

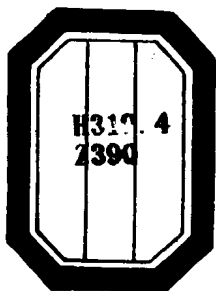


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# 四级时文阅读:现代生活万花筒

北京大学 郑东立 编



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# I Won't Let Fear Stop Me

## 恐惧阻止不了我

一个做堕胎手术的医生被暗杀了，这使得从事同样职业的我和我的家庭整日处于紧张和恐惧之中。然而，我没有因此而放弃我所钟爱的事业，我要尽最大努力给那些遭到社会歧视的未婚母亲们带去一些温情。

The assassination<sup>①</sup> of a fellow abortion<sup>②</sup> provider has changed my life—but not my work.

What can I tell you of the last two months other than that my life has been irrevocably<sup>③</sup> changed? For me the story begins with the death of my mother. I had just finished sitting *shiva*—a seven-day ritual<sup>④</sup> mourning period—when I awoke to the news that Barnett Slepian, a doctor who performed abortions, had been murdered in his own home. The news left me paralyzed<sup>⑤</sup>. You see, I, too, perform abortions—60 miles away in Rochester, N. Y.

Fear set in at sunset as my wife hung blankets covering every window in the house. My 14-year-old daughter hugged me; she told me how she still needed a father and that I needed to live long enough to hold my grandchildren. We both cried.

Simple things, like pulling out of the driveway, the short walk from the parking lot to my car, even raking<sup>⑥</sup> leaves and the nightly walks I take with the dog, will never be the same. A close friend of mine told me quite candidly<sup>⑦</sup> he was afraid to bring his family to our home for dinner—and I can't blame him.

These days my wife and I laugh at how my parents used to cau-

tion me to watch my weight, as if I might live long enough to die of natural causes. I used to tell my own physician, who'd ask what illnesses "run" in the family, that the only thing that killed members of *my* family were gas chambers and bullet wounds—the legacy<sup>®</sup> of an only surviving son from two parents who lost everything and everyone in the Holocaust<sup>®</sup>. Now I worry that I was only too right. I wonder how long I may have left, and in the month since Slepian's assassination, I've frequently exhausted myself in trying to use whatever time I might have—often at the expense of<sup>®</sup> sleep.<sup>[1]</sup>

My wife doesn't really know what to do or say. She tries sometimes to conceal her fear, to act as if the crisis has passed. But the other night we pulled into the driveway and she quickly got out of her side of the car, rushing over to me in order to shield<sup>®</sup> me as I made my way into the rear door of the house. For a minute she had become my own Secret Service agent, prepared to take a bullet for me.

My aunt called the following Monday pleading<sup>®</sup> with me to "give it up"—to stop performing abortions. My mom and dad both passed away this year; my brother, Jack, died in 1991. I was now the only surviving son of two survivors. I had a responsibility to my wife and to my children, she said. How could one argue?

I get many cards from patients who thank me for the help I've given them over the years. Many of them set foot in my office for the first time when they were young, pregnant and frightened. One of them called me last week to see how I was doing. I remember her as a terrified 16-year-old waiting and wondering about the decision that she had made to end an unplanned pregnancy. She's 30 now, married with two sons. Her 8-year-old, a frequent visitor at our home, now includes me in his bedtime prayers. How ironic<sup>®</sup> that these same women, whom I met in their moments of terror, now comfort me during my times of fear.

Of all the women who have become my patients over the past

18 years, perhaps the most grateful are those who have undergone a pregnancy<sup>19</sup> termination<sup>19</sup> at my office. In every other aspect of their health care, women rightfully expect to be treated with dignity—but rarely do they expect such treatment when seeking an abortion. In this one aspect of a woman's medical care she feels undeserving of compassion, information, time and patience.

