

# Part One Perceiving Life

## 感悟生命

生命有时渺小，有时伟大；时而脆弱，时而坚强。人生在世不过一刹那，故不能视其长短决定其价值，其价值要看生命存在的意义。所以人生在世，不要因其容易消逝而轻视生命，也不能因其无常而随波逐流。人生的旅途如若我们能勇敢前行，不管路途多么蜿蜒曲折，都会是幸福而饶有趣味的。属于我们的生命只有一次，而生命本身就有其存在的特殊价值，需要我们去珍惜，和家人、朋友、所有你爱和爱你的人一起高高兴兴地走完“春生、夏长、秋收、冬藏”的人生旅途。

### 1 The Letter to Daniel

#### 写给丹尼尔的信

新生儿的诞生带给我们的不单单是对生命的感悟，也有对死亡的思考。人生一世，草木一秋，自然四季轮回，人生兴衰枯荣；人类破译生命密码，探索人生之道，用爱来诠释生命的意义，正如泰戈尔的那句“生如夏花之绚烂，死如秋叶之静美”。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. Have you ever received a letter from your parents? In what situation did they write the letter to you? And what kind of information and emotion did they intend to express?
2. How much does your father or mother affect your outlook on life? Think out one example if possible.
3. Letter writing is not so popular nowadays, but its non-popularity makes it much more valuable. Will you write a letter to your parents if you want to say something to them?

(Daniel Patrick Keane was born on 4 February, 1996)

My dear son, it is six o'clock in the morning on the island of Hong Kong. You are asleep cradled in my left arm and I am learning the art of one-handed typing. Your mother, more tired yet happier than I've ever known her, is sound asleep in the room next door and there is soft quiet in our apartment.

Since you've arrived, days have melted into night and back again and we are learning a new grammar, a long sentence whose punctuation marks are feeding and winding and *nappy* (尿布) changing and these occasional moments of quiet.

When you're older we'll tell you that you were born in Britain's last Asian colony in the lunar year of the pig and that when we brought you home, the staff of our apartment block gathered to wish you well. "It's a boy, so lucky, so lucky. We Chinese love boys," they told us. One man said you were the first baby to be born in the block in the year of the pig. This, he told us, was good Feng Shui, in other words a positive sign for the building and everyone who lived there. **(While-reading thinking:**

**1. What does the sign — having the first baby born in the year of the pig — mean to Chinese people?)**

Naturally your mother and I were only too happy to believe that. We had wanted you and waited for you, imagined you and dreamed about you and now that you are here no dream can do justice to you. Outside the window, below us on the harbor, the ferries are ploughing back and forth to *Kowloon* (九龙). Millions are already up and moving about and the sun is *slanting* (倾斜) through the tower blocks and out onto the flat silver waters of the South China Sea. I can see the *contrail* (飞机飞过留下的尾迹) of a jet over *Lamma Island* (香港南丫岛) and, somewhere out there, the last stars flickering towards the other side of the world.

We have called you Daniel Patrick but I've been told by my Chinese friends that you should have a Chinese name as well and this glorious dawn sky makes me think we'll call you Son of the Eastern Star. So that later, when you and I are far from Asia, perhaps standing on a beach some evening, I can point at the sky and tell you of the Orient and the times and the people we knew there in the last years of the twentieth century.

Your coming has turned me upside down and inside out, so much that seemed essential to me has, in the past few days, taken on a different color. Like many foreign correspondents I know, I have lived a life that, on occasion, has *veered* (转向) closely to the edge: war zones, natural disasters, darkness in all its shapes and forms.

In a world of insecurity and ambition and ego, it's easy to be drawn in, to take chances with our lives, to believe that what we do and what people say about us is reason enough to gamble with death. Now, looking at your sleeping face, inches away from me, listening to your occasional sigh and *gurgle* (咯咯声), I wonder how I could have ever thought glory and prizes and praise were sweeter than life.

And it's also true that I am pained, perhaps haunted is a better word, by the memory, suddenly so vivid now, of each suffering child I have come across on my journeys. To tell you the truth, it's nearly too much to bear at this moment to even think of children being hurt and abused and killed. And yet looking at you, the images come flooding back. Ten-year-old Andi Mikail dying from *napalm* (凝固汽油) burns on a hillside in *Eritrea* (厄立特里亚, 东非国家), how his voice cried out, growing ever more faint when the wind blew dust on to his wounds. The two brothers, Domingo and Juste, in *Menongue* (宽多—库邦戈省省府), southern *Angola* (安哥拉). Just two years old and blind, dying from malnutrition, being carried on seven-year-old Domingo's back, and there is Domingo's words to me, "He was nice before, but now he has the hunger."

Last October, in Afghanistan, when you were growing inside your mother, I met Sharja, aged twelve. Motherless, fatherless, guiding me through the grey ruins of her home, everything was gone, she told me. And I knew that, for all her tender years, she had learned more about loss than I would likely understand in a lifetime.

There is one last memory of *Rwanda* (卢旺达), and the churchyard of the parish of *Nyarabuye* (尼亚拉布耶) where, in a *ransacked* (被洗劫的) classroom, I found a mother and her three young children huddled together where they'd been beaten to death. The children had died holding on to their mother, that instinct we all learn from birth and in one way or another cling to until we die.

Daniel, these memories explain some of the fierce protectiveness I feel for you, the tenderness and the occasional moments of blind terror when I imagine anything happening to you. But there is something more, a story from long ago that I will tell you face to face, father to son, when you are older. It's a very personal story but it's part of the picture. It has to do with the long lines of blood and family, about our lives and how we can get lost in them and, if we're lucky, find our way again into the sunlight. **(While-reading thinking: 2. Did your parents ever tell you something that they think you should know and take seriously? What are the life lessons they have taught you so far?)**

It begins thirty five years ago in a big city on a January morning with snow on the ground and a woman walking to hospital to have her first baby. She is in her early twenties and the city is still strange to her, bigger and noisier than the easy streets and gentle hills of her distant home. She's walking because there is no money and everything of value *has been pawned* (典当掉) to pay for the alcohol to which her husband has become addicted.

On the way, a taxi driver notices her sitting, exhausted and cold, in the doorway of a shop and he takes her to hospital for free. Later that day, she gives birth to a baby boy and, just as you are to me, he is the best thing she has ever seen. Her husband comes that night and weeps with joy when he sees his son. He is truly happy. *Hungover* (心里难受的), broke, but in his own way happy, for they were both young and in love with each other and their son.

But, Daniel, time had some bad surprises in store for them. The cancer of alcoholism ate away

at the man and he lost his family. This was not something he meant to do or wanted to do, it just was. When you are older, my son, you will learn about how complicated life becomes, how we can lose our way and how people get hurt inside and out. By the time his son had grown up, the man lived away from his family, on his own in a one-roomed flat, living and dying for the bottle.

He died on the fifth of January, one day before the anniversary of his son's birth. But his son was too far away to hear his last words, his final breath, and all the things they might have wished to say to one another were left unspoken.

Yet now Daniel, I must tell you that when you let out your first powerful cry in the delivery room of the Adventist Hospital and I became a father, I thought of your grandfather and, foolish though it may seem, hoped that in some way he could hear, across the infinity between the living and the dead, your proud statement of arrival. For if he could hear, he would recognize the distinct voice of family, the sound of hope and new beginnings that you and all your innocence and freshness have brought to the world.

*Figg keane*<sup>1</sup>

#### Language and culture note:

1. 菲格·基恩把一篇关于爱、遗失和战争的通讯以信的形式写给了他1996年在香港出生的儿子。在“来自我方记者”节目50周年的纪念庆典上，其中播出了一周特别节目，节目的内容是来自档案馆归档过的新闻报道。在节目中播放的多年的新闻通讯中，该通讯稿影响甚大。

#### Post-reading discussions:

1. What does “Feng Shui” mean in Chinese tradition? Can you set some examples to illustrate it?
2. What makes the father name his new-born child Son of the Eastern Star?
3. What inspiration does the father obtain from his memories? On what purpose do you think the father writes this letter to his son?

## 2 The Letter from Clara<sup>1</sup> to Robert

### 致吾爱罗伯特·舒曼

爱恋的美妙并非日日缠绵，隔空的思念也可使情意更醇厚。“只愿君心似我心，定不负相思意”一昔日的一段时光，一条小路，一个故事，他/她的嫣然一笑都带给我们满满的幸福；在牵挂中，等待下一次重逢。爱人安好，便是晴天！

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. Clara, at age 9, met Robert Schumann who was then 18 years old. Her father considered her to have a bright future, and later interfered with their budding romance by every means, but in vain. What do you think binds young couples together whatever the obstacles are?
2. There are a lot of examples in the real world you can tell that demonstrate couples' strong faithfulness in true love. Can you name some of love stories that touch you most?
3. If you are about to write a love letter, what would you write down and what would you want your beloved to know about you in the letter?

