

Bilingual reading for Chinese students

# 中国学生双语阅读精品

## 敢于梦想

Dare to dream

英汉典藏版



生命如歌，要用一生去吟唱。常常在晚风的轻抚下望月低吟，也常常在水墨的漫溢埋藏心迹。一路风雨，青春的车轮碾轧出韵律和美的诗行，谱写出生命的华丽篇章。

山东电子音像出版社

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刘庆 编著

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### 第一辑

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## 第一卷 红丝带

一个能够带给我警醒的东西，你无须成为独一无二的胜利者，而是要在你最亲密的人之中成为成功者。



## 阳光下的时光

“……我并不富有，却拥有无数个艳阳天和夏日。”

——梭罗

写下这句话的时候，梭罗想起了他孩提时代的瓦尔登湖。

那时，伐木者和火车还没有对瓦尔登湖的湖畔美景造成严重的破坏。小男孩儿可以乘船来到湖中心，仰卧在小船上，任其从岸的一边缓缓漂向岸的另一边，周围是戏水的鸟儿和翩舞的燕子。梭罗喜欢回忆这样温馨的艳阳天和夏日，“这个时候，恬淡的生活是最迷人也是最有意义的事情。”

在我的孩童时代，我也曾那样热爱小湖，也曾拥有过无数个艳阳天和夏日。如今，阳光、夏日依旧未变，可是从前的男孩儿和从前的小湖却都已改变。那男孩儿已经长大成人，再也无暇去湖上泛舟。而小湖所在的地



方，也被大城市的建筑物所取代了。曾有苍鹭觅食的沼泽，如今早已枯竭，上面盖起了座座房屋。曾有睡莲静静漂浮的湖泊，如今已成了汽艇的避风港。总之，男孩儿所热爱的一切都已经不复存在——只停留在人们的记忆中。

有人认为，只有今天和明天才是最重要的，可是，如果真让人过着这样的日子，我们将会多么悲惨啊！我们今天所做的事情，有许多都是徒劳的，并且很快就会被人们遗忘。而许多我们期待未来将要做的事情却从未发生过。

过去是一家银行，我们把最珍贵的东西——记忆储存在其中，记忆使我们的生活更有意义、更有深度。

那些珍惜过去的人，不会悲叹于时光的一去不复返，因为过去的一切已被我们珍藏在记忆之中，永远不会遗失。死亡无法使记忆中的声音逝去，也无法将记忆中的微笑抹杀。对那个已经长大成人的男孩儿来说，有那样一个小湖，它不会因时间或潮汐的更迭而改变，可以让他一直在阳光下享受宁静的时光。

## Hour in the Sun

"... I was rich, if not in money, in sunny hours and summer days."

Thoreau

When Thoreau wrote that line, he was thinking of the Walden Pond he was a boy.

Woodchoppers and the Iron Horse had not yet greatly damaged the beauty of its setting. A boy could go to the pond and lie on his back against the seat of a boat, lazily drifting from shore to shore while the loons dived and the swallows dipped around him. Thoreau loved to recall such sunny hours and summer days "when idleness was the most attractive and productive business."

I too was once a boy in love with a pond, rich in sunny hours and summer days. Sun and summer are still what they always were, but the boy and the pond changed. The boy, who is

now a man, no longer finds much time for idle drifting. The pond has been annexed by a great city. The swamps where herons once hunted are now drained and filled with houses. The bay where water lilies quietly floated is now a harbor for motor boats. In short, everything that the boy loved no longer exists—except in the man's memory of it.

Some people insist that only today and tomorrow matter. But how much poorer we would be if we really lived by that rule! So much of what we do today is frivolous and futile and soon forgotten. So much of what we hope to do tomorrow never happens.

The past is the bank in which we store our most valuable possession—the memories that give meaning and depth to our lives.

Those who truly treasure the past will not bemoan the passing of the good old days, because days enshrined in memory are never lost. Death itself is powerless to still a remembered voice or erase a remembered smile. And for one boy who is now a man, there is a pond which neither time nor tide can change, where he can still spend a quiet hour in the sun.

## 红 丝 带

在我上幼儿园的那年春天，我们班举行了一场田径比赛，终点是在20英里外的一座城镇公园。现在，如果你开车去，这段路根本不算什么；但如果你是个6岁的孩子，一直都住在一个只有300人的小镇上，那么去一个拥有2000多人的城镇绝对是一个大问题。然而，现在回想起来，那些日子所经历的一切大多已被我忘记了。唯一记得的是：我们当时只吃了顿午饭，然后大家就去荡秋千，玩滑梯——尽是些6岁孩子喜欢做的游戏。随后比赛时间就到了。

与平常的竞赛不同。有些父母想出了一些点子，准备举行一个野餐式的竞赛，比如在你跑到某个地方的时候，把土豆传递给后面的人，或在勺子里放个鸡蛋再向前跑。其中的一些细节我已记不清楚了，但有一项比赛我却始终没有忘记——三腿比赛。

