

盛丹丹◎编译

种境界

以少的一抹风景

任凭四季交替,有幸福也有悲伤 **坂缓流淌的溪流**

一种心态

人生是润物细无声的温婉情怀 人生是轻风徐来乐淘淘的怡然神态 一种体验,





盛丹丹◎编译



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序

喧嚣的都市,车水马龙的拥堵,格子间的明争暗斗……华灯初上,一切归于平静。在我们温馨的小窝里,捧一杯咖啡,静静地坐下来,让浓浓咖啡香气萦绕,享受久违的那一份沉寂,或感悟或顿足,或见识或积累,或惊叹或沉淀……翻开智慧的篇章,徜徉于优美的文字,任由一个个小故事轻轻触碰你的心弦……

时光飞逝,岁月荏苒。时间虽然带走了青春,但却在我们的记忆深处留下了最为珍贵的回忆。《被风吹乱的夏天》是关于回忆与启迪的华美篇章。无论是无忧无虑的童年,还是青春懵懂的少年,我们在生命的每个时期都留下了深深的足迹。历经岁月的理性思考,过往的故事能带给我们丰富的经验和无尽的动力,让我们在纯真年代留下的记忆中成长。拥有回忆的人是幸福的,因为时喜时忧的岁月丰富着我们的人生。让我们在对该书的品读中走进往昔岁月,重新回味那些别样的年华吧!

或许我们时常会因为未能实现梦想而悔恨不已,或许我们会因为不尽圆满的往事而耿耿于怀,但这都是岁月留给我们的财富。正是因为这些遗憾,我们才会更加发奋;正是因为这些往事,我们才会更加懂得生活。《麦芒上的舞蹈》正是源于这些生活的感悟,带你细细品味个中滋味。该书收录的美文,或充满智慧,宛若奔涌而出的清泉,悄然渗入心田;或发人深省,犹如划过晴空的惊雷,让人心灵为之震撼……

每个女孩,都曾梦想拥有自己的公主裙,渴望像灰姑娘一样遇到童话般的爱情,追寻着华丽转身的机遇。就让《自赏我的盛装舞步》带你步入星光璀璨的世界吧!

游走于世界各地可让人提升见识,开阔视野,缓解压力,放松心灵。《游走世界的魅力》带你欣赏不同地域的壮美风光,了解各地独具魅力的风土人情,让你在书中体验一次愉悦的心灵之旅!

书中收录的文章均有精彩优美的参考译文与辅助阅读的词汇点拨,可以帮助读者轻松完成对美文的鉴赏。希望我们精心编译的这套咖啡与书香系列丛书能安抚你的焦躁,重温你的回忆,共鸣你的感悟,积淀你的见识,提升你的情调!

编者 2012 年中秋 于北京

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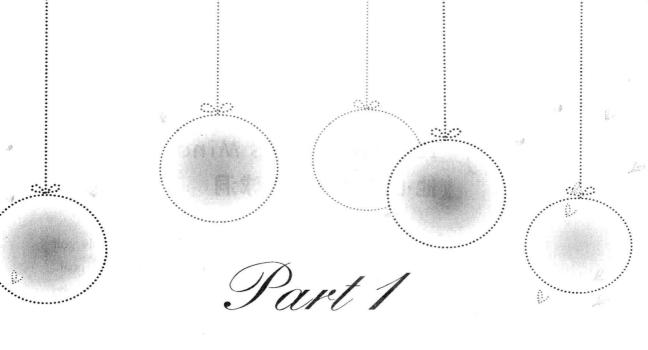
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梦想照进现实

Aut who was different synone perfectly bod one common orthogon, a single sent



18 Holes in His Mind 他心中的 18 个球洞

devise [di'vaiz] ν. 发明,策划,想出

Major James Nesmeth had a dream of improving his golf game — and he developed a unique method of achieving his goal. Until he **devised** this method, he was just an average weekend golfer, shooting in mid-to low-nineties. Then, for seven years, he completely quit the game. Never touched a club. Never set foot on a fairway.

