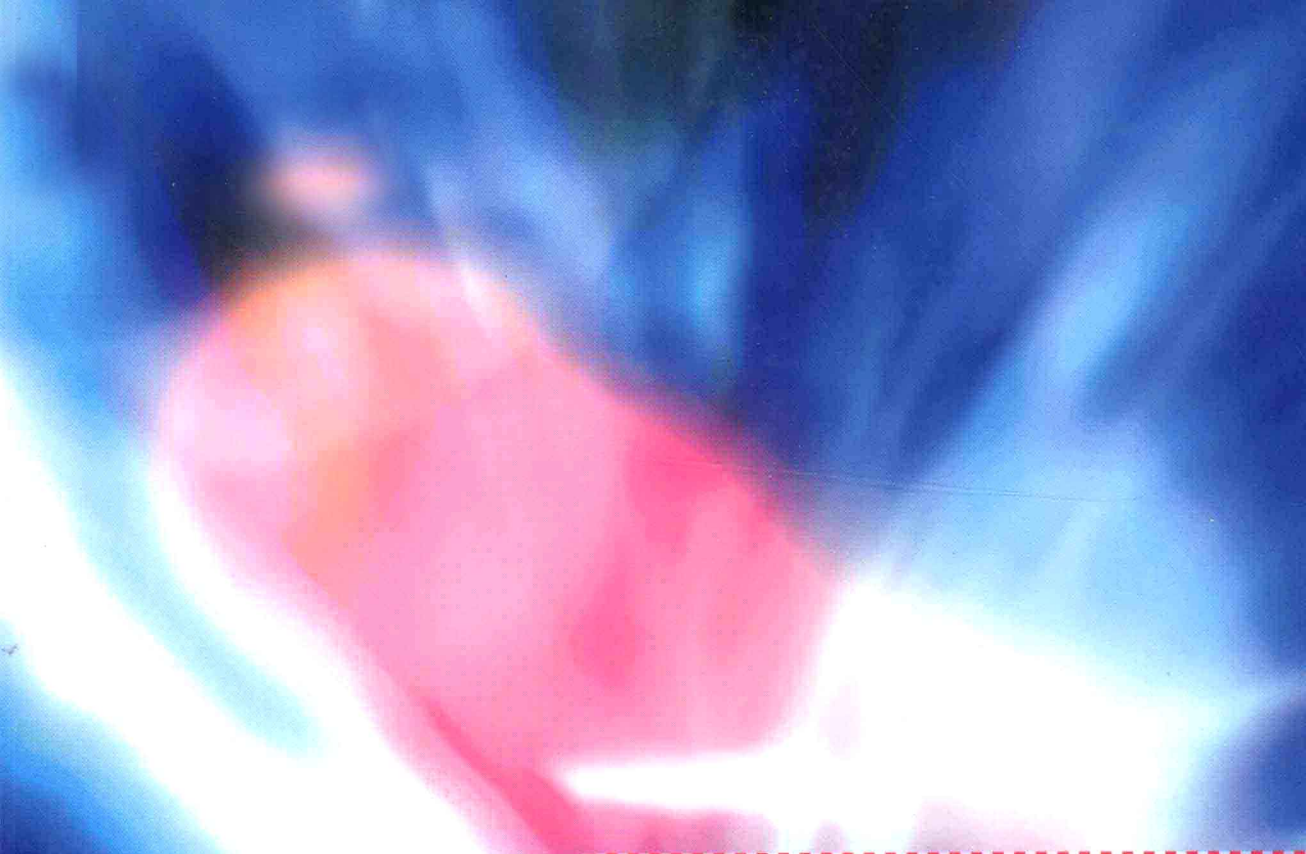




大学生英语活页文选

MEDICAL ENGLISH READINGS

医学英语 趣文阅读

中级

主编 梁正溜

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

医学英语趣文阅读. 中级 / 梁正溜主编.

