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双语  
精华版  
(附赠 MP3)

# 心灵鸡汤

[女性系列]

聆听花开的声音

你是好友坚实的臂膀，你是职场活跃的干将，美丽季节聆听花开的声音——温柔而响亮。

*Hearing the Voice of the Flowers*

Jack Canfield & Mark Victor Hansen 等著  
韦虹 张洁 张楚武 译

Chicken  
Soup for the  
Soul

安徽科学技术出版社

Health Communications, Inc.

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## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

心灵鸡汤:双语精华版. 聆听花开的声音/(美)坎费尔德(Canfield, J.)等著;韦虹,张洁,张楚武译. —合肥:安徽科学技术出版社,2007.9

ISBN 978-7-5337-3882-2

I. 心… II. ①坎…②韦…③张…④张… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物②故事-作品集-美国-现代 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2007)第 129496 号

### 心灵鸡汤:双语精华版. 聆听花开的声音

(美)坎费尔德(Canfield, J.)等著 韦虹 张洁 张楚武译

---

出版人:朱智润

责任编辑:付莉

封面设计:王国亮

出版发行:安徽科学技术出版社(合肥市政务文化新区圣泉路 1118 号  
出版传媒广场,邮编:230071)

电话:(0551)3533330

网址:www.ahstp.com.cn

E-mail:yougoubu@sina.com

经销:新华书店

排版:安徽事达科技贸易有限公司

印刷:合肥晓星印务有限责任公司

开本:889×1100 1/24

印张:10

字数:202千

版次:2007年9月第1版 2007年9月第1次印刷

印数:10 000

定价:25.00元

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(本书如有印装质量问题,影响阅读,请向本社市场营销部调换)

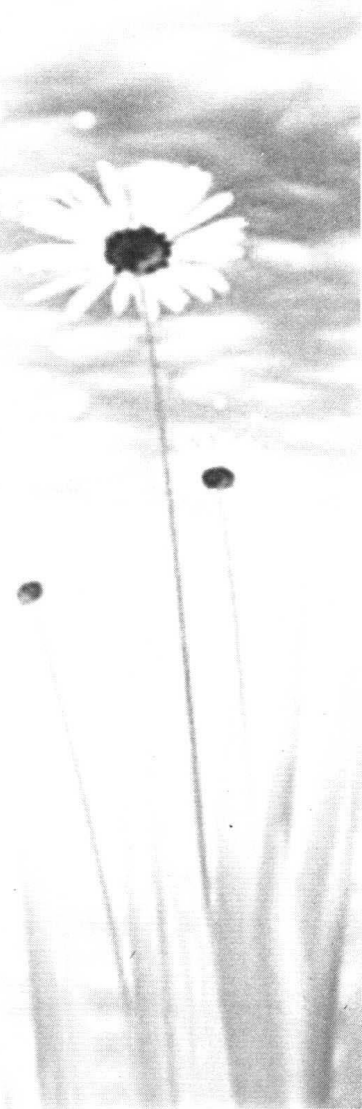
作为原生于美国的大众心理自助与人生励志类的闪亮品牌,《心灵鸡汤》语言地道新颖,优美流畅,极富时代感。书中一个个叩人心扉的故事,充分挖掘平凡小事所蕴藏的精神力量 and 人性之美,真率倾诉对生命的全新体验和深层感悟,字里行间洋溢着爱心、感恩、信念、鼓励 and 希望。因其内涵哲思深邃,豁然释然,央视“百家讲坛”曾引用其作为解读援例。

文本适读性与亲和力、故事的吸引力和感召力、内涵的人文性和震撼力,促出了鲜香润泽的《心灵鸡汤》——发行40多个国家和地区,总销量达一亿多册的全球超级畅销书!

