


青少年英语阅读俱乐部

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# 英文佳作 名篇选读

 安徽科学技术出版社

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# 英文佳作名篇选读

——知识改变命运  
英语丰富人生

主编 杜效明 林 文

安徽科学技术出版社

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# 序

亲爱的朋友：

闲暇，喜欢做些什么？是把喝彩献给电视屏幕，还是让青春挥洒在绿茵场上，抑或任时间流逝在虚幻网络的空间里？何不试着泡一杯咖啡，觅一方宁静，读一篇佳作？这里有黎明前的思索，阳光下的欢歌；更有万古时空积淀的咏叹，千年人类文明的回眸……

从茹毛饮血到信息时代，我们经历过太多绚烂朝霞和沉沉夜色。让我们把目光稍稍停留，定格在 1967 年 8 月 23 日。前苏联“联盟一号”宇宙飞船，因地面检查时忽略了一个小数点，返回大气层时不幸失事。通过电视，宇航员科马洛夫于茫茫太空中向家人和同胞挥手作别，永远离开了这个世界。此刻，我们是否觉得有些沉重？本书选编的文章，就是希望我们能铭记一个道理：对待人生，不能有丝毫马虎，否则失去的将不仅仅是生命！而知识的缺憾，失去的则是整个人生！

愿我们的些许努力能帮助你的英语学习达到这样一种境界——不断追求知识，不断提高持续发展的能力，不断完善自我。

更愿朋友——你——放飞明天！

编 者

2001 年 5 月 10 日

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## *A Chance to Live Again*

### 复活的机会

想长生不死吗？那就得掏出 80,000 美元，愿不愿意？请慎重考虑。

Quaife is a businessman. His business is freezing people. He works for a company in California called Trans Time. Trans Time freezes people after they die.

Why does Trans Time freeze people? Doctors today can cure many diseases, but they cannot cure all diseases. People still get sick and die. Maybe in the future doctors will have medicine for all diseases. Some people think so. They want Trans Time to freeze their bodies after they die. Maybe 100, or 200, or 300 years later, Trans Time doctors will bring the people back to life. The doctors will cure their diseases, and the people will be alive and healthy again.

Trans Time freezes people who die of disease. They also freeze people who die of old age. Maybe someday doctors will have medicine for old age. The Trans Time doctors will bring the old people back to life and give them medicine. The old people will be young again.

People often ask the scientists at Trans Time, "How will Trans Time bring dead people back to life?" The scientists answer, "We're not sure." In 1987 a Trans Time scientist froze a healthy dog. The dog's heart stopped beating; the dog was dead. Then, twenty minutes later, the scientist brought the dog back to life.



Trans Time scientists say, “We can freeze a healthy animal and bring it back to life. We can’t freeze dead people and bring them back to life. But we think that someday it will be possible.” When the scientists say “someday”. They mean years from now—maybe 100 or 200 years. How can Trans Time keep people frozen for 200 years?

After a person dies, workers at Trans Time cool the body with ice and chemicals. When the body is very cold, workers put the body into a capsule. They fill the capsule with liquid nitrogen. The temperature in the capsule is 196 degrees centigrade below zero. Every two weeks workers add more liquid nitrogen. The liquid nitrogen keeps the bodies frozen.

Trans Time charges \$21,000 to freeze a body and \$59,000 to keep a body frozen. That’s \$80,000 all together. It’s a lot of money. But some people think that \$80,000 is a fair price. It’s a fair price for a chance to live again.

