



英美名著 閱讀與鑑賞

APPRECIATE FAMOUS —
AMERICAN WRITINGS THROUGH READING

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郝振甫 王才美◎編著

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港台書室

新時代萬人英語•17



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CONTENTS

編者的話

Lesson One (1)

Text: The Story of My Life

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文: 我生活中的故事

Lesson Two (30)

Text: Two Truths to Live By

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文: 生活的真諦

Lesson Three (60)

Text: Mama Pulled the Load Alone

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文:媽媽獨自挑大梁

Lesson Four (92)

T e x t: Death Struggle of Lake Erie

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文:伊利湖的生死搏鬥

Lesson Five (128)

T e x t: Hook, Line and Sinker

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文:一往情深

Lesson Six (164)

T e x t: Looking Both Ways

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文：從兩方面看

Lesson Seven (194)

T e x t: The Boy of the London Streets

Exercist: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文：倫敦街頭的孩子

Lesson Eight (228)

T e x t: The Uses of Death

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文：死亡的用處

Lesson Nine (258)

T e x t: The Queen Who Earned Her Crown

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文: 摘取王冠的皇后

Lesson Ten (290)

Text: A Stillness at Appomattox

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文: 寧靜的阿波馬托克斯

Lesson Eleven (322)

Text: Late Song for My Father

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文: 追憶父親的歌

Lesson Twelve (358)

Text: The Triumph of Voyager

Exercise: Understanding the Text

Vocabulary Development

Grammar Drills

Cloze

Translation

參考譯文: 航行者號的勝利

| | | |
|----------|-------------------------|-------|
| Appendix | 1: Glossary Index | (390) |
| | 2: Key to the Exercises | (401) |

TEXT

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

Helen Keller

~~~~~ 主 旨 提 示 ~~~~~

海倫·凱勒(1880—1968),美國女盲人作家,自幼雙目失明聾啞。她以超乎常人的毅力克服殘疾帶來的困難,從事寫作講演,為教育盲童和其他慈善事業籌措資金。本文選自她的自傳體小說,描述家庭教師沙利文懷着對海倫的一片愛心教她讀書寫字的情景,表現教師誨人不倦,諄諄善誘的師德以及盲童對知識的渴望追求。全篇情深意切,感人肺腑。

~~~~~

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrasts between the two lives
5 which it connects. It was the third of March, 1887,

three months before I was seven years old.

On the afternoon of that eventful day ,I stood on the porch,dumb,expectant. I guessed vaguely from my mother's signs and from the hurrying to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen. So I went to the door and waited on the steps. The afternoon sun penetrated the mass of honeysuckle that covered the porch and fell on my upturned face. My fingers lingered almost unconsciously on the familiar leaves and blossoms which had just come forth to greet the sweet southern spring. I did not know what the future held of marvel or surprise for me. Anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks and a deep languor had succeeded this passionate struggle.

Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog,when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in,and the great ship,tense and anxious,groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began,only I was without compass or sounding line,and had no way of knowing how near the harbor was. "Light! Give me light!"was the wordless cry of my soul,and the light of love shone on me in that very hour.

30 I felt approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand, as I supposed, to my mother. Someone took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and, more than all things else, to love me.

35 The morning after my teacher came, she led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at the Perkins Institution had sent it and Laura Bridgman had dressed it; but I did not know this until afterward. When I had played with it a little while,
40 Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d—o—l—l." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly, I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride. Running downstairs to my mother, I
45 held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words,
50 among them *pin*, *hat*, *cup*, and a few verbs like *sit*, *stand*, and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day, while I was playing with my new doll,
55 Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also,
spelled “d—o—l—l” and tried to make me understand
that “d—o—l—l” applied to both. Earlier in the day we
had had a tussle over the words “m—u—g” and “w—a
—t—e—r.” Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon
60 me that “m—u—g” is *mug* and that “w—a—t—e—r” is
water, but I persisted in confounding the two. In despair
she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew
it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her re-
peated attempts and seizing the new doll, I dashed it up-
65 on the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the frag-
ments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow
nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not
loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived
there was no strong sentiment or tenderness. I felt my
70 teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth,
and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my
discomfort was removed. She brought me my hat, and I
knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This
thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a
75 thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure. We
walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by
the fragrance of honeysuckle with which it was cov-

