

中央电视台电视教育用书

星期日英语 1983 2

English on Sunday

中央电视台电视教育部编
广播出版社

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FOREWORD

"What's the best and quickest way to learn English?" This is one of the most common questions raised by our young viewers. It is not an easy question to answer, and certainly not one that has a single or straightforward solution.

But before we even attempt to find an answer, we should first of all ask ourselves why we are learning English. Some of us need it in our professions; others amongst us learn it purely for enjoyment. Whatever the case, we should regard it as a tool to facilitate our work or enhance our knowledge. In this respect, language learning knows no confines: it is within equal reach of those in the liberal arts as well as the natural sciences, of intellectuals as well as non-academics. Language has a universal worth. It is accessible to people from all walks of life and of every social background. At this point, we should like to direct particular attention to the younger members of our audience who have not had the opportunity for a formal education. Time can never be retrieved; our youth flies by us like a gust of spring wind. So while we are still young and at our most impressionable age, let us absorb as many new and healthy ideas as possible to nurture our minds. Every young person should have ideals; without them, life can hold little meaning. Let us not grope about aimlessly or follow blindly. But let us think clearly and plan carefully under the guidance of those wiser than ourselves. Before us lies an infinity of truth beckoning us to explore it. Learning a language is one of the many gateways to this whole new world of information that could help broaden our minds and stimulate our intellect. The quest for knowledge, the simple desire to seek, discover and understand, gives purpose to our life; and how much greater that purpose, if we could pass on this knowledge to our fellow countrymen and put it to use in building up our nation.

And so, once we have established why we want to learn English, the next question is how we should go about doing it. We must remember that language — be it Chinese, English or any other — is a living phenomenon that constantly develops and changes with time, place and the individual. It is a natural expression in words of one's thoughts and emotions. It is a practical means of communication which enables us to understand one another. In other words, language is a reality directly and intimately connected with our lives. In handling it, therefore, we should be flexible and give it free rein to display its diverse facets and functions.

Language learning does not mean memorizing endless vocabulary lists, or analyzing complicated grammatical structures or contorting the mouth to produce a flawless accent. As long as we have a basic grasp of the language and are able to convey our message simply

and clearly, we can then steadily build upon this foundation and gradually experiment with new and more elaborate linguistic forms. By entangling ourselves in these complexities at the initial stages, we make language learning a tedious exercise, which is not as it should be. On the contrary, learning a foreign language can be a source of immense pleasure. And this is precisely what we at the Education Department of CCTV hope to bring you in our *English on Sunday* programmes — a combination of education and entertainment.

The wonder of television is that it breaks the barriers of time and space. It brings together people and places that are otherwise hundreds of thousands of miles apart. It makes the invisible appear before our eyes and the inaudible sound in our ears. Thus, television puts the words and phrases that we learn from our books into a context of reality, so that we can at last identify the written word with actual life.

However, just watching the television is not enough. We must apply what we have learnt. And this is where our *English on Sunday* magazine can come to your assistance. As everyone is well aware, our magazine is a quarterly and, up till now, has contained the scripts of some of the documentaries, dramas and films that we have broadcast. But from the present issue onwards, we intend to modify our magazine a little and enrich its contents.

The printed material will be divided into two parts. The first part will, as usual, be devoted to programme scripts, including excerpts from some of our *Forum* interviews. But in our notes, instead of giving literal translations of difficult phrases or sentences, we shall explain only the general concepts underlying them, so that you can work out for yourself the actual meaning of the words concerned. Moreover, we will be asking questions at the end of each script to test how well you have understood them, and answers to these will be provided in each subsequent issue. This should ensure that you buy our magazines regularly!

In the second part, we will feature exciting, new items, such as word games, jokes and anecdotes, a recipe page, a guide to understanding and using tricky words and phrases, a corner for viewers' letters. Most interesting of all, we will have a "Talent Spot" where we will be printing your contributions, which, wherever possible, will be adapted for screening on our television programme. So here is the chance to prove yourselves!

The aim of our "revolutionary" magazine is to show you that language learning need neither be dull nor difficult. By applying just a little imagination and hard work, you will find that words under your pen will suddenly come to life and dance on paper.

