

励志卷

天天读点好英文
Everyday English Notes

那些催人奋进的 故事

殷宏伟 编译

英语十分钟阅读



黑龙江科学技术出版社
Heilongjiang Science and Technology Press

励志卷

天天读点好英文
Everyday English Notes

那些催人奋进的 故事

殷宏伟 编译

英语十分钟阅读

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

天天读点好英文——励志卷:英汉对照 / 殷宏伟编译.
——哈尔滨:黑龙江科学技术出版社, 2010.11

ISBN 978-7-5388-6503-5

I. ①天… II. ①殷… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物
IV. ①H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2010)第 221420 号

天天读点好英文——励志卷

编 译 殷宏伟

责任编辑 刘 野

装帧设计 百 花

出 版 黑龙江科学技术出版社

(地址:哈尔滨市南岗区建设街 41 号 邮编:150001

电话:0451-53642106 传真:0451-53642143 发行部)

发 行 全国新华书店

印 刷 北京京师印务有限公司

开 本 880×1230 1/32

印 张 7

字 数 200 千字

版 次 2011 年 5 月第 1 版 2011 年 5 月第 1 次印刷

书 号 ISBN 978-7-5388-6503-5/Z·792

定 价 19.80 元

(如发现本书有印刷质量问题,印刷厂负责调换)



相信自己,就能走向成功

Believe yourself and you can get success

002 我不懂写作 / 琳达·史塔弗

I Never Write Right / *Linda Stafford*

008 埋葬“我不能” / 菲利普·查尔兹

The “I Can’t” Funeral / *Phillip B. Childs*

014 相信自己就能成功 / 哈维·迈凯

Be a Believer to Be an Achiever / *Harvey Mackay*

020 你是独一无二的 / 莱斯·布朗

You were the One / *Les Brown*

028 低智商的男孩儿 / 富尔顿·奥尔斯勒

The Boy with the Low I.Q. / *Fulton Oursler*

034 打击自己 / 琳达·纽克鲁格

Beating Yourself Up / *Linda Neukrug*

038 做自己的星探 / 史蒂夫·古迪亚

Sitting on Your Talent / *Steve Goodier*

041 昂起你的头 / 维基·利奇

Hold Your Head up High / *Vickie Leach*

046 抬起头来! / 杰西卡·坎贝尔

Just Look Up! / *Jessica Campbell*

050 精神力量 / 约翰·沃尔

Spirit / *John R. Ware*



好未来,有赖于今天的行动

Good prospects depend on today's effort

- 054 “如果”与“到那时” / 凯瑟琳·普斯菲尔
If and When / Catherine Pulsifer
- 059 你准备好了吗? / 杰克·坎菲尔德
Are you ready? / Jack Canfield
- 066 不断地请求 / 杰克·坎菲尔德、马克·汉森
Ask, Ask, Ask / Jack Canfield and Mark V. Hansen
- 072 挖掘黄金 / 托尼·迈塞罗
Digging for Gold / Tony Masiello
- 078 全力以赴! / 安迪·庞托里耶罗
Go for It! / Andi Punteriero
- 082 一小滴水 / 鲍勃·皮克斯
A Tiny Drop of Water / Bob Perks
- 087 如果我休息,我就生锈 / 奥里森·马登
If I Rest, I Rust / Orison Marden
- 091 种橡树的老人 / 布莱恩·凯文诺
The Acorn Planter / Brian Cavanaugh
- 094 留名于世 / 史蒂夫·古迪亚
Leaving Your Mark / Steve Goodier
- 098 创造生命的乐音 / 史蒂夫·古迪尔
How Much Music Can You Make? / Steve Goodier
- 102 戴尔的指导 / 戴尔
Direct from Dell / Dell



坚定信念,就能跨越一切障碍

Keep your faith and you will be invincible

- 108 冠军的含金量 / 卡罗尔·山口
A True Champion / Carole Yamaguchi
- 112 永不放弃 / 默瑞莉·杜格恩尼
Never Give Up / Murali Duggineni
- 117 海上漂流 / 亚当·凯恩
Adrift / Adam Khan
- 121 格伦·坎宁安的故事 / 伯特·多宾
Glenn Cunningham's Story / Burt Dubin
- 126 信念 / 斯蒂芬·霍森
Leap of Faith / Stephen J. Hopson
- 133 敢于追逐梦想 / 詹姆士·库诺
Passionate Pursuit of Possibility / James E. Conner
- 137 一撮黏土 / 亨利·范·戴克
A Handful of Clay / Henry Van Dyke
- 144 梦想无价 / 拜伦·普斯菲尔
Do Dreams Count? / Byron Pulsifer
- 150 梦想试金石 / 朱莉·乔丹·斯科特
Your Dreams as Touchstones / Julie Jordan Scott
- 155 最高期望 / 巴里·斯皮尔查克
Great Expectations / Barry Spilchuk



