

大学英语阅读教程

(1)

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College English



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前言

《大学英语阅读教程》是为配合大学英语教学而编选的一套英语读物,共四册。

本书按题材分成 10 个单元,选文大多取自近年出版的英美报刊书籍,语言清新,体裁多样,有故事、随笔、杂感、短评、新闻报道等。在编选过程中,为确保原作的“真实性”,不随意改动原文,不作任何文字上的“加工”。

本书的每篇选文,都配有适量的阅读和翻译练习。“理解检测”,旨在提高学生语篇水平上的阅读理解能力,确保学生对整篇文章从主题思想到重要细节以至语言难点的全面理解。

“佳句试译”这一练习的设置,不仅着眼于为读者提供翻译实践的机会,因为所选的语句,大多是文章的精髓,也是难点所在,读者反复琢磨、玩味之余,自然会对文章有更深入的理解。

阅读应该是一种享受,而不该视为一种负担。享受阅读,寻求书中的逸趣,是学术求知的最高境界。愿本套丛书能成为当今大学生们的学习生活之友。

编者

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Unit One

Growing Up

The stories that you tell about your past shape your future.

— Eric Ransdell

Reading 1 That Day in the Trench

Reading 2 My First Job

Reading 3 The Return of the Queen

Reading 1

That Day in the Trench

By Andre Dubus

I was 16 that hot June. My weight was 105 pounds, and my *ruddy* 脸色红润的, broad-chested father wanted me to have a summer job. He talked to a friend of his, a building *contractor* 承包商, who hired me as a carpenter's helper for 75 cents an hour.

I did not want to work. I wanted to drive around with my friends, or *hang out* 闲荡 with them in front of the department store. But I could not tell him I did not want a job. I was afraid of angering him, seeing his blue eyes and reddening face.

A *civil engineer* 土木工程师, my father was district manager for the *Utilities Company* 公用事业公司. He had been working for them since he left college. At home he was quiet, but what I feared most was his voice, suddenly and harshly rising. He never yelled for long, only a few sentences, but they emptied me, as if his voice had pulled my soul from my body. He did not yell often; that sound was not part of our family life. The fear of it was part of my love for him.

My father drove me to work the first day. In the car, I sat frightened, feeling absolutely incompetent. I had the lunch my mother had put in a brown paper bag.

We drove to a street with houses and small stores and parked at a corner where men were building a *liquor store* 出售酒类的小店. I assumed I would spend my summer handing things to a carpenter. I had never done physical work except pushing a *lawn mower* 割草机 and *raking* 耙集(树叶) leaves.

My father introduced me to the foreman and said, "Make a man of him." Then he left.

I stood *mutely* 一声不吭地, waiting for the foreman to assign me to some good-hearted carpenter. Instead he assigned me a *pickax* 丁字镐 and a shovel and told me to get into a trench, about three feet deep, that would be the building's foundation.

In it were black men, swinging picks and shoveling. Two made a space for me, and I jumped between them.

All I really knew in those first hours under the hot sun was raising the pickax and swinging it down again and again till the earth was loose, then plunging the shovel into dirt that I *tossed* 抛掷 out of the trench. I did not have the strength for this: not in my back, my legs, my arms, my shoulders. Certainly not in my soul.

Nausea 恶心 came by the third or fourth hour. At noon a loud whistle blew. All the men stopped working and walked toward shade. One said it was time to eat.

I looked at my lunch bag. Then my stomach tightened and everything in it rose. I went around the corner, where no one could see me, and vomited. Then I went back to the shade and lay down. One of the men said, "You've got to eat."

"I *threw up* 呕吐," I said, and closed my eyes and slept. At one o'clock the whistle blew.

I woke up and another man said, "Are you all right?" I nodded. If I had spoken, I might have wept.

We went back to the trench, and I picked up a shovel and heaved out the loose earth, then raised the pick over my shoulder and swung it down into the dirt. I was still *dizzy* 昏晕的 and weak and hot.

I worked 40 minutes or so, then heard my father's voice. I looked up at him; he was there to take me home, to forgive my failure. But he said, "Let's

go buy you a hat." My father introduced me to the foreman and said,

Every man there wore a hat, most of them straw, the others baseball caps. I said nothing.

In the car, in a voice softened with pride, he said, "The foreman called me. He said you threw up and didn't eat, and you didn't tell him."

"That's right," I said, and shamefully watched the road, letting him believe I was brave.

Quietly we drove to town, and he took me to a drugstore. He bought me a soda for my stomach and told me to order a sandwich.

