新视野大学英语（第三版）读写3

[Unit 1 The way to success 1](#_Toc30484961)

[1A Never, ever give up! 1](#_Toc30484962)

[1A 永不言弃！ 2](#_Toc30484963)

[1B Chance favors the prepared 3](#_Toc30484964)

[1B 机会偏爱有准备之人 4](#_Toc30484965)

[Unit 2 Beat your fear 5](#_Toc30484966)

[2A: Swimming through fear 5](#_Toc30484967)

[2A游越恐惧 7](#_Toc30484968)

[2B When courage triumphed over fear 8](#_Toc30484969)

[2B 当勇气战胜恐惧 9](#_Toc30484970)

[Unit 3 Life stories 10](#_Toc30484971)

[3A Audrey Hepburn – A true angel in this world 10](#_Toc30484972)

[3A 奥黛丽·赫本——人间天使 11](#_Toc30484973)

[3B A life in film 12](#_Toc30484974)

[3B 斯皮尔伯格的电影人生 13](#_Toc30484975)

[Unit 4 Let's go 14](#_Toc30484976)

[4A The surprising purpose of travel 14](#_Toc30484977)

[4A 令人惊奇的旅行目的 15](#_Toc30484978)

[4B Traveling solo – A blessing overall! 16](#_Toc30484979)

[4B 独自旅行——总体来说是件好事 18](#_Toc30484980)

[Unit 5 When work is a pleasure 19](#_Toc30484981)

[5A Will you be a worker or a laborer? 19](#_Toc30484982)

[5A 你想做工作者还是劳役者？ 20](#_Toc30484983)

[5B The joy of a prideful tradition 21](#_Toc30484984)

[5B 光荣传统带来的欢乐 22](#_Toc30484985)

[Unit 6 War and peace 23](#_Toc30484986)

[6A Under the bombs: 1945 23](#_Toc30484987)

[6A 1945：在炮火攻击下 24](#_Toc30484988)

[6B Smith and Luis 25](#_Toc30484989)

[6B 史密斯上尉和路易的故事 26](#_Toc30484990)

[Unit 7 Economy: Power behind everyday life 27](#_Toc30484991)

[7A Surviving an economic crisis 27](#_Toc30484992)

[7A 经济危机中求生存 28](#_Toc30484993)

[7B Economic bubbles: causes and conditions 29](#_Toc30484994)

[7B 经济泡沫：成因与条件 30](#_Toc30484995)

[Unit 8 The art of parenting 31](#_Toc30484996)

[8A Reflections of a Chinese mother in the West 31](#_Toc30484997)

[8A一位西方华裔母亲的思考 32](#_Toc30484998)

[8B A Western mother's response 33](#_Toc30484999)

[8B 一位西方母亲的回应 34](#_Toc30485000)

**Unit 1 The way to success**

**1A Never, ever give up!**

1 As a young boy, Britain's great Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, attended a public school called Harrow. He was not a good student, and had he not been from a famous family, he probably would have been removed from the school for deviating from the rules. Thankfully, he did finish at Harrow and his errors there did not preclude him from going on to the university. He eventually had a premier army career whereby he was later elected prime minister. He achieved fame for his wit, wisdom, civic duty, and abundant courage in his refusal to surrender during the miserable dark days of World War II. His amazing determination helped motivate his entire nation and was an inspiration worldwide.

2 Toward the end of his period as prime minister, he was invited to address the patriotic young boys at his old school, Harrow. The headmaster said, "Young gentlemen, the greatest speaker of our time, will be here in a few days to address you, and you should obey whatever sound advice he may give you." The great day arrived. Sir Winston stood up, all five feet, five inches and 107 kilos of him, and gave this short, clear-cut speech: "*Young men, never give up. Never give up! Never give up! Never, never, never, never!*"

3 Personal history, educational opportunity, individual dilemmas – none of these can inhibit a strong spirit committed to success. No task is too hard. No amount of preparation is too long or too difficult. Take the example of two of the most scholarly scientists of our age, Albert Einstein and Thomas Edison. Both faced immense obstacles and extreme criticism. Both were called "slow to learn" and written off as idiots by their teachers. Thomas Edison ran away from school because his teacher whipped him repeatedly for asking too many questions. Einstein didn't speak fluently until he was almost nine years old and was such a poor student that some thought he was unable to learn. Yet both boys' parents believed in them. They worked intensely each day with their sons, and the boys learned to never bypass the long hours of hard work that they needed to succeed. In the end, both Einstein and Edison overcame their childhood persecution and went on to achieve magnificent discoveries that benefit the entire world today.

4 Consider also the heroic example of Abraham Lincoln, who faced substantial hardships, failures and repeated misfortunes in his lifetime. His background was certainly not glamorous. He was raised in a very poor family with only one year of formal education. He failed in business twice, suffered a nervous breakdown when his first love died suddenly and lost eight political elections. Later in life, he suffered profound grief over the tragic death of three of his four children. Yet his strong will was the spur that pushed him forward, strengthening his optimism, dedication and determination. It intensified and focused his efforts and enabled him to triumph over the overwhelming failures and profound difficulties in his life. A hundred years later, people from around the world commend Abraham Lincoln as the greatest American president of all time.

5 Just like Churchill and Lincoln, only those who "keep their eyes on the prize", those who uphold a committed and focused will and spirit, will find their endeavors successful. Many artists, statesmen, writers and inventors have had the same experience. They achieved prosperity because they possessed a fierce will to keep preparing and working and a passion to succeed. They attained success, not because it was easy, but because they had the will to overcome profound obstacles and to work diligently in the pursuit of their goals.

6 After growing up on a cattle ranch without running water or electricity, Sandra Day O'Connor fought to achieve the best education possible. Consistently graduating at the top of her class, she worked her way into Stanford Law School, where she graduated with honors. But despite all of her hard work, Sandra Day O'Connor was still a woman in the 1950s. Even with the prestige of her degree from Stanford, she was rejected from the entire law circuit as firms preferred to hire less qualified men rather than risk hiring a female lawyer, which was unprecedented. Yet Sandra Day O'Connor refused to give up on her dreams. Through sheer persistence she was eventually nominated and then appointed the first woman Supreme Court Justice of the United States of America. There, she acted as a crucial vote on issues like abortion and women's rights.

7 Many people simply say that they want something, but they do not expend the substantial effort required to achieve it. Many people let the threat of failure stop them from trying with all of their heart. The secret of success is based upon a burning inward desire – a robust, fierce will and focus – that fuels the determination to act, to keep preparing, to keep going even when we are tired and fail. As a wise saying goes: "It's not how many times you fall down that matters. It's how many times you get back up that makes success!"

8 Focus on becoming more knowledgeable. Focus on gradual, consistent progress. Maintain the strong will to keep going – even when you are tired and want to slack or the odds seem too large. "Keep your eyes on the prize!" "Where there's a will, there's a way!" With hard work, determination, dedication and preparation, you can transcend any handicap, accomplish any feat, and achieve success!

# 

# 1B Chance favors the prepared

1 Les Brown and his twin brother were adopted by Mamie Brown, a kitchen worker, shortly after their birth in a poverty-stricken Miami neighborhood.

2 Because of his overactive behavior and nonstop talking as a child, Les was placed in special education classes for the learning disabled all the way through high school. Upon graduation, he became a garbage collector. The prospective opportunities for his future looked slim to others, but not to Les. He had a passion, a dream – a big dream that he was ready to work hard for. He was destined to be a disc jockey, also known as a "DJ", one of the radio celebrities mixing music broadcasts for the whole city.

3 At night he would take a radio to bed so he could indulge his dream by listening to the local DJs. He created an imaginary radio station in his tiny bedroom. A hairbrush served as his microphone as he energetically practiced speaking his masterpieces to his imaginary listeners.

4 He aggravated his friends with his constant practicing. They all told him that he didn't have a chance and he would never be a DJ. They scorned him and said to stop dreaming and focus on the real world. Nonetheless, Les didn't let their negativity stop him. He kept his goals close to his heart and remained wrapped up in his own world, completely absorbed in preparing for his future, preparing to live his dream as a renowned DJ.

5 One day Les decided to take the initiative and begin with this enterprise. He boldly went to the local radio station and told the station manager he understood the layout of the station and was ready to be a disc jockey.

6 The manager looked dubiously at the untidy young man in overalls and a straw hat and inquired, "Do you have any expertise in broadcasting?"

7 Les replied, "No sir, I don't."

8 "Well, son, I'm afraid we don't have a job for you then," he responded bluntly. So, Les' first chance at success had been a complete bust.

9 Les was determined. He adored his adoptive mother, Mamie Brown, and was careful with his money to try and buy her nice things. Despite everyone's discouragement, she believed in him and had taught him to pursue his goals and persist in his dreams no matter what others said.

10 So, in spite of what the station manager had originally said, Les returned to the station every day for a week. His persistence was very persuasive, and the station manager finally gave in and took Les on to do small tasks – at no pay. Les brought coffee and food. He catered to their every need at work and worked overtime whenever necessary. Eventually, his enthusiasm won their confidence and they would send Les in their Cadillac to pick up celebrities, not knowing that he didn't even have a driver's license!

11 While hanging out with the station's real DJs, Les taught himself their posture and hand movements on the control panel. He stayed around the studio, soaking up whatever knowledge he could. He was disciplined; back in his bedroom at night, he faithfully practiced in anticipation of the opportunity he knew would come.

12 One afternoon at work, the DJ named Rock started to feel very sick while on the air. Les was the only person around, and he realized that Rock was coughing and losing his voice. Les stayed close in case there was some way he might help alleviate his co-worker's distress. He also worried that the illness was sure to doom this broadcast.

13 Finally, when the phone rang, Les grabbed it. It was the station manager, as he knew it would be.

14 "Les, this is Mr. Klein. I don't think Rock can finish his program."

15 "Yes," he murmured, "I know."

16 "Would you call one of the other deejays to come in and take over?"

17 "Yes, sir, I sure will."

18 But try as he might, none of the regular DJs were available. MC Cormick and DJ Slick were both out of town for the weekend and DJ Neil was also feeling sick. It seemed that the radio station was in big trouble.

19 Frantic with distress, Les called the general manager. "Mr. Klein, I can't find nobody," Les said.

20 Mr. Klein then asked, "Young man, do you know how to work the controls in the studio?"

21 "Yes sir," replied Les, grinning with the sudden opportunity. He didn't even blink before he called his mother and his friends. "You all go out on the front porch and turn up the radio because I'm about to come on the air!" he said.