And one final word: learning a language cannot be accomplished overnight. It is a life-long process which requires tremendous patience and effort. But so long as you have determination, nothing can prevent you from attaining your goal—remember the motto: "Where there's a will, there's a way". And if we consider language learning a joy, it should make our attainment of that goal so much the easier.

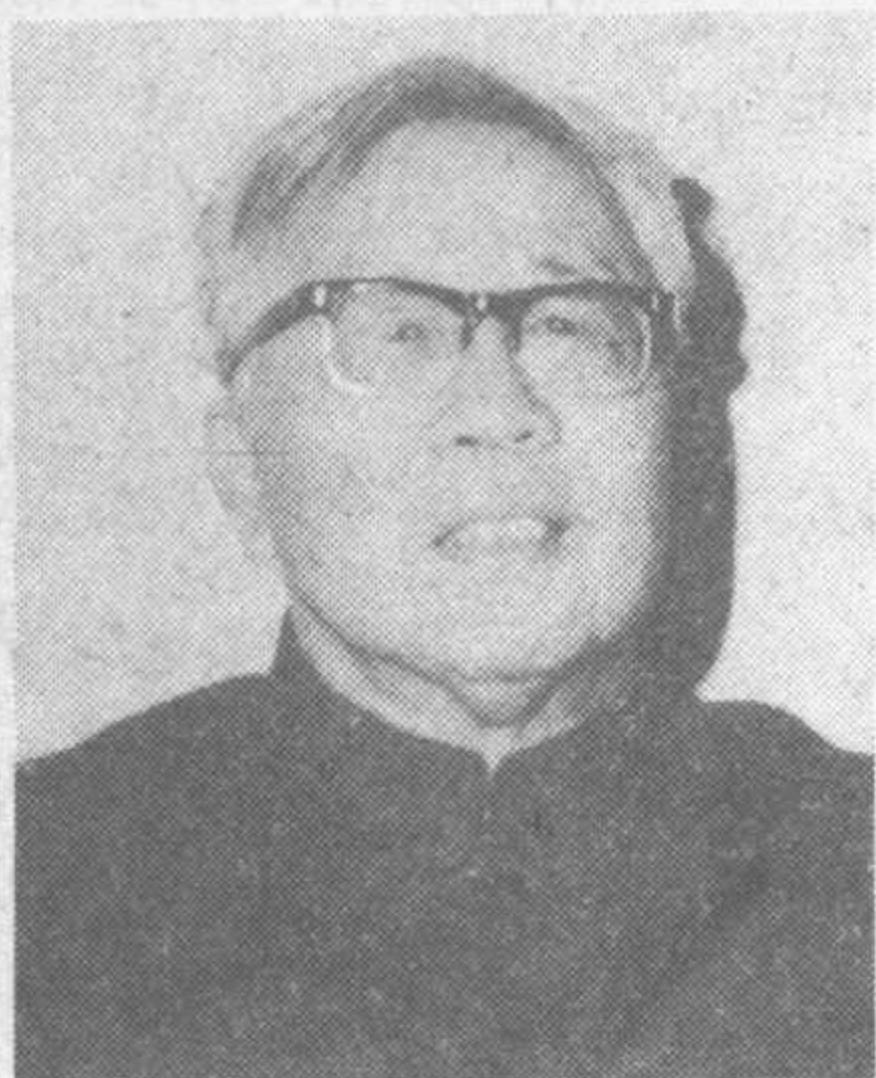
To all our viewers and readers, therefore, and especially to those young, self-taught students who are brave enough to accept the challenge of language learning, and who we believe are equally capable of making a contribution to the country as everyone else, we dedicate this first issue of our new magazine. May we wish you fun in your search for knowledge and fulfilment in your aspiration for improvement!

Education Department
CCTV

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT

Professor Hua Luogeng is without doubt China's foremost example of one who has gained so much out of life from self-education and given so much back to society from all that he has learnt. From a simple stallkeeper selling cigarettes before Liberation, he worked his way up to being one of the world's leading scientists of today. Still, Professor Hua will never forget the struggle that he had to endure in his youth, nor the difficulties encountered by our present younger generation in their endeavour to improve themselves. So here, to open the first issue of our new "revolutionary" magazine, he gives all self-taught youngsters a word of encouragement.

