

READING OF THE WEST

欧美风

英语阅读丛书

班荣学 赵荣 编

网上救援

西北大学出版社

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内容简介

本书是《欧美风·英语阅读丛书》之三，所选 33 篇文章全部源自英美畅销报刊，如 *TIME*, *PEOPLE*, *NEWS WEEK* 等，内容有反映美国青少年问题的《校园枪声》、《反早孕的新口号“不”》、《单亲子女的心声》，有涉及环保问题的《酸雨剧增之谜》、《儿童环保俱乐部》、《妥善处理 CO₂ 的排放》，有描述婚恋与家庭的《没有婚约的伴侣》、《家庭与事业》、《伉丽情笃》，还有探讨美国教育改革问题的《募捐助学何时休》、《教育改革刻不容缓》，以及其他反映西方社会生活、价值观念和人生追求的文章。

所选文章兼具知识性、趣味性、可读性强的特点，并采用文前加导读、文后加注释的方法，可为读者流利阅读提供帮助。

编辑的话

改革开放 20 年来，英语学习一直是一个在青年学生中经久不衰的热门话题。世界上恐怕没有一个国家像中国这样有那么多人投入那么大精力和那么多时间去学习英语，那么效果如何呢？如果你要问在校大学生他们最怵的功课是什么？90% 的人会毫不犹豫、异口同声地回答：英语。英语困扰过或正在困扰着多少中国人，天知道！

在不断升级的英语学习浪潮中，教育界、出版界的朋友们也在不遗余力地推波助澜。20 年来，我国的英语教学取得了很大成绩，但也存在着应试教学的误区。我们的学生很容易接受教科书，却难以读懂当代的英语原文报纸杂志。出版界亦出版了以天文数字计算的英语教材、辅导读物及其它英语类图书，在各种图书展销会、订货会、各届书市上，若以类别来排行畅销书，英语类图书总是榜上有名。这是不是说广大

英语学习者就能找到适合自己的英语书呢？回答是“**No**”——不能尽如人意。

基于此，我们决定编辑一套英语阅读丛书。我们决定将反映西方的社会文化生活作为丛书的切入点，并以阅读英语原版文章的形式来体现。丛书精选了英语国家（主要是英美）多种畅销报纸杂志上的若干篇文章，文章多角度多方位地反映了欧美国家人民的精神追求、社会发展、文化生活和价值观念，具有鲜明的时代与社会特征。在选材上重点反映西方社会文化生活，选材范围涉及社会生活的各个方面，选择有代表性的社会事件、人物、普通人的平常事，多数人关注的话题。如现代科技方面涉及的内容有环保问题、太空探险、网络文化、微软风波等；社会生活方面关注青少年犯罪、单亲家庭、刑事案件、枪械泛滥等；西方文化方面则主要反映人们对理想的追求、与东方传统文化完全不同的价值观、道德观和人生观，亦包括个人自强不息、努力奋斗的内容，其中有人们熟悉的电影明星、牛仔歌手、体坛精英，更有人不甚熟悉的普通人物，他们用自己的行动谱写了一曲曲感人的不屈不挠、力求上进的个人奋斗史。文章选材上注重通俗性和大众化，而摒弃猎奇似的奇闻轶事之类。文章难易程度适合大学生的英语水平，要求读者能读懂文章大意，即能理解80%的内容即可。

为便于读者阅读，我们在每篇文章前用数百字汉

语概括出文章大意，在文后注释生词、短语、不易理解的句子，以帮助读者理解文章内容。这种方法解决了潜在的阅读困难，消除了读者对原作品的怯生感，从而缩短了读者与原作者之间的距离，排除了读者跨文化交流的心理障碍。这种作法在选材时不受语言水平的限制，又丝毫不损伤或改变原作品语言所具有的“原汁原味”的风格。完整地再现了本族语使用者所惯用的词汇、句式、结构和言语风格。同时也解决了读者在欣赏原文时所面临的阅读能力低和知识志趣高两者不相匹配的矛盾。让读者在接触、感受地道英语的表达、交流中去轻轻松松地领略英美国家的风土人情、风俗习惯，了解他们的生活方式，思维方式和处世方法。窥视他们的人生观、道德观和价值观。通过语言了解文化，通过对文化的认识，加深对语言的理解。

这套丛书的起名还颇费了一番周折。最初入选的有四五个名字，经过再三斟酌推敲，考虑到这套丛书是从社会生活面切入，目的在于给读者营造一个流利阅读英语原文的语言氛围。那么作为展示和传统中国文化截然不同的西方文明的读物，应以能体现欧美主流社会的生活风貌为命名原则，我们总编认为，以《欧美风》作为丛书名来概括为宜，意欲使读者感受到纯正的欧美气息。

我们编辑该丛书的目的在于通过阅读英语原版

报刊文章，提高读者的英语阅读能力。试图通过英语阅读这扇窗口，展示给读者英语阅读的乐趣，使读者从阅读英文中去了解欧美社会，了解西方文化，在阅读中获取信息，提高英语水平。同时在愉快的没有任何心理负担的心境下学习英语。就像许多人习惯在临睡前看几页书、翻几张报纸那样，每天翻阅一会儿《欧美风》丛书，读两三篇英语文章，坚持一年半，你必有收获。你不必担心文章后有若干道阅读理解需要你来回答，你也不必担心文章后有若干道选择题需要你去画勾，你只要能读懂文章大意即可，你只要通过阅读获取了知识即可——这便是阅读的目的，亦是我们编辑此书的初衷。

虽然从事编辑工作已十年有余，但我们很少用“编辑的话”这种方式直接与读者进行交流，编辑工作“为人做嫁”的特性使我们习惯于将一本本书默默奉献给读者。今天所说的“编辑的话”既有我们作为编辑的体会，亦有我们同是英语学习者的心得。但愿这不是多余的话。希望这套丛书对每一位读者都有所帮助。

