

# New 21st Century College English

## 英语阅读 与写作

主 编 励哲蔚  
副主编 余玲丽 林渭芳

中级  
教程

复旦大学出版社

# 英语阅读与写作中级教程

English Reading and Writing:  
An Intermediate Course

主 编 励哲蔚

副主编 余玲丽 林渭芳

编 者 濮阳荣 张 琦 杨杰瑛

盛 盈 朱音尔

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《英语阅读与写作中级教程》以教育部2000年颁发的《高等学校英语专业教学大纲》为指导方针,通过引进国内外先进的阅读与写作理论,将阅读和写作有机结合起来。本教材以“主题”为线索进行编排,通过选取典型的和具有针对性的阅读文本和写作范例,帮助学生在掌握一定阅读写作技能和策略的同时,拓宽人文学科知识和科技知识,提高人文素养,培养逻辑推导能力、独立思考能力和批评鉴赏能力;通过“读写结合、以读促写”的编写理念,使学生的阅读有针对、有侧重,学生的写作有内容可写、有范文可依,实现语言输入与输出的有机结合。

本教程供英语专业二年级或同等水平的学习者使用,共分九个单元,每个单元根据阅读技巧与写作的文体特征分为阅读篇和写作篇两个板块。每个板块相对独立,又前后呼应,互为依托。

阅读板块(Section A)包括快速阅读、阅读策略、阅读练习、补充性阅读、阅读作业五个部分。

快速阅读(Fast Reading)专为课堂教学而设计,要求学生不作预习。快速阅读的长度约为800词,可以将阅读和完成相关练习的时间限定为8至12分钟,训练学生快速、准确捕捉信息的能力。同时,由于篇章题材与本单元其他篇章相同,练习涉及本单元主要的阅读技巧,快速阅读同时起到“热身”的作用。

阅读策略(Reading Strategy)根据本单元写作部分的文体特征有针对性地介绍各种阅读策略和实践该策略的具体方法,并辅以实例。其中既包括语言层面、结构层面的阅读策略,同时又侧重训练学生的逻辑推导能力、理论应用能力和批判性思维能力。

阅读练习(Reading Practice)通过阅读文章,帮助学生熟练掌握所学的阅读策略。练习形式丰富,针对性强。本部分题量较大,建议教师提前布置部分练习供学生预习。

补充性阅读(Supplementary Reading)为两篇同主题的阅读文章,内容是对相关题材的深化或补充,用于学生课外阅读。教师可以根据学生的程度,另行布置难度适宜的文章作为补充性阅读,巩固阅读策略并拓展阅读面。

阅读作业(Reading Assignments)主要是课外团队探究作业,目的在于帮助学生巩固和活用所学阅读技巧、课外延伸阅读,通过个人阅读和团队交流培养学生的思维能力和团队合作精神。

写作板块 (Section B) 包括写作热身、写作策略、以读促写、写作作业、补充范文五个部分。

写作热身 (Warm-up) 是一个与本单元写作技巧相关的写作练习, 要求学生在课堂上完成, 时间大约为 10 分钟, 为学生顺利进入该单元写作技巧的学习做好必要铺垫。

写作策略 (Writing Strategy) 介绍与记叙文、描写文、说明文和议论文等各种文体相关的写作策略和实践该策略的具体方法。本部分还设计了针对性练习帮助学生进一步了解该策略, 并为运用该策略进行写作做充分准备。

以读促写 (Reading for Writing) 包括一篇运用本单元策略写作的典型篇章和若干关于写作技巧的问题, 旨在通过引导学生阅读和分析该篇章, 进一步掌握相应的写作策略, 并为写作实践提供参考。

写作作业 (Writing Assignments) 针对写作策略而设计, 兼顾学生所关心的问题, 贴近目前的形势, 激发学生写作的积极性。

补充范文 (More Samples) 为两篇运用了该单元写作策略的典型文章, 供学生参考。

本教程由宁波大学外语学院英语专业阅读与写作课程组的老师负责编写, 励哲蔚担任教材主编, 余玲丽、林渭芳担任副主编。参加编写的有林渭芳 (第一单元)、余玲丽 (第二单元)、濮阳荣 (第三单元)、励哲蔚 (第四、七单元)、张琦 (第五单元)、杨杰瑛 (第六单元)、盛盈 (第八单元) 和上海大学的朱音尔 (第九单元)。在编写过程中, 我们参考了国内外大量的文献资料, 得到了浙江省高校人文社科“外国语言文学”重点研究基地和宁波大学教材建设项目的支持, 谨此一并致谢。