22 Les rushed into the booth, hoisted Rock onto a nearby couch, and sat down in his place. He was ready. He flipped on the microphone and eloquently rapped, "Look out! This is me, LB, Les Brown! There were none before me and there will be none after me. Therefore, that makes me the one and only. Young and single and love to mingle. Qualified to bring you satisfaction, a whole lot of action. Look out, baby, I'm your lovin' man."

23 Because of his preparation, Les was ready. He had dazzled the audience and heard applause from his general manager. From that fateful beginning, Les was propelled to become an icon in broadcasting, politics, public speaking and television.

**Unit 2 Beat your fear**

**2A: Swimming through fear**

1 I was on a tour of France with my friends when our car pulled to a stop at the beach and we saw the Mediterranean Sea. Massive waves surged against large rocks that formed a waterproof jetty. People said this beach was known for its notorious rip currents. I shivered with fear. Nothing scared me as much as water.

2 Just the sight of the sea made me sick to my stomach.

3 I'd always loved water and been a good swimmer until last summer, when I'd decided to climb up to the highest diving board at the pool. I'd hopped from that height and hit the water with an incredible impact. The air was ousted from my lungs and I blacked out. The next thing I knew, my brother was pulling my feeble body out of the pool. From then on, my fear wouldn't recede ; I was absolutely terrified of water.

4 "Jason, are you coming?" my friend, Matt, called.

5 "Yeah," I said. "Just enjoying the view," *from dry land*, I added silently, worried they might deem my fear pathetic if they knew.

6 Suddenly I heard shouting in French. A mob of people were running into the sea, fully clothed. *That's odd*, I thought.

7 I glimpsed something moving up and down amid the waves, past the end of the jetty. I gasped, realizing the catastrophe with horror. That's a little boy out there! The would-be rescuers fought against the tide, but the situation was bleak. With the water's tow, they'd never get to him in time.

8 I looked back at the boy. His head popped up, then a wave crashed over him and he disappeared for a moment; I had to intervene.

9 I appraised the situation and realized – the jetty! The boy was close to it; maybe I could help from there. I raced down the beach, out onto the jetty, and it hit me: *Water*! My palms got sweaty and my stomach felt sick, symptoms of my fear. I stopped short.

10 The people in the water had underestimated the waves and weren't making any progress. I was the only one who saw that going out on the jetty was the fastest way to reach the drowning boy. Yet in the midst of this tragedy, I was extremely terrified. I tried to remember the lifeguard training I'd had as a teenager.

11 I was paralyzed with fear, but I forced myself to move forward with this impromptu rescue. *I don't want this. Surely someone else can save him before I have to*.

12 At the ridge of the jetty, I whirled around, convinced I'd see an athletic swimmer plowing through the rough water toward the boy. To my dismay, no one was there. I turned back out to the sea to see the boy battered by vicious waves about 25 yards away from me. Sucking in a deep breath, I threw myself into the water. As soon as I jumped in, I felt like I was back in that pool, breathless, struggling, terrified. Salt stung my eyes. *Focus,* I shouted in my head. *Where is he?*

13 Then, with clarity, I saw a thin arm waving weakly a few yards away. I swam with all my strength, reaching the boy just as he sank below the surface. I grabbed his arm and pulled. He popped back up, eyes wide with terror, pawing and twisting against me. "*Repose* (Calm down)!" I commanded the boy in French. His struggling would derail any rescue attempt, and we'd both perish. "*Repose*!" I commanded again. Thankfully, this time he listened, and was still.

14 When I turned back toward shore a wave pounded over us. The jetty was further away! *The rip current*! It was forcibly dragging us out to the sea. I fought to get us back to land, but made little progress. I knew I'd never be able to escort him back like this.

15 Desperate to survive, I remembered what I'd learned in my life saving class: *Never, ever swim against the rip current! Swim sideways to the pull of the current and slowly make your way back toward shore.* It was an odd-looking but practicable solution. *Swim sideways and float to rest.* *Swim sideways and float to rest.* We did that over and over. We slowly made our way to safety. "Jason, you can do it!" I heard Matt say as he stood on the jetty. I hadn't even noticed how close we were, only about seven feet left to go.

16 And, as we made our way to safety I realized something incredible: I was no longer afraid. That absence of fear was a moment of triumph!

17 Matt jumped into the water. I tossed the boy to him. Just as I let go, a big wave picked him up and carried him all the way to Matt.

18 On the brink of collapse, I stopped fighting, just letting myself go. My hand hit the jetty. It was like an electric shock that brought me back to my senses. Someone grabbed for me.

19 I felt strong arms lift me. I ascended not only from the sea onto the secure rocks of the jetty – but also to my salvation, leaving behind the terrible fear that had gripped me for so long. I turned my head and saw the boy was hugged tightly by his mother. I looked out to the sea. Weary as I was, the water had never looked so beautiful.

我和朋友们去法国旅游时，我们的车在海滩上停了下来，我们看到了地中海。巨大的海浪拍打着巨大的岩石，形成了防水的防波堤。人们说这片海滩因其臭名昭著的激流而闻名。我害怕得发抖。没有什么比水更让我害怕了。

我一看到大海就感到恶心。

我一直都很喜欢水，也是一个游泳好手，直到去年夏天，我决定爬到游泳池最高的跳水板上。我从那么高的地方跳了下来，击中了水面，产生了不可思议的冲击力。我肺里的空气被抽走了，我昏了过去。接下来我知道的是，我哥哥正在把我虚弱的身体从游泳池里拖出来。从那以后，我的恐惧再也没有消退;我非常害怕水。

“杰森，你来吗?”我的朋友马特喊道。

“是的，”我说。“只是欣赏一下风景，”我默默地补充道，担心如果他们知道了我的恐惧，会觉得我很可怜。

突然我听到有人用法语喊叫。一群穿着衣服的人向海里跑去。真奇怪，我想。

我瞥见一个东西在波浪中上下移动，越过了码头的尽头。我倒吸了一口气，惊恐地意识到这是一场灾难。外面有个小男孩!那些想要救援的人与潮水搏斗，但情况很暗淡。由于水的牵引，他们不可能及时赶到他那里。

我回头看了看那个男孩。他抬起头来，接着一个浪头向他袭来，他消失了一会儿;我不得不介入。

我评估了形势，意识到——码头!男孩离它很近;也许我能帮上忙。我跑下海滩，跑到防波堤上，突然想到:水!我的手心冒汗，我的胃感觉不舒服，这些都是我恐惧的症状。我没有。

水里的人低估了海浪的威力，没有取得任何进展。我是唯一一个看到上防波堤是找到溺水男孩最快的方法的人。然而，在这场悲剧中，我极度恐惧。我试着回忆我十几岁时接受的救生员训练。

我被恐惧吓呆了，但我强迫自己继续进行这次即兴的救援。我不想这样。肯定有人能在我之前救他。

在防波堤的山脊上，我转过身来，确信会看到一个游泳健将在汹涌的水中奋力朝那个男孩游去。令我沮丧的是，那里一个人也没有。我回头望向大海，看到那个男孩在离我大约25码远的地方被凶猛的海浪拍打着。我深吸一口气，纵身跳入水中。我一跳进去，就觉得自己又回到了那个泳池里，喘不过气来，挣扎着，恐惧着。盐刺痛了我的眼睛。“集中注意力，”我在脑海中喊道。他在哪里?

然后，我清楚地看到几码外有一只瘦弱的手臂无力地挥动着。我用尽全力游过去，在那个男孩潜入水面时，我游到了他身边。我抓住他的胳膊使劲拉。他突然跳了起来，眼睛睁得大大的，充满了恐惧，用爪子抓我，在我身上扭动。“静止(冷静)!”我用法语命令那孩子。他的挣扎会破坏任何救援行动，我们都会死。“休息!”我又吩咐。幸运的是，这一次他听进去了，一动不动。

当我转身向岸边游去时，一个浪头向我们袭来。码头更远了!离岸流!它用力地把我们拖到海里。我努力让我们回到陆地上，但进展甚微。我知道我不可能这样护送他回去。

为了求生，我想起了在救生课上学到的东西:千万不要逆流而游!顺着水流的拉力向侧游，然后慢慢游回岸边。这是一个看起来奇怪但可行的解决办法。向旁边游，然后漂浮着休息。向旁边游，然后漂浮着休息。我们做了一遍又一遍。我们慢慢地向安全的地方走去。“杰森，你能做到!”我听到马特站在码头上说。我甚至没有注意到我们离得有多近，只剩下大约7英尺了。

当我们向安全地带走去时，我意识到一件不可思议的事:我不再害怕了。那种没有恐惧的时刻是胜利的时刻!

马特跳进水里。我把男孩扔给他。就在我松手的时候，一个大浪把他卷了起来，一路带到马特那里。

在崩溃的边缘，我停止了挣扎，只是让自己走。我的手碰到了防波堤。这就像一次电击，让我恢复了理智。有人抓住了我。

我感到有力的手臂将我托起。我不仅从海上登上了安全的防波堤岩石，而且还获救了，摆脱了长期困扰我的可怕恐惧。我转过头去，看见男孩被他母亲紧紧地抱着。我向大海望去。尽管我很疲倦，但这片水看起来却从未如此美丽过。

**2B When courage triumphed over fear**

1 I know what courage looks like. I saw it on a flight I took six years ago, and only now can I speak of it without tears filling my eyes at the memory.

2 When our plane left New York that Friday morning, we were a talkative, high-energy group. The early-morning transcontinental flight hosted mainly professional people going to San Francisco for a day or two of business. As I looked around, I saw lots of designer suits, CEO-level expensive haircuts, designer briefcases and all the trimmings of lofty business travelers. I settled back with my paperback novel for some light reading and the brief flight ahead.

3 Immediately upon take-off, long before we had reached our cruising altitude, it was clear that something was wrong. The aircraft was bumping vertically up and down and tilting left to right. All the experienced travelers, including me, looked around with knowing grins. We had experienced minor problems and turbulence on prior flights. If you fly very much, you see these things and learn to act relaxed about them.

4 It wasn't long before our relaxed attitudes began to evaporate. Minutes after we were in flight, our plane began dipping wildly and one wing plunged downward. The plane climbed higher but that didn't help our plight. The pilot soon provided some grave news regarding the flight.

