



English Fast Reading Series
for the 21st Century

21世纪英语快速阅读系列

周岸勤 编译

上海科技教育出版社

人生 与 情感

LIFE & EMOTION

世纪英语快速阅读系列

周岸勤 编译

上海科技教育出版社



人生 情感



21 世纪英语快速阅读系列
人生与情感

编 译/ 周岸勤

责任编辑/ 张 磊

装帧设计/ 董郁喜

出版发行/ 上海科技教育出版社

(上海冠生园路 393 号 邮政编码 200235)

网 址/ www.sste.com

经 销/ 各地新华书店

印 刷/ 常熟文化印刷有限公司

开 本/ 850 × 1168 1/32

印 张/ 6.25

字 数/ 167 000

版 次/ 2003 年 12 月第 1 版

印 次/ 2003 年 12 月第 1 次印刷

印 数/ 1 - 5 000

书 号/ ISBN 7 - 5428 - 3397 - 9/H·51

定 价/ 12.00 元

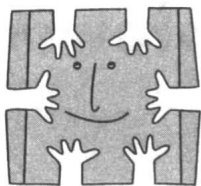
Foreword

前言

在全球化的进程中，中国人已愈来愈离不开英文了。幼儿园的小朋友、在校学生、上班族等组成了一支庞大的英语学习大军。姑且不说“英语可以变成你打开世界的钥匙”这类高深莫测的场面话，但它至少已是升学、就业等方面实现愿望的基本要件了。

入门容易提高难。英语学习者在结束入门阶段的学习后，由于受汉语思维模式的影响，直接阅读英文报刊上的原作一般总是不得要领。为了让读者提高英语阅读水平，熟悉英语表达习惯，掌握英语语言规律，我们专门编译了“21 世纪英语快速阅读系列”这套丛书。

“21 世纪英语快速阅读系列”包括《自然与科技》、《饮食与保健》、《人生与情感》、《教育与就业》4 分册。每分册由 30 篇左右相关主题的短文组成，它们大都选自新近出版的英美报纸和杂志，题材多样，内容广泛，语言规范而又生动。考虑文章的篇幅，有的短文是经过对原文删减而成的，但均未作任何旨在降低阅读要求的改写。在每篇短文后有 4 道针对该短文的阅读自测题，每题提供 4 个选项（A、B、C 和 D），其中有一个最佳选项，其答案附在自测题后。为了帮助读者更好地理解原文的句子结构，获得准确的相关主题信息，又给出了其参考译文。对短文中一些在



词典中查不到的新词,较生僻的单词和词组,以及一些在文中有别解的常见单词,都给出了英汉双语注解。

该丛书提供了一套全新的阅读训练程式:快速浏览→理解自测→阅读汉译文→学习单词与短语。它既可以提高英语学习者的阅读理解水平,又能扩大他们的词汇量,做到了泛读与精读的统一,是中学生、大学生和白领阶层提升英语阅读水平,掌握新颖的英语表达方式,获得自然与科技、饮食与保健、人生与情感、教育与就业等方面最新信息的理想读物。

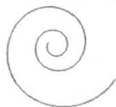
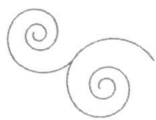
由于编者水平有限,书中难免存在错误或疏漏,敬请读者朋友谅解并不吝赐教。

编译者 陈由

2003年4月

目

录



1. Something's Not Right /1
总觉得有什么不对
2. To Do or Not to Do /12
做还是不做
3. The Gift of Life /18
生命的礼物
4. The Long Walk Home /31
那漫漫的回家之路……
5. Boy, Interrupted /43
男孩,生活被打断……
6. Friends /55
朋友
7. Charlie and the River Rat /67
查理与“河鼠”
8. If I Were An Angel /79
如果我是天使
9. Letter to and from Home: 1918 /90
家信:1918
10. Marriage and Fidelity /101

婚姻和忠诚

11. Reaching for Perfection /110
追求完美
12. How Honest Are Couples, Really? /118
夫妻之间到底有多真诚
13. Maybe A Miracle /128
可能是奇迹发生了
14. The Healing Power of Forgiveness /140
宽恕的慰藉力量
15. Angels on the River /151
水上天使
16. Winning through Surrender /161
以投降制胜
17. Information Please /168
问讯台,麻烦你……
18. The Coolest Dad in the Universe /179
天底下最酷的爸爸
19. The Ice Cream Girl /187
冰淇淋女孩



1. Something's Not Right

The doctor says the baby's fine, but you know in your gut^①...



