

新世纪 大学英语

New Century College English

Extensive Reading

泛读

4

ENGLISH

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总主编 贾国栋

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主 编 贾国栋
副主编 韩 江
编 写 邓仁华 陈一萍 高 阳
崔 岭(以姓氏笔画为序)

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· 广州 ·

新世纪

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内 容 简 介

《新世纪大学英语泛读》是参照《大学英语教学大纲》(修订本)编写的一套供大学英语基础阶段1~4级学习的阅读教材,它与新世纪大学英语快速阅读、听力等配合使用,主要是在阅读的量上提供一个语言输入的源泉。

本教程在结构上采用了词汇注解、导言、课文正文、语言难点注释、相关文化背景注释、理解练习和翻译练习等形式。在题材方面特别注意选取大学生们所喜爱的主题,如西方文化、爱情与友谊等,且贯穿1~4册,并涵盖了英语语言、教育、科技、体育与健康、工商管理、环境保护、音乐、计算机与网络等广泛领域。在体裁方面注重各种体裁的兼顾,包括叙事、议论、抒情、说明以及经典小说与散文等文体。

本教材的大部分文章选自近年原版的英语读物以及英文报纸、杂志等,语言纯正,原汁原味。

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前 言

阅读是语言输入的一个重要途径，尤其是对非英语专业的学习者来说更是如此。如果阅读达到一定的量，那么语言输出就会有一个质的飞跃。

《新世纪大学英语泛读》是参照《大学英语教学大纲》(修订本)编写的一套供大学英语基础阶段1~4级学习的阅读教材，它与新世纪大学英语快速阅读、听力等配合使用，主要是在阅读的量上提供一个语言输入的源泉。

本教材在选材时注重了题材与体裁的多样性、文章的时效性、内容的启迪性、语言的纯正性与原样性。在题材方面特别注意选取大学生们所喜爱的主题，如西方文化和爱情与友谊等，且贯穿1~4册，其他还涵盖了英语语言、教育、科技、体育与健康、工商管理、环境保护、音乐、计算机与网络等广泛领域。在体裁方面注重各种体裁的兼顾，包括叙事、议论、抒情、说明等文体，以及经典小说与散文。本教材大部分文章选自近年原版英语读物以及英文报纸、杂志等，语言纯正，原汁原味。

本教材的结构上采用了词汇注解、导言、课文正文、语言难点注释、相关文化背景注释、理解练习和翻译练习。在词汇方面，本教材将教学大纲规定的4级重点词汇列在了每篇文章的前面，以供学习者预习及重点掌握，超纲词汇在文中标注中文，以加快阅读速度。

本教材在编写过程中，得到了众多专家的指导，尤其是郭杰克教授在百忙中就编写大纲的制订给予了指导与建议。美籍专家Tom Cook博士审阅了全部书稿，并提出了许多建设性的意见。美籍专家Godern Coffman博士和Micahael Murdock先生也参加了书稿的审校工作。华南理工大学出版社的编辑同志在付梓前对本教材进行了认真的审阅与编辑，谨此一并致谢。

本册为第4册，作为大学英语4级的教材使用。本册的十个主题为：Music; Employment; Health and Medicine; Athletic Spirits; Friendship; Nature; Adventure; Function of the Human Body; Love and Family 和 Western Culture。这些文章力求尽量贴近大学英语4级学生的学习与生活。如第1单元“音乐”、第2单元“就业”和第4单元“体育精神”等都与其生活密切相关，读来生动形象。

编者衷心希望该教材能对学习者加强语言输入、提高阅读水平助一臂之力。由于编者的水平有限，教材中的不足与疏漏之处，恳请广大读者予以指正。

编 者
2002年5月

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UNIT I Music

Lesson 1

Me And My Cello

By Christian Williams

Words to Know

1	ignorance	/ˈɪgnərəns/	n.	无知
2	hence	/hens/	ad.	从此
3	slip	/slɪp/	v.	滑落
4	fragment	/ˈfrægmənt/	n.	片段
5	curiously	/ˈkjʊəriəsli/	ad.	好奇地
6	haste	/heɪst/	n.	急忙
7	orchestra	/ˈɔ:kɪstrə/	n.	管弦乐队
8	witness	/ˈwɪtnɪs/	v.	目睹
9	flame	/fleɪm/	n.	火焰
10	marvelous	/ˈmɑ:vɪləs/	a.	惊人的
11	peer	/piə/	n.	同龄人
12	applause	/əˈplɔ:z/	n.	掌声
13	anchor	/ˈæŋkə/	v.	把……系住

Text

People tend to be content with their habits, ways of life and achievements when they reach their middle age. However, Christian Williams is an exception. Although he began to learn to play the cello at 35, he became a good cellist as he had always wanted to. Once again his success proves true the saying — it's never too old to learn.