安徽科学技术出版社独家引进的该系列英文版,深得广大读者的推崇与青睐,频登各大书店及“开卷市场零售监测系统”的畅销书排行榜,多次荣获全国出版发行行业的各类奖项。

就学英语而言,本系列读物的功效已获广大读者乃至英语教学界的充分肯定。由于书中文章的信度和效度完全符合大规模标准化考试对考题的质量要求,全国大学英语四级考试、全国成人高考的阅读理解真题曾采用其中的文章。大学英语通用教材曾采用其中的文章作为精读课文。

为了让更多读者受惠于这一品牌,我社又获国内独家授权,隆重推出双语精华版《心灵鸡汤》系列:英汉美文并蓄、双语同一视面对照——广大读者既能在轻松阅读中提高英语水平,又能从中感悟人生的真谛;激发你搏击风雨、奋发向上的生命激情!



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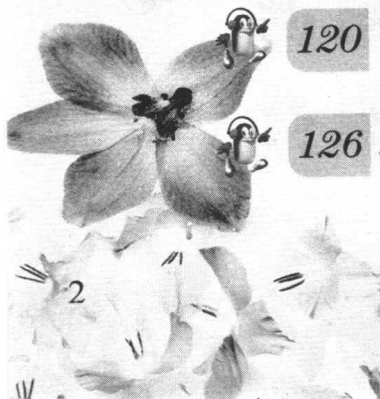
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城市公主





# The Interview

## 面 试

*Dreams are powerful reflections of your actual growth potential.*

Denis Waitley and Reni L.Witt

梦想能充分反映你成长的真实潜力。

丹尼斯·维特力, 瑞尼·L. 维特

The job of a lifetime, that's what it was, secretary for the district attorney. I couldn't wait for my interview. This was the kind of position I'd dreamed of, what all those years of college and entry-level positions were for.

The night before my interview, I spent two hours going through my closet to pick out just the right outfit. What would I say to him? I curled up into my pillowy bed and stared at the ceiling, unable to sleep. How should I act? Nervous, I shut my eyes and tried to get some rest, but I kept tossing and turning.

去当地区检察官的秘书,那可真是我愿意做一辈子的工作。我迫不及待地等着面试。这是我梦寐以求的职位,是我多年大学学习和下层初级职位辛勤努力的目标所在。

在参加面试的头一天晚上,我花了两个小时搜遍衣橱,寻找适合穿戴的全套行头。我对他说什么好呢?我蜷缩在柔软的床上盯着天花板难以入眠。我该怎么做呢?我很紧张,闭上双眼想歇息片刻,但却止不住地辗转反侧。





Finally, the alarm clock woke me. I tried to open my eyes, but something was wrong. My face felt stiff, strange. My hands flew to my cheeks.

“No!” My lips were unable to open all the way.

I ran to the bathroom and looked at myself in the bathroom mirror, horrified. My face was contorted like a stroke victim's. My eyes were misaligned. I couldn't move the right side of my face. I could barely recognize myself. What was happening to me? What nightmare did I wake up into?

My mother came into the room, “What's wrong?” Her eyes bulged as she withdrew in terror.

“What's happening to me?” I slurred to her.

“I'll take you to the emergency room,” she finally gasped.

We were rushed in. The nurse took one look at me and called in a specialist. There, under the blazing white lights, my mother and I waited.

After several hours of tests, the doctor finally explained, “You have Bell's palsy. It is a condition in which your face muscles tighten because of stress. You need to get plenty of sleep, and in a few days your face will return to normal.”

“But I have a job interview this afternoon,” I sadly remembered.

“I'm sorry,” the doctor said, concerned. “You should reschedule, maybe for later in the week.”

During the long car ride home, all I could think about was how bad it would look to reschedule. Certainly, that would dampen my chances. Nobody reschedules with the district attorney. All the other applicants would have the advantage then, I concluded.

I looked at my watch and made the decision, “Mom, drop me off on Jacob Street. I'm going to the interview.”

“Honey, I don't think you should. You look... strange,” she said, ever so gently.