—上海: 上海外语教育出版社, 2012

(大学生英语活页文选)

ISBN 978-7-5446-2839-6

I. ①医… II. ①梁… III. ①医学—英语—阅读教学—高等学校—自学参考资料

IV. ①H319.4

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2012)第157908号

出版发行: **上海外语教育出版社**

(上海外国语大学内) 邮编: 200083

电 话: 021-65425300 (总机)

电子邮箱: bookinfo@sflep.com.cn

网 址: <http://www.sflep.com.cn> <http://www.sflep.com>

责任编辑: 李健儿

印 刷: 常熟市华通印刷有限公司

开 本: 787×960 1/16 印张 9.75 字数 246千字

版 次: 2012年8月第2版 2012年8月第1次印刷

印 数: 3 100 册

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5446-2839-6 / H · 1384

定 价: 22.00 元

本版图书如有印装质量问题, 可向本社调换

前言

《医学英语趣文阅读(中级)》既保持了初级本体例简洁、使用起来得心应手的风格,又始终贯穿了一个共同的编写宗旨——提高学生英语学习的兴趣,拓宽学生阅读视野,并将英语学习和专业学习融为一体。

本级文选由 30 篇精选的短文组成:每篇文章中以括弧加注的形式插入个别生词的中文注释*,并在篇后附上帮助理解的篇尾注;每篇文章后安排了检查阅读理解情况的多项选择题或是非判断题。本书的最后还提供了参考答案。

编者建议教师灵活使用本书,在时间安排上应与所用的主干或其他配套教材有机地结合起来,从而使之相得益彰。

简而言之,本书提供了很大的选择余地,可根据教学的实际需要任意筛选组合。全书兼顾知识性、专业性、文学性、趣味性和实用性。我们相信本书应该能给课堂英语教学增添不少活跃的气氛。

编者

2004 年 5 月

* 为尽量减少对阅读速度和连续性的影响,这些注释原则上不求详尽、精确,但求简洁、明了,帮助读者快速把握上下文意思。

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Reading 1

Medical English Readings (中级)

A Doctor Who Dispenses Joy

Laurence Cherry

In 1970, at a medical symposium(研讨会) in Michigan, a tall, lean doctor named Lewis Thomas stood up to speak. Although a highly respected professor of medicine at Yale University, he was not well-known to more than a handful of his listeners. But as he began to talk, the room suddenly grew still. Here was a scientist with an obvious flair for^① words.

One member of the audience was so impressed with Thomas's speech that he sent a copy to the editor of the prestigious(享有声望的) *New England Journal of Medicine*. A few days later, Thomas received an excited telephone call. Would he care to write a monthly essay for the journal, to be printed without change or alteration(更改)? "I couldn't turn down^② an offer like that," recalls Thomas. "It took me all of one second to say yes."

It was the start of an exceptional(非凡的) new literary career. Today the mail that arrives at Thomas's office on the top floor of the famed(著名的) Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, where he is chancellor(主任), brings letters from admiring readers all over the globe. In a few short

years, Lewis Thomas has become one of the best-known scientists in the world.

Who is this man, and why has he become so renowned(有声望的)? Part of the answer — and part of Thomas's identity — lies in a poetic eloquence^③ that has made some compare him to Montaigne^④, the great French essayist of the 16th century. This eloquence helped win his first collection of essays, *The Lives of a Cell*, the National Book Award in 1974. Perhaps as^⑤ important is his cheering view of life^⑥. In a world that often seems confused and chaotic(混乱的), Thomas sees everywhere the comforting(令人欣慰的) outline of a basic biological order — and can make others see it, too.

With the kindly face and reassuring(令人宽慰的) manner of an old-fashioned country doctor, Thomas offers a soothing prescription for these troubled times; "I believe fervently(热诚地) in our species and have no patience with the current fashion of running down^⑦ the human being," he writes in *The Medusa*^⑧ and *the Snail*. "On the contrary, we are a spectacular, splendid manifestation of life.^⑨ We matter(重要). We are the newest,

youngest, brightest thing around.”

This sunny view of existence comes from a man who, since boyhood, has been closely acquainted(知晓的) with the darker side of life. Thomas was born in Flushing, a suburb of New York City, in 1913. His father was a doctor, and Lewis still remembers the phone ringing in the middle of the night to announce yet^⑩ another emergency(急诊). Often allowed to go along, he saw his father treat patients gripped(痛苦折磨) by frightening ailments.