It has always amazed me how Rochester's four obstetric<sup>20</sup> units compete to offer pregnant women the latest in family-centered labor and delivery suites, each trying to outdo the other in terms of furniture, whirlpool baths, music and other accouterments<sup>20</sup>. [2] Yet the very same woman at the very same hospital finds a cold reception in a clinic where she plans to end a pregnancy. Gone are the bright colors, contemporary furniture and smiling support-staff faces. The woman seeking an abortion receives little in the way of support, smiles, compassion and even pain medication. I guess this is why I provide abortions. In no other area of modern medicine will simple human kindness produce such dramatic results. Women seeking abortions are a self-made under-class expecting and often receiving the harshest of words and the roughest of treatment. The women who come to me are hurting in a way that I, as a man, cannot even imagine. They are often ashamed to ask for help or a friendly smile and are genuinely surprised when greeted by a nurse or physician who doesn't judge them. Many of them travel great distances simply to receive pain medication during their procedure<sup>20</sup>.

Is there any chance I will stop doing abortions? No, not as long as I have something important to offer women in this community. Will anything else change? Everything! My home and office have become high-tech fortresses<sup>19</sup>. I'm trying to schedule more time off with my family. I need to become a better husband and father. There are parts of the world I need to see before I'm gone. My parents never lived to see the Holy Land; I promised that I would make that journey. I've committed time to teaching medical students,



residents and other physicians how to perform what I consider a vital medical service. I only pray that before I die my work is done.

Will I hide and keep a low profile? I've struggled with that question ever since the 1993 assassination of Dr. David Gunn in Pensacola, Fla. Will Slepian's murder, an hour away, finally silence me? No! My father was the only surviving son of eight children. He lost his mother and father, wife and sons at Treblinka. My mother, one of five children, lost her husband, parents and all but one of her brothers and sisters. As a child I would listen as they recited the atrocities<sup>①</sup> visited upon them. The fires of the Holocaust have now rekindled<sup>②</sup> themselves within me. The fire enrages<sup>③</sup> me and emboldens<sup>④</sup> me to survive. My would-be assassin may yet determine how and when I die but not how I live.<sup>[3]</sup>

WORTMAN is director of the Center for Menstrual Disorders and Reproductive Choice in Rochester, N. Y.

BY DR. MORRIS WORTMAN

### Notes 注释

- ① assassination n. 暗杀
- ② abortion n. 堕胎
- ③ irrevocably adv. 彻底地, 最终地
- ④ ritual n. 固定的程序
- ⑤ paralyzed adj. 无助的, 瘫痪的
- ⑥ rake n. 耙
- ⑦ candidly adv. 直率地
- ⑧ legacy n. 遗产, 遗物
- ⑨ Holocaust n. 大规模的毁灭
- ⑩ at the expense of... 以……为代价
- ⑪ shield v. 遮挡
- ⑫ plead v. 祈求
- ⑬ ironic adj. 讽刺的
- ⑭ pregnancy n. 怀孕
- ⑮ termination n. 终结

- ⑯ obstetric adj. 产科的
- ⑰ accouterment n. 装备
- ⑱ procedure n. 过程
- ⑲ fortress n. 堡垒
- ⑳ atrocity n. 残暴的行为
- ㉑ rekindle v. 再点燃
- ㉒ enrage v. 激怒
- ㉓ embolden v. 给予勇气或信心

### Translations for Reference 参考译句

- [1] 我时常抓紧一切能够抓紧的时间,让自己工作得精疲力尽——而时间的获得往往以牺牲睡眠为代价。
- [2] 每个(医院)都试图在家具上、洗浴上、音乐上和其他设备上超过其它(医院)。
- [3] 将来我可能会被暗杀,那只能决定我如何死、何时死,但却不能决定我如何生活。

### Reading Comprehension 阅读理解

- (1) According to the passage, what has changed the author's life irrevocably is \_\_\_\_\_  
 A. his work.  
 B. the fear.  
 C. the assassination of an abortion provider.  
 D. his family.
- (2) Every family member worries about the doctor except \_\_\_\_\_  
 A. his wife.                      B. his daughter.  
 C. his aunt.                      D. his brother.

