

高级英语阅读教程

吴克明
编



ADVANCED ENGLISH READER

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Advanced English Reader

高级英语阅读教程

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前 言

《高级英语阅读教程》是根据国家教委 1990 年 6 月公布的《高等学校英语专业高年级英语教学大纲(试用本)》(以下简称《大纲》)编写的,适合于英语专业高年级学生使用,也可供具有大学外语四到六级水平的非英语专业学生作为阅读材料。

本教程收集了现、当代美、英著名作家的散文、演讲和故事共 32 篇,按主题编排。全书分为 14 个单元(Unit)和阅读材料部分(Further Readings)。除两个单元外,每单元有两至三篇课文,每篇附作者介绍(相同作者不再介绍),内容涉及父爱、友谊、青年、家庭、大学生活、西方民主、文化差异、妇女解放、老年问题等学生感兴趣的题材。同一主题的两篇文章文体不同,风格各异,往往从截然相反的角度来探讨同一主题,从而向青年学生们展示了在丰富多彩的现实生活中,人们多角度、多层次的思维方式,便于学生进行比较、对照、分析、讨论,有利于培养学生逻辑思维和判断评述的能力,这是本教程区别于国内出版的同类教材的显著特点。在课文的编排上遵循由近到远的原则,即从学生们较为熟悉的内容(如父爱、友谊、大学生活等)到他们不太熟悉的内容(如文化差异等)。每课的设计安排如下:课文前有作者介绍,课文后有注释、要点介绍(Highlights)、词汇练习和问题。要点介绍涉及背景知识、思想内容、写作技巧和修辞手段等方面;词汇练习的前两项用来复习、巩固本课中出现的词汇,最后一项以分类的方式帮助学生整理、比较、总结各类词汇。问题分为学习题和讨论题两种,前者帮助学生回忆、掌握课文的内容,后者启发学生讨论课文中提出的问题,进行横向和纵向的比较、思考,即进行中、西文化对比和历史的回顾。

阅读材料可根据需要插入前面的单元使用,如第 29 课可插入第 5 单元,第 30 课可插入第 9 单元,第 31 课可插入第 11 单元,第 32 课可插入第 12 单元,也可留到期末选用。

本教程的课文有长有短。有些短课文并不容易,其中的难点、难句可先让学生进行课堂讨论。对于较长的课文,也不必象低年级的综合英语课(精读课)那样逐句讲解,而可拣重点来讲解。但不管课文长短,均可利用课文后面的讨论题,组织学生分小组用英语进行课堂讨论,并可在此基础上,布置适量的写作练习。较短的课文一般可用 2-3 学时教完,较长的课文可用 4-5 学时教完。以阅读课每周 4 学时计算,本教程可用一学年。

本教程在南京大学外国语学院英语系三年级经过四年试用,三次修订,终于脱稿,编者甚感欣慰。在编写过程中,得到了乐眉云教授、刘海平教授、金筑云副教授等同志的热情支持和帮助,还有杨敬清、叶晓兰等同志曾协助打印初稿,尤其是外籍专家 Kate Allen 博士仔细校阅了原稿,并提出了宝贵意见,在此表示深深的谢忱。由于水平有限,书中难免有不少缺点错误,欢迎师生们批评指正。

编者

1994 年 4 月于南京

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Unit 1

Lesson 1

Dad

Andrew H. Malcolm

Andrew H. Malcolm was born in 1943 in Cleveland, Ohio. He studied journalism at Northwestern University and first joined the New York Times in 1967 as a news clerk. He worked as a reporter for the New York Times in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco and as a foreign correspondent for the newspaper in the Far East and Toronto before being assigned to Chicago as bureau chief in 1982. He has won major awards for reporting, and is the author of Unknown America, published in 1975.

The first memory I have of him — of anything, really — is his strength. It was in the late afternoon in a house under construction near ours. The unfinished wood floor had large, terrifying holes whose yawning darkness I knew led to nowhere good. His powerful hands, then age 33, wrapped all the way around my tiny arms, then age 4, and easily swung me up to his shoulders to command all I surveyed.

