

2 The Secret Hacker Wars

“黑客”战 54

1997年2月，五角大楼的电脑专家发现有电脑黑客闯入了美国空军、海军和其他一些兵种的超级绝密电脑网络系统，并且留下了“天窗”，以备随时进出方便。这一事件令五角大楼和白宫官员大惊失色，惊恐之下，他们立即组成了调查组，缉拿“闯入者”。从此，网络成了一线战场。



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Martin Luther King 家族对 Ray 刺杀金是否是受命于政府一直持怀疑态度。金之子数次探监走访 Ray，始终没有得到确凿的证据。上周 Ray 又病死在监狱，这无疑又使本来没有查清的命案成了一桩悬案。

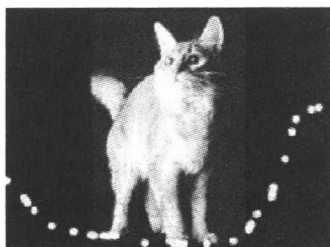


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这是一只被人遗弃的、被火烧得一毛不留的、世界上最丑的猫。然而，这只丑猫却与作者一家结下了深厚的感情。最后连作者的丈夫，一个最不喜欢宠物的七尺大汉，也对它另眼相待了。



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电影《秋日传奇》中父亲的扮演者 Hopkins, 用他传神的表情, 朴素而自然的表演风格, 塑造了一位不屈不挠的硬汉形象, 深深地打动了千万个观众的心。



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你想使您的孩子出类拔萃吗? 看看这篇选文, 作者为读者提供八种方法。



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白血病患者苦于骨髓捐献者难寻。为此，美国人建立了全美骨髓捐献者计划，本文讲述了一个美国白血病患者得到骨髓捐献者帮助的感人过程。



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嗅觉不仅影响人们的身体健康，而且具有减肥、提神、醒脑之神奇功效。于是，一场嗅觉革命开始悄然兴起。



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幸福的婚姻在于夫妻双方懂得
争吵的艺术, 要学会如何忍让, 因为
两口子之间不存在真正的输赢。



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本文通过向你提供一些急救指南使你步出急救的误区，在关键时刻保全家人或朋友的生命。



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3. **unfailingly**: 无尽的, 无穷的, 持续的。此处指这位说话口吃的妇女, 无论刮风还是下雨, 从不间断地给司机送饮料。

Notes

1. **walrus mustache**: 两端下垂的大胡子
2. **in contrast to**: 与……形成对比, 与……截然不同
3. **well-worn**: 穿戴得破旧的, 用得破旧的
4. **roll call**: 点名
5. **bagel**: 硬面包圈
6. **escape from**: (不自觉地)从……发出
7. **impediment**: 口吃 (have a speech impediment 讲话口吃)

Questions for Comprehension

1. What seemed more important when the couple made their trip to the church under the bad weather?
A) To be with a group of people even though not knowing their names.
B) To choose a good driver.
C) To watch out for the slippery road.
D) To take the umbrella.
2. What is TRUE about the driver?
A) He wore a long beard.
B) He often drove them through the city.
C) He was an old, kind, and responsible man.
D) He knew the names of the all passengers so that he could call them to get off the bus when they got to their destinations.
3. Who was NOT the regular passengers on the way to church?
A) The plump fellow who often went to town to buy Sunday

Newspaper.

- B) The pregnant Mexican woman.
 - C) The woman who had trouble with speaking.
 - D) The factory security guard on his way to factory.
4. The Haitians boarded on the bus _____.
- A) at the starting point
 - B) at the church
 - C) when the bus went through 15 blocks from the station
 - D) at the change point before a building
5. The reason why the woman and the couple met at the fish restaurant rode the same bus every day was that _____.
- A) she loved to be on the bus
 - B) she was a close friend of the driver's
 - C) she wanted to kill her time since she had nothing to do at home
 - D) she wanted to be the companion of the driver
6. What is TRUE about the passage?
- A) The couple made some friends even though they didn't know their names.
 - B) The couple shared both the happiness and misery of all the passengers on the bus.
 - C) Years of Sunday-morning bus rides through the city with the same group of people changed their principle of making friends.
 - D) All of the above.

