

1.

- 1) She was so startled/scared by the sound of the back door opening in the dead of night that she grabbed her mom's hand and ran.
- 2) The company has to make great changes if it is to stay ahead of the competition.
- 3) The highlight of our trip to Shanghai was going to the Jinmao Tower to have a bird's-eye view of the city.
- 4) Tense and hot, we were really sweating as we waited for the announcement of the results.
- 5) He sat leaning against the back of the seat with his legs stretched out straight in front of him.
- 6) She's one of those habitually vain people who keep glancing at themselves in the mirror when they think no one's looking.
- 7) Mike is an extremely careless man. On one occasion, it was not until he got to an ATM that it occurred to him he had left his bank card at home.
- 8) Traditional banks are confronting/are confronted with fierce competition from Internet-based finance companies.
- 9) Salespeople who are willing to work longer hours will receive significant rewards.
- 10) Our classes were often interrupted by the rumble of coal cars and the moans of steam locomotives passing by.
- 11) In my/his/their mind's eye, she remains a little girl of six although she's actually a grown woman now.
- 12) He had tried to put the unpleasant scene out of his mind, but it kept on recurring to him, especially in dreams.
- 13) They stood by a lake surrounded by tall brown mountains on one side and thick trees on the other.
- 14) I'm really torn. On the one hand, I'd be starting a high-paying job doing what I've always wanted for a living. But on the other hand, I'd have to move halfway across the world from all my friends and family to do it.
- 15) I work out in the mornings now before work, and I find that it really gives me more energy during the day.
- 16) I guess I have to be the one to bring you back to earth. This plan of yours will place too heavy a burden on our finances.

1.

- 1) They started off late in the morning, assuming that they would have perfect weather and nothing would turn up unexpectedly.
- 2) You must read the book. I guarantee that you will find it interesting.
- 3) The exhibition is not yet open to the public, but you could glimpse the exhibits through the windows.
- 4) More than 60 candidates were interviewed for the project.
- 5) My roommate holds the original letter. I obtained a copy from him.
- 6) At the end of the opening night there was an unannounced ceremony, which clearly delighted the audience as much as the eagerly anticipated performance of the work itself.
- 7) Most professions in the medical field require years of training.
- 8) Many people have questioned the accuracy of his narrative.
- 9) My friend Jenny is known for her frugality. She often says that her parents earned their money

the hard way, and it is a sin to waste their money.

- 10) He amazed audiences with the power of his voice.
- 11) I wouldn't have recognized her if she hadn't introduced herself — she's really changed beyond recognition since we were kids.
- 12) He made a sensible decision not to go to college after high school. He needed a steady job to support his mother and younger siblings.
- 13) For a moment there was complete silence, then the audience exploded into a warm applause.
- 14) The country's health-care system is in need of repair.
- 15) The waiter was good at pacing the dishes and changing our plates as needed.

1.

- 1) She suffered multiple injuries after jumping out of a fifth floor window.
- 2) As with much good music, you need to listen to it a few times before you can fully appreciate it.
- 3) Ten years can wear down a romantic relationship, or it can make love blossom.
- 4) Despite my persistent efforts to persuade him to give up smoking, he never made up his mind.
- 5) Her bright and cheerful personality made her one of the most popular girls in her school.
- 6) Tuesday was the last day to register for classes for the spring semester.
- 7) Good, a concept with a profound theoretical foundation, is one of the values pursued by Buddhism.
- 8) I stopped in front of the jewelry just to have a look. I had not the least intention of buying anything.
- 9) If you are certain you're going to see your friend's band play, you can inform him that you'll definitely be there.
- 10) Recent discoveries of corruption within the company have done serious damage to its reputation.
- 11) If you know someone else who takes roughly the same route as you each day, do a car share, and share the costs.
- 12) No matter how people's view of marriage may change, we still cling to the idea that marriage should be a lifetime commitment.
- 13) When you visit a gym, it's easy to get convinced by a very fit salesperson to sign up right away for a membership.
- 14) Being able to talk openly about fears, anxiety, frustration, and doubts can be very helpful in dealing with problems in one's life.
- 15) We have always taken great pride in the talent we have been able to attract, and we value each and every one of our employees.

1.

- 1) The financial help they got from the local government didn't go (very) far toward solving the problem.
- 2) In the interest(s) of world peace, we must promote mutual understanding among nations with different social systems.
- 3) I ran to the library to borrow a book for my assignment, only to find it closed.
- 4) On the train I encountered an old lady who happened to be a neighbor of my daughter's when

she lived in Los Angeles.

- 5) Our company has cooperated with several American companies in research and product development for the past few years.
- 6) Phil looked around at the other competitors and assessed his chances of winning.
- 7) The police believed that the reason they failed to find anything suspicious in that guy's bag was that members of the gang (had) switched bags at the airport.
- 8) Our visit to the Silicon Valley has certainly broadened our horizons.
- 9) Emily felt increasingly uncomfortable under the man's steady gaze.
- 10) Smallpox, which used to be a severe epidemic disease, has been completely wiped out.
- 11) With our advanced tool-making, language, problem-solving and social skills, we like to think of ourselves as the dominant life form on the planet.
- 12) People rely on their eyes for most tasks, but researchers have found that sometimes our eyes can deceive us.
- 13) It took only a few seconds for Lindsay to size up the situation and make a decision.
- 14) There have been intense debates about whether to put economic development ahead of environmental protection or the other way around, but there is no easy judgment to make.
- 15) We must maintain law and order at the highest level or we will cease to have a country.