5 "We are having some difficulties," he said. "At this time, it appears we have no nose-wheel steering. Our indicators show that our landing system has failed, which necessitates that we abort the flight and return to New York. Because of the problems with the mechanisms, it's unlikely our landing gear will lock, so the flight attendants will prepare you for a bumpy landing. Also, if you look out the windows, you will see that we are dumping fuel from the airplane. We want to have as little on board as possible in the event of a rough touchdown."

6 In other words, we were about to crash. No sight has ever been so sobering as that fuel, hundreds of gallons of it, streaming past my window out of the plane's tanks. The flight attendants scrambled to get people into position and comforted those who were instantaneously hysterical.

7 As I looked at the faces of my fellow business travelers, I was stunned by the changes I saw. Many looked visibly frightened now. Even the most sophisticated looked vulnerable and grim. Their faces actually looked panicked. There wasn't a single exception, and I realized that no one faces death without fear; no one is immune to its terror.

8 Then, somewhere in my proximity, I overheard a still calm voice underlying the panic. It was a woman's voice, speaking in an absolutely normal conversational tone. Despite the circumstance, there was no angry emotion or tension, and this calm voice evoked a calm in me that quieted some of my initial fears. It became imperative that I find her.

9 All around the cabin, people cried. Many moaned and screamed. A few of the men maintained their appearance of calm by bracing against their armrests and grinding their teeth, but their fear was written all over them.

10 Try as I might, I could not have spoken so calmly, so sweetly at that moment as the fabulous voice I heard. Finally, I saw her.

11 In the midst of all the chaos, a mother was talking, just talking to her child. The woman, in her mid-30's and unremarkable looking in any other way, was staring full into the face of her daughter, who looked about four years old. The child listened closely, sensing that her mother's words were invaluable. The mother's gaze held the child so fixed and intent that the child seemed untouched by the sounds of grief and fear all around her.

12 I strained to hear what this mother was telling her child. I relished the sound of calm confidence amongst the terror. Finally, I hovered nearby and by some miracle could hear her soft, sure, confident voice say in a calming tone over and over again, "I love you so much. Do you know for sure that I love you more than anything?"

13 "Yes, Mommy," the little girl said.

14 "And remember, no matter what happens, that I love you always; and that you are a good girl. Sometimes things happen that are not your fault. You are my beloved, good girl and my love will always be with you."

15 As her first concern was for her daughter's well-being, the mother then put her body over her daughter's, strapping the seat belt over both of them to save her daughter from a possible wreckage.

16 Then, for no earthly reason, our landing gear held and we glided to a gentle stop. It was all over in seconds. Our touchdown was smooth and easy; the tragedy we had feared was not our destiny.

17 The voice I heard that day never hesitated, never acknowledged dread, and maintained an evenness that seemed emotionally and physically impossible. During that descent, not one of the hardened business people could have spoken without a hint of fear in their voice. Only the greatest courage, with a foundation of even greater love, had brought that mother up and lifted her above the chaos around her.

18 That mom showed me the amazing power of love. And for those few minutes, I heard the voice of true courage.

# 

# Unit 3 Life stories

# 3A Audrey Hepburn – A true angel in this world

1 Audrey Hepburn thrilled audiences with starring roles in noteworthy films like *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *Sabrina*, *Roman Holiday*, *My Fair Lady*, *War and Peace*, and *Always*.

2 Despite her success in the film domain, the roles she most preferred portraying were not in movies. She was an exemplary mother to her two sons and a UNICEF (the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund) Ambassador of Goodwill serving victims in war-torn countries.

3 As a young girl during the Nazi occupation of her native Holland, Audrey Hepburn was aware of the brutality, death, and destruction of war. She was hungry and malnourished, as her family was bankrupted as a result of the invasion. Audrey's father abandoned the family, and two of her uncles were taken captive and killed. Audrey was grabbed off the street by Nazis and placed in line to be sent to a work camp. When the guards glanced away she darted off, barely escaping, and huddled in a cold, foul basement full of rats.

4 The little girl who would become the world's most magical actress began as an anonymous refugee confronting life's horrors and fragility firsthand. But she refused to allow her spirit to be afflicted by the desperate reality of her young life. Instead, she transcended those challenges but never forgot what it felt like to suffer, to be hungry, alone and helpless.

5 After the war, Audrey and her mother left Holland, arriving in London as poor immigrants. Her dream of becoming a prime dancer drove her into a rigorous schedule at a famous ballet school. Later, she was spotted by a producer and eventually landed a role in the film *Roman Holiday* starring Gregory Peck, one of Hollywood's top leading men.

6 Soon, Audrey was transformed from a malnourished immigrant to an internationally famous movie star. Director Billy Wilder complimented her, saying, "Audrey walked beautifully, she spoke beautifully." Although she won many Academy Awards and other honors for acting, Audrey felt that her most significant work was humanitarian work with those in need, and as the mother to her two sons. She suffered through two divorces and from her memories of the war. Yet, Audrey never let her sadness overcome her or jeopardize her hope for a brighter future. Audrey finally met her soul mate, Robert Wolders, and spent the last 12 years of her life with him.

7 Becoming famous never changed Audrey's generous and compassionate character. She felt a deep sense of responsibility to alleviate suffering of those in need, especially children. Friends said Audrey had a complete lack of ego and accepted and appreciated others as they were.

8 Though she became very wealthy, she owned only one home in Switzerland. For Audrey it was a paradise where she could hide from the world with her beloved family, work in her garden and take long walks in nature.

9 In 1988, Audrey was appointed a Goodwill Ambassador for UNICEF designed to provide emergency food and healthcare to children suffering the destruction of war or other catastrophes. In that role, her lifelong passion for helping those in need, found its greatest calling.

10 She turned down three million dollars to pen her autobiography and instead accepted one dollar a year in the more conscientious role as diplomat for UNICEF. For seven months out of each of her last five years, she and Robby left the peace and beauty in their cozy home to embark on outreach trips into some of the most difficult places on earth. From Bangladesh, Sudan, India, Vietnam, Kenya, Ethiopia, Central and South America, to Somalia, Audrey Hepburn traveled representing UNICEF, making over 50 emotionally draining and physically dangerous missions into bleak destinations to raise world awareness of wars and droughts. Having been a victim of war, she understood the blessing of being the beneficiary of food, clothing, and, most of all, hope.

11 Audrey felt it was wicked that billions of children were deprived of simple joys and drowned in overwhelming misery. She believed deeply in the ideology that all people share in the duty to care for those in need. Audrey Hepburn was always ready to lead by example. She said: "When you deny childhood, you deny life." She saw UNICEF's work as an integral, sacred force in people's lives and said of UNICEF's results, "Anyone who doesn't believe in miracles is not a realist."

12 In 1992, Audrey was stricken by cancer. She, Robby and her two sons returned to their home in Switzerland for their last Christmas together.

13 Audrey's long-time friend and world-famous French fashion designer, Hubert de Givenchy, spoke to his cherished friend for the last time, just before she died. He said she was "... serene at the end because she knew she had achieved everything with perfection".

14 Audrey Hepburn's passion for service was enduring. Even as her life ended at 63 years of age, she remained a gracious woman who perpetually signified simplicity, charity, charm and kindness.

15 The majesty of Audrey Hepburn's spirit of social responsibility and dedication lives on in her words: "Remember, if you ever need a helping hand, it's at the end of your arm. As you get older, remember you have another hand: The first is to help yourself, the second is to help others." And "For beautiful eyes, look for the good in others; for beautiful lips, speak only words of kindness; and for poise, walk with the knowledge that you are never alone."

奥黛丽·赫本在《蒂凡尼的早餐》、《塞布丽娜》、《罗马假日》、《窈窕淑女》、《战争与和平》和《永远》等著名电影中扮演的角色让观众兴奋不已。

尽管她在电影领域取得了成功，但她最喜欢扮演的角色并不是电影。她是两个儿子的模范母亲，也是联合国儿童基金会(联合国国际儿童紧急基金)的亲善大使，为饱受战争蹂躏的国家的受害者服务。

在纳粹占领她的祖国荷兰期间，奥黛丽·赫本还是个小女孩，她深知战争的残酷、死亡和破坏。她饥肠辘辘，营养不良，因为她的家庭因入侵而破产。奥黛丽的父亲抛弃了这个家庭，她的两个叔叔被俘虏并杀害。奥黛丽被纳粹从街上抓走，排在被送往劳改营的队伍中。当守卫瞥了她一眼时，她飞快地跑开了，几乎逃不掉，蜷缩在一个满是老鼠的又冷又臭的地下室里。

这个后来成为世界上最具魔力的女演员的小女孩，从一个匿名的难民开始，亲身面对生活的恐怖和脆弱。但她拒绝让自己的精神被年轻生活的绝望现实所折磨。相反，她克服了这些挑战，但从未忘记痛苦、饥饿、孤独和无助的感觉。

战争结束后，奥黛丽和她的母亲离开荷兰，作为贫穷的移民来到伦敦。她的梦想是成为一名一流的舞蹈家，这促使她在一所著名的芭蕾舞学校接受了严格的日程安排。后来，一位制片人看中了她，并最终在好莱坞顶级男主角之一格雷戈里·派克(Gregory Peck)主演的电影《罗马假日》(Roman Holiday)中获得一个角色。

6很快，奥黛丽就从一个营养不良的移民变成了国际著名的电影明星。导演比利·怀尔德称赞她说:“奥黛丽走路很美，说话也很美。”尽管她凭借表演获得了许多奥斯卡奖和其他荣誉，但奥黛丽认为她最重要的工作是为那些需要帮助的人进行人道主义工作，以及作为两个儿子的母亲。她经历了两次离婚和对战争的记忆。然而，奥黛丽从来没有让她的悲伤战胜她或危及她对一个更光明的未来的希望。奥黛丽终于遇到了她的灵魂伴侣，罗伯特·沃尔德斯，并与他度过了生命中最后的12年。

成名并没有改变奥黛丽慷慨和富有同情心的性格。她有一种强烈的责任感，要帮助那些需要帮助的人，尤其是儿童。朋友们说，奥黛丽完全不自我，接受和欣赏别人本来的样子。

虽然她变得非常富有，但她在瑞士只有一所房子。对奥黛丽来说，这是一个天堂，在那里她可以和心爱的家人一起躲避世界，在花园里劳作，在大自然中漫步。

9 1988年，奥黛丽被任命为儿童基金会亲善大使，其目的是向遭受战争或其他灾难破坏的儿童提供紧急粮食和保健。在这个职位上，她对帮助那些需要帮助的人的毕生热情找到了最大的使命。