Short Answer Questions

Directions: *Answer the questions or complete the statements in the fewest possible words.*

7. At first the couple used to think _____.
8. What was the trouble of the woman who remained silent all her way?

Translation

Directions: *Translate the following sentences taken from the article into Chinese.*

9. We even felt a little pride at the thought of our extended family.
- _____
- _____
10. When she spoke, the words escaped awkwardly from lips stiffened by a speech impediment.
- _____
- _____

Topics for Discussion

11. Do you think they can make true friends in this way?
12. Would you apply the same policy when you want to make friends?

3

The Punk and the Tyrant

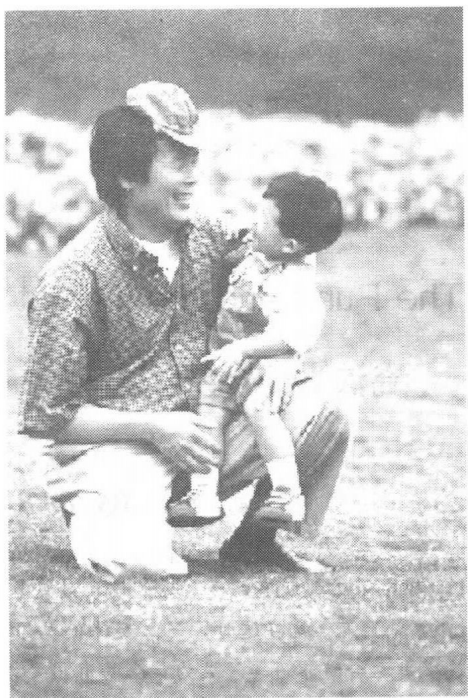
流浪儿与他的恩人

By John S. Tompkins

因为父母离异和从小就有的多动症，使他处处表现得“与众不同”。他打架，抽大麻。就在这时，一位教练出现了。在教练的培养下，他获得奥运会游泳冠军，成为社会的有用之才。

As a child, Nelson Diebel was hyperactive and always in trouble. His kindergarten teacher in Western Springs, Ill, demanded that he be dismissed, and in third grade doctors wanted to tranquilize him.

When Nelson was in seventh grade, his parents divorced, and his mischievous pranks turned to tantrums and fights at school. He began to drink and to smoke marijuana. Eventually, the boy was enrolled in The Peddie School in Hightstown, N. J. , which saw potential in him. The boarding school required every student to participate in athletics and other extracurricular activities. On his application, Nelson wrote “swimming,” even though he had never been



serious about the sport. Soon, he was invited to meet Chris Martin, the swimming coach.

“He’s a bright kid, but he needs attention,” Peddie’s admissions director told Martin. “If you’re willing to work with him, we’ll accept him.”

Coach Martin, a handsome six-foot-three-inch, 230-pound taskmaster¹, knew of Nelson’s troubled background from the application form. Yet he perceived a kind of fire inside the teen-ager, and suspected that if Nelson’s anger could be *channeled*, there was no telling what he could achieve.

“The first thing I want you to know is that I am a tyrant,” Martin told Nelson. He detailed the torturous routine Nelson could

expect as a Peddie swimmer: 1½ -hour practices in the morning and 2½ hours in the evening, gym workouts and weight training. Then he finished with a warning: “If you swim for me you are going to do what I say, when I say, how I say.”

Chris Martin had come to love swimming as a child in Harleysville, Pa., and he learned early the value of hard work. In swimming, he figured, you can’t blame your failure on anyone else. And the more you practice, the better you perform. These lessons helped Martin earn acceptance to Yale, where he studied economics and was on the swim team.

When Martin began working at Peddie in 1986, he had already formulated a plan; he would mold high-school swimming into world champions by driving them hard and constantly exposing them to his philosophy that you work until you can’t work anymore—and then keep working. Only great effort leads to great rewards. “There is no doubt in my mind,” he told friends, “that I’m going to have swimmers on the Olympic team someday.”