1.

- 1) He has been working in the south since college and regards himself as a southerner. But, strictly speaking, he is not.
- 2) It is obvious that Tom resembles his father both in appearance and in character.
- 3) The novel tells a fascinating story. That partly explains why it has remained number one on the best-seller list for so long.
- 4) Because of the controversy, we have to put all these different theories into practice to see which one works better.
- 5) The information is supposed to have come from a reliable source.
- 6) Our suspicions were aroused when the two other parties made a deal behind our backs.
- 7) There is as yet no adequate evidence concerning who established the first kingdom in this part of the world.
- 8) The speaker repeated his last sentence for effect.
- 9) Honesty has always been one of the core values of the Chinese people.
- 10) A child's psychological growth is at least as important as his or her intellectual and physical growth.
- 11) Journalists on the whole don't create public opinion. They can help to nourish it.
- 12) The young man descends from a famous family whose members include some of the earliest European settlers in America.
- 13) Grandpa wants to pass his tools on to us, but none of us is interested in having them.
- 14) You need to modify this letter to make it more polite.
- 15) Both speakers said that they joined the debate as individuals and they did not represent any organization.

True Height

David Naster

1 His palms were sweating. He needed a towel to dry his grip. The sun was as hot as the competition he faced today at the National Junior Olympics. The pole was set at 17 feet. That was three inches higher than his personal best. Michael Stone confronted the most challenging day of his pole-vaulting career.

2 The stands were still filled with about 20,000 people, even though the final race had ended an hour earlier. The pole vault is truly the highlight of any track and field competition. It combines the grace of a gymnast with the strength of a body builder. It also has the element of flying, and the thought of flying as high as a two-story building is a mere fantasy to anyone watching such an event.

3 As long as Michael could remember he had always dreamed of flying. Michael's mother read him numerous stories about flying when he was growing up. Her stories were always ones that described the land from a bird's-eye view. Her excitement and passion for details made Michael's dreams full of color and beauty. Michael had this one recurring dream. He would be running down a country road. As he raced between golden wheat fields, he would always outrun the locomotives passing by. It was at the exact moment he took a deep breath that he began to lift off the ground. He would begin soaring like an eagle.

4 Where he flew would always coincide with his mother's stories. Wherever he flew was with a keen eye for detail and the free spirit of his mother's love. His dad, on the other hand, was not a dreamer. Bert Stone was a hard-core realist. He believed in hard work and sweat. His motto: If you want something, work for it!

5 From the age of 14, Michael did just that. He began a very careful training program. He worked out every other day with weightlifting, with some kind of running work on alternate days. The program was carefully monitored by Michael's coach, trainer and father. Michael's dedication, determination and discipline was a coach's dream. Besides being an honor student and only child, Michael Stone continued to help his parents with their farm chores. Mildred Stone, Michael's mother, wished he could relax a bit more and be that "free dreaming" little boy. On one occasion she attempted to talk to him and his father about this, but his dad quickly interrupted, smiled and said, "You want something, work for it!"

6 All of Michael's vaults today seemed to be the reward for his hard work. If Michael Stone was surprised, excited or vain about clearing the bar at 17 feet, you couldn't tell. As soon as he landed on the inflated landing mat, and with the crowd on its feet, Michael immediately began preparing for his next attempt at flight. He seemed unaware of the fact that he had just beaten his personal best by three inches and that he was one of the final two competitors in the pole-vaulting event at the National Junior Olympics.

7 When Michael cleared the bar at 17 feet 2 inches and 17 feet 4 inches, again he showed no emotion. As he lay on his back and heard the crowd groan, he knew the other vaulter had missed his final jump. He knew it was time for his final jump. Since the other vaulter had fewer misses, Michael needed to clear this vault to win. A miss would get him second place. Nothing to be ashamed of, but Michael would not allow himself the thought of not winning first place.

8 He rolled over and did his routine of three finger-tipped push-ups. He found his pole, stood and stepped on the runway that led to the most challenging event of his 17-year-old life.

9 The runway felt different this time. It startled him for a brief moment. Then it all hit him like

a wet bale of hay. The bar was set at eight inches higher than his personal best. That's only one inch off the National record, he thought. The intensity of the moment filled his mind with anxiety. He began shaking the tension. It wasn't working. He became more tense. Why was this happening to him now, he thought. He began to get nervous. Afraid would be a more accurate description. What was he going to do? He had never experienced these feelings. Then out of nowhere, and from the deepest depths of his soul, he pictured his mother. Why now? What was his mother doing in his thoughts at a time like this? It was simple. His mother always used to tell him when you felt tense, anxious or even scared, take deep breaths.