她拒绝了写自传的300万美元，而是接受了联合国儿童基金会(UNICEF)一美元的年薪，担任一名更加负责任的外交官。在她生命的最后五年里，每年有七个月的时间，她和罗比离开他们舒适的家，离开宁静与美丽，前往地球上一些最艰难的地方进行拓展旅行。从孟加拉国、苏丹、印度、越南、肯尼亚、埃塞俄比亚、中南美洲到索马里，奥黛丽·赫本代表联合国儿童基金会前往荒凉的地方，执行了50多次精神上和身体上都很危险的任务，以提高世界对战争和干旱的认识。作为战争的受害者，她懂得获得食物、衣服，尤其是希望是一种幸福。

奥黛丽认为，数十亿儿童被剥夺了简单的快乐，淹没在巨大的痛苦中是邪恶的。她深信一种意识形态，即所有人都有责任照顾有需要的人。奥黛丽·赫本总是以身作则。她说:“当你否定童年，你就否定了生命。”她认为联合国儿童基金会的工作是人们生活中不可或缺的神圣力量，在谈到联合国儿童基金会的成果时，她说:“不相信奇迹的人不是现实主义者。”

1992年，奥黛丽罹患癌症。她和罗比以及她的两个儿子回到他们在瑞士的家过最后一个圣诞节。

奥黛丽的老朋友、世界著名的法国时装设计师休伯特·德·纪梵希在她去世前与他的挚友进行了最后一次交谈。他说她“……她最后很平静，因为她知道她已经完美地完成了所有的事情。”

奥黛丽·赫本对服务的热情是持久的。即使她的生命在63岁结束，她仍然是一个优雅的女人，永远代表着简单、慈善、魅力和善良。

奥黛丽·赫本庄严的社会责任和奉献精神在她的话中得到了延续:“记住，如果你需要一只援助之手，它就在你的手臂尽头。当你长大了，记住你还有另一只手:第一只手是帮助自己，第二只手是帮助别人。”“要有美丽的眼睛，要看到别人的优点;美丽的嘴唇，只讲亲切的话语;优雅的姿态在于走路时要知道你永远不会孤单。”

**3B A life in film**

*Steven had to face rejections and obstacles in his film-creating efforts, but his persistence and dedication transformed the obstacles into an alternative route to success.*

1 At 12 years old, Steven Spielberg was already visiting film shootings at Universal Studios in his office suit, a packed lunch tucked into his briefcase. The young boy tried to immerse himself in film in any way possible. He had been given an administrative job at Universal Studios from a friend of his father's, and every day, even though he didn't have a legitimate security pass, he would try to manipulate his way past the guards and into his personal paradise. Such persistence is hardly surprising from a boy whose lifelong conviction was to "Make sure you are right and go on!" (adopted from a 1954 Disney film).

2 When Steven was eight years old, his father gave him a Brownie 8 mm film camera as his birthday present. Steven immediately began collecting footage of family events, and he simulated action scenes with his miniature toy spacecraft, populating his films with his neighborhood friends as actors. People quickly began to recognize his terrific talent , and he won a prize for cinematography for his early western *The Last Gunfight*; years later, he won a national contest for his film *Escape to Nowhere*. His film *Firelight* was twice analyzed by a national newspaper and was presented in the city theater as if it were a Hollywood premiere. By the time he was 17 years old, Steven had established himself as a director with the artistic intuition of a man twice his age.

3 His achievements are certainly related to the personal obstacles and setbacks he faced from an early age. Steven's family moved often, so that he was constantly trying to find his place in a turbulent environment with new people. Despite his natural intelligence, Steven had a carefree attitude and put little effort into school. He consistently earned only a C average, or lower. Socially, he wasn't athletic or popular, and since his conspicuous interest in film made him seem eccentric, classmates shunned and mocked him.

4 His home life was not ideal either, as his father's rigid engineering temperament could not understand his or his mother's artistic personalities. Steven would miss his father when he was gone for long work trips, and then reverted to furiously arguing with him as soon as he returned. Finally, when he was in high school, his parents ended their unhappy marriage with a divorce. The theme of the lack of a father figure consistently infected Steven's films.

5 Unfriendly surroundings at home and school made Steven strive even harder to achieve in the film world. He applied to two of the best film schools in the country: the University of Southern California and the University of California, Los Angeles. But even with a formidable 10 years of experiences in filmmaking and his friends at Universal Studios endorsing him, his grades were too poor, and he was flatly turned down at both institutions.

6 Unwilling to give up, Steven entered the California State University, where he hoped the program in TV and radio might open his way to Hollywood. Unfortunately, the university was not suited to his experience, and one academician recalled, "Steven knew more about cameras, mounts, and lenses than anyone else in the department. He could teach there." Despite his manifest talent, his low grades sabotaged transfer attempts, forcing real film schools to withhold acceptance.

7 Steven contrived to rectify the situation on his own by diverting his attention away from academics. He cleaned his old suit and briefcase and returned to visiting Universal Studios where he had worked as a boy. He discreetly sneaked into any department he could, such as shooting rooms, editing and sound-mixing studios, and he quietly watched until he was discovered and ordered to leave. Introducing himself under the pretext of being either an actor, director, or producer, he would invite people to dinner to make connections and learn as much as he could. Even though he was caught and expelled at least once a day, he always returned to smuggle himself back in again.

8 Steven repeatedly tried to prove himself to the Universal executives, while working in a cafeteria to save up money for equipment. He would discretely create scenes and then shoot and re-shoot his movies. He kept upgrading from 8 to 16 and finally 35 mm film before he was allowed a screening. Finally, his film *Amblin* was given a chance in front of the executives. It was a short, silent film and the plot differed greatly from the sci-fi and combat films that would later predominate Steven's career. Still, the short film was awesome enough to win Steven, only 21 years old, a seven-year contract with Universal Studios.

9 After directing smaller TV dramas and low-budget projects, Steven earned the chance to direct his big Hollywood debut: a thriller film starring a shark! *Jaws* was a box office hit and it made Steven famous. He continued his relationship with Universal Studios to produce the notable movies *E.T.*, *Jurassic Park*, and *Schindler's List*.

10 As his first producer said, "It is not by any coincidence that Steven is in his present position." Instead, it is Steven's committed spirit that has strengthened him in standing fast against all rejections, prejudice and skepticism and driven him to keep moving onward.

**Unit 4 Let's go**

**4A The surprising purpose of travel**

1 It's 4:15 in the morning, and my alarm clock has just stolen away a lovely dream. I almost return back to sleep before my eye catches my packed suitcase and I groan, remembering that I'm going to the airport. The taxi is late and then lost, and I'm getting increasingly nervous that I'll miss my flight. I run in when we arrive, stagger through security and finally get to my gate. After all the trouble of this morning, my flight is canceled and I'm stuck in this terminal for the next 218 minutes, and my only consolation is a cup of complimentary airport coffee. This is traveling, a burdensome series of running and waiting, and after countless hours, finally getting there.

2 Why do we travel? I don't mind the actual flying, the wonder of being airborne in a dense metal bird. The rest of the journey, however, can feel like a tedious lesson in the ills of modernity, from the predawn x-ray screening to the sad airport malls selling clusters of keepsakes. It's the result of a globalized world, and it sucks.

3 Sometimes, of course, we travel because we need to. Because in this digital age, there is still something important about the handshake at a business luncheon. Or eating mom's special food on Thanksgiving. Or seeing your girlfriend on your 2-year anniversary.

4 But most travel is decidedly optional. Only corporate travel, about 30% of trips over 50 miles, is truly compulsory. Instead, we travel because we want to, because the annoyances of the airport are offset by the thrill of being someplace new. Because work is stressful and our blood pressure is too high and we need a vacation somewhere tropical. Because home is boring. Because the flights are on sale. Because Paris is Paris .

5 Thanks to modern aviation, we can now move through space at an inhuman speed. For the first time in human history, we can outrun the sun and move from one hemisphere to another in a single day. Of course, it's not enough to simply get on a plane. If we want to realize the creative benefits of travel, then we have to re-think its overall purpose. Most people, after all, escape to Paris so they don't have to think about those troubles they left behind. But here's the irony: Our mind is most likely to solve our most stubborn problems while we are sitting in luxury in a Left Bank café. So, instead of contemplating that buttery dessert, we should be conscious of those domestic issues we just can't solve.

6 The larger lesson, though, is that our thoughts are saturated with the familiar. The brain is a space of near infinite possibility, which means that it spends a lot of time and energy choosing what not to notice. As a result, creativity is traded away for efficiency; we think in finite, literal prose, not symbolic verse. A bit of distance, however, helps loosen the cognitive chains that imprison us, making it easier to mingle the new with the old; the mundane is grasped from a slightly more abstract perspective. According to research, the experience of an exotic culture endows us with a valuable open-mindedness, making it easier to realize that even a trivial thing can have multiple meanings. Consider the act of leaving food on the plate: In China, this is often seen as a compliment, a signal that the host has provided enough to eat. But in America the same act is a subtle insult, an indication that the food wasn't good enough to finish.

7 Such multicultural contrasts mean that seasoned travelers are open to ambiguity, willing to realize that there are decidedly different (and equally valid) ways of interpreting the world. This, in turn, allows them to expand the circumference of their "cognitive inputs" as they refuse to settle for their first answers and initial guesses.

8 Of course, this mental flexibility doesn't come from mere distance, a simple change in latitude and longitude. Instead, this renaissance of creativity appears to be a side effect of difference: We need to change cultures, to experience the disorienting diversity of human traditions. The same facets of foreign travel that are so confusing (Do I tip the waiter? Where is this train taking me?) turn out to have a lasting impact, making us more creative because we're less insular. We're reminded of all that we don't know, which is nearly everything; we're surprised by the constant stream of surprises. Even in this globalized age, we can still be amazed at all the earthly things that weren't included in the *Let's Go* guidebook and that certainly don't exist back home.

9 So, let's not pretend that travel doesn't have its drawbacks, or that we endure jet lag for pleasure. We don't spend 10 hours lost in the Louvre because we like it, and the view from the top of Machu Picchu probably doesn't make up for the trouble of lost luggage. ( More often than not, I need a vacation after my vacation. ) We travel because we need to, because distance and difference are the secret cornerstones of creativity. When we get home, home is still the same. But something in our mind has been changed, and that changes everything.