好命运,缘于智慧的选择

Good destiny comes of sagacious choice

- 160 做田鼠,还是做鱼鹰 / 哈罗德·波恩
A Field Mouse or an Osprey / Harold Byne

- 164 坚定你的立场 / 艾琳·邓雷
Taking a Stand / *Irene Dunlay*
- 172 向着目标奔跑 / 布莱恩·凯文诺
Become What You Want to Be / *Brian Cavanaugh*
- 176 学无止境 / 凯瑟琳·普斯菲尔
Mixed Blessings / *Catherine Pulsifer*
- 179 一次意外的转变 / 迪安·彭尼科特
A Car Accident ... Then Came Success / *Dean Pennicott*
- 184 生存的品质 / 查理·普拉姆
The Qualities of Survival / *Charlie Plumb*
- 188 希望天使 / 珍妮特·波义耳
Angel of Hope / *Janet Boyle*
- 193 奔跑吧,帕蒂! / 佚名
Run, Patti, Run / *Anonymous*
- 198 像向日葵那样生长 / 托尼·马西埃洛
Stand Tall Like the Sunflower / *Tony Masiello*
- 202 公鸡 / 小埃弗雷特·帕吉特
The Rooster / *Everett B. Padgett, Jr.*
- 208 真正的力量 / 尼尔·埃斯克林
The Real Power / *Neil Eskelin*
- 211 一个盲人的雄心壮志 / 约翰·卡纳瑞
Blind Ambition / *John Kanary*
- 215 一个名叫斯巴奇的男孩儿 / 杰瑞·海恩斯
A Boy Named Sparky / *Brian Cavanaugh*

**相信自己，
就能走向成功**
**Believe yourself
and you can get
success**



我不懂写作

I Never Write Right

► 琳达·史塔弗 / Linda Stafford



When I was fifteen, I announced to my English class that I was going to write and illustrate my own books. Half the students sneered, the rest nearly fell out of their chairs laughing.

"Don't be silly, only geniuses can become writers," the English teacher said smugly, "And you are getting a D this semester." I was so humiliated I burst into tears.

That night I wrote a short sad poem about broken dreams and mailed it to the Capri's Weekly newspaper. To my astonishment, they published it and sent me two dollars. I was a published and paid writer. I showed my teacher and fellow students. They laughed. "Just plain dumb luck," the teacher said. I tasted success. I'd sold the first thing I'd ever written. That was more than any of them had done and if it was just dumb luck, that was fine with me.

During the next two years I sold dozens of poems, letters, jokes and recipes. By the time I graduated from high school, with a C minus average, I had scrapbooks filled with my published work.

I never mentioned my writing to my teachers, friends or my family again. They were dream killers and if people must choose between

their friends and their dreams, they must always choose their dreams.

I had four children at the time, and the oldest was only four. While the children napped, I typed on my ancient typewriter. I wrote what I felt.

It took nine months, just like a baby. I chose a publisher at random and put the manuscript in an empty Pampers diapers package, the only box I could find. I'd never heard of manuscript boxes. The letter I enclosed read, "I wrote this book myself, I hope you like it. I also do the illustrations. Chapter six and twelve are my favourites. Thank you." I tied a string around the diaper box and mailed it without a self addressed stamped envelope and without making a copy of the manuscript.

A month later I received a contract, an advance on royalties, and a request to start working on another book. Crying Wind, the title of my book, became a best seller, was translated into fifteen languages and Braille and sold worldwide. I appeared on TV talk shows during the day and changed diapers at night.

I traveled from New York to California and Canada on promotional tours. My first book also became required reading in native American schools in Canada.

The worst year I ever had as a writer I earned two dollars. I was fifteen, remember? In my best year I earned 36,000 dollars. Most years I earned between five thousand and ten thousand. No, it isn't enough to live on, but it's still more than I'd make working part time and it's five thousand to ten thousand more than I'd make if I didn't write at all.

People ask what college I attended, what degrees I had and what qualifications I have to be a writer. The answer is: "None." I just write.

I'm not a genius. I'm not gifted and I don't write right. I'm lazy, undisciplined, and spend more time with my children and friends than I do writing. I didn't own a thesaurus until four years ago and I use a

small Webster's dictionary that I'd bought at K-Mart for 89 cents. I use an electric typewriter that I paid a hundred and twenty nine dollars for six years ago. I've never used a word processor. I do all the cooking, cleaning and laundry for a family of six and fit my writing in a few minutes here and there. I write everything in longhand on yellow tablets while sitting on the sofa with my four kids eating pizza and watching TV. When the book is finished, I type it and mail it to the publisher.

