



双语

精华版

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心灵鸡汤

[爱情系列]

最温暖的记忆

即使是只有冬天，也会偶尔有那么一天是洒满阳光的日子，暖融融的，小麦般灿烂的阳光似乎可以一直照进人冰冷的心里去。

Sweet Memories

Jack Canfield & Mark Victor Hansen 等著

陈涛 贺爱军 仇贤根 主译

Chicken
Soup for the
Soul

安徽科学技术出版社

Health Communications, Inc.

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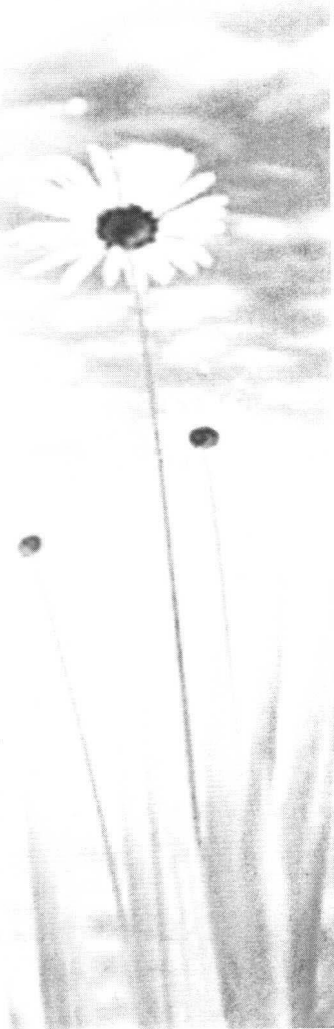
作为原生于美国的大众心理自助与人生励志类的闪亮品牌,《心灵鸡汤》语言地道新颖,优美流畅,极富时代感。书中一个个叩人心扉的故事,充分挖掘平凡小事所蕴藏的精神力量 and 人性之美,真率倾诉对生命的全新体验和深层感悟,字里行间洋溢着爱心、感恩、信念、鼓励 and 希望。因其内涵哲思深邃,豁然释然,央视“百家讲坛”曾引用其作为解读援例。

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,煲出了鲜香润泽的《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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You Are the Love of a Lifetime

You are everything I always hoped
for...my secret dream that swept
me off my feet and really did come
true. You have the warmth of the
sun in your spirit and a gentle soul
I always want to be close to...



Encounter on a Train



Journeys end in lovers' meeting, every wise man's son doth know.

William Shakespeare

When I first saw her in the station at St.Margrethen,she was boarding the railroad car in which I sat,shoving an enormous brown leather suitcase up the high step with her knee.

She was wearing earth colors;pants of brown corduroy,knitted vest patterned in orange and brown,Kelly green shirt with up-rolled sleeves. Dark eyes,dark hair,dark complexion,young,mysterious.After heaving her burden onto the overhead rack,she collapsed into a seat across the aisle from me,perspiring sedately.Then the silver,air-conditioned train quietly sealed itself to continue its five-hour run westward across Switzerland.

Alpine streams bubbled with icy meltwater,and the fields were ablaze with poppies,for the month was May.I attempted first to doze, then to strike up a conversation with the person next to me.No success there.I tried to doze a second time and couldn't,and then I noticed her again.She had produced a posy of wilted wildflowers from somewhere and was now holding it on her lap,her thoughts apparently upon whoever had given it to her.She had a strong but tranquil face.She was looking at the flowers and lightly smiling.I moved across the aisle and sat down facing her.

美丽邂逅

每个睿智的人都知道,旅程总在爱人相遇的那一刻停步不前。

——威廉·莎士比亚

我和她的初次相遇是在圣玛格利特车站,那时她正登上我乘坐的那节列车的车厢,费力地用膝盖把一个硕大的棕色皮箱顶上高高的台阶。

她一身土色系的着装:棕色灯芯绒裤子,橘红色和棕色图案的针织背心,黄绿色衬衣的袖子被高高卷起。深色眼眸,深色头发,深色皮肤,年轻而又神秘。终于把重负安置在头顶的行李架上之后,她瘫倒在我过道对面的座位上,静静地淌着汗。银色的空调列车关上门向前驶去,继续它长达5个小时向西穿越瑞士的旅程。

现在正值5月,阿尔卑斯山上溪流潺潺,冰冷的雪水汇入小溪蜿蜒流淌。田野上鲜艳的罂粟花盛开着。我先是想小睡一会儿,然后又试图和邻座攀谈,可都没有成功。正当我再次入睡的企图失败后,她又一次引起了我的注意。她拿出了一束从什么地方采来的已然枯萎的野花,摆放在膝盖上,她的思绪显然飞到了送给她这束花的那个人身上。她的面容显得坚强却又宁静。她专注地看着花儿,嘴角流露出淡淡的微笑。我穿过过道,来到她对面的位置坐下。





“Wie heissen die Blumen?” I asked. I knew that the salad bowl of German words at my disposal would not get me far. Perhaps speaking to her at all was a mistake. At any rate her only answer to my question about the flowers was a smile. Ah, I thought, not German. Italian, of course. She’s dark.