4A旅行的惊人目的

现在是凌晨4点15分，我的闹钟刚刚偷走了一个可爱的梦。我几乎要回去睡觉了，这时我的眼睛还没看到我的手提箱，我呻吟着，想起我要去机场。出租车晚点了，然后迷路了，我越来越紧张，因为我会错过我的航班。我们到达时，我跑进来，踉踉跄跄地通过安检，最后到达了我的大门。在经历了今早所有的麻烦之后，我的航班取消了，我在候机楼滞留了218分钟，我唯一的安慰是一杯免费的机场咖啡。这是一次旅行，一系列繁重的跑步和等待，经过无数个小时，终于到达目的地。

2我们为什么旅行？我不介意真正的飞行，在一只密集的金属鸟中飞行的奇迹。然而，从黎明前的x光检查到出售成串纪念品的悲伤机场购物中心，旅程的其余部分可能感觉像是现代弊病中的一堂乏味的课。这是全球化世界的结果，很糟糕。

当然，有时我们旅行是因为我们需要。因为在这个数字时代，在商务午餐会上握手仍然有一些重要的东西。或者在感恩节吃妈妈的特别食物。或者在你结婚2周年纪念日上见到你的女朋友。

但大多数旅行都是随意的。只有公务旅行，约30%的行程超过50英里，才是真正的强制性旅行。相反，我们旅行是因为我们想去，因为机场的烦恼被新地方的刺激所抵消。因为工作压力很大，我们的血压太高，我们需要去热带地区度假。因为家很无聊。因为航班正在打折。因为巴黎就是巴黎。

多亏了现代航空，我们现在可以以超人的速度穿越太空。在人类历史上第一次，我们可以在一天之内超越太阳，从一个半球移动到另一个半球。当然，仅仅上飞机是不够的。如果我们想实现旅行的创造性好处，那么我们必须重新思考旅行的总体目的。毕竟，大多数人都逃到巴黎，这样他们就不必去想他们留下的那些麻烦了。但具有讽刺意味的是：当我们坐在左岸的一家豪华咖啡馆里时，我们的大脑最有可能解决我们最棘手的问题。因此，我们应该意识到那些我们无法解决的国内问题，而不是考虑那种黄油甜点。

6然而，更大的教训是，我们的思想充满了熟悉的东西。大脑是一个几乎无限可能的空间，这意味着它花费了大量的时间和精力来选择不注意的东西。结果，创造力被效率所取代；我们用有限的文字，而不是象征性的诗句来思考。然而，一点距离有助于放松束缚我们的认知链，使新事物与旧事物更容易融合；世俗是从稍微抽象的角度来理解的。根据研究，异国文化的经历赋予我们宝贵的开放心态，使我们更容易认识到，即使是一件小事也可能有多重含义。考虑一下把食物留在盘子里的行为：在中国，这通常被视为一种恭维，表示主人提供了足够的食物。但在美国，同样的行为是一种微妙的侮辱，表明食物不够好吃。

7这种多元文化的对比意味着经验丰富的旅行者容易产生歧义，愿意意识到世界上有截然不同的（同样有效的）解释方式。这反过来又允许他们扩大“认知输入”的范围，因为他们拒绝满足于第一个答案和最初的猜测。

8当然，这种心理灵活性不仅仅来自距离，而是纬度和经度的简单变化。相反，这种创造力的复兴似乎是差异的副作用：我们需要改变文化，体验人类传统令人困惑的多样性。同样的国外旅行让人困惑（我要给服务员小费吗？这趟火车要带我去哪里？）结果产生了持久的影响，使我们更具创造力，因为我们不那么狭隘。我们会想起我们不知道的一切，这几乎就是一切；我们对不断的惊喜感到惊讶。即使在这个全球化的时代，我们仍然可以对那些没有被列入《让我们走》指南中的、在国内肯定不存在的尘世事物感到惊讶。

9所以，我们不要假装旅行没有缺点，也不要假装我们为了娱乐而忍受时差。我们不会因为喜欢卢浮宫而在卢浮宫呆上10个小时，从马丘比丘山顶俯瞰的景色可能无法弥补行李丢失带来的麻烦。（通常情况下，度假后我需要休假。）我们旅行是因为我们需要，因为距离和差异是创造力的秘密基石。当我们到家时，家还是一样。但我们心中的某些东西已经改变了，这改变了一切。

# 4B Traveling solo – A blessing overall!

1 So you're ready to travel. Pick a place, any place. Let's say you've always wanted to go to China. You've seen pictures of the Great Wall, the Forbidden City, Tian'anmen Square. You've always been fascinated with Chinese aesthetics and culture, with red, fragrant temples and venerable statues. You have a chunk of money saved and extra vacation time earned. Now is the time to go!

2 But maybe you haven't traveled much. You've never been to an exotic place where you can't speak the language or read the signs. A place where you'll have to do all the research for yourself, find hotels, get yourself around, buy locomotive or bus tickets, order your own food. You must figure all of this out while looking at the unfamiliar notation which you see wherever you look or go.

3 So now you're ready to realize your dream to explore China, and find, for yourself, the soul of the country. Unfortunately, right from the onset, none of your friends share that dream. Your sister is pregnant and can't travel. Your best friend just got a new job and can't take time off. So what do you do? You could ask everyone you know – friends, acquaintances, co-workers. You could join a tour. Or, you could go alone.

4 To travel alone is a difficult decision for anyone, though especially for women. For me, it came naturally. I made that trip to China, and then zigzagged on a multinational excursion through Indonesia, Thailand, England and France.

5 But the reactions I've gotten, from people I know, fellow travelers, and especially, from the natives of the countries I've visited, showed me that solo traveling is strange, and even considered inconceivable or reckless by many people. People ask me if the isolation makes me sad or even if I'm more susceptible to violent or dangerous situations.

6 This has been sometimes a blessing, sometimes a curse. I remember searching desperately for accommodations in Taiwan. The university listed in my booklet no longer had dormitories for travelers, and I was lucky when the desk clerk called a young woman out of a nearby office. As it turned out, she was offering to let me stay at her flat and even had a friend come show me around the city the next day.

7 Also in Taiwan, I met two girls who smuggled me into their hotel room, gave me one of the beds (they shared the other), and took me to a feast with their tour group. When they heard my next stop was their hometown, they arranged for a bilingual friend to pick me up at the train station.

8 But there has also been the downside of those not-so-pleasant experiences. In Indonesia, a cute boy gave me a ride on his motorbike, and thought that gave him license to grope me illicitly. Many times in Indonesia, boys menaced me, assuming I was willing to pay for their company. In Japan, I was picked up by a young man who refused to drop me at my Youth Hostel; he insisted I stay with his friends. The friends turned out to be four girls; I was safe, but one snored like a lawnmower, and it took me two days to escape.

9 I've been irritated and perplexed many times – not speaking a language, not understanding or being understood. Once, in Italy, a hotel clerk tried to overcharge me and only gave up after 10 minutes of arguing. Another time in China, a taxi driver insisted I pay more, and I was rescued by the doorman of a fancy hotel.

10 Having a companion might have helped safeguard me from some of those problems. But it would have suppressed other opportunities – a long afternoon in Thailand all alone in the back of a hay wagon and then seven days in the back of a truck with a Brit, two Aussies and two Norwegians! Eating ethnic food on my way through eastern Korea with four youthful Japanese salarymen. Getting sick in China, and being nursed with chocolate bars and tissues by a couple from Texas.

11 The few times I have traveled with a companion, I haven't had the same ample opportunities to meet people. Other travelers can swap stories with you about the local folklore of the places they've been to and often have credible insights into the place you're visiting. Locals are also more likely to see you as approachable and be upfront with you when you're on your own.

12 Of course you have to be careful not to endanger yourself by throwing caution to the wind. Watch your back, but don't presume the worst and be overly fearful. Be friendly with people, but watch out for those who are too friendly with you. Don't disregard your instincts. If you hear stories about criminals on a road, take the road – just don't take much cash, and don't accept Coca Cola from strangers.

13 The key to solo travel is to open your mind, close your eyes and leap in! Everything that happens to you is an experience, and good, bad or neutral, they will all benefit you in some way. Take those little annoyances, those inefficiencies, and those boring bureaucrats with a laugh. If you despise something, just remember: You don't live there, you can leave anytime, and you'll never have to deal with this again!

14 Don't ever let a lack of companionship constrain you from doing what you really want to do. Once you go solo, you'll be amazed at how sensational your travel experiences will be.

**Unit 5 When work is a pleasure**

**5A Will you be a worker or a laborer?**

1 To be truly happy, a person must feel both free and important. People are never happy if they feel compelled by society to do work they do not enjoy, or if what they do enjoy is ignored by society as having no value or importance. In a society where slavery in the strict sense has been abolished, the social indications around work, the value of work and the salary, have degraded many laborers into modern slaves – "wage slaves".

2 People are considered laborers if their job has an adverse effect on them, yet they feel compelled to continue working by the necessity of conforming to societal expectations and earning the revenue to support themselves and their families. The polar opposite of labor is play. When we play a game, we enjoy what we are doing, but it is a purely private pastime; society does not care when or whether we play.

3 Between labor and play stands work. People are labeled as workers if their personal interests coincide with the jobs society pays them to do; what is necessary labor from the point of view of society is voluntary play from the individual's personal point of view. Whether a job is to be designated as labor or work depends, not on the job itself, but on the tastes of the individual who undertakes it. The difference does not, for example, correlate with the difference between a manual and mental job or between jobs of low or high esteem; a gardener covered in dirt in a greenhouse may be a worker while a well-dressed city mayor may prove to be an unhappy laborer!

4 People's attitude toward their work determines everything. To workers, leisure means simply the hours they need to relax and rest in order to work efficiently. Workers are therefore more prone to dedicate more time to working, taking too little leisure rather than too much. To laborers, on the other hand, leisure means autonomy from compulsion, so it is natural for them to imagine that the fewer hours they have to spend laboring, and the more hours they have free for play, the better.

5 Besides the mere hours spent in leisure, workers and laborers differ in the amount of personal satisfaction they derive from their jobs. Workers who enjoy their jobs will be happier, less stressed, and generally more satisfied with their lives. They will also work with more diligence and precision because they have fostered a sense of personal pride in their jobs. On the other hand, laborers, whose sole incentive is earning their livelihood, feel that the time they spend on the daily grind is wasted and doesn't contribute to their happiness. Instead of valuing all 24 hours of their day as enjoyable and productive hours, they gauge only the time spent in leisure and play as meaningful. Unfortunately, laborers are all too commonplace, and only a small percentage of the population is in the lucky position of being workers.