“Most of the drugs my father could prescribe were worthless,” he recalls. “Nevertheless, the vast majority of his patients got better within a few days. I saw that the body had its own way of dealing with crises.” Nature could be cruel, but by bestowing(恩赐) on most of us such stubborn resistance to illness, it could often be kind as well.

Like his father, Lewis Thomas became a doctor, graduating from Harvard Medical School in 1937. Just as World War II began, he married Beryl Dawson, an attractive Vassar(瓦萨女子学院) graduate who shared his love for the English language. With a growing reputation as a talented administrator as well as a researcher specializing in diseases of the brain, he moved from the Rockefeller Institute in New York to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore^⑪, to the University of Minnesota^⑫, to New York University and finally to Yale^⑬. He served as dean(院长) of Yale Medical School until 1974, when he left to take charge of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering complex in New York, the largest cancer research and treatment center in the world.

Despite his myriad(许多的) responsibilities, Thomas tries to spend at least a part of each day in a small laboratory near his office, doing

research. Bent forward to look at bacteria through a microscope, he wears the pleased, intent(专心的) expression of a boy leaning over a favorite stamp collection.

“Some people have told me that I seem too fond of germs,” he says with a smile. “Maybe that’s because I don’t share the common fear of them.” As he points out, most germs are either friendly — like the ones in our body that help digestion — or simply not interested in us. The few germs that do not attack us are usually soon annihilated(消灭) by the body’s white blood cells. “A man who catches a germ,” says Thomas, “is in considerably less danger for his life than a germ with the bad luck to catch a man.”

Thomas believes that our exaggerated(言过其实的) fear of germs is related to our constant uneasiness about health. For many of us, the presence of good health is something only reluctantly acknowledged(承认), as if it might be snatched away at any time, “Yet, in real life,” insists Thomas, “we are amazingly tough and durable. The new danger to our well-being is in becoming a nation of healthy hypochondriacs(忧郁症患者), living gingerly(慎重地), worrying ourselves half to death^⑭.”

As for those diseases whose cure is still unknown, Thomas believes that science will soon learn how to eradicate(根除) them. “I don’t see any reason why finding a prevention or cure for rheumatoid arthritis^⑮ or schizophrenia(精神分裂症) should be any more difficult than finding the prevention for polio(小儿麻痹症) once was,” he says. “Cancer and heart disease may be trickier, but I strongly doubt that they won’t finally be solved.”

In the not very distant future^⑯, Thomas predicts, we will be able to live out^⑰ our allotted life-span^⑱ without worrying about

illness, although we will still age. He believes that many of the disablement considered an inevitable part of age — such as senility(衰老) — are actually the result of a disease process, possibly involving viruses. “There’s no reason why these, too, shouldn’t ultimately be eliminated,” he says.

An unabashed (不加掩饰的) optimist, Thomas can understand why many people nowadays are confused. “These are hard times for the human intellect,” he admits. “All the great scientific discoveries of the past few years have only demonstrated how little of the universe we actually understand; the rest

tantalizingly(令人着急地), frustratingly, eludes (困惑) us.”

Although busier than ever these days, attending meetings, speaking before Congressional subcommittees^⑨, Thomas is contemplating(思考) a third book to follow his highly successful *The Medusa and the Snail*, published last year. “You’d think that the mere fact of existing would keep us all in a contented dazzlement^⑩,” he once wrote. “You’d think we’d never stop dancing.” As I watched him hurry down the corridor to a conference, it occurred to me that^⑪ Lewis Thomas is one who never will.