The relationship between a son and his father changes over time. It may grow and flourish in mutual maturity. It may sour in resented dependence or independence. With many children living in single-parent homes today, it may not even exist.

But to a little boy right after World War II, a father seemed a god with strange strengths and uncanny powers enabling him to do and know things that no mortal could do or know. Amazing things, like putting a bicycle chain back on, just like that. Or building a hamster cage. Or guiding a jigsaw so it formed the letter F; I learned the alphabet that way in those pretelevision days, one letter or number every other evening plus a review of the collection. (The vowels we painted red because they were special somehow.)

He even seemed to know what I thought before I did. "You look like you could use a cheeseburger and chocolate shake," he would say on hot Sunday afternoons. When, at the age of 5, I broke a neighbor's garage window with a wild curve ball and waited in fear for 10 days to make the announcement, he seemed to know about it already and to have been waiting for something.

There were, of course, rules to learn. First came the handshake. None of those fishy little finger grips, but a good firm squeeze accompanied by an equally strong gaze into the other's eyes. "The first thing anyone knows about you is your handshake," he would say. And we'd practice it each night on his return from work, the serious toddler in the battered Cleveland Indians cap running up to the giant father to shake hands again

and again until it was firm enough.

When my cat killed a bird, he defused the anger of a 9-year-old with a little chat about something called "instinked." The next year, when my dog got run over and the weight of sorrow was just too immense to stand, he was there, too, with his big arms and his own tears and some thoughts on the natural order of life and death, although what was natural about a speeding car that didn't stop always escaped me.

As time passed, there were other rules to learn. "Always do your best." "Do it now." "NEVER LIE!" And most importantly, "You can do whatever you have to do." By my teens, he wasn't telling me what to do anymore, which was scary and heady at the same time. He provided perspective, not telling me what was around the great corner of life but letting me know there was a lot more than just today and the next, which I hadn't thought of.

When the most important girl in the world — I forget her name now — turned down a movie date, he just happened to walk by the kitchen phone. "This may be hard to believe right now," he said, "but someday you won't even remember her name."

One day, I realize now, there was a change. I wasn't trying to please him so much as I was trying to impress him. I never asked him to come to my football games. He had a high-pressure career, and it meant driving through most of Friday night. But for all the big games, when I looked over at the sideline, there was that familiar fedora. And, by God, did the opposing team captain ever get a firm handshake and a gaze he would remember.

Then, a school fact contradicted something he said. Impossible that he could be wrong, but there it was in the book. These accumulated over time, along with personal experiences, to buttress my own developing sense of values. And I could tell we had each taken our own, perfectly normal paths.

I began to see, too, his blind spots, his prejudices and his weaknesses. I never threw these up at him. He hadn't to me, and, anyway, he seemed to need protection. I stopped asking his advice; the experiences he drew from no longer seemed relevant to the decisions I had to make. On the phone, he would go on about politics at times, why he would vote the way he did or why some incumbent was a jerk. And I would roll my eyes to the ceiling and smile a little, though I hid it in my voice.

He volunteered advice for a while. But then, in more recent years, politics and issues gave way to talk of empty errands and, always, to ailments — his friends', my mother's and his own, which were serious and included heart disease. He had a bedside oxygen tank, and he would ostentatiously retire there during my visits, asking my help in easing his body onto the mattress. "You have very strong arms," he once noted.

From his bed, he showed me the many sores and scars on his misshapen body and all the bottles for medicine. He talked of the pain and craved much sympathy. He got some. But the scene was not attractive. He told me, as the doctor had, that his condition would only deteriorate. "Sometimes," he confided, "I would just like to lie down and go to sleep and not wake up."

After much thought and practice ("You can do whatever you have to do."), one night last winter, I sat down by his bed and remembered for an instant those terrifying dark holes in another house 35 years before. I told my father how much I loved him. I described all the things people were doing for him. But, I said, he kept eating poorly, hid-

ing in his room and violating other doctor's orders. No amount of love could make someone else care about life, I said; it was a two-way street. He wasn't doing his best. The decision was his.