I've written eight books. Four have been published and three are still out with the publishers. One stinks.

To all those who dream of writing, I'm shouting at you: "Yes, you can. Yes, you can. Don't listen to them." I don't write right but I've beaten the odds. Writing is easy, it's fun and anyone can do it. Of course, a little dumb luck doesn't hurt.



十五岁那年,在一次英语课上,我向全班同学宣布说要写一本书,并要自己配插图。半数同学在一旁窃笑,其余的同学已经笑得几乎要从椅子上掉下来了。

“别傻了,只有天才才能成为作家。”英语老师不以为然地说道,“而且本学期你有可能只得个D。”满腔的热情却只得到这样的回应,我羞愧得大哭起来。

当晚我写下了一首梦已破碎的短诗,并将它寄给了《卡普里周报》。出人意料的是,我的诗被发表了,并且我还因此得到了两美元的报酬。我是作家了,我的作品被刊登了!我把报纸拿给老师和同学们看,他们仍嘲笑我:“不过是走运而已。”老师说道。即便如此,我还是尝到了成功的滋味,我卖出了自己的第一份作品,这比班上任何同学都强,就算只是一时走运,我也心满意足了。

在接下来的两年中，我成功地卖掉了几十首诗歌、书信、笑话和食谱。中学毕业时，虽然我的平均成绩是C，但我的剪贴簿里已贴满了我发表过的文章。

我也再没有向老师、同学或家人提起过自己的写作，因为他们都是无情的摧梦者。如果做人一定要从朋友和梦想之间作出抉择，那么追梦才应是首选。

现在，我已有四个孩子了，最大的还没到四岁。每当孩子们进入梦乡，我就会在那台破旧的电脑前敲下一些我的心灵感悟。

这次的这项工作一共花了我九个月的时间，这就像孕育一个新生命一样。我随意地选择了一家出版社，因为我从来没听说过手稿箱，所以便将手稿放在“帮宝适”尿不湿的盒子里——这是我唯一能找到的盒子。在附信中我写道：“这本书是我自己写的，希望你们能够喜欢。插图也是我自己配上的，我最喜欢的是第六章和第十二章，谢谢。”我用绳子捆好“尿布箱”，然后寄了出去，甚至没有在信封上加盖自己的地址，也没有留下一份手稿的复印件。

一个月后，我收到了一份契约、一笔预付款，以及另一本书的约稿。我的书《哭泣的风》成为了最畅销的书，被译成了十五种语言以及盲文销售到世界各地。白天我出现在电视的访谈节目中，晚上则回家给孩子换尿布。

为了去领各种奖项，我从纽约来到加利福尼亚、加拿大等地。我的第一本书成为加拿大本土美语学校的必读本。

作为一名作家，报酬最少的一年我只得到两美元。还记得吗？那时我十五岁。现在最多的一年我可以挣到三万六千美元，多数时候我每年可以挣到五千到一万美元之间。这当然不足以维持生计，但总比做兼职挣得多，而且与不写相比，每年我可以多挣五千到一万美元。

人们问我要上什么大学，得什么学位，作为一名作家获得过什么资格证书。我的答案是：“什么也没有。”只是写而已。

我不是天才，没有写作天分，也不懂得什么叫写作；我很懒惰，也没

经过什么培训,而且与孩子、与朋友在一起的时间远远超过我写作的时间。直到四年前,我才拥有一本字典,那是我用八十九美分从集市上买来的一本韦氏小词典。我用来打字的键盘也是六年前花了一百二十九美元买的,我从不用文字处理器。家里六个人的饮食、清洁、洗衣等工作都包在我的身上,我只能到处挤时间写作,所有的文字都是我坐在沙发上,在黄色的笔记簿上速记下来的。与此同时,四个孩子则边吃比萨饼边看电视。手稿完成了,我就打印出来,然后寄到出版社。

到目前为止,我已完成了八本书,四本已出版,三本仍在出版社,还有一本写砸了。

对于那些有着写作梦想的人,我想大声地对你们说:“相信自己,你一定能行,不要管别人怎么说。”我不懂写作,但我却成功了。写作很简单,也十分有趣,每个人都能做得到,哪怕别人说你不过是一时走运也无妨。



不必问别人你能做什么,除了你自己,无人能证明;也不必问自己到底该做什么,除了行动,没有任何解答。

热词盘点

1. illustrate ['iləstreit] v. 给…作插图说明(或装饰)

例 The publisher will illustrate the book.

那个出版商将给这本书配图。

2. humiliate [hju:'mili:it] v. 使蒙耻,羞辱,使丢脸

例 He dislike is humiliate in the presence of his colleagues.