1 097 words

Source: *Reader's Digest*, October, 1980

Notes

- ① a flair for 具有……的天资
- ② turn down 〈短语动词〉拒绝
- ③ a poetic eloquence 诗意的口才
- ④ Montaigne 蒙田(1533-1592,文艺复兴时期法国思想家、散文作家,用怀疑论从研究自己扩大到对人的研究,反对经院哲学和基督教的原罪说,主要著作为《随笔集》)
- ⑤ as 〈副词〉同样
- ⑥ Perhaps as important is his cheering view of life. 倒装句,正常语序为 Perhaps his cheering view of life is as important.
- ⑦ run down 〈短语动词〉诋毁
- ⑧ Medusa 美杜莎(希腊神话中长发有蛇发令人恐怖的一个女妖之一)
- ⑨ On the contrary, we are a spectacular, splendid manifestation of life. 恰恰相反,我们是生命壮观、绝妙的体现。
- ⑩ yet 〈副词〉仍然
- ⑪ Baltimore 巴尔的摩(美国马里兰州的一城市)
- ⑫ Minnesota 明尼苏达州(美国州名)
- ⑬ Yale (美国)耶鲁大学
- ⑭ to death 以至死亡
- ⑮ rheumatoid arthritis 类风湿性关节炎
- ⑯ in the not very distant future 在不远的将来
- ⑰ live out 〈短语动词〉活过(某一段时间)
- ⑱ our allotted life-span 我们所能享有的寿命
- ⑲ Congressional subcommittees (美国)国会(各委员会下的)小组委员会
- ⑳ a contented dazzlement 一种自满的炫耀
- ㉑ it occurs to sb. that ... 某人想到……

Exercises for Reading Comprehension

Multiple Choices

1. What Lewis Thomas awed the audience with at the medical symposium was _____.
 - A. his language
 - B. his reputation
 - C. his smart appearance
 - D. his medical knowledge
2. When was the most significant turning point in Thomas' career?
 - A. When he was hired as editor of NEJM.
 - B. When he began to write essays for NEJM.
 - C. When he became a highly prestigious professor of medicine.
 - D. When he received a phone call from one member of the audience in Michigan.
3. Thomas' writings radiate _____.
 - A. his high sense of responsibility
 - B. his cheering view of life
 - C. his poetic eloquence
 - D. all of the above
4. From his father Thomas learned _____.
 - A. the confused and chaotic aspects of life
 - B. the healing power of medications
 - C. the human aspect of medicine
 - D. the beauty of real life
5. With his deep insight into germs, Thomas _____.
 - A. has a higher physical resistance to them than some others
 - B. laughs at those for their ignorance about them
 - C. reacts to them differently from some others
 - D. will not catch them with the bad luck
6. Speaking of health, Thomas _____.
 - A. guarantees the absence of disease
 - B. is uneasy about people's negligence
 - C. believes fervently in the human physical power
 - D. acknowledges the importance of our well-being in real life
7. Thomas does not see any reason why _____.
 - A. there will be no eternity
 - B. disease will not be conquered

- C. prevention will not be possible for polio
D. bacteria and viruses will not be eliminated
8. As our intellect grows, Thomas believes, _____.
- A. our understanding will expand
B. our confusion will diminish
C. our ignorance will shrink
D. all of the above

Reading 2

Medical English Readings (中级)

My Vocation

Michael T. Compton

When I was 9 years old, my main concern was playing in the woods and by the river, riding bicycles, and making secret forts(堡垒) in hay barns. I was not alone in my adventures. Nicole was my best friend, my cousin, and my next-door neighbor. The front yard was our kickball arena(场地) and the corn fields our labyrinthine get-aways^①. We thought that we would be together forever — I was her protector, she, my confidante(知己女友). This was our world.

I remember one especially humid summer afternoon when we were exhausted from playing around the dairy farm. Dirty from head to toe, sweating and thirsty, we went into the milking parlor^② to drink some cold water from the rubber hoses that hung from the ceiling for washing the cows' udders(乳房). I held the nozzle to my mouth and gave myself a squirt(喷出) of water. "Yuck(呸)! Don't drink it!" I yelled, spitting the poison from my mouth just as she was about to take her sip. "Oh no! I think there's iodine(碘) in that water!"

With the pungent(刺激性的) taste still in my mouth, and hopelessness on our faces, we walked through Uncle's yard and Granny's

yard to arrive at the silver maple(枫) tree that stood between our houses. There, Nicole knew the question that had to be asked (since she could read my mind^③), and she went on an information-seeking mission(任务). Finding her momma(妈妈) on the porch(门廊) breaking green beans, she asked, "What would happen if someone drank iodine?"

As she returned to the maple tree with watery eyes, I knew that my fate was sealed^④. Sitting down beside me and throwing her arm around me with despair, she told me the news. "She said she guessed they would die." We shed a few tears, made a pact(协定) of secrecy regarding^⑤ my imminent(逼近的) death, and went off to play in the sandbox. Death was but a passing thought.