My beloved Robert,

Your faithful Clara is sitting down at her desk once again to send you her most heartfelt wishes. I'm really afraid that my little package to you in *Leipzig* (德国的莱比锡) didn't arrive in time and that you might be sad and think that I didn't remember you. Oh, you know how often I think of you. I have your picture before me; I tremble with joy every time I look at it; I would like to hold it, embrace it, kiss it, hug it; oh, what I would like to do, if only I could! How beautiful love is, both beautiful and painful! I'll celebrate your birthday quietly, happy at the thought of you. I'd love to spend the day in a garden, in a *bower* (阴凉处) that is shaded by beautiful leaves. And I'd like to be with you without being bothered by anyone, talk with you, and gaze at the *foliage* (植物的叶子). Think of me very intently at 8:30; that's when I was in your little room with you a year ago — do you remember? Do you love me as much as you did then? Or even more? My love is greater, boundless, my Robert.

I've been asking in vain for a letter for four days already; why don't you write? Are you mad at me? Oh, tell me, so I can make up for what I did wrong; you aren't sick, are you? **(While-reading thinking 1: Do you think four days is long enough for waiting for a letter? Why did Clara raise so many queries? Did she really want to know all the answers?)** I hope the Lord won't let that happen to me. You no longer write how you are feeling and what mood you are in. You were better

when you were in Vienna, you bad boy; I always knew how you were doing. When I go to bed at night, I already wish for the next morning to come, and I am sad when I don't receive anything from you. Dearest husband, will you drink to my health on Saturday? I always drink to yours at supper, at 5:30. I imagine you will be going to Liitzschena — did I guess correctly? Be sure to write to me right away.

Emilie is sending you a note, and Henriette asked me to send you something nice — you know what that means; she is sending you best wishes; that's what good hearts like Emilie and Henriette do.

Will you look at my picture sometimes? The fact that it doesn't quite resemble me isn't my fault. I held as still as I could during the sittings; nevertheless, the painter complained bitterly about how difficult it was to capture me. I thought of you so often during the sittings. If only I had received the *medallion* (大奖章) a week earlier; it would have been in the picture, and the ring, too, but the painter quite *capriciously* (任意地) left out my hands. I'll consider myself fortunate if you like it a little. Your picture quite *captivated* (迷住) me, more than I can say.

Tell me, my Robert, what is the meaning of the title of your composition in the supplement? I used to know, but simply can't remember. I always play the *Fantasy* (幻想曲) with real joy, with perfect delight — and the march is altogether *sublime* (令人赞叹的), Robert.

Listen, we have to get married even before Easter, don't you agree? In nine months? Oh, if only you would come to Paris and surprise me suddenly — what would I do? I wouldn't know what to do! You would like it here; I have the most beautiful view and a pleasant room with two windows decorated with flowers; there is an orange tree in one, and a *myrtle tree* (番樱桃) in the other, and lots more flowers. There is music all over the piano, and you would probably feel like playing. As you go to the window, you see *Montmartre* (蒙马特, 巴黎北区) before you — but all of that doesn't make me long for Germany any less! **(While-reading thinking: 2. How much do you know about Montmartre?)**

**Why is it said that the Montmartre area is the home of the romantic, artsy culture?)**

Wherever I walk I am reminded of my dear Leipzig. If only I could walk by your window in the park and see you standing there! I often found you there in Leipzig, but sometimes you simply didn't notice me; I could have died I was so impatient. Do you have a potted plant in your window, too? You sent me an ivy leaf once; I kept it in a safe place. Why don't you send me another one sometime?

I'll go to the post office now. Remain fond of me, my dear Robert, and let me hear from you soon; I am longing for you, and I am dying to hear from you.

Once again, a fervent beloved Robert, from kiss and a squeeze of your hand, my dearly beloved Robert, from

Your steadfast Clara

who is devoted to you until death

**Language and culture note:**

1. 克拉拉·舒曼 (Clara Schumann, 1819年9月13日—1896年5月20日), 著名德国钢琴家与作曲家, 罗伯特·舒曼之妻。

**Post-reading discussions:**

1. This is a love letter written by Clara to Robert. Can you find the specific examples in the letter that can show her strong affection and missing to Robert?
2. After reading the letter, can you tell how Clara was feeling while she was writing this letter? Anxious? Disappointed? Or a mixture of different emotions?
3. Clara in Paris sent her letter to her beloved Robert who was in Germany. What is your opinion of long-distance relationship? If you received a letter from far away, how would you feel?

### 3 Doing Well by Doing Good<sup>1</sup>

#### 为善者诸事顺

生命的因果法则，教导我们“予人玫瑰，手有余香”。有时在前进的路上搬开别人脚下的绊脚石，恰恰是让自己的前行之路更通畅；如若我们能“投之以木瓜”，便能“抱之以琼琚”，因为善举留下的是不灭的人性光芒。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. How do you interpret the title “Doing Well by Doing Good”?
2. Do you believe that how we are able to deal with adversity will be influenced, to no small extent, by how we deal with others along the way?
3. Have you ever helped others in need? What did you do?

There is a man who I'd like to tell you about. His name is Sandy Greenberg. In his youth, Sandy was a very good student, but he came from a poor family. And so he went to Columbia University on a scholarship and there he met his roommate who also was receiving financial aid.

Now while he was a sophomore at Columbia University, Sandy contracted an eye disease that eventually proved to be *glaucoma* (青光眼). But the trouble was, it wasn't detected early enough, and as a result he became legally blind. I ask you all to imagine for a moment having been sighted all your life and then all of a sudden being faced, in a very competitive school, with losing so much sight you could no longer read. This is what happened to Sandy Greenberg. **(While-reading thinking: 1. Can you imagine the life of the blind?)**

But something else happened to Sandy that may surprise you. Sandy said that when he lost his sight, his roommate would read his textbooks to him, every night.

So I'm going to put you in that question, in a competitive school like Columbia, or *Johns Hopkins*<sup>2</sup>. If your roommate had a serious disability, would you take the time to read textbooks to him every night, knowing the more you spend time reading textbooks to your roommate, perhaps the less well you might do with your other activities? That's not as easy a question as it first appears.

But luckily for Sandy, his roommate did. And as a result, Sandy went on to graduate with honors. He got a *Fulbright Scholarship*<sup>3</sup>, and he went off to study at Oxford. He was still quite poor, but he said he had managed to save about five hundred dollars as he went along.

His roommate, meanwhile, also went on to graduate school. One day, Sandy got a call from him

at Oxford. And his former roommate said, “Sandy, I’m really unhappy. I really don’t like being in graduate school, and I don’t want to do this.”

So Sandy asked, “Well, what do you want to do?”

And his roommate told him, “Sandy, I really love to sing. I have a high school friend who plays the guitar. And we would really like to try our hand in the music business. But we need to make a *promo record* (宣传唱片), and in order to do that I need \$500.”

So Sandy Greenberg told me he took all his life savings and sent it to his roommate. He told me, “You know, what else I could do? He made my life; I needed to help make his life.”

So, I hope you’ll remember the power of doing well by doing good. Each of you, in your own lives, will be faced with challenges, with roadblocks, with problem that you didn’t anticipate or expect. How you are able to deal with adversity will be influenced, to no small extent, by how you deal with others along the way. What you get will depend a lot on what you give. And that’s the end of the story of doing well by doing good.

Ah! I almost forgot. You probably want to know who Sandy’s roommate was. I think you’ve heard of him. Sandy’s roommate was a fellow by the name of Art Garfunkel, and he teamed up with another musician by the name of Paul Simon. That \$500 helped them *cut a record* (灌唱片) that eventually became The Sounds of Silence. Recently, I had the pleasure of going to Sandy’s daughter’s wedding, and it was Paul who sang as Sandy walked his daughter down the aisle.

When you get to be my age (which, for some of you, is really old, though it doesn’t seem so old to me anymore), you will find yourself beginning to ask, did my life make a difference?

That’s the day of personal reckoning. And I think the only way to face it is to consider, every day of your life: How can I do something for somebody else? How can I give back to others? It may be teaching; it may be becoming a doctor; you may be successful in business — no matter what your career path, there will present itself to be giving of your time, giving of your money, but mostly, to be giving of yourselves, of your own heart and soul. **(While-reading thinking: 2. How can we help others heart and soul?)**

My hope today, as you commence to new beginnings, is you will always keep your eyes open for those opportunities to give and embrace them as your best sure way of doing well.

### Language and culture notes:

1. 演讲者William R. Brody是约翰霍普金斯大学（Johns Hopkins University）的校长。
2. 约翰霍普金斯大学由慈善事业家J·霍普金斯捐资于1876年创办。该校是全美国最著名的小型研究型私立大学。也是美国第一所研究型大学，美国第一所以讨论班方式授课、第一所分专业录取本科生的大学。其校友中先后有22人获得诺贝尔奖。
3. 富布赖特科学奖学金（Fulbright Scholarship），是一项美国和约150个国家之间的学术交

流计划。詹姆斯·威廉·富布赖特（生于1905），美国参议员，于1946年提出富布赖特法案，确立了美国与外国的学者和学生到对方国家交流进修的方案。

### Post-reading discussions:

1. So Sandy Greenberg said “what else could I do? He made my life; I needed to help make his life.” Do you agree with him that whoever has done something for us, we are supposed to do something in return?
2. Do you think as for the old, the older they get, the more kind-hearted they will be? If yes, why are they kinder than before?
3. When you have finished reading this address, will you keep your eyes open for those opportunities to give and embrace them as your best sure way of doing well?

