

英 语 文 化 系 列 读 物

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A Reader of Culture in English

丛书主编 / 杨敏 李敏

异国风情

Alien Views



英语文化系列读物

异国风情

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本书主编：吴 红 李英春 张百迪

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Leisure Reading Of Life

轻松阅读生活百态

An Elusive Love

【导读：正当这位母亲被放假回来的孩子们搞得烦躁不堪的时候，她的小女儿却教给她母爱的方式。】

a-a-a-ma! Come look!” Ten-year-old Ann was
“**M** shouting at the back door.

Now what? I huddled in my favorite chair, enjoying a small oasis of quiet in what had been a frustrating day with my two children.

It was a week since school had ended, and suddenly the kids were home behaving like wild ponies let out of a **corral**. They jumped on the beds, chased the dog through the house, spilled soft drinks, grumbled about who got the TV remote, and whined that there was nothing to do — the perennial woes of summer vacation.

That morning, while watering my **marigolds**, they had drenched each other with the garden hose. **Soggy** tennis shoes, dripping clothes — it was too much. “Go to your rooms!” I yelled.

And that’s how it had been all week. My face had taken on a certain grimace. Several times a day I stood the children before me and lectured them about their behavior, but nothing got through.

“Mama, come see!” Once again Ann’s voice cut into

the quiet. She glided to a halt beside my chair, breathless. "There's a **chipmunk** outside. "

A chipmunk? "I'm reading," I explained.

"But Mama—"

"Not now." I tried to think of something to occupy her. Then I remembered. "Why don't you do your Sunday-school project?" She had come home last week with an assignment to make a booklet illustrating four ways to love someone; a teacher, parent, neighbor, friend—anyone she wanted.

"All right", she said, but her voice was so quiet I barely heard her.

In the late afternoon I peered into Ann's room. She had just finished her project. "Can I see?" I asked.

She twirled a lock of brown hair around her finger. "Come on", I **prodded**. Finally she relented, dropping the booklet into my hands.

"Four Ways to Love a Child" by Ann Kidd. I read the title twice. At once I saw; the booklet was meant for me. I started to tell her the idea was for her to show ways *she* could love someone, not ways *I* could love someone. But I kept quiet. Was she feeling so in need of love? I turned to page one.

"Go see chipmunks and stuff like that with your kids", it said. Beneath was a picture of a smiling mom and a little girl peeking around a tree at a chipmunk. I gazed at it, aware for the first time since vacation began that I'd treated

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the children more as interruptions than family members whose lives I wanted to share and enjoy. I looked up for Ann, but she had slipped from the room. I turned to page two.

“When kids mess up, give them some hugs.” I smiled at her sketch of a mother and child reaching to embrace each other. Hugs had been rare this week, especially when the kids “messed up”. I recalled the angry banishment to their rooms earlier in the day. Maybe the moments they messed up were the very times I should embrace them with the assurance that they were love.

“Give kids a chance to talk” was **scrawled** on page three. I looked over the **crayon** drawing, thinking of all the lectures I’d delivered and of my tendency to run on about some grievance while the children stood there unable to squeeze in a single word. And I asked myself, shouldn’t my children have the right to invoke silence from their parents long enough to get their own thoughts and feelings across? There was one more page.

“Laugh a lot”, it said. I wondered if Ann was referring to the water follies she and her brother had had with the hose. Could laughter have shifted things into perspective and helped me see that it was, after all, only water?

I closed her booklet. Yes, the children had been difficult. But so had I—**hoarding** time without sharing it, disciplining without loving, lecturing without listening, even for getting my sense of humor. In that moment, I knew that

the love I showed in the small, **nitty-gritty** moments of whines and water fights, grumbles and interruptions, may be the most elusive love of all — and the most important. Ann sauntered back into the room and stared at the booklet still in my hand. I gave her a hug and a wink.

The next day I was **puttering** in the kitchen when through the window I spotted Ann's chipmunk. I dashed for her room, where she'd been dipping a brush into red **tempera** paint. "Come quick!" I cried, "The chipmunk's back."

She whirled around so fast that she tipped over the paint. As it ran across her desk, she reached for the jar and dragged her sleeve through the red puddle. For a split second I was about to give in to one of those frustrated outbursts that come with raising children. But just in time I remembered Ann's "Four Ways to Love a Child", and I laughed instead. It was, after all, only paint — and outside there beckoned a fleeting moment for us to capture and tuck away in a little girl's heart.

Notes:

1. **corral** [kə:'rɑ:l]; (关牛马或野兽的)畜栏。
2. **marigold** ['mæriɡəʊd]; 金盏草。
3. **soggy** ['sɒɡi]; 湿透的。
4. **chipmunk** ['tʃɪpmʌŋk]; 金花鼠(北美似松鼠的小动物)。
5. **prod** [prɒd]; 促(采取行动), 激起。
6. **scrawl** [skrɔ:l]; 潦草地涂、写、乱画。
7. **crayon** ['kreɪən]; 用蜡笔或炭笔画。
8. **hoard** [hɔ:d]; 贮藏。

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9. **nitty-gritty** ['niti'griti]: 事情的基本事实。
10. **putter** ['pʌtə]: 懒散地工作, 做琐碎的事情。
11. **tempera** ['tempərə]: 广告颜料; 蛋彩画颜料。

Hair

【导读：羡慕那一头飘逸的头发吗？如今，一顶漂亮的假发已不再是只有影星才能拥有的奢侈品，你也可以拥有它，领导新一季的时尚潮流。】

K. D. Williams, 55, had accepted that sexy hair would never be hers. Her shoulder-length blond locks were thin and broken off. But last December the Redondo Beach, Calif., psychology student and former office manager read about hair extensions. “I decided it would be my Christmas present to myself”, she says. Now luxe golden waves sweep her shoulder **blades**, and no one can tell they’re not hers. Men swirl around her in clubs, she says, and women follow her into parking lots to gush. She recently saw her ex-husband for the first time in 20 years. “You look so hot!” he marveled—which left her **nonplussed**. “His wife was right there!”