本教程的编写者特就此机会向宁波大学赵敏娜副教授表示衷心的感谢。赵敏娜副教授为英语阅读与写作课程建设做了大量的前期工作, 最终使本教程能顺利编写。

本教程的编写在内容和形式上都有一些新的尝试, 由于编者水平所限, 如有不足之处, 敬请国内外专家、同行及本书使用者不吝指正。

编著者

2014年5月

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**I. Fast Reading**

Directions: *The following passage is meant to be read through quickly. Do not preview.*

**The Chain of Love**

He almost didn't see the old lady, stranded on the side of the road. But even in the dim light of day, he could see she needed help. So he pulled up in front of her Mercedes and got out. His Pontiac was still sputtering when he approached her.

Even with the smile on his face, she was worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so ... was he going to hurt her? He didn't look safe; he looked poor and hungry. He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the cold.

He knew how she felt. It was that chill which only fear can put in you. He said, "I'm here to help you, ma'am. Why don't you wait in the car where it's warm? By the way, my name is Bryan."

Well, all she had was a flat tire, but for an old lady, that was bad enough. Bryan crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his knuckles a time or two. Soon he was able to change the tire. But he had to get dirty and his hands hurt. As he was tightening up the lug nuts, she rolled down the window and began to talk to him. She told him that she was from St. Louis and was only just passing through. She couldn't thank him enough for coming to her aid.

Bryan just smiled as he closed her trunk. She asked him how much she owed him. Any



amount would have been all right with her. She already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped. Bryan never thought twice about the money. This was not a job to him. This was helping someone in need, and God knows there were plenty who had given him a hand in the past. He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act any other way.

He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance they needed, and Bryan added, “ ... and think of me.” He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a cold and depressing day, but he felt good as he headed for home, disappearing into the twilight.

A few miles down the road the lady saw a small café. She went in to grab a bite to eat, and take the chill off before she made the last leg of her trip home. It was a dingy looking restaurant. Outside were two old gas pumps.

The whole scene was unfamiliar to her. The cash register was like the telephone of out-of-work actor — it didn't ring much. Her waitress came over and brought a clean towel to wipe her wet hair. She had a sweet smile, one that even being on her feet for the whole day couldn't erase. The lady noticed the waitress was nearly eight months pregnant, but she never let the strain and aches change her attitude.

The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so giving to a stranger. Then she remembered Bryan. After the lady finished her meal, and the waitress went to get change for her hundred-dollar bill, the lady slipped right out the door. She was gone by the time the waitress came back. The waitress wondered where the lady could be, then she noticed something written on the napkin under which was four \$100 bills. There were tears in her eyes when she read what the lady wrote: “You don't owe me anything, I have been there too. Somebody once helped me out, the way I'm helping you. If you really want to pay me back, here is what you do: Do not let this chain of love end with you.”

Well, there were tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through another day. That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the money and what the lady had written. How could the lady have known how much she and her husband needed it? With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard. She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered soft and low, “Everything's gonna be all right; I love you, Bryan.”

There is an old saying, “What goes around comes around.”

Total words: 779

Total reading time:                    minutes                    seconds

(From [http://www.1stholistic.com/Reading/liv\\_inspiration-story-what-goes-around.htm](http://www.1stholistic.com/Reading/liv_inspiration-story-what-goes-around.htm))

### Comprehension of the Passage

Directions: Put a **T** in the blank if the statement is true and an **F** if it is false.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1) The old lady was worried about her safety when she saw Bryan was poor and hungry.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2) Bryan knew how the old lady felt and suggested that she waited in her Mercedes when he changed the flat tire.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3) The old lady was thankful to Bryan and wanted to pay him, but Bryan refused.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4) Before the accident, the old lady had imagined all the awful things that could happen to her.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5) Bryan was ready to help anyone in need though nobody had helped him in his life.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6) The old lady stopped by a small café on her way home to have a big meal.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 7) The waitress was tired after a day's work, but she still wore a sweet smile.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8) The old lady remembered what Bryan told her and left her waitress a large tip.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 9) In coincidence, the old lady returned Bryan's care and kindness to his wife.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 10) Another possible title for the passage is "What Goes Around Comes Around."

