

Moral Reading Through English

英语情感阅读丛书

Teacher and Student

(师生篇)

编注 宫玉波 董耀传

主审 宋贵庆

大连海事大学出版社

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编者的话

谨以此书献给从事太阳底下
最崇高事业的人们！

*Dedicated to the
engineers of human soul.*

前 言

人有贤愚，书有优劣。贤者愚者，差别在于读书，读书可以补先天之不足。读好书可以怡情、博采、长才、益德。《英语情感阅读丛书》，就是这样一套不可多得的好书。它包括父亲篇、母亲篇、师生篇、爱情篇、婚姻家庭篇等共十本，几乎囊括了人生的一切经历。作者们用短小的篇幅，质朴的语言，实话实说，将自己对父母的深情、师长的崇敬、子女的关怀、弟子的教诲、邻里的情谊、家庭的温馨、事业的追求、人生的感悟、童真的追忆等等至情至理，一一诉诸笔端，跃然纸上，不图粉饰，但求分享，读来使人感动，令人深思，给人激励，催人奋发。此书无论少长读者，不论英语水平深浅，都可阅读，益德长才。

此套丛书的文章均选自现代英美报刊，作者多是常人，述说的多是常事常情，对中国读者来说，仿佛是自己的经历，或是身边事儿，他人用英文写出，似曾相识，自己未曾表达出来而已。读着读着，你会不由自主地觉得，虽国度不同、肤色各异、语言有别，但人情人性通矣。读此书，可真正了解天下人的喜怒

哀乐、为人处事，足补时下传媒之不足。

十年前便有选编此丛书之想，盼望在书架上能有一排这样的小书，清清爽爽，干干净净，既能学到地道英文，又可了解欧美人情，既可推荐给学生与子女，又能坦然长留书橱。

当我将上述想法与大通私立商贸外语学校的同事一谈，皆表赞同，并有年轻学生的热盼，于是有关老师雷厉风行，积极奋战，经过精心筛选和严谨注释，现在这套丛书的全部书稿便摆在案前，令人欣慰不已。于是写下上面几句，以作前言。

东北财经大学英语教授
大连大通私立商贸外语学校校长

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1996.12 于大连

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**Her seven unexpected words changed
my life forever**

The Whisper Test

MARY ANN BIRD

I GREW UP KNOWING I was different, and I hated it. I was born with * a cleft palate⁽¹⁾, and when I started school my classmates made it clear to me how I must look to others: a little girl with a misshapen⁽²⁾ lip, crooked⁽³⁾ nose, lopsided⁽⁴⁾ teeth and garbled⁽⁵⁾ speech.

When schoolmates would ask, "What happened to your lip?" I'd tell them I'd fallen and cut it on a piece of glass. Somehow it seemed more acceptable to have suffered an accident than to have been born different. I was convinced that no one outside my family would love me, or even like me. Then I entered Mrs. Leonard's second-grade class.

Mrs. Leonard was * round and petty and fra-

grant⁽⁶⁾, with shining brown hair and warm, dark, smiling eyes. Everyone adored her. But no one came to love her more than I did.

The time came for the annual⁽⁷⁾ hearing tests given at our school. I could barely hear out of one ear and was not about to reveal something else that would * single me out⁽⁸⁾ as different. So I cheated.

“The whisper test” required each child to go to the classroom door, * turn sideways⁽⁹⁾, close one ear with a finger, while the teacher whispered something from her desk, which the child repeated. Then the same for the other ear. Nobody checked how tightly the untested ear was covered, so I merely pretended to * block mine⁽¹⁰⁾.

As usual, I was last. But all through the testing I wondered what Mrs. Leonard might say to me. I knew from previous years that the teacher whispered things like “The sky is blue” or “Do you have new shoes?”

My time came. I turned my bad ear toward her, * plugging up⁽¹¹⁾ the other just enough to be able to hear. I waited, and then came the words that God had surely put into her mouth, seven words that changed my life forever.

Mrs. Leonard, the teacher I adored, said softly, “I wish you were my little girl.”

* * * * *

Notes :

- (1) 豁嘴
- (2) 畸形的
- (3) 歪的
- (4) 倾向一方的, 斜的
- (5) 口齿不清, 词语走样的
- (6) 身材丰满, 长相漂亮, 一身清秀
- (7) 一年一次的
- (8) 单独把我选出来
- (9) 面向路旁
- (10) 塞住我的耳朵
- (11) 堵着, 同时塞住

It was her patient teacher, Annie Sullivan, Who tamed deaf and blind Helen Keller into a normal human being

Teacher

HELEN KELLER

BEFORE ANNIE SULLIVAN came to our house, one or two people had told my mother that I was an idiot⁽¹⁾. I can understand why. Here was a seven-year-old girl who at the age of 19 months had become deaf and blind. And because I was deaf, I could not learn to speak. The few baby words I had known were * locked in my mind⁽²⁾. Struggling in a world of silence and darkness, I acted almost like an animal.