10 So he did. Along with shaking the tension from his legs, he gently laid his pole at his feet. He began to stretch out his arms and upper body. The light breeze that was once there was now gone. He carefully picked up his pole. He felt his heart pounding. He was sure the crowd did, too. The silence was deafening. When he heard the singing of some distant birds in flight, he knew it was his time to fly.

11 As he began sprinting down the runway, something felt wonderfully different, yet familiar. The surface below him felt like the country road he used to dream about. Visions of the golden wheat fields seemed to fill his thoughts. When he took a deep breath, it happened. He began to fly. His take-off was effortless. Michael Stone was now flying, just like in his childhood dreams. Only this time he knew he wasn't dreaming. This was real. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. The air around him was the purest and freshest he had ever sensed. Michael was soaring like an eagle.

12 It was either the eruption of the people in the stands or the thump of his landing that brought Michael back to earth. On his back with that wonderful hot sun on his face, he knew he could only see in his mind's eye the smile on his mother's face. He knew his dad was probably smiling too, even laughing. What he didn't know was that his dad was hugging his wife and crying. That's right: Bert "If You Want It, Work for It" Stone was crying like a baby in his wife's arms. He was crying harder than Mildred had ever seen before. She also knew he was crying the greatest tears of all: tears of pride. Michael was immediately surrounded by people hugging and congratulating him on the greatest accomplishment of his life. He later went on that day to clear 17 feet 6½ inches: a National and International Junior Olympics record.

13 With all the media attention and sponsorship possibilities, Michael's life would never be the same again. It wasn't just because he won the National Junior Olympics and set a new world record. And it wasn't because he had just increased his personal best by 9½ inches. It was simply because Michael Stone is blind.

Growing Up in the Library

Learning and relearning what it means to have a book on borrowed time.

Susan Orlean

1 I grew up in libraries, or at least it feels that way. My family lived in the suburbs of Cleveland, about a mile from the brick-faced Bertram Woods branch of the Shaker Heights Public Library system. Throughout my childhood, starting when I was very young, my mother drove me there a couple of times a week. We walked in together, but, as soon as we passed through the door, we split up, each heading to our favorite section. The library might have been the first place I was ever given independence. Even when I was maybe four or five years old, I was allowed to go off on my own. Then, after a while, my mother and I reunited at the checkout counter with our finds. Together, we waited as the librarian pulled out each date card and, with a loud *chunk-chunk*, stamped a crooked due date on it, below a score of previous crooked due dates that belonged to other people, other times.

2 Our visits were never long enough for me — the library was so bountiful. I loved wandering around the shelves, scanning the spines of the books until something happened to catch my eye. Those trips were dreamy, frictionless times that promised I would leave richer than I arrived. It wasn't like going to a store with my mom, which guaranteed a tug-of-war between what I desired and what she was willing to buy me; in the library, I could have anything I wanted. On the way home, I loved having the books stacked on my lap, pressing me under their solid, warm weight, their Mylar covers sticking to my thighs. It was such a thrill leaving a place with things you hadn't paid for; such a thrill anticipating the new books we would read. We talked about the order in which we were going to read them, a solemn conversation in which we planned how we would pace ourselves through this charmed, brief period of grace until the books were due. We both thought that all the librarians at the Bertram Woods branch were beautiful. For a few minutes, we discussed their beauty. My mother then always mentioned that, if she could have chosen any profession, she would have chosen to be a librarian, and the car would grow silent for a moment as we both considered what an amazing thing that would have been.

3 When I was older, I usually walked to the library by myself, lugging as many books as I could carry. Occasionally, I did go with my mother, and the trip remained as magical as it had been when I was small. Even when I was in my last year of high school and could drive to the library, my mother and I still went together now and then, and the trip unfolded exactly as it used to, with all the same beats and pauses and comments and daydreams, the same rhythms of thought. My mother died two years ago, and since then, when I miss her, I like to picture us in the car together, going for one more magnificent trip to Bertram Woods.

4 My family was big on the library. We were very much a reading family, but we were more a borrow-a-book-from-the-library family than a bookshelves-full-of-books family. My parents valued books, but they had grown up in the Depression, aware of the uncertain nature of money, and they had learned the hard way that you shouldn't buy what you could borrow. Because of that frugality, or perhaps despite it, they also believed that you should read a book for the experience of reading it. You shouldn't read it in order to have an object that had to be housed and looked after forever, a memento of the purpose for which it was obtained. The reading of the book was a journey. There was no need for souvenirs.

5 It might have remained that way, and I might have spent the rest of my life thinking about

libraries only wistfully, the way I thought about, say, the amusement park I went to as a kid. But then libraries came back into my life unexpectedly. In 2011, my husband accepted a job in Los Angeles, so we left New York and went west. I didn't know the city well, but I'd spent time there over the years, visiting cousins. When I became a writer, I went to Los Angeles often to work on magazine pieces and books. On those trips, I had been to and from the beach, and up and down the canyons, and in and out of the Valley, and back and forth to the mountains, but I never gave downtown a second thought, assuming that it was just a glassy landscape of office buildings which hollowed out by five o'clock every evening. I never went to the public library, never thought about it, although I'm sure I assumed there was one, and probably a main branch, probably downtown.