He said he knew how hard my words had been to say and how proud he was of me. "I had the best teacher," I said. "You can do whatever you have to do." He smiled a little. And we shook hands, firmly, for the last time.

Several days later, at about 4 A. M., my mother heard Dad shuffling about their dark room. "I have some things I have to do," he said. He paid a bundle of bills. He composed for my mother a long list of legal and financial what-to-do's "in case of emergency." And he wrote me a note.

Then he walked back to his bed and laid himself down. He went to sleep, naturally. And he did not wake up.

Notes

1. The first memory I have of him — of anything, really — is his strength (para 1): The author had his first memory when he was four. When did you have your first memory? Not something which your parents told you did when you were six months old. When do most children start remembering things?
2. yawning darkness (para 1): wide open holes that seemed dark and frightening as they appeared to have no end
3. ... swing me up to his shoulders to commend all I surveyed (para 1): ... swing me up to his shoulders so that I sat on his shoulders and was able to see more, which made me feel powerful and in charge of everything I saw.
4. uncanny powers (para 3): mysterious and unnatural powers
5. Amazing things, like... just like that (para 3): Notice the style of the language. Is it adult language?
6. hamster (para 3): a small animal with pockets in its cheeks for storing food; popular as a pet and used in laboratory research
7. (The vowels we painted red because they were special somehow.) (para 3): Why are vowel letters special?
8. I broke a neighbor's garage window... waited in fear for 10 days to make the announcement (para 4): Do most parents wait for so long? What does this show?
9. ... he seemed to know about it ... waiting for something (para 4): What is "something" Dad was waiting for?
10. fishy little finger grips (para 3): "Fishy" here means soft.
11. "instinked" (para 6): This word is misspelt on purpose. Why?
12. "You can do whatever you have to do." (para 7): What are some of the things you have to do from the cradle to the grave? Think of a few things you have to do as a child no matter how painful they are.
13. I wasn't trying to please him so much as I was trying to impress him. (para 9): What is the difference between pleasing somebody and impressing somebody? Give an example.
14. I never threw these up at him (para 11): I never mentioned these things to him again and again.

15. ostentatiously (para 12); unnecessary show of wealth, knowledge, etc.
16. I remembered... dark holes... 35 years before (para 14); How old were the author and this father by then?

Highlights

1. Lesson 1 and Lesson 2 in this unit focus on paternal love. In the past, a great deal was written about maternal love. It was only not long ago that people began to be aware of paternal love, which is different from maternal love, but equally important in the education of children. Today, many believe that a child who has more contact and communication with its father will develop in an all-round way physically, intellectually, and psychologically.
2. In paragraph 2 the author says: "It (the relationship between a son and his father) may sour in resented dependence or independence." This statement itself is highly generalized. How do you understand and paraphrase it? Does it mean that if a son is dependent on or independent of his father, he will be resented? If so, give examples and think what he should do in order not to be resented? But as there is no modifier before "resented dependence or independence", it does not limit its meaning to the son only. Have you ever thought that it also means that if the father is dependent on or independent of his son, he will be resented, too, by his son? Can you give some examples? Discuss this sentence with the changing relationship a person may have with his or her parents; first total dependence, then equality, and finally, caretaking. Which stage are you in now?
3. In paragraphs 10 and 11 the author says: "Then, a school fact contradicted something he said." "I began to see, too, his blind spots, his prejudices and his weaknesses." But he does not elaborate on these. As a matter of fact, there are no examples in the text, while there are a number of incidents to show his father's love for him. Why is that? What is the purpose of the author? If you compare this lesson with Lesson 2, you will find it is different.

Vocabulary Exercises

- I. Scan the ten words listed below. Choose one that corresponds to one of the definitions on the left. Write the word in the blank space at the right of the definition.