There was a time when hair extensions were the expensive secret of stars like Gwyneth Paltrow, who—five days after sporting short, wavy hair at a London **premiere**—was the talk of the Golden Globes with straight **tresses** that flowed down her back. The look has been exploding in fashionable circles since last fall, when labels like Gucci and Marc Jacobs showed their spring/summer collections with

Hair

straight, flat "Cher hair", and celebrities like Madonna and Fergie took up the style. Extensions were the hit of last week's Victoria's Secret show in New York City, and are expected to be prominent again at next week's fall collections.

In the past such expensive, out-of-reach accessories were available only in pictures in the fashion magazines. But a new generation of higher-quality, low cost extensions is going mainstream and becoming big business. By doing so, hair extensions have crossed ethnic lines; African-American women have long used them, particularly in the '90s for braided styles.

Human-hair extensions — preferred by stylists and celebs — used to cost thousands, not because of the cost of the hair but because experienced stylists were rare and could therefore charge **premium** rates. But a boom in trained stylists has meant competition, and newer, more affordable processes have **tamped** prices even further down. Los Angeles stylist Lisha Coleman may charge as much as \$ 5 000 a head for top-of-the-line processes at the upcoming Gucci and Versace shows. But she provides alternatives as low as \$ 300 for a multiethnic clientele of teachers and librarians.

Synthetic extensions have always been cheaper, but, coarse in texture and limited in style and color, they were less attractive. The new synthetics, however, are much improved and offer a **whirligig** of choice. Amekor, which supplies the line of extensions marketed by the model Beverly

Johnson, saw its sales jump from \$ 25 million five years ago to \$ 100 million last year, in large part because of a synthetic line that offers 40 styles and 20 colors.

Extensions can be added to hair primarily in two ways. Traditionally, bands or strands of hair are sewn or glued into the natural locks; these typically last two to four months. The newer and less expensive technique is simply to clip the extension under real hair. Women can keep the clips indefinitely and attach them on their own after a quick lesson from the hairdresser. "It's there if you want to create another dimension or have a little fun", says celebrity stylist John Sahag, who styled an extensions spread for the March issue of *Glamour* and put Jennifer Aniston in them for an upcoming *Rolling Stone* cover.

Still, even those pumping the trend wonder how long it will last. Liz Tilberis, editor in chief of *Harper's Bazaar*, features extensions in her March issue. But, she whispers, "all that hair looks hot for summer, doesn't it?"

Notes:

1. blade [bleid]: 肩头。
2. nonplus [hɒn'plʌs]: 使惊讶或困窘而不知所措,使狼狈。
3. premiere ['premiə]: (戏剧之)首次出演,(影片之)首次放映。
4. tress [tres]: (女人或小孩的)头发。
5. premium ['pri:mjəm]: 额外费用,赏金。
6. tamp [tæmp]: 借连续的轻击而敲下。
7. whirlingig ['hwɜ:ligig]: 旋转运动。

Father in Charge of Breakfast

【导读：这是一个有责任感的父亲，同时也是一个极具幽默感的早餐家庭会议主持者。】

When I'm asked by new parents for tips on child-rearing—this happens regularly to anyone whose children have managed to grow up without doing any jail time—I've usually said, "Try to get one that doesn't **spit up**; Otherwise, you're on your own."

I don't mean that I've never heard any child-rearing tips that made sense, only that they made sense partly because they coincided with the way we were likely to go about things anyway.

When our older daughter, Abigail, was still a baby, a friend of ours from Kansas City—a businessman whose three children were already grown—told me that one of the happiest decisions he'd made when his kids were small was to become the official breakfast giver of the household.

He had liked the idea of his wife getting a few more minutes of **snoozing**, and he had liked having the kids to himself for a while in the morning. As it happened, we had already moved in that direction. Because I wake up earlier than my wife, Alice, does, I was doing the early morning

bottle. The bottle evolved into breakfast, and that lasted through high school.

I loved giving breakfast to the girls. I loved it when giving them breakfast meant baby food, and I loved it after Abigail became old enough to understand that, remarkable as I was, I did not deserve total credit for making such good cornflakes.

Sometimes, I used our breakfast gathering to talk about my childhood in Kansas City — the terroristic attacks by chiggers the **disorienting** feeling of living in a world without ZIP codes. In other words, I tried to fulfill the **mandate** every American has to persuade his children that they have a **cushy** deal compared with the **deprivations and tribulations** he had to face as a child.

At one point, of course, I had to quit telling them that when I was a little boy in Kansas City my sister, Sukey, and I walked ten miles barefoot through the snow just to get to school every morning. They got old enough to check it out.

That is always an awkward transition for a parent — the **onset** of what I think of as the age of independent confirmation of data. It seems to come rather suddenly. One moment, your daughters are accepting everything you say without reservation. The next moment, you've got a couple of private eye in the house.

On trips to Kansas City that are supposed to be relaxed family visits, they're counting off blocks between school