## 4 Oprah's Address at Harvard's Commencement in 2013

### 奥普拉2013年在哈佛大学毕业典礼上的演讲

人生如白驹过隙，十分短暂；生命不该像瓷器和花朵那样脆弱娇嫩，要像星星即使被云遮盖也要发光，要像瀑布征服悬崖绝壁落而不衰。千里之行，始于足下，有志成就一番事业，征途的意义在于寻找机会，没有机会就创造机会。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. Do you really think that there is no such thing as failure, and failure is just life trying to move us in another direction?
2. Oprah said that what the world needs is people who have come alive. Do you think that you are the person the world needs? And why are you so certain?
3. What is your understanding of success?

...

I shall walk decisively. This is what I want to share. It doesn't matter how far you might rise. At some point you are bound to *stumble* (跌倒) because if you're constantly doing what we do, raising the bar. If you're constantly pushing yourself higher, higher the law of averages not to mention *the Myth of Icarus*<sup>1</sup> predicts that you will at some point fall. And when you do I want you to know this, remember this: there is no such thing as failure. Failure is just life trying to move us in another direction. Now when you're down there in the hole, it looks like failure. So this past year I had to spoon feed those words to myself. And when you're down in the hole, when that moment comes, it's really okay to feel bad for a little while. Give yourself time to mourn what you think you may have lost but then here's the key, learn from every mistake because every experience, encounter, and particularly your mistakes are there to teach you and force you into being more who you are. And then figure out what is the next right move. And the key to life is to develop an internal moral emotional G.P.S. that can tell you which way to go. Because now and forever more when you Google yourself your search results will read "Harvard, 2013". And in a very competitive world that really is a calling card because I can tell you as one who employs a lot of people when I see "Harvard" I sit up a little straighter and say "Where is he or she? Bring them in." It's an impressive calling card that can lead to even more impressive bullets in the years ahead: lawyer, senator, C.E.O., scientist, physicist, winners of Nobel and *Pulitzer Prizes*<sup>2</sup> or late night talk show host. But the challenge of life

I have found is to build a résumé that doesn't simply tell a story about what you want to be but it's a story about who you want to be. It's a résumé that doesn't just tell a story about what you want to accomplish but why. A story that's not just a collection of titles and positions but a story that's really about your purpose. Because when you inevitably stumble and find yourself *stuck in a hole* (陷入困境) that is the story that will get you out. What is your true calling? What is your *dharma* (生活原则)? What is your purpose? For me that discovery came in 1994 when I interviewed a little girl who had decided to collect pocket change in order to help other people in need. She raised a thousand dollars all by herself and I thought well if that little 9 year old girl with a bucket and big heart could do that I wonder what I could do? So I asked for our viewers to take up their own change collection and in one month just from pennies and nickels and dimes we raised more than three million dollars that we used to send one student from every state in the United States to college. That was the beginning of the Angel Network. **(While-reading thinking: 1. Do you think that whatever we are, we can do something for others and for the society? If yes, what can we do without money or with little money?)**

And so what I did was I simply asked our viewers "Do what you can wherever you are, from wherever you sit in life. Give me your time or your talent or your money if you have it." And they did. Extend yourself in kindness to other human beings wherever you can. And together we built 55 schools in 12 different countries and restored nearly 300 homes that were devastated by hurricanes Rita and Katrina. So the Angel Network I have been on the air for a long time, but it was the Angel Network that actually focused my internal G.P.S. It helped me to decide that I wasn't going to just be on TV every day but that the goal of my shows, my interviews, my business, my *philanthropy* (慈善事业) all of it, whatever ventures I might pursue would be to make clear that what unites us is ultimately far more redeeming and compelling than anything that separates me. Because what had become clear to me and I want you to know it isn't always clear in the beginning because as I said I had been on television since I was 19 years old. But around '94 I got really clear. So don't expect the clarity to come all at once to know your purpose right away, but what became clear to me was that I was here on earth to use television and not be used by it; to use television to illuminate the *transcendent* (超然的) power of our better angels. So this Angel Network, it didn't just change the lives of those who were helped, but the lives of those who also did the helping. It reminded us that no matter who we are or what we look like or what we may believe it is both possible and more importantly it becomes powerful to come together in common purpose and common effort. I saw something on the Bill Moore Show recently that so reminded me of this point. It was an interview with David and Francine Wheeler. They lost their 7 year old son, Ben in the Sandy Hook tragedy. And even though gun safety legislation to strengthen background checks had just been voted down in Congress at the time that they were doing this interview they talked about how they refused to be discouraged. Francine said this, she said "Our hearts are broken but our spirits are not. I'm going

to tell them what it's like to find a conversation about change that is love, and I'm going to do that without fighting them." And then her husband David added this, "You simply cannot *demonize* (妖魔化) or *vilify* (诽谤) someone who doesn't agree with you, because the minute you do that, your discussion is over. And we cannot do that any longer. The problem is too enormous. There has to be some way that this darkness can be banished with light." In our political system and in the media we often see the reflection of a country that is polarized, that is paralyzed and is self-interested. And yet, I know you know the truth. We all know that we are better than the cynicism and the pessimism that is *regurgitated* (机械地重复) throughout Washington and the 24-hour cable news cycle. Not my channel, by the way. We understand that the vast majority of people in this country believe in stronger background checks because they realize that we can uphold *the Second Amendment*<sup>3</sup> and also reduce the violence that is robbing us of our children. They don't have to be incompatible.

**(While-reading thinking: 2. Do you think that for the safety of the American people, the sale of firearms should be subject to the strict legal restrictions so as to keep the guns out of the hands of the criminals?)**

### Language and culture notes:

1. 伊卡洛斯神话，古希腊能工巧匠代达罗斯被困高塔中时，用蜡将鸟的羽毛粘在一起为自己和儿子伊卡洛斯各做了一对翅膀，飞出高塔。伊卡洛斯忘记老父的嘱咐，飞向太阳，导致羽毛上的蜡被融化而坠海身亡。
2. 普利策奖，1917年根据美国报业巨头约瑟夫·普利策（Joseph Pulitzer）的遗愿设立。
3. 美国宪法第二修正案与1791年12月15日被批准。本修正案保障人民有备有和佩带武器的权利。

### Post-reading discussions:

1. Please paraphrase the sentence "The key to life is to develop an internal moral, emotional G.P.S."
2. What are the key words in the sentences "Our hearts are broken but our spirits are not. I'm going to tell them what it's like to find a conversation about change that is love, and I'm going to do that without fighting them."?
3. Can you figure out Oprah Winfrey's characters? And what do you think makes her a successful lady?

## 5 The Rescued Chilean Miners

### 智利矿工获救纪实

《国语·周语下》言，“众心成城，众口铄金。”个人力量的局限会阻碍其发展，团队力量可以叠加甚至超越个人力量。倘若我们像兄弟般团结，“人人为我，我为人人”，必能同舟共济扬帆起，乘风破浪万里航。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. What do fossil fuels refer to? Do you think they are inexhaustible?
2. Can you predict the further development and application of solar energy, wind energy and thermal energy?
3. What do you think are the potential reasons for the occurrence of pervasive haze around our country these days?

When we meet *Mario Sepúlveda*<sup>1</sup> in the Pacific Coast city of La Serena, *Chile* (智利), in November, it is 1 a.m., and he is running laps around his hotel pool. Like many of the other 32 miners who were rescued in October after 70 days trapped beneath Chile's *Atacama Desert* (阿塔卡马沙漠), Sepúlveda, 40, still has trouble sleeping. "I only get three or four hours a night," he says. It might be because of the memories of waiting 2,300 ft. (700 m) underground for 17 days before officials located the miners, when the specter of starvation or even *cannibalism* (同类相食) haunted each man, or it could be that their biological clocks are still set like those of subterranean bats. **(While-reading**

**thinking: 1. Can you fancy the situation that a miner works 700m underground?)**

The insomnia is a reminder that 33 miners' *miraculous* (奇迹般的) survival and rescue this year inspired a world desperate for a happy ending to something, anything — haven't yet completely emerged from their dark *abyss* (深渊). Yet this is as good as it gets for mining dramas, as recent tragedies, from the U.S. to New Zealand, where 1,261 miners were killed in just the first half of 2010, make all too starkly plain.

Why did things turn out so blessedly different in Chile? A *mother lode* (母脉) of luck and faith was involved. But the rescue also showcased a commodity even rarer today than the gold the miners were quarrying: leadership. "We made sure it was one for all and all for one down there," foreman *Luis Urzúa*<sup>2</sup> tells us. After the San José gold and copper mine collapsed on Aug 5, forcing the men into an emergency shelter, Urzúa's *avuncular* (伯父似的) guidance kept them alive for more than two

weeks with just two days' worth of food.

Urzúa was most sorely tested when the miners suddenly heard search drills just meters above their heads and then just as suddenly heard them go silent. “To have that much hope turn into that much despair — that was worse than dying,” recalls miner Daniel Herrera, 27. Urzúa agrees. “I realized we were a needle in a *haystack* (干草堆),” he says. “It’s then that you have to convince them not just that they’re going to survive but why they have to survive — their families, their faith.” Luis Urzúa was the foreman of the 33 Chilean miners — trapped 2,300 feet below the Atacama Desert for 70 days before they were finally rescued in October. Urzúa’s avuncular leadership helped his men survive the first 17 awful days after the collapse of the San Jose gold and copper mine in northern Chile, keeping them united, active and in good spirits while stretching two days’ worth of food more than two weeks until officials finally located them. Urzúa, 54, a mining veteran and self-taught geology expert, spoke briefly with reporters Tim Padgett and Aaron Nelsen in *Santiago* (圣地亚哥, 智利首都):

Reporter/R: What did you learn from this drama to be the most important ingredient of successful leadership?