<i>resent</i>	<i>toddler</i>	<i>defuse</i>	<i>buttress</i>	<i>errand</i>
<i>ailment</i>	<i>ease</i>	<i>confide</i>	<i>crave</i>	<i>contradict</i>

1. (n.) a child who has just learned to walk
2. (v.) feel angry or bitter
3. (v.) ask seriously for
4. (v.) tell something secretly to somebody one trusts
5. (v.) move something gently
6. (n.) a short journey for a special purpose
7. (v.) support, strengthen
8. (n.) disease
9. (v.) make calmer or less dangerous
10. (v.) express the opposite of

II. Choose the word from this lesson that best completes each of the following sentences. Write the word in the proper tense or form in the space given.

1. Ladies and gentlemen, may I _____ your attention please?
2. It is quite common for the husband to _____ his secrets to his devoted wife.
3. The old man is always complaining of some _____ or other.
4. At the meeting, they _____ their argument by producing lots of solid facts.
5. He is fully occupied, so he has not time to run _____ for his aging parents.
6. As a result of the flexible foreign policy, the international crisis was _____.
7. As soon as the _____ saw its mother, it walked unsteadily toward her.
8. At that time children were not supposed to _____ their parents.
9. His girl-friend _____ being called a baby.
10. Logan slipped the bag of money from his brief case and dropped it into the dusty drawer. Then he _____ the drawer into the table.

III. Explain the difference in the meaning or use of *the underlined* words in the pair or groups of sentences.

1. a I'll teach you to play badminton.
b I'll teach you to steal my grapes!
2. a This vehicle was specially designed for the disabled.
b This vehicle is especially useful to the disabled.
3. a Would you be prepared to help them in this way?
b Would you please be prepared to go to Hongkong tomorrow?
4. a His room overlooked the lake.
b The boss overlooked the error as it was her first day at work.
c He overlooked the error, as he was absent-minded.
5. a He said he wasn't informed of this matter.
b He said he wasn't informed in these matters.
6. a I don't think it would be wise to talk about it just now.
b I don't think it would be wise to talk about it just yet.
7. a He enjoyed a good education.
b He enjoyed his lessons at school.
8. a The POWs said they had been fairly well treated.
b The POWs said they had been fairly treated.

Study Questions

1. What is the author's earliest memory of his father?
2. Why did Malcolm refer to "putting a bicycle chain back on" as one of the amazing feats his father did?
3. How did the author learn the alphabet? Why does he mention the fact that he accomplished this in "those pretelevision days"?
4. What were the four rules that Malcolm's father taught him after the handshake lesson? Why was the last one the most important?
5. How would you describe the audience for this article with regard to age and gender?
6. In which of his examples does Malcolm show the greatest affection for his father? Which ones were most valuable for his adult life?

7. What is Malcolm's thesis? Is it stated or implied?
8. Malcolm says that during his father's final illness, the patient would "ostentatiously retire" to his bed and oxygen tank. What does the word "ostentatiously" show about the relationship between Malcolm and his father at this time?

Questions for Discussion

1. Is it still important today for a man to display a firm handshake and a steady gaze into someone's eyes? Is it necessary for a woman? When would these gestures be most helpful?
2. How do you feel about Malcolm's father crying with his son when the boy's dog was killed?
3. As you grew up, when did you shift from trying to please a parent to trying to impress that parent?
4. Discuss the changing relationships that a person may have with his or her parents: first total dependence, then equality, and finally, caretaking.
5. How well can a person younger than forty (Malcolm's age) understand the problems involved in a parent's aging and dying?
6. The author writes about his Dad from the age of 33 to that of 68. Still there are many things we do not know about him. What are they? Does the author intentionally leave these out? Why?
7. Recall valuable lessons your father taught you. Show how each lesson has helped you in your adult life.
8. Write a letter to your imaginary child to be read on his or her twenty-first birthday. Describe the qualities that you hope he or she will have at this time of life.
9. Recreate a frightening scene from your childhood in which a family member protected you from harm.
10. Describe your concept of the ideal father.

