

英语阅读全书

READING BY ALL MEANS

—— 李言实 武晓杰 编著 ——



吉林出版集团有限责任公司 外语教育出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE EDUCATION'S BOOKS, JI LIN PUBLISHING GROUP

Reading by All Means

英语阅读全书

李言实 武晓杰 编著



吉林出版集团有限责任公司 外语教育出版社
Foreign Language Education's Books, Jilin Publishing Group

一本书一个世界

捷进可一

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

Reading by All Means: 英语阅读全书 / 李言实, 武
晓杰编. — 长春: 吉林出版集团有限责任公司, 2008.5
ISBN 978-7-80762-526-1

I. R… II. ①李…②武… III. 英语—阅读教学—自学
参考资料 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2008) 第 070743 号



<http://www.expresskey.com.cn>
email: expresskey@hotmail.com
Tel/Fax: 0431-85618714

英语阅读全书 李言实 武晓杰 编著

责任编辑 杨 枫 责任校对 贾建国 于俊楠
出 版 吉林出版集团有限责任公司
(长春市人民大街 4646 号, 130021)
发 行 吉林出版集团捷进可一图书经营有限公司
(长春市同志街 1660 号, 130021)
印 刷 山西晋财印刷有限公司
开 本 787×1092 1/16
印 张 14 字数 400 千字
版 次 2008 年 8 月第 1 版 2008 年 8 月第 1 次印刷
书 号 ISBN 978-7-80762-526-1
定 价 28.80 元

如有印刷、装订质量问题捷进可一负责调换

前 言

本书是在编者十余年英语专业泛读课教学经验的基础上完成的。主要为不同文体的阅读，全书共分八个部分，包括八种文体：记叙文、短篇故事、杂文、报刊时文、诗歌、演说及戏剧。每一部分都介绍了文体特点及阅读方法。每一篇文章主要包括四个方面内容：作者介绍、英文原文、文后注释和回答问题。作者介绍部分不同作者详略不一，读者可以有所选择；文后注释既有文中的生词难词，也有相关的文化背景介绍；回答问题一方面可供读者检查理解程度，另一方面希望引导读者做更深层次的思考。

在编写过程中，我们的主导思想是力求将常见的、实用的、读者感兴趣的文体收录其中；力求使读者在享受阅读乐趣的同时，又能对西方文化有更进一步的了解。本书所选文章体裁各异、题材广泛。其中既有充满深情的记叙文，又有饱含哲理的诗歌；既有中古文豪的不朽之作，又有对新闻人物的专题报道，既有振聋发聩的名人演说，又有轻松诙谐的小品文。

本书适合于具有中等及中等以上英语水平的读者阅读，也可作为英语专业泛读课教材使用。另外，也适合于英语教师、文学爱好者阅读和参考使用。

本书由两人编写，李言实负责本书的第一、二、四、五部分的编写，并负责全书的结构确定及统稿工作；武晓杰负责本书的第三、六、七、八部分的编写。

本书的编写历时五年，曾在太原理工大学外语系 2003、2005 级学生试用，得到学生和老师的支持与配合，他们提出了不少宝贵的建议，使本书日臻完美，在此表示谢意。感谢英语周报社的张宇副社长及董亚峰老师给予多方面的支持与帮助。特别感谢太原理工大学外语系杜耀文教授。杜教授给予我们热情的帮助与鼓励，并在百忙之中欣然为本书作序。本书在编写过程中参阅了大量的国内外文献，在此一并向有关作者及编者表示谢意。

由于作者才疏学浅，疏漏之处在所难免，恳请读者批评指正。

编 者

2008 年 6 月，于太原

Contents

Section I Reading Narratives	(1)
1. A Moral for Any Age	(2)
2. Room for One More	(4)
3. Second Gift of Life	(7)
4. Salvation	(12)
5. The Use of Force	(15)
6. A Secret for Two	(19)
Section II Reading Fictions	(23)
1. A Man Who Had No Eyes	(25)
2. Cat in the Rain	(29)
3. The Chaser	(33)
4. A Secret Life of Walter Mitty	(37)
5. True Love	(43)
6. A Telephone Call	(48)
Section III Reading Essays	(53)
1. Of Negotiating	(57)
2. Of Studies	(60)
3. Three Passions	(62)
4. Nature	(64)
5. Born to Win	(67)
6. That Lean and Hungry Look	(71)
7. What is Enlightenment	(75)
Section IV Reading Newspapers	(77)
1. California Resists Home Schooling Rules	(78)
2. Fed Chairman Watched Closely	(81)
3. Getting Teenagers Home Safely	(86)
4. Teenage Driving Laws	(88)
5. To the Ends of the Earth	(90)
Section V Reading Magazines	(92)
1. Why Dick Can't Stop Smoking	(93)
2. A Dangerous Game	(97)
3. Imported Brains	(100)