Urzúa/U: Preparation. All the geology study I did, all the courses I took on mines, including the San Jose mine, and all the security procedure reviews — you keep asking yourself, Why are we doing all this? And then one day you see all of this — the hardship we endured but also all the celebration we’re enjoying now.

R: What moment most sorely tested your leadership skills down there?

U: I’d have to say the moment, strangely enough, when we first felt hope. After quite a few days we could suddenly hear the drills probing for our whereabouts; we could hear them just meters above our heads. And then just as suddenly they went silent and disappeared. That was probably the worst moment of despair for everybody: it was easy to think then that this was it, this was far as those drills, and we, were going to go.

R: What could you do?

U: Even though I realized that locating us was like finding a needle in a haystack, I never gave up hope that help would arrive. It’s then that you have to convince the men not only that they’re going to survive, but why they have to survive — their families, their faith.

R: The miners themselves have applauded you for your democratic approach to rules and organization below ground.

U: We were 33 people with distinct characters, but we made sure it was one for all and all for one down there. I feel my best decision as the foreman was to insist that everyone participate in the decision process — the 16-plus-one majority held sway — about everything from each man’s tasks to how much we’d eat and drink each day and where. Keeping order and structure was very important. You have to understand, when the mine collapsed it was chaos — like one of those

snow avalanches you see in the movies. There was so much dust it took more than a day just to see in front of ourselves. **(While-reading thinking: 2. What qualities can you find in these miners trapped 2,300 feet below for 70 days?)**

- R: When you were found and it was time to plan the rescue, you were the leader below and President Piñera was the leader above. You're from a poor mining family, the President is a billionaire. Was communication difficult?
- U: It wasn't as difficult as some might think. In fact, our differences may have made our communication that much stronger, as we learned about each other. I remember on one phone call *hookup* (连接) between the miners' emergency shelter and his office here in Santiago, we must have talked for half an hour. The important thing was that neither of us ever doubted, even before 33 were found, that we'd all survive this thing.
- R: You also told him, "Please don't ever let this happen again."
- U: I owed it to every miner everywhere to say that. And I'm glad to see the President is demanding mining reforms now.
- R: Some of you just returned from China, where people welcomed you as heroes, as they have everywhere you go. Have you been surprised by the worldwide outpouring for you and the miners?
- U: Not surprised but a little amazed, especially at the quantity of people around the world who supported us — and at the faith the whole world had in us. This was about faith in the end.

### Language and culture notes:

1. 马里奥·塞普尔维达 (Mario Sepúlveda), 电子工程师, 智利矿难的第二名获救者。
2. 路易斯·乌尔西亚 (Luis Urzúa), 最后一名矿难获救者。

### Post-reading discussions:

1. What are the main *sequelae* (后遗症) that these rescued miners have?
2. What factors are conducive to their survival according to Luis Urzúa, foreman of the miners?
3. How do you understand the statement "but we made sure it was one for all and all for one down there"?

## 6 The Interview with Tom Cruise<sup>1</sup>

### 采访汤姆·克鲁斯

不因艰难岁月放弃，不为时运不济哀叹。对自己充满信心，再凭借坚强的意志和锲而不舍的精神，相信“冰冻三尺，非一日之寒；积土成山，非斯须之作”，蜗牛能凭坚忍不拔之志到达方舟，我们必能一步步走向成功与辉煌。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. Do you think that one of the reasons why Tom Cruise is such a well-grounded human being is because of his difficult upbringing?
2. If you had money, would you get cosmetic surgery? Why or why not?
3. What do you usually do to accustom yourself to the life in a new place?

Playboy: You turn 50 on July 3. It's a time most men are battling a gut, getting *colonoscopies* (结肠镜检查), losing their hair and monitoring their blood pressure. How is it you look about half your age?

Cruise: I honestly have no idea. (Laughs) I work. I'm always with family. I train, go without sleep. I just go hard.

P: You're not wrinkling up like a lot of your peers. Have you had, or would you get, cosmetic surgery?

C: I haven't, and I never would.

P: What does this *dubious* (无把握的) milestone mean to you?

C: When I made *Taps* (熄灯号), really my first film experience, I remember lying at night in the hotel room, thinking, I love this so much. I'd wanted it since I was four, and there I was, thinking that if I did my best on *Taps*, maybe I could do this for the rest of my life. Turning 50, when I'm still doing this, is okay. On July 3 I'll be in Iceland, filming on my birthday. My family, my wife, they understand. It's who I am. I've spent many birthdays on a movie set, all great days.

P: What have you learned that you didn't know 20 years ago?

C: I've always had the same values. Family for me has always been important. When I *shoot* (拍片), everybody comes. When Kate's shooting, I'm there with her and the kids. We're always together. I'm always around my mother and sisters. I always wanted to be a father, a husband. And I always had a work ethic. I've had paying jobs since I was about eight years old — cutting grass, raking leaves, paper routes, selling Easter cards and Christmas cards.

P: Door-to-door?

C: I went door-to-door in Canada and Kentucky. I was basically raised by my mom, and my mom at a certain point was paying for everything. We all had to *pitch in* (努力地投入). So work to me is important.

P: Where was your father?

C: He was mostly working, and then they got divorced. We moved a lot, and early on it was because he moved from job to job.

P: How did growing up with an absent father inform who you have become?

C: It wasn't a big conflict when I was growing up; that's just the way it was. I don't look back and feel bad. I know some people do, but it's not a burden I carry through life. It's more like, Okay, this happened. That's how he behaved, that's how he did things. He tried, but it just was who he was. Traveling has given me a broader understanding of people, and I've always been interested in the similarities we had and why people make certain choices in life. I got an introduction to that as a young child, but it never felt like a weight I carried on my shoulders. **(While-reading thinking: 1. Do you think that Tom Cruise is considerate and do you believe that understanding others will make our life much easier?)**

P: How much of a hardship was it to have your mother supporting the family?

C: We were *better off* (比较富裕) than a lot and not as well off as others. For me, it was more basic. Like, if I wanted to go to the movies as many times as I wanted to go, I had to find money to pay for it. I learned to get things. And we move around a lot.

P: That's got to be tough on a kid.

C: I liked going to a new place. I'll never forget, there was a cardboard box they'd put in my room. You pack your stuff up, everything goes in the car and off we go.

P: Was it jarring to leave school and friends and start over?

C: I found it adventurous. Did it bring challenges? Yeah. You're always the new kid, with the wrong accent, the wrong shoes. You learn about people and yourself and how to deal with what was not always a safe environment. You had to figure it out. That is what life's about, change and solving problems and living it. My mother worked three jobs, but she's a woman for whom the cup is always half full. I wanted to help her and my sisters. **(While-reading thinking: 2. Do you know the difference between the two sentences "the cup is always half full" and "the cup is always half empty"?)**

P: What else did you do with your money?

C: From as early as I can remember, I wanted to ride motorcycles and race cars. I wanted to do jumps and *stunts* (特技). Every birthday I wanted only a motorcycle. By the time I was 12, I'd bought my own.

P: How rough is the motorcycle learning curve for a 12-year-old?

C: Very. No one taught me. I crashed a lot, because I like to go fast. I used to do other stuff. We were

living in Canada and I liked gymnastics. I would *do flips* (空翻跟头) off the roof. I'd climb to the highest part and see how many flips I could do before I hit the snowbank. I'd do one flip, and I'd wonder, can I get two?

P: So you were that guy.

C: I was that guy. I used to like to do stuff to show my sisters. They were always like, Tommy, you're going to kill yourself, and then Mom's going to kill you. I'd be doing flips and the neighborhood kids would come over and look. Then I tried a double and got through only one and a half before I missed the snowbank, landed on the sidewalk and broke my ankle. I was like, ghgh! I crawled to the bedroom. I've broken my leg, my nose.

P: How'd you break your nose?

C: The first time, I got hit by a fastball. Another time, I got hit with a baseball bat by accident. Then I rejarred it on a motorcycle. No one thought about helmets or pads back then. When I was 18, on the set of *Taps*, I met the stunt guys. I was like, you train for stuff like this? Back in the day there were no videos of this stuff. I'd create *ramps* (斜坡) to try to jump over garbage cans on my bike, figuring it out on my own. When I was five years old, I'd climb the tallest tree possible, get to the top so when the wind was blowing I'd hang on as the branch swayed back and forth. Then, can I go from this tree and get to that tree?

P: Aside from broken bones, what did you get out of all this?

C: I learned that even in times that were challenging, you have a choice whether to let problems overwhelm you. When you're going to new schools, you are confronted by different things, but you always have a choice, and mine was to learn to handle it.

P: How does this translate to doing your own stunts in movies?