Six years ago I, then a fellow of 35, was struck by an impulse (冲动) of the romantic and irreducible sort, which I have since compared to a torrid (狂热的) scene in *The*

Godfather, except that it was not a Sicilian virgin who fired my thoughts¹ but a shapely descendant (后代) of the violin family, the cello.

5 Straightaway I obtained a rental instrument of heavy plywood² and appeared before Wendell Margrave, professor of musical instruction. It was winter.

 All my life, I explained to Margrave, I had admired from afar the instrument of Casals, Piatigorsky and Rostropovich. Now at long last I wished to be formally introduced. I was prepared for my love of the cello to be unrequited (得不到回报的),

10 I added. I knew I would never really be any good at playing it.

 “You can be as good as you want to be,” Margrave said rather mysteriously. On a scrap of paper he drew a staff with the notes E and F. He showed me where to put my fingers on the neck and how to draw the bow. Then he entered my name in his book: 10 a.m. Tuesday. Tuesday followed Tuesday, and soon it was spring.

15 Thus began my voyage out of ignorance and into the dream.³ Is there one among us who has not had this dream? Who has not picked up a friend’s guitar and felt the songs locked inside? Who has not wondered if he could learn to play the “Moonlight Sonata” (奏鸣曲), at least the easy beginning part? To speak French? To fly a sailplane, land a white marlin?⁴

20 We grow sure. We cling to what we have. But what if we tried to have more?⁵ What if we embraced our fantasy, drew it close? What if, one day five years hence, we slipped onto a piano bench at a party and launched without advertisement into a Scott Joplin rag, watching an old pal turn, open-mouthed, and stupefied say, “My God, I didn’t know you could play the piano!” This would happen to me just like that, through the simple expedient of a dream engaged, a door thrown open by my own hand.

25 It was most remarkable to have a teacher again. E-F, E-F, we played together — and moved on to G. It was a happy time. I was again becoming something, and no longer trapped in what I had already become.⁶

30 Surely the most abominable (令人惋惜的) recognition of middle life is that we are past changing. Oh, we switch — switch salad dressings and mutual funds — but we don’t change. We do what we can already do. The cello was something I demonstrably (可证明地) couldn’t do. Yet each Tuesday I could “not do” it slightly less.⁷

35 No one was watching, and it was a good thing. In an upstairs room of my city house, at midnight, I would send out through the open windows long, tortured fragments of Alwin Schroeder’s 170 *Foundation Studies for Violoncello* to mingle (混合) with the squeals of cats. The footfalls of unseen passers-by would curiously stop, and then resume in haste. In summer, clad in boxer shorts⁸ and the dust of rosin, I

played, perspiration (汗) dripping from my chin down the face of the instrument.

After a year I joined a small orchestra that gathered on Sundays at a local college.
40 A number of the violinists were young. They played perfectly well but somehow without making a sound. Others were older and played poorly and out of tune but with great relish (乐趣) and volume, all the while beaming like lighthouses. Lurking in a chair near the wings, I would wait until the notes E and F turned up in whatever they were rehearsing, leap on them with a vengeance (激烈), and then drop out until the
45 chance returned.

Our concerts were attended by family members who shuffled (慢走) in like impressed seamen called to witness the punishment of a well-liked man — in this case, Mozart.⁹ Burned in my ear forever is our *Overture to The Magic Flute* (魔笛序曲), as it taxied (滑行) toward tempo (节奏), took flight for one white-knuckled moment,
50 and then sank beyond the runway to disintegrate (分裂成碎片) in a welter of flaming pieces.