6 In recent decades, technological innovation and the division of labor have caused major economic changes by eliminating the need for special strength or skill in many fields and have turned many paid occupations with enjoyable work into boring labor. Increasing productivity with automated machines, such as robots, has reduced the number of necessary laboring hours. It is possible to imagine an upcoming society in which the majority of the population will have almost as much leisure time as in earlier times was enjoyed by the medieval aristocracy. The medieval aristocrats had an abundance of leisure time but often wasted it in trivial pursuit of games and fashion. Likewise, modern-day laborers with too much leisure time may find it difficult to refrain from the addictive and trivial pursuits of celebrity gossip, extravagant fashion, and excessive video games and TV – similar bad habits that waste valuable time.

7 However, it's not necessary to take such a toxic attitude toward such a positive thing as leisure time. In fact, in many countries, people now use their leisure time to improve their minds and their working conditions to create a happier, more contented life. Lifelong learning can make the difference between being bored, unhappy laborers and workers who find meaning and joy in their employment and life. "Continuing education" or "experiential learning" can offer an array of classes from pleasant diversions such as sports, art classes or music to leadership development, advanced accounting skills, or CAD (computer-aided design), to name only a few.

8 Whatever the job, people who enjoy their work find time passes quickly. They hurltheir passion into their work, be it physical like the work of a smith, or more mental like that of a scientist or an artist. Even purely mental work can suffice as an outlet, as aptly expressed by the phrase "sinking one's teeth into a problem".

9 Eventually, everyone has to find a job and earn a living. Laborers are slaving away at a job they don't enjoy for a small monetary reward, waiting all day until they go home and play. But while laborers are counting down the hours, workers are energized and focused, taking optimum pleasure in the task at hand. By choosing a job that is both useful to society and personally fulfilling, workers maintain a simultaneous sense of purpose and enthusiasm that improves their whole lives. So in the end, whatever job you choose, you must contend with this essential question: Will you be a laborer or a worker?

**5B The joy of a prideful tradition**

1 I first met him in 1965, when I rushed into his little shop to have the heels of my shoes repaired. He greeted me with a cheerful smile and instant hospitality. "You're new in this neighborhood, aren't you?"

2 Indeed, I had moved into a house at the end of the street only a week before.

3 "This is a fine neighborhood," he said. "You'll be happy here."

4 I sat there with my shoes off, watching as he got ready to stitch up my shoes I'd entrusted to him. He looked sadly at the leather covering the mount of the heel. It was worn through because I had failed to have the shoes patched a month ago. I grew a little impatient, for I was rushing to meet a friend. "Please hurry," I begged.

5 He looked at me over his spectacles. "Now, don't worry. I won't be long. This handicraft is my specialty and I want to do a good job. " He was silent a moment. "You see, I have a tradition to live up to."

6 A tradition? In this simplistic little shop that was no different from so many other shoe-repair shops on the residential side streets of Washington? The thought seemed a bit absurd.

7 He must have sensed my bias, for he smiled with a gleam in his eyes as he went on. "Yes, I inherited a tradition. My father always told me, 'Son, do the best job on every shoe that comes into the shop, and be proud of your fine work. If you work with dedication, you'll always have happiness and money.'"

8 As he handed me the finished shoes, he said, "These will last a long time. I've utilized good leather. "

9 I left in a hurry but I had a warm and grateful feeling. On my way home I passed the little shop again. There he was, sitting amongst his tools, still working. He saw me, and he waved and smiled, as cordial as could be. That was the beginning of our friendship, a fellowship that came to mean more and more to me as time passed.

10 Thereafter, we waved to each other in a friendly greeting when I passed his shop every day. At first I went in only when I had repair work to be done. Then I found myself lingering in his store or dropping in every few days, just to chat with him for the joy he would impart.

11 He was a tall man, bent from long years of work. What little hair he had was gray; his face was deeply lined. His personality was clear, but never stern. And, I remember best his fine dark eyes, alive with his charitable, carefree, and humorous spirit.

12 He was the happiest man I've ever known. Often, as he stood in front of his door overseeing the street, working at a pair of shoes, he sang a beautiful melody in a high, clear voice. Neighbors nicknamed him "the singing cobbler". The neighborhood children loved him. He'd periodically pause his work to referee arguments or give out candy. He had no patience for bullying and would insist the children play fair in front of his store.

13 One day, I came away from my house filled with fury because of a poor job some painters had done on my house. My friend waved to me as I walked by, so I went into his shop to vent my frustration. He let me speak angrily about the poor work and carelessness of present-day workmen. "They had no pride in their work," I said. "They just wanted to collect money for doing nothing! The undutiful attitude these days is almost a sin. "

14 He consoled me, saying, "There's a lot of that kind around, but maybe we should not blame them too rashly. Maybe their parents had no pride in their work. That's hard on a child. It keeps a child from learning what's important."

15 "What can be done about it?" I asked.

16 He pondered that for a minute before answering. Then he looked at me seriously. "There is only one way. Every man or woman who hasn't inherited a prideful tradition must start building one. In this country, each of us can make our own contribution to the fabric of society, and we must endeavor to make it a good one. No matter what sort of work a person does, if we give it our best each day, we're starting a tradition for our children to live up to. When a person amends their ways and learns to take pride in their work, a lifetime of happiness will ensue. "

17 I traveled for a few months on business, and shortly after my return, I walked down the street, looking forward to seeing my friend again. Yet when I arrived, I found the door closed. There was a little sign: "Call for shoes at shop next door."

18 I went into the next shop, and what I heard pierced my heart. Yes, the old man had passed away. He was stricken with an infectious illness two weeks before and died two days later.

19 I went away with a wretched void in my heart. I would miss him, terribly. But he had left me something, an important piece of wisdom I will invariably remember: "If you have inherited a prideful tradition, you must carry it on; if you haven't, then start building one now."

**Unit 6 War and peace**

**6A Under the bombs: 1945**

1 Today, when I look back, I'm surprised that I recall the beginning so vividly; it's still clearly fixed in my mind with all its coloring and emotional intensity. It begins with my suddenly noticing 12 distant silver points in the clear brilliant sky filled with an unfamiliar abnormal hum. I'm seven years old, standing in a meadow, and staring at the points barely moving across the sky.

2 Suddenly, nearby, at the edge of the forest, there's the tremendous roar of bombs exploding. From my standpoint, I see gigantic fountains of earth spraying upward. I want to run toward this extraordinary spectacle; it terrorizes and fascinates me. I have not yet grown accustomed to war and can't relate into a single chain of causes and effects these airplanes, the roar of the bombs, the earth radiating out from the forest, and my seemingly inevitable death. Unable to conceive of the danger, I start running toward the forest, in the direction of the falling bombs. But a hand claws at me and tugs me to the ground. "Stay down," I hear my mother's trembling voice, "Don't move!" And I remember that my mother, pressing me to her, is saying something that I don't yet know exists, whose meaning I don't understand: That way is death.

3 It's night and I'm sleepy, but I'm not allowed to sleep. We have to evacuate the city and run away in the night like convicts. Where to, I don't know; but I do understand that flight has suddenly become some kind of higher necessity, some new form of life, because everyone is running away. All highways, roads, and even country paths are a tangle of wagons, carts, and bicycles, with bundles and suitcases, and innumerable terrified, helplessly wandering people. Some are running away to the east, others to the west, north, south; they run in circles, fall from profound fatigue, sleep for a moment, then begin anew their aimless journey. I clasp my younger sister's hand firmly in mine. We mustn't get lost, my mother warns; but even without her telling me, I sense that some form of dangerous evil has permeated the world.

4 I'm walking with my sister beside a wagon. It's a simple ladder wagon, lined with hay, and high up on the hay, on a cotton sheet, rests my grandfather. He can't move; he is paralyzed, another casualty of a landmine. When an air raid begins, the entire group dives into ditches; only my grandfather remains on the deserted road. He sees the airplanes flying at him, sees them violently dip and aim, sees the fire of ammunition, hears the roar of the engines passing over his head. When the planes disappear, we return to the wagon and my mother wipes the sweat from my grandfather's flushed face. Sometimes, there are air raids several times a day. After each one, sweat pours from my grandfather's tired face.

5 We're entering an increasingly appalling landscape. There's smoke on the horizon, the blaze of battle fading. We pass by deserted villages, solitary, burned-out houses. We pass battlefields dense with the garbage of abandoned war equipment, bombed-out railway stations, overturned cars. It smells of gunpowder, and of burning, decomposing meat after a massacre. Everywhere are the corpses of horses, too defenseless in this human war.

6 When winter comes, we stop running from the bombs so we can hide from the severe elements. Winter is but another season for those in normal conditions, but for the poor during wartime, winter is a disaster, a pervasive and constant threat. We find an apartment in the slums that provides a minimal coverage from the snow but we still can't afford to heat the furnace; we can't buy fuel nor risk stealing it. Death is the punishment for the robbery of coal or wood – human life is now worth next to nothing.

7 We have nothing to eat. My mother stands brooding at the window for hours; I can see her fixed stare. I can see other residents staring out into the street from many windows, as if they were waiting for something. I weave my way around the backyards with a gang of stray boys; it's something between play and searching for a scrap of anything edible.

8 One day we hear that they'll be giving out candy in a store near the warehouse. Immediately we make a long queue of cold and hungry children. We stand in the frost all night and the following day, huddled together to summon a bit of warmth. Finally, they open the store. But instead of candy, we are each granted an empty metal container that once held some fruit drops. Weak and stiff from the cold, yet at this moment happy, I carry my treasure home, guarding it jealously. It's valuable; the inside wall of the can still has a sugar residue. My mother heats some water and pours it into the can. We have a dilute, sweet drink: our only nutrition for days.

9 I can't quite remember when or how the war ended for us; my mind is always drawn back to that first day in the meadow, the explosions destroying the peaceful flowers and the naive days of my childhood. Try as I might, I still can't understand what we could have done to justify all the suffering war inevitably inflicts.

# 6B Smith and Luis

1 Ever since the arrival of the American military, Luis Dutarte's world had changed. Overnight, a military camp had sprung to life on the empty field just below his home in Normandy. For a seven-year-old orphan, it was in essence a dream come to life. His keeper Mrs. Bijeaux, had to drag him in at night from his terrace on the cliff overlooking the beach.