家长们决定在这次比赛中不用装土豆的袋子，而是

将我们的脚绑在一起。与我搭伴的小男孩在体育方面是我们班级的第二名，算他“走运”！这下他可遇到麻烦了，而我也要遭殃了——这个家伙向来都是赢家，但和我一起参加比赛，他恐怕就没有什么机会了。

可当时他似乎并没有考虑到这么多。他把自己的一只胳膊与我的胳膊绑在一起，枪响后，我们立即向终点冲去。在我们身边，选手们要么一对对摔倒了，要么被对方绊倒了，只有我和我的同伴安然到达了对面。令人难以置信的是，当我们准备起程返回起点时，我们俩已经排在最前面了！而距我们最近的一对也离我们有几码远。

就在我们即将到达终点线的那一刻，我们遭遇了厄运——我被绊倒了。事实上，我们离得很近，他本可以轻而易举地把我拖过终点线的。他本可以，可他并没有那么做，相反，他停了下来，把我扶了起来——而之前距我们几码远的那对选手冲过了终点线。

我永远也无法忘记那一刻，当时我们获得了一条红丝带。13年后，当我站在舞台上向同学们作告别发言时，已经没有人记得那一时刻了，但我仍告诉同学们：那个男孩儿在一瞬间决定把朋友扶起来，而不是争着越

过终点线，要比赢一个蓝丝带更有意义。发表演讲时，我对台下的同学说，就算此刻他站在我身边，恐怕我也无法认出他来了。之所以会这样，是因为在当时，或某些时候，其他人都曾扮演过那位小男孩的角色，将我扶起。向一个需要帮助的小伙伴伸出援手，毅然决然地放弃了他们获胜的希望。

同时，我还告诉同学们，为什么我始终保留着这条红丝带。对我而言，这条丝带是一个能够带给我警醒的东西，你无须成为独一无二的胜利者，而是要在你最亲密的人之中成为成功者。这个世界可以评判你的成功或者失败，但是只有你最亲近的人才知道真相。记住这一点，将对我们的生有着非同一般的意义。

也许你手中并没有这样一条红丝带，但是，我真心希望你能够拥有这样几个朋友——能够放弃赢得蓝丝带的机会，而去帮助你——并一如既往地记挂着你的那些朋友。他们才是你最应该珍惜的朋友——我知道他们对我来说非常重要。

## The red ribbon

During the spring of my kindergarten year, our class had a field trip to a park in a town about 20 miles away. Making that drive now is no big deal, but when you're six and you've lived in a town of 300 all your life, going to a town of a couple thousand is a very big deal. Nonetheless, looking back now, I don't remember much of that day. I'm sure we ate our little sack lunches, played on the swings, slid down the slide—typical six-year-old stuff. Then it was time for the races.

These no ordinary races. Some parent had come up with the idea to have the picnic kind of races, like pass the potato under your neck and hold an egg on a spoon while you run to the other side. I don't remember too much about these, but there was one race that will forever be lodged in my memory—the three-legged race.

The parents decided not to use potato sacks for this partic

ular race. Instead, they tied our feet together. One lucky little boy got me for a partner. Now what you have to know about this little boy is that he was the second most athletic boy in our class. I'm sure he knew he was in trouble the second they laced his foot to mine. As for me, I was mortised. This guy was a winner. He almost always won, and I knew that, with me, he didn't have a chance.

However, apparently he didn't realize that as deeply as I did at the time. He laced his arm with mine, the gun sounded, and we were off to the other side. Couples were falling and stumbling all around us, but we stayed on our feet and made it to the other side. Unbelievably when we turned around and headed back for home, we were in the lead! Only one other couple even had a chance, and they were a good several yards behind us.

Then only feet from the finish line, disaster struck. I tripped and fell. We were close enough that my partner could have easily dragged me across the finish line and won. He could have, but he didn't. Instead, he stopped, reached down, and helped me up—just as the other couple crossed the finish line.



I still remember that moment, and I still have that little red ribbon. When we graduated 13 years later, I stood on that stage and gave the Valedictory address to that same group of students, none of whom even remembered that moment anymore. So, I told them about that little boy who had made a split-second decision that helping a friend up was more important than winning a blue ribbon. In my speech I told them that I wouldn't tell which of the guys sitting there on that stage was the little boy although he was up there with me. I wouldn't tell because in truth at one time or another all of them had been that little boy—helping me up when I fell, taking time out from their pursuit of their own goals to help a fellow person in need.

And I told them why I've kept that ribbon. You see to me, that ribbon is a reminder that you don't have to be a winner in the eyes of the world to be a winner to those closest to you. The world may judge you a failure or a success, but those closest to you will know the truth. That's important to remember as we travel through this life.

You may not have a red ribbon to prove it, but I sincerely hope you have at least a few friends who remember you for tak-