4. I Want a Wife	(103)
5. Disk Jockey	(106)
6. Hot Dog	(108)
Section VI Reading Poems	(109)
1. Sonnet 18	(120)
2. Sonnet 29	(121)
3. The Tyger	(122)
4. A Red, Red Rose	(124)
5. Composed Upon Westminster Bridge	(126)
6. The Daffodils	(128)
7. Ode to the West Wind	(130)
8. If —	(134)
9. To Helen	(136)
10. O Captain! My Captain	(137)
11. Hope is the Thing with Feathers	(139)
12. I'm Nobody! Who are You?	(140)
13. Because I Could not Stop for Death	(141)
14. The Road Not Taken	(143)
15. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening	(145)
16. The Red Wheelbarrow	(146)
17. In a Station of the Metro	(147)
18. The Negro Speaks of Rivers	(148)
Section VII Reading Speeches	(149)
1. Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death	(150)
2. Gettysburg Address	(154)
3. I Have a Dream	(156)
4. Our Family Creed	(161)
5. Science and Art	(163)
6. Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech	(165)
7. Speech by President Hu Jintao	(167)
Section VIII Reading Dramas	(171)
1. The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark	(173)
2. Pygmalion	(183)
3. Forrest Gump	(198)
4. The Shawshank Redemption	(205)

Section I Reading Narratives

Introduction

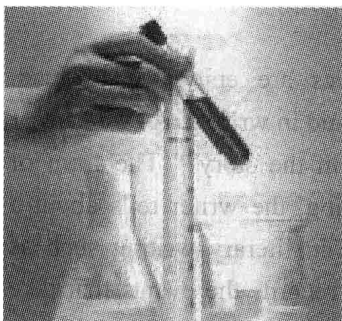
Everyone likes a good story. That's why narratives are enjoyable to read. Throughout history, people have told stories, both orally and in writing. As we hear or read a narrative, we wonder, "What will happen next in the story?" The form of narrative is familiar to all of us. In each of the following, the writer tells about a sequence of events. The narratives form can be found in literary writing such as novels as well as in short stories. Even a scientist who records the events that take place in his laboratory during an experiment is writing a narrative; however, the style of such a narrative is different from that of literary writing.

Here are the most important strategies for reading narratives:

- You read the entire selection for the main point, without looking up unfamiliar words in the dictionary.
- You read the selection again; this time you looked for organization, key words and details.
- You find the sequences of events that tied the story together.
- You find the time signals that help you understand the story.
- You use context clues to guess the meanings of unfamiliar words and expressions.
- You look for the author's implication.

A Moral For Any Age

Jacob Bronowski



About the author: Jacob Bronowski(1908--1974) British mathematician of Polish-Jewish origin, best remembered as the presenter and writer of the BBC television documentary series, *The Ascent of Man*.

On May 12, 1946, Louis Alexander Slotin was carrying out an experiment in the laboratories at Los Alamos with seven other men. Slotin was good with his hands; he liked using his head; he was bright and a little daring—in short, he was like any other man anywhere who is happy in his work. At Los Alamos, Slotin, then aged thirty-five, was concerned with the assembly of pieces of plutonium, each of which alone is too small to be dangerous, and which will only sustain a chain reaction when they are put together. Atomic bombs are, in fact, detonated in this way, by suddenly bringing together several harmless pieces of plutonium so that they form a larger, explosive mass. Slotin himself had tested the assembly of the first experimental bomb which had been exploded in New Mexico in July, 1945.

Now, nearly a year later, Slotin was again doing an experiment of this kind. He was nudging toward one another, by tiny movements, several pieces of plutonium, in order to ensure that their total mass would be large enough to make a chain reaction; and he was doing it, as experts are tempted to do such things, with a screwdriver. The screwdriver slipped, the pieces of plutonium came a fraction too close together, and suddenly the instruments which everyone was watching registered a great upsurge of neutrons, which is the sign that a chain reaction has begun. The assembly was filling the room with radioactivity.