Overpowered by the force of Martin’s personality, Nelson agreed to the coach’s terms even though he wasn’t really interested in swimming. He had already decided to report to practice for a couple of weeks and then quit. But when Nelson went to see the coach about dropping out of the program, Martin declared, “No chance! I’m going to make a swimmer out of you even if I have to kill you.”

One day at the pool, Nelson bragged that he could beat the school record of 58.5 seconds for the 100-yard breast stroke, despite having just been clocked at an embarrassing one minute, eight seconds. Everyone laughed—except Coach Martin. Over the weeks, Martin kept challenging Nelson, reminding him that nobody

thought he could do it. “But anything is possible,” he said, “if you really go after it.”

For Nelson, the number 58.5 became an *obsession*. The truth was, Nelson Diebel secretly wanted to be a winner at something.

In two months, Nelson pared his time to 1:05. Then he hit a plateau² at 1:04.6, and that held week after week no matter how hard he tried. Then one day when he felt he couldn’t swim another stroke, he pared his time to 1:03 flat.

Some of his teammates still taunted him about his boast, but increasingly they accepted him. And he was surprised to find that he liked the sense of belonging.

Pay the Price. By March 1987, Nelson was swimming 30 to 40 hours a week, and his time continued to improve. Coach Martin kept pushing, constantly putting new goals in front of him, always trying to turn his anger into a strength. “You’ll never qualify for the Junior Nationals,” he said, “because you’re not willing to train like a champion.” Nelson, as the coach expected, just gritted his teeth and the next day swam even faster. He eventually qualified by cutting his time to 1:00.

At the Junior Nationals in April, Nelson hit 59 seconds in his preliminary heat³, and later that evening he placed fifth in the finals, breaking the Peddie School record. For the first time in his life, he began to think he could be good at something. But his moment of triumph wasn’t long-lasting. Coach Martin briefly praised his performance, then reminded him he could still do better.

At Peddie, students have a mandatory two-hour study period six nights a week. But Nelson couldn’t sit still in one place that long, and nobody could make him.

One night Martin walked into Nelson's room, put a ten-dollar bill on the desk and said, "Sit here for 15 straight minutes, and you keep it." Then the coach placed a chair in front of the door and camped there, reading.

Seconds turned into minutes. Nelson fidgeted, he scratched his head. He pulled on a ear lobe. He looked at the clock on his desk. After what seemed an hour, only four minutes had passed. Nelson's eyes watered and he pounded the desk with his fist. Coach Martin just sat. Nelson didn't win the ten dollars that evening, but the coach continued to check on him. Gradually, as the discipline of swimming matured him, Nelson was able to sit still and study for the two hours.

During the summer of 1987 Nelson won both the 100- and 200-meter breast stroke at the Junior Nationals. His times qualified him for the Olympic Trials⁴ a year later, where he placed eighth in the 200-meter and fifth in the 100-meter breaststroke events. Suddenly Nelson started thinking, *in another four years I can make the Olympic team.*

All the Way Back. Practically the only thing Nelson could think about now was the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona, Spain. He was so excited, it was harder than usual to sit still. This was especially true while on lifeguard duty at the Peddie pool, a boring job for a hyperactive teen ager. During rest periods every hour, to break the monotony he would leap ten feet out from the railing of the spectators' balcony and 20 feet down into the deep end of the pool.

One afternoon, just three days after the 1988 Olympic Trial, Nelson leaned forward to jump—and slipped on the wet railing. In-

stinctively, he put out his hands, slammed onto the tile deck with both arms outstretched, then fell unconscious into the pool.

When he got word of the accident, Martin ran to the pool, praying that Nelson wasn't dead. Another student had seen Nelson fall and had pulled him from the water. Martin saw Nelson being placed on an ambulance stretcher, semiconscious and in shock. Later, at Princeton Medical Center, when the coach was shown X rays of Nelson's hands, he feared that he would never again compete as a world class swimmer.