6 My son was in first grade when we moved. One of his first school assignments was to interview someone who worked for the city. I suggested talking to a garbage collector or a police officer, but he said that he wanted to interview a librarian. We were so new to the city that we had to look up the address of the closest library, which turned out to be the Studio City branch. It was about a mile away from our house, the same distance that the Bertram Woods branch was from my childhood home.

7 As we drove over to meet the librarian, I felt a gut-level recollection of this journey, of parent and child on their way to the library. But now it was turned on its head, and I was the parent bringing my child on that special trip. We parked, and walked toward the library, taking it in for the first time. The building was white and modern-looking, with a mint-green mushroom cap of a roof. It didn't look anything like the stout brick Bertram Woods branch, but when we stepped inside the thunderbolt of recognition struck me so hard that it made me gasp. Decades had passed, and I was two thousand miles away, but I felt as if I had been whisked back to that precise time and place, walking into the library with my mother. Nothing had changed — there was the same soft *tsk-tsk-tsk* of pencil on paper, and the muffled murmuring from patrons at the tables in the center of the room, and the creak and groan of book carts. The scarred wooden checkout counters, and the librarians' desks, as big as boats, and the bulletin board were all the same. The sense of gentle, steady busyness, like a pot of water on the simmer, was just the same. The books on the shelves, with some subtractions and additions, were certainly the same.

8 It wasn't that time stopped in the library. It was as if it were captured here, collected here, and in all libraries — and not only my time, my life, but all human time as well. In the library, time is dammed up — not just stopped but saved. The library is a gathering pool of narratives and of the people who come to find them. It is where we can glimpse immortality; in the library, we can live forever.

Why Soccer Is More Than Just a Game

Love, passion and commitment have all defined my life playing soccer.

Kaushik Dhanyamraju

1 Certain things have a way of capturing our hearts and souls. It could be music, painting or gaming. All of our troubles, even for a moment, seem to just disappear and we can enjoy ourselves to the fullest with that one thing. For me, that one thing is soccer.

2 It all started when I was six years old. I was a happy-go-lucky child who was content with life as a couch potato. One day, my parents came back from work and said, “We signed you up for soccer. You can’t spend each and every day going to school and doing nothing.” I definitely have my parents to thank because that very decision they made 15 years ago would forever change my life. When I started playing, however, I had no idea what I was doing. Passing, dribbling, shooting, teamwork — they were all foreign concepts to me. Although it was normal for most six-year-old kids to feel the same way, that uncertainty led to apathy. I would have rather been playing “Super Mario Brothers” on my old Gameboy Advance, or watching the latest episodes of “Spongebob Squarepants” on Nickelodeon.

3 Eventually, my stubbornness began to give. As I began to play more often, there was just something mystifying, yet fun, about playing the beautiful game. Maybe it was being around other kids my age outside of school, or maybe it was feeling useful and appreciated while playing as a defender or goalie. I couldn’t place my finger on it, but soccer had my attention.

4 As time went on, my father bought me the latest soccer video games for my computer and PlayStation. He even called Dish Network, our satellite cable provider, to unblock the soccer channels. Even though I wouldn’t start watching soccer on a daily basis until I was 13, the intentions my father had definitely spoke volumes. However, my frustration with not being as good as other kids my age began to wear me down. I ended up giving up the beautiful game for a year in order to play baseball.

5 With baseball, I was actually pretty good. Throughout the North Brunswick little league, I developed quite the reputation for my batting prowess. My teammates and I really enjoyed each other’s company. However, the long periods I had to wait to bat and just the overall duration of each inning, let alone the entire game, really irritated me. Also, some aspects were missing — speed, thrill, intensity, excitement and most importantly, fun. It was at that moment I realized I wanted to return to soccer, and once again, my life would never be the same.

6 I’m a late bloomer, and it was evident on numerous occasions as I erupted into a ferocious 9-year-old forward in recreational soccer, started playing travel/club soccer for North Brunswick when I was 11 and eventually becoming a tenacious forward and midfielder for my local Monroe travel team. By then, soccer had everything I’ve always wanted: the speed, the thrill, the intensity, the excitement and most importantly, the fun. However, the game still lacked a certain essence, but it’s clearer in hindsight than it was at the age of 13.

7 That all changed when I tried out and made the Monroe Township Middle School Boys’ Soccer team during the fall of my eighth-grade year. Immediately, I was catapulted into a whole new world of soccer that exceeded the wildest of my imaginations. The culture was incredible, and I was surrounded by players who already played for state and regionally ranked clubs. The constant discussions about tactics took my young mind by storm. I wanted to reach and surpass the level of play my middle school teammates were at. After that fall 2008 season, I committed myself to

improving as a player. I contacted multiple teams to try out for, practiced soccer in my house (much to the chagrin of my parents) and registered for a number of camps and clinics for my age and up. Throughout the beginning of this newfound experience in soccer, what I was searching for became apparent — love. The respect I had for the game turned into admiration, and that admiration, into love.

