

Graduate  
Reading  
Writing  
Translation & English

研究生英语  
读写译教程

总主编：张隆胜

主 编：鲍琳虹 主 审：杨 虹

下

 华中师范大学出版社

# Graduate Reading Writing Translation & English

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## 研究生英语 读写译教程 ①

 华中师范大学出版社

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# 前 言

研究生英语课程是帮助实现高等教育国际化,培养高级专业人才的重要途径之一。教材编写人员以“加快研究生教育结构调整,培养应用型人才”的方针为指导,在广泛调查研究生英语学习需求和目标的基础上,完成了《研究生英语读写译教程》的撰写工作。《研究生英语读写译教程》的设计理念与现代的外语教育理念相吻合,强调以人为本,体现以学生为中心的教学原则。本套教程旨在帮助研究生提高英语综合应用能力,增强跨文化意识,锻炼思辨能力,培养批判性思维,提升自主学习能力和交流能力。《研究生英语读写译教程》题材广泛,体裁多样,选材经典;注重语言的典范性、实用性和时代感,注重语言与文化的融通;学练结合,语言的输入与输出并举。教程中的活动设计注重学生的多层次发展和学习方法的多样性,符合语言学习的规律,有助于研究生读、写、译和口语能力的提高。练习安排难易适度,题型多样,强调实用性、新颖性、趣味性和可操作性。

《研究生英语读写译教程》分上、下两册,《研究生英语读写译指南》为配套教师用书。本教程每册包括8个单元、2套自测题、附录一及附录二。每个单元由课前导入(Lead-in)、课文(Text A)、补充阅读(Text B)、写作(Writing)四部分组成;两套自测题置于第四单元和第八单元之后;附录一和附录二分别介绍基本的语音语调、翻译技巧等知识。该套教材具有以下特点:

1. 课文所选的阅读材料涉及多种文体(小说、诗歌、散文、记叙文、议论文、说明文等),题材丰富(政治、经济、科技、社会、文化、生活等),注重选材的人文性。

2. 每个单元的Text A和Text B均属同一主题,以Text A为主

题设计的课前导入(Lead-in)和课后讨论(Topics for Discussion)有助于培养学生的批判性思维,调动学生的主动性,帮助提高学生的口语表达能力;围绕Text A、Text B设计的课后练习(阅读理解、词汇、改错、完形填空、翻译等)帮助学生检测对课文的理解,掌握、巩固并扩大词汇量,培养学生的书面运用能力。其中翻译练习中的汉译英是与Text A内容相近的一段短文翻译,旨在帮助学生学以致用;英译汉是有关Text B的句子翻译,学生通过练习逐步学习将翻译技巧运用到翻译实践中。

3. 写作部分依照由浅及深、由段落到篇章的顺序讲解相关的写作常识,并编排写作任务。针对研究生的学习特点,本教程下册突出英语实用写作的训练(书信、论文摘要、总结、研究报告等),加强实用性训练。

4. 两套自测题在设计上贴近每个单元的练习形式,方便学生进一步操练并及时发现英语学习上的问题,制订下一步学习计划。

5. 附录一介绍的基本语音语调知识能够帮助学生规范语音语调;附录二归纳的翻译技巧配合各单元的翻译练习(汉译英、英译汉)使用,可以达到学练结合的目的。

本套教程为华中师范大学985创新平台研究项目“免费师范生教育硕士英语课程教学模式与方法研究”(985ZX05)阶段性成果。在编写过程中,华中师范大学公共外语系研究生教研室全体教师付出了辛勤的劳动,得到了华中师范大学研究生院、外国语学院、公共外语系的支持,谨此一并致谢。

编写《研究生英语读写译教程》是一项富有挑战性的工作,由于编者水平与经验有限,难免存在不足或谬误,我们衷心恳请广大师生在使用本教材的过程中,提出宝贵的意见和建议,以便再版时予以纠正。