快速浏览

When my son, Zach, was born, he was perfect. He was seven pounds, four ounces and 21 inches long. He had fine blond hair and those murky blue infant eyes that look like the bottom of the ocean. He did all the things he was supposed to do, at all the right times: smiled at 7 weeks, rolled over at twelve.

Each time we visited Zach's pediatrician^② for well-baby visits, her favorite word, when asked any question, was "normal". She'd say it in a singsong voice. It became a joke between my husband and me. Normal, normal, normal, David and I would sing as we left her office.

I can pinpoint^③ the day we stopped singing "normal" so happily: it was a weekend afternoon in early fall. We were sitting at the kitchen table, interviewing a baby-sitter, and I was holding Zach, then six months old.

Suddenly he flung his arms up, and his eyes rolled back slightly. It looked like the common "Moro reflex" that I had read about in the baby books, except that he repeated the



gesture a half-dozen times. Something rumbled in my gut.

I called the pediatrician the next day. "He did something strange," I said, describing the incident.

"Normal," she said. "Absolutely normal."

That was exactly what I'd wanted to hear. She was a topnotch pediatrician. If she wasn't worried, why should I be?

But the gestures continued. Not every few hours, not every day, but every once in a while. The jerk of the arms. The slight roll of the eyes.

And Zach was slowing down a bit. He had stopped rolling over as much and seemed nowhere near ready to sit up. But these things happened slowly, incrementally. You think, my baby is tired. Or he's chubby—maybe that's why he isn't sitting up.

A week went by, and these incidents continued. I called the doctor again. This time, her voice had developed a slight edge. "I'm really not worried," she said. "Look, if he's still doing it when he's eight months, we'll check into it."

The incidents became more frequent—every day now. In the morning on the changing table, Zach would fling his arms up 10, 20 times. Babies have immature nervous systems, David and I would say to comfort ourselves.

Then one morning it happened more intensely than ever before, and I shouted out to David to go and grab the video camera. Then I called the doctor—my heart pounding—and made up an excuse because I believed she wouldn't make time to see us for this thing she had already dismissed. I told her I wanted to bring Zach in because he had a fever and a cough. She couldn't say no to that.

Armed with our camcorder^④, we walked into her office.

"What's this?" she asked, eyeing the camcorder.

"We've videotaped those gestures," I said, my voice shaking. "I want you to see it." David turned on the camera.

"That's what you mean?" she asked, pointing at the digital film. "I really think that's nothing."

Something in me snapped. Usually, I am shy and soft-spoken; I blush easily and have been known to stammer. But at that moment I stood up and said, "I'm not leaving here until you call a neurologist. I want Zach to be seen today." I started to weep.

To this day I don't know what possessed me. I suppose it was a kind of mother's instinct. I'm not sure I had ever believed in it before, that old adage that mothers simply know.

"I'll see what I can do," she said with a sigh. A half-hour later, we had an appointment for that same afternoon.

The moment I saw the pediatric neurologist⁵—a man in his 50s with salt-and-pepper hair and thick glasses—I knew we were in good hands. "Let's take a look at him," he said, laying Zach down on the examining table.

And in the future when I may wonder whether there's a God, I will think back to this: Zach had an episode right there on the neurologist's table. I watched the doctor's kind face, his eyes, and whatever glimmer of hope I'd held on to that this would be nothing faded away.

After Zach's EGG⁶, the doctor called us back into his office. He wasn't smiling. He pulled his chair around to the front of his desk so that he was sitting near us. "Well, we've got our answer," he began, "and it isn't the one we'd hoped for." Then he gave us the diagnosis: infantile spasms, a rare seizure disorder that affects about 200 to 700 out of a million



babies. The statistics were impossible to comprehend. When you find yourself on the wrong side of a statistic like that, the whole world does a spin around the moon. Gravity shifts.

“What does this mean?” asked David. I was holding Zach, his hair greasy from the goo used to conduct the electricity for the EEG. He was sleeping and looked peaceful.

“We don’t know,” answered the doctor.

“What’s the worst-case scenario?” asked David.

“Brain damage,” said the doctor.

David’s face seemed to disintegrate, caving in with terror and grief. The doctor recommended Vigabatrin, a drug available in Canada that had not yet been approved by the FDA^⑦.

Within a week of taking the Vigabatrin, Zach’s seizures ceased completely. We went online and tried to find out everything we could.

But the stories we read were bleak: While infantile spasms usually go away suddenly, the seizures themselves may cause problems, perhaps because the resulting electrical activity damages the infant brain. Some babies may become blind or deaf from the underlying condition that causes the seizures. Many are mentally impaired; 85 percent suffer some sort of developmental delay.

I could not find one single story on the Internet of a complete recovery. The most I could find out was that early diagnosis and treatment, along with a quick response to the medication, are the best indicators of recovery.

