

## 广西民族大学

### 2010 年硕士研究生入学考试初试自命题科目试题

(试卷代号: A)

科目代码: 825

科目名称: 写作与翻译

适用学科专业: 外国语言学及应用语言学

研究方向: 翻译理论与实践、英语教育、应用语言学

#### 考生须知

1. 答案必须写在答题纸上, 写在试题上无效。
2. 答题时一律使用蓝、黑色墨水笔作答, 用其它笔答题不给分。
3. 交卷时, 请配合监考人员验收, 并请监考人员在准考证相应位置签字 (作为考生交卷的凭证)。否则, 产生的一切后果由考生自负。

## Part One Writing

### 1. Read the following essay and write a summary of it in about 100-150 words. (20 points)

#### I Became Her Target

Roger Wilkins

My favorite teacher's name was "Deadeye" Bean. Her real name was Dorothy. She taught American history to eighth-graders in the junior high section of Creston, the high school that served the north end of Grand Rapids, Michigan. It was the fall of 1944. Franklin D. Roosevelt was president; American troops were battling their way across France; Joe DiMaggio was still in the service; the Montgomery bus boycott was more than a decade away, and I was a twelve-year-old black newcomer in a school that was otherwise all white.

My mother, who had been a widow in New York, had married my stepfather, a Grand Rapids physician, the year before, and he had bought the best house he could afford for his new family. The problem for our new neighbors was that their neighborhood had previously been pristine' (in their terms) and that they were ignorant about black people. The prevailing wisdom in the neighborhood was that we were spoiling it and that we ought to go back where we belonged (or alternatively, ought not to intrude where we were not wanted). There was a lot of angry talk among the adults, but nothing much came of it.

But some of the kids, those first few weeks, were quite nasty. They threw stones at me, chased me home when I was on foot and spat on my bike seat when I was in class. For a time, I was a pretty lonely, friendless and sometimes frightened kid. I was just transplanted from Harlem, and here in Grand Rapids, the dominant culture was speaking to me insistently. I can see now that those youngsters were bullying and culturally disadvantaged. I knew then that they were bigoted, but the culture spoke to me more powerfully than my mind and I felt ashamed for being different—a nonstandard person.

I now know that Dorothy Bean understood most of that and deplored it. So things began to change when I walked into her classroom. She was a pleasant-looking single woman, who looked old and wrinkled to me at the time, but who was probably about forty. Whereas my other teachers approached the problem of easing in their new black pupil by ignoring him for the first few weeks, Miss Bean went right at me. On the morning after having read our first assignment, she asked me the first question. I later came to know that in Grand Rapids, she was viewed as a very liberal person who believed, among other things, that Negroes were equal.

I gulped and answered her question and the follow-up. They weren't brilliant answers, but they did establish the facts that I had read the assignment and that I could speak English. Later in the hour, when one of my classmates had bungled an answer, Miss Bean came back to me with a question that required me to clean up the girl's mess and established me as a smart person.

Thus, the teacher began to give me human dimensions, though not perfect ones for an eighth-grader. It was somewhat better to be an incipient teacher's pet than merely a dark presence in the back of the room onto whose silent form my classmates could fit all the stereotypes they carried in their heads.

A few days later, Miss Bean became the first teacher ever to require me to think. She asked my opinion about something Jefferson had done. In those days, all my opinions were derivative. I was for Roosevelt because my parents were, and I was for the Yankees because my older buddy from Harlem was a Yankee fan. Besides, we didn't have opinions about historical figures like Jefferson. Like our high school building or old Mayor Welch, he just was.

After I had stared at her for a few seconds, she said: "Well, should he have bought Louisiana or not?"

"I guess so," I replied tentatively.

"Why?" she asked.

Why! What kind of question was that, I groused silently. But I ventured an answer. Day after day, she kept doing that to me, and my answers became stronger and more confident. She was the first teacher to give me the sense that thinking was part of education and that I could form opinions that had some value.

Her final service to me came on a day when my mind was wandering and I was idly digging my pencil into the writing surface on the arm of my chair. Miss Bean impulsively threw a hunk of gum eraser at me. By amazing chance, it hit my hand and sent the pencil flying. She gasped, and I crept mortified after my pencil as the class roared. That was the icebreaker. Afterward, kids came up to me to laugh about "Old Deadeye Bean." The incident became a legend, and I, a part of that story, became a person to talk to. So that's how I became just another kid in school and Dorothy Bean became "Old Deadeye."

## **2. Write an essay of about 400 words on the following topic. (50 points)**

To prevent drunk driving, one local place in China introduced such slogans: "The hospital has saved a bed for you, drunk driver" and "Drunk driving is a choice of death and the tomb." What do you think of the slogans?

*In the first part of your essay you should state clearly your main argument, and in the second part you should support your argument with appropriate details. In the last part you should bring what you have written to a natural conclusion or make a summary.*

*You should supply an appropriate title for your essay.*

*Marks will be awarded for content, organization, grammar and appropriateness. Failure to follow the above instructions may result in a loss of marks.*

## Part Two Translation

### 1. Translate the following into Chinese. (40 points)

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men----that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, — and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is, that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

### 2. Translate the following into English. (40 points)

#### Passage 1

中国人饮茶，注重一个“品”字。“品茶”不但是鉴别茶的优劣，也带有神思遐想和领略饮茶情趣之意。在百忙之中泡上一壶浓茶，择雅静之处，自斟自饮，可以消除疲劳、涤烦益思、振奋精神，也可以细啜慢饮，达到美的享受，使精神世界升华到高尚的艺术境界。品茶的环境一般由建筑物、园林、摆设、茶具

等因素组成。饮茶要求安静、清新、舒适、干净。中国园林世界闻名，山水风景更是不可胜数。利用园林或自然山水间，搭设茶室，让人们小憩，意趣盎然。

## Passage 2

古之学者必有师。师者，所以传道、受业、解惑也。人非生而知之者，孰能无惑？惑而不从师，其为惑也，终不解矣。