

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

生活趣闻

A Kaleidoscope of Life



石油大学出版社

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

英语文化读物/杨敏主编.-东营:石油大学出版社,
1999.11

ISBN 7-5636-1285-8

I.英… II.杨… III.英语-语言读物 IV.H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(1999)第 68150 号

英语文化系列读物(VIII)

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出版者:石油大学出版社(山东 东营,邮编 257062)

网 址:<http://sunctr.hdpu.edu.cn/~upcpress>

印刷者:山东省东营新华印刷厂

发行者:石油大学出版社(电话 0546—8392563)

开 本:850×1168 1/32 印张:4.125 字数:92千字

版 次:1999年11月第1版 1999年11月第1次印刷

印 数:1—3000册

定 价:5.00元 (全九册)45.00元

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Alien Experience

异国经历

A Good Night's Sleep

【导读：聪明反被聪明误，难道不是吗？】

Nobody likes to travel as much as I do. On business or for pleasure, on foot or by boat, I am ready to go anywhere, anytime. But recently I was sitting in a railroad station and cursing the day that I left home.

The reason was simple. I had just found out that my train would be three hours late. I love traveling—but I *hate*-waiting!

Suddenly I had an idea. Why don't I take a bus instead? I was about to rush out of the train station when a well-dressed old man took me by the arm.

"Young lady," said the gentleman, "shouldn't you find out the bus schedule *before* you rush to catch that bus?"

I stared at him with my mouth open. How did he read my mind? Before I could say a word, he smiled and added: "You are wondering how I knew about your plan? You see, my train is also running late. The same idea came to me. **But I have learned the hard way that it doesn't pay to be too clever when you are traveling.** Shall I tell you how I learned my lesson? Good conversation helps pass the time. Before you know it, your train will be there."

Well, the truth is I love listening to a good story. How

could I refuse? I sat down again and the man began:

As you can see, I have many cameras with me. That's because I'm a professional photographer. I have done well. I can choose when and where to go. But when I was young, things were different. I had to take every job that was offered to me.

One of my first big jobs was to photograph the **Winter Olympics** in Austria. For eight days I worked day and night. To save money, I took a hotel room with two other photographers. It was cheap. We also liked each other. We had a wonderful time together. There was only one problem; we never got any sleep. When the job was over, I had only one desire; a good night's sleep. After my two friends left, I kept the hotel room for one more night. Early that afternoon I went to the room, took off my clothes, and went to bed. I closed my eyes and right away I.....

Fell asleep? I wish I could say that. Just then I heard a noise at the door.

"Telegram!" a man cried out. I got up and opened the door. A clerk handed me the telegram. It read: "Take first plane to Paris. **Call magazine when you arrive.**" It was signed by the editor of the largest magazine in France. I had no choice. I needed sleep badly, but this was more important. I had to go to Paris right away.

I rushed to the cafe downstairs. I drank several cups of coffee to keep me awake. Then I crossed the street to the travel agent's office. The next plane to Paris was leaving at

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seven that evening. I looked at the clock; It was already 5 : 30. I bought a one-way ticket and hurried back to my room.

I quickly packed my suitcases, and paid my bill. In half an hour I was sitting in a taxi. A light snow was falling. The taxi driver said that he hoped the snow wouldn't get worse. If it does, he said, they might have to close the airport for the night. He said he wouldn't want that to happen to me.

Close the airport for the night? The idea seemed too good to be true. I could get a good night's sleep and leave for Paris in the morning. I could still take the first flight to Paris. And I would be well-rested when I got there!

During the ride I began to form a beautiful picture of the night ahead. The airline would give me a free hotel room. I would have my own bathroom. I would order dinner in my room. Then I would take a hot bath. After that I would send a telegram to Paris to explain why I was late. Finally, I would go to sleep at last.

"What happened?" I asked, when the man stopped for a moment. "Did they close the airport for the night? Did you get your own room?"