Slotin moved at once; he pulled the pieces of plutonium apart with his bare hands. This was virtually an act of suicide, for it exposed him to the largest dose of radioactivity. Then he calmly asked his seven co-workers to mark their precise positions at the time of the accident, in order that the degree of exposure of each one to the radioactivity could be fixed.

Having done this and alerted the medical service, Slotin apologized to his companions, and said what turned out to be exactly true: that he thought that he would die and that they would recover. Slotin had saved the lives of the seven men working

with him by cutting to a minimum the time during which the assembly of plutonium was giving out neutrons and radioactive rays. He himself died of radiation sickness nine days later.

The setting for his act, the people involved, and the disaster are scientific: but this is not the reason why I tell Slotin's story. I tell it to show that morality—shall we call it heroism in this case?—has the same anatomy the world over. There are two things that make up morality. One is the sense that other people matter: the sense of common loyalty, of charity and tenderness, the sense of human love. The other is a clear judgment of what is at stake: a cold knowledge, without a trace of deception, of precisely what will happen to oneself and to others if one plays either the hero or the coward. This is the highest morality: to combine human love with an unflinching, a scientific judgment.

I tell the story of Louis Slotin for another reason also. He was an atomic physicist who made a different choice from mine. He was still working on bombs when he died, a year after World War II ended. I do not think the less of him because he took one view of a scientist's duty and I take another. For the essence of morality is not that we should all act alike. The essence of morality is that each of us should deeply search his own conscience—and should then act steadfastly as it tells him to do.

Notes:

1. plutonium: *n.* [mass noun] the chemical element of atomic number 94, a dense silvery radioactive metal of the actinide series, used as a fuel in nuclear reactors and as an explosive in nuclear fission weapons. (Symbol: Pu) (化学元素) 钚
2. anatomy: *n.* structure
3. cold: with complete knowledge and ability

Questions:

1. What is the thread — the repeated element that ties together the topic phrases?
2. How many main parts can the passage be divided into? Where do you think Part 2 begins and ends?
3. Look for the asides which contain information that comments on the main idea of the paragraph.
4. What were Slotin's alternatives when the accident happened?
5. What would you have done in Slotin's position?
6. Have you ever made a very quick decision that affected other's lives?
7. Do you believe the story about Slotin illustrates heroism, morality or both? Why?

Room for One More

Behrouz Saba



For most people the holiday season is a time of joy and family reunions. For me, it is a time of mixed emotions—for I have been away from my family and friends in Iran while studying in the United States for the past 12 years. Rather than wallow in my loneliness, I have tried each Christmas to learn a little more about its religious and temporal importance to my American friends.

Looking beyond the impersonal prefabricated decorations of shopping districts, the commercial oversell on TV, and the annual frenzy of consumption, I have caught glimpses of the warmth and reverence that still give this time of year its true meaning and significance.

A tie-clasp I still wear reminds me repeatedly of the Christmas of 1969, which was particularly memorable for me. It was my first year at Cal State Fresno as a senior in journalism. I shared a small, two-bedroom apartment with three other students in an off-campus housing complex known as the International House. My roommates had eagerly looked forward to the holiday recess. One planned to visit his family in the Dominican Republic. Another, a chemistry major from Taiwan, wanted to explore Big Sur. The American student who lived with us was going home to Stockton.

I had no vacation plans because I was down to my last dime. My check from home had not arrived on schedule—probably because of the crush of holiday mail—leaving me stranded. This is a predicament painfully familiar to many foreign students.

It had been a mild autumn and, conscious as we were of our limited incomes, none of us had bothered to ask the gas company to turn on the heat in our quarters. Suddenly the chill and rain of winter held the San Joaquin Valley in its grasp. Alone in the apartment as Christmas neared, I spent evenings burrowing under my electric blanket, reading books or watching TV.

Taking inventory of the kitchen, I discovered that my friends had thoughtfully left behind enough food for a poor-man's feast: cans of tuna, boxes of Rice-a-Roni, cartons of eggs, loaves of bread and many bags of tea. So I ate omelets for brunch and improvised dinner casseroles. Often I left the oven door open after heating up a casserole to let a bit of heat circulate in the cold apartment.