I leaned forward to craft a more careful question about i fiori, knowing that if the conversational terrain should dip in that direction I’d have to beat an even quicker retreat. She still didn’t answer me. The thought that she was mute crossed my mind, but I dismissed it. Since this was Switzerland, I had a final choice: French. The reply, however, was as before: a Mona Lisa smile. I began to wonder. I’d seen a stationful of Yugoslavs in Buchs that morning, back toward the Austrian border. Could she be one of them? The prospect of hearing her speak at last in SerboCroatian was discouraging. Better to go slowly now.

I leaned back, relaxed, and returned the smile as enigmatically as I could. I tried to look mysterious—a foredoomed task, considering my garb of crushable fisherman’s hat, red long-john shirt, pin-striped mustard slacks, and leather running shoes. It didn’t work. Just as I was about to pack it in, Mona Lisa spoke. “Habla español?” she asked. Why hadn’t I thought of it? She’s Spanish! A tourist, maybe, but more likely a Gastar-beiter. There were loads of Spaniards working in Switzerland.

With all circuits snapping to life, I strove to call up my meager store of Spanish while rummaging frantically through my bag for the right Grosset’s phrase book. I commenced to address this person whose national origins were beginning to take form. She turned out indeed to be a Spaniard, on her way home to see her family. She was single, employed in a home for the aged in Altstätten, and incredibly, her suitcase was stuffed with Swiss chocolate.

“Wie heissen die Blumen?”我问道。我知道我有限的德语帮不了我多少,或许跟她开口本身就是一个错误的决定。不管怎样她以一个微笑回答了我提出的关于花儿的问题。啊,我心想,她不是德国人。意大利人——应该是,看她黝黑的肤色就知道了。

我向前探出身子,更加小心翼翼地提出了一个关于i fiori的问题,因为我清楚,想让话题继续下去,我该有个迅速的处理方式。她依然没有回应。她是哑巴的念头闪过我的脑海,可我立刻就否定了这个想法。因为这里是瑞士,我还有最后一个选择:法语。可回应依然如故——一个蒙娜丽莎般神秘的微笑。我开始有了好奇心:今天早晨我曾在奥地利边境上见到过很多南斯拉夫人,她会不会也是其中一员呢?可是到最后,听她讲出塞尔维亚-克罗地亚语的期望也破灭了。在这样的情形之下,看来我只有慢慢来了。

我向后仰去,让自己的身体放松下来,使出浑身解数回报给她一个微笑。我竭力想让自己看上去神秘些,可是想到我的装束:防皱渔夫帽,红色长衬衫,米色条纹休闲裤,皮质跑步鞋,似乎并不能产生什么神秘的效果。依旧是徒劳。正当我准备偃旗息鼓的时候,对面的“蒙娜丽莎”却开口了。“Habla español?”她问。为什么我没想到呢?她是西班牙人!游客?也许吧,可更像是Gastarbeiter(译者注:德语,客籍工人的意思)。有很多西班牙人在瑞士工作。

如此费尽周折才回到现实中,我开始努力回忆自己极度贫乏的西班牙语词汇,一边发疯似的在包里四处搜寻短语册子。我开始跟面前的这个人交谈。她果真是地地道道的西班牙人,正在回家探亲的路上,单身,在阿尔茨他藤的一个养老院工作。令人难以置信的是,她满满一箱子装的居然都是瑞士巧克力!





Our conversation, unfortunately, was hampered by more than language difficulties, since I had been ill for twenty-four hours and was still required to take periodic and sudden absences. She proved to be understanding. She turned out, however, to be a poor judge of national costume or accents, taking me first for an Englishman and later for a German. I was apparently the first specimen she'd encountered from the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

What we spoke of, exactly, I can't remember, but the day flew past, and I do recall we were in marvelous accord on a number of important issues. I dreaded our arrival in Geneva, where we would part, but by day's end we were there. We strolled for a while through the city's pretty streets, dallied over cappuccino in a sidewalk cafe, inspected shop windows in the day's failing light, laughed together, and filled conversational voids with banalities until my train came. Hers was due later, at midnight. I said good-bye with great reluctance. She appeared to share my feeling, but her people were beckoning from across the Pyre'nées, and my schedule called me to Italy before returning home. We exchanged addresses. I then boarded the train and left.

Today my life doesn't have the broad margin it had then. Like many other people, I raise children, commute, remodel and mow the lawn. But I sometimes think of those days when life could become so quickly and intensely bittersweet, when great possibilities could yawn in an instant.