Margaret Diebel flew in from Chicago that night. Her son's hands and wrists were too swollen for immediate surgery. They lay on the sheets, shattered — along with his Olympic hopes. A week later, in a two-hour operation, pins were inserted in his hands and forearms, and metal screws in his right wrist. The surgeon then manipulated the bones into place. When Nelson woke, both hands and forearms were in casts⁵, and the doctor warned that he would probably never have more than 60-percent mobility in his hands and wrists. Visions of Barcelona '92 were fading as Nelson began to accept that he might never again swim in a meet.

Chris Martin drove Nelson and his mother from the hospital back to Peddie. When they arrived on campus, Martin parked the car and turned to the boy.

"You're either coming all the way back from this or we're going to stop doing business together. I don't want to hear halfway. I am going to torture you, and you are going to win national championships. If you're not committed to that, we're going to stop right now."

Dealing With Doubters. When the casts were taken off eight

weeks later, Nelson's hands were so atrophied he could barely move them. Still, Martin ordered him into the pool. Nelson couldn't swim, but Martin insisted that he exercise his legs.

Nelson spent hour after painful hour flexing his wrists outside the pool and exercising his legs in the water. Late one afternoon he told the coach he was too tired to go on. Martin said nothing. He simply pulled all the ladders out of the pool, turned out the light and left.

The only way Nelson could get out of the water without using his fragile wrists was to hook his elbows through the rungs of a ladder—and now there were no ladders. In order to stay afloat, he had to keep kicking. Twenty minutes later, Martin returned and put the ladders back in the water. Later, Nelson learned that the coach had watched him from the darkened spectators' balcony. He'd proved again that Nelson could do more than he thought he could. A few weeks later, Nelson was swimming.

"The only thing holding you back is this," he told Nelson, pointing to his head. "If you believe in yourself, you can do anything."

Five months later, Nelson won the 200 yard breast stroke in the 1989 spring Nationals. When he graduated from Peddie in 1990, he enrolled at Princeton, and then decided to take his sophomore year off to train for the Olympic. At the trials on March 1, 1992, after months of almost nonstop training, Nelson set the U.S record for the 100 meter breast stroke in the morning, then broke it later that same day in the finals.

But in the months leading up to the Olympics, others in the swimming would have had doubts about his ability to win. He'd been

ranked only 24th worldwide in the 100 meter breast stroke in 1991, Now he would be competing against the world's top swimmers.

On the night of July 26, eight swimmers stood on the apron of Barcelona's Picornell Swimming Stadium, ready for the 100-meter breast stroke. Norbert Rozsa of Hungary, the current world-record holder, was just one of the formidable competitors. Yet, as the swimmers loosened up, Nelson appeared calm and focused while the others shook their arms nervously and eyed one another warily. Everybody here is scared, Chris Martin thought, watching from the stands, except Nelson!

At the starting gun, Dmitry Volkov of the former U. S. S. R.'s Unified Team was off the blocks first. Next came Rozsa, then Vasily Ivanov, also of the Unified Team. Nelson, in lane three between Volkov and Ivanov, was keeping pace. At the turn, Nelson began to move past Ivanov. Then, in the last 15 meters, Nelson shot past Volkov and Rozsa into the lead. The others tried to catch him, but it was too late. Nelson finished in 1:01:50, an Olympic record.

Minutes later, Nelson Diebel stood on the victory stand, the gold medal around his neck, an Olympic champion at last. As "The Star-Spangled Banner"⁶ filled the night air, he suddenly started to cry. *I planned and dreamed and worked so hard, he thought, and I did it!*

Today, Nelson is in his junior year at Princeton, and spends his spare time encouraging kids at schools and hospitals. Whenever he ponders the possibilities that lie ahead, he thinks of Chris Martin, the man who believed in him when he didn't believe in himself.

"The gold medal belongs as much to him as to me. If I do