

我的____阅读法

2025社群 2月学习计划



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2.10日阅读 | Source Code

2.17日阅读 | The Last Lecture

2.24日阅读 | Keep Going



聊天局（加场）

2.1日

Let's chat in English!



每月技能课

2月15日

我的“Keynote/PPT阅读法”

ChatGPT your learning



什么是“学习”?

①9

什么是ChatGPT?

④

使用ChatGPT的思路

①1

如果不用ChatGPT呢?

为什么做这个分享主题？

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阅读法

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Published by 张海露Eric

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最好的阅读方法



最好的阅读方法是什么？写了那么多方法论、读书笔记，现在想阅读只是一种方...

张海露Eric 5 month(s) ago

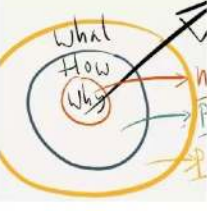
一个简单的英文书阅读方法



今天分享一个简单的阅读方法：p-r-l。先说一下：这个方法没有多么特别、多么...

张海露Eric 7 month(s) ago

90%的人都不知道的原版书阅读方法



提高词汇量的好方法是狂背单词书，而阅读可以帮助我们提高见到一个词的频率...

张海露Eric 2018/2/5

我的完美英文书阅读笔记方法



我称它是「我的完美英文原版书阅读笔记法」。为啥敢说它「完美」？因为这套...

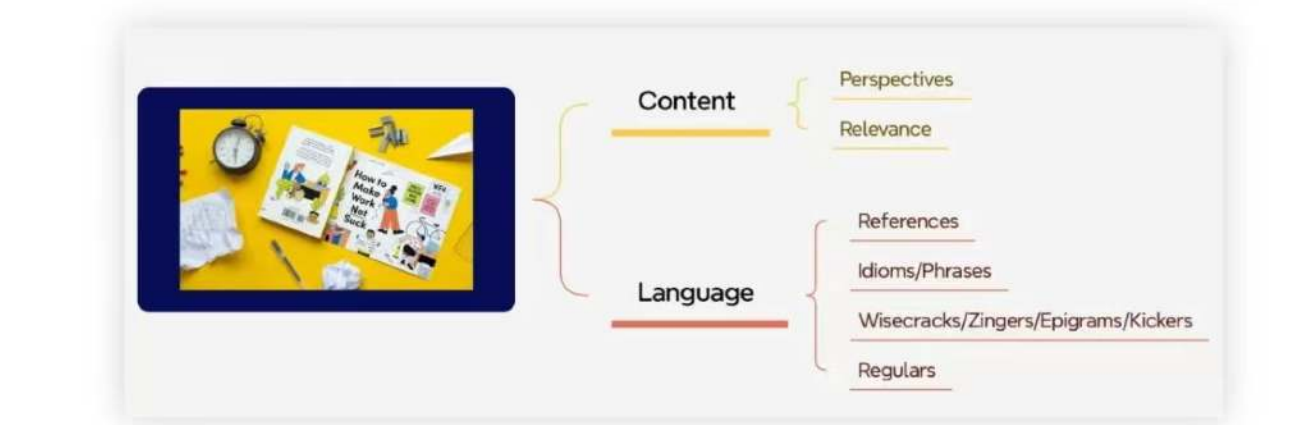
张海露Eric 2022/4/18

我会怎么读这本688页的Elon Musk英文传记？



上面这些内容，是我前几天发的一条朋友圈——我称这种方法为「社交媒体阅读...