## II. Recognizing the 5 Ws and 1 H

### 1. Basic ideas

- Non-creative forms of writing, particularly essay writing, have traditionally been classified into four types: narrative writing, descriptive writing, expository writing and argumentative writing.
- Narrative writing gives an account of events or experiences in time sequence. In its broadest sense, narrative writing includes stories, biographies, histories, news items, and narrative poems.
- In narrative writing, events are usually related chronologically, that is, in the order in which they occurred. The writer may choose, however, to start his or her story at any important point in the sequence of events to be narrated. The writer can go back in time — like flashbacks in movies — to tell about early incidents in the story.
- The 5 Ws and 1 H refer to who, what, where, when, why, and how. They can be developed into a set of questions the reader often asks while reading narratives: Who was involved? What happened (what's the story)? When did it take place? Where did it take place? Why did it happen? How did it happen? Finding answers to these questions can

improve one's comprehension of the main idea of the narrative. It can also help the reader understand the details of the narrative.

- Note that an essay which is chiefly narrative in nature may also describe a certain character or scene. Usually a narrative essay without any description is rare.

## 2. Reading tips

- To get the main idea of a narrative essay, notice the subject (who) and subject's point of view, the key events (what), the place where the events take place (where), the time when the events take place (when), the circumstances that create the events (why), and the way in which the outcome is brought about (how). Ask a question about each of the elements, answer each question in a sentence, join the sentences and then eliminate unnecessary information.
- To understand details of the narrative essay, ask further questions about who, what, where, when, why and how to go with the main idea that you have identified. Identify all the characters, the events or actions, the places, the time factors, the causes of events or actions, the way events or actions take place and make a list of each of the factors. Draw connecting lines between these factors as you describe to yourself the relationship among them.
- For news stories, the lead, that is, the first, and sometimes the second, sentence of the news story, introduces the essential facts of the story. Most leads provide answers to who, what, when and where. Depending on the story, a lead may also answer the questions why and how. The rest of the story gives additional information relating to the 5 Ws and 1 H. It expands upon any question that has already been answered in the lead, and often answers other questions that are not addressed there.

### Example

Directions: *Read the following three news leads and one flash fiction, and answer the 5 Ws and 1 H.*

- 1) It's only 6:15 a.m., nearly two hours before school begins, but Rafe Esquith is already at work, giving extra help to his fifth-grade students. It's a typical day in Room 56, but you soon realize, his classroom is anything but typical, CBS News correspondent Bill Whitaker reports.

Who:

When:

What:

Why:

Where:

How:

- 2) Joy Bloor has been looking after tortoises for many years. It is a hobby that has grown into a full time job offering love and care to well over 100 tortoises of

many different breeds.

Who:

When:

What:

Why:

Where:

How:

- 3) Gerald Durrell dedicated his life to trying to ensure that mankind's mistakes and ignorance does not result in the extinction of the planet's wildlife. He truly was a hero of conservation.

Who:

When:

What:

Why:

Where:

How:

- 4) **His Mother's Mate**

The haggard woman sat on a step under the electric light, by the entrance of the theatre. She had a child on one arm, two more beside her, a pile of papers on her knee, and a cigar box, full of matches, bootlaces and bone studs, on the pavement by her foot.

A gentleman stepped out of the "marble bar" opposite, stood for a moment on the kerb, glanced at his watch and then across at the theatre. He crossed over, and put his hand in his pocket as he reached the pavement.

"Paper, sir?" cried the newsboy. "Here, Y'are, mister — *News, Star.*"

But "mister" had noticed the woman and walked towards her.

"Paper, sir! *Star!*" cried the boy, dodging in front; then with a quick glance from "mister's" face to the newswoman.

"It's all right, mister! It's all the same — she's my mother ... Thanks."