谈 自 学



有人说由于“十年浩劫”，祖国缺了一代人。我不同意。这一代人是客观存在的，我们只有责任帮助他们尽快地赶上社会主义建设的需要，使他们接好革命的班。我们没有权利（同时事实上也不可能）无视这一代人。历史是不能中断的，不管你主观上承认不承认，承前启后，还是要依靠他们。有如

爱国，我们的国家还贫穷，多灾难，但我们不能因为穷，因为有灾难，受过挫折就不爱她，而去改换门庭。正因为穷，正因为经受过灾难和挫折，才更加倍地需要和激励我们爱国精神。祖国的优秀儿子把与祖国同患难，共休戚，甚至于牺牲个人的一切视为最高的光荣。而决没有袖手旁观叹息消极的权力。同样，青年一代决不能把一切归之于“十年浩劫”而觉得生不逢时，更应当奋发精神，知难而进，想方设法加强学习，挑起继往开来的重担。

受“十年浩劫”之害的青年，看到自己的大好光阴被遭塌了，感到有些着急，这是可以理解的，但是为了祖国的今天和未来，我们没有自暴自弃的权力，只有急起直追，赶上去的义务。当然，能在学校里学习是值得羡慕的，但错过了时机也不必为之追悔、为之沮丧。因为人的一生在学校学习的时间毕竟是短暂的，能入高等学府随名师学习的总是少数，耽误了一些时光虽然是件非常痛心的事，但是往事不可谏，为耽误了而终日后悔，而消极坐待，岂不是更加长了耽误的时间！来者犹可追，为什么不振奋精神追赶上去？即使四十岁了，还有三十年为人民服务的有効时间呢！因此提倡实事求是，解放思想，刻苦自学，在工作中学，在群众中学，使这一代更好地尽到这一代的历史职责。

有人把自学和为个人目的奋斗等同起来。这是不正确的。我们自学是为了社会主义建设，而不是为了个人的名利，即怕一点点、一滴滴，只要我们学会了，能为社会主义建设添一块砖，添一片瓦、添一把柴，就是我们的幸福。当然能力有大小，贡献有厚薄，但每个人都尽自己的一份力，涓涓细流，便汇成江河。

自学比从师学习是要困难些，但这困难不是不能克服的。只要正视困难，一步一步，一步一个脚印，循序前进，遇到不懂处，正是锻炼我们的好机会，不弄懂不罢休，这样也许比在校赶进度的填鸭式学习更踏实一些。前人能从无到有，想得出来，写成了书，变成了技术，我们会弄不懂？！锲而不舍，金石为穿。在想到我们的学习是为了社会主义，从这点出发就比为个人奋斗高尚万倍。因而劲头更足，步履更坚，定能攀上更高更高的高峰。为祖国争光，为社会主义添彩，定能出现无数英雄迎朝晖的大好局面。

我国目前科学技术落后是事实，生产落后也是事实。但我们与其坐叹，不如力行。与其无休止地争论，不如立即响应党的号召，为人民的利益，为社会主义的前途行动起来。只要大家有志气，拚命干（学习也是干），以四个坚持为动力，以“四化”为目标，落后的帽子定会随时间而消失的。

我不反对有人以“子不嫌母丑”的话来鼓舞大家的爱国热情，但且仔细瞧瞧，我们祖国妈妈丑吗？960万平方公里的大好锦绣河山，

天下有几？四千年的光荣历史天下有几？勤劳，勇敢，智慧和技巧各方面我们比哪个民族差？当然，各民族、各国家都有它自己的优点和长处，值得我们学习。而事实上我们的祖国——母亲一点也不比别人丑！做她的儿女是值得骄傲的。至于她身上有些创伤，脸上有些污泥，那只是暂时的，第二位的，只要祖国儿女争气，创伤医得好，污泥洗得掉。兀立于世界，发出灿烂光辉的一天就在不远的将来。

华罗庚

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下期继续刊登大卫·科波菲尔的后三集

中央电视台<星期日英语>每周星期日下午14:00向全国播送。

PART I

This part of the magazine contains the scripts to some of our English on Sunday programmes, including drama serials, documentaries, feature films and also excerpts from Forum, our monthly interview show.