张海露Eric 2023/9/18



内容上，关注作者说了什么（perspectives），然后想和我有什么关系（relevance）？

语言上，关注文化梗（references）、习惯表达（idioms）、好玩的说法（wisecracks）以及常出现的词（regulars）。

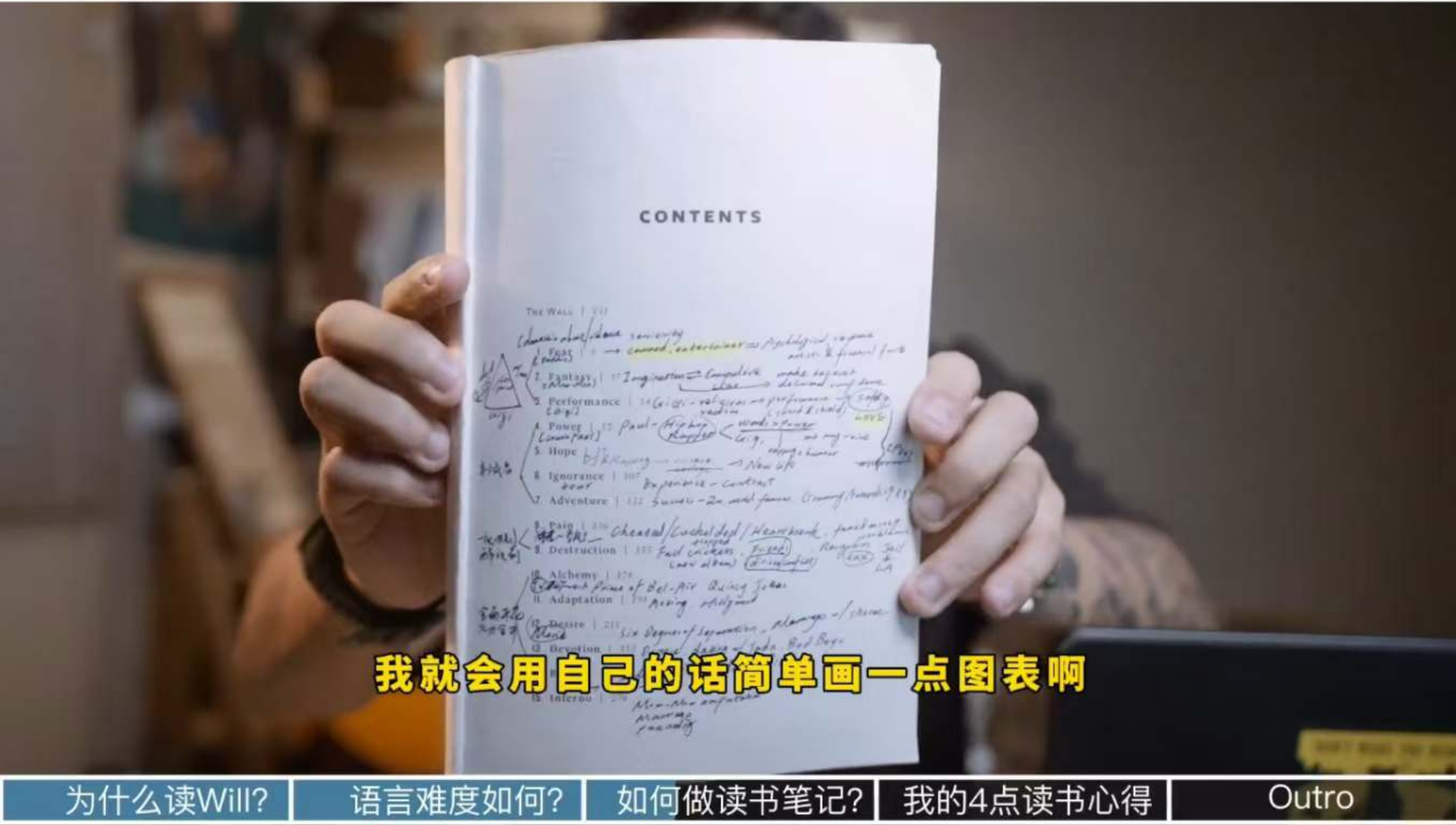
找到了学习的「聚焦点」，我们就可以为它设计一个框架。

我把它总结为：P-R-L，也就是 Perspectives-Relevance-Language。

⚠上面提到的这些英文，不是什么专业术语，可以把它们看作是我的个性化语言。

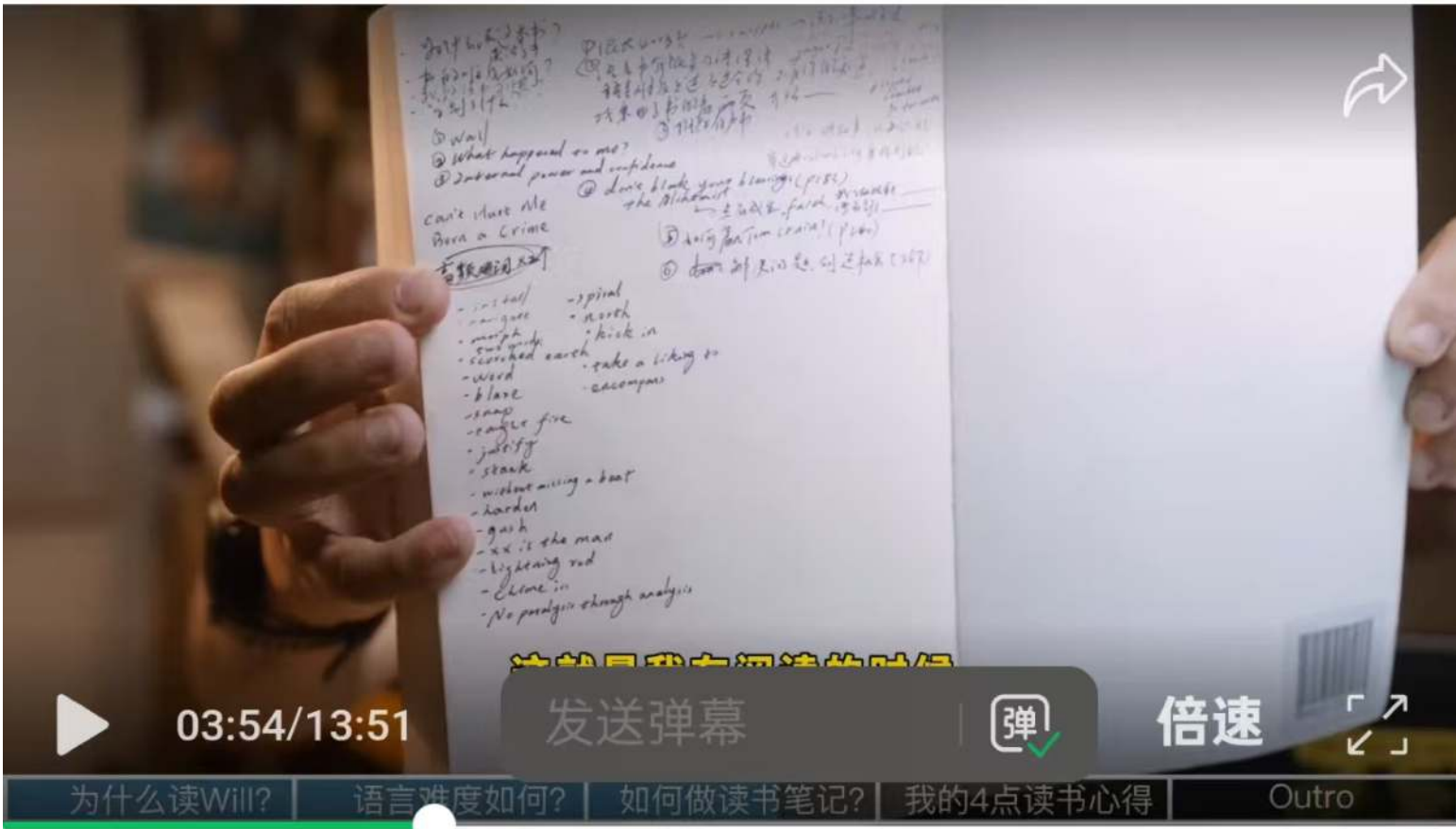
100本英文书#2：读威尔史密斯最新回忆录Will

Original 张海露Eric 2022年01月11日 07:30



100本英文书#2：读威尔史密斯最新回忆录Will

Original 张海露Eric 2022年01月11日 07:30



Will Smith的这本回忆录400多页，不过还比较好读。在视频中我分享了我读英文书的一些习惯。比如如何快速判断一本书的语言难度？如何积累高频用词、在书上做笔记。我也分享了我读书的4点心得，希望从内容和语言学习上也能对你有所启发😊

Own your story. Change your story. 如果你喜欢这个视频，也转发给更多人吧~ 你的支持和鼓励对我很重要，谢谢你，我会努力哒💪



01 Feel-Good Productivity



02 Outsmart Your Brain



03 The Good Enough...Keynote



04 The Power of Language



05 Counselling for Toads



06 Invitation to a Banquet



07 Same as Ever



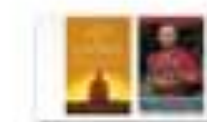
08 1000 Words



09 Hidden Potential



10 Supercommunicators



11 The Joy of Living



51 The Creative Act



12 Outlive



13 The Catcher in the Rye



14 Steal Like an Artist



15 The Mountains Are High



16 Good Inside



17 The Color Purple



18 The Art of Laziness



19 The Worlds I See



20 Not Your China Doll



21 Hiking with Nietzsche



22 8 Rules of Love



23 10x Is Easier Than 2x



24 Siddhartha



25 The Book You Want Even More to Read



26 Stay True.pdf



27 How to Make Work Not Suck



28 The Comfort Book



29 Other Rivers



30 Range



31 Putting Yourself First



32 Wordslut



33 Misbelief



34 Co-Intelligence



35 Pragmatic Optimism



36 razkids read



37 How to Live



38 The Diary of a CEO



39 The Alchemist



40 Ego is the Enemy



41 Meditation for Mortals



42 Nexus



43 Hot Mess_Eric 笔记版.pdf



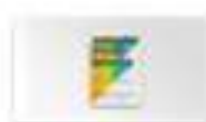
44 The Little Prince



45 The Hitchhiker's Guide



46 English for Everyone.pdf



47 Awaken Your Genius



48 The Vegetarian



49 Scarcity Brain



50 Fish Don't Exist



52 Orbital

适合谁？有啥用？

PART 1 : 我的Keynote阅读法?

