但精力充沛，双手依然灵活得像年轻人一样。

每天清晨，他都会打开窗户，让阳光洒满整个作坊。然后泡上一壶热茶，系上围裙，开始一天的工作。他用心制作各种木器：结实的桌椅、实用的农具、孩子们喜欢的玩具，还有镇上画师需要的画框。他的作品不仅耐用，更有一种舒适的手感和质朴的美感，镇上的人们都说：“乔治爷爷的手，是能把木头变成宝贝的神奇之手。”

一天，一对年轻夫妇来到作坊。他们刚刚有了一个可爱的儿子，想特别为孩子订制一张小床。乔治爷爷认真听了他们的要求，微笑着点点头：“我会为你们的小宝贝做一张温暖舒适的小床。”



In a quiet old town, there was a little workshop filled with the fragrance of wood. Hanging above the door, a wooden sign read “*George’s Carpentry Shop.*” Grandpa George, the owner, was the only carpenter in town. Though old, he was still energetic, and his hands were as nimble as a young man’s.

Every morning, he would open the windows to let sunlight flood the shop. Then he brewed a pot of hot tea, put on his apron, and began his day’s work. He crafted sturdy tables and chairs, practical tools for farmers, toys for children, and frames for the town’s painters. His creations were not only durable but also carried a warm and rustic beauty. Townsfolk often said, “Grandpa George’s hands are magical. They turn wood into treasures.”

One day, a young couple visited the shop. They had just welcomed a baby boy and wanted a special crib made for him. Grandpa George listened carefully and nodded with a smile. “I’ll make a warm and comfortable bed for your little one.”





他挑选了一块纹理清晰的松木，开始忙碌起来。锯木、刨光、拼接、打磨、装饰，整整一天过去，一张小巧精致的儿童床做成了。第二天，他又花了一个上午的时间，认真地给小床刷上天蓝色的环保漆。他边刷边想：“这颜色像蔚蓝的天空，小家伙一定会舒适地躺在上面进入梦乡。”

可奇怪的是，过了好几天，那对夫妇都没有来取这张小床。夜晚的作坊安静得只剩钟声和淡淡的木香。乔治望着小床突发奇想，想象着小主人的样子，决定做一个小木头人。

He selected a fine piece of pine with beautiful grain and got to work. Sawing, planing, fitting, sanding, decorating—he worked through the day, and by evening, the small, elegant crib was finished. The next morning, he spent hours carefully painting it with sky blue, eco-friendly paint. As he brushed, he thought, *This color is like the endless sky. The little one will sleep so soundly here.*

Strangely, days passed and the couple never returned to pick up the crib. At night, the shop was silent, save for the ticking clock and the faint scent of wood. Gazing at the crib, George had an idea: he would imagine the little owner and carve a small wooden boy.





于是，他从木料堆里选出一块坚硬的核桃木，用心雕刻起来，一个人形出现了。他又给木头人刻出了一个圆圆的脸蛋、大大的眼睛，嘴角带着微笑。忙了大半夜，一个小巧可爱的木头人做好了。乔治把他轻轻地放在小床上，满意地笑了笑：“晚安，小木头人。”

第二天清晨，阳光透过窗子洒进来。乔治泡好早茶，又像往常一样准备了早餐。他望着小床，自言自语地说：“小木头人，想不想尝尝我做的香喷喷的早饭呀？”

“我想吃，爷爷。”一个稚嫩却清晰的声音响起。

乔治吓得手里的茶杯差点掉到地上。他惊讶地向小床那边望去，只见小木头人竟然坐了起来，跳下床，一步步走向桌子，爬上了椅子。

“天哪……”乔治揉了揉眼睛，走过去轻轻摸了摸木头人的肩膀，不是幻觉，他是真的！

木头人笑着说：“爷爷，我饿了。”

From the lumber pile, he chose a block of hard walnut wood and began carving with care. Bit by bit, a figure took shape. He gave the boy a round face, big eyes, and a gentle smile. By dawn, a small, charming wooden boy lay finished. George placed him softly in the crib and whispered with a smile, “Good night, little wooden boy.”

The next morning, sunlight streamed in as usual. George brewed his tea and prepared breakfast. Looking at the crib, he muttered playfully, “Little wooden boy, would you like to taste my delicious breakfast?”

“Yes, Grandpa, I would,” came a soft but clear child’s voice.

George nearly dropped his teacup in shock. He turned and saw the wooden boy sit up, hop out of the crib, and walk toward the table, climbing onto a chair.

“My goodness...” George rubbed his eyes and touched the boy’s shoulder. He was real!

The wooden boy grinned. “Grandpa, I’m hungry.”