A few days into this it occurred to me that Zach’s pediatrician had never called. No call to see how he was doing. No call of commiseration, just simply to say she was thinking of us. This was a doctor who had examined him at birth and





seen him probably ten times since then. She had simply vanished.

As I write this, it's six months later. Zach has just turned one, and I am a believer in miracles: he continues to be seizure-free. He is crawling, pulling up, cruising and saying, "Dada" and "Mama." He's a smiling, perfect handful of a baby boy. Slowly, he'll be weaned off his medicine.

His neurologist has called this a "save." He believes that Zach is going to be one of the rare lucky ones.

But when I think of those weeks when I was calling his pediatrician and listening to her dismiss my concerns, I am filled with rage. If I had listened to her, if I had waited until Zach was eight months old before looking deeper into his condition, my beautiful, curious, intelligent little boy might well have been brain-damaged.

So I am telling my story. Trust your instincts. If you believe something is wrong with your child, get it checked out. Make a fuss. Do whatever you need to do to be heard.

Of all the things I have ever done in my life, the one I am most proud of is standing in that doctor's waiting room, tears streaming down my face, demanding that my baby be seen by a specialist. I may have looked like a lunatic. I may have appeared to be hysterical. But on that day, I save my baby's life.



Two

阅读自测

1. When did Zach start his strange gesture?

A. Three months old.

B. Four months old.



- C. Five months old.
D. Six months old.
2. How did Zach's pediatrician respond to the mother's call telling her the baby's strange behavior?
- A. She said it is nothing.
B. She said she would visit Zach.
C. She said she would ask an expert to look into Zach's case.
D. She angrily refused to check Zach.
3. Why the mother made another excuse for visiting Zach's pediatrician?
- A. Because the pediatrician are hard to please.
B. Because the pediatrician are angry then.
C. Because the pediatrician had dismissed her real cause for visiting.
D. Because the mother did want the pediatrician know the real reason beforehand.
4. It is fundamentally due to _____ that Zach fortunately avoid brain damage.
- A. his mother's insistence on having him checked and diagnosed
B. his pediatric neurologist's treatment
C. his parents work on the Internet
D. his own effort



Three 答案

1. D 2. A 3. C 4. A



总觉得有什么不对

医生说你的孩子健康良好,但是你心里的反应是……

我儿子扎克出生的时候,棒极了。他体重7磅4盎司,身高21英寸。他的头发是金黄色的,深蓝色无邪的眼睛看上去就像大海的深处。该做的一切他都在合适的时候做到了:7周的时候开始微笑,12周的时候会翻身。

每次我们为婴儿的健康去拜访扎克的儿科医生,在向提出任何问题时,她最喜欢用的一个词,就是“正常”。她总是用一种唱歌式的声调说这个词,这变成了我和丈夫之间的一个戏谑:大卫和我在离开她的办公室时总是唱道,“正常……正常……正常……”。

我能准确无误地指出我们不再愉快地唱“正常歌”的那一天。那是初秋一个周末的下午,我们正坐在厨房餐桌旁,面试一个保姆。我正抱着扎克,他当时6个月大。

突然,他的双臂上扬,然后眼珠向后略翻,看起来像我在婴儿杂志上读到的普遍的“莫诺反应”,不同的只是他将这个动作重复了6遍。我心里开始犯嘀咕。

第二天我给儿科医生打电话。“他做了一些奇怪的动作,”我说,并向她描述了昨天的事。

“正常,”她说,“完全正常。”

这正是我想听到的。她是一名一流的儿科医生。如果她不着急,我们为什么着急?

但是扎克的手部动作依然在继续,不是每隔几个小时,不是每天,而是时不时地这样:双臂突然抽动,眼睛稍稍后翻。

而且扎克的活动速度慢下来了。他没有以前翻身次数



多,看起来要很长时间才能学会坐起来。这些情况慢慢地发生,次数逐渐地增多。你会以为,我的孩子只不过是累了,或者他太胖了——可能这就是他坐不起来的原因。

一个星期过去了,情况依旧。我又给医生打电话。这次她的声音有点尖利,“我确实不担心这个,”她说,“看,如果他到了满8个月还继续这个动作,我们再检查。”

扎克的动作愈加频繁了——现在每天都发生。早上在收拾桌子的时候,他会手臂上扬10至20次。大卫和我安慰自己说,婴儿的神经系统还不成熟。

接着又一天早上,情况比以前任何一次都严重,我向大卫大喊着让他去拿摄像机。接着我给医生打电话,我的心跳得很厉害。我编造了一个理由,因为我相信她不会为一件已经拒绝的事情再安排时间和我们见面。我告诉她我要带扎克过来,因为他发烧、咳嗽。她对此不能说“不”。