### Keys for Reading Comprehension 阅读理解答案

1. C      2. D

# Gunfire in the Night

## 午夜枪声

一名19岁的美国黑人少女在午夜被数名白人警察乱枪射击而死，这一恶性事件引出了美国社会的痼疾之一——种族歧视。

A confusing police shooting kills a teenager.

IT BEGAN AS A PECULIAR<sup>①</sup> CALL FOR HELP in the night. <sup>[1]</sup>Two cousins of 19-year-old Tyisha Miller, a night-school<sup>②</sup> student in Riverside, Calif., called 911 to report that she was locked inside a car at a gas station. She appeared to be unconscious<sup>③</sup> and shaking, and there was a gun in her lap<sup>④</sup>. Five officers arrived on the scene to make it safe for paramedics<sup>⑤</sup>. One shattered the driver's side window with his baton<sup>⑥</sup>, preparing to remove the gun, while the others took aim and waited nervously. Then everything exploded. Cops say Miller moved suddenly, a gunshot rang out and the officers opened fire. When it was over, Tyisha Miller lay dead in the car, her body blasted<sup>⑦</sup> with a dozen bullets, four of them in the head. And no one seemed to know why.

Riverside is an exurban<sup>⑧</sup> city about an hour's drive from Los Angeles proper, but for most Americans, last week's shoot-out was another ugly example of L.A. Law. News of the black woman's violent death—at the hands of four white cops and one Latino—spread quickly through the community, and then to national television. At first, police said Miller had fired the first shot, but then they backtracked<sup>⑨</sup>, saying they really weren't sure. Before the week was

out, protests were planned, and Miller's family said they'd hired Johnnie Cochran. "Those weren't police," said the Rev. Bernell Butler, Miller's uncle. "That was a firing squad<sup>⑩</sup>." But most local African-American leaders were waiting for more facts before making accusations<sup>⑪</sup>. There were more questions than answers. What was wrong with Tyisha Miller that night, and what was she doing with a gun? And why did the cops open fire?

A high-school dropout<sup>⑫</sup> who played basketball and church softball, Miller didn't own the gun, and family members say she never messed with drugs.<sup>[2]</sup> She had a run-in with the law last March when she was arrested for fighting and got probation<sup>⑬</sup> in a plea<sup>⑭</sup> bargain. Early last Monday morning, family members say, she was driving her aunt's Nissan Sentra with a 15-year-old friend known as "Bug". They got a flat tire<sup>⑮</sup> and wound up parked in a lighted area of the gas station.<sup>[3]</sup> Bug left after calling Miller's cousins from a pay phone. She later told the family that Miller was conscious and sober<sup>⑯</sup> at the time. But when the cousins arrived, she seemed to be having a seizure<sup>⑰</sup>, and she had a gun. Where it came from was a mystery. Toxicology<sup>⑱</sup> reports on Miller weren't due back for weeks; family members weren't sure if she'd had seizures before. No matter what precipitated<sup>⑲</sup> the shooting, it seemed incredible<sup>⑳</sup> that the cops needed to fire as many as two dozen bullets to take her out—while her horrified cousins watched. "It looks like at the least, we have a problem of excessive<sup>㉑</sup> force," said Don Bardo, president of the local Urban League. All the officers involved in the shooting except the commanding sergeant were unseasoned<sup>㉒</sup>; two had been on the force less than two years.