8 Throughout this journey, I've traveled all over the country for the beautiful game. Whether it was league games, one-day tournaments, or college showcases, the weekends would always be my favorite time of the week. I loved soccer so much that I decided I would not let myself go to college without receiving a quality education and playing NCAA soccer, and that was a goal I had since I was 16. Soon after my last season of high school soccer, I subjected myself to productive, yet rigorous training that I still follow to this day. With this course of action, I've increased my size, strength and stamina in addition to my technical ability. Through the blood, sweat and tears, I've evolved into both a player and man my teammates, coaches, supporters and most importantly, myself, would be proud of. Being an esteemed member of both Men's Soccer and the overall community at Rosemont College is proof of that evolution, and I could not be more fulfilled with a rewarding experience.

9 By now, it's pretty obvious that I have played a lot of soccer. Everyone else, especially in high school, would be out hanging out with friends, partying, so on and so forth. While they chose these routes, I chose to play soccer. It wasn't because I thought I was better than everyone else. I simply played soccer because I loved it with a burning passion. It was my goal to train and go as far as I possibly could in my footballing career. I am always thinking about the next practice, game or chance to just go to the local fields and just shoot around. My social life thrived off of playing the beautiful game, as I have come across a multitude of skill levels, people, cultures and much more from this sport. My friends were my teammates, and my best life experiences came from playing soccer. My coaches were not only there for growth and development in soccer — they were my mentors outside the classroom. I'm no longer the shy and timid person I used to be thanks to the way the beautiful game shaped my personality. The love I have for this game cannot be measured. Throughout the course of my career, trophies were won, goals were scored, championships were lost, chances were squandered, tears were shed and bones were broken. Regardless of the good and the bad, the happiness, sadness, anger, frustration, determination, tenacity and fun that simply come with the game, I will always love the sport.

10 Bill Shankly, one of Liverpool FC's most iconic managers, once said, "Football is not a matter of life and death ... it's more important than that." I hold this quote to be true — it's who I am, it's the embodiment of my soul and it's in my blood. Through the good, bad and ugly, my fire for the game burns brightly all the same. I'm not a professional, All-American or up-and-coming prodigy. I'm simply a man who loves a sport. Regardless, one thing remains certain: soccer will always be more than just a game to me.

What Animals Really Think

Eugene Linden

1 Over the years, I have written extensively about animal-intelligence experiments and the controversy that surrounds them. Do animals really have thoughts, what we call consciousness? Wondering whether there might be better ways to explore animal intelligence than experiments designed to teach human signs, I realized what now seems obvious: if animals can think, they will probably do their best thinking when it serves their own purposes, not when scientists ask them to.

2 And so I started talking to vets, animal researchers, zoo keepers. Most do not study animal intelligence, but they encounter it, and the lack of it, every day. The stories they tell us reveal what I'm convinced is a new window on animal intelligence: the kind of mental feats animals perform when dealing with captivity and the dominant species on the planet — humans.

Let's Make a Deal

3 Consider the time Charlene Jendry, a conservationist at the Columbus Zoo, learned that a female gorilla named Colo was handling a suspicious object. Arriving on the scene, Jendry offered Colo some peanuts, only to be met with a blank stare. Realizing they were negotiating, Jendry raised the stakes and offered a piece of pineapple. At this point, while maintaining eye contact, Colo opened her hand and revealed a key chain.

4 Relieved it was not anything dangerous or valuable, Jendry gave Colo the pineapple. Careful bargainer that she was, Colo then broke the key chain and gave Jendry a link, perhaps figuring: Why give her the whole thing if I can get a bit of pineapple for each piece?

5 If an animal can show skill in trading one thing for another, why not in handling money? One orangutan named Chantek did just that in a sign-language study undertaken by anthropologist Lyn Miles at the University of Tennessee. Chantek figured out that if he did tasks like cleaning his room, he'd earn coins to spend on treats and rides in Miles's car. But the orangutan's understanding of money seemed to extend far beyond simple dealings. Miles first used plastic chips as coins, but Chantek decided he could expand the money supply by breaking chips in two. When Miles switched to metal chips, Chantek found pieces of tin foil and tried to make copies.

6 Miles also tried to teach Chantek more virtuous habits such as saving and sharing. Indeed, when I caught up with the orangutan at Zoo Atlanta, where he now lives, I saw an example of sharing that anyone might envy. When Miles gave Chantek some grapes and asked him to share them, Chantek promptly ate all the fruit. Then, as if he'd just remembered he'd been asked to share, he handed Miles the stem.

Tale of a Whale

7 Why would an animal want to cooperate with a human? Behaviorists would say that animals cooperate when they learn it is in their interest to do so. This is true, but I don't think it goes far enough.

8 Gail Laule, a consultant on animal behavior, speaks of Orky, a killer whale, she knew. "Of all the animals I've worked with, he was the most intelligent," she says. "He would assess a situation and then do something based on the judgments he made."

9 Like the time he helped save a family member. When Orky's mate, Corky, gave birth, the baby

did not thrive at first, and keepers took the little whale out of the tank by stretcher for emergency care. Things began to go wrong when they returned the baby whale to the tank. As the workers halted the stretcher a few meters above the water, the baby suddenly began throwing up through its mouth. The keepers feared it would choke, but they could not reach the baby to help it.