Who:

When:

What:

Why:

Where:

How:

### III. Reading Practice

#### Passage 1

#### Cabbie

Twenty years ago, I drove a cab for a living. It was a cowboy's life, a life for someone

who wanted no boss. What I did not realize was that it was also a ministry.

Because I drove the night shift, my cab became a moving confessional. Passengers climbed in, sat behind me in total anonymity, and told me about their lives. I encountered people whose lives amazed me, ennobled me, made me laugh and weep.

But none touched me more than a woman I picked up late one August night. I was responding to a call from a small brick apartment building in a quiet part of town. I assumed I was being sent to pick up some people who had been partying, or someone who had just had a fight with a lover, or a worker heading to an early shift at some factory for the industrial part of town.

When I arrived at 2:30 a.m., the building was dark except for a single light in a ground floor window. Under such circumstances, many drivers just honk once or twice, wait a minute, then drive away. But I had seen too many impoverished people who depended on taxis as their only means of transportation. Unless a situation smelled of danger, I always went to the door.

This passenger might be someone who needs my assistance, I reasoned to myself. So I walked to the door and knocked. "Just a minute," answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor. After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 80s stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940s movie.

By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets. There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

"Would you carry my bag out to the car?" she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm, and we walked slowly toward the curb. She kept thanking me for my kindness. "It's nothing," I told her. "I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother treated." "Oh, you're such a good boy," she said.

When we got in the cab, she gave me an address, then asked, "Can you drive through downtown?"

"It's not the shortest way," I answered quickly. "Oh, I don't mind," she said. "I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice."

I looked in the rearview mirror. Her eyes were glistening. "I don't have any family left," she continued. "The doctor says I don't have very long." I quietly reached over and shut off the meter. "What route would you like me to take?" I asked.

For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator. We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture

warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl. Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, "I'm tired. Let's go now." We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico. Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were concerned and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her.

I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked, reaching into her purse. "Nothing," I said.

"You have to make a living," she answered. "There are other passengers," I responded. Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly.

"You gave an old woman a little moment of joy," she said. "Thank you."

I squeezed her hand, then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life.

I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly, lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life. We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware — beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one. People may not remember exactly what you did, or what you said ... but they will always remember how you made them feel.

(From <http://www.inspirationalstories.com/8/863.html>)

### Check Your Vocabulary

Directions: Match the following words from the passage with their meanings.

- |                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| _____ 1) anonymity  | a. to think that something is true, although you do not have definite proof |
| _____ 2) ennoble    | b. to make someone very poor  |
| _____ 3) assume     | c. a special hospital for people who are dying                              |
| _____ 4) impoverish | d. the state of not being known   |
| _____ 5) assistance | e. weak and thin  |

- |                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| _____ 6) frail      | f. to improve your character  |
| _____ 7) hospice    | g. a man and a woman who have recently married  |
| _____ 8) newlyweds  | h. someone who does unskilled jobs in a hospital  |
| _____ 9) orderly    | i. to make a person or an animal think or behave in a certain way by influencing or training them over a period of time |
| _____ 10) condition | j. help or support  |

### Check Your Comprehension

Directions: Answer the following questions based on the information you get from the passage.

- 1) Who are the main characters in the story?
- 2) When and where is the story set?
- 3) How does the story start? What happens in the middle of the story? What happens at the end of the story?
- 4) Does the story suggest a larger meaning? What main point does the story illustrate?

### Passage 2

#### You Will Have a Good Life

Alone now much of the time, the widow reads a lot. She used to underline favorite passages to share with her husband. Now, the quotations are stored in a notebook. These lines from Elizabeth Jolley's *Cabin Fever*, for example: "I experience again the deep-felt wish to be part of a married couple, to sit by the fire in winter with the man who is my husband. So intense is this wish that if I write the word *husband* on a piece of paper, my eyes fill with tears."

Why are these lines so painful?

We can start with a worn wedding album. In the first picture, the bride and groom are facing, with uncertain smiles, a church filled with relatives and friends. The bride did not wear glasses that day, so everything was a blur of candlelight and faces.