ironically [ai'ronikəli]
adv. 具有讽刺意味地,嘲讽地,挖苦地
hiatus [hai'eitəs] n.
空隙; (文件中) 脱

Ironically, it was during this seven-year break from the game that Major Nesmeth came up with his amazingly effective technique for improving his game — a technique we can all learn from. In fact, the first time he set foot on a golf course after his **hiatus** from the game, he shot an astonishing 74! He had cut 20 strokes off his average without having swung a golf club in seven years! Unbelievable. Not only that, but his physical condition had actually deteriorated during those seven years.

imprison [im'prizən]
v. 监禁,入狱

What was Major Nesmeth's secret? Visualization. You see, Major Nesmeth had spent those seven years as a prisoner of war in North Vietnam. During those seven years, he was **imprisoned** in a cage that was approximately four and one-half feet high and five feet long.

During almost the entire time he was imprisoned, he saw no one, talked to no one and experienced no physical activity. During the first few months he did virtually nothing but hope and pray for his release. Then he realized he had to find some way to occupy his mind or he would lose his sanity and probably his life. That's when



he learned to visualize.

In his mind, he selected his favorite golf course and started playing golf. Every day, he played a full 18 holes at the imaginary country club of his dreams. He experienced everything to the last detail. He saw himself dressed in his golfing clothes. He smelled the fragrance of the trees and the freshly trimmed grass. He experienced different weather conditions — windy spring days, overcast winter days, and sunny summer mornings. In his imagination, every detail of the trees, the individual blade of grass, the singing birds, the scampering squirrels and the lay of the course became totally real.

He felt the grip of the club in his hands. He instructed himself as he practiced smoothing out his down-swing and the follow-through on his shot. Then he watched the ball arc down the exact center of the fairway, bounce a couple of times and roll to the exact spot he had selected, all in his mind.

In the real world, he was in no hurry. He had no place to go. So in his mind he took every step on his way to the ball, just as if he were physically on the course. It took him just as long in imaginary time to play 18 holes as it would have taken in reality. Not a detail was omitted. Not once did he ever miss a shot, never a hook or a slice, never a missed putt.

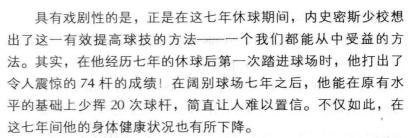
Seven days a week. Four hours a day. Eighteen holes. Seven years. Twenty strokes off. Shot a 74.



詹姆斯·内史密斯少校曾梦想提高自己的高尔夫球技,为此他设计了一套独到的方法。在设计出这套方法以前,他只是一个普通的高尔夫球爱好者,打90杆左右的一些中低杆。但是有七年他完全没碰高尔夫,也未踏上球道一步。



麦芒上的舞蹈



内史密斯少校的秘密何在呢? 答案就是视觉呈现。作为一名战俘,过去的七年内史密斯少校是在越南北部的一座监狱中度过的,他的监室大约只有4.5英尺高,5英尺长。

几乎在被监禁的整个七年里,他见不到其他人,接触不到其他人,也没有任何体育活动。最初的几个月,他做的唯一事情就是希望和祷告自己能被释放。无望之后他意识到一定要找到别的途径来占据自己的内心,否则他会丧失理智甚至生命。正是从这时开始,他学会了视觉呈现。

在心中,他选择最喜欢的球场并开始打球。每天他都在自己想象中的乡村俱乐部里打满 18 个球洞。他感受着一切,直至细枝末节。他看见自己穿着高尔夫球衣,他能闻到树的芬芳和刚修剪完的草场的清香。他感受着不同的天气——春日的微风,冬日的阴霾和夏日阳光明媚的早晨。在想象中,树的每个细节、草的每个叶片、歌唱的鸟儿、蹦蹦跳跳的松鼠和球场的地形都变得无限真实和清晰。

他能感受到手中的球杆。他指导自己练习向下挥杆和扬起球杆的连贯性。然后他看着球弧线式飞行直至落到球道中间,弹跳几次后顺利地滚进了他选择的位置。这一切都在他的脑海中完成。

在现实生活中,他从来都是慢条斯理。他无处可去,所以他 在心中想象打球的每一个步骤,就像他真的在球场上一样。在想 象中打满 18 洞的时间也和实际的一样,没有一个细节被落下。 他从来没错过击球、左旋球和右旋球,也没错过一次推球入洞。

每周七天,每天四个小时,18个球洞,持续了七年。所以他能少挥20杆,打出74杆的成绩。



A Little Girl's Dream 小女孩的梦想

The promise was a long time keeping. But then, so was the dream.