PART2: Ask Me Anything

◆ PART 1: WHY?

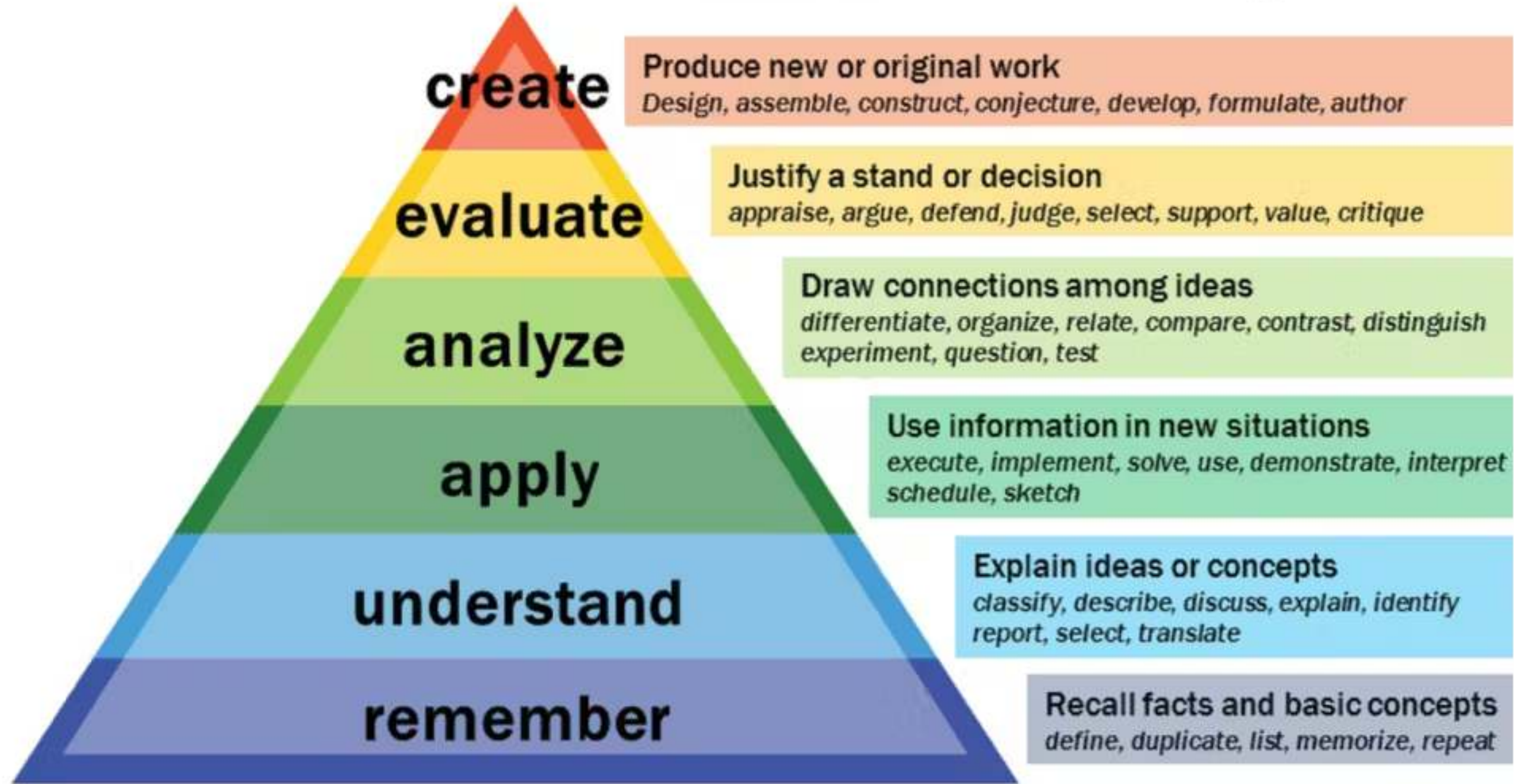
为什么要用 Keynote/PPT/思维导图来阅读？

- 用输出倒逼输入
- 最好的消化方式是创作
- 让阅读内容变成一个一个小目标



Maslow's hierarchy of needs

Bloom's Taxonomy





Scrapbook your read

came. One day while walking together just outside the sorority house, my dad asked her again if she knew someone suitable.

“I have someone in mind,” she said. “Me.”

My mother was five-foot-seven, and my dad told her that, literally, she didn't measure up. “Mary,” he replied, “you're too short.”

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I always loved hearing this story because it so perfectly captures my parents' personalities. My dad: deliberate and unapologetically pragmatic, sometimes even in matters of the heart. My mom: gregarious, and also not shy about getting what she wanted. It was a neat story, a distillation of the full story, one of differences that went beyond height, and which would ultimately play into who I became.

◆ PART 2: WHAT?

什么是 Keynote/PPT/思维导图阅读法？



Be flexible and deliberately obtuse.

Use Keynote to facilitate your read

Reverse-engineering

Visualisation

What are the end? The means?

What's the big picture? And what are the highlights?