Like most cities, Riverside has its share of racial animosity<sup>㉓</sup>.<sup>[4]</sup> The question now is whether those tensions can be contained. Weeks of lab work should reveal more about the death of Tyisha Miller. But out on the streets, Riverside is already testing the limits of tolerance<sup>㉔</sup>

## Notes 注释

- ① peculiar adj. 奇怪的
- ② night-school n. 夜校
- ③ unconscious adj. 失去知觉的
- ④ lap n. 大腿前部
- ⑤ paramedic n. 护理人员
- ⑥ baton n. 警棍
- ⑦ blast v. 伤害, 毁灭
- ⑧ exurban adj. 城区外的
- ⑨ backtrack v. 反击
- ⑩ squad n. 小队, 班
- ⑪ accusation n. 控告, 起诉
- ⑫ dropout n. 辍学者
- ⑬ probation n. 缓刑
- ⑭ plea n. 辩护
- ⑮ a flat tire 轮胎泄气
- ⑯ sober adj. 清醒的, 冷静的
- ⑰ seizure n. 中风骤发
- ⑱ toxicology n. 毒理学, 毒物学
- ⑲ precipitate v. 使……突然发生
- ⑳ incredible adj. 难以置信的
- ㉑ excessive adj. 过度的, 极端的
- ㉒ unseasoned adj. 未熟的, 未长成的
- ㉓ animosity n. 仇恨
- ㉔ tolerance n. 忍耐, 忍受

## Translations for Reference 参考译句

- [1] 事件源于晚上一个奇怪的求救电话。
- [2] 她的家人说她从来没有吸过毒。
- [3] 汽车轮胎爆了, 他们把车停在了加油站有光照的地方。
- [4] 像其他城市一样, 罗湾塞也有种族仇恨问题。

## Reading Comprehension 阅读理解

- (1) In the sentence "Toxicology reports on Miller weren't due back for weeks...", the word "due" means \_\_\_\_\_.
- A. suitable                      B. proper  
C. (to be)expected          D. be attributed to
- (2) Where did the accident take place?
- A. In Los Angeles.          B. In Riverside.  
C. In an exurban city.      D. Not available.

## Keys for Reading Comprehension 阅读理解答案

1.C          2.B

# MJ's Court

## 乔丹的王国

迈克尔·乔丹是美国 NBA 著名的篮球明星，他在篮坛的出色表现为他赢得了“空中飞人”的美称，同时又使得 NBA 和整个篮球运动有了划时代的新的魅力。1998 年，乔丹在从事篮球运动 13 年后宣告告别篮坛，他说：“我想多一些时间和家人在一起，特别是我的 3 个孩子。”你可能看过乔丹的所有比赛和他拍的所有广告，但你未必了解真实的乔丹。本文通过乔丹的朋友的讲述让你了解真实的乔丹。

THERE ARE RITUALS<sup>①</sup> THAT SHAPE the life of Michael Jordan. At the end of the 1998 NBA playoffs, as he has for the last 13 years, he went to the North Carolina basketball camp run by his old school friend Fred Whitfield. This is Jordan's country, a morning's drive from the town of Wilmington, where he grew up, or the cemetery<sup>②</sup> where his father, James Jordan, was buried in 1993, the victim of a roadside homicide<sup>③</sup>. Here, Jordan falls back into a tight group of old friends, black men he has known for most of his 35 years—a “sacred inner circle,” says Whitfield, “that we don't let many people in.” Jordan calls them all by their initials<sup>④</sup>.<sup>[1]</sup> They call him MJ, Jumper or Black Cat. He's the last to leave a card game, the scariest driver, the worst fiend<sup>⑤</sup> for honey buns<sup>⑥</sup> and grape soda<sup>⑦</sup>. The night before the camp's celebrity<sup>⑧</sup> tournament<sup>⑨</sup>, Jordan did his usual stand-up comedy routine at a local pasta<sup>⑩</sup> joint<sup>⑪</sup>, trading corny<sup>⑫</sup> jokes with Fred Glover, an insurance ad-

juster<sup>10</sup> and charter member of the group.

But this year, the vibe<sup>11</sup> was different. His friends had noticed over the season that he seemed battered, not enjoying himself. In North Carolina, too, his bearing was changed. Michael was more at peace. "He used to play R&B on the radio," says Whitfield. "Now he's mellowing<sup>12</sup> out with jazz." Before he retired briefly in 1994 to play minor-league baseball, he called each of the friends to sound them out. This time there was no need for discussion. His friends understood.