我们带着便携式摄像机,走进她的办公室。“这是什么?”她问道,打量着摄像机。

“我们录下了扎克的那些动作,”我说道,声音在发抖,“我要你看一看。”大卫打开了摄像机。

“这就是你们的意思?”她指着摄像机问道,“我真的不认为有什么。”

我心里突然感觉被什么咬了一下。我一向胆小,说话轻声轻气,容易脸红,很多人还知道我说话有时结巴。但是在那个时候我站起来说:“你不叫一个神经科医生来,我今天就不走了。我一定要医生今天对扎克进行检查。”我哭了起来。

直到今天我还不知道当时是什么控制住了我。我想可能是种母亲的天性吧,我不知道以前我是否相信这个,这是为人母者都知道的老话。

“我看看我能做什么。”她叹了一口气说。半个小时以后,我们被同意当天下午就诊。

我一看见那个小儿神经科医生——一位50多岁、头发灰白、戴着厚厚的眼镜的人,我就知道我们有救了。“让我们看看。”他边说边把扎克放在检查床上。

将来有一天,当我想知道是否真的有上帝存在时,我就会想起此时:扎克曾经在神经科医生的检查床上待过一会儿。我看着医生和蔼的脸、眼睛,此时我所坚持的任何一丝希望将永远不会消失。

扎克做了脑电图扫描之后,医生把我们叫回到他的办公室。他脸上没有微笑。他把椅子拖到办公桌前面,坐得离我们很近。“呃,我们已经得到了答案,”他开始说,“不是我们想要的答案。”接着他给了我们诊断结果:幼儿痉挛症,一种罕见的抓取异常症,100万婴儿中患病人数为200至700。这数据没法被理解:当你发现自己处在数据的不利一边时,你觉得整个世界都颠倒了,地球引力不起作用了。

“这意味着什么?”大卫问道。我抱着扎克,他的头发由于做脑电图所需要的黏性物质而变得油腻。他睡着了,看上去很平静。

“我们不知道。”医生回答。

“最糟糕的病情是怎样的?”大卫问道。

“大脑损伤。”医生回答。

大卫的脸颊好像扭曲了,并由于恐惧和痛苦而深陷了下去。医生建议我们使用维格巴提恩,一种加拿大产的、食品及药物管理局并未证明其有效性的药剂。

使用维格巴提恩一周以后,扎克的抓取动作完全停止了。我们到网上试图找出我们能找的任何信息。

但我们所读到的事情使我们黯然神伤:虽然幼儿痉挛症通常会在突然间消失,但抓取动作本身会引起各种问题,可能后遗的脑电活动会对婴儿的大脑造成损伤。有些婴儿由于引起抓取动作的潜在因素而变得失明或聋哑。很多婴儿智力残缺,85%的这类婴儿会经受成长障碍。



我在因特网上没有找到一个完全康复的病例。找到最多的是说,早期诊断和治疗以及伴随而来的对药物的快速反应是获得痊愈的最好前提。

这件事几天之后,我突然想到,扎克的儿科医生竟从没见过电话。从她那里从未有过电话来询问扎克现在怎样,从未有过电话来表示同情,或者仅仅说一句她在想着我们。这就是在扎克出生时对他进行检查,以后看过扎克不下10次的医生。她完全消失了。

我写这段文字的时候已经是6个月以后了。我是一个相信奇迹的人,而扎克成为了一个奇迹:他没有重复抓取动作。他在爬,在挺身,哪里都去,并且叫着“爸爸”和“妈妈”。他总是笑,是个完美得少见的小男孩。慢慢地他将停止吃药。

他的神经科医生说这是“解救”,他相信扎克是为数不多的幸运儿中的一个。

但是当我想起我给儿科医生打电话并听她否定我的担心的那几个星期时,我就非常生气。如果我听了她的话,如果我一直等到扎克8个月大才去进行深入检查,我漂亮的、好奇的、聪明的孩子大脑肯定已经受到损伤了。

这是我为什么在这里讲述我的故事。相信你的直觉。如果你相信你的孩子有什么问题,去检查,去小题大作。所有听说的你能做的都去做。

我这辈子做过的所有事情中,最感到骄傲的是站在那个医生的候诊室里,泪流满面,坚持要求一位专科医生检查我的孩子。我当时可能看起来像个疯子,看起来可能歇斯底里,但是就在那一天,我救了我的孩子。



词语注释

- ① gut: *n.* innermost emotional or visceral response 内心的感觉,内心深