



Dancing with Youth

在美丽如花的年华里,让你我都尽情地呼吸快乐、浪漫和自由,体验这一段生命历程中别样的精彩!

瞧,我

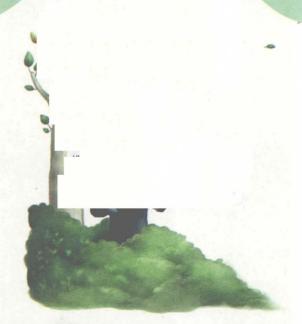
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山东电子音像出版社

美丽英文诵读菁华

瞧,我那飞扬的青春



☑ 山东电子音像出版社

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Youth

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind.

It is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, vigor of the emotions.

It is the freshness of the deep spring of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease.

This often exits in a man of sixty, more than a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows merely by the number of years; we grow old by deserting our ideas.

Whether sixty or twenty,
there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonders,
the unfailing childlike appetite of what's next
and the joy of the game of living.
In the center of your heart and my heart
there is a wireless station;
so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer,
courage and power,
from men and from infinite,
so long as you are young.







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青春在指尖跳动

Dance with Youth



Man's Youth 青春物语

Forget about the days when it's been cloudy, but don't forget your hours in the sun.

Forget about the times you've been defeated, but don't forget the victories you've won. Forget about the misfortunes you've encountered, but don't forget the times your luck has turned.

忘掉你失意的日子,但不要忘记那些黄金的时光。忘掉你的一次次失败, 但不要忘记你夺取的胜利。忘掉你遭遇的不幸,但不要忘记你的时来运转。

Man's youth is a wonderful thing: it is so full of anguish and of magic and he never comes to know it as it is, until it has gone from him forever. It is the thing he cannot bear to lose; it is the thing whose passing he watches with infinite sorrow and regret; it is the thing whose loss he must lament forever; it is the thing whose loss he really welcomes with a sad and secret joy, the thing he would never willingly relive again, could it be restored to him by any magic.

Why is this? The reason is that the strange and bitter miracle of life is nowhere else so evident as in our youth. And what is the essence of that strange and bitter miracle of life which we feel so poignantly, so



anguish /ˈæŋgwɪʃ/ n. 苦闷,痛苦 lament /ləˈment/ v. 哀悼;悲叹

poignantly /'pɒɪnəntlɪ/ adv. 痛切地, 辛酸地

unutterably, with such a bitter pain and joy, when we are young? It is this: that being rich, we are so poor; that being mighty, we can yet have nothing; that seeing, breathing, smelling, tasting all around us the impossible wealth and glory of this earth, feeling with an intolerable certitude that the whole structure of the enchanted life—the most fortunate, wealthy, good, and happy life that any man has ever known—is ours—is ours at once, immediately and forever, the moment that we choose to take a step, or stretch a hand, or say a word—we yet know that we can really keep, hold, take, and possess forever—nothing. All passes; nothing lasts: the moment that we put our hand upon it, it melts away like smoke, is gone forever, and the snake is eating at our heart again; we see then what we are and what our lives must come to.

A Young man is so strong, so mad, so certain, and so lost. He has everything and he is able to use nothing. He hurls the great shoulder of his strength forever against phantasmal barriers, he is a wave whose power explodes in lost mid-oceans under timeless skies, he reaches out to grip a fume of painted smoke; he wants all, feels the thirst and power for everything, and finally gets nothing. In the end, he is destroyed by his own strength, devoured by his own hunger, improvised by his own wealth. Thoughtless of money or the accumulation of material possessions, he is none the less defeated in the end by his own greed—a greed that makes the avarice of King Midas seem paltry by comparison.

unutterably /ˌʌn'ʌtərəbli/ adv. 说不出地, 无法表达地
certitude /'sɜːtɪtjuːd/ n. 确实, 确信
phantasmal /'fæntæzəməl/ adj. 幻影的;
幽灵一样的

fume /fju:m/ n. 烟雾; c味 improvise /'improvaiz/ v. 临时拼凑 avarice /'ævəris/ n. 贪财, 贪婪 paltry /'pɔ:ltri/ adj. 微小的; 无价值的



And that is the reason why, when youth is gone, every man will look back upon that period of his life with infinite sorrow and regret. It is the bitter sorrow and regret of a man who knows that once he had a great talent and wasted it, of a man who knows that once he had a great treasure and got nothing from it, of a man who knows that he had strength enough for everything and never used it.



青春年少精彩无限,痛苦与魔力并存,少时不知青春是何物,直到永逝。 青春流逝让人依依不舍,目睹其渐行渐远,不免伤怀难遣,日夜追悔。然而, 老之将至固然叫人唏嘘不已,但青春不再又确实令人暗自悲喜交集。而纵有奇 迹唤其归来,却无人愿重度那青涩岁月。

这该做何解释呢?这是因为,人生的奇幻乖舛在年少时光最显淋漓酣畅。此时,个中滋味是如此深刻痛切,如此无以名状,如此苦乐交织。然而,这奇妙苦涩的人生到底是什么呢?其本质在于:年轻时,虽富足无缺,实一贫如洗;虽强壮有力,却一无所有。这时,原以为世间绝无的荣华富贵,却时刻耳闻目睹,因而涌现无比的自信——人世极致的幸福美好、财富快乐,肯定非我们莫属,不但唾手可得,而且永保不失。然而,当真举步向前、伸手抓拿、张口发话时,才赫然发觉,我们所能取得,可以拥有的,竟空无一物。一切飘然而过,无一永恒长存,只要伸手触及,立刻烟消云散,永不复返。于是心中又有如蛇噬,因为此时此刻,我们已看清自己,明白此生之无奈。