On weekdays I walked to the campus to pick up my mail at the International Students Office. I received my issues of Newsweek and the National Lampoon, circulars for post-Christmas sales and a Christmas card from the management of a San Francisco hotel where I had spent the night a couple of years earlier. But the all-important check still had not arrived.

A single, temporary secretary manned the office while the permanent staff enjoyed an extended vacation. Maria was a Mexican-American student working her way through college. Every day she observed me as I left the mailbox with disappointment showing on my face. On one of my regular treks to the mailbox, as I sorted through the mail in vain, Maria must have taken pity, for out of the blue she invited me to spend Christmas Eve with her family. I accepted all too gladly.

It was dark when she picked me up in her car and headed for one of the many small towns that lie on the outskirts of Fresno in the middle of the valley. We stopped on a muddy street in front of a modest frame house and went in. Maria introduced me to her parents, sister and aunt, who welcomed me warmly. The front room was small; it had a badly adjusted color TV set and a sofa with plastic upholstery. Gifts were piled high under a Christmas tree located in a corner of the room. From the kitchen wafted a blend of the most delicate aromas.

Maria's father wanted to know all about Iran and the events that had brought me so far from my country. He listened carefully, occasionally nodding and sometimes asking his daughter to translate my English into Spanish. The kind look in his eyes and his relaxed demeanor made me feel right at home.

The dinner feast was a welcome change from a week of tuna casseroles. Beef, pork, chicken, rice and beans were served in bowls of baked clay. Each dish had a distinctive texture, sauce and blend of seasonings. The tamales, served fresh from a steaming pot, were my favorite. Maria's aunt ate while standing at a corner of the small, cramped table. I felt a little uncomfortable, knowing that I was occupying her place, but over the years her gesture has come to symbolize for me the sincere and unpretentious hospitality with which I was treated by Maria's family that Christmas Eve.

After dinner Maria chose a small package from under the tree and handed it to me; I was to open my gift before her whole family. Inside I found the tie-clasp that I still use to this day.

My check from home arrived the day after Christmas. My parents included a

little extra money, knowing it would come in handy during "the holiday season." I restocked the kitchen with food and had the heat connected.

My roommates returned by New Year's Eve. Looking healthier than when they had left, they were full of stories about family and friends. That night a giant impromptu party started in a neighbor's apartment, and it continued hours after the arrival of the new year. Visiting each other's apartments, we drank too much cheap beer and wine and had a ball.

Near dawn, as an enormous hangover began to pound my aching head, I lay in my bed and thought about Maria and her generous family. I felt grateful that I, so far away from my own family, was so warmly accepted. Looking at the tie-clasp on the top of my dresser, I knew I would always regard it as a memento of an unexpected evening of good fellowship in the midst of a bleak and lonely period of my life.

Notes:

1. complex: *n.* a group of similar buildings or facilities on the same site
2. Big Sur: a picturesque coastal region of California to the south of San Francisco
3. Stockton: a city of central California on the San Joaquin River south of Sacramento
4. dime: (informal) a small amount of money
5. Rice-A-Roni is a boxed food mix that consists of rice, vermicelli, seasonings, and sometimes other ingredients.
6. Fresno is the sixth-largest city in California.
7. tamales: a Mexican dish of seasoned meat and maize flour steamed or baked in maize husks

Questions:

1. What do you think is the main point of *Room for One More*?
2. What is the significance of the tie-clasp to the author? Was it an expressive gift? What did it mean to the author when he received it? Does he still wear it now, many years later? Why?
3. Being without money—stranded—is a “predicament painfully familiar to many foreign students”. What other difficult situations do you face?
4. In paragraph 2 the author describes the Christmas season. What does he say about it? What is his attitude toward the commercial aspects of Christmas?
5. Are holidays always a time of “mixed emotions”? What emotions do you feel at Christmas? On your birthdays? At a graduation? At a wedding?

Second Gift of Life

Author Unknown



At Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, 20-year-old Alicia Sferrino and her parents listened to the diagnosis of Dr. Leslie Fang, a kidney specialist. "You have acute nephritis, an unusual inflammation," he said. "Your kidneys are 95 percent destroyed."

All color drained from Alicia's face. Yet the petite blonde set her jaw. "Okay" she said. "My kidneys are in trouble. When can we start treatment to get them into shape?" Dr. Fang's words were measured.