In the third year of my study, when my wife brought home a new cello of marvelous sonority (声音), I redoubled my practice, but my playing was still wooden and full of effort. Whenever I managed an invitation to play with other people, I was
55 always the least fluent in the written language of music, always the first to get lost in sight reading.¹⁰ “Been away from practicing for a while, eh?” “No, er, just started studying a couple of years ago.” Revealed as the galoot I was, I seemed to swell before their eyes to a fantastically noticeable size.

The epiphany (主显节), when it came, was in two parts:

60 1. Riding home on the bus one snowy night and perusing the score of Mozart’s C-Major Quintet (五重奏), I felt the page burst into music in my hands. I could by then more or less read a score, and was humming the cello line, when suddenly all five parts blossomed harmonically in my head. The fellow across the aisle stared. I met his glance with tears, actually hearing the music in my head for the first time. Could he hear it
65 too, perhaps? No, he got off at the next stop.

2. Late one night, after two hours of dedication to “Belle Nuit” from *The Tales of Hoffmann*, I went to bed. I knew the notes and rhythm, yet what I had been playing was not “Belle Nuit” but some horrid thing that was tantalizingly (令人干着急地) similar but not at all the same. I fell asleep with Offenbach’s eerie waltz running,
70 flawlessly (完美无暇的), through my mind — that same tune that had never reached my fingers. Arising early to a gray dawn, returning in a daze to that very room, I picked up my cello and played it. I played it beautifully. Agog, I played it again. I

had been trying hitherto, with muscles, brain and eyes, to play notes. That dawn I played my first music.

75 As the years slipped by, my daughter passed into the teen-age vale, developing a youthful proficiency (熟练) on the piano. My goal was that she and I would one day perform together. I also wanted to perform in public with and for my peers, and to be secretly envied.

80 Both goals were met on the same day. One Sunday afternoon in the fifth year of the cello, in Annapolis, Md., in the basement of the First Presbyterian Church, I was the only adult performer in a recital (演唱会) of children ages 7 to 14. I heard my own daughter say, "I will now accompany my father in Johann Sebastian Bach's March in G Major." Then, together, we caused the linoleum floor to resound with a song of some 250 years ago. We finished to applause from the 30 parents.

85 That evening, with several performers, I mounted the steps to the chancel (圣台) of nearby St. Anne's. It was a glowering eve, heavy with impending (即将来临的) rain, but from nave to narthex I saw many familiar faces. The concert had been publicized by handbills to a fare-thee-well. The first half of the program was almost obliterated (毁掉) by a thunderstorm, but the second half went well. Afterward I
90 was standing in a side room when from the chatting crowd emerged Dr. Stuart H. Walker, author of six books, the most recent of which is *Winning: The Psychology of Competition*. He stuck out his chin. "I didn't know you could play the cello," he said.

I continue to play, to perform, but it is not the same. Fantasy, it turns out, is debased (贬低) in the attainment. Before, when I heard a cello, it was all beauty and
95 light. Now, as the TV camera pushes in close to Rostropovich's face, I recognize that charismatic (有魅力的) grin as a mask of fierce determination. Even for him, the cello is an intractable instrument, unforgiving of ambition.

I pick up my cello, screw tight the hairs of the bow and soar once more into "Belle Nuit," the vibrato still wobbling (摇晃) like an unbalanced tire. As good as I wanted
100 to be, I am as good as I'm going to get. It is good enough.¹¹

I am quite excited again these days. I'm thinking of taking painting lessons. Oh I'll never be Monet. But if I could paint a few waterlilies (睡莲), a rustic bridge, an anchored, plumb-bowed yacht (快艇) — why, that would be enough, eh?

(1,420 words)

Phrase to Know

cling to

坚持

Proper Names

- | | | |
|---|----------|------|
| 1 | Sicilian | 西西里的 |
| 2 | Monet | 莫奈 |
| 3 | Mozart | 莫扎特 |