ered. Someone was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream
80 gushed over one hand, she spelled into the other word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten — a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the
85 mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that “w—a-t-e-r” meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that
90 could in time be swept away.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house, every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw ev-
95 erything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears; for I realized what I had done,
100 and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do

not remember what they all were; but I do know that *mother, father, sister, teacher* were among them — words that were to make the world blossom for me, “
105 like Aaron’s rod, with flowers.” It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

Vocabulary

| | |
|--|-----------|
| porch [pɔ:tʃ] <i>n.</i> | 門廊 |
| dumb [dʌm] <i>adj.</i> | 啞的; 沉默的 |
| expectant [iks'pektənt] <i>adj.</i> | 期望的; 預期的 |
| vaguely ['veigli] <i>adv.</i> | 模糊地 |
| fro[frou] | |
| to and fro | 來回地; 往返 |
| penetrate ['penitreit] <i>vt.</i> | 穿透; 透過 |
| honeysuckle ['hʌnisʌkl] <i>n.</i> | 忍冬花; 金銀花 |
| linger ['liŋgə] <i>vi.</i> | 逗留; 徘徊 |
| languor ['læŋgə] <i>n.</i> | 精神消沉, 消沉 |
| passionate ['pæʃənɪt] <i>adj.</i> | 熱情的; 多情的 |
| tangible ['tændʒəbl] <i>adj.</i> | 可觸知的 |
| grope [group] <i>vt.</i> | 探索 |
| plummet ['plʌmit] <i>n.</i> | 錘綫 |
| sound [saund] <i>vi.</i> | 測海深 |
| uncomprehending ['ʌnkəmpri'hendiŋ] <i>adj.</i> | 不理解的 |
| tussle ['tʌsl] <i>n.</i> | 爭論 |
| impress [im'pres] <i>vt.</i> | 使...有深刻印象 |
| confound [kən'faund] <i>vt.</i> | 混淆; 分不清 |
| outburst ['autbə:st] <i>n.</i> | 迸發; 爆發 |
| sentiment ['sentimənt] <i>n.</i> | 感情; 傷感 |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| tenderness [ˈtendənɪs] <i>n.</i> | 憐憫 |
| hearth [hɑːθ] <i>n.</i> | 爐床; 爐邊 |
| sensation [senˈseɪʃən] <i>n.</i> | 感覺 |
| hop [hɒp] <i>vi.</i> | 單足跳 |
| fragrance [ˈfreɪgrəns] <i>n.</i> | 香氣; 香味 |
| spout [spaut] <i>n.</i> | 出水口 |
| gush [ɡʌʃ] <i>vi.</i> | 涌出; 噴出 |
| thrill [θrɪl] <i>n.</i> | 震顫; 激動 |
| barrier [ˈbæriə] <i>n.</i> | 障礙 |
| quiver [ˈkwɪvə] <i>vi.</i> | 顫抖; 戰慄 |
| repentance [riˈpentəns] <i>n.</i> | 悔恨, 懊悔 |
| blossom [ˈblɒsəm] <i>vi.</i> | 開花 |
| crib [krib] <i>n.</i> | 兒童床 |

Notes to the passage

1. Helen Keller (1880 — 1968)—— a famous American writer who, with a great determination, overcame the handicap of her blindness and deafness and raised funds by her books and lectures for the training of the blind and other charitable causes.
2. honeysuckle—— a type of climbing plant which grows both wild and in gardens with sweet-smelling yellow or red flowers.
3. come forth—— to emerge.
4. what the future held of marvel or surprise for me—— what would happen to me in the future, something wonderful or surprising.
work/do marvels—— to succeed in doing something wonderful, or in producing wonderful results.

The doctor's pills *worked marvels*.

A deaf and blind woman like Helen Keller even *did great marvels*.

marvel of something—— wonderful example

Your room is *a marvel of* neatness and order.

She is *marvel of* patience and kindness.