C: I train pretty hard. For *The Last Samurai* (最后的武士) I spent a year training six hours a day, seven days a week to be able to handle a sword and do it on uneven terrain, because I didn't want to blow my knees out. You've got to build the body up for impact. I remember trying to put my shirt on at one point and couldn't because my forearms had gotten so big. It was the same with *Rock of Ages* (摇滚年代) — five hours a day learning to sing, three hours a day dancing.

P: After a rough couple of years when some questioned your viability as a leading man, *Mission Impossible — Ghost Protocol* (碟中谍：幽灵协议) grossed more money than any other film you've ever made. What did that mean to you?

C: I've always just wanted to make the movies I wanted to make, see studios make money so they'd let me do it again and see an audience enjoy it. I've tried to keep my head down and just do good work.

**Language and culture note:**

1. 汤姆·克鲁斯 (Tom Cruise, 1962年7月3日-) 是美国电影演员, 电影制片人。

**Post-reading discussions:**

1. Why does Tom Cruise like going to a new place?
2. How do you like Tom Cruise's mother? Do you think that she sets her son a good example?
3. Do you get to know Tom Cruise's values from the last sentence "I've tried to keep my head down and just do good work"?

## 7 Shall We Choose Death?

### 难道要选择死亡?

古今中外此起彼伏大大小小的战争使众多生灵涂炭，财富毁于一旦。当拿破仑目睹双方将士阵亡一万五千人的惨状时，书写了一封伤心欲绝的信给奥地利国王：“让我们停战，和解吧！”为了更好地生活，但愿人人都争取和平，热爱和平，维护和平。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. How to solve the world conflicts from your perspectives?
2. Do you think that we ordinary people are against wars and we hope to live happily with our families? If so, why are there so many terrorists?
3. Should we take our offspring into consideration whatever we do now?

I am speaking not as a Briton, not as a European, not as a member of a western democracy, but as a human being, a member of the species Man, whose continued existence is in doubt. The world is full of conflicts: Jews and Arabs; Indians and Pakistanis; white men and Negroes in Africa; and, overshadowing all minor conflicts, the titanic struggle between communism and anticommunism.

Almost everybody who is politically conscious has strong feelings about one or more of these issues; but I want you, if you can, to set aside such feelings for the moment and consider yourself only as a member of a biological species which has had a remarkable history and whose disappearance none of us can desire. I shall try to say no single word which should appeal to one group rather than to another. All, equally, are in peril, and, if the peril is understood, there is hope that they may collectively *avert* (避免) it. We have to learn to think in a new way. We have to learn to ask ourselves not what steps can be taken to give military victory to whatever group we prefer, for there no longer are such steps. The question we have to ask ourselves is: What steps can be taken to prevent a military contest of which the issue must be disastrous to all sides?

The general public, and even many men in positions of authority, have not realized what would be involved in a war with *hydrogen bombs* (氢弹). The general public still thinks in terms of the *obliteration* (毁灭) of cities. It is understood that the new bombs are more powerful than the old and that, while one atomic bomb could *obliterate* (彻底毁掉) *Hiroshima* (日本广岛), one hydrogen bomb could obliterate the largest cities such as London, New York, and Moscow. No doubt in a hydrogen-bomb war great cities would be obliterated. But this is one of the minor disasters that would have to

be faced. If everybody in London, New York, and Moscow were exterminated, the world might, in the course of a few centuries, recover from the blow. But we now know, especially since the *Bikini* (1946年美国原子弹试验基地) test, that hydrogen bombs can gradually spread destruction over a much wider area than had been supposed. It is stated on very good authority that a bomb can now be manufactured which will be 25,000 times as powerful as that which destroyed Hiroshima. Such a bomb, if exploded near the ground or under water, sends radioactive particles into the upper air. They sink gradually and reach the surface of the earth in the form of a deadly dust or rain. It was this dust which infected the Japanese fishermen and their catch of fish although they were outside what American experts believed to be the danger zone. No one knows how widely such *lethal* (致命的) radioactive particles might be *diffused* (扩散), but the best authorities are *unanimous* (全体一致的) in saying that a war with hydrogen bombs is quite likely to put an end to the human race. It is feared that if many hydrogen bombs are used there will be universal death — sudden only for a fortunate minority, but for the majority a slow torture of disease and *disintegration* (瓦解)....

Here, then, is the problem which I present to you, stark and dreadful and inescapable: Shall we put an end to the human race or shall mankind renounce war? People will not face this alternative because it is so difficult to abolish war. The abolition of war will demand distasteful limitations of national sovereignty. But what perhaps impedes understanding of the situation more than anything else is that the term ‘mankind’ feels vague and abstract. People scarcely realize in imagination that the danger is to themselves and their children and their grandchildren, and not only to a dimly apprehended humanity. And so they hope that perhaps war may be allowed to continue provided modern weapons are prohibited. I am afraid this hope is illusory. Whatever agreements not to use hydrogen bombs had been reached in time of peace, they would no longer be considered binding in time of war, and both sides would set to work to manufacture hydrogen bombs as soon as war broke out, for if one side manufactured the bombs and the other did not, the side that manufactured them would inevitably be victorious... **(While-reading thinking: 1. Do you think that the complete**

**prohibition and thorough destruction of nuclear weapons is an illusion? And the abolition of war is impossible?)**

As geological time is *reckoned* (计算), Man has so far existed only for a very short period of one million years at the most. What he has achieved, especially during the last 6,000 years, is something utterly new in the history of *the Cosmos* (宇宙), so far at least as we are acquainted with it. For countless ages the sun rose and set, the moon *waxed and waned* (圆和缺), the stars shone in the night, but it was only with the coming of Man that these things were understood. In the great world of astronomy and in the little world of the atom, Man has unveiled secrets which might have been thought undiscoverable. In art and literature and religion, some men have shown a *sublimity* (崇高) of feeling which makes the species worth preserving. Is all this to end in trivial horror because so few are able to think of Man rather than of this or that group of men? Is our race so *destitute* (极度缺乏的)

of wisdom, so incapable of impartial love, so blind even to the simplest dictates of self-preservation, that the last proof of its silly cleverness is to be the extermination of all life on our planet? — for it will be not only men who will perish, but also the animals, whom no one can accuse of communism or anticommunism.

I cannot believe that this is to be the end. I would have men forget their quarrels for a moment and reflect that, if they will allow themselves to survive, there is every reason to expect the triumphs of the future to exceed immeasurably the triumphs of the past. There lies before us, if we choose, continual progress in happiness, knowledge, and wisdom. Shall we, instead, choose death, because we cannot forget our quarrels? I appeal, as a human being to human beings: remember your humanity, and forget the rest. If you can do so, the way lies open to a new Paradise; if you cannot, nothing lies before you but universal death. **(While-reading thinking: 2. Should we choose the Paradise or the hell?)**

### Post-reading discussions:

1. What on earth does the war bring to the human being, the environment and the animals?
2. Do you believe that our race is destitute of wisdom, incapable of impartial love, blind even to the simplest dictates of self-preservation?
3. Should we choose war or peace, death or life, the hydrogen bomb or negotiations?

## 8 Tag Students

### “标签”学生

对从事“传道，授业，解惑”者而言，论起教育，尤其是具体的教学方式、方法时，多数人必首推孔子的“因材施教”、“举一反三”、“启发式教学”、“教学相长”等原则。不过，做总比说好，因为“实干兴邦，空谈误国”。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. What did you dream of becoming when you were young?
2. How should you handle the relationships between ideals and realities? Are the ideals always sweet whereas the realities are often bitter?
3. What do you think are the *feasible* (切实可行的) ways to learn English proficiently?

The last time the *musical Spamalot* (音乐剧《火腿骑士》) came to town, my phone rang. Sir Bedevere was on the line.

“Is this the Steve Hendrix who grew up in Americus, *Georgia* (佐治亚州)?” began one of those delightful reconnections common in the age of Google. The voice from the past was of Christopher Gurr, an acquaintance from decades ago who was touring with the Broadway show.

We met at Old Ebbitt Grill, and Christopher filled me in on his career: many seasons of regional theater, brushes with Broadway, and four years of standing ovations in *Monty Python's* (蒙蒂·派森) medieval attire. I toasted him with my *Guinness* (吉尼斯黑啤酒).

“You know who I should thank for becoming an actor?” he said. “Your mother.”

My mother?

She had been Christopher's fourth-grade teacher in 1976. It was the year she was asked to create a class for exceptional students. It was the year cited as the best ever by Christopher and almost everyone else I'd ever met from that class.

He ticked off the fates of several classmates, many professionals and artists among them. It was a remarkably accomplished and sophisticated *roster* (花名册) for a town where kids weren't often encouraged to aim much beyond the shops of the little downtown or the boundaries of the family farm.

“We still talk about her,” said Christopher. “You ask anyone who was in that class. The experience was huge.”

Ask them? Why not?

One of the first of the scattered alumni I found was Neill Kipp, who appears in class pictures as a *shaggy-haired* (毛发蓬松的) blond with an eager smile. I cold-called him one evening at his home in Denver, explaining who I was and wondering whether he had any recollections from that distant *cranny* (资源隐匿处) of his childhood. **(While-reading thinking: 1. Can you recall any one of your desk-mates or teachers in the primary school?)**

The thing they noticed was the woman in the white *pantsuit* (裤套装) standing tall amid the little chairs. She had a blue scarf around her neck and wore a necklace of polished *turquoise* (蓝绿色的) and *Navajo* (纳瓦霍人) silver. Her *auburn* (赭色的) hair was swept back from her forehead and curled over her shoulders in That Girl swoops. As the children filed in, she greeted them in French. *Bonjour!* (你好) *Bonjour!* *Bienvenue!*

“We had never seen a teacher quite like her,” Christopher said.