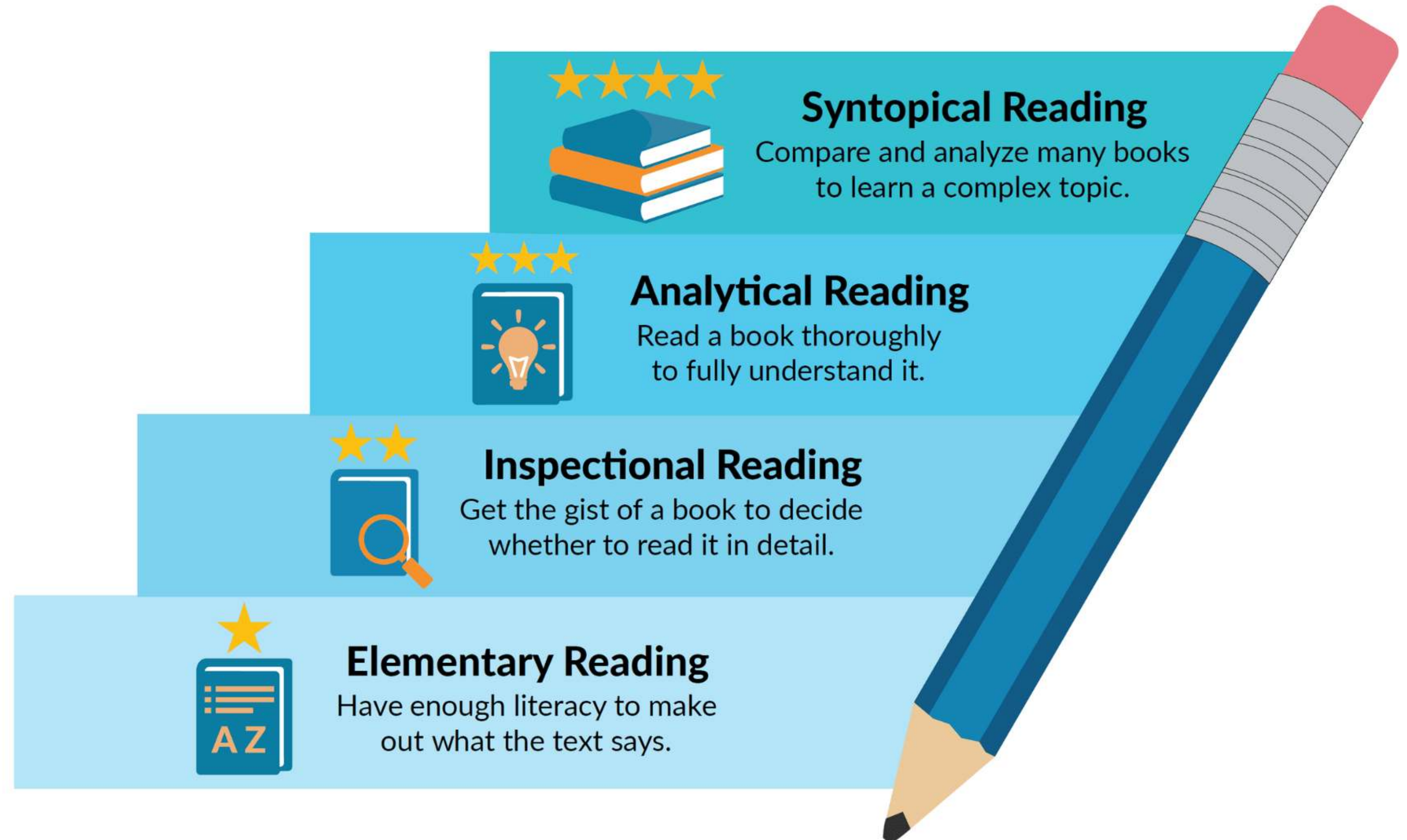
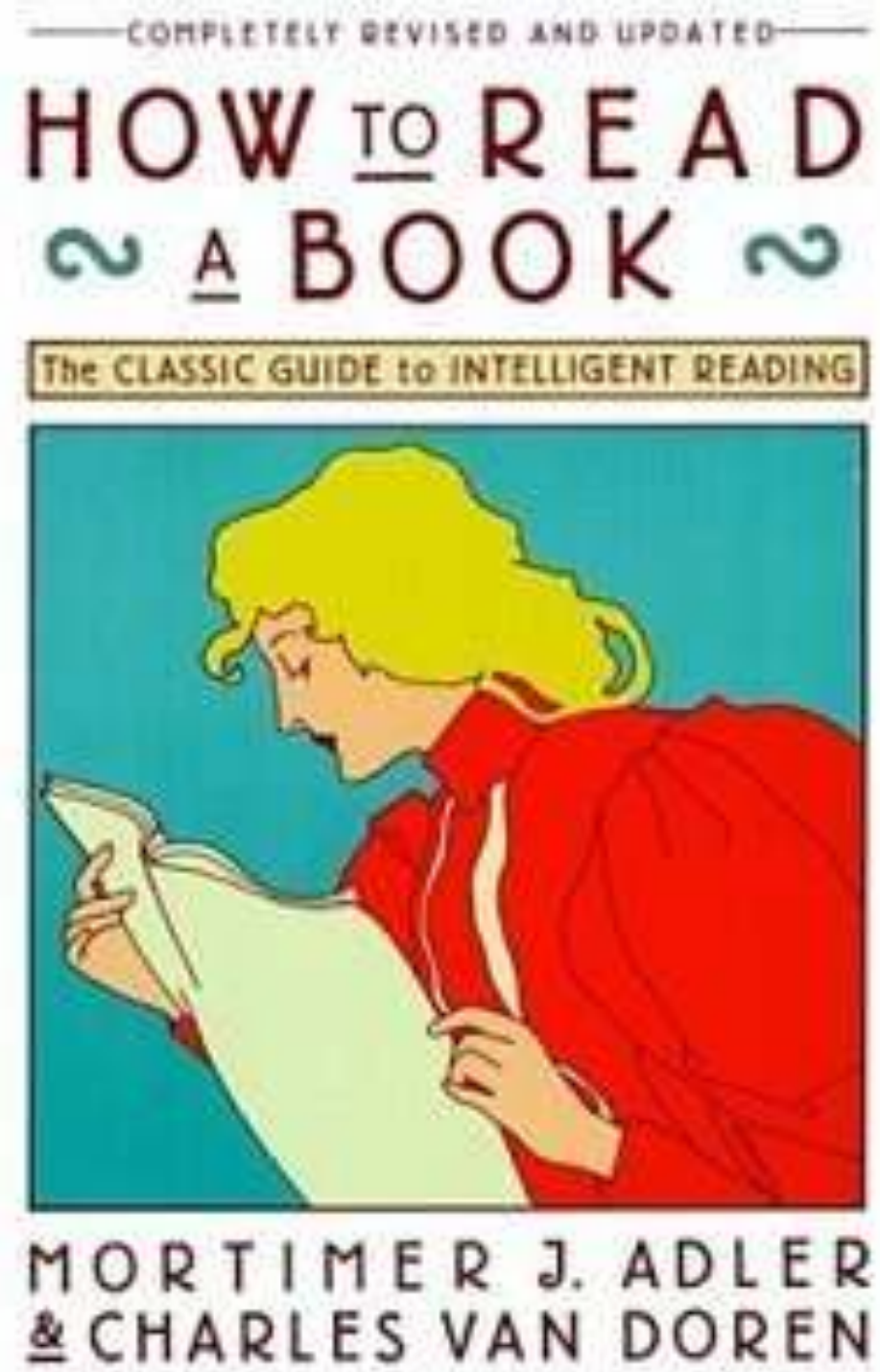
What are the copy-and-pastes?
What are the hunt-and-peck?