They walked to the back of the church and stood at the door as their guests went past. From colleagues and old schoolmates came cheerful expressions of good will clothed in friendly jokes. Some relatives, however, were not pleased. One sat in a car, sobbing. Another stood surrounded by sympathizers offering condolences. Both these women — mothers of the bride and groom — would have insisted they wanted only the best for their children. But "the best" they defined as staying home to help support the family.

The last person to approach the couple was a short, elderly woman who smiled as she congratulated them — not by name but as “wife” and “husband.”

“I’m Aunt Esther Gubbins,” she said. “I’m here to tell you that you are going to live a good life and be happy. You will work hard and love each other.”

Then quickly, for such a short, fat elderly person, she was gone.

Soon they were off, in a borrowed car. With money lent by the groom’s brother, they could afford a few days at a state-park lodge. Sitting before a great oak fire, they reviewed the events of the day, remembering the good wishes of their friends, the worries of their mothers and the strange message conveyed by Aunt Esther Gubbins.

“Is she your mother’s sister or your father’s?” asked the wife.

“Isn’t she your aunt?” the husband replied. “I never saw her before.”

They wondered. Had she come to the wrong church or at the wrong time, mistaking them for another couple? Or was she just an old woman who liked weddings and looked for announcements in church bulletins?

With the passage of time and the birth of grandchildren, their mothers accepted the marriage. One made piles of clothes for the children; the other knitted bonnets, sweaters and scarves.

The couple’s life together was very ordinary. Strangely, neither ever asked “Whose job is this?” or asserted “That is not my responsibility!” Both acted to fill the needs as time and opportunity allowed.

Arriving from work, he might stand at the door and announce, “Wife, I am home!” And she, restraining the desire to complain about housework, would call from some corner of the house, “Husband, I am glad!”

Once in a while, usually around their anniversary, they would bring up the old curiosity regarding Aunt Esther Gubbins. He would insist that the elderly woman had been present at their wedding only accidentally. But she knew that Aunt Esther was on some heavenly mission. At such times, even their children took sides: the realists against the fantasists.

Now, alone, the wife asks herself what she would save from the old house if it were to catch fire. Her mother’s ring? Pictures of her husband? The \$47 hidden in the sugar bowl?

No, it would be the worn, yellowing envelope she has kept for so long. A woman who spends a lot of time looking for things, she knows exactly where it can be found: under a pile of napkins.

The husband had fallen asleep in his chair one evening while reading a spy novel. She wrote a note on the back of the envelope and left it on his book: “Husband, I have gone next door to help Mrs. Norton with her sick children.”

The next morning she saw that he had written below her message: “Wife, I missed you. You



thought I was asleep, but I was just resting my eyes and thinking about that woman who talked to us in church a long time ago. It has always seemed to me that she was the wrong shape for a heavenly messenger. Anyway, it's time to stop wondering whether she came from heaven or a nearby town. What matters is this: whoever she was, Aunt Esther Gubbins was right."

(From *The Miracle of Love*, by Katharine Byrne)

### Check Your Vocabulary

Directions: Find the following words and phrases in the passage and write them in the space provided.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1) a noun meaning "a sentence or phrase from a book, speech, etc. which you repeat in a speech or piece of writing because it is interesting or useful"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2) a noun meaning "an indistinct shape"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3) a verb meaning "to cry noisily while breathing in short sudden bursts"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4) a noun meaning "expressions of sympathy"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5) a noun meaning "a spoken or written piece of information that you send to another person or leave for them"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6) a verb meaning "to state firmly that something is true"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 7) a verb meaning "to control one's own emotions or behavior"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8) an adjective meaning the opposite of "absent"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 9) an adjective meaning the opposite of "worldly"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 10) a verb phrase meaning "to support one of the two sides in an argument when it would be fairer not to support either of them"

### Check Your Comprehension

Directions: Answer the following questions based on the information you get from the passage.

- 1) What are the events in the story? In what order are they related?
- 2) What was Aunt Esther Gubbin's prediction? Did her prediction come true?
- 3) What did the couple think of Aunt Esther Gubbin and her prediction?
- 4) What is the main idea of the passage?

### Group Discussion

Directions: Get yourselves into groups and discuss each of the following questions based on the information in the passage and also on your own knowledge, experience and beliefs.

- 1) Did Aunt Esther Gubbin's prediction play a role in the couple's life?