



暨南大学
JINAN UNIVERSITY

2010 年招收攻读硕士学位研究生入学考试试题 (B 卷)

学科、专业名称：外国语言文学 英语语言文学专业、外国语言学及应用语言学专业
研究方向：

考试科目名称：808 高级写作与翻译

考生注意：所有答案必须写在答题纸（卷）上，写在本试题上一律不给分。

I. Translate the following into English (40)

电视在家中以强大的攻势出现了，家人们聚在一块参加的活动随之减少。这还不算，家庭成员彼此之间的关系也明显而微妙地受到了影响。孩子耗费大量时间看电视，与电视中的人物产生单向联系，这种联系无需交流，无需相互作用，势必会影响他与现实的人进行交往。

有研究表明了眼神交流比例在现实生活关系中的重要性，并指出了人们眼神交流模式的本质，不论他是否直视他人的眼睛，看向一旁或东张西望，都对他人际交往的成败起到重要作用。尽管在一些儿童节目中，人们声称要和孩子直接对话，并且通过把摄像机直接对准被拍摄者进一步加深了这种错觉。但看电视的孩子们却无法进行眼神交流，孩子需要同其他现实的人发展一种信任、开放的交往能力，可这种节目却扭曲了现实生活关系，它会怎样影响孩子的交往能力呢？

一位老师对她个人观看电视的经验作了如下的评论：

“在看了几个小时的电视之后，我很难将自己调动起来和现实中的人交往，很难实现从看电视到现实关系的转变。我猜想那是因为看电视时不需要付出任何努力，而与现实中的人交往常常需要费点脑筋。然后想像一下，这对一个小孩来说可能会更难，尤其是每天看许多电视的孩子。”

II. Translate the following into Chinese (40)

(1)

It is not the turkey alone we're grateful. Not even the pumpkin pie. Some of the people seated at the table are strangers ----- friends of friends, -----and some are desperately familiar, faces we live and work everyday.

(2)

In any other week, today would merely be Thursday and the gathering of all these people ----- cooking and serving and cleaning ----- a chore. But

today it doesn't feel that way. The host ----- perhaps it's you ----- stands up and asks that we give thanks, and we do, each in our own way. And what we are thankful for is simply this, the food, the shelter, the company and above all, the sense of belonging.

(3)

As holidays go, Thanksgiving is in some ways the most philosophical. Today we try not to take for granted the things we almost always take for granted. We try, if only in that brief pause before the eating begins, to see through the well-worn patterns of our lives to what lies behind them. In other words, we try to understand how very rich we are, whether we feel very rich or not. Today is one of the few times most Americans consciously set desire aside, if only because desire is incompatible with the gratitude ----- not to mention the abundance ----- that Thanksgiving summons.

(4)

It's tempting to think that one Thanksgiving is pretty much like another, except for differences in the guest list and the recipes. But it isn't true. This is always a feast about where we are now. Thanksgiving reflects the complexion of the year we're in. Some years it feels joyful, almost happiness in nature. Other years it seems marked by a conspicuous humility uncommon in the calendar of American emotions.

(5)

And this year? We will probably remember giving thanks for some fundamental principles that should be honored every day of the year in the life of this nation ----- principles of generosity, tolerance and inclusion(包容). This is a feast that no one should be turned away from. The abundance of the food piled on the table should signify that there is plenty for all, plenty to be shared. The welcome we feel makes sense only if we also extend it to others.

III. Write an essay of approximately 400 words according to the topic given below. (50)

Some educators believe that students should receive letter grades in their examinations while others consider pass-fail grades more appropriate. Write a composition of about 400 words on this topic, giving advantages and

disadvantages of the two positions and explain which position you support.

IV. Make a summary of the passage given below with approximately 150 words. (20)

“You will never walk again. You will have to use a wheelchair.” Unprepared for the doctor’s grim prognosis, I heard these words fall heavily on my ears, numbing my soul. If I had never felt hopeless before, I felt hopeless then.

My catastrophic car accident had left me unconscious and in critical condition. I awakened to find both legs swathed in casts, the left one in traction to aid the healing of a broken hip and pelvis. While I had other serious injuries, my legs were my prime concern. Working as a special-needs teacher and “on the go” by nature, I couldn’t imagine being confined, let alone an invalid.

Lying in my bed motionless and relying on prayer, I wondered how I could give my ten-year-old son hope that Mom would heal. He’d been cheerful on every visit, but I saw the fear in his eyes. Looking forward to having a totally handicapped mother and the implications of that were weighing heavily on his little shoulders. He needed the ray of hope that I would not be in a wheelchair forever.

Just maybe, I thought, I could use this experience to teach what to do when adversity strikes. But I wasn’t just being altruistic. I needed something besides my physical healing to sink my Irish stubbornness into—it’s that trait that kept me going through the toughest challenge of my life.

It didn’t take me long to become impatient with my limited mobility and even with the pace the therapists were willing to go with me. I vowed to learn everything they showed me. Attempting to move on my own at night after the nurses’ last rounds, I’m sure I broke every hospital rule. I needed to make things happen my way. And being confined to a wheelchair the rest of my life didn’t fit into my plans.

At first, I taught myself to move from the bed to the wheelchair. I made tiny movements for weeks, afraid of falling, but more afraid to just lie in bed. I reached a point where my arms were strong enough to swing me into the chair. Getting out of the chair and back into bed proved more difficult, but I soon developed a method of grabbing the sheets with one hand and the

traction bar with the other. I wouldn't win any gymnastics competitions, but it worked; I often wondered what the nurses and therapists would have done if they'd seen me struggling on my own.

Once sure I could return myself to the bed from the wheelchair, I began to tackle a walker that had been left in my room by a former hospital roommate. If the nurses noticed that the wheelchair and walker were not where they had left them, they weren't saying anything. I wondered if a conspiracy of silence had developed: I wouldn't say anything about my secret therapy sessions, and they kept quiet as well.

Every night in my private room, as soon as I knew I wouldn't be interrupted or discovered, I would maneuver myself from the bed to the floor, holding on to the bed rail for dear life, and slowly putting my weight on my feet. After several weeks of these ever so difficult efforts, my strength and confidence continued to build. So came the ultimate challenge: alternating and moving my feet one inch at a time. I had dreams of striding briskly down the halls at school, playing dodge ball at recess, and driving again—grandiose dreams to be sure, but I knew one thing for certain: there would come a day when the wheelchair would be gone and I would walk.

It came the time to share my accomplishments with the person most important to me. One night, before my son arrived for his regular visit, I pulled myself into the chair and stationed the walker in front of me. When I heard him greet the nurses at the station, I dragged myself up. As he opened the door, I took a few small steps. Shocked, he could only watch as I turned and started back to bed. All of the pain, the fear, and the struggle faded as I heard the words I had longed to hear, “Mommy, you can walk!”

I am now able to walk alone, sometimes using a cane. I am able to take public transportation to shop and visit friends. My life has been blessed with many milestones and accomplishments of which I am proud. But none has ever brought me the satisfaction and joy offered by those four little words spoken by my son.