Unit 1

Lesson 2

Discovery of a Father

Sherwood Anderson

Sherwood Anderson (1876-1941) did not become a writer until 1912, during his thirty-sixth year. His career as a writer was influenced by two important facts of his life. The first was that he was raised in a small town in Ohio, and the second was that he was a highly successful businessman before turning to writing as his life's work. His short stories and novels reflect these facts in their portrayal of characters whose talents and ambitions are stifled by a semi-rural environment, or whose monetary success renders them alienated and unfulfilled rather than happy. Today Anderson is best remembered for his collection of stories entitled Winesburg, Ohio (1919) and for his novel Dark Laughter (1925).

You hear it said that fathers want their sons to be what they feel they cannot themselves be, but I tell you it also works the other way. A boy wants something very special from his father. I know that as a small boy I wanted my father to be a certain thing he was not. I wanted him to be a proud, silent, dignified father. When I was with other boys and he passed along the street, I wanted to feel a flow of pride. "There he is. That is my father."

But he wasn't such a one. He couldn't be. It seemed to me then that he was always showing off. Let's say someone in our town had got up a show. They were always doing it. The druggist would be in it, the shoe-store clerk, the horse doctor, and a lot of women and girls. My father would manage to get the chief comedy part. It was, let's say, a Civil War play and he was a comic Irish soldier. He had to do the most absurd things. They thought he was funny, but I didn't.

I thought he was terrible. I didn't see how mother could stand it. She even laughed with the others. Maybe I would have laughed if it hadn't been my father.

Or there was a parade, the Fourth of July or Decoration Day. He'd be in that, too, right at the front of it, as Grand Marshal or something, on a white horse hired from a livery stable.

He couldn't ride for shucks. He fell off the horse and everyone hooted with laughter. but he didn't care. He even seemed to like it. I remember once when he had done something ridiculous, and right out on Main Street, too. I was with some other boys and they were laughing and shouting at him and he was shouting back and having as good a time as they were. I ran down an alley back of some stores and there in the Presbyterian Church

sheds I had a good long cry.

Or I would be in bed at night and father would come home a little lit up and bring some men with him. He was a man who was never alone. Before he went broke, running a harness shop, there were always a lot of men loafing in the shop. He went broke, of course, because he gave too much credit. He couldn't refuse it and I thought he was a fool. I had got to hating him.

There'd be men I didn't think would want to be fooling around with him. There might even be the superintendent of our schools and a quiet man who ran the hardware store. Once I remember there was a white-haired man who was a cashier of the bank. It was a wonder to me they'd want to be seen with such a windbag. That's what I thought he was. I know now what it was that attracted them. It was because life in our town, as in all small towns, was at times pretty dull and he livened it up. He made them laugh. He could tell stories. He'd even get them to singing.

If they didn't come to our house they'd go off, say at night, to where there was a grassy place by a creek. They'd cook food there and drink beer and sit about listening to his stories.

He was always telling stories about himself. He'd say this or that wonderful thing had happened to him. It might be something that made him look like a fool. He didn't care.

If an Irishman came to our house, right away father would say he was Irish. He'd tell what county in Ireland he was born in. He'd tell things that happened there when he was a boy. He'd make it seem so real that, if I hadn't known he was born in southern Ohio, I'd have believed him myself.

If it was a Scotchman the same thing happened. He'd get a burr into his speech. Or he was a German or a Swede. He'd be anything the other man was. I think they all knew he was lying, but they seemed to like him just the same. As a boy that was what I couldn't understand.

And there was mother. How could she stand it? I wanted to ask but never did. She was not the kind you asked such questions.

I'd be upstairs in my bed, in my room above the porch, and father would be telling some of his tales. A lot of father's stories were about the Civil War. To hear him tell it he'd been in about every battle. He'd known Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and I don't know how many others. He'd been particularly intimate with General Grant so that when Grant went East to take charge of all the armies, he took father along.

"I was an orderly at headquarters and Sam Grant said to me, 'I've,' he said, 'I'm going to take you along with me. '"

It seems he and Grant used to slip off sometimes and have a quiet drink together. That's what my father said. He'd tell about the day Lee surrendered and how, when the great moment came, they couldn't find Grant.

"You know," my father said, about General Grant's book, his memoirs. You've read of how he said he had a headache and how, when he got word that Lee was ready to call it quits, he was suddenly and miraculously cured.