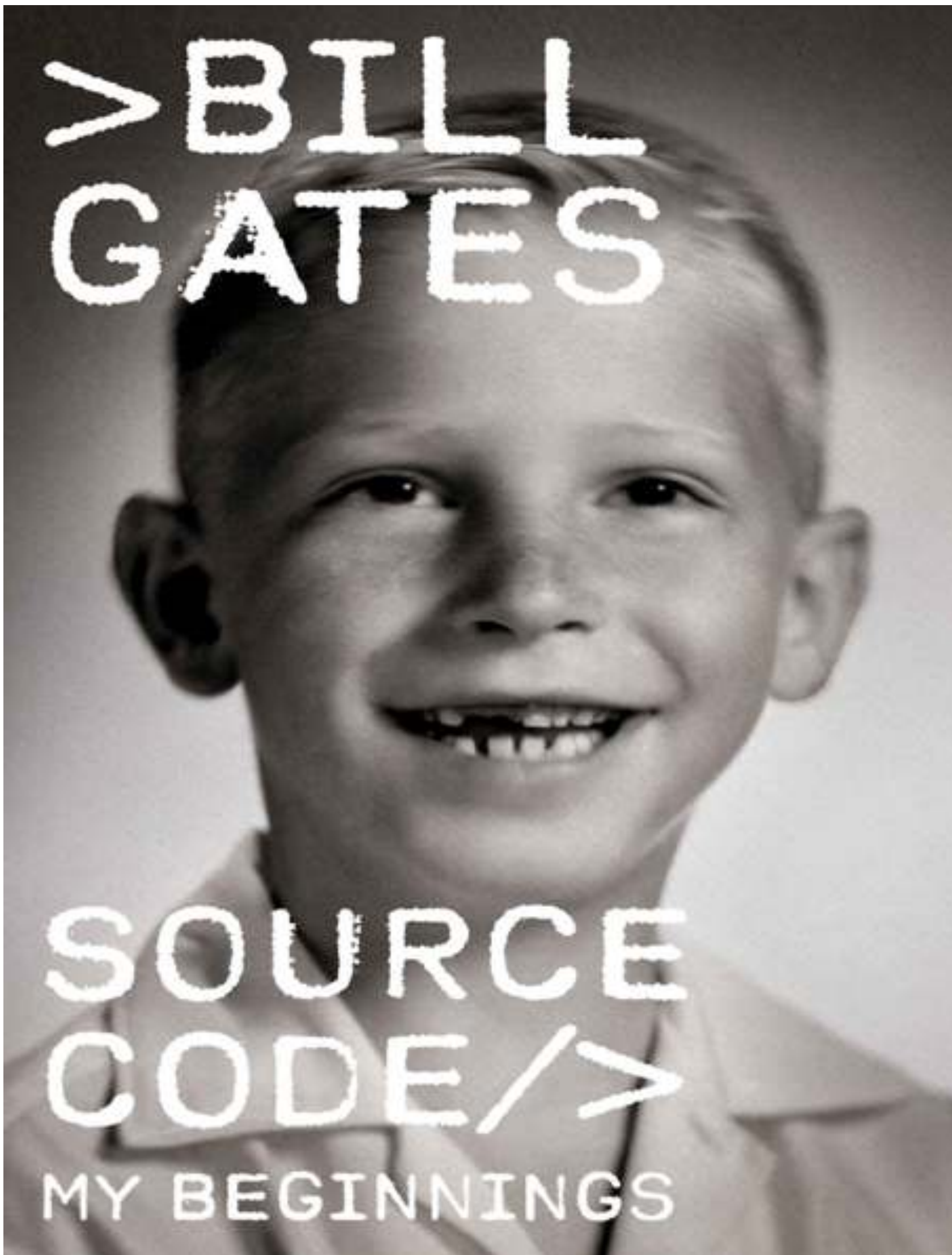
以教促学

=主动发现问题+解决问题+分享思路

◆ Getting things done
Feat. Source Code

Mastering the 4 Levels of Reading





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Prologue

When I was around thirteen, I started hanging out with a group of boys who met up for regular long hikes in the mountains around Seattle. We got to know each other as Boy Scouts. We did plenty of hiking and camping with our troop, but very quickly we formed a sort of splinter group that went on our own expeditions—and that's how we thought of them, as expeditions. We wanted more freedom and more risk than the trips the Scouts offered.

There were usually five of us—Mike, Rocky, Reilly, Danny, and me. Mike was the leader; he was a few years older than the rest of us and had vastly more outdoor experience. Over the course of three years or so, we hiked hundreds of miles together. We covered the Olympic National Forest west of Seattle and Glacier Peak Wilderness to the northeast and did hikes along the Pacific Coast. We'd often go for seven days or more at a stretch, guided only by topographic maps through old-growth forests and rocky beaches where we tried to time the tides as we hustled around points. During school breaks, we'd take off on extended trips, hiking and camping in all weather, which in the Pacific Northwest often meant a week of soaked, itchy Army surplus wool pants and pruney toes. We weren't doing technical climbing. No ropes or slings or sheer rock faces. Just long, hard hikes. It wasn't dangerous beyond the fact that we were teenagers deep in the mountains, many hours from help and well before cell phones were a thing.

And then we ate. Cheap food that was light in our packs but substantial enough to fuel us through the trip. Nothing ever tasted better. For dinner we'd chop up a brick of Spam and mix it with Hamburger Helper or a packet of beef Stroganoff mix. In the morning, we might have Carnation Instant Breakfast mix or a powder that with water transformed into a western omelet, at least according to the package. My morning favorite: Oscar Mayer Smokie Links, a sausage billed as "all meat," now extinct. We used a single frying pan to prepare most of the food, and we ate out of empty #10 coffee cans we each carried. Those cans were our water pails, our saucepans, our oatmeal bowls. I don't know who among us invented the hot raspberry drink. Not that it was a great culinary innovation: just add instant Jell-O mix to boiling water and drink. It worked as dessert or as a morning sugar boost before a day of hiking.

We were away from our parents and the control of any adults, making our own decisions about where to go, what to eat, when we slept, judging for ourselves what risks to take. At school, none of us were the cool kids. Only Danny played an organized sport—basketball—and he soon quit that to make time for our hikes. I was the skinniest of the group and usually the coldest, and I always felt like I was weaker than the others. Still, I liked the physical challenge, and the feeling of autonomy. While hiking was becoming popular in our part of the country, not a lot of teenagers were traipsing off in the woods for eight days on their own.

That said, it was the 1970s, and attitudes toward parenting were looser than they are today. Kids generally had more freedom. And by the time I was in my early teens, my parents had accepted that I was different from many of my peers and had come to terms with the fact that I needed a certain amount of independence in making my way through the world. That

你真的认识这个词吗？

熟词生义

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- Game
- Advantage

词组

Take to something...

come to terms with...

Wimp out...be up for it, game

Nascent

Looking back on it now, I'm sure all of us were searching for something on those trips beyond camaraderie and a sense of accomplishment. We were at that age when kids test their limits, experiment with different identities—and also sometimes feel a yearning for bigger, even transcendent experiences. I had started to feel a clear longing to figure out what my path would be. I wasn't sure what direction it would take, but it had to be something interesting and consequential.

Also in those years, I was spending a lot of time with a different group of boys. Kent, Paul, Ric, and I all went to the same school, Lakeside, which had set up a way for students to connect with a big mainframe computer over a phone line. It was incredibly rare back then for teenagers to have access to a computer in any form. The four of us really took to it, devoting all our free time to writing increasingly more sophisticated programs and exploring what we could do with that electronic machine.