10 Apparently sizing up the problem, Orky swam under the stretcher and allowed one of the men to stand on his head, something he'd never been trained to do. Then, using his tail to keep steady, Orky let the keeper reach up and release the 420-pound baby so that it could slide into the water within reach of help.

Primate Shell Game

11 Sometimes evidence of intelligence can be seen in attempts to deceive. Zoo keeper Helen Shewman of Seattle's Wood-land Park Zoo recalls that one day she dropped an orange through a feeding hole for Melati, an orangutan. Instead of moving away to get it, Melati looked Shewman in the eye and held out her hand. Thinking the orange must have rolled off some-where inaccessible, Shewman gave her another one. But when Melati moved off, Shewman noticed the original orange was hidden in her other hand.

12 Towan, the colony's dominant male, watched this whole trick, and the next day he, too, looked Shewman in the eye and pretended that he had not yet received an orange. "Are you sure you don't have one?" Shewman asked. He continued to hold her gaze steadily and held out his hand. Giving in, she gave him another one, then saw that he had been hiding his orange underneath his foot.

13 What is intelligence anyway? If life is about survival of a species — and intelligence is meant to serve that survival — then we can't compare with pea-brained sea turtles, which were here long before us and survived the disaster that wiped out the dinosaurs. Still, it is comforting to realize that other species besides our own can stand back and assess the world around them, even if their horizons are more limited than ours.

The Glorious Messiness of English

Robert MacNeil

1 The story of our English language is typically one of massive stealing from other languages. That is why English today has an estimated vocabulary of over one million words, while other major languages have far fewer.

2 French, for example, has only about 75,000 words, and that includes English expressions like *snack bar* and *hit parade*. The French, however, do not like borrowing foreign words because they think it corrupts their language. The government tries to ban words from English and declares that *Walkman* is not desirable; so they invent a word, *balladeur*, which French kids are supposed to say instead — but they don't.

3 *Walkman* is fascinating because it isn't even English. Strictly speaking, it was invented by the Japanese manufacturers who put two simple English words together to name their product. That doesn't bother us, but it does bother the French. Such is the glorious messiness of English. That happy tolerance, that willingness to accept words from anywhere, explains the richness of English and why it has become, to a very real extent, the first truly global language.

4 How did the language of a small island off the coast of Europe become the language of the planet — more widely spoken and written than any other has ever been? The history of English is present in the first words a child learns about identity (*I, me, you*); possession (*mine, yours*); the body (*eye, nose, mouth*); size (*tall, short*); and necessities (*food, water*). These words all come from Old English or Anglo-Saxon English, the core of our language. Usually short and direct, these are words we still use today for the things that really matter to us.

5 Great speakers often use Old English to arouse our emotions. For example, during World War II, Winston Churchill made this speech, stirring the courage of his people against Hitler's armies positioned to cross the English Channel: "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills. We shall never surrender."

6 Virtually every one of those words came from Old English, except the last — *surrender*, which came from Norman French. Churchill could have said, "We shall never give in," but it is one of the lovely — and powerful — opportunities of English that a writer can mix, for effect, different words from different backgrounds. Yet there is something direct to the heart that speaks to us from the earliest words in our language.

7 When Julius Caesar invaded Britain in 55 B.C., English did not exist. The Celts, who inhabited the land, spoke languages that survive today mainly as Welsh. Where those languages came from is still a mystery, but there is a theory.

8 Two centuries ago an English judge in India noticed that several words in Sanskrit closely resembled some words in Greek and Latin. A systematic study revealed that many modern languages descended from a common parent language, lost to us because nothing was written down.

9 Identifying similar words, linguists have come up with what they call an Indo-European parent language, spoken until 3500 to 2000 B.C. These people had common words for *snow*, *bee* and *wolf* but no word for *sea*. So some scholars assume they lived somewhere in north-central Europe, where it was cold. Traveling east, some established the languages of India and Pakistan, and others drifted west toward the gentler climates of Europe. Some who made the earliest move westward

became known as the Celts, whom Caesar's armies found in Britain.

10 New words came with the Germanic tribes — the Angles, the Saxons, etc. — that slipped across the North Sea to settle in Britain in the 5th century. Together they formed what we call Anglo-Saxon society.

11 The Anglo-Saxons passed on to us their farming vocabulary, including *sheep*, *ox*, *earth*, *wood*, *field* and *work*. They must have also enjoyed themselves because they gave us the word *laughter*.

12 The next big influence on English was Christianity. It enriched the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary with some 400 to 500 words from Greek and Latin, including *angel*, *disciple* and *martyr*.

13 Then into this relatively peaceful land came the Vikings from Scandinavia. They also brought to English many words that begin with *sk*, like *sky* and *skirt*. But Old Norse and English both survived, and so you can *rear* a child (English) or *raise* a child (Norse). Other such pairs survive: *wish* and *want*, *craft* and *skill*, *hide* and *skin*. Each such addition gave English more richness, more variety.