编者

2012年4月

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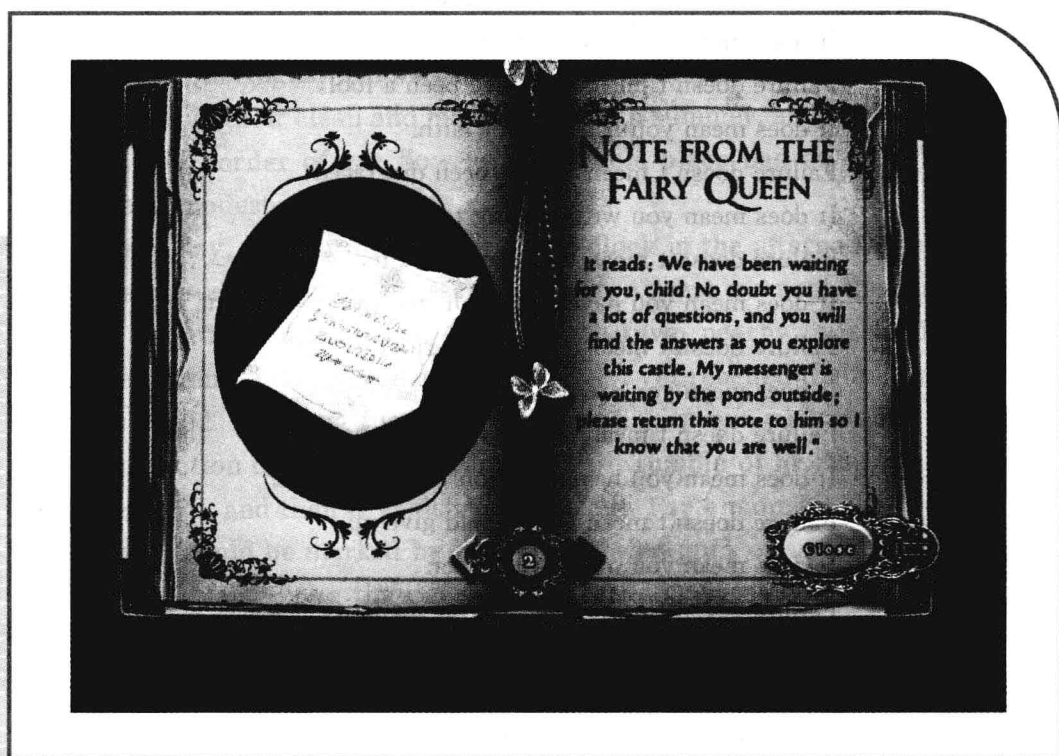
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## **Appendix 2 Translation Skills ( I )**



# Unit 1

## Short Stories



### NOTE FROM THE FAIRY QUEEN

It reads: "We have been waiting for you, child. No doubt you have a lot of questions, and you will find the answers as you explore this castle. My messenger is waiting by the pond outside; please return this note to him so I know that you are well."

Lead-in

1. Appreciate the poem "The Significance of Failure" and then talk about it.

## The Significance of Failure

Robert Harold Schuller

Failure doesn't mean you are a failure,  
It does mean you haven't succeeded yet.  
Failure doesn't mean you have accomplished nothing,  
It does mean you have learned something.  
Failure doesn't mean you have been a fool,  
It does mean you had a lot of faith.  
Failure doesn't mean you've been disgraced,  
It does mean you were willing to try.  
Failure doesn't mean you don't have it,  
It does mean you have to do something in a different way.  
Failure doesn't mean you are inferior,  
It does mean you are not perfect.  
Failure doesn't mean you've wasted your life,  
It does mean you have a reason to start afresh.  
Failure doesn't mean you should give up,  
It does mean you must try harder.  
Failure doesn't mean you'll never make it,  
It does mean it will take a little longer.  
Failure doesn't mean God has abandoned you,  
It does mean God has a better idea.

2. Share with your classmates your understanding of "truth, goodness and beauty."

## The Far and the Near

Thomas Wolfe

① On the outskirts of a little town upon a rise of land that swept back from the railway there was a tidy little cottage of white boards, trimmed vividly with green blinds. To one side of the house there was a garden neatly patterned with plots of growing vegetables, and an arbor for the grapes which ripened late in August. Before the house there were three mighty oaks which sheltered it in their clean and massive shade in summer, and to the other side there was a border of gay flowers. The whole place had an air of tidiness, thrift, and modest comfort.