She was asked to launch the program for talented and gifted, or TAG, students, and by the fall of 1976, she was greeting her bright, bewildered *charges* (受照料者) in a foreign language.

The French was just a sample. They would be learning electronics and chess and space exploration. They would keep journals and write plays and make puppets. They would publish a newspaper and dig for fossils and ...*phew* (咂舌头).

The kids selected for the class were a handful of fifth graders and about a dozen fourth graders, all testing three or four years above grade level.

“We were all pretty odd by South Georgia standards,” said Frank Lowrey, then a fourth grader. Suddenly, they found themselves in a room where reading wasn’t mocked, where being creative, outlandish, and even *effete* (疲惫的) didn’t risk a punch *at recess* (在休息时间).

“It was a *sanctuary* (圣地),” Christopher said. “Before that, I was hiding out.”

One of their first projects, Mrs. Hendrix announced, would be to *stage* (上演) Charles Dickens’s *A Christmas Carol* (圣诞颂歌). Everyone would work on the *set* (布景). Building scenery would reveal geometry. Decorating it was art. Decoding the dense English was reading. Dickens’s portrayals of class and poverty were portals to social studies. **(While-reading thinking: 2. You have been learning English for years. Have you ever staged any English play in class or out of class? Why or why not?)**

“The thing I remember most about that year was the pace,” Neill said. “It was driven. She was a *charismatic* (有超凡魅力的) leader, and we all responded.”

Brad Ewing, a fourth grader, was the town crier in Scrooge’s London, but what he really got into was his second job, running the spotlight.

“I loved electronics,” Brad said. Despite his interest, Brad was on obvious *prodigy* (神童). “Based on my test scores, most guidance counselors would have steered me to anything but math or engineering.”

But Mrs. Hendrix invited him to bring in his home-wired *gizmos* (小物件). She let Brad and

Frank *rig* (装扮) the class bulletin board with working lights. For a lesson in arithmetic, Brad assembled a kind of abacus out of colored blocks, astonishing his teacher.

She spent hours preparing for class. Except for long division and other mandated curricula (which the kids blazed through each day before lunch), she kept her students out of textbooks as much as possible. And out of the classroom.

One morning as the mild winter rain wet the playground outside, Mrs. Hendrix made an announcement. The play was going big-time. She had persuaded someone at Georgia Public Television to broadcast it statewide as a holiday special. The class would travel to Atlanta for a taping.

“I’m very proud of you, my darlings,” she said over the shouts of glee. At that moment, there wasn’t a happier classroom in Georgia.

Early in the fall of 1977, my mother got sharp pains in the stomach. Her doctor in Americus sent her to a doctor in *Albany* (奥尔巴尼), who sent her to a doctor in Atlanta. By then, the cancer was all over her, especially her liver.

She spent two months enduring useless chemo and getting sicker. I remember the tube in that arm, leading to an ever present, always beeping chemo machine that she had named Mehitabel, after a satiric cat from a long-gone newspaper feature.

Officially, administrators said only that Mrs. Hendrix wouldn’t be coming back and that TAG class was canceled for the rest of the year. They didn’t want to upset the students. For most, it was their first encounter with death. It was mine too. I’d never been to a funeral.

I remember seeing some of her students in the *pews* (教堂内的靠背长凳), sitting in colored shadows as sunlight poured through stained glass. I remember seeing them cry. That was something I didn’t do, at least not in public.

I remember wondering, as I tried to ignore the solemn finality coming from the *pulpit* (讲道台), just what my mother had meant to them.

Frank Lowrey won a debate scholarship to Emory University and another scholarship to Emory Law School. He is now one of Atlanta’s top *appellate* (受理上诉的) lawyers.

Neill Kipp is a software architect with his own company.

Brian Hewitt is a high school science teacher. He still has the Mexican *llama* (美洲驼) puppet he made in 1976.

Tracy Peabody became a professional glassblower.

Brad Ewing, who now goes by David, did become an electrical engineer; he did work for the space program and did become an inventor of “many cool things.”

Angel Myers, who loved to race, became a competitive swimmer and won three gold three bronze medals at the 1992 and 1996 Olympics.

Cynthia Counts is a First Amendment and media lawyer and had her own law firm.

There are other standouts: artists, engineers, a bank president. My mother would have been so proud of each of them. She loved them all — a capacity that really great teachers share with really great mothers.

**Post-reading discussions:**

1. How did Christopher Gurr reach the author decades later?
2. What were children in the author's hometown expected at that time?
3. Who came to teach those TAG students? And what did she ask them to do?
4. What happened to the author's mother? And what did her students respond to it?
5. Do you agree that the destiny of a pupil, to a certain extent, depends on the influence of a teacher?

## 9 The Odd Couple

### 怪异两冤家

戏剧艺术总能在一定程度上陶冶人们的情操，所谓“嬉笑怒骂皆为戏，一招一式总关情”。但该行的从业者需要体会“假作真时真亦假，无为有处有还无”的意境，因为毕竟还有“亲昵生狎侮”一说。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. Do you have any friend who is diagnosed with a kind of cancer? How is he/she fighting with the disease?
2. What is the most important requirement for an actor in a talk show as far as you know?
3. Do you enjoy *pantomimes* (哑剧) and movies without any sound like *The Artist*?

After I was diagnosed with *invasive* (入侵的) throat cancer in 1989, my doctors performed a sensational operation. But there was a problem. Once they were inside, they had to cut much deeper than planned. My right *vocal cord* (声带) was reduced to a *stump* (残余部分).

I was crushed. Sure, I'd beaten cancer, but I could barely whisper. I'd made my living by my voice, both onstage and on television, and the first friend to visit me in the hospital was my acting partner for three decades, Tony Randall.

"You'll be fine," he reassured me. I gestured to show how angry I was about losing my voice. He smiled. "Hey, let's face it, Jack. You never did sound like Richard Burton."

I smiled, appreciating his humor. Then, getting very serious, he said, "Jack, if you ever feel like going back to work, I'll find a venue. I mean it."

Tony always meant what he said. **(While-reading thinking: 1. Can you name some other virtues besides integrity, reliability, etc shared by people around the globe?)**

I had first seen him on the Mr. Peepers TV show in the 1950s and became an instant fan. Years earlier, he'd had a successful career onstage and on the radio. So when I finally had the chance to work with him, it was a milestone for me. It was 1955 on an episode of *Appointment with Adventure*, a series on CBS (Columbia Broadcasting System). Tony played a professor, and I played a *gangster* (歹徒). The show was broadcast live and that was exciting; unfortunately, our performances and the writing were not. Years later, it would become a joke between us. Tony would tell everyone how great we were on that show together. Then he'd hold his nose and laugh — that big, *bawdy* (猥亵的) laugh of his.

I didn't actually meet him again until the first rehearsal for the first episode of *The Odd Couple* television series in 1970. In the office of producer Garry Marshall, we did a read-through of the script. There was a moment when I chose to have Oscar Madison yell at Felix Unger.

When the reading was over, Tony said he thought Oscar shouldn't shout at Felix. "Why not?" I asked.

"It's wrong," he insisted. "You're not actually going to do it, are you?"

"I don't know," I said. "I might holler even louder. I'll see."

"No! No! You mustn't shout. You just can't!" Tony said forcefully.

I turned toward Garry. "Look, I just can't work this way," I said.

"What way?" Tony asked.

"With you telling me how to act."

"Why not?"

"Because I would never tell you how to act," I returned. Tony shrugged. "Okay, fine," he said. "I was just trying to help." **(While-reading thinking: 2. Do you think that Tony is the author's mentor — regularly giving advice to another person, especially to someone a lot younger than him/her?)**

The mutual respect we established from then on was in many ways the seed of our long and successful collaboration. Tony often dared me to take risks. *The Odd Couple* rang true not just because I was kind of *sloppy* (马虎的) in real life and Tony was a little *fussy* (爱挑剔的), but because we were both trained stage actors. Collaborating with a talent like Tony forced me to work at the top of my craft.

Three years after my operation, I heard that the *tabloids* (小报) were going to publish a story saying that I was dying. It wasn't true. I didn't think I would ever work again, but I had beaten cancer. So I decided to do a TV interview. Gary Catona, a voice builder and singing teacher, saw the interview and contacted me.

"I think I can help you," he said. For four months I did these strange, almost violent, exercises. Gary said that if we could make my left vocal cord strong enough, it might stretch over and touch what was left of the right cord. It seemed like science fiction to me, but over time I actually started to hear a tiny sound.

Almost on cue, the phone rang. "Jack, Tony calling! Listen, if you and I could do a one-night performance of *The Odd Couple* on Broadway, we could raise a million dollars for the National Actors Theater." The theater was his baby. Still barely able to talk, I told Tony not to hold his breath and hung up.

Later, I mentioned the conversation to Gary Catona. He said to me, "Tell Tony you'll be able to do it in six months."