"Huh," said father. "He was in the woods with me.

"I was in there with my back against a tree. I was pretty well corned. I had got hold of a bottle of pretty good stuff.

"They were looking for Grant. He had got off his horse and come into the woods. He found me. He was covered with mud.

"I had the bottle in my hand. What'd I care? The war was over. I knew we had them licked."

My father said that he was the one who told Grant about Lee. An orderly riding by had told him, because the orderly knew how thick he was with Grant. Grant was embarrassed.

"But, Irve, look at me. I'm all covered with mud," he said to father.

And then, my father said, he and Grant decided to have a drink together. They took a couple of shots and then, because he didn't want Grant to show up potted before the immaculate Lee, he smashed the bottle against the tree.

"Sam Grant's dead now and I wouldn't want it to get out on him," my father said.

That's just one of the kind of things he'd tell. Of course the men knew he was lying, but they seemed to like it just the same.

When we got broke, down and out, do you think he ever brought anything home? Not he. If there wasn't anything to eat in the house, he'd go off visiting around at farm-houses. They all wanted him. Sometimes he'd stay away for weeks, mother working to keep us fed, and then home he'd come bringing, let's say, a ham. He'd got it from some farmer friend. He'd slap it on the table in the kitchen. "You bet I'm going to see that my kids have something to eat," he'd say, and mother would just stand smiling at him. She'd never say a word about all the weeks and months he'd been away, not leaving us a cent for food. Once I heard her speaking to a woman in our street. Maybe the woman had dared to sympathize with her. "Oh," she said, "it's all right. He isn't ever dull like most of the men in this street. Life is never dull when my man is about."

But often I was filled with bitterness, and sometimes I wished he wasn't my father. I'd even invent another man as my father. To protect my mother I'd make up stories of a secret marriage that for some strange reason never got known. As though some man, say the president of a railroad company or maybe a Congressman, had married my mother, thinking his wife was dead and then it turned out she wasn't.

So they had to hush it up but I got born just the same. I wasn't really the son of my father. Somewhere in the world there was a very dignified, quite wonderful man who was really my father. I even made myself half believe these fancies.

And then there came a certain night. He'd been off somewhere for two or three weeks. He found me alone in the house, reading by the kitchen table.

It had been raining and he was very wet. He sat and looked at me for a long time, not saying a word. I was startled, for there was on his face the saddest look I had ever seen. He sat for a time, his clothes dripping. Then he got up.

"Come on with me," he said.

I got up and went with him out of the house. I was filled with wonder but I wasn't afraid. We went along a dirt road that led down into a valley, about a mile out of town, where there was a pond. We walked in silence. The man who was always talking had stopped his talking.

I didn't know what was up and had the queer feeling that I was with a stranger. I don't know whether my father intended it so. I don't think he did.

The pond was quite large. It was still raining hard and there were flashes of light-

ning followed by thunder. We were on a grassy bank at the pond's edge when my father spoke, and in the darkness and rain his voice sounded strange.

"Take off your clothes," he said. Still filled with wonder, I began to undress. There was a flash of lightning and I saw that he was already naked.

Naked, we went into the pond. Taking my hand he pulled me in. It may be that I was too frightened, too full of a feeling of strangeness, to speak. Before that night my father had never seemed to pay any attention to me.

"And what is he up to now?" I kept asking myself. I did not swim very well, but he put my hand on his shoulder and struck out into the darkness.

He was a man with big shoulders, a powerful swimmer. In the darkness I could feel the movement of his muscles. We swam to the far edge of the pond and then back to where we had left our clothes. The rain continued and the wind blew. Sometimes my father swam on his back and when he did he took my hand in his large powerful one and moved it over so that it rested always on his shoulder. Sometimes there would be a flash of lightning and I could see his face clearly.

It was as it was earlier, in the kitchen, a face filled with sadness. There would be the momentary glimpse of his face and then again the darkness, the wind, and the rain. In me there was a feeling I had never known before.