When he finally announced his retirement last week, Jordan wanted simply to send out a press release<sup>13</sup>: Michael Jordan, the greatest player ever to play the game, was hanging it up. There would be no public show of sentiment<sup>14</sup>, no golden farewell tour. He was talked out of it. Jordan told Ron Harper and Scottie Pippen, the Bulls part of his inner circle, privately last Monday, then held a farewell dinner for 14 friends at a Chicago restaurant—no wives, just the guys. Like most Jordan affairs, it ended, late, in cigars and cards. "Michael's motivation was always to win one more [championship] ring than Magic [Johnson]," Harper told NEWSWEEK. "Magic had five, so when Michael got his six, we all knew that was it." Then last Wednesday, he declared his intentions<sup>15</sup> to the world. "I thought of saying just two words," he said: "I'm gone'."

After the thrills of Jordan's basketball career, the press conference was anticlimactic<sup>16</sup>. Flanked<sup>17</sup> by his stoic<sup>18</sup> wife, Juanita, and his corporate bedfellows—NBA commissioner David Stern, who had just bested the players union in a bitter labor dispute, and Chicago Bulls owner Jerry Reinsdorf, whose yoke<sup>19</sup> Jordan has long openly resented—Jordan referred to himself in the third person, running through stock platitudes<sup>20</sup>. He'd done all he could in the game; there were no challenges left. He'd become as ubiquitous<sup>21</sup> as the products he endorses<sup>22</sup>, [2] appearing not just on cereal boxes and TV screens, but in an average of 100 newspaper and magazine articles a



day. About Michael Jordan, the epochal<sup>Ⓢ</sup> athlete and global icon<sup>Ⓢ</sup>, there was little left to say.

But the manufactured images of Jordan, as nearby as our next Happy Meal, obscure as much as they reveal. Beyond the smiling pitchman<sup>Ⓢ</sup> and ferociously<sup>Ⓢ</sup> competitive athlete, there is much to Jordan that we rarely see—a Southern old soul with a quick wit, sharp temper and generous streak. Though he declined to be interviewed for this article, he allowed his otherwise protective friends to help draw an intimate portrait of the other Michael Jordan, the one only they know.

Some facts about Michael Jordan: His favorite movie is “Friday”, the bawdy<sup>Ⓢ</sup> South Central comedy co-written by Ice Cube. A former geography major, he loves to quiz<sup>Ⓢ</sup> friends on state capitals. “He gets a kick out of<sup>Ⓢ</sup> knowing something that you don’t, which is often,” says one. He curses like Redd Foxx. He holds an annual party for a dozen or so sponsors at a restaurant in Santa Barbara, Calif, where he takes pride<sup>Ⓢ</sup> in tending bar. “That boy don’t know how to make no drinks,” laughs North Carolina friend Adolph Shiver. “He just be throwings—together.” Talking about cars or clothes with friends, he’ll chime<sup>Ⓢ</sup> in, “That’s a lot of money,” just as if he didn’t earn \$80 million last year. He makes young teammates like Randy Brown and Dickey Simpkins ask his permission before they wear their Air<sup>Ⓢ</sup> Jordan sneakers<sup>Ⓢ</sup>.

When he announced his retirement, Jordan said he looked forward to spending more time with his family, especially with his three children: Jeffrey, 10; Marcus, 8, and Jasmine, 6. If Jordan has one regret about his life, says comedian and actor Damon Wayans, a friend since 1996, “it’s that he’s missed a lot of his children’s growth.” Because Jordan spends so much time on the road, his marriage of nine years has been the subject of some speculation. “They’ve had the problems and the ups and downs<sup>Ⓢ</sup> that any [couple] would have,” says a friend. “Now that [the travel] part of his life is over, family can be first.”