→ On the surface, the difference between hiking and programming couldn't have been greater. But they each felt like an adventure. With both sets of friends I was exploring new worlds, traveling to places even most adults couldn't reach. Like hiking, programming fit me because it allowed me to define my own measure of success and it seemed limitless, not determined by how fast I could run or how far I could throw. The logic, focus, and stamina needed to write long, complicated programs came naturally to me. Unlike in hiking, among that group of friends, I was the leader.

men nearly starved to death and their clothes rotted on their bodies? Yes, but that was a long time ago, he said.

Eight decades later it would still be a tough hike; that year had brought a lot of snow, so it was a particularly daunting proposition. But since everyone else—Rocky, Reilly, and Danny—was up for it, there was no way I was going to wimp out. Plus, a younger scout, a guy named Chip, was game. I had to go.

The plan was to climb the Low Divide pass, descend to the Quinault River, and then hike the same trail back, staying each night in log shelters along the way. Six or seven days total. The first day was easy and we spent the night in a beautiful snow-covered meadow. Over the next day or two, as we climbed the Low Divide, the snow got deeper. When we reached the spot where we planned to spend the night, the shelter was buried in snow. I enjoyed a moment of private elation. Surely, I thought, we'd backtrack, head down to a far more welcoming shelter we had passed earlier in the day. We'd make a fire, get warm, and eat.

Mike said we'd take a vote: head back or push on to our final destination. Either choice meant a several-hour hike. "We passed a shelter at the bottom; it's eighteen hundred feet down. We could go back down and stay there, or we could continue on to the Quinault River," Mike said. He didn't need to spell out that going back meant aborting our mission to reach the river.

Around that time, someone had loaned Lakeside a computer called a PDP-8, made by Digital Equipment Corp. This was 1971, and while I was deep into the nascent world of computers, I had never seen anything like it. Up until then, my friends and I had used only huge mainframe computers that were simultaneously shared with other people. We usually connected to them over a phone line or else they were locked in a separate room. But the PDP-8 was designed to be used directly by one person and was small enough to sit on the desk next to you. It was probably the closest thing in its day to the personal computers that would be common a decade or so later—though one that weighed eighty pounds and cost \$8,500. For a challenge, I decided I would try to write a version of the BASIC programming language for the new computer.

Before the hike I was working on the part of the program that would tell the computer the order in which it should perform operations when someone inputs an expression such as $3(2 + 5) \times 8 - 3$, or wants to create a game that requires complex math. In programming that feature is called a formula evaluator. Trudging along with my eyes on the ground in front of me, I worked on my evaluator, puzzling through the steps needed to perform the operations. Small was key. Computers back then had very little memory, which meant programs had to be lean, written using as little code as possible so as not to hog memory. The PDP-8 had just 6 kilobytes of the memory a computer uses to store data that it's working on. I'd picture the code and then try to trace how the computer would follow my commands.

Like the famous line “I would have written a shorter letter, but I did not have the time,” it's easier to write a program in sloppy code that goes on for pages than to write the same program on a single page. The sloppy version may also run more slowly and use more memory. Over the course of that hike, I had the time to write short. On that long day I slimmed it down more, like whittling little pieces off a stick to sharpen the point. What I made seemed efficient and pleasingly simple. It was by far the best code I had ever written.

As we made our way back to the trailhead the next afternoon, the rain finally gave way to clear skies and the warmth of sunlight. I felt the elation that always hit me *after* a hike, when all the hard work was behind me.

—

By the time school started again in the fall, whoever had lent us the PDP-8 had reclaimed it. I never finished my BASIC project. But the code I wrote on that hike, my formula evaluator, and its beauty stayed with me.

Three and a half years later, I was a sophomore in college not sure of my path in life when Paul, one of my Lakeside friends, burst into my dorm room with news of a groundbreaking computer. I knew we could write a BASIC language for it; we had a head start. The first thing I did was to think back to that miserable day on the Low Divide and retrieve from my memory the evaluator code I had written. I typed it into a computer, and with that planted the seed of what would become one of the world's largest companies and the beginning of a new industry.

What have you seen?
What are you going to do with
them?

CHAPTER ONE

Trey



In time there would be a big company. And in time there would be software programs millions of lines long at the core of billions of computers used around the world. There would be riches and rivals and constant worry about how to stay at the forefront of a technological revolution.

Before all of that, there was a pack of cards and a single goal: beat my grandmother.

eventually earn a modest income by baking cakes and selling war bonds at the local lumber mill. Lala also played a lot of bridge. Her partners and opponents were the society people in town, the wives of bankers and the owner of the mill. These people may have had more money or higher social standing, but Lala leveled some of the difference by handily beating them at cards. This talent got passed on to Gami and to a degree to my mom, her only child.

My initiation into this family culture started early. When I was still in diapers, Lala started calling me “Trey,” the card player’s lingo for three. It was a play on the fact that I was the family’s third living Bill Gates, after my dad and grandfather. (I am actually number four, but my dad chose to go by “junior” and in turn I got called Bill Gates III.) Gami started me off at



poker lingo



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Ante



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Blind



Call



Action

Backdoor



Raise



Big blind

15 more



Wikipedia

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glossary_of_poker_ter...](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glossary_of_poker_terms)

Glossary of poker terms

The following is a **glossary of poker terms** used in the card game of poker. It supplements the glossary of card game terms. Besides the terms listed here

much of the time,” the director reported. Fortunately, my teachers were heartened by my long-term plans: “We feel very accepted by him since he is including us as passengers on his proposed moon shot,” they wrote. (I was ahead of Kennedy by a few years.)

What educators and my parents noted at an early age were hints of what would come. I channeled the same intensity that drew me into solving the puzzle of Gami’s card skill into anything that interested me—and nothing that didn’t. The things that interested me included reading, math, and being alone in my own head. The things that didn’t were the daily rituals of life and school, handwriting, art, and sports. Also, mostly everything my mother told me to do.

My parents’ struggle with their hyperkinetic, brainy, often contrarian, tempestuous son would absorb much of their energy as I grew up and would indelibly shape our family. As I’ve grown older, I better understand just how instrumental they were in helping chart my unconventional path to adulthood.

Words for personalities

came. One day while walking together just outside the sorority house, my dad asked her again if she knew someone suitable.

“I have someone in mind,” she said. “Me.”

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father's parents. From the ferry we'd walk a short distance up the hill to the house where my dad grew up. It was a small blue Craftsman on a quiet street. We'd stay with my grandparents for a night or two. If the TV was on, my grandfather would be watching boxing, which was pretty much the one diversion he allowed himself. My paternal grandmother, Lillian Elizabeth Gates, had the same spark for cards that Gami did, so we would often get a few games in. Like my maternal grandparents, my dad's parents were Christian Scientists. One memory I have from those visits is of Grandma Gates in the kitchen every morning with a cup of coffee, quietly reading Mary Baker Eddy's Daily Bible Lesson to my grandfather.