I've always taken pride in being a pragmatist. And I didn't like being seen as weak and vulnerable. But life is funny, isn't it? I wanted my acting career back badly, and I knew Tony was *rooting* (支持) for me. For six months I worked on my voice. I took steam, and exercised my vocal

cords. Slowly, the whisper became a sound; the sound became a voice.

And then it was opening night.

As I waited backstage, my heart was beating hard. When it came time for my entrance, I said my first line and heard the audience shift in their seats. I couldn't hear myself, even with a microphone on. I started to panic. My God, I thought. What was I thinking? How am I going to get through the next two hours?

I tried to keep my legs under me. When Murray the Cop asked me what I had to eat, I replied, "Brown sandwiches and green sandwiches."

"What's the green?" he asked.

"It's either very new cheese or very old meat." The audience actually laughed. So they could hear me.

Then, from across the stage, I saw Tony's eyes lighting up. They were telling me, "Go, baby! Go! I knew you could do it." For two hours I did the play and got all the laughs I had gotten when I did it originally. And there was Tony, my Rock of *Gibraltar* (直布罗陀海峡). I will always love him for that.

At the end, we received a two-minute standing ovation. After the curtain went down, the stage manager said, "Do you hear that?"

The audience, still standing and applauding, wanted another curtain call. We started crying. They started crying. And for seven minutes on Broadway, it was a genuine love feast.

Tony took no credit. He just kept saying, "You did it."

At the post-theater party, he introduced me as "the *gutsiest* (最勇敢的) S.O.B. (Son of a Bitch) in the world." That night has remained the most glorious for me ever. Tony gave me my life back.

### Post-reading discussions:

1. What happened to the author after the operation on his throat?
2. Do you get to know the author's character? How did the author's voice come back?
3. Why did Tony take no credit for what he had done for the author?
4. How do you explain the wording "the *gutsiest* S.O.B. in the world" used by Tony to introduce the author at a party?

## 10 The Pretty Plum Sister

### 可爱的李子妹妹

如果牛顿不问苹果为何会掉在自己头上，伽俐略不问亚里士多德两个铁球为何不能同时落地，科技如何发展？社会何以进步？人类的“好奇心”推动社会发展，贤者有责任以其昭昭而使他人昭昭。愿我们多一些童真，多问一些“为什么”去探索未知的奥秘。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. Do you have any brother or sister? If yes, would you like to share something interesting with them in your childhood?
2. Chinese people feel it hard to tell the kids the development of the fetus. What do you think is the best way to explain it?
3. What did your parents tell you when you asked them where you are from?

Justin was a climber. By one and a half, he had discovered the purple plum tree in the backyard, and its friendly branches became his favorite hangout.

At first he would climb just a few feet and make himself comfortable in the curve where the trunk met the branches. Soon he was building himself a small *fort* (堡垒) and dragging his toy tractors and trucks up to their new garage.

One day when he was two, Justin was playing in the tree as usual. I turned my back to *prune* (修剪) the rosebush, and he disappeared. “Justin, where are you?” I *hollered* (大声喊). His tiny voice called back, “Up here, Mommy, picking all the plums for you!” I looked up in horror and disbelief. There was Justin on the roof of the house, filling his plastic bucket with the ripe juicy plums from his favorite tree.

When Justin was three, I became pregnant. My husband and I explained to him that we were going to have another baby as a playmate for him. He was very excited, kissed my *tummy* (肚子) and said, “Hello, baby, I’m your big brother, Justin.”

From the beginning he was sure he was going to have a little sister, and every day he’d beg to know if she was ready to play yet. When I explained that the baby wasn’t arriving until the end of June, he seemed confused. One day he asked, “When is June, Mommy?” I realized I needed a better explanation; how could a three-year-old know what “June” meant? Just then, as Justin climbed into the low branches of the plum tree, he gave me the answer I was looking for... his special tree. “Justin,

the baby is going to be born when the plums are ripe. You can keep me posted when that will be, okay?" I wasn't completely sure if I was on target, but the gardener in me was confident I'd be close enough. **(While-**

**reading thinking: 1. Why did the little boy connect his unborn sister with plums?)**

Oh. He was excited! Now Justin had a way to know when his new baby sister would come to play. From that moment on, he checked the old plum tree several times a day and reported his findings to me. Of course, he was quite concerned in November when all the leaves fell off the tree. By January, with the cold and the rains, he was truly worried whether his baby-sister would be cold and wet like his tree. He whispered to my tummy that the tree was strong and that she (the baby) had to be strong too. And make it through the winter.

By February a few purple leaves began to shoot forth, and his excitement couldn't be contained. "My tree is growing, Mommy! Pretty soon she'll have baby plums, and then I'll have my baby sister." March brought the plum's beautiful tiny white flowers, and Justin was overjoyed. "She's booming, Mommy!" he chattered, struggling with the word "blooming." He rushed to kiss my tummy and got kicked in the mouth. "The baby's moving, Mommy, she'd blooming, too. I think she wants to come out and see the flowers." So it went for the next couple of months, as Justin checked every detail of his precious plum tree and reported to me about the flowers turning to tiny beads that would become plums.

The rebirth of his tree gave me ample opportunity to explain the development of the *fetus* (胎儿) that was growing inside me. Sometimes I think he believed I had actually planted a "baby seed" inside my tummy, because when I drank water he'd say things like, "You are watering our little flower, Mommy!" I'd laugh and once again explain in simple terms the story of *the birds and the bees* (委婉语, 指对孩子讲解关于两性关系的基本常识), the plants and the trees.

June finally arrived, and so did the purple plums. At first they were fairly small, but Justin climbed his tree anyway to pick some plums off the branches where the sun shone warmest. He brought them to me to let me know the baby wasn't ripe yet. I felt ripe! I was ready to pop! When were the plums going to start falling from that darn tree? **(While-reading thinking: 2. Why did**

**Justin pick some plums off and show them to his mother?)**

Justin would rub my tummy and talk to his baby sister, telling her she had to wait a little longer because the fruit was not ready to be picked yet. His *forays* (停留) into the plum tree lasted longer each day, as if he was coaxing the tree to ripen quickly. He talked to the tree and thanked it for letting him know about this important event in his life.

Then one day, it happened. Justin came running into the house, his eyes as big as *saucers* (茶杯托), with a plastic bucket full to the brim of juicy purple plums. "Hurry, Mommy, hurry!" he shouted. "She is coming, she's coming! The plums are ripe, the plums are ripe!" I laughed uncontrollably as Justin stared at my stomach, as if he expected to see his baby sister erupt any moment. That morning I did feel a bit *queasy* (不舒服), and it wasn't because I had a dental appointment.

Before we left the house, Justin went out to hug his plum tree and whisper that today was the

day his “plum pretty sister” would arrive. He was certain. As I sat in the dental chair, *the labor pains* (产前阵痛) began, just as Justin had predicted. Our “plum” baby was coming! I called my parents, and my husband rushed me to the hospital. At 6:03 p.m. on June 22, the day that will forever live in family fame as “Pretty Plum Sister Day,” our daughter was born. We didn’t name her Purple Plum as Justin suggested, but chose another favorite flower, *Heather* (石楠属植物).

At Heather’s homecoming, Justin kissed his new playmate and presented her with his plastic bucket, full to the brim with sweet, ripe, purple plums. “These are for you,” he said proudly.

Justin and Heather are now teenagers, and the plum tree has become our bonding (亲密关系) symbol. Although we moved from the home that housed Justin’s favorite plum tree, the first tree to be planted in our new yard was a purple plum, so that Justin and Heather could know when to expect her special day. Throughout their growing-up years, the children spent countless hours nestled in the branches, counting down the days through the birth of leaves, flowers, buds and fruit. Our birthday parties *are* always *festooned with* (装饰) plum branches and baskets brimming with freshly picked purple plums. Because as Mother Nature-and Justin-would have it, for the last fifteen years, the purple plum has ripened exactly on June 22.

### Post-reading discussions:

1. In your opinion, is the plum tree story a better way to tell the kids the development of the fetus?
2. What’s the relationship between the plum trees and his unborn baby sister in Justin’s eyes?
3. In winter, why was Justin very worried?

## 11 Threads That Bind

### 无尽的爱

“昔我往矣，杨柳依依；今我来思，雨雪霏霏。”透过那床弥足珍贵的被子看到的是亲情，是骨肉分离天各一方的思念；斗转星移，岁月流逝，但时间隔不断母子的血脉之情，即便是生离死别，思念又怎会被距离和时间冲淡！

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. What kinds of love do human beings have? What do you think love means?
2. How do you express your love, either verbally or non-verbally, for your parents and your sisters or brothers?
3. Try to describe one of your unforgettable experiences with your family members.

The quilt was obviously very old. Many of the silk fabrics had almost disintegrated with time, but still it was beautiful. It was a variation of a Log Cabin, a small square in one corner with logs on only two of the sides. Yes, the fabrics were worn and fading, but it had evidently been well cared for over the years.

The quilt teacher held the quilt up for all to see. “This is a type of Log Cabin quilt popular in the mid-1800s. This particular one must have been made by someone who had access to many fabrics because of the variety used in the quilt. After I bought it, I noticed it had originally been larger. Someone had cut it in half.” Everyone in the class moaned. Who could have possibly every cut into such an *exquisite* (精致的) quilt? **(While-reading thinking: 1. Why did the teacher hold the quilt up for all the students to see? Was it very special?)**

A wagon train headed west; it was 1852...