Only a few summers later, the hellish(可怕的) reality of life and death was thrown into our world. Things changed. Nicole became too weak to swim in the lake. The sandbox and hay barns were too hot and tiresome. Her energy for kickball disappeared. She had caught a cold that went deep to her vitality. Her bones ached and her belly hurt. She was tired and weak. Suddenly our world was no



fun.

She was taken to the hospital, and a few days later a hush fell over the handful of houses that made up our community. I knew the question that I had to ask, so I confronted one of my aunts to find out what was wrong with Nicole. Her response will forever taint(烙印在) my memory: "Uh, you'll have to get your momma to explain it to you." Then, I knew it was serious.

No 12-year-old should ever have to experience the power of the word *cancer*. But Nicole had to. The diagnosis was "cancer of the blood," leukemia. She was rushed to the big hospital at the University of Virginia, some 3 hours away. I had never been there. To me, it was as foreign as the name of Nicole's disease.

The head-radiation and chemotherapy(化疗) made her deathly sick. But somehow, she could always manage a smile. I was frowning. My life had become full of secret questions. Why did her chemo^⑥ hurt me so bad? Why had I lost all interest in the sandbox and hay barns? Why did I love her so much? Does everyone with cancer die? Can someone die of a broken heart?

Every couple of weeks she would have to go back and forth to Charlottesville for the doctors to give her more chemo and make her sicker. She couldn't get out of a wheelchair. She couldn't play her piano. I was so confused by it all. She didn't care about our big ideas of building tree houses or dams in the creek(小溪) any more. She had to be concerned with cleaning(冲洗) her central line^⑦ and taking her prednisone(强的松) on time. What about our bicycles? What about the time capsule^⑧ we had planned to make? What about spending forever together? I was hurting so badly. And

she was throwing up^⑨ and loosing her energy and her hair.

Halfway through her illness, during one of her many hospitalizations, I was taken to the university to visit Nicole. That hospital was so big and scary, at least for a country boy. The sight and smell of that ward with so many bald kids^⑩ was shocking. All the adults had plastic smiles^⑪ with terror hidden deep in their eyes, and the whole place smelled like medicine. But there, as the seed of my vocation was planted, I realized how very much I loved my cousin. I wasn't sure that I could live without her.

The doctors were unable to cure Nicole. We all thought that she was getting better, but they found her bones full of cancer during one of her maintenance check-ups. Again, a hush fell over our houses. She never came home from the hospital.

Ever since her death, a piece of me has been missing. I guess it was that piece that makes a kid love a hot summer day. In its place began to germinate(萌发) a calling(做某事的冲动). I had so many unanswered questions. Why do kids get cancer? Would I get it? Why couldn't the doctors heal her? Was it my fault? Why does it hurt so much to love someone? Why was Nicole so peaceful before she died? How could I ever smile again? Where had all my daydreams gone?

The night before my first day of classes in medical school at the University of Virginia, I took a long walk around the medical center with its new, bigger hospital. Memories of my first trip there some 8 years previously came rushing back to me. Again, I was scared and overwhelmed. Having majored in biology and religion in college had not taken away my many questions. I was further resolved to try



to understand life. And cancer. And death. And love. And pain. And broken hearts. Nicole was with me.

I like to think of her now as my guardian angel^⑫. She gave me strength while studying for biochemistry, histology, and all those other classes in the first 2 years, and courage when it came time to^⑬ examine my first patients. My love for her was my fuel. Love never dies.

Near the end of my first year of medical school, I happened to rediscover the wing(侧楼) of the old hospital where I had once visited Nicole. I was walking down a hallway (a hallway that I had assumed surely to be abolished by time and medicine's progress)

looking for the office at which I was to submit a form applying for summer cancer research. Tears began rolling down my face as I suddenly realized that I had been in this hallway, in this room before. The secretary's eyes understood fully within a few stuttering(结结巴巴), tearful words. I could almost see Nicole lying in her bed again telling me that she would be OK, smiling through the pain. But now there are no patients there. It looks different, and it smells different — better because now it is a place of reflection. That wing of the old hospital now houses physicians' offices and the medical school's program for the humanities(人文学科) in medicine.