In fact, one way I'm able to retain perspective on the here and now is by recalling the details of that particular spring day, with its chance meeting and sad good-bye. Occasionally I've recounted the event to others, too, but there I enjoy taking some liberties with the facts, making the girl somewhat more desperate and myself a bit more dashing or distant. In one of my versions the girl unabashedly pursues me. My wife especially enjoys hearing me carry on in this vein.

不幸的是,我们之间的谈话不仅仅有语言方面的障碍。因为我已经病了24小时,大夫要求我不定期地随时放松精神。她很理解这一点。不过她在判断国家服饰或者口音方面很不在行,先是把我当成英国人,后来又认为我是德国人。很显然,我是她遇到的第一个从自由和勇敢之国来的人。

我们究竟谈了些什么,我已经不记得了,不过纵然时间飞逝,我依然记得在很多重要问题上我们的看法惊人的一致。我开始害怕火车到达日内瓦的那一刻,因为我们将面临离别。无论如何,当天傍晚我们还是到达了日内瓦。我们沿着城市美丽的街道散步,在街边的咖啡馆借着卡布基诺的名义逗留,在渐渐暗淡的夕阳下走过商店的橱窗,共同欢笑,连谈话中出现的短短间隙也被我们你一言我一语填满了,我们的快乐持续到了我的火车到来的那一刻。她的那趟车晚一些,在午夜时分。我很勉强地说了声再见,她似乎也有着和我同样的感受,可是她的家人正在比利牛斯山脉的另一边呼唤她,而我的日程安排也是必须在回家之前赶到意大利。我们互相留下了地址,然后我登上了远去的列车。

今天,我的生活已没有从前那般多姿多彩。和很多其他人一样,我养育自己的孩子,奔波于工作和家庭之间,重新设计草坪并修剪它。可是有时候我会回想起那些日子,生活在转瞬之间竟然可以如此强烈地让甜蜜与苦涩并存,而大好的机会却同样可以在转瞬间逝去。

事实上,我之所以能够对眼前的一切还持有希望,其原因之一便是借助于对那个特别春日的回忆——回忆那不经意的邂逅,回忆那伤心的告别。偶尔我也会向别人提起这件事。可我喜欢对事情的经过加以自由发挥,让故事中的女孩对我的情感更加依依不舍,而在故事中的我却显得更加毅然决然抑或是冷傲。在我的一个版本当中,女孩不顾一切大胆地追求了我。我的妻子也特别喜欢听我按照这个情节继续讲述我的故事。





Even though she likes the story, my wife does find its variations astonishing. She insists that on the train she was not desperate, that I was not distant or dashing, and that she left Switzerland the following year to marry me despite the way I was dressed that day.

Kevin H. Stepel

虽然我的妻子很喜欢这个故事,可她也发现我每次讲述的版本会有如此大的差异。她坚持说在火车上她并没有依依不舍,我也不是如我所说的那么冷傲或者毅然决然;还有尽管当时的我穿着那么古怪,第二年她还是离开瑞士,嫁给了我。

凯雯·H·西贝尔

When I Found You, I Found It All

When I found you, I
found all the happiness
that life can offer and
how wonderful it is to
share heartfelt moments
with someone I cannot
imagine life without...





“Falling” in Love



During World War II, I was employed at a research lab in Oklahoma. Men were pretty scarce at that time, of course. One day after the end of the war, a friend called me to come to her lab to meet the new fellow who had come to work for the summer while attending college on the G.I. Bill. So I went down for a short talk and to meet the guy.

As I left I heard a loud crash behind me. When I went back to see what had happened, he was sprawled flat on the floor. He had been sitting at a desk by the door in a swivel chair and had leaned back too far to watch me walk down the hall. All during our fifty-two years of happily married life, including eleven moves with three children, I have loved telling people this story of how my husband fell for me. He hastens to assure them that he actually was only leaning over to pick up a pencil.

Mary Mikkelsen

为爱“倾”倒

二战期间,我受聘于俄克拉何马州的一个实验室,在那儿从事研究工作。那时候的男人可是稀世珍宝。战争结束后的一天,一位朋友打电话邀我去她的实验室去见一位新来的小伙子,他在G.I. Bill上大学,暑期出来打打工。于是我过去跟她聊聊,顺便见见这位小伙子。

我刚离开,就听见身后传来一声巨响。当我跑回去看看究竟发生了什么事情时,发现那个小伙子正四脚朝天躺在地板上。原来他刚才正巧坐在靠门的桌子旁边的转椅上,为了在我从走廊上走出去的时候多看我一眼,他身子越来越后仰,结果连人带椅子摔在了地上。在52年的幸福婚姻生活中,我们搬了11次家,养育了3个孩子,我总是喜欢把丈夫为爱“倾”倒的故事说给大家听。而他每一次都会赶紧向大家解释,说当时他其实是为了把掉在地上的一支铅笔捡起来。

玛丽·麦克尔森