**Notes:**

cure: 治愈

capsule: 容器

nitrogen: 液态氮

keep a body frozen: 使一具尸体

保持冷冻状态



## *A Family in Trouble*

### 有家难回

为什么父亲要吸食毒品？为什么自己感到孤立无援？为什么压抑在心中的愤怒和恐惧与日俱增？

Jason was walking from school. The load of books in his backpack pulled on his shoulders as he looked down at the cracks in the sidewalk. He kept his eyes on the tree roots that grew across the walk. When he spotted the twisted one, he knew he was in front of his own house. His mom would be at work, but he wondered if his father would be there. He looked for a clue. He walked through the alley to the back door and peeked in the window. He could see the kitchen table where his father might be sitting. From the same spot he could see through the hallway to the familiar living room. Perhaps his father would be in his chair, looking at a silent TV. The set would be on, but the volume would be off. The radio would be blaring rock music. If Jason heard the music, he would know his father was home. There were other clues, too: the heavy checked jacket hanging on the hook next to the back door, and the smell of marijuana coming through the cracks.

As he peered in, he saw his father lumbering through the hallway. Jason's mind raced: Should I go in? Did he see me? He's stoned and there will be a hassle. I won't go in; I'll wait until later. It'll be safer when Mom's home.

He dropped his books on the step and began walking back to-



ward school along the same way he had come three minutes earlier. He felt lonely, angry, worried, but, most of all, hungry. He hadn't had anything to eat since he had devoured a skimpy bag of potato chips for lunch. Several boys from school came walking along.

"Jason, you're going the wrong way. School's over, man!" they teased.

"My aunt's waiting for me to come help with her chores," he called back. "I gotta hungry." And he rushed off toward the familiar green-shuttered house on the other side of the street where his father's sister lived.

His aunt Grace opened the door and welcomed Jason with a big hug. Jason cringed, even though it felt good. Supposing his friends saw her putting her arms around him. They'd make fun of him the next day.

When would his aunt ask him if he wanted something to eat? First the endless questions about school: Did you play basketball? Was seventh-grade math still tough? Was his brother, Ronny, back in school after the flu? But the answers were hardly out of his mouth before she popped the next question. Why didn't she ask him about what was going on at home? She certainly knew something was wrong, but she would never talk about her brother. She acted as if he didn't exist, and her questions seemed pointless to Jason. At last she led him toward the kitchen, where he sat down to a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. He gulped a glass of milk to keep his tongue from sticking to the roof of his mouth.

Jason wanted more than anything to talk about the trouble at home, about his father, who smoked pot all day and paid no attention to the family. But he had been told, very firmly, not to mention to anyone what was going on, not to anyone at school,




particularly to anyone in the family.

One day on the ball field Jason had heard his father called a pothead by one of his older brother's friends. He didn't want to hear the name-calling. He had put his hands over his ears. The sweet smell of marijuana had been around the house as long as he could remember. He wondered why his dad kept smoking pot when he and everyone in the house kept begging him to stop. His parents argued about it continuously. His mom was always in a bad mood. It was only recently that he realized that his father's smoking was the cause of so much trouble. But it seemed that the more his parents fought, the more his dad smoked.

Jason didn't say a word. He had to face the fact that he couldn't talk to his aunt about his parents, but he couldn't stop his thoughts. I know I can't make it come true, but I sometimes wish my mom would marry another man. If only there had been a mistake and my aunt Grace would turn out to be my real mother. Maybe I could just move in with her. She has room here for me. She's all alone. She might really need me. I would keep going to Hillside School. I could visit Dad and Mom even if they are not my real parents. I feel good here at aunt Grace's. What would happen if I just stayed? Jason had to put these thoughts out of his mind.

But if he couldn't talk to his aunt, then whom could he talk to? His problems were not new, but recently everything seemed to disturb him more. He felt sadder. He found it difficult to pay attention in school even when he tried. He was having more and more headaches. He needed to talk to someone who would not just keep asking trivial questions. He wanted to know why his dad smoked marijuana the way kids



did, why he felt so lonely, so unable to have fun with friends, so left out, so uneasy, so angry, so frightened. These feelings were getting worse.