责任编辑

1998.9.25

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 曼哈顿

Cry For Help On The Internet

网上救援

得克萨斯州丹屯镇七年级学生肖恩·里登坐在自家的电脑前，开始了他的网上漫游。当他准备退出系统的时候，突然发现一个陌生的名字请求帮助，起初他以为是恶作剧，但最后发现是7000英里以外的远在芬兰的一位大学生因腿病复发而被困在图书馆里。这位学生从小患有一种腿痛病，发作时疼痛难忍，呼吸困难，左体麻痹，下肢瘫痪。肖恩在妈妈的帮助下，将消息马上传到了丹顿镇政府的值班室。值班员艾米和她的上司德布拉又立即与芬兰的克拉瓦急救中心联系。凌晨2点多，救护人员终于赶到了图书馆。看到屏幕上出现了“他们已经来了，谢谢，再见”的字样时，肖恩激动地说：“她终于得救了。”

Cry For Help On The Internet

Malcolm McConnell

On the cool Monday afternoon of April 14, 1997, Sean Redden, 12, got off the school bus and lugged[®] his book bag to his family's small bungalow[®] in Denton, Texas.

"Hi, Mom," the seventh-grader said, squeezing around the kitchen table to sit at the computer.

Sharon Redden smiled as Sean navigated the brightly colored pathways from one Web site to another, the small kitchen echoing with electronic beeps. She and her husband, Kenneth, a county tax employee, lived on a tight budget[®]. But they'd scrimped[®] to buy the "gray monster" because they understood that for Sean and his sister, Jennifer, 14, computer skills were as vital as literacy.

"What are you playing?" Sharon asked.

"Oh," Sean shrugged, skipping the mouse across the pad, "I guess I'll go to the Tavern."

Glenshadows Tavern (pages. wbs. net "Entertainment") is a popular roleplaying chat room that melds Gothic fantasy and science fiction. Sean logged in with the handle, or name, of Meegosh. There weren't any new players in the chat room, so he clicked on the icon of a cyber pal[®] and chatted about school.

As he was about to sign off[®] just before 6 p. m. , he saw an unfamiliar new handle, Susan Hicks, blink onto the screen. Her brief message was "shouted" in bold letters: "Would someone help me?"

"A 'newbie' who doesn't know the rules," Sean muttered. "What's wrong?" he typed.

A moment later she replied, still shouting. "I can't breathe. Help me!"

Sean frowned. This new kid was jumping right in with a crazy fantasy. Before he could chide her, however, another player lightened the mood. "I am the healer of the Tavern. Poof, you're healed!"

Type continued to appear on his screen. "Help me. I'm having trouble breathing. I can't feel my left side. I can't get out of my chair."

"Oh, man," Sean moaned. Pretending to be paralyzed was a crummy joke. This Susan Hicks wouldn't play this game if she'd ever seen real kids stuck in wheelchairs.

Scanning the screen, Sean saw other players were ignoring her. He was about to click onto another icon when he paused. *What if she's not fooling? If she's really sick, I've got to help.* "Hey, Mom," he called. "There's a kid here who's sick or something."

Sharon walked over to the computer. "It's not just some game, is it?" she asked.

This alarm call was not a prank. "Susan Hicks" was ac-

tually 20-year-old Taija Laitinen, a student working late into the night at a college library in Kerava, near Helsinki, Finland—almost 7000 miles from Texas. While searching the Internet for information on a geography project, a familiar stabbing heat had mounted inexorably above her ankles[®].

It's happening again, she thought. Taija had occasionally suffered these attacks since childhood. Burning pain would suddenly shoot through her feet, jolt up her legs and sometimes bore into her hips and spine. Her doctors disagreed on exactly what was wrong.

A bad attack could pin her in a sitting position[®], unable to walk. During the most terrifying episodes, pain gripped her rib cage like a vise, making breathing difficult.

Tonight, spasms[®] burned up her thighs and into her hips like jolts of electrical current. The library was silent, making Taija acutely aware that she was alone on the third floor. The nearest phone was outside in the corridor. Limping to it was out of the question. Any movement sent scalding pain through her body. *Can I crawl?* Taija eyed the expanse of polished floor to the door. *Too far.*

Then she realized that she might get help on the Internet. But how? Taija sometimes practiced her English in Glenshadows Tavern. As pain clamped her chest, Taija logged in using her Web name and began typing out her plea.

"I Don't think it's a joke, Mom," Sean said. He gazed

at Susan's last message. *Maybe she's asthmatic^③, like me, stuck alone in some apartment or maybe out on a farm.* Sean remembered those terrible nights when he was little, waking to an asthma attack, the sheets damp with sweat, his chest and throat on fire.

"Can you call 911 or an EMT?" Sean typed. They waited tensely. This time of day, with so many people on-line, exchanging messages seemed to take forever. Finally she answered. "What is EMT?"

What kid didn't know the abbreviation for an emergency medical technician? *Even first-graders learn that stuff.* Sean wondered if he was dealing with some mischievous six-year-old. "How old are you?"

"I am 20."

Sharon tapped her foot impatiently. "She shouldn't be fooling around like this. She'll get in trouble."

"Where are you?" Sean typed.

After another long pause, block letters appeared; "Finland."

"Finland?" Sharon and Sean exclaimed in unison^④. "Is she playing a trick?" Sharon asked sternly. Sean dutifully typed, "Is this a game?"

Taija was listing to the right to relieve tingling numbness^⑤ on her left side. She was dizzy, but could read the question from Meegosh. She'd been afraid people would think her SOS call was part of the game. Typing carefully,