② Every day, a few minutes after two o'clock in the afternoon, the limited express between two cities passed this spot. At that moment the great train, having halted for a breathing-space at the town nearby, was beginning to lengthen evenly into its stroke, but it had not yet reached the full drive of its terrific speed. It swung into view deliberately, swept past with a powerful swaying motion of the engine, a low smooth rumble of his heavy cars upon pressed steel, and then it vanished in the cut. For a moment the progress of the engine could be marked by heavy bellowing puffs of smoke that burst at spaced intervals above the edges of the meadow grass, and finally nothing could be heard but the solid clacking tempo of the wheels receding into the drowsy stillness of the afternoon.

③ Every day for more than twenty years, as the train had approached this house, the engineer had blown on the whistle, and every day, as soon as she heard this signal, a woman had appeared on the back porch of the little house and waved to him. At first she had a small child clinging to her skirts, and now this child had grown to full womanhood, and every day she, too, came with her mother to the porch and waved.

④ The engineer had grown old and gray in service. He had driven his great train, loaded with its weight of lives, across the land ten thousand times. His own children had grown up, and married, and four times he had seen before

him on the tracks the ghastly dot of tragedy converging like a cannon ball to its eclipse of horror at the boiler head — a light spring wagon filled with children, with its clustered row of small stunned faces; a cheap automobile stalled up the tracks, set with the wooden figures of people paralyzed with fear; a battered hobo walking by the rail, too deaf and old to hear the whistle's warning; and a form flung past his window with a scream — all this he had seen and known. He had known all the grief, the joy, the peril and the labor such a man could know; he had grown seamed and weathered in his loyal service, and now, schooled by the qualities of faith and courage and humbleness that attended his labor, he had grown old, and had the grandeur and the wisdom these men have.

⑤ But no matter what peril or tragedy he had known, the vision of the little house and the women waving to him with a brave free motion of the arm had become fixed in the mind of the engineer as something beautiful and enduring, something beyond all change and ruin, and something that would always be the same, no matter what mishap, grief or error might break the iron schedule of his days.

⑥ The sight of this little house and these two women gave him the most extraordinary happiness he had ever known. He had seen them in a thousand lights, a hundred weathers. He had seen them through the harsh light of wintry gray across the brown and frosted stubble of the earth, and he had seen them again in the green luring sorcery of April.

⑦ He felt for them and for the little house in which they lived such tenderness as a man might feel for his own children, and at length the picture of their lives was carved so sharply in his heart that he felt that he knew their lives completely, to every hour and moment of the day, and he resolved that one day, when his years of service should be ended, he would go and find these people and speak at last with them whose lives had been so wrought into his own.

⑧ That day came. At last the engineer stepped from a train onto the station platform of the town where these two women lived. His years upon the rail had ended. He was a pensioned servant of his company, with no more work to do. The engineer walked slowly through the station and out into the streets of the town. Everything was as strange to him as if he had never seen this town before. As he walked on, his sense of bewilderment and confusion grew. Could this be the town he had passed ten thousand times? Were these the same

houses he had seen so often from the high windows of his cab? It was all as unfamiliar, as disquieting as a city in a dream, and the perplexity of his spirit increased as he went on.

⑨ Presently the houses thinned into the straggling outposts of the town, and the street faded into a country road — the one on which the women lived. And the man plodded on slowly in the heat and dust. At length he stood before the house he sought. He knew at once that he had found the proper place. He saw the lordly oaks before the house, the flower beds, the garden and the arbor, and farther off, the glint of rails.

⑩ Yes, this was the house he sought, the place he had passed so many times, the destination he had longed for with such happiness. But now that he had found it, now that he was here, why did his hand falter on the gate; why had the town, the road, the earth, the very entrance to this place he loved turned unfamiliar as the landscape of some ugly dream? Why did he now feel this sense of confusion, doubt and hopelessness?

⑪ At length he entered by the gate, walked slowly up the path and in a moment more had mounted three short steps that led up to the porch, and was knocking at the door. Presently he heard steps in the hall, the door was opened, and a woman stood facing him.