Katherine reflected on the events of the past three years as she pulled the quilt up around herself and her sister, Lucy. Today had been a happy day; Katherine and Lucy had celebrated their common birthday. Katherine had just turned 13 and Lucy three. Katherine had been exactly 10 years old when her sister was born. How happy she had been to finally have a little sister! All her friends had very large families, and Katherine had wanted a brother or sister for a long time. Finally her wish had come true: She had a sister, a sister born on her own birthday. The family members were all so happy. It seemed as if nothing could ever go wrong.

Tragedy struck, however, when Lucy was a year-and-a-half old. Their mother died. Soon after that, Father decided that the little family should move west. Everything was sold, given away or packed into a wagon, and they headed out. In spite of her joy over the birthday celebration earlier in the day, Katherine shivered and pulled the precious quilt closer around them. The quilt was all she had to remind her of mother and home.

Lucy broke into Katherine's *reverie* (幻想): "Tell me a story," she begged. "Tell me a story from the quilt."

Katherine smiled. Every night was the same. Lucy loved the stories from the quilt, and Katherine loved telling them. It helped her remember happier days.

"Which one?" she asked.

Lucy moved her hand over the quilt until she came to a soft blue *patch* (补丁) with flowers on it. "This one, Katy," she said, looking up at her sister. Somehow Lucy found the soft blue patch quite often. It was her favorite story.

"Well," Katherine began, "this one is from a party dress that belonged to a girl with beautiful red hair. Her name was Nell, and everyone said that she was the prettiest girl in town..."

Before long, Lucy was asleep, but Katherine kept looking at the quilt. Each piece is special, she thought, and she began to tell herself some of the stories held within the patches of the quilt. Memories of home, friends, family and happier times came flowing over her. Mother had been a dress maker, so nearly every piece was different. Many were fancy silks and *brocades* (锦缎) from party dresses of the girls in town. Some were from dresses that had belonged to Katherine. One came from baby Lucy's christening gown. One was from a special dress Katherine wore when she was eight. Here a bit of a wedding dress, there a piece from Grandma's *apron* (围裙). This comforting quilt was now the only possession that gave joy and continuity to Katherine's life, and she fell asleep, grateful for its presence in her life and *consoled* (安慰的) by the comfort it afforded her.

The days moved slowly on, and the little company rolled across the open plains. It was not easy, but they all tried to be as cheerful as possible and to dream of the new and better life ahead. Each night there were the stories from the quilt.

They had been traveling for about three weeks when Lucy fell ill with a fever. Katherine did everything she could to help Lucy feel better. In the day she would sit with Lucy in the wagon as it *lumbered* (笨拙地移动) along. She would stroke Lucy's hair, smooth her pillow and sing. At night she would tell the quilt stories and hold Lucy as she fell asleep to the sound of the chirping crickets. Katherine's heart was wrenched with fear for her precious little sister. She would draw the quilt tightly around them both, and the tears would flow as she sought solace in the quilt's comforting warmth.

**(While-reading thinking: 2. Can you visualize the scene and imagine Katherine's feeling?)**

One day late in the afternoon, when they had camped for the day, Katherine left Lucy resting and went to get cool water from a small nearby stream. As she picked up the bucket, a feeling of calm

came over her, and she felt that Lucy would be all right very soon.

Katherine walked slowly through the soft grass toward the water. At the stream, she filled her bucket and sat down. The sound of the water was soothing and refreshing as it bubbled over the rocks. Katherine lay back, looked up at the blue sky, and remembered a few comforting words: “This is the day the Lord hath made. Rejoice and be glad in it.” Maybe everything will be all right, she thought.

Some time passed, and Katherine told herself she had better get back. She rose, picked up the heavy bucket and began her way back to the wagon. As she *crested* (达到……顶点) the little *knoll* (小园丘) and looked toward the wagon, she froze. Three men were digging not far from her wagon. “A grave! Lucy!” she screamed. “Lucy! Lucy! Lucy!” Katherine dropped the heavy bucket and began to run. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she felt as if her heart would pound right out of her chest as she finally reached the wagon and climbed in.

She began to shake uncontrollably. The quilt was *neatly* (整洁地) folded in the place that had been Lucy’s bed. Katherine stumbled backward, almost falling out of the wagon. In a daze, she made her way to where her father was sitting near the men. He was holding the now-still body in his arms. His red, swollen eyes looked up at Katherine, and he said simple, “She’s at peace now.”

Katherine could only nod her head. She turned, numb with grief, and one of the ladies put an arm around her to lead her back to the wagon. “I’m so sorry, Katherine,” the older woman said. “We will need something to wrap her in. it doesn’t need to be too big.”

Katherine nodded as she climbed into the wagon. Somehow she found her scissors. She carefully picked up the quilt, and with a heavy heart, she began to cut it in half. **(While-reading thinking: 3. Can you feel Katherine’s feeling then? Do you understand why the quilt was so special to the family?)**

### Post-reading discussions:

1. When their mother died, their father decided to move west after having sold almost everything, why did Katherine keep the quilt?
2. What was the quilt made of by their mother?
3. Do you have anything precious for you? If yes, share your story with your friends.

## 12 Mother's Love

### 母爱

母亲是人间第一亲，母爱是人间第一情，母爱不掺杂利禄，母爱纯洁，温暖，永恒。我们成功时有朋友与你分享，失败时有母亲默默陪伴，妈妈在的地方永远是最快乐的地方，可谓“尊前慈母在，浪子不觉寒”。

#### Pre-reading questions:

1. Do you think that a mother is she who can take the place of all others but whose place no one else can take?
2. Are you sure that your mother's love is like a circle and it has no beginning and no ending?

#### Those Childhood Days

When you were 1 year old, she fed you and bathed you.

You thanked her by crying all night long.

When you were 2 years old, she taught you to walk.

You thanked her by running away when she called.

When you were 3 years old, she made all your meals with love.

You thanked her by tossing your plate on the floor.

When you were 4 years old, she gave you some crayons.

You thanked her by coloring the dining room table.

When you were 5 years old, she dressed you for the holidays.

You thanked her by plopping into the nearest pile of mud.

When you were 6 years old, she walked you to school.

You thanked her by screaming, "I'm not going!"

When you were 7 years old, she bought you a baseball.

You thanked her by throwing it through the next-door-neighbor's window.

When you were 8 years old, she handed you an ice cream.

You thanked her by dripping it all over your lap.

When you were 9 years old, she paid for piano lessons.

You thanked her by never even bothering to practice.

When you were 10 years old, she drove you all day, from soccer to gymnastics to one birthday party after another.

You thanked her by jumping out of the car and never looking back.

When you were 11 years old, she took you and your friends to the movies.

You thanked her by asking to sit in a different row.

When you were 12 years old, she warned you not to watch certain TV shows.

You thanked her by waiting until she left the house.

### **Those Teenage Years**

When you were 13, she suggested a haircut that was becoming.

You thanked her by telling her she had no taste.

When you were 14, she paid for a month away at summer camp.

You thanked her by forgetting to write a single letter.

When you were 15, she came home from work, looking for a hug.

You thanked her by having your bedroom door locked.

When you were 16, she taught you how to drive her car.

You thanked her by taking it every chance you could.

When you were 17, she was expecting an important call.

You thanked her by being on the phone all night.

When you were 18, she cried at your high school graduation.

You thanked her by staying out partying until dawn.

### **Growing Old and Gray**

When you were 19, she paid your college tuition, drove you to campus, and carried your bags.

You thanked her by saying good-bye outside the dorm so you wouldn't be embarrassed in front of your friends.

When you were 20, she asked whether you were seeing anyone.

You thanked her by saying, "It's none of your business."

When you were 21, she suggested certain careers for your future.

You thanked her by saying, "I don't want to be like you."

When you were 22, she hugged you at your college graduation.

You thanked her by asking whether she could pay for a trip to Europe.

When you were 23, she gave you furniture for your first apartment.

You thanked her by telling your friends it was ugly.

When you were 24, she met your fiancé and asked about your plans for the future.

**(While-reading thinking: 1. Are you willing to share your secrets with your mother?)**

You thanked her by glaring and growling, "muuhh-ther, please!"

When you were 25, she helped to pay for your wedding, and she cried and told you how deeply

she loved you.

You thanked her by moving halfway across the country.

When you were 30, she called with some advice on the baby.

You thanked her by telling her, “Things are different now.”

When you were 40, she called to remind you of a relative’s birthday.

You thanked her by saying you were “really busy right now.”

When you were 50, she fell ill and needed you to take care of her.

You thanked her by reading about the burden parents become to their children.

**(While-reading thinking: 2. What is the child’s responsibility when the mother is old? Do you think it is the government’s responsibility to take care of her?)**

And then one day she quietly died.

And everything you never did came crashing down like thunder.

“Rock me baby, rock me all night long.”

“The hand who rocks the cradle...may rock the world”.

### **Post-reading discussions:**

1. Have you ever doubted whether there is real love between parents and kids? Why or why not?
2. What happened to you-and-parents relationships when you become teenagers?
3. How do you interpret “Children choose filial when their parents died”? And what should we do for our parents when they are alive?