Notes to the Language Points

1. ...who fired my thoughts ……激起我的欲望
fire 激起 (热情, 灵感)
 例: His imagination was fired by what he had read. 他的想像力被他所读的书刊激发起来。
2. a rental instrument of heavy plywood 出租的厚胶合板制的乐器 (大提琴)
3. Thus began my voyage out of ignorance and into the dream. 于是我从无知进入梦境的旅程开始了。
 这句的主语是 voyage, 谓语动词是 began, 为了突出动词 began, 因此把它提前。它与 Here comes the bus. 属同一类型。
4. ...land a white marlin ……捕到白枪鱼
5. We grow sure...But what if we tried to have more? 我们越来越肯定……但是我们如果想多得一点, 会怎样?
what if (如果) ……将会怎样
 本句中 what if... = what would happen if we tried to have more?
 例: What if it's true? 如果这是真的又怎样?
6. I was again becoming something, and no longer trapped in what I had already become. 我又在改变自己, 不再深陷于原来的状态中。
trap 使陷入困境
 例: The gambler was trapped in heavy debt. 那赌徒负债累累。
7. Yet each Tuesday I could not do it slightly less. 然而, 每个星期二, 我不得不学 (拉琴)。
8. ...clad in boxer shorts ……穿着拳击短裤 (腰间有松紧带的宽松短裤)
9. ...who shuffled in like impressed seamen called to witness the punishment of a well-liked man — in this case, Mozart. ……他们拖着脚步来, 好像一个被迫服役的海员, 被叫去观看一位深受爱戴的人受刑——在这里, 这个人就是莫扎特。
10. sight reading 视谱
11. As good as I wanted to be, I am as good as I am going to get. It is good enough. 我当时想达到的水平已经达到, 我如今想达到的水平也已经达到了。这样就够好的了。

Notes to the Related Culture

1. **Casals, Pablo** (1876—1973): Spanish cellist, conductor, composer, pianist, and

- humanitarian, who was one of the most influential musicians of the 20th century.
2. **Piatigorsky, Gregor** (1903—1976): Russian-American cellist, and trained in Moscow and in Leipzig (then in East Germany). During the 1920s he established an international reputation and in 1929 he settled in the United States.
 3. **Rostropovich, Mstislav** (1927—): Soviet-born musician, the most esteemed cellist of his generation.
 4. **Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus** (1756—1791): Austrian composer, a centrally important composer of the classical era, and one of the most inspired composers in the Western musical tradition. As a performer he was considered a child prodigy by the age of 3.
 5. **Bach, Johann Sebastian** (1685—1750): German organist and composer of the baroque era, one of the greatest and most productive geniuses in the history of Western music.
 6. **Monet, Claude Oscar** (1840—1926): French impressionist painter, who brought the study of the transient effects of natural light to its most refined expression.

Exercise 1 Reading Comprehension

Part I Choose the best answer for each of the following.

1. What is the main idea of the passage?
 - A. The author has become a musician through painstaking practice.
 - B. Learning to play the cello needs support from the author's family.
 - C. If one redoubles his practice, he is sure to be a cellist.
 - D. As long as one practices hard, he can be as good as he wants to be.
2. When the author decided to learn the cello, he _____.
 - A. went to buy that instrument immediately
 - B. went straightaway home to tell his wife
 - C. rented a cello and went to see Professor Margrave
 - D. picked up a friend's cello and learned to play
3. It is implied but not directly stated in the passage that _____.
 - A. it took the author almost 3 years to learn to read a music score
 - B. the author began to learn cello at the age of 35
 - C. the author told the professor that he loved the cello very much
 - D. Dr. Stuart attended the author's performance that evening
4. Which of the following statements is NOT true of the author?
 - A. He decided to take up painting lessons.
 - B. He redoubled his practice after he got a new cello.
 - C. He was a descendant of a violin family.

- D. His performance with his daughter was successful.
5. What can be inferred from the passage?
- A. Before taking up cello lessons the author had never touched cello.
- B. His daughter can play cello as well as he does.
- C. Margrave was sure that he could teach the cello lessons well.
- D. The author joined an orchestra and played cello for 5 years.

Part II Answer the following questions.

1. When did the author write this article?
2. How did the author practice the cello?
3. How did the author feel when he first played the cello beautifully?
4. What frustration did the author meet while he was learning to play the cello?
5. What were the author's goals according to the passage?

Exercise 2 Translation

Put the following sentences into Chinese according to the context.