⑫ And instantly, with a sense of bitter loss and grief, he was sorry he had come. He knew at once that the woman who stood there looking at him with a mistrustful eye was the same woman who had waved to him so many thousand times. But her face was harsh and pinched and meager; the flesh sagged wearily in sallow folds, and the small eyes peered at him with timid suspicion and uneasy doubt. All the brave freedom, the warmth and the affection that he had read into her gesture, vanished in the moment that he saw her and heard her unfriendly tongue.

⑬ And now his own voice sounded unreal and ghastly to him as he tried to explain his presence, to tell her who he was and the reason he had come. But he faltered on, fighting stubbornly against the horror of regret, confusion, disbelief that surged up in his spirit, drowning all his former joy and making his act of hope and tenderness seem shameful to him.

⑭ At length the woman invited him almost unwillingly into the house, and called her daughter in a harsh shrill voice. Then, for a brief agony of time, the man sat in an ugly little parlor, and he tried to talk while the two women stared at him with a dull, bewildered hostility, a sullen, timorous restraint.

⑮ And finally, stammering a crude farewell, he departed. He walked away down the path and then along the road toward town, and suddenly he knew that he was an old man. His heart, which had been brave and confident when it looked along the familiar vista of the rails, was now sick with doubt and horror as it saw the strange and unsuspected visage of the earth which had always been within a stone's throw of him, and which he had never seen or known. And he knew that all the magic of that bright lost way, the vista of that shining line, the imagined corner of that small good universe of hope's desire, could never be got again.

## New Words

arbor /'ɑ:rbər/ <i>n.</i>	树木, 乔木
blind /'blaɪnd/ <i>n.</i>	a window cover that you pull down from the top to the bottom; a small shelter where you can watch birds or animals without being seen by them 百叶窗; 屏风; (猎人的) 埋伏地
bellow /'beləʊ/ <i>v.</i>	shout very loudly; make the deep sound that a bull and some other large animals make (人) 怒吼, 咆哮; (公牛、其他大型动物) 吼
deliberately /dɪ'libərətli/ <i>adv.</i>	in a slow careful way; with a definite intention, not by chance or by accident 从容地, 审慎地; 故意地
disquiet /dɪs'kwɪəɪt/ <i>v.</i>	make sb. worried or nervous 使不安, 使烦恼
<i>n.</i>	a feeling of being very worried or nervous 不安, 忧虑, 烦恼
ghastly /'gæstli/ <i>adj.</i>	shocking in a way that frightens or upsets you; very bad or unpleasant 恐怖的, 可怕的; 讨厌的, 令人不快的
<i>adv.</i>	with a deathlike quality 可怕地
glint /glɪnt/ <i>n.</i>	a quick flash of light 闪耀, 微光
<i>v.</i>	shine with quick flashes of light 反射, 闪光, 发微光
grandeur /'grændʒər/ <i>n.</i>	an impressive quality that a place, object, or occasion has; the important or high position that someone has in society 宏伟, 壮观, 富丽堂皇; 伟大, 崇高