14 Another flood of new vocabulary occurred in 1066, when the Normans conquered England. The country now had three languages: French for the nobles, Latin for the churches and English for the common people. With three languages competing, there were sometimes different terms for the same thing. For example, Anglo-Saxons had the word *kingly*, but after the Normans, *royal* and *sovereign* entered the language as alternatives. The extraordinary thing was that French did not replace English. Over three centuries English gradually swallowed French, and by the end of the 15th century what had developed was a modified, greatly enriched language — Middle English — with about 10,000 “borrowed” French words.

15 Around 1476 William Caxton set up a printing press in England and started a communications revolution. Printing brought into English the wealth of new thinking that sprang from the European Renaissance. Translations of Greek and Roman classics were poured onto the printed page, and with them thousands of Latin words like *capsule* and *habitual*, and Greek words like *catastrophe* and *thermometer*. Today we still borrow from Latin and Greek to name new inventions, like *video*, *television* and *cyberspace*.

16 As settlers landed in North America and established the United States, English found itself with two sources — American and British. Scholars in Britain worried that the language was out of control, and some wanted to set up an academy to decide which words were proper and which were not. Fortunately their idea has never been put into practice.

17 That tolerance for change also represents deeply rooted ideas of freedom. Danish scholar Otto Jespersen wrote in 1905, “The English language would not have been what it is if the English had not been for centuries great respecters of the liberties of each individual and if everybody had not been free to strike out new paths for himself.”

18 I like that idea. Consider that the same cultural soil producing the English language also nourished the great principles of respect for the rights of others and tolerance of their way of using language. The first shoots sprang up in England, and they grew stronger in America. The English-speaking peoples have defeated all efforts to build fences around their language.

19 Indeed, the English language is not the special preserve of grammarians, language police, teachers, writers or the intellectual elite. English is, and always has been, the tongue of the common man.

刘敏是南京大学的硕士研究生。最近她得到了许多媒体的关注。她被授予 (Confer) 2019年“最美大学生”称号, 这是对她的努力、执着和奉献的回报。朋友和家人都对她的取得的成就表示祝贺。

2008年中国汶川发生了破坏性极强的地震。刘敏曾被埋在废墟 (debris) 下长达30个小时才得以获救。她严重受伤, 失去了自己的右腿。这对15岁的女孩来说是个沉重的打击。然而, 身体残疾并没有吓倒她, 相反, 她勇敢地面对无数困难, 坚持求学。最后刘敏渡过了难关, 如愿考上了四川大学。4年以后, 她又以优异成绩被保送到南京大学读研究生。

刘敏还积极投入到社会公益活动中, 尽力帮助需要帮助的人。

Liu Min, a postgraduate of Nanjing University, has caught a lot of media attention recently. She had conferred on her the title of Model College Student in 2019, which was a reward for her hard work, determination, and dedication. Her friends and family members congratulated her on her great accomplishment.

During the destructive earthquakes that hit Wenchuan, China in 2008, Liu Min was buried for as long as 30 hours under debris before she was rescued. She was seriously injured and lost her right leg, which was really a heavy blow to a 15-year-old girl. However, she was not scared by her physical disability. On the contrary, she bravely confronted numerous obstacles and continued to pursue her studies. In the end, she got through the tough time and was admitted into Sichuan University as she had wished. Four years later, she was recommended for admission into Nanjing University for postgraduate studies on account of her outstanding academic performance.

Liu Min is also active in public service and tries her best to help those who are in need.

我在农村长大，在小学的整整六年中，我从未有过机会走进一个图书馆。所以，上了中学的第一天我选择去的第一个地方就是图书馆。它不是一座宏伟的建筑物，但是我进去后打量一番，不禁倒抽一口气。它与我见过的任何地方都不一样。这么多的书，光看看书脊就要花几小时。图书管理员告诉我一次可以借三本书。于是我就拿了两本科普书，它们的封面很有趣，正好吸引了我的眼球。从那以后，图书馆一直是我最喜欢的藏身之处，我在那里度过课余时间，不用害怕别人来打扰。图书馆就像一扇窗，我从那里可以瞥见知识世界，与智者对话。如果你问我，我将选择什么职业，我不用多想就会说我想当图书管理员。

I grew up in the countryside. I didn't have a chance to get inside a library throughout my six years at primary school. So, the first place I chose to go on my first day at middle school was its library. It was not a magnificent building, but when I got inside, I gasped as I took in the details. It was not like anything I had seen before. There were so many books. Just scanning the spines of the books would have taken me hours. The librarian told me that I could borrow three books at a time. So I took two books of popular science whose interesting covers just happened to catch my eye. Ever since then, the library has been my favorite hiding place, where I could spend my after-class hours without fear of being disturbed. The library is like a window, through which I can glimpse the world of knowledge and communicate with men of wisdom. If you ask me what I would choose to do as a profession, without giving it a second thought I would say that I would like to be a librarian.