"I'm afraid what you have is irreversible. Soon you'll have to go on dialysis."

Alicia was stunned. Until a few weeks before, she'd felt fine. "Isn't there some other option?" asked her mother, Deanne.

"Only one," Dr. Fang said. "If we can find a compatible donor, we can perform a transplant."

A short while later Dr. Fang spoke privately with Deanne and her husband, Vincent. "The options for a transplant are limited," the doctor said. "The wait for a cadaver kidney is over two years. That leaves only a relative with similar blood and tissue types. If you're willing, we should test you immediately to see whose kidney might match."

Deanne's face twisted with anguish. Vincent responded in almost a whisper. Alicia is adopted. We don't know who her birth parents are.

Dr. Fang stared back helplessly. "We have only a short time to find them."

Vincent, an engineer at M.I.T.'s Lincoln Laboratory, and Deanne, a secretary, had adopted Alicia when she was five months old. They had always dreamed of having a daughter to join their adopted son, Michael, then four. A tiny baby with large green eyes, Alicia was to them the most beautiful little girl imaginable.

Alicia brought wonderful energy and spirit into the Sferrino household. Despite being under five feet tall, she became a star on the Burlington High School field hockey team.

After graduating, she earned a two-year college degree and landed a job at the Calvin Klein clothing company, where she kept up a grueling work schedule. Alicia was never one to back down from a challenge.

Now it was Vincent and Deanne who faced a formidable challenge: to track down Alicia's birth parents. Deanne thought back to the times Alicia had longed to learn about them. "It would be better not to tell Alicia," she told her husband. "If we don't find them, or if they refuse, it could devastate her."

With a court order, the Sferrinos opened Alicia's confidential adoption files. There was Alicia's birth certificate, naming her mother: Ruth Chiasson. The files revealed that Chiasson lived in Framingham, Mass. But the address was 20 years old.

In the days that followed, Vincent and Deanne worked tirelessly to contact families in Framingham named Chiasson. None had heard of Ruth.

In Late February Alicia began blood transfusions. "It's like a bad dream," she told her fiancé, Jeff Martin, a young engineering student. "I won't have you taking care of an invalid for the rest of your life."

"Don't talk like that," Jeff replied, his face ashen. The prospect of losing Alicia terrified him.

By mid-March her weight had dropped from 95 pounds to 80. She was too weak to work. Medication to stabilize her kidneys caused painful cramping. The sight of her agony drove Vincent to the edge of despair. There has to be a way to save our child.

In his office one morning, Vincent looked over the list he and Deanne had made of people who might know about Ruth Chiasson. On it were the numbers of every Chiasson in the Framingham area, every public agency with birth records, and a dozen librarians and county clerks. Every number had been called except one. It belonged to Michael Ward, the Framingham town clerk. Vincent said a silent prayer as he dialed.

Ward answered, and Vincent explained why he was calling. "I knew a fellow years ago named Paul Foisy," said Ward. "I think he married a woman with a name like Ruth Chiasson. They divorced and she moved out of the area."

"Do you remember anything else about them?" Vincent asked.

Ward thought. "We've got some old records. I'll dig through them and call you back."

Vincent thanked him and hung up. He tried to turn his mind to his work but soon was pacing about his office. An hour passed, the longest of his life. Then the phone rang.

"I did find something," the clerk said. "A Father Barrett married them at St. George's in Framingham. Maybe he'll know where Ruth is now. "

Vincent hurriedly dialed the church.

"I'm sorry, Father Barrett hasn't been here for ten years," a woman replied.

"Is there a chance that anybody would know where he is? " He waited on hold as the seconds ticked by with agonizing slowness. Then the voice returned. "Father Barrett is now at St. John the Evangelist Catholic Church in Chelmsford."

"Thank you! " Chelmsford was the next town over. Vincent's heart was pounding as he scribbled down the number and dialed again. This time a man answered.

"I am trying to reach Father Barrett," Vincent said, barely able to control his nervousness.

"Speaking."

Vincent took a deep breath.

On The Afternoon Of March 29, an attractive woman with light brown hair pulled into the driveway of her home in Sunrise, Fla., and scooped up a handful of letters from the mailbox. A normally energetic 37-year-old, Ruth Foisy was tired after her ten-hour shift as a coffee shop manager.