1 310 words

Source: *The American Journal of Medicine*, March, 1998

Notes

- ① labyrinthine get-away (玩打仗游戏或捉迷藏时可用的)迷宫般的藏身之处
- ② milking parlor 挤奶棚
- ③ read one's mind <动词短语>看出某人的心事
- ④ seal one's fate <动词短语>注定某人的命运
- ⑤ regarding <介词>= about
- ⑥ chemo = chemotherapy
- ⑦ central line 中心静脉导管
- ⑧ time capsule 时光锦囊(一种内存代表当前文化的器物、文献等,密封埋藏,供后世了解现代情况之用)
- ⑨ throw up <短语动词>呕吐
- ⑩ bald kids 脱了发的孩子
- ⑪ plastic smiles 做作的微笑
- ⑫ guardian angel 守护天使
- ⑬ when it comes time to (do sth.) 当开始(做……事)时

Exercises for Reading Comprehension

Multiple Choices

1. During his childhood, the author together with Nicole _____.
 - A. made mischievous troubles on the farm
 - B. made adventures all over the country
 - C. learned a lot about agriculture
 - D. got a lot of fun out of nature
2. From the story of what happened at the milking parlor, the author is trying to tell us _____.
 - A. how much Nicole cared about him
 - B. how inquisitive Nicole was
 - C. what death meant to him
 - D. what his fate was
3. The author would say that Nicole's disease _____.
 - A. was induced by the iodine she had drunk
 - B. was a fateful blow to him
 - C. was rare at that moment
 - D. occurred as expected
4. While Nicole was on head-radiation and chemotherapy, the author, as a child, raised many secret questions, _____.
 - A. throwing himself into the reality of life and death
 - B. developing big ideas with her for the future
 - C. exploring juvenile psychology
 - D. all of the above
5. Out of his love for Nicole the author germinated a calling _____.
 - A. to stay as a whole for life
 - B. to cure her by any means
 - C. to be a medical doctor
 - D. to enjoy life forever
6. The author's story reflects _____.
 - A. the philosophy of life
 - B. the reality of life and death
 - C. the power of a guardian angel
 - D. the human aspect of medicine

Reading 3

Medical English Readings (中级)

A Jack of All Trades

J. Trig Brown

A *Jack of All Trades and Master of None* is the moniker (绰号) Mother attached to my sister and me long ago. Mother was not one to resort to name-calling; this was simply her way of encouraging us to focus our adolescent (青春的) energy toward fewer distractions (分心的事物). I preferred to scatter mine.

I played at Mighty Mite football, Little League baseball, Saturday bowling league, competitive swimming, tennis, golf, miniature golf⁽¹⁾, and marbles (弹球) all in one year. My right brain struggled with church choir⁽²⁾, banjo (五弦琴), guitar, harmonica (口琴), recorder, and pennywhistle (小哨子). Meanwhile, my left brain sampled math, science, history, politics, telescopes, microscopes, and homemade periscopes (潜望镜). I tried it all. Mother was right; I was a *Jack of All Trades* and a *Master of None*.

Mother approved as I seemed to find my focus in college. A direct path to medical school and my training in internal medicine⁽³⁾ also won her favor. When I became an internist, she believed I had narrowly focused.

Mother was wrong.

The focus of a general internist⁽¹⁾ is not narrow. An oxymoron (矛盾修饰法), I am a specialist and a generalist. I specialize in diagnosing and treating nonsurgical illnesses, a broad field. Patients with hypertension, diabetes, heart disease, joint problems⁽²⁾, respiratory symptoms, and stomach disorders⁽³⁾ fill our HMO's⁽⁴⁾ waiting room. Minor trauma (外伤), colds, cystitis (膀胱炎), influenza, and lumbago (腰痛) ensure a need for my services. I can even find a great deal to do to patients with no problems as I shift my focus to prevention, stress management⁽⁵⁾, smoking cessation⁽⁶⁾, diet counseling⁽⁷⁾, cancer screening⁽⁸⁾, vaccinations, and the latest advice about baldness.

However, all is not well. In these days of advancing technology, I often feel more *the Master of None* than *the Jack of All Trades*. I have the breadth to practice medicine, but do I have the depth of knowledge to call myself a doctor? At century's end, is the general internist on extinction's doorstep?

Recently I had a patient who gave me new insights into these questions.