The scripts are annotated, but instead of giving literal translations of difficult phrases or sentences, only a general explanation of the concepts underlying them will be rendered, so that viewers can work out for themselves the actual meaning of the words concerned. The scripts are followed by questions to test how well you have understood the content of the programmes; answers to these will be provided in each subsequent issue.

DAVID COPPERFIELD

Episode One

(Blunderstone, in Suffolk. An elderly lady strides up to a cottage, looks at the placard above the door bearing the name "Rookery". She walks over to the window, presses her nose against it and peers into the parlour. Inside, Clara Copperfield, a young woman, obviously big with child, is sitting in an armchair. She is taken aback on seeing this strange woman staring at her. She goes to the front door.)

CLARA: What do you want?

BETSEY: Mrs. David Copperfield?

CLARA: Yes?

BETSEY: Miss Trotwood. You've heard of her, I dare say.

CLARA: Yes.

BETSEY: Now you see her *(Enters the house.)* In heaven's name, why "The Rookery"?

CLARA: The house, you mean?

BETSEY: Why call it "Rookery"? Cookery would've been more to the purpose if you'd had any practical ideas of life, either of you.¹

CLARA: Well, the name was Mr. Copperfield's choice. When he bought the house, he liked to think that there were rooks about it.

BETSEY: I don't see any. What became of them?

CLARA: There haven't been any since we lived here. We thought, Mr. Copperfield thought, that it was quite a large rookery. But the nests were all old ones, and the birds had deserted them long ago.

BETSEY: How like my nephew! David Copperfield from head to foot!² Calls the house a rookery when there's not a rook near it, and takes the birds on trust because he sees the nests.

CLARA: Please don't speak unkindly of him, Miss Trotwood.

BETSEY: Was he good to you, child?

CLARA: We were very happy.

BETSEY: I hope he left you well provided for. Did he? What arrangements did he make before he died?

CLARA: He bought an annuity.³

BETSEY: How much?

CLARA: A hundred and five pounds a year.

BETSEY: Well, he might've done worse. Oh, do sit down, my dear. You don't look at all well. You must take great care of yourself, Clara.

CLARA: Yes.

BETSEY: Yes. When's the girl due to be born?

CLARA: The girl?

BETSEY: I have a presentiment that it'll be a girl, and from the moment of her birth, I intend to be her friend. I intend to be her godmother, Clara, and I beg you'll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. There must be no mistakes in life with *this* Betsey Trotwood. There must be no trifling with *her* affections, poor dear. She must be well brought up, and well guarded from placing any foolish confidence where they are not deserved⁴. I shall make that *my* care.

CLARA: But it might be a boy.

BETSEY: No, no . . . out of the question.

CLARA: If it is, I shall call him David. Like his . . . like his father.

BETSEY: What is it, child? What's the matter?

CLARA: Fetch the doctor . . . quickly. Fetch Mr. Chillip!

• • •

(Peggotty, the maid, enters the parlour with a cup of tea.)

PEGGOTTY: I've brought you a cup of tea, Miss Trotwood, ma'am.

BETSEY: Thank you . . . ah, thank you. How's your mistress? Is the doctor still with her?

PEGGOTTY: Yes, ma'am. He's been here nigh on four hours.⁵

BETSEY: Good heavens, what time is it?

PEGGOTTY: It's just gone midnight, ma'am. I heard it striking just now.

BETSEY: What is it she calls you? Peggotty?

PEGGOTTY: Yes, ma'am.

BETSEY: Peggotty?

PEGGOTTY: It's my name, ma'am.

BETSEY: You don't mean to tell me that a human being went into church and got herself christened Peggotty?

PEGGOTTY: It's my surname, ma'am. Mrs. Copperfield calls me that because our Christian names are the same, ma'am. *(As Dr. Chillip enters the room)* Mr. Chillip!

BETSEY: Well, doctor, how is she?

CHILLIP: I'm happy to congratulate you, Miss Trotwood. Everything is now over, ma'am, and well over.

PEGGOTTY: Oh, heavens!

BETSEY: Hush, be quiet. How is she, Mr. Chillip?

CHILLIP: She'll soon be quite comfortable, I hope. As comfortable as we can expect a young mother to be under these melancholy domestic circumstances.

BETSEY: And the baby? How is *she*?

CHILLIP: *She*, ma'am? It's a boy.