It was a feeling of closeness. It was something strange. It was as though there were only we two in the world. It was as though I had been jerked suddenly out of myself, out of my world of the schoolboy, out of a world in which I was ashamed of my father.

He had become blood of my blood; he the strong swimmer and I the boy clinging to him in the darkness. We swam in silence and in silence we dressed in our wet clothes, and went home.

There was a lamp lighted in the kitchen and when we came in, the water dripping from us, there was my mother. She smiled at us, I remember that she called us "boys."

"What have you boys been up to," she asked, but my father did not answer. As he had begun the evening's experience with me in silence, so he ended it. He turned and looked at me. Then he went, I thought, with a new and strange dignity out of the room.

I climbed the stairs to my own room, undressed in the darkness and got into bed. I couldn't sleep and did not want to sleep. For the first time I knew that I was the son of my father. He was a story teller as I was to be. It may be that I even laughed a little softly there in the darkness. If I did, I laughed knowing that I would never again be wanting another father.

Notes

1. It seemed to me that he was always showing off (para 2): "Showing off" means acting in this context.
2. ... he was a comic Irish soldier (para 2): Some people think Irishmen are not very clever, which is an old prejudice.
3. Decoration Day (para 4): also called Memorial Day, which is a day to honor dead servicemen in the United States. It falls on May 30 in most states.
4. he couldn't ride for shucks (para 5): "For shucks" is a slang, meaning adequately.

5. lit up (para 6); drunk (slang)
6. I had got to hating him (para 6); I had got to the point of hating him.
7. General Grant (para 13); Ulysses S. Grant (1822-1885), a Union general in the Civil War who later became the 18th president of the United States (1869-1877)
8. Sherman (para 13); William Tecumseh Sherman (1820-1891)
American commander of Union troops in the Civil War
9. Sheridan (para 13); Philip Henry Sheridan (1831-1888), American commander of cavalry in the Civil War
10. Lee (para 15); Robert E. Lee (1807-1870), the commander-in-chief of Confederate armies in the Civil War
11. I was pretty well corned (para 18); "Corned" means drunk (slang).
12. I knew we had them licked (para 20); ... had them beaten. "Lick" is a slang word.

Highlights

1. When you read the first paragraph, did you find that it is also true with Chinese parents that they "want their children to be what they feel they cannot themselves be?" If they do, why? Is it because they do not think much of their own occupation or profession? Has this put much pressure on you? What good or harm has this pressure done to you? Or if they do not, how has your freedom affected your choice of career?
2. The first paragraph of the essay tells us not only that parents usually have great expectations for their children, but also vice versa. "A boy wants something very special from his father," which is the focus of the essay. Perhaps this is something most parents are not conscious of. The author writes at length about the boy's dissatisfaction with his father, because he wanted his father to be what he was not. If you compare this essay with Malcolm's "Dad", you will find this is where they are different in structure.
3. In Lesson 1, the most important rule Dad wants his son to learn is "NEVER LIE!" But from paragraph 9 to paragraph 26 the boy's father is lying all the time. However, his mother and other people "seemed to like him just the same." Why? What do people usually lie for? For cheating, of course. But what is the purpose of his father's lying? For money, for fame, or for amusing others? Would this kind of lie do a lot of harm?
4. After the swimming incident, the boy felt as though he had been jerked suddenly out of himself, out his world of the schoolboy, out of a world in which he was ashamed of his father (paragraph 40). First refer to paragraph 2 in Lesson 1: "The relationship between a son and his father ... may grow and flourish in mutual maturity." Then try to paraphrase this sentence.

Vocabulary Exercises

- I. Scan the words listed below. Choose one that corresponds to one of the definitions on the left. Write the word in the blank space at the right.

<i>broke</i>	<i>liven up</i>	<i>credit</i>	<i>miraculously</i>	<i>loaf</i>
<i>slip off</i>	<i>thick</i>	<i>immaculate</i>	<i>jerk</i>	<i>hush up</i>

1. (n.) a system of buying goods first and paying for them later
2. (v.) pull suddenly
3. (ad.) just like a miracle