Then we crossed the street to the department store, where my father chose a *pith helmet* (用粗料木髓制成的) 遮阳帽. I would happily wear one to hunt lions in Africa. I did not want to wear such a thing here. But I said nothing.

When we got back to the trench, one of my comrades said, "That's a good hat." I jumped in.

The man behind me said, "You going to be all right now."

I was, and I still do not know why. I had the same soft arms and legs, the same back and shoulders, yet all I remember of that afternoon is the absence of *nausea* 恶心.

At five o'clock the whistle blew. I went to the bus stop and sat on the bench. Dirt was on my arms and hands, my face and neck and clothes.

My father had told my mother and sister the story, and the women proudly greeted me when I walked into the house. They were also worried, and wanted to know how I felt. I said I was fine. I could not tell the truth, that I could not bear going back to work tomorrow, any more than I could tell them that I did not believe I was as good at being a boy as other boys were—not at sports, and now not with a man's work.

Next morning, carrying my helmet and lunch, I rode the bus to work and joined the men in the trench. On that second morning I was not sick, and at

noon I ate lunch in the shade. We worked till five, and I rode the bus home. When I walked into the living room, my family asked me about my day, and I said it was fine. The truth was that the work was too hard, but after the first morning I could bear it. And all summer it was hard. After we finished the foundation, I was transferred to another crew. We built a mess hall 食堂 at a Boy Scout camp 童子军营地. At the summer's end, I could carry 80-pound bags of dry cement and my body was 20 pounds heavier.

My father may have wanted to take me home that first day. But he knew he must not. I would have spent the summer at home, yearning 渴望 to be someone I respected, yearning to be a man among men—and that is where my father sent me with a helmet on my head.

(1091 words)

Comprehension Check

Read carefully the following statements about the story: some true and some false, according to the text. Write T or F on the line before each of the statements.

1. _____ In this passage, the author gives us an account of what happened to him in summer when he was 16.
2. _____ The 16-year-old did not want to take the job his father had set up because he was well aware that it would be too hard for him to cope with.
3. _____ Quiet and sensitive, the son seemed afraid to offend his short-tempered father but deep down, had much affection and respect for him.
4. _____ On arriving at the work site, the father asked file foreman to put his son through the mill by assigning him the toughest possible job.
5. _____ Having worked hard in the trench for a few hours, the kid, who was not used to physical work, felt so sick and dizzy that he started to vomit and shed tears.
6. _____ Instead of taking the son home, the father drove him downtown,

- bought him some food and a helmet, and sent him back to the work site.
7. After a day's hard work, he returned home, tired but proud, mentally ready to do a better job in the trench next morning.
8. Through different sorts of manual labor that summer, the 16-year-old kid turned up more mature, both physically and emotionally.
9. Looking back, the author appreciates very much his father's efforts to help him grow into a man of courage and firmness.

Sentences Selected for Translation Practice

The following sentences are taken from the text. Put them into Chinese.

1. He never yelled for long, only a few sentences, but they emptied me, as if his voice had pulled my soul from my body. He did not yell often; that sound was not part of our family life. The fear of it was part of my love for him.

2. I did not have the strength for this: not in my back, my legs, my arms, my shoulders. Certainly not in my soul.

3. I was, and I still do not know why. I had the same soft arms and legs, the same back and shoulders, yet all I remember of that afternoon is the absence of nausea.

4. I could not tell the truth, that I could not bear going back to work tomorrow, any more than I could tell them that I did not believe I was as good at being a boy as other boys were—not at sports, and now not with a man's work.

5. My father may have wanted to take me home that first day. But he knew he must not. I would have spent the summer at home, yearning to be someone I respected, yearning to be a man among men—and that is where my father sent me with a helmet on my head.

Reading 2

My first Job

*Three high achievers explain
why it's not what you earn it's what you learn.*

Compiled by Daniel Levine

The Bookseller

I was 15 when I walked into McCarley's Bookstore in Ashland, Oregon, and began scanning titles on the shelves. The man behind the counter, Mac McCarley, asked if I'd like a job. I needed to start saving for college, so I said yes.

I worked after school and during summers for minimum wage, and the job helped pay for my freshman year of college. I would work many other jobs: I brewed coffee, in the student union during college, was a hotel maid and even made maps for the U. S. Forest Service. But selling books was one of the most satisfying.

One day a woman asked me for books on cancer. She seemed fearful. I showed her virtually everything we had *in stock* 有现货的 and found other books we could order. She left the store *less apprehensive* 疑惧的, and I've always remembered the pride I felt in having helped her.

Years later, as a television reporter in Los Angeles, I heard about an immigrant child who was born with his thumb attached, *weblike* 蹼状般(地), to the rest of his hand. His family could not afford *corrective surgery* 矫正外科手术, and the boy lived in shame, hiding the hand in his pocket.