BETSEY: Boy?

CHILLIP: Er — yes, ma'am. He's an absolutely splendid, healthy young fellow —

BETSEY: Fool! (*Hits the doctor with her bonnet and walks out angrily.*)

PEGGOTTY: A boy, Mr. Chillip!

CHILLIP: And born at midnight, with a caul on his head. ⁶ It's a good omen, Peggotty. At least he'll never drown.

* * *

(*Many years later, Davy, now a grown boy, listens to his mother speaking of the father he never knew.*)

CLARA: I was a nursery governess ⁷ in a family. Your dear father came to visit. He was so kind to me, and paid me a great deal of attention. And at last he proposed to me. I accepted him. And so we were married. He was twice my age exactly. Always gentle. If only his health had been better. If only he'd lived to see you, Davy.

(*Later, in Davy's bedroom, Peggotty is making Davy's bed.*)

DAVY: Peggotty, were you ever married?

PEGGOTTY: Lord, Master Davy, what's put marriage in your head?

DAVY: Were you, Peggotty? You're a handsome woman, after all.

PEGGOTTY: *Me* handsome? I'm nothing of the sort.

DAVY: I think you are.

PEGGOTTY: I never heard such nonsense in all my life! Now pass me that pillow, there's a good boy.

DAVY: Peggotty, you mustn't marry more than one person at a time, must you?

PEGGOTTY: Dear me, certainly not!

DAVY: But if you marry a person, and that person dies, you may marry another again, mayn't you?

PEGGOTTY: You may if you choose; it's a matter of opinion. ⁸

DAVY: What's your opinion, Peggotty?

PEGGOTTY: My opinion, Master Davy, is that I was never married myself, and that I don't intend to be. That's all I can say on the subject. Now careful, you're standing on the blanket!

(*From the hall, Davy overhears his mother speaking to a strange man.*)

MURDSTONE'S VOICE: . . . going to Lowestoft next week. . . . I've got some friends there with a yacht.

CLARA'S VOICE: That'll be very pleasant for you.

MURDSTONE'S VOICE: Yes, won't it? I only hope the weather holds.

(*Inside the parlour*)

CLARA'S VOICE: Oh, I think it will.

MURDSTONE: Let's hope so. It's been a remarkable summer.

CLARA: How long will you be staying?

MURDSTONE: Only for the day. This little village holds too many attractions for me to stay away any longer.⁹

(Davy enters the room and goes to his mother who kisses him.)

CLARA: Davy! Davy! What are you doing here? Davy... Davy....

MURDSTONE: What a lucky little boy! Not even a king could be more privileged.¹⁰

DAVY: What does he mean?

MURDSTONE: I mean you're lucky to be embraced by a woman such as your mother.

CLARA: You should be in bed.

DAVY: I couldn't sleep.

CLARA: Come along, now. Say goodnight to Mr. Murdstone. *(Davy refuses to.)*
Don't be so foolish, Davy.

MURDSTONE: He's shy, that's all.

CLARA: You remember Mr. Murdstone.

MURDSTONE: Come on, Davy, let's shake hands. Let's be the best friends in the world, shall we? *(Davy reaches out his left hand.)* Wrong hand, Davy, wrong hand!

CLARA: What a silly boy you are!

MURDSTONE: Well now, my fine young man, how would you like to come on an adventure?

DAVY: What adventure?

MURDSTONE: I'm going to Lowestoft next week. How would you like to come with me?

DAVY: I don't know.

CLARA: But of course you would, Davy! Say thank you to Mr. Murdstone. It's very kind of him to ask you.

DAVY: Thank you, Mr. Murdstone. It's very kind of you to ask me.

* * *

(The next week, Davy gets dressed for his trip to Lowestoft.)

PEGGOTTY: Now you be a good boy, won't you, Davy? You behave yourself, and don't speak unless you're spoken to. There! There... very smart you look. Your mama wants Mr. Murdstone to think well of you.

DAVY: Why?

PEGGOTTY: Dear me, what a question!

DAVY: Why, Peggotty? Is he important?

PEGGOTTY: Well, of course he's important, all gentlemen are important. Now have you got a clean handkerchief? Comb your hair, Davy.

(Mr. Murdstone takes Davy to Lowestoft for the day. They go into a hotel lounge, where a man is waiting for them.)