2 Now he watched, wide-eyed, as jeeps roared up the road and men scrambled about, emptying trucks loaded with guns, ammunition, food, and giant army bags. He yawned as the scent of crisp bacon, eggs, coffee, and the smell of toast came from the kitchen tent. He tilted his small head back, breathing in the fragrance. His stomach moaned.

3 Ronald Smith, a lieutenant in the Seabees, the US Navy's Construction Battalion, held a clipboard and checked off the morning's accomplishments. The hospital tent was complete, as was the new shower.

4 Smith and his top sergeant had been busy since dawn, and it was now noon. He dispatched him, then took a moment and touched the breast pocket that held the photo of his wife and two young sons. It had been more than a year since he'd been deployed and last seen them.

5 When the lieutenant turned to go, he saw something in the tall grass on the hill. He waved. A small hand waved back. There was a moment of hesitation; then, the boy timidly made his way down.

6 Smith tried out his high school French, hoping he could remember the right wording: "*Comment t'appelles-tu*?" (What is your name?)

7 The boy blushed and his eyes shone. "Luis," he said.

8 Smith shook his hand. This little guy looked like he could use a good meal, and the camp had more than enough food. In his halting French, Smith invited Luis to have lunch. When the boy nodded, Smith lifted him onto his hip, as he might have done with one of his own sons, and walked briskly toward the tent.

9 Inside, dozens of young soldiers ate and talked. Smith piled two plates high with roast beef, carrots, and apple pie sprinkled with sugar.

10 After lunch, Smith held Luis' hand, and they walked into the June sunlight. He knelt beside the boy and explained that he had to go back to work. Luis nodded and ran back up the path to the tall grass, turning around to wave.

11 At 1800 hours, as Smith was again heading for the mess tent, he saw Luis sitting in the same spot. He motioned, and Luis ran to him.

12 Dinner was fried chicken, potatoes, and peanut cookies. Smith again filled two plates, but Luis didn't eat as much as he had at lunch; it was clear that the boy wasn't used to so much food. But he clutched Smith's hand and smiled his shy smile. After dinner, Smith knelt close to Luis. "*Bonsoir*," he said. "*A demain*." (Goodnight. See you tomorrow.) He watched the boy walk up the path and out of sight.

13 Henceforth, Luis ate with Smith all of the time. The other soldiers didn't mind; in fact, the boy helped ease their homesickness. Luis giggled when Smith carried him aloft on his shoulders and soon began riding along in the jeep down to the beach, where Smith supervised the unloading of freight from the ships and took inventory. When Smith oversaw construction projects in the camp, Luis tagged along. If Smith left the radius of the camp to rebuild a road or to repair a bridge, Luis waited in the vicinity for his return.

14 As the summer of 1944 passed, Smith's French improved, and Luis learned to say *hello*, *goodbye*, *jeep*, *ship*, and *ice cream*, even though their conversations stayed pretty concise.

15 In mid-October, when Smith received orders to leave France, he drove to the local authorities to make some inquiries. He ascertained that Luis had been abandoned at birth and had no living relatives. But when he petitioned to adopt him and become his legal guardian, the answer was straightforward and firm: no.

16 Notwithstanding the regulations, Smith enclosed Luis in a hug and promised to return for him later. The two had grown so close amongst the trials of war, and Smith knew he would never forget the boy. What Smith could never have imagined was that he would never see Luis again.

17 After the war ended, Smith took a multitude of trips returning to France looking for Luis. But try as he might, the familiar landmarks were gone. France was a country torn apart by the bombs of the war and then pieced back together again. Each day Smith would grieve. Yet, he remained dogged in his search for Luis. Smith knew in his heart that Luis was still alive and waiting, but he simply could not find any remnant of the boy he had come to love like a son. He combed through phone books and even hired a private investigator. His repeated failures haunted him as he repeatedly asked himself punishing questions: Why have I failed Luis? What could I have done differently?

18 As he grew older, Smith's pain increased. Finally, old age forced him to stop traveling, but Smith dwelled more and more on his one broken promise and lifelong regret.

19 In his final will, Smith instructed his children to continue where he had left off, pleading with them to find Luis.

**Unit 7 Economy: Power behind everyday life**

**7A Surviving an economic crisis**

1 The economic slump so many people suffered through originated in the United States, with a regulatory failure of mortgages rated less risky than they turned out to be. As large numbers of homeowners proved unable to repay their loans, the companies that had the oversight and those that owned the loans (as well as their subsidiaries and their shareholders) lost sizable amounts of money. The effects of these drastic losses soon spiraled into the US job market as layoffs and terminations. The rebound was slow in coming. Many people experienced long months of struggles just like the character in this story.

2 Facing tenant eviction after several months of unpaid rent, Sue Johnson packed up whatever she could fit into her two-door automobile and drove out of town.

3 She wound up at a motel, putting down the $260 she had managed to scrape together from friends and from selling her living room set. It was all the money Sue had left after her unemployment benefits had expired. She faced life as a migrant, a previously unimaginable situation for a woman who, not that long before, had held a corporate job in a large metropolitan city and was enrolled in a graduate business school.

4 Sue knew that in all likelihood, she would end up living in her car. She was part of a hard-luck group of jobless people who called themselves "99ers", because they had exhausted the maximum 99 weeks of unemployment insurance benefits that they could claim.

5 Long-term unemployment was at record levels, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Modest payments of unemployment benefits were a lifeline that enabled people who were out-of-work to maintain at least an appearance of normalcy, keeping a roof over their heads, putting gas in their cars, paying electric and phone bills.

6 Without the checks, people like Sue, who once was a director of client services at a technology company, began to tumble over the economic cliff. The last aspects of their former working-class or middle-class lives were gone, and all of them faced unsure futures.

7 When Sue received her last unemployment check, she felt a wave of profound grief. With no income to deposit, Sue's checking account deteriorated into negative balances. Her car was on the verge of being repossessed. And, the constant harassment of the financing company for her car loan added to her daily stress. Each day, like a ping pong ball, Sue went back and forth between resolve and despair.

8 It was a sickening plunge considering that only a short year and a half before, Sue was earning $56,000 a year at her old job, enjoyed vacationing in places like Mexico and the Caribbean, and had started business school at an excellent university.

9 Initially, Sue had tried to finish her university certification remotely, but finally dropped out because of the stress from her sinking finances. She applied for every possible job in the employment spectrum, from minimum-wage retail jobs to director positions.

10 Sue should have been evicted from her two-bedroom apartment for non-payment several months before she was, but, thankfully, the process was delayed by paperwork and bureaucracy. Eventually, the bureaucracy caught up with her and a municipal council gave her 10 days to leave her apartment for good. She had no choice but to comply.

11 That last day of her old life, Sue wept as she drove away. She wondered if she would ever again be able to reclaim that life of comfort and respect. Sue even considered turning the steering wheel of her car into a tree and ending her life story right there.

12 Friends came to her aid. One friend wired her $200 while she was driving away from her old apartment, enabling her to find refuge in a motel along the way. But Sue worried there wouldn't be any more charity for the money and gas she desperately needed.

13 Helped by gas cards donated by a church, Sue decided to return to her hometown. She figured the health-care safety net there was better, as well as the job market. She contacted a local shelter but learned there was a waiting list. Welfare was not an option, because she didn't have young children. And, Sue knew that none of her three adult sons were in a position to help her.

14 "I knew the only help I was going to get was from me myself," Sue said. "I thought to myself: I have to take care of myself. I really, really need to get work. I need a job. I don't want to be seen as a parasite. "

15 Sue's motel room was depressing. Lining the shelves underneath the television were her food supplies: rice and noodles that she mixed with water in the motel's ice bucket and heated up in a microwave; peanut butter and jelly; a loaf of white bread – the subsistence of a desperate person. Sue's days were spent surfing Internet job indexes, applying for jobs where the silent "No." "No." "No." gave way to a feeling of helplessness.

16 Sue had all new struggles and obstacles to deal with too, like what to do for an address for job applications. She worried about what would happen when her cell phone was cut off for non-payment, and calls to her number would disappear into an invisible world she could not reach.

17 Finally, an old friend sent Sue a ray of hope, a small miracle: $300 cash – just enough for another brutal week of struggle.

**7B Economic bubbles: causes and conditions**

1 Economic bubbles occur when, for any number of reasons, excessive investment in commodities (such as oil), securities (such as stocks and bonds), real estate, or collectibles drives up prices well beyond the item's intrinsic value. The inevitable result of this boom in price is a crash or bust. The price falls sharply once it becomes clear that it has grown far beyond the purchasing power of potential customers.

2 Speculators risk money in such investments because they hope that the price of an asset they purchased will quickly increase. Since most speculators are nervous about where they invest their money, bubbles are by no means the norm. After all, every investment entails the risk that it is overpriced. They also know that rising prices will encourage either greater production of a commodity or greater willingness of current owners to sell. Either of these conditions can serve as a "negative feedback" mechanism that adjusts prices downward. As an analogy, think of negative economic feedback like your eyes. As the light gets brighter, your pupils get smaller and let in less light. But what if, instead, your eyes worked as a "positive feedback" mechanism? In sunlight, your pupils would open wide and damage your eyes.

3 Economic bubbles occur when prices trending sharply upward spur positive, rather than negative, feedback. For whatever reason (fear of shortages, greed, an excessively optimistic attitude toward the future, or flaws in the analysis of an asset's underlying value), buyers believe that the value of the asset will continue to rise. If the price rises, overly enthusiastic speculators buy more, or those who missed out on the lower price flock to buy before the price rises any higher. The foremost explanation is the "greater fool theory": Buyers justify their purchases by assuring themselves they will find "a greater fool" who will pay even more. Buyer enthusiasm infects other buyers, amplifying the effect even further. Under the right conditions, prices can reach dizzying heights before falling. One famous example is the tulip-buying bubble which happened in Amsterdam in the 1630s when a single tulip bulb could cost a year's salary.