Her three children — Barbie, 17, Renee, 14, and Paul, 11— were still in school, so she had a few minutes to relax. Easing into a living-room chair, she was surprised to find an envelope from Father Barrett. We haven't been in touch in more than ten years, she thought. What could he be writing about?

She pulled out a four-page letter. To her puzzlement, it hadn't been written by Father Barrett. "This letter may come as a shock after so many years, " it began, "but we trust you will understand the sincerity and love it represents."

As Ruth read on, her eyes filled with tears. The letter revealed Alicia's urgent need for a transplant. "We realize the anguish of such a decision," Vincent and Deanne had written. "We ask only that you consider it carefully and compassionately."

Ruth began to cry as her thoughts swept back 20 years. At 17, she had just given birth to a beautiful girl she named Patricia Ann. She and her boyfriend had wanted to marry, but her parents had insisted that she give the infant up for adoption. It took four hours of anguish at the adoption agency before she could sign the papers. For months afterward Ruth cried frequently for the baby. Every year she burned a candle on December, the child's birthday.

So her name is Alicia, Ruth thought. And she needs me.

A short time later her children found her clutching the letter. "I have something to tell you," she said somberly. For the first time they heard the story of their half-sister. Afterward, Barbie gave her mother a hug. "You choose," Barbie said. "Whatever you decide, we'll support you. "

By Late April Vincent and Deanne were desperate. It had been a month since they had given the letter to Father Barrett, and they had heard nothing. Alicia was growing weaker.

Did Father Barrett misplace our number? Vincent wondered. He reached for the telephone, determined to find out if the priest had received a response. "Thank goodness it's you! " he heard Father Barrett shout. "Ruth Foisy is willing to be a donor."

Ruth arrived in Boston on June 2 and underwent blood tests at Massachusetts General. Her kidney was a match.

Soon the Sferrinos and their daughter met with Dr. Fang. "We found a donor, " the doctor told Alicia.

"It's your birth mother." At last Deanne and Vincent could tell Alicia the story of their detective work.

Two days later Ruth sat nervously in Dr. Fang's waiting room. She and Alicia were about to meet. Ruth recalled how so many years before, the tiny baby had grasped her finger and cried when she was left behind. Will she resent me?

A few moments later Ruth's eyes met those of a pretty young woman. Breaking down, Ruth whispered, "I don't know what to say. "

"It's okay," Alicia replied softly, embracing her.

The next night Ruth and Alicia met for dinner at a restaurant. They were nervous at first, tentative in conversation. Then Alicia asked the question she had always carried inside:

"Why did you give me up? "

Ruth looked briefly away, then into her daughter's eyes. "Please believe me — I didn't want to." She told Alicia about her teen-age pregnancy, and about the wrenching guilt she had lived with for giving Alicia up for adoption. Alicia reached across the table and clasped her hand. In that instant Ruth saw what she had desperately hoped for — forgiveness.

The operations began at 11 am. on June 12 at Massachusetts General with two teams of doctors and nurses. Surgeons cut away one of Ruth's ribs in order to remove her kidney, then packed the organ in a cold preservation solution. The kidney was whisked to an adjoining room, where the other surgical team made an incision into Alicia's abdomen so the organ could be inserted from the front.

Five hours later, at 4 p.m., the lead surgeon, Dr. Francis Delmonico strode into the room where Vincent, Deanne, Michael and Jeff waited anxiously. The doctor was smiling. "It looks like they'll both be fine," he said.

The next day a nurse pushed a wheelchair into Alicia's room. Ruth was huddled in the chair and groggy from painkillers, but her tired eyes were beaming. Alicia reached out to her. "Thank you for my life."

After her full recovery, Alicia and Jeff married. In March 1996 their own daughter Ashley Ann, was born.

Notes:

1. nephritis: inflammation of the kidneys
2. measured: considered and weighed
3. irreversible: impossible to change or to return to a previous condition
4. dialysis: 透析
5. land: obtain
6. confidential: secret
7. ease into: lessen speed
8. break down: overcome by emotion

Questions:

1. What's the problem with Alicia?
2. Why can't Deanne and Vincent transplant their kidneys to Alicia?
3. Was it easy for Deanne and Vincent to find Alicia's birth parents?
4. Was the operation successful?