QUINION: Ah, and who's this little shaver?¹¹

MURDSTONE: That's Davy.

QUINION: Davy who? Davy Jones?

MURDSTONE: David Copperfield.

QUINION: What! The bewitching Mrs. Copperfield's encumbrance?¹² The pretty little widow?

MURDSTONE: Careful, Quinion. Somebody's sharp.

QUINION: Who is?

MURDSTONE: Brooks of Sheffield.¹³

QUINION: And what is the opinion of 'Brooks of Sheffield' in reference to the projected business?

MURDSTONE: Well, he doesn't understand too much about it at present, but not generally favourable. (*A waiter brings a tray with a few glasses of sherry on it.*) Ah, here's the sherry. Thank you. One for you. Here you are, Davy. Help yourself to a biscuit.

DAVY: Am I to drink this, sir?

MURDSTONE: Why, of course you are.

QUINION: We'll drink a toast, Master Copperfield.

DAVY: I've never done that before, sir.

QUINION: Now's the time to learn. Stand up straight. Raise your glass. And say "Confusion to Brooks of Sheffield!"¹⁴ Come along, Master Copperfield. Let's hear the toast.

DAVY: (*Raising his glass.*) "Confusion to Brooks of Sheffield!"

(*All three drink to this toast, then burst into laughter.*)

* * *

(*Davy has returned home. His mother asks him what Mr. Murdstone said about her.*)

CLARA: What did they say, Davy? Tell me again. I can't quite believe it.

DAVY: He said you were bewitching.

CLARA: No, never bewitching, surely? It can't have been bewitching!

DAVY: But, it was. "Bewitching Mrs. Copperfield". And "pretty".

CLARA: No, no, it was never pretty.

DAVY: But I heard him, mama. "Pretty little widow," he said.

CLARA: Oh, what ridiculous creatures men can be! Davy... don't tell Peggotty about this. She might be angry with them. I'm angry with them myself, of course, but I'd rather Peggotty didn't know. You won't tell her, will you?

DAVY: If you don't want me to.

CLARA: Promise?

DAVY: I promise.

CLARA: Good boy. Sleep well, Davy. God bless you.

DAVY: Goodnight, mama. Mama... who's Brooks of Sheffield?

CLARA: Who?

DAVY: Brooks of Sheffield. Mr. Murdstone talked about him.

CLARA: Probably one of his business friends. Goodnight, Davy. Go to sleep.

(Days later, Peggotty is dusting in the parlour.)

CLARA: Peggotty.

PEGGOTTY: Yes, my dear?

CLARA: Have you told him?¹⁵

PEGGOTTY: No, my dear, not yet.

CLARA: But I asked you —

PEGGOTTY: There's been no chance.

CLARA: I asked you this morning.

PEGGOTTY: I know.

CLARA: Where is he?

PEGGOTTY: Upstairs. Reading one of his books.

CLARA: Davy! Davy! (To Peggotty.) Tell him now. Peggotty, you must tell him.

DAVY: Yes, mama?

CLARA: Peggotty's got a surprise for you, Davy.

DAVY: A surprise? What is it, Peggotty? Please, tell me! Please!

PEGGOTTY: I've been planning a trip, Master Davy.

DAVY: What sort of a trip?

PEGGOTTY: For you and me. How would you like to spend a fortnight at my brother's house? Wouldn't that be a treat?

DAVY: Where does he live, Peggotty?

PEGGOTTY: At Yarmouth, right alongside the sea.

DAVY: Is he an agreeable man?

PEGGOTTY: Oh, what an agreeable man he is. . . and then there's the sea, the boats and ships and the beach and Ham to play with. Now wouldn't that be a treat?

DAVY: What about you, Mama?

CLARA: No, I'll stay here. I'm not very fond of the seaside.

DAVY: But who'll look after you?

CLARA: Davy. . . .

DAVY: You can't live here alone, Mama, not for a whole fortnight.

CLARA: Well, of course I can. What a thing to say. Go to Yarmouth, Davy, I want you to.

DAVY: Then I'll go.

(Davy and Peggotty arrive in Yarmouth.)

DAVY: Wake up, Peggotty. There's the sea.

BARKIS: Whoa! Come on, Master Copperfield.