I knew she was right. He probably would take one look at me and



最终,闹钟唤醒了我。我想要睁开双眼,但是发现什么东西不对劲了。我的脸感觉僵硬,好奇怪。我飞快地把手伸向脸颊。

“不!”我的双唇怎么也张不开。

我冲进浴室,惊恐万分地看着镜子里的自己。我的脸就像中了风的人脸一般扭曲着。双眼变形了,右边的脸也不能动了,我简直认不出自己了。我怎么了,一觉醒来跌入了怎样的梦魇?

母亲来到房间,“怎么了?”她吃惊地后退时眼睛瞪老大。

“我这是咋回事?”我向她含糊不清地反问。

“我带你去急诊室,”她最后喘着粗气说。

我们一路飞奔。护士看了我一眼,然后叫来了专科医生。就在那刺眼的白炽灯下,母亲和我等待着。

经过几小时检查,医生做出最终解释,“你得了贝尔氏麻痹。它的症状是你的面部肌肉因为紧张而绷紧。你需要大量的睡眠,过几天以后你的脸就恢复正常了。”

“但是我今天下午就有个应聘面试,”我难过地想起这事。

“我很抱歉,”医生关爱地说道,“你应该另外约个时间,也许是本周末。”

在坐车回家漫长的路上,我所想的就是重新约面试时间有多糟。那当然会让我的机遇渺茫。没人能和地区检察官重约见面时间。我想那样的结果只能是让其他所有的申请人获得优势。

我看了一下表做出决定,“妈,在雅各布街把我放下,我要去参加面试。”

“宝贝,我认为你不该去。你看着……怪怪的,”她像以往一样温和地说。

我知道她说得对。他很可能就只看我一眼,然后凭我此时的相





judge me by my appearance rather than by my experience and talent. I probably shouldn't go. But if I didn't, I'd always wonder if I could have gotten my dream job.

"No, Mom, take me there."

Reluctantly, she took me where I wanted to go. I walked right into the formidable office with the mahogany furniture and pillars of white marble, not letting my own self-consciousness or any disease stop me. Not now, not when I had worked so hard for so long to be given this opportunity.

I went to the woman sitting behind the front desk and said, as well as I could, "Nicole Jenkins to see Mr. Robertson."

She stared at my face. "He's expecting you. Go right in."

I entered the room to her right and saw a gray-haired man sitting behind the large desk reading a file.

Suddenly my nerves got the best of me, and I had to sit. I took the chair in front of him.

"Hello," he said. "Miss Jenkins?"

"Yes. Please excuse me. I'm having a Bell's palsy attack. My doctor explained to me that it would last a few days. I came right from the hospital."

"You're very dedicated to come when you're not feeling up to speed," he responded, after a pause.

"Yes, sir."

He spent a few minutes looking over my application. "Is everything on here correct?" He held it out to me.

I glanced over the paper, "Yes, but I failed to mention I type seventy-five words per minute."

"Wonderful," he smiled. "Out of one hundred points, you had our highest score on the application test. You scored well above average on grammar and computer programs."

貌而不是我的经历和才能给我下个结论。我也许不该去。但是如果不去的话,我将永远幻想能否得到我梦寐以求的工作。

“不,妈,把我送到那里去。”

母亲极不情愿地把我带到了我想来的地方。我径直走进那间令人生畏、有红木家具和白色大理石台柱的办公室,没有让自我暗示或任何病痛妨碍我。它们现在不能,决不能在我努力工作了这么久就要得到这份工作的时候妨碍我。

我走到坐在前面桌子后头的女人那里尽可能清晰地说道,“妮克乐·简金斯拜见罗伯逊先生。”

她盯着我的脸,“他在等你。进去吧。”

我进了紧靠她右边的房间,看到一个灰头发的男人正坐在一张巨大的桌子旁边读一份文件。

我突然一下子自信地鼓起勇气,我要坐下去。我坐在了他面前的椅子上。

“你好,”他说,“是简金斯小姐吗?”