年轻人强健、疯狂、自信、却失落。他拥有一切,却无以致用,他永远依靠强健体魄,对着心中的障碍知难而上;他是一股热浪,在无限的苍穹下,在海洋中爆发自己的力量,他伸出手,去抓一缕着色的轻烟;他想拥有一切,渴求世间所有的东西,觉得自己有力量得到它们,而结果却徒劳无功。最后,自

己的力量毁灭了他,自己的欲望吞噬了他,自己的财富让他变得一贫如洗。在 钱财和物质财富积累方面没有规划,最终还是自己的贪婪打倒了自己——即便 是得米达斯国王的欲望与其相比也显得无足轻重。

那就是为什么当青春已逝,每个人都会怀着无尽的悲哀和遗憾回首那段 岁月。曾经才智卓越,却一无所用;曾经殷实富足,却一无所有;曾经身强力 壮,却一事无成。这就是失落的青春,这就是失落的青春留下的遗憾。

佳句背诵馆

* It is the thing he cannot bear to lose; it is the thing whose passing he watches with infinite sorrow and regret; it is the thing whose loss he must lament forever; it is the thing whose loss he really welcomes with a sad and secret joy, the thing he would never willingly relive again, could it be restored to him by any magic. (极品写作句)

该句一气呵成,概括了青春的难以琢磨的本质。这种排比句式,用在写作中,尤其是散文写作中,可以加强语气,抒发作者强烈的感情,达到与读者的共鸣。

★ It is this: that being rich, we are so poor; that being mighty, we can yet have nothing. (经典背诵句)

该句后半部分是一个对称句式,前面用It is this来引起读者的注意,整句读起来有一种韵律感和音乐美。

★ And that is the reason why, when youth is gone, every man will look back upon that period of his life with infinite sorrow and regret. (极品写作句)

该句是对前文原因的揭示,用that is the reason why...(那就是……原因所在)句式,可表示对上文的总结,也可进一步点明文章的主旨。



The Two Roads

两条路

Youth is the season of hope and energy. Try what you want; pursue what you have planned. Nothing can not be done for a young willing heart.

青春充满希望, 青春动力无限。向着心中的梦想, 努力去追求。只要年轻 的心犹在,一切皆可成。

It was New Year's Night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless people than himself now moved towards their certain goal-the tomb. He had already passed sixty of the stages leading to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. Now his health was poor, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age short of comforts.

The days of his youth appeared like dreams before him, and he recalled the serious moment when his father placed him at the entrance of the two roads-one leading to a peaceful, sunny place, covered with





flowers, fruits and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading to a deep, dark cave, which was endless, where poison flowed instead of water and where devils and poisonous snakes hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky and cried painfully, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, and I'll choose the better way!" But both his father and the days of his youth had passed away.

He saw the lights flowing away in the darkness. These were the days of his wasted life; he saw a star fall down from the sky and disappeared, and this was the symbol of himself. His remorse, which was like a sharp arrow, struck deeply into his heart. Then he remembered his friends in his childhood, who entered on life together with him. But they had made their way to success and were now honored and happy on this New Year's Night.

The clock in the high church tower struck and the sound made him remember his parents' early love for him. They had taught him and prayed to God for his good. But he chose the wrong way. With shame and grief he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his father lived. His darkened eyes were full of tears, and with a despairing effort, he burst out a cry: "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

resounding /rɪˈzaʊndɪŋ/ adj. 回响的;响 亮的

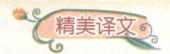
hiss/his/ v. 发嘶嘶声

crawl /krɔːl/ v. 爬,爬行 make one's way to 通向,达到 despairing /dɪ'speərɪŋ/ adj. 绝望的



And his youth did return, for all this was only a dream which he had on New Year's Night. He was still young though his faults were real; he had not yet entered the deep, dark cave, and he was still free to walk on the road which leads to the peaceful and sunny land.

Those who still linger on the entrance of life, hesitating to choose the bright road, remember that when years are passed and your feet stumble on the dark mountains, you will cry bitterly, but in vain: "O youth, return! Oh give me back my early days!"



一个除夕之夜,一位老人伫立在窗前。他悲伤地望着深蓝色的天空,繁星像百合花一样漂浮在清澈平静的天空里。然后他又俯看地面,发现没有人比他更绝望地奔向唯一的终点——坟墓。在通往生命终点的旅途中,他已经走过了六十个驿站,收获的却只有过失和悔恨。如今他的健康不佳,精神空虚,内心痛苦,晚年生活不适。

年轻的时光像梦一样浮现在眼前,他回想起那个关键的时刻,父亲把他带到人生的岔路口,有两条路摆在他面前:一条路通往一个宁静的、阳光灿烂的地方,那里满是花果,柔和甜美的歌声回响在空中;另一条路却通往一个黑暗无底的洞穴,那里流淌的不是清水,而是毒液,那里恶魔肆虐,毒蛇横行。

他仰望着天空,痛苦地哭喊道:"啊,青春,回来吧!啊,父亲,重新把我带到生命的起点吧,我会选择另一条更好的路!"可是,他的父亲连同青春,都已经一去不返了。

他看到点点光亮消失在黑暗中,那些是他虚度的日子;他看见一颗星星从

3

linger /'lɪngə(r)/ v. 逗留;徘徊 stumble /'stʌmbl/ v. 绊脚

in vain 徒劳地