In the early 1950s in a small Southern California town, a little girl hefted yet another load of books onto the tiny library's counter.

The girl was a reader. Her parents had books all over their home, but not always the ones she wanted. So she'd make her weekly **trek** to the yellow library with the brown trim, the little one-room building where the children's library actually was just a nook. Frequently, she ventured out of that nook in search of heftier fare.

As the white-haired librarian hand-stamped the due dates in the ten-year-old's choices, the little girl looked longingly at "The New Book" prominently displayed on the counter. She marveled again at the wonder of writing a book and having it honored like that, right there for the world to see.

That particular day, she **confessed** her goal.

"When I grow up," she said, "I'm going to be a writer. I'm going to write books."

The librarian looked up from her stamping and smiled, not with the **condescension** so many children receive, but with encouragement.

"When you do write that book," she replied, "bring it into our library and we'll put it on display, right here on the counter."

The little girl promised she would.

trek [trek] *n*. 长途跋涉, 徒步旅行

confess [kən'fes] ν. 坦白,供认;承认

condescension

[,kondi'senfən] n 自以为高人一等, 贬低(别人)



麦芒上的舞蹈

As she grew, so did her dream. She got her first job in ninth grade, writing brief **personality** profiles, which earned her \$1.50 each from the local newspaper. The money palled in comparison with the magic of seeing her words on paper.

A book was a long way off.

She married and started a family, but the itch to write burned deep. She got a part-time job covering school news at a weekly newspaper. It kept her brain busy as she balanced babies.

But no book.

She went to work full time for a major daily. Even tried her hand at magazines.

Still no book.

Finally, she believed she had something to say and started a book. She sent it off to two publishers and was rejected. She put it away, sadly. Several years later, the old dream increased in persistence. She got an agent and wrote another book. She pulled the other out of hiding, and soon both were sold.

But the world of book publishing moved slower than that of daily newspapers, and she waited two long years. The day the box arrived on her doorstep with its free author's copies, she ripped it open. Then she cried. She'd waited so long to hold her dream in her hands.

Then she remembered that librarian's invitation, and her promise.

Of course, that particular librarian had died long ago, and the little library had been razed to make way for a larger **incarnation**.

The woman called and got the name of the head librarian. She wrote a letter, telling her how much her predecessor's words had meant to the girl. She'd be in town for her thirtieth high school reunion, she wrote, and could she please bring her two books by

personality

[ɪpəːsə¹næliti] n. 人格,个性;人物

incarnation

[ˌinkaː'neiʃən] n. 具 体化,化身



and give them to the library? It would mean so much to that tenyear-old girl, and seemed a way of honoring all the librarians who had ever encouraged a child.

The librarian called and said, "Come." So she did, clutching a copy of each book.

She found the big new library right across the street from her old high school; just opposite the room where she'd struggled through algebra, mourning the necessity of a subject that writers would surely never use, and nearly on top of the spot where her old house once stood, the neighbourhood was demolished for a civic center and this looming library.

Inside, the librarian welcomed her warmly. She introduced a reporter from the local newspaper — a **descendant** of the paper **descendant** she'd begged a chance to write for long ago.

Then she presented her books to the librarian, who placed them on the counter with a sign of explanation. Tears rolled down the woman's cheeks.

Then she hugged the librarian and left, pausing for a picture outside, which proved that dreams can come true and promises can be kept, even if it took thirty-eight years.

The ten-year-old girl and the writer she'd become posed by the library sign, right next to the reader board, which said:

WELCOME BACK.

JANN MITCHELL.



承诺需要很长时间的坚持, 梦想也是如此。

20世纪50年代初期,在加利福尼亚州南部的小镇上,有一 个小女孩举起另一摞书放在窄小的图书馆柜台上。

这个女孩是个读者。她的父母把家中摆满了书,但不全是她



「di'sendənt] n. 后

裔,后代