“是的,请原谅。我意外地得了贝尔氏麻痹。医生说这病会持续几天。我是从医院赶来的。”

他迟疑了一下,很快说道,“你在感觉不宜参加面试的时候还能前来真是有毅力。”

“是的,先生。”

他把我的申请表翻着看了好几分钟,“这上面说的都没错吗?”他把申请表递给我。

我扫了一眼说,“没错,但是我没提我一分钟能打75个字。”

“那太棒了,”他微笑着说,“在这次100分的申请人考试里,你得了最高分。你在语法和计算机程序上的得分也超过了平均分。”





"It comes easily for me," I honestly replied.

"Well, you are certainly qualified. You have an impressive background with related experience. I see here you worked for the navy."

"Directly with legal affairs," I reiterated.

"When are you available?"

"Two weeks."

He gazed down at his desk calendar. "The 27th then, be here at 9:00 A.M.."

I gasped. "You're hiring me!"

"Yes, you're perfect for the position."

I stood. "Thank you for believing in me. I won't let you down."

"I know," he smiled, rising from his desk to shake my hand. "Not only have you got the skills I'm looking for, you also have the character."

Nicole Jenkins

as told to Michele

"Screech" Campanelli

“那对我都很容易，”我老实地回答。

“那么，你肯定是合格的。你的相关经历背景给我们的印象很深刻。我看到这里有你过去给海军工作的介绍。”

“那是与法律事务直接相关的，”我重申道。

“你什么时候可以上班呢？”

“两周后。”

他朝桌上的台历看了一眼。“那么27号吧，上午9点到这里来。”

我呼吸困难了。“您雇佣我了！”

“是的，你是这个位置的最佳人选。”

我站了起来。“感谢您信任我，我不会让您失望的。”

“我知道，”他微笑着站起来与我握手，“不仅是因为你有我所要的各项技能，还因为你的性格。”

尼科勒·詹金斯  
米歇尔·坎普奈利整理





## Love and War

People always want to know who won.

When I tell them my husband and I met when we were opposing attorneys on a case, that's always their first question.

"Who won?"

"You decide," I say. Then I tell them the rest.

I was an aggressive young associate, newly hired by my law firm and anxious to prove myself. John was a seasoned pro who worked for another law firm in the same building. When I found out he was opposing counsel, I was nervous. I'd seen his name on countless appellate decisions and knew he was far more adept at this type of case than I was. I decided that what I lacked in skill and experience, I would make up for with hard work and bravado.

I devised a campaign of daily badgering: discovery requests, legal motions, correspondence, phone calls. If I wasn't satisfied with how quickly he responded, I walked down the hall and pestered him in person. I was relentless—a terrier yipping at his heels. My client and my boss loved it.

But somewhere along the way I started to like him. Maybe it was the way he overlooked my obvious lack of sophistication and treated me like a serious adversary. Maybe it was our verbal sparring that often left me walking away with a stupid grin, as though we'd been flirting instead of arguing. Whatever the reason, after a few months on the case, I decided my adversary was a decent guy. If we'd met under different circumstances, I might want to see where the flirting could go. But since we were opposing counsel, ethics prevented us from becoming personally



## 爱情与战争

人们总是想知道谁是赢家。

当我告诉他们我和我丈夫是在担任一个案件的双方代理律师时相识的时候,这总是他们要问的第一个问题。

“谁赢了?”