在竞技体育中, 每个运动员的成功都应归功于他们艰苦的训练和顽强的个性。中国最有名的羽毛球运动员林丹无疑就是一例。

长期单调(monotonous)而高强度的训练曾经使林丹精疲力竭。无休止的伤痛, 以及2004年雅典奥运会的失利, 使得他曾一度打算放弃这项他从小就从事的运动。

为了从懊恼和沮丧中摆脱出来, 林丹迫使自己每天接受十分严格且富有成效的训练, 不断地突破自己身体的极限。此后, 林丹蝉联两届奥运会冠军。在二十年的职业生涯中, 林丹共赢得了20次世界冠军, 是羽毛球历史上唯一实现双圈全满贯(Double Grand Slam)的运动员。

诚然, 成功为林丹带来了财富和声誉。然而, 他的顽强和刻苦超越了体育运动的宗旨, 成为人类精神本质的体现。

In competitive sports, the success of an athlete can be credited to their arduous training and tenacious personality. Lin Dan, the best-known Chinese badminton player, is definitely a case in point.

Long-time monotonous and high intensity training almost wore him down at one point. Troubled by chronic pain and his failure at the 2004 Athens Olympic Games, it was once his intention to give up playing badminton, the sport he had played since childhood.

In order to break away from frustration and depression, Lin Dan subjected himself to rigorous and productive training on a daily basis, constantly exceeding his physical limits. Since then, Lin Dan has won two Olympic championships. In his 20-year career, Lin Dan has won 20 World Championships and is the only player in badminton history to win Double Grand Slam.

True, success has brought Lin Dan fortune and reputation. However, his tenacity and hard work have gone beyond the purpose of sports to become the embodiment of the essence of the human spirit.

2009年7月28日上午, 26岁的杨云正在哈尔滨极地水族馆(Polar Land Aquarium)中参加自由潜水比赛。选手们需要下潜到白鲸(beluga)池的底部, 在那里停留尽可能长的时间, 而且不能携带任何呼吸设备。起初一切顺利, 但是当杨云无法再屏住呼吸, 准备从池底返回水面时, 遭遇到了很大的麻烦。她的腿在冰冷的水中痉挛(cramp)了, 这使得她无法游回水面。她感到窒息, 她觉得自己完了。就在这一刻, 池中一头名叫米拉(Mila)的白鲸似乎注意到出问题了。米拉用嘴衔着杨云的腿, 把她推到水面。“我感觉到身子底下有一股令人难以置信的力量推着我。”杨云事后回忆道, “米拉救了我。”从此, 米拉成为了哈尔滨极地馆的英雄。事实上, 有很多迹象表明在危急时刻, 鲸的确会去救助其他哺乳动物(mammal)。但是他们为什么要这样做呢? 这是一个非常有趣的问题。许多研究者正在开展研究试图寻找答案。

On the morning of July 28, 2009, Yang Yun, 26, was taking part in a free diving competition at the Polar Land Aquarium in Harbin. Competitors had to sink to the bottom of a beluga pool and stay there for as long as possible without any breathing equipment. At first everything seemed to be fine, but when Yang Yun ran out of breath and prepared to head back to the surface from the bottom, she encountered a big trouble. Her legs cramped in the icy water, leaving her unable to swim to the surface. She began to choke. She thought she was not going to survive. At that moment, a beluga in the pool named Mila seemed to notice that something had gone wrong. Mila gripped the diver's leg in her mouth and pushed Yang to the surface. "I felt this incredible force underneath me driving me to the surface," Yun later recalled, "Mila saved me." Since then, Mila has become the hero of the Polar Land Aquarium in Harbin. Actually, there is a lot of evidence revealing that whales do save other mammals in times of emergency. But why do they do this? That's the interesting question. Researchers are undertaking studies to try to figure out the answer.

古英语是盎格鲁-撒克逊人的语言,他们是在公元五世纪侵入英格兰的日耳曼部落。但是古英语来自何方在许多世纪以来一直是个谜。一直到十九世纪,语言学家认出了梵文和多种欧洲语言中的相同词语,他们才开始相信存在着一种印欧母语,它是梵语和多数欧洲语言的源头。

盎格鲁-撒克逊人将英语的基本词汇传给了他们的后代(descendants),这些基本词汇包含有关身份、所属和日常生活的必需品的单词,这些通常都简短直接的单词构成了现代英语的核心。在十五个多世纪发展的全过程中,英语从拉丁语、希腊语、斯堪的纳维亚语和法语中大量借用,以此丰富了自己的词汇。随着移居北美的人们建立了独立的美利坚合众国,英语又增添了一个新的变种:美语。但是,尽管两者之间存在一些差异,事实是英语和美语仍然被看作是同一种语言。

Old English is the language of the Anglo-Saxons, the Germanic tribes that invaded England in the fifth century. But where the language had come from remained a mystery for many centuries. It was not until the 19th century, when linguists identified similar words in Sanskrit and some European languages, that they began to believe in the existence of an Indo-European parent language, the source from which most of the modern European languages and Sanskrit descended. The Anglo-Saxons passed on to their descendants the basic vocabulary of English, which includes words about identity, possession, and necessities in one's daily life. These words, usually short and direct, form the core of Modern English. Throughout the fifteen centuries of its development, English has been enriching its vocabulary by massive borrowing from Latin, Greek, Norse and French. As people who went to and settled down in North America established the United States as an independent nation, a new variety was added to the English language: American English. However, despite the differences between them, the fact remains that British English and American English are still regarded as one language.