他讨厌在同事面前受屈辱。

3. manuscript ['mænjuskript] n. 手稿,打字稿,原稿

例 Can you spell out this word in the manuscript?

你能认出手稿中的这个字吗?

佳句欣赏

1. If people must choose between their friends and their dreams, they must always choose their dreams.

如果做人一定要从朋友和梦想之间作出抉择,那么追梦才应是首选。

2. To all those who dream of writing, I'm shouting at you: "Yes, you can. Yes, you can. Don't listen to them."

对于那些有着写作梦想的人,我想大声地对你们说:“相信自己,你一定能行。不要管别人怎么说。”

短语攻略

1. be going to 将要…

他将要与珍妮结婚。

译 _____

2. burst into 突然…起来;闯入

他破口谩骂一气。

译 _____

埋葬“我不能”

The “I Can’t” Funeral

► 菲力普·查尔兹 / *Phillip B. Childs*



Donna's fourth grade classroom looked like many others I had seen in the past. The teacher's desk was in front and faced the students. The **bulletin**¹ board featured student work. In most respects it appeared to be a typically traditional elementary classroom. Yet something seemed different that day I entered it for the first time.

My job was to make classroom visitations and encourage implementation of a training program that focused on language arts ideas that would **empower**² students to feel good about themselves and take charge of their lives. Donna was one of the volunteer teachers who participated in this project.

I took an empty seat in the back of the room and watched. All the students were working on a task, filling a sheet of notebook paper with thoughts and ideas. The ten-year-old student next to me was filling her page with “I Can’ts”. “I can’t kick the soccer ball past second base.” “I can’t do long division with more than three numerals.” “I can’t get Debbie to like me.” Her page was half full and she showed no signs of letting up. She worked on with determination and persistence. I walked down the row glancing at student’s papers. Everyone was writing

sentences, describing things they couldn't do.

By this time the activity engaged my curiosity, so I decided to check with the teacher to see what was going on but I noticed she too was busy writing. I felt it best not to interrupt. "I can't get John's mother to come for a teacher conference." "I can't get my daughter to put gas in the car." "I can't get Alan to use words instead of fists."

Thwarted in my efforts to determine why students and teacher were dwelling on the negative instead of writing the more positive "I Can" statements, I returned to my seat and continued my observations.

Students wrote for another ten minutes. They were then instructed to fold the papers in half and bring them to the front. They placed their "I Can't" statements into an empty shoe box. Then Donna added hers. She put the lid on the box, tucked³ it under her arm and headed out the door and down the hall.

Students followed the teacher. I followed the students. Halfway down the hallway Donna entered the custodian's room, rummaged around and came out with a shovel. Shovel in one hand, shoe box in the other, Donna marched the students out to the school to the farthest corner of the playground. There they began to dig. They were going to bury their "I Can'ts"!

The digging took over ten minutes because most of the fourth graders wanted a turn. The box of "I Can'ts" was placed in a position at the bottom of the hole and then quickly covered with dirt. Thirty-one 10 and 11 year-olds stood around the freshly dug grave site. At this point Donna announced, "Boys and girls, please join hands and bow your heads." They quickly formed a circle around the grave, creating a bond with their hands.

They lowered their heads and waited. Donna delivered the eulogy.

"Friends, we gathered here today to honor the memory of I 'Can'

t'. While he was with us here on earth, he touched the lives of everyone, some more than others. We have provided 'I Can't' with a final resting place and a headstone that contains his epitaph. His is survived by his brothers and sisters, 'I Can', 'I Will', and 'I'm Going to Right Away'. They are not as well known as their famous relative and are certainly not as strong and powerful yet. Perhaps some day, with your help, they will make an even bigger mark on the world. May 'I Can't' rest in peace and may everyone present pick up their lives and move forward in his absence. Amen."

As I listened I realized that these students would never forget this day. Writing "I Can'ts", burying them and hearing the eulogy. That was a major effort on this part of the teacher. And she wasn't done yet.

She turned the students around, marched them back into the classroom and held a wake. They celebrated the passing of "I Can't" with cookies, popcorn and fruit juices. As part of the celebration, Donna cut a large tombstone from butcher paper. She wrote the words "I Can't" at the top and put RIP in the middle. The date was added at the bottom. The paper tombstone hung in Donna's classroom for the remainder of the year.

On those rare occasions when a student forgot and said, "I Can't", Donna simply pointed to the RIP sign. The student then remembered that "I Can't" was dead and chose to rephrase the statement. I wasn't one of Donna's students. She was one of mine. Yet that day I learned an enduring lesson from her as years later, I still envision that fourth grade class laying to rest, "I Can't".



唐娜老师所教的四年级的教室,看起来像我过去到过的许多班级一样——教室前面是老师的讲桌,面向着同学,布告栏上写着学生们的成