**Notes:**

backpack: 背包

pull on: 拉紧

crack: 裂缝

clue: 线索

checked: 格子图案的

marijuana: 大麻毒品

lumber: 缓慢吃力地移动

hassle: 争吵

devour: 狼吞虎咽地吃光

chore: (复)家庭杂务

cringe: 蜷缩

pointless: 无意义的

gulp: 大口地饮

pothead: (俚)吸大麻者

trivial: 琐碎的

**《有家难回》A Family in Trouble** 选自美国作家朱迪斯·塞萨克斯的小说《吸毒的父亲》(Living with a Parent Who Takes Drugs)。小说反映了吸毒这一美国社会普遍存在的现象给家庭、子女带来的痛苦和不幸。男主人公杰森有一个吸毒的父亲,因为吸毒,他的父母终日争吵不休,但他们吵得越多,他父亲就吸得越多。久而久之,家对杰森来说已经失去了温馨的感觉,而父亲更成了他心中的阴影。为了避开吸毒的父亲,杰森放学后不敢回家,但他仍无法逃避这个问题。他脑海里无法摆脱弥散在家里的那股甜腻腻的大麻味以及父母的争吵声。父亲吸毒这件事深深地困扰着杰森,他不明白为什么他父亲要吸食毒品,为什么他自己会感到孤立无援,为什么压抑在他心中的愤怒和恐惧与日俱增。一方面,他渴望能有人倾听他诉说心中的苦闷,向他伸出援助之手;另一方面,他又慑于父母家丑不可外扬的警告,对父亲吸毒一事守口如瓶,他的内心世界处于极度的矛盾之中。本篇描述了杰森心中的痛苦与矛盾。

## *A Girl with No Tears*

### 没有泪水的女孩

在少女最美丽的花季，桑兰遭遇命运的冰霜，但她选择用微笑回答严酷的事实。愿她的乐观能感染我们，让我们有更多的勇气去面对生活中或大或小的困难。

**Sang Lan:** When I was 6 years old, I was selected to the juvenile gymnast team. Later, I was chosen for the provincial gymnastics team. And then, when I was 13 years old, I was made the national team. Then I knew I was a good gymnast. I wanted to be a world champion.

**Reporter:** Did you dream of going to the Olympics?

**Sang Lan:** Yes. I really wanted to participate in the Olympics because it's such a big event, and it only comes around every four years. Yes, it was my dream.

**Reporter:** But at the Goodwill Games on July 21, those dreams were shattered. Competition hadn't even begun yet, Sang Lan was merely warming up when the unthinkable occurred. The agile teenager with the extraordinary body control somehow lost control during a simple routine vault. Sang Lan landed on her head, the impact crushing her vertebrae and leaving her completely paralyzed from the neck down. In that horrifying split second, more than just Sang Lan's promising career would be destroyed. Her life as she knew it was about to radically change forever.

**Sang Lan:** At the time, I was quite afraid, I couldn't feel my





arms or legs.

**Reporter:** When you were in the air, did you know it was all wrong?

**Sang Lan:** Yes, I knew I made a mistake when I was in the air. At the time of impact, it was extremely painful.

**Reporter:** What was going through your mind?

**Sang Lan:** I think I was afraid. Afraid that I wouldn't be able to stand up again.

**Reporter:** The cruel twist of fate has made Sang Lan cry at night when she's alone, something she refuses to let others see.

**Sang Lan:** When my teammates came to say good-bye, I saw tears in their eyes. I told them not to be sad. I'll be cured one day. And before they left, every one of them gave me a kiss and wished me well.

**Reporter:** Did you cry?

**Sang Lan:** I didn't cry because I knew if I cried, everybody would cry. So I didn't cry.

**Reporter:** Three short months ago, she was headed for championship. But in the wink of an eye, she was condemned to life in a wheelchair. Even though fate has been cruel to Sang Lan, she somehow remains hopeful, at least for now.

**Sang Lan:** I realize I may not be able to walk again.

**Reporter:** Do you actually accept it?

**Sang Lan:** I've already accepted it. I understand my medical status, but I have faith in myself and hope that I myself will be able to recover.

Sang Lan was discharged from the hospital. She's now in New York, where she will continue her therapy. And, of course, we pray that she'll get more use, at least, of her upper body. We un-