1. I was prepared for my love of the cello to be unrequited, I added. (Lines 9 - 10)
2. Surely the most abominable recognition of middle life is that we are past changing. (Lines 29 - 30)
3. Revealed as the galoot I was, I seemed to swell before their eyes to a fantastically noticeable size. (Lines 58 - 59)
4. "I will now accompany my father in Johanna Sebastian Bach's March in G Major." (Lines 83 - 84)
5. Oh I'll never be Monet. But if I could paint a few waterlilies, a rustic bridge, an anchored, plumb-bowed yacht — why, that would be enough, eh? (Lines 101 - 103)

Lesson 2

The Cellist of Sarajevo

By Paul Sullivan

Words to Know

1	seminar	/ˈseminɑː/	n.	研讨会
2	distribute	/diˈstrɪbjʊt/	v.	分配
3	stretch	/stretʃ/	v.	延伸
4	rage	/reɪdʒ/	v.	激烈进行
5	grip	/grɪp/	v.	吸引注意力
6	hollow	/ˈhɒləʊ/	a.	沉闷的
7	accumulate	/əˈkjuːmjuleɪt/	v.	积累

Text

Who was the cellist of Sarajevo? Was "The Cellist of Sarajevo" a biography of him? Why could he earn respect from a world-famous cellist like Yo-Yo Ma? The following extract reveals the answers to these questions.

As a pianist, I was invited to perform with cellist (大提琴手) Eugene Friesen at the International Cello Festival in Manchester, England. Every two years a group of the world's greatest cellists and others devoted to that unassuming (谦逊的) instrument — bow makers, collectors, historians — gather for a week of workshops, master classes, seminars, recitals (演唱会) and parties. Each evening the 600 or so participants assemble for a concert.

The opening-night performance at the Royal Northern College of Music consisted of works for unaccompanied cello. There on the stage in the magnificent concert hall was a solitary (单独的) chair. No piano, no music stand, no conductor's podium (指挥台). This was to be cello music in its purest most intense form. The atmosphere was supercharged with anticipation and concentration.

The world-famous cellist Yo-Yo Ma was one of the performers that April night in

1994, and there was a moving story behind the musical composition he would play:

15 On May 27, 1992, in Sarajevo, one of the few bakeries that still had a supply of flour was making and distributing bread to the starving, war-shattered people. At 4 p.m. a long line stretched into the street. Suddenly, a mortar (迫击炮) shell fell directly into the middle of the line, killing 22 people and splattering flesh, blood, bone and rubble (瓦砾).

20 Not far away lived a 35-year-old musician named Vedran Smailovic. Before the war he had been a cellist with the Sarajevo Opera, a distinguished career¹ to which he patiently longed to return. But when he saw the carnage (残杀) from the massacre outside his window, he was pushed past his capacity to absorb and endure any more.² Anguished, he resolved to do the thing he did best: make music. Public music, daring music, music on a battlefield.

25 For each of the next 22 days, at 4 p.m., Smailovic put on his full, formal concert attire (服饰), took up his cello and walked out of his apartment into the midst of the battle raging around him. Placing a plastic chair beside the crater (坑) that the shell had made, he played, in memory of the dead, Alimony's Adagio in G minor, one of the most mournful (哀伤的) and haunting pieces in the classical repertoire³ (保留曲目). He played to the abandoned streets, smashed trucks and burning buildings, and to the terrified people who hid in the cellars (地下室) while the bombs dropped and bullets flew. With masonry exploding around him, he made his unimaginably courageous stand for human dignity,⁴ for those lost to war, for civilization, for compassion (同情) and for peace. Though the shellings went on, he was never hurt.

35 After newspapers picked up the story of this extraordinary man, an English composer David Wilde was so moved that he, too, decided to make music. He wrote a composition for unaccompanied cello, "The Cellist of Sarajevo," into which he poured his own feelings of outrage (义愤), love and brotherhood with Vedran Smailovic.

It was "The Cellist of Sarajevo" that Yo-Yo Ma was to play that evening.

40 Ma came out on stage, bowed to the audience, and sat down quietly on the chair. The music began, stealing out into the hushed (安静的) hall and creating a shadowy, empty universe, ominous and haunting.⁵ Slowly it grew into an agonized (痛苦的), screaming, slashing furor (狂怒), gripping us all before subsiding (平息) into a hollow death rattle and, finally, silence.

45 When he had finished, Ma remained bent over his cello, his bow resting on the strings. No one in the hall moved or made a sound for a long time. It was as though we had just witnessed that horrifying massacre ourselves.