4 Most bubbles are easily assimilated or averted by an elastic market. Provided the bubble is small enough, the losers earn wisdom in retrospect, and the winners earn a lot of money. But the effects of a bubble might become cumulative if many owners of an overpriced asset feel rich and spend foolishly, especially in a period of deregulation. Imagine this: You buy a house for $200,000, for which you borrowed $160,000 beforehand. You have $40,000 in equity in the house. Over the next five years, the market appraisal rises to $500,000. Now you have $340,000 in equity ($500,000–$160,000), so you borrow another $240,000 from a bank using this equity to secure the loan. You still have $100,000 in equity in your home, and you have $240,000 to spend. You suddenly feel less need to be economical with your purchases and allocate more money for things like a vacation home, a new car, etc.

5 But equity is not revenue. The market holds long enough for you to spend the money. Then it crashes and the value of your home falls to $325,000. Now you have negative equity and owe the bank almost $400,000. So you default on your loan and give your house, car, and vacation home to the bank. If this situation is widespread, it can culminate in the failure of those banks and a severe crackdown on the lending needed to grow the economy.

6 There are also stock market bubbles. In a normal market, investors buy stock in a company because they anticipate that future profits will become dividends and they believe the value of the company's assets will increase. Sometimes, though, a "herd mentality" sets in and too many brokers rush to buy, driving prices like mercury up a thermometer to levels that prove unrealistic. Eventually it becomes clear that further increases are not forthcoming and price deterioration develops, followed by a swift drop. When this happens to too many companies in aggregate, it is called a stock market crash.

7 A recent stock market bubble was the "dot-com" bubble. The buzz about the economic possibilities of the Internet encouraged investors to fund the creation of many dot-com companies – too many it turned out. For several years, dozens of entrepreneurs sought to duplicate for themselves the results of those that had come before. Many investors envisaged wealth for any business with a website that could advertise on TV or billboards, even if their actual services were ambiguous. Instead, on March 10, 2000, the dot-com boom reached its peak when the stock index hit 5,132.52. Over the next two and a half years, the index dropped to as low as 1,108. Very few companies bucked the trend. Most had blundered into awful financial difficulties, selling off their assets to healthier companies.

8 Bubbles are not limited to the arena of real estate or "get rich" stock offerings. In 1996, a series of stuffed animal toys called Ty Beanie Babies™ became such a fad that speculators bought up large quantities, assuming that their value as collectibles would continue to rise. Did anyone make money on that fad? Maybe, but why not see for yourself? Check out the price of Beanie Babies in an online auction site and decide if any of these sellers have struck it rich.

**Unit 8 The art of parenting**

**8A Reflections of a Chinese mother in the West**

1 A lot of people wonder how Chinese parents raise such successful kids. They are baffled that these parents produce so many children with an abundance of talent and whether they too could raise such a child.

2 The fact is that Chinese parents do things that seem provocative, unimaginable, even illegal, to opinionated Westerners. Chinese mothers can dispense with formal courtesies and say to an obese child who gorges on food, "Hey fatty, lose some weight." By contrast, Western parents must be humane, tiptoe around the issue, talk in terms of "health", and never ever mention the f-word. And still their kids end up in therapy for eating disorders and a negative self-image. I've thought long and hard about how Chinese parents can get away with what they do, and I think there are three ideological differences between Chinese and Western parents.

3 First, I've noticed Western parents cradle their children's self-esteem to insulate them from criticism. They worry about how their children will feel if they fail, and constantly try to solve their children's worries, regardless of how badly they perform. The presumption is that the child is tender, not strong, and as a result Western parents behave very differently than Chinese parents.

4 For example, if a child comes home with an A-minus on a test, a Western parent will most likely praise the child. For a Chinese mother an A-minus is no milestone; she will gasp in displeasure and ask what went wrong. If the child comes home with a B, some Western parents, though hesitant, will still praise the child. Other Western parents will express disapproval, but they won't question the child's intellect or risk insecurities calling the child "stupid", "worthless" or "gross". Privately, Western parents may worry about their child, but they will never tell the child.

5 If a Chinese child gets a B, irrespective of the subject, there would first be a screaming, hair-tearing explosion. The Chinese mother would intensify her efforts and get dozens, maybe hundreds of practice tests and use every tool at her disposal, to get her child's grade up to an A.

6 Chinese parents demand perfect grades because they take it for granted that their child can get them, and grades are a more important measure of success than "self-esteem". If their child doesn't get all A's, the Chinese parents assume it's because the child didn't work hard enough. That's why the solution to substandard performance is always to punish and shame the child. Chinese parents believe that their child is hardy enough to take the shaming and to improve from it.

7 Second, Chinese parents believe their kids owe them everything. The reason for this isn't clear, but it's probably a combination of the Confucian doctrine of loyalty and the fact that parents have sacrificed so much for their children; so, Chinese children must spend their lives repaying their parents by obeying them and making them proud.

8 Another area where Chinese and Westerners clash is that most Westerners don't believe offspring must show permanent gratitude to parents. My Western husband actually has this opposite view. "Children don't choose their parents," he once said to me. "They don't even choose to be born. It's parents who force life on their kids, so it's the parents' responsibility to provide for them. Kids don't owe their parents anything. Their duty will be to their own kids. " This strikes me as a terrible deal for the Western parents.

9 Third, Chinese parents believe they know what's best for their children and therefore have ultimate authority over their children's desires and preferences. Chinese children have no rights to infringe, which is why Chinese daughters can't have boyfriends in high school and there are no late curfews or trips to sleep-away camps. Also even the slightest defiance or indignation, anything less than unquestioning obedience, is extinguished, and punished into submission. Don't get me wrong – it's not that Chinese parents don't care about their children. In fact, just the opposite! Chinese parents give up anything and everything to help their children. They just have an entirely different parenting model.

10 Western propaganda often paints a portrait of Asian mothers as scheming, indifferent, militant people unconcerned with their kids' true interests. For their part, many Chinese secretly believe they care more about their children and are willing to sacrifice more for them than Westerners, who seem perfectly content to let their children turn out badly and shame their tradition and heritage. I think this is a misunderstanding on both sides. Of course there is also some overlap – all decent parents want to do what's best for their children. It's the methodology that's different.

11 Westerners preach respecting the children's individuality, encouraging them to pursue their true passions, supporting their choices, and providing a positive and nurturing environment. But while Western children may have a high opinion of themselves and glowing self-esteem, how do they perform in the real world? Chinese parents protect their children by armoring them for the future, letting them see what they're capable of, and conferring upon them skills, work habits, and inner confidence that no one can ever take away. When the time comes to perform, Chinese children have a blueprint for success; they know how to compete with the best the world has to offer. The proof is in the pudding!

**8B A Western mother's response**

1 In the days since the newspaper published the column by the Chinese mother, I have thought of what I would say to her if I met her. I might point out, as others have, that Asian-American girls aged 15 to 24 have above average rates of suicide and eating disorders. I might question the arrogance of ascribing her child's success to the Chinese child-rearing techniques of criticism and name-calling when it could just as likely have resulted from genetic or economic blessings. But I have a feeling that she knows that.

2 More importantly, if I did make such contentions, I'd risk being called a liar by my own children. Sophie, my oldest, would remind me of the recent evening when I stared in stony silence at her report card, sniffing in contempt at her father's happy congratulations.

3 "What?" she said. " I got 5 solid As. "

4 I shrugged.

5 "Come on," my husband complained.

6 My daughter narrowed her eyes at me. She knew what was coming.

7 I pointed at the remaining three grades, sociology, biochemistry and intermediate aesthetics, none a solid A. I certainly didn't think it warranted the "screaming, hair-tearing explosion" that the author informs us would have greeted the daughter of a Chinese mother. However, I articulated my displeasure clearly enough. The word "garbage" was not uttered. But, it was only because I feared my husband's reproach that I refrained from telling my own daughter, when she collapsed in tears, that she was acting like an idiot.

8 The difference, I suppose, between proud Chinese mothers and Western ones is that I felt ashamed that I didn't subordinate my anger to my pride in what she did accomplish. Admittedly (and I am ashamed to say this too), I also did not then go out and get hundreds of practice tests and work through them with my daughter far into the night, doing whatever it took to get her the A. I would leave those tasks for a tutor to administer.

9 I am, actually, grateful to the author, and for the insights she gave me. Reading her essay definitely put some Chinese iron into my Western spine, and though I eventually apologized to my daughter for failing to acknowledge, right off the bat, all those tough classes last semester in which she had done phenomenally well, and for expressing my disappointment at the others too vigorously, I have also vowed that she will clamp down on those three subjects in which she is "underperforming". Her father and I are unanimous in this.

10 But Chinese methods, I think, do still need some scrutiny. My daughter Rosie is mildly dyslexic, a learning difficulty that means she automatically reads words backward. By the time the psychiatrist diagnosed her, in second grade, she was lagging far behind her classmates. For years I forced her to spell words in the bathtub with foam letters, to do worksheets, to subdivide words into sounds and take practice tests. My criticism and forced rehearsing was redundant, it turns out – inside, she was all ready to punish herself, and I was only prolonging her misery and shattering her confidence. Eventually, and totally out of character, she even stopped loving school. She lost her sparkle. She started to suffer from constant stomachaches and broke down in tears almost every day. At last we heard about a reading program where students spent four hours every day in a small room under a supervisor with a specialization in dyslexia, drilling in letters and sight words. It sounded awful, but Rosie insisted on it. She loved books and stories. She wanted to read.

11 Every day when we picked her up, her face would be red with tears, her eyes hollow and exhausted. Every day we asked her if she wanted to quit. Neither her father nor I wanted to make a unilateral decision when she was the one who suffered, so we asked her. But every day she returned to the trenches, her little shoulders bent under the weight of her struggle. Rosie has a process she follows when she's scared – "Overcome your fears," she whispers to herself. I don't know where she learned it. Maybe from one of those television shows I shouldn't let her watch.

12 At the end of a grim and brutal month, Rosie learned to read. Not because we sat like watchdogs and forced her to drill and practice and repeat, not because we dragged her kicking and screaming, or denied her food, or kept her from using the bathroom, but because she forced herself. Because of this, she emerged with a conception of herself as a powerful, versatile person.

13 I have a feeling when Chinese children are underdeveloped or suffer from learning disabilities like Rosie's, their parents channel their admirable passion into finding a solution that works. They are just as dogged and determined, but in an entirely different way. In some scenarios roaring like a tiger turns children into pianists who debut at Carnegie Hall, but in others it only limits, constricts, and reins them in. Positive enthusiasm gives some the excuse to fail and others the chance to succeed. Wherever we reside on our big green, blue planet, Chinese mothers and I both understand that our job as mothers is to be the type of tigress that each of our different children needs.