hobo /'houboʊ/ <i>n.</i>	someone who travels from place to place because they do not have a home or a job (白坐火车到处流浪的)无业游民,流浪汉
lordly /'lɔ:rdli/ <i>adj.</i>	behaving in a proud way that shows that you think you are more important than other people; very impressive because of being very expensive, rare, etc. 傲慢的;贵族(似)的,有气派的
meager /'mi:gə/ <i>adj.</i>	thin, skinny; barren, impoverished; dull (人、动物)瘦的;(土地)不毛的,贫瘠的;枯燥的
mishap /'mɪʃæp/ <i>n.</i>	a minor mistake or accident 不幸的事,灾难
mount /maʊnt/ <i>v.</i>	climb up (stairs, a hill, or other rising surface), climb or move up on to (a raised surface)登,上(梯、山等)
outskirts /'aʊtskɜ:rts/ <i>n.</i>	the areas of a town or city that are farthest away from the center 郊区,郊外,边缘
paralyze /'pærəlaɪz/ <i>v.</i>	make sth. completely unable to operate normally or effectively; make sb. temporarily unable to think or move, esp. by frightening them 瘫痪;使麻痹
perplexity /pə'pleksəti/ <i>n.</i>	trouble or confusion resulting from complexity 窘困,困惑;纠纷,混乱
pinch /pɪntʃ/ <i>v.</i>	squeeze tightly between the fingers 捏,掐
rumble /'rʌmbl/ <i>n.</i>	a continuous deep sound 隆隆声,轰鸣
sag /sæg/ <i>v.</i>	become soft and start to bend or hang downward; become weaker or less in amount or value 松弛,下垂;萎靡,松懈
sallow /'sæləʊ/ <i>adj.</i>	pale yellow and unhealthy looking (肤色)灰黄的
seamed /si:mɪd/ <i>adj.</i>	(used esp. of skin) marked by lines 有皱纹的
shrill /ʃrɪl/ <i>adj.</i>	not pleasant to hear; loud and high 刺耳的;尖声的
sorcery /'sɔ:rsəri/ <i>n.</i>	magic (esp. done with the help of evil spirits) 巫术,邪术,妖术
straggling /'stræglɪŋ/ <i>adj.</i>	wandering from the direct course or way 掉队的
stubble /'stʌbl/ <i>n.</i>	(collective) the ends of plants that are left above ground after a farmer cuts a crop such as wheat or barley (集合词)(小麦、大麦等的)残梗,残株
stunned /stʌnd/ <i>adj.</i>	very shocked or upset, esp. so that you are unable to act normally 震惊的,目瞪口呆的



sullen /'sʌlən/ <i>adj.</i>	silently showing dislike and bad temper; dark and unpleasant 愠怒的; 闷闷不乐的, 阴沉的
timorous /'tɪməərəs/ <i>adj.</i>	( <i>formal</i> ) nervous and easy to be frightened (正式)胆小的, 羞怯的, 容易受惊的
vista /'vɪstə/ <i>n.</i>	a view from a high position 景色, 远景
wintry /'wɪntri/ <i>adj.</i>	deliberately unfriendly or cold; of characteristic of winter(态度等)冷冰冰的, 冷淡的; 冬(天)的, 冬天似的

## Phrases & Collocations

falter on	hesitate; totter 踌躇; 蹒跚
plod on	walk with slow heavy steps 跋涉, 沉重地走
stall up	stop; pause 停止; 停顿
surge up	increase a lot very quickly 汹涌, 高涨
wrought into	made into; woven into 制造成; 渐渐进入, 编织成

## Notes to the Text

### Thomas Wolfe (1900—1938)

Thomas Clayton Wolfe, the youngest of eight children, was born in the mountain town of Asheville, North Carolina. After graduation from the University of North Carolina, he went on to Harvard, receiving an M. A. degree two years later and staying there for further study. From Harvard, Wolfe moved to New York, teaching at New York University. Besides many short stories, dramatic works and novellas, his main works include four novels: *Look Homeward, Angel* (1929), *Of Time and the River* (1935), *The Web and the Rock* (1939) and *You Can't Go Home Again* (1940). He is known for mixing highly original, poetic, rhapsodic, and impressionistic prose with autobiographical writing. Some of his best works are marked by vitality and power, and show a clear insight into the turbulence and the breadth of American life. He became very famous during his short lifetime and remains one of the most important writers in modern American literature.

## Reading Aloud

But no matter what peril or tragedy he had known, the vision of the little house and the women waving to him with a brave free motion of the arm had become fixed in



the mind of the engineer as something beautiful and enduring, something beyond all change and ruin, and something that would always be the same, no matter what mishap, grief or error might break the iron schedule of his days.

The sight of this little house and these two women gave him the most extraordinary happiness he had ever known. He had seen them in a thousand lights, a hundred weathers. He had seen them through the harsh light of wintry gray across the brown and frosted stubble of the earth, and he had seen them again in the green luring sorcery of April.

## Reading for Fun

### Sonnet XVIII

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair some time declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## Exercises

### Reading Comprehension

#### A. Answer the following questions.

1. Why did the little cottage impress the engineer on the train deeply?