Finally, Ma looked out across the audience and stretched out his hand, beckoning (召唤) someone to come to the stage. An indescribable electric shock swept over us as we realized who it was:⁶ Vedran Smailovic, the cellist of Sarajevo!

Smailovic rose from his seat and walked down the aisle as Ma left the stage to meet him. They flung their arms around each other in an exuberant embrace. Everyone in the hall erupted (爆发) in an emotional frenzy (狂热) — clapping, shouting and cheering.⁷

And in the center of it all stood these two men, hugging and crying unashamedly. Yo-Yo Ma, a suave (温和的), elegant prince of classical music, flawless in appearance and performance; and Vedran Smailovic, dressed in a stained and tattered (破烂的) leather motorcycle suit. His wild long hair and huge mustache framed a face that looked old beyond his years, soaked with tears and creased with pain.

We were all stripped down to our starkest (纯粹的), deepest humanity at encountering this man who shook his cello in the face of bombs, death and ruin, defying (藐视) them all. It was the sword of Joan of Arc — the mightiest weapon of them all.

Back home in the U.S. a week later, I sat one evening playing the piano for the residents of a local nursing home.⁸ I couldn't help contrasting this concert with the splendors I had witnessed at the festival. Then I was struck by the profound similarities. With his music the cellist of Sarajevo had defied (嘲弄) death and despair, and celebrated love and life.⁹ And here we were, a chorus of croaking voices accompanied by a shopworn piano, doing the same thing. There were no bombs and bullets, but there was real pain — dimming sight, crushing loneliness, all the scars we accumulate in our lives — and only cherished memories for comfort. Yet still we sang and clapped.

It was then I realized that music is a gift we all share equally.¹⁰ Whether we create it or simply listen, it's a gift that can soothe (安慰), inspire and unite us, often when we need it most — and expect it least.

(935 words)

Notes to the Language Points

1. a distinguished career 一种高尚的职业
2. ...he was pushed past his capacity to absorb and endure any more.他被逼得忍无可忍。

3. ...one of the most mournful and haunting pieces in the classical repertoire. ……在古典剧目中，这是其中一首最哀伤又最萦绕心头的作品。
4. With masonry exploding around him, he made his unimaginably courageous stand for human dignity. 在周围飞沙走石的爆炸声中，他以难以想象的勇敢行为维护了人类的尊严。
make a stand (for, against) 维护，抵抗
 例：They made a brave stand against the enemy. 他们对敌人进行了英勇的抵抗。
5. The music began, stealing out into the hushed hall and creating a shadowy, empty universe, ominous and haunting.
 ominous and haunting 为后置定语，修饰 universe，等于定语从句 which was ominous and haunting.
steal into 悄悄走进，(出)
 例：Try to steal into the room without waking the baby.
6. An indescribable electric shock swept over us as we realized who it was. 当我们意识到是谁时，一股难以描述如电击般的感觉掠过全身。
sweep over 席卷，蔓延，横扫
7. Everyone in the hall erupted in an emotional frenzy — clapping, shouting and cheering.
erupt 爆发(战争，冲突，危机，问题等)
 例：Again the country erupted in rebellion.
8. a local nursing home (接纳年老体弱者的) 当地的疗养院
9. With his music the cellist of Sarajevo had defied death and despair, and celebrated love and life. 萨拉热窝的大提琴手以音乐蔑视了绝望与死亡，颂扬了爱情与生命。
10. It was then I realized that music is a gift we all share equally. 直到那时我才意识到音乐是我们大家共有的一种天赋。

Notes to the Related Culture

1. **Sarajevo**: also Sarajevo, city and capital, Bosnia and Herzegovina (commonly referred to as Bosnia), on the Miljacka River, in the east central part of the country. Before civil war broke out in 1992, the city was an important cultural and commercial center with a multiethnic population of Muslims, Bosnian Serbs, and Bosnian Croats.
2. **Albinoni, Tomaso** (1671—1750): Italian composer and violinist, known today for his instrumental music. His instrumental works, frequently played by modern chamber musicians, include trio sonatas, concertos for one and for two oboes, and the 1710 concerto for solo violin.
3. **Joan of Arc, Saint**: in French, Jeanne d'Arc (1412—1431), national heroine and patron