When my dad talked about his childhood, he always seemed wistful about his father. He described him as a workaholic who left little time for much else in his life. He owned a furniture store, passed down from my great-grandfather, that had survived the Great Depression, but just barely. Constant anxiety about the family finances made my grandfather a hostage to the business. Behind the little blue house was an alley that in an earlier time my grandfather would pass through on his way home from work so

Epilogue

My mother and grandmother had always wanted us to have a place on Hood Canal where we could all fit as my sisters and I grew up and had our own families. Gami died in 1987, before they could see that plan through. On the day of her memorial service, my parents, Libby, Kristi, and I drove out to look at a parcel of land my grandmother had found for us. I bought the property and in the coming years we built a set of cottages. That family compound, which my mom dubbed “Gateaway,” became my refuge through the ups and downs—though mostly ups—of Microsoft’s early years. I got in the habit of setting aside a block of time for myself at Hood Canal that I called Think Week. Once or twice a year I’d drive or take a

△ I'm not prone to nostalgia, but there are days when I'd like to be thirteen again, making that bargain with the world that if you just go forward, learn more, understand better, you can make something truly useful and new.

Often success stories reduce people to stock characters: the boy wonder, the genius engineer, the iconoclastic designer, the paradoxical tycoon. In my case, I'm struck by the set of unique circumstances—mostly out of my control—that shaped both my character and my career. It's impossible to overstate the unearned privilege I enjoyed: to be born in the rich United

→ 已非特
States is a big part of a winning birth lottery ticket, as is being born white and male in a society that advantages white men.

△ Add to that my lucky timing. I was a rebellious toddler at Acorn Academy when engineers figured out how to integrate tiny circuits on a piece of silicon, giving birth to the semiconductor chip. I was shelving books in Mrs. Caffiere's library when another engineer predicted those circuits would grow smaller and smaller at an exponential rate for years into the future. By the time I started programming at age thirteen, chips were storing data inside the large computers to which we had uncommon access, and by the time I got my driver's license, the main functions of an entire computer could be fit onto a single chip.

Realizing early on that I had a head for math was a critical step in my story. In his terrific book *How Not to Be Wrong*, mathematician Jordan

The “solid front” my parents maintained, laid out by my mom in the letter she wrote my father before they were married, never wavered, but also allowed for their differences to shape me. I will never have my father’s calm bearing, but he instilled in me a fundamental sense of confidence and capability. My mother’s influence was more complex. Internalized by me, her expectations bloomed into an even stronger ambition to succeed, to stand out, and do something important. It was as if I needed to clear my mom’s bar by such a wide margin that there would be nothing left to say on the matter. ?

But, of course, there was always something to be said. It was my mother who regularly reminded me that I was merely a steward of any wealth I gained. With wealth came the responsibility to give it away, she would tell me. I regret that my mom didn’t live long enough to see how fully I’ve tried to meet that expectation: she passed away in 1994, at age sixty-four, from breast cancer. It would be my father in the years after my mom died who would help get our foundation started and serve as a co-chair for years, bringing the same compassion and decency that had served so well in his law career.



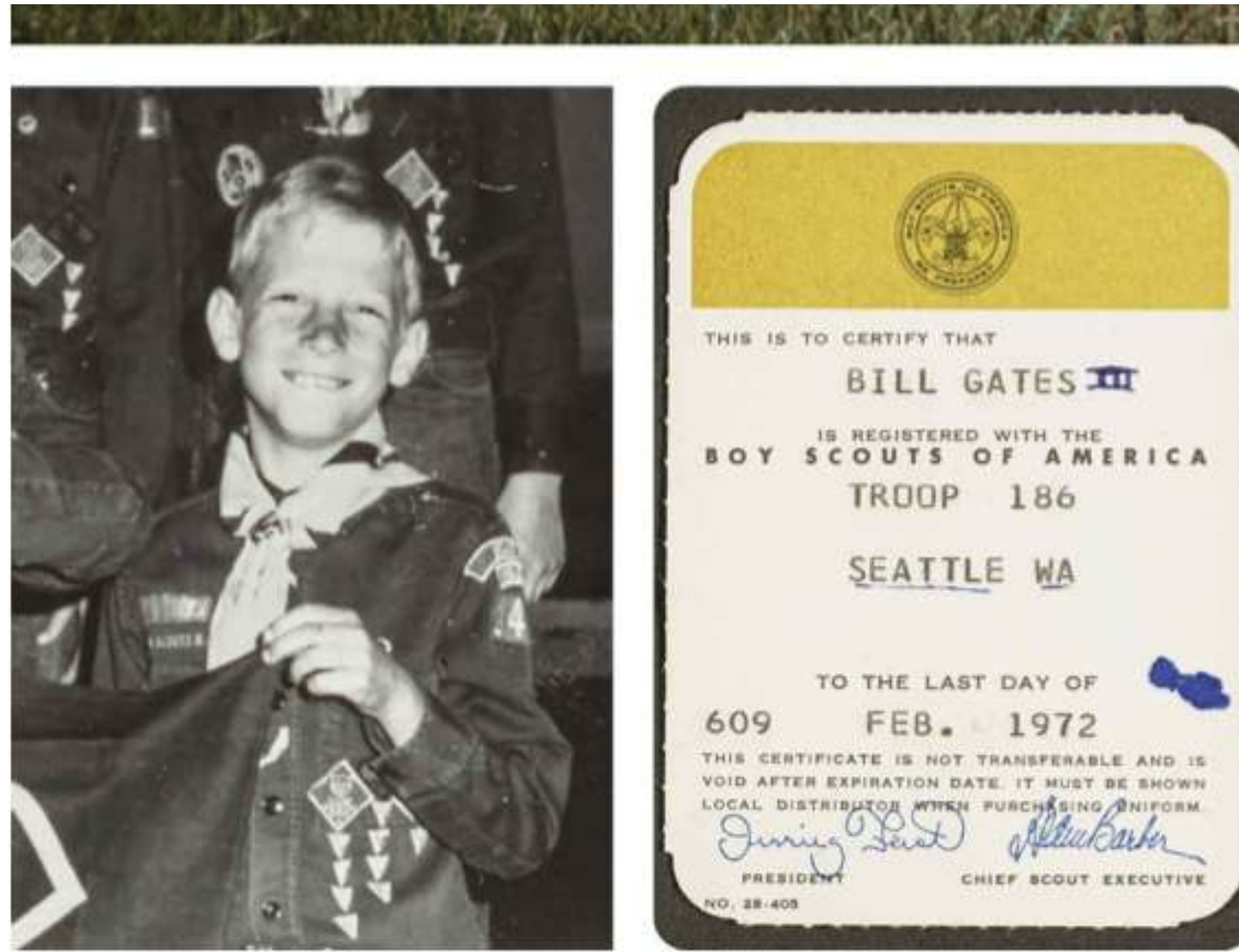
My parents met as students at the University of Washington and married two years later, in May 1951. Their contrasting personalities and backgrounds complemented each other and formed the bedrock of our family life.