The man looked at me and smiled. The he went on:

I told you before, I was young then and a little too clever. Oh, they closed the airport all right. And the airline did offer us free rooms—but not our own. Passengers traveling alone were told that they had to share a room with an-

other passenger.

When I heard that I got angry. I decided that one way or another I would get my own room. When we got to the hotel, everyone stood in line at the desk. When my turn came, the clerk said, "Are you traveling alone, sir?"

I didn't answer. Instead, I covered my eyes.

"Are you feeling sick?" he asked, without real interest.

"Sir," I answered. "I have a serious and unusual disease. If I fall asleep I may stop breathing. I am on my way to see an important doctor in Paris. Until then I must not fall asleep. I must have the lights on in my room all night long." (Not a bad story, don't you think? My grandfather had this disease once. It's known as *Ondine's Curse*.)

I watched the clerk carefully. Would he believe my story? I was afraid that he wouldn't. But I was wrong. He picked up a key and said, "We have very few rooms, but it is clear that you must have a private room. Here's the key to Room 20."

I can't tell you how happy I was. I wanted to throw my arms around the poor fool. But before I could take the key, a little man walked to the head of the line. He was wearing sunglasses and walked with a metal walking cane.

The man turned to the clerk and said, "I will be happy to share a room with this gentleman, It won't bother me if he keeps the lights on all night. As you see, I am blind."

I couldn't believe my ears! The clerk quickly gave us the keys to another room. He looked very pleased. So did

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the blind man. The only person who wasn't pleased was — well, you know who. I took my suitcases and the blind man's and together we went up to our room.

"Well, you didn't have your own room," I said, "but you probably got a good night's sleep."

"No," the old man answered, looking very sad.

"But the other passenger was blind. Didn't you turn off the lights?"

The old man smiled. "When we got to the room, the blind man turned to me and said, 'I am very sorry that you have such a bad disease. But I also must tell you that I am a little pleased. I have a serious problem falling asleep. I don't think I will be able to sleep tonight at all. I have **insomnia**. The reason I wanted to share a room with you is that I wanted someone to talk to. Since you can't fall asleep and I can't fall asleep, we can pass the time together! The troubles of many are half a comfort, as they say.'"

"He smiled at me so sadly that I knew that I could never tell him the truth. He needed me. He thought I needed him. I thanked him and...well, stayed up all night. Oh, I think that's your train now, young lady."

I looked up. Everyone was running to catch the train. I thanked the gentleman for telling me such an amusing story and rushed to get on the train. As the train started off, I looked up to say goodbye again to my new friend. And what do you think he was doing? Taking a picture of me, of course.

Notes:

1. **But I have learned the hard way that it doesn't pay to be too clever when you are traveling:** 出门旅行, 别耍小聪明, 没好处, 这可是我好不容易才得出的经验之谈。
2. **Winter Olympics:** 冬季奥林匹克运动会。
3. **Call magazine when you arrive:** 到达后给杂志社来电。
4. **insomnia** [in'sɒmniə]: 失眠症。

China Dragon

【导读：他盖世的武功和超群的演技使中国武术一度风靡美国，使中国功夫片首次得到了国际承认。他就是李小龙。】

Bruce lee (Lee Hsiao Lung), was born in San Francisco in November 1940, the son of a famous Chinese opera singer. Bruce moved to Hong Kong when he soon became a **child star** in the growing Eastern film industry. His first film was called **The Birth of Mankind**, his last film which was uncompleted at the time of his death in 1973 was called **Game of Death**.

Bruce was a loner and was constantly getting himself into fights, with this in mind he looked towards **Kung Fu** as a way of disciplining himself. The famous **Yip Men** taught Bruce his basic skills, but it was not long before he was mastering the master. Yip Men was acknowledged to be one of the greatest authorities on the subject of **Wing Chun** a branch of the **Chinese Martial Arts**. Bruce mastered this before progressing to his own style of **Jeet Kune Do**.