I persuaded my boss to let me do the story. After my story was broadcast,

a doctor and a nurse called, offering to perform the surgery for free.

I visited the boy in the recovery room after the operation. The first thing he did was hold up his repaired hand and say, "Thank you." I felt an overwhelming sense of reward.

At McCarley's Bookstore, I always sensed I was working for the customers, not the store. Today it's the same. NBC News pays my salary, but I feel as if I work for the viewers, helping them *make sense of* 理解 the world.

—Ann Carry (News anchor 节目主持人的 the NBC News "Today" show)

The Box Boy

When I was a youngster, our family moved to Southern California from the small *prairie* 草原 town of Wilson, Oklahoma. A few years later my father abandoned us. We went on welfare until Mom got a job at an aircraft plant, where she worked the three-to-mid-night shift. With no money for baby-sitters, I rushed home from school every day to care for my two younger brothers.

When Mom remarried, my baby-sitting duties ended. I was 16 and found a job packing groceries at a Boys Market in Gardena, a Los Angeles suburb. It was the 1950s, and in those days grocery stores used boxes for the heavier items.

I thought everything was fine, until the end of the first day, when the manager told me not to return. I *wasn't sacking* 把货物装进袋子 fast enough.

I was a painfully shy kid, and I surprised even myself when I *blurted out* 冲口说出, "Let me come back tomorrow and try one more time. I know I'll do better." *Speaking up* 大胆表示意见 went against my very nature, but it worked. I got a second chance, moved a lot faster, and for the next year and a half boxed groceries from four to ten on weekdays for \$ 1.25 an hour and sometimes all day on Saturday or Sunday.

That moment when I spoke up is burned in my memory, and so is the les-

son: If you want to accomplish anything in life, you can't just sit back and hope it will happen. You've got to make it happen.

I was not a natural athlete when I began studying *karate* 空手道, but I trained harder than anyone else and was a world middleweight karate champion for six years. Later, when I decided to become an actor, I was 36 and had no experience. There were maybe 16,000 unemployed actors in Hollywood, and I'd be competing against guys who had already been in movies or on TV. If I had said, "I don't stand a chance," one thing is clear: I wouldn't have.

People *whine* 哀叹, "I haven't succeeded because I haven't had the breaks." You create your own breaks.

—Chuck Norris (Famous actor who has starred in over 20 feature films)

The Paperboy

About 200 people lived in Milton, North Dakota. I delivered the *Grand Forks Herald* (大福克市先驱报) to just about all of them. It was my first job, and I was ten.

I didn't just throw the paper onto people's front lawns. Because everyone knew me and my family, I was careful not to make mistakes. If I did, I knew I would hear about it. So I knocked on doors, said hello and asked people how they were. Then I handed them their paper.

Contact with customers, and good service, are what separate winners from losers. At a recent meeting in *Brussels* 布鲁塞尔 I asked all of my European general managers the last time they'd visited a retailer who sold our products. Answers ranged from one week to six months to "It's been a while."

I believe that managers cannot serve customers effectively without meeting them. You've got to get out there. Not only do I visit supermarkets around the world but I receive and distribute a weekly report listing customer complaints (and *compliments* 恭维话). Selected calls to our 800 numbers are put on

audiotapes 录了音的磁带 so that while driving to and from work our senior executives can learn what customers like and dislike. Nothing is more important in business than listening to your customers.

As my employees know, I am *passionate* 热情的 about customer service. That passion was *instilled* (被)逐渐灌输 in me back in Milton, N. D., delivering papers after school.

—Dale R. Morrison(President and *CEO* 总经理(Chief Executive Officer) of Campbell Soup Company)

Comprehension Check

Answer the following questions by making the best of the choices provided.

1. _____ are referred as “high achievers.”
 - A) Those who are highly-motivated , working hard most of their time
 - B) Those who are focused and self-driven, eager to make fame and fortune
 - C) Those who have made remarkable achievements in their studies or work
 - D) Those who are in their full career of success
2. Ann Carry readily accepted the job offered by the bookstore owner because _____.
 - A) it was an easy job with good pay
 - B) she needed to work part time to pay for her education
 - C) a bookstore would be a most satisfying place for learning
 - D) all of the above
3. According to Ann Carry, her present job as the “Today” show anchor is somewhat similar to her first job as a bookseller in that _____.
 - A) both help meet her financial need
 - B) both give her a strong sense of fulfillment
 - C) both can be of much help to people
 - D) much can be learned from either
4. In describing his first job as a box boy, the actor Chuck Norris lays special