But this was before Annie Sullivan came to stay. She was a lively young woman with patience and imagination. * A born teacher⁽³⁾, she dreamed of turning a deaf-blind creature into a useful human being.

What a challenge I presented to this young teacher! I remember her many attempts to spell words into my small hand. Annie used the * manual alphabet⁽⁴⁾, in which finger positions stand for letters. But neither words nor letters meant anything to me. I thought her finger movements were some kind of game. But at last, on April 5, 1887, she * reached my understanding⁽⁵⁾. About a month after her arrival, she taught me the word "water".

It happend at the well where I was holding a jug⁽⁶⁾ under the spout⁽⁷⁾. Annie pumped the water, and as it * gushed onto⁽⁸⁾ my hand, she kept spelling w-a-t-e-r into my other hand with her fingers. Suddenly I understood!

Caught up in the first joy I had known for years, I reached out to Annie's hand. She knew I was begging for new words to identify objects I touched. * Spark after spark of meaning flew from her hand to mine⁽⁹⁾.

From the well that April day walked two joyous people calling each other "Helen" and "Teacher". Those first words that I understood changed my world. * Suddenly life crowded upon me, full of meaning⁽¹⁰⁾.

One of Annie's first steps was to teach me how to play. I had not laughed since I became

deaf. One day she came into my room laughing merrily. Putting my hand on her face, she spelled l-a-u-g-h. Then she * tickled me into a burst of giggles⁽¹¹⁾. Next Annie led me through the motions of swinging, tumbling, hopping and skipping. She took care to spell the word for each act. In a few days I was learning and laughing—like any child.

Teacher would not let the world about me be silent. I “heard” in my fingers the neigh⁽¹²⁾ of horses. I also “heard” the mooing⁽¹³⁾ of cows, the squeal⁽¹⁴⁾ of baby pigs. She brought me into touch with everything that could be reached or felt—sunlight, the quivering of soap bubbles, the rustling of silk, the noises of insects, the creaking of a door, the voice of a loved one.

Teacher showed me also how to handle everything gently—a canary⁽¹⁵⁾, a rose with dew drops, my baby sister. I was awkward and clumsy, but she tamed my rough wasy.

Annie disciplined me exactly as if I were a seeing and hearing child. As soon as I had enough words to know the difference between right and wrong, I was put to bed whenever I misbehaved⁽¹⁶⁾. How wonderful to be treated like a normal child—even when I was bad!

As I * look back upon⁽¹⁷⁾ those years, I am

struck by Annie's wisdom. Perhaps she understood me because she herself had always had very weak eyes.

Annie was born in * ugly poverty⁽¹⁸⁾, on April 4, 1866. Her mother died when she was eight years old. Two years later, her father disappeared, never to be heard from again. Annie and her brother were sent to an orphanage⁽¹⁹⁾. There the boy died.

No one outside the orphanage was interested in Annie. But finally, after four years, she managed to escape by crying out to a group of visitors, "I want to go to school!"

At the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Annie learned Braille⁽²⁰⁾. This is a kind of printing with raised dots that blind people can read by touch. She also learned the manual alphabet.

Later, an operation partly restored her sight, but she remained at Perkins for six years more. There she studied about teaching deaf-blind children.

One day a letter from my father arrived at the school. It asked for a teacher for me. Annie considered the challenge just the one she wanted.

Teacher was among the first to realize that a sightless person never knows his * hidden

strength⁽²¹⁾ until he is treated like a normal human being. She never pitied me; she never praised me unless my effort equaled the best of a normal person. And she encouraged me when I made up my mind to go to college.

During my years in school, Annie sat beside me in every class. She spelled out the teacher's lectures. And, because many books were not printed in Braille, she herself read them to me by spelling the information into my hand.

Teacher's eyes were always a problem. "I can't see an inch ahead," she once admitted. A doctor was shocked when he heard that she read to me five or more hours daily. "It is sheer⁽²²⁾ madness, Miss Sullivan!" he exclaimed.

It took superhuman patience for Annie to teach me to speak. Putting both my hands on her face when she spoke, she let me feel all the vibrations⁽²³⁾ from her lips and throat. Together we repeated and repeated words and sentences. My speech was clumsy and not pleasant to hear. But I was delighted to be able to say words that my family and a few friends could understand. To Annie I owe thanks for this priceless gift of speech. It has helped me to serve others.

Teacher's inspiration lived on after her death.