At the age of 19 Bruce left Hong Kong to study for a degree in philosophy at the **University of Seattle** in America. It was at this time that he took on a waiters job and also began to teach some of his skills to students who would pay. Some of the Japanese schools in the Seattle area tried to

force Bruce out, and there was many **confrontations** and **duels** fought for Bruce to remain.

He met his wife Linda at the University he was studying. His **Martial Arts school** flourished and he soon graduated. He gained some small roles in Hollywood films—Marlowe—etc., and some major stars were begging to be students of the Little Dragon. **James Coburn, Steve McQueen and Lee Marvin to name but a few.** He regularly gave displays at exhibitions, and it was during one of these exhibitions that **he was spotted by a producer** and signed up to do **The Green Hornet** series. The series was quite successful in the States—but was a huge hit in Hong Kong. Bruce visited Hong Kong in 1968 and he was overwhelmed by the attention he received from the people he had left.

He once said on a radio program if the price was right he would do a movie for the Chinese audiences. He returned to the States and completed some episodes of Longstreet. He began writing his book on Jeet Kune Do at roughly the same time.

Back in Hong Kong producers were desperate to sign Bruce for a Martial Arts film, and it was Raymond Chow the head of **Golden Harvest** who produced **The Big Boss**. The rest as they say is history. Bruce moved back to Hong Kong with his wife Linda and they had two children—Shannon and Brandon.

Bruce Lee was the fittest person in the world his exercise regime was one of the most strenuous you could imag-

ine. Tragically this fitness proved to be the fatal **chink in his armour**, on July 20th 1973, Bruce Lee died from a **brain hemorrhage** due to an **allergic reaction** from an **analgesic pain killer** he was taking for a headache. Doctors were stunned, as he seemed so fit and strong.

Bruce had two funerals; the first a symbolic one in Hong Kong where over 120 000 people lined the streets to pay their respects. A special plane was organized to complete the second funeral in Seattle, America—where Bruce is now buried. **Pall bearers** were many stars from Hollywood, who he had taught during his time there. Linda now resides there with her daughter Shannon Lee.

Brandon Lee was killed on a set of *The Crow* in 1994. Another tragic accident to the family of Linda Lee.

Notes:

1. **Bruce Lee (Lee Hsiao Lung)**: 布鲁斯·李(李小龙 1940~1973), 中国功夫片明星。
2. **child star**: 童星。
3. **The Birth of Mankind**: 《人之初》(影片名)。
4. **Yip Men**: 叶问(李小龙的武功师傅)。
5. **Kung Fu**: 功夫。
6. **Wing Chun**: 咏春拳。
7. **Chinese Martial Arts**: 中国武术。
8. **Jeet Kune Do**: 截拳道(李小龙独创的一种拳法)。
9. **University of Seattle**: 西雅图大学。
10. **confrontation** [ˌkɒnfrʌnˈteɪʃən]: *n.* 冲突。
11. **duel** ['dju(:)əl]: *n.* 决斗。

12. **Martial Arts school**: 武馆。
13. **James Coburn, Steve McQueen, Lee Marvin**: 均为好莱坞影星。
14. **to name but a few**: 只列举其中的几个。
15. **he was spotted by a producer**: 他被一个制片人发现。
16. **The Green Hornet**: 《青蜂侠》(影片名)。
17. **Golden Harvest**: (香港)嘉禾影业公司。
18. **The Big Boss**: 《唐山大兄》(影片名)。
19. **a chink in one's armour**: 某人的薄弱环节。
20. **brain hemorrhage**: 脑出血。**hemorrhage**[ˈheməridʒ]: *n.* 出血。
21. **allergic reaction**: 过敏反应。**allergic**[əˈlɜ:dʒɪk]: *a.* 过敏的。
22. **analgesic pain killer**: 止痛片。**analgesic**[ˌænəˈlɒdʒɪk]: *a.* 止痛的。
23. **pall bearers**: 抬棺的人。**pall**[pɔ:l]: *n.* 棺材。
24. **Brandon Lee**: 李国豪(李小龙之子)。