“你们到最后定吧,”我说,然后我就告诉他们剩下的故事。

我那时是个很年轻很有进取心的陪审员,刚刚被一家法律事务所聘用,正亟待在那里证实自己的才能。约翰是个很温和的律师,在同一座楼里为另一家法律事务所工作。当我得知他正提出与我相反的主张时,我紧张起来。我在数不清的上诉决议上看到过他的名字,知道他远远比我更擅长办眼前这个案子。我决心用努力工作和虚张声势来弥补我在技术和经验上的欠缺。

我想出每天纠缠他的一整套策略:请他告诉新发现、诉讼动态、来往函件、电话等。如果我对他的快速反应仍不满意,我就径直走过大厅,亲自登门去烦他。我毫无顾忌,成了一个不住地给他找麻烦的人。我的当事人和老板都很喜欢我这样。

但是不知道为什么我开始喜欢他了。也许是因为他忽略了我明显不够老练世故的表现,却把我当做一个很认真的对手来看待的态度。也许是因为我们双方争论时所说的话,这些话常常让我从他身边走开时还带着憨笑,仿佛我们是在调情而不是争论。不管什么原因,在这桩案子进行了几个月以后,我认定对手是个不错的家伙。如果我们能在其他场合碰上,我倒真想看看这种调情能带来什么结果。只是因为双方意见太悬殊,道德的力量阻止我们个人情感





involved. Romance was out of the question.

One Friday afternoon John left his office without giving me a set of documents I needed to review over the weekend. I tracked him down at home and demanded he turn over the materials to me that day.

“All right,” he said, “I’ll have them at my house tonight.”

Skeptical, but not wanting to back down, I said, “Fine, I’ll be there at 7:00.”

That night changed everything.

Some people claim an instant familiarity with a place or a stranger, convinced they must have been there or known each other before. Walking into John’s house, what I felt was not *déjà vu*, but more a sense of how things could be. I felt instantly at home, as I never have any place before or since.

The house was small, with wood floors and walls decorated with a strange combination of quilts and antlers. The furniture looked lived-in without being shabby. The place was modest, warm and comfortable—not at all like some of the palatial showcases I’d seen other lawyers strut through.

Seeing him in that environment, I felt more comfortable around John, too. Even though it was his house, it felt like neutral ground. I didn’t have to act so tough anymore. I sank onto his couch and felt myself relax.

“So what’s your story?” I asked, and he gave me a brief sketch of his life.

My answer to the same question was much briefer: “Work. That’s all I do.”

“I used to be like you,” John said. “Trust me—it can’t last. You need other things.” He told me he was happiest when he was backpacking or sailing, running the power tools in his workshop, or simply puttering in his vegetable garden on the weekends. What a curious idea. I had always thought weekends were for more work.



的卷入。所以浪漫是不可能的。

一个星期五的下午，约翰离开办公室时没有把一些文件交给我，而我那个周末正需要查阅这些文件。于是他回家时我一路跟踪，并要求他那天将材料交付于我。

“好吧，”他说道，“今晚在我家里会有。”

我很怀疑，但又不想放弃，于是说，“好吧，我7点钟去。”

那个夜晚改变了一切。

有些人声言对某一个地方或某一个人一刹那间就熟悉起来，坚信他们一定是在这之前就到过那里或者熟知彼此。走进约翰的房子，我没有感到记忆错位，而更多的是感到事情原来可以这样美好。我立刻感到如同在自己家里一样，就像我以前或者有史以来从没有去过别的地方。

房子很小，木质的地板，墙上用棉被和鹿角装饰成一幅奇特的组合画。家具看着像用了很久但并没有用旧。这个地方简朴，温暖而舒适，一点也不像我看到的其他律师所炫耀的那些像陈列橱窗似的富丽堂皇。

看到他身处那样的环境，我感到在约翰身旁也很自在。尽管这里是他的房子，但我的感觉这里是一个中立场所，我在这里不用再惹是生非了。我坐在他的长沙发上，感到非常放松。

“讲讲你的经历吧？”我问他。于是他简单地概述了他的人生。

对他提出的同样问题，我回答得更加简洁：“我所做的全部就是工作。”

“我过去也像你一样，”约翰说。“相信我，这样坚持不了多长时间。你还有别的需要。”他告诉我当他背上背包旅行或者去航海，摆弄他车间里的电动工具，哪怕是周末在他的蔬菜园里做些琐碎的工作他都很快乐。多让人好奇的想法。我过去总是以为周末就是要做更多的工作。