As a baby, I was dubbed “Happy Boy” for my ear-to-ear smile and ready laugh. Early on, my parents knew that the rhythm of my mind was different from that of other kids. Kristi, for one, did what she was told, played easily with others, and from the start got great grades. I did none of those things. My mother worried about me and warned my preschool teachers about what to expect.



In the early 1960s, my parents and a group of their friends started renting Cheerio Lodge Cottages on the Hood Canal for two weeks every July. For a kid, it was paradise. My dad was the Mayor of Cheerio, a sort of director of fun and a wrangler of children who also presided over the opening ceremony of the Cheerio Olympics. The events were tests of dexterity and drive more than of athleticism, but whatever the event, I'd push myself with abandon to get on the podium at the end of the day. I was low on dexterity but high on drive.



I joined the Cub Scouts when I was eight years old. By the time I moved on to Troop 186 four years later, hiking, camping, and mountaineering were booming in the U.S. and Seattle was gaining recognition as a mecca for outdoor sports. Our troop made getting scouts into the mountains to hike and camp its main reason for existence.

What have you learned?
What are your takeaways?
What are you curious about?
What are the most sharable or share-worthy parts?
And...

Sometimes being selfish is the most selfless thing you can do, because it's only when you take care of yourself, can you truly take care of others.

Do more & Less is more.

The Bestseller That Has Changed Thousands of Lives!

DO *Discovering*
WHAT *Your*
YOU *Right*
Livelihood

LOVE,

THE

MONEY

WILL

FOLLOW

Marsha Sinetar

"Filled with

inspirational examples ...

infinitely more appealing

than those sterile

books telling us

how to become a millionaire

before we are 35."

—Rev. Richard N. Bolles, author of

What Color Is Your Parachute?



All Images

Quotes

Happiness

Life

DO WHAT YOU
LOVE
LOVE
WHAT YOU DO

DO
WHAT YOU
LOVE
LOVE
WHAT YOU
DO

Mahindra Raj

Do What You Love...

Ag

वेक्टर Stock Do Wh...

Wayne W. Dyer Quote: "Love what you ...

Do What You Love, Love What...

Rajatdeep Singh ...

Am

Inspiri

Report inappropriate predictions

DO
WHAT

LOVE
WHAT
YOU

Do what you

Love what you do:

do
what
you

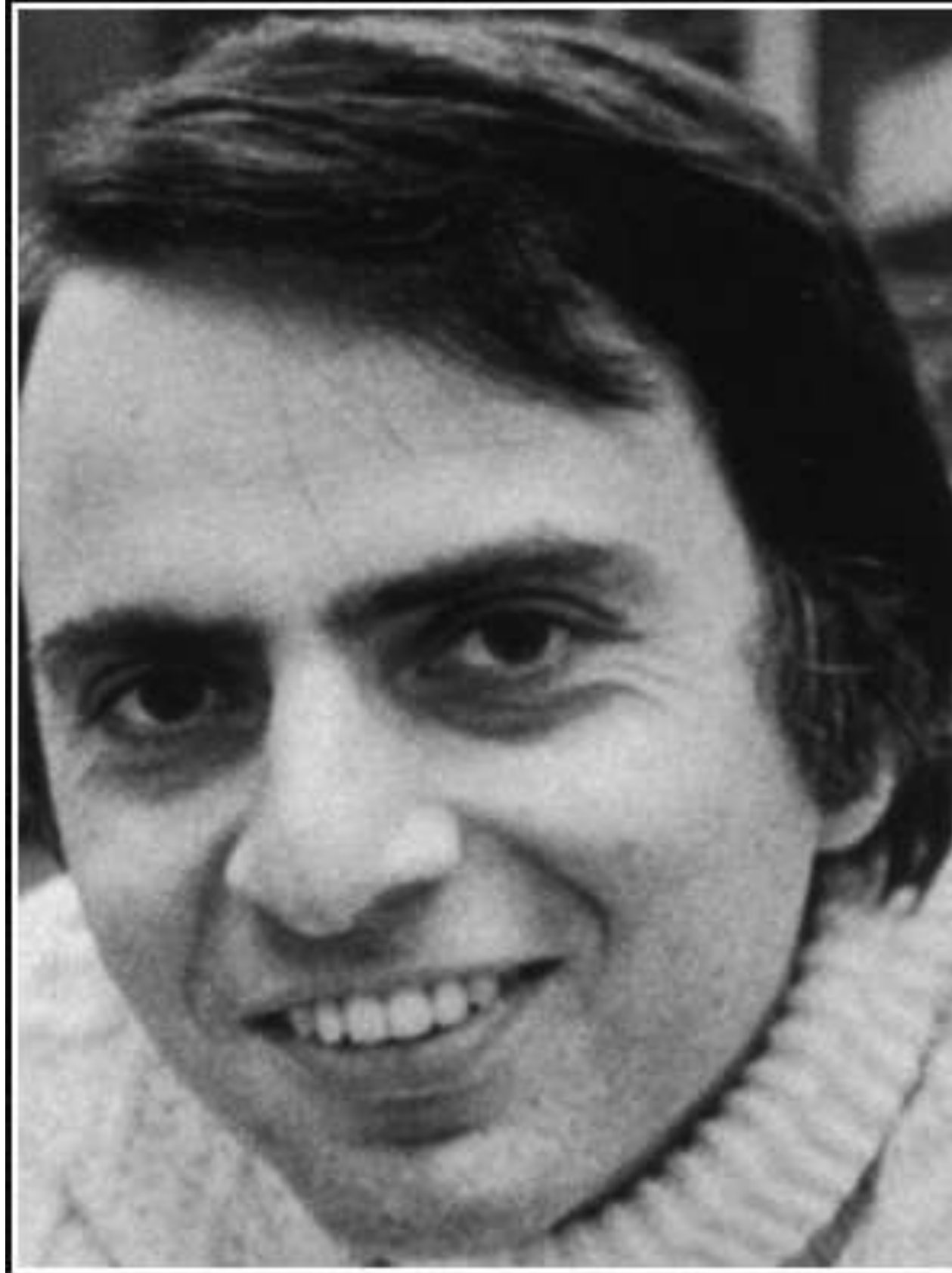
do what you LOVE
LOVE what you d



Do the best you can until you know
better. Then when you know better,
do better.

— *Maya Angelou* —

AZ QUOTES



There are naive questions, tedious questions, ill-phrased questions, questions put after inadequate self-criticism. But every question is a cry to understand the world. There is no such thing as a dumb question.

— *Carl Sagan* —

AZ QUOTES

Ask Me Anything