# Unit 1 Fresh start

**Text A Toward a brighter future for all**

1 Good afternoon! As president of the university, I am proud to welcome you to this university. Your achievement is the **triumph** of years of hard work, both of your own and of your parents and teachers. Here at the university, we **pledge** to make your educational experience as rewarding as possible.

2 In welcoming you to the university, I am reminded of my own high school graduation and the photograph my mom took of my dad and me. "**Pose** naturally," Mom instructed us. "Wait!" said Dad, "Let's take a picture of me handing him an alarm clock." The clock woke me up every morning in college. It is still on my office desk.

3 Let me share with you something that you may not expect. You will miss your old **routines** and your parents' reminders to work hard and **attain** your best. You may have cried tears of joy to be finally finished with high school, and your parents may have cried tears of joy to be finally finished with doing your laundry! But know this: The future is built on a strong **foundation** of the past.

4 For you, these next four years will be a time unlike any other. Here you are surrounded by great **resources**: interesting students from all over the country, a learned and caring **faculty**, a **comprehensive** library, great sports **facilities**, and student organizations covering every possible interest – from the arts to science, to **community** service and so on. You will have the freedom to **explore** and learn about new subjects. You will learn to get by on very little sleep, meet **fascinating** people, and **pursue** new **passions**. I want to encourage you to make the most of this **unique** experience, and to use your energy and **enthusiasm** to **reap** the **benefits** of this **opportunity**.

5 You may feel **overwhelmed** by the wealth of courses **available** to you. You will not be able to experience them all, but **sample** them widely! College offers many things to do and to learn, and each of them offers a different way to see the world. If I could give you only one piece of advice about selecting courses, it would be this: Challenge yourself! Don't **assume** that you know in advance what fields will interest you the most. Take some courses in fields you've never tried before. You will not only **emerge** as a more broadly educated person, but you will also stand a better chance of discovering an unsuspected passion that will help to shape your future. A wonderful example of this is the fashion designer, Vera Wang, who originally studied art history. Over time, Wang paired her studies in art history with her love of fashion and turned it into a passion for design, which made her a famous designer around the world.

6 Here at the university, it may not always be pleasant to have so many new experiences all at once. In your dorm, the student next door may repeatedly play the one song, which gives you a **giant** headache! You may be an early bird while your **roommate** is a night **owl**! And still, you and your roommate may become best friends. Don't worry if you become a little uncomfortable with some of your new experiences. I promise you that the happy experiences will outweigh the unpleasant ones. And I promise that **virtually** all of them will provide you with valuable lessons which will **enrich** your life. So, with a **glow** in your eye and a song in your heart, step forward to meet these new experiences!

7 We have **confidence** that your journey toward self-discovery and your progress toward finding your own passion will **yield** more than personal advancement. We believe that as you become members of our community of scholars, you will soon come to recognize that with the **abundant** opportunities for self-enrichment provided by the university, there also come **responsibilities**. A wise man said: "Education is simply the soul of a society as it passes from one generation to another." You are the **inheritors** of the hard work of your families and the hard work of many countless others who came before you. They built and **transmitted** the knowledge you will need to succeed. Now it is your turn. What knowledge will you **acquire**? What passions will you discover? What will you do to build a strong and **prosperous** future for the generations that will come after you?

8 We take great pleasure in opening the door to this great step in your journey. We take delight in the many opportunities which you will find, and in the responsibilities that you will carry as citizens of your communities, your country, and the world. Welcome!

# Unit 1 Fresh Start

**Text B What we wish**

My dear child,

1 You are about to **participate** in the next leg of your journey through life. For us, this part is bittersweet. As you go off to college, exciting new worlds will open up to you. They will inspire and challenge you; you will grow in **incredible** ways.

2 This is also a moment of sadness. Your departure to college makes it **undeniably** clear that you are no longer a child. There has been no greater joy than watching you arrive at this moment. You have turned our greatest challenge into our greatest pride. Although we have brought you to this point, it is hard to watch you **depart**. Remember above all things, we will miss you.

3 College will be the most important time of your life. It is here that you will truly discover what learning is about. You often ask, "Why do I need to know this?" I encourage you to stay **inquisitive**, but remember this: "Education is what remains after one has forgotten everything he learned in school." What you learn is not as important as the fact that you learn. This is the heart of scholarship: moving from teacher-taught to master-inspired, on over to the point where you become a self-learner. So, take each subject seriously, and if something doesn't immediately **engage** you, don't **despair**. **Embrace** it as a challenge. Find a way to make it your own.

4 Of course, you must still take care to sign up for courses which **stimulate** your passion and your **intellectual** **capacity**. Don't be **bound** by what other people think. Steve Jobs said, when you are in college, your passion will create many dots, and later in your life you will connect them. So, don't worry too much about what job you will have; don't be too practical. If you like French or Korean, study it even if someone else tells you that it's not useful. Enjoy picking your "dots". Be **assured** that one day, you will find your own meaningful **career**, and you will connect a beautiful **curve** through those dots.

5 You know that we always want you to do your best, but don't let the pressure of grades get to you. We care only that you try your very best, and that you learn. It is better that your greatest effort earns a lesser grade than that no effort earns you a **decent** or higher grade. Grades in the end are simply letters fit to give the vain something to **boast** about, and the lazy something to fear. You are too good to be either. The reward is not the grade but what you learn.

6 More importantly, make friends and trust others. The friends you make in college can be the best ones you will ever have. During these years, when you move into adulthood, the friends you make in college live closer to you than your family. You will form **bonds** of friendship that will **blossom** over many **decades**. Pick friends who are **genuine** and sincere. Select a few and become truly close to them. Don't worry about their hobbies, grades, or looks. Instead, trust your **instincts** when you make new friends. You are a genuine and sincere person; anyone would enjoy your friendship. So be **confident**, **secure**, and proactive. If you think you like someone, tell them. You have very little to lose. Don't be afraid to trust. Give others the benefit of the doubt, and don't reduce anyone to **stereotypes**. Nobody is perfect; as long as others are genuine, trust them and be good to them. They will give back.

7 Remember also that your youth is full of strength and beauty, something that you will not **comprehend** until it is gone. You must guard and **cultivate** your strength and beauty. A healthy body and a sound mind are the greatest instruments you will ever possess. Enjoy life. Dance if you feel like it. Don't be afraid of what other people think. But also keep yourself safe and sound. Don't let the **range** of new experiences take your **innocence**, health, or **curiosity** away from you. Treasure your youth and the university experience before you.

8 College is the time when you have: the first taste of independence, the greatest **amount** of free time, the most **flexibility** to change, the lowest cost for making mistakes.

9 **Approach** these years **enthusiastically**! Make the most of your time. Become the great thinker you were born to be. Let your **talents** **evolve** to their fullest **potential**. Be **bold**! Experiment! Learn and grow! We are **enormously** proud that you've made it this far, and we can't wait to see what you will become.

Unit 2 Loving Parents, Loving Children

**A child's clutter awaits an adult's return**

1 I watch her back her new truck out of the driveway. The **vehicle** is too large, too expensive. She'd refused to consider a practical car with good gas **efficiency** and easy to park. It's because of me, I think. She bought it to show me that she could.

2 "I'm 18," she'd told me so often that my teeth ached. "I am an adult!"

3 I thought, is that true? Just yesterday you watched some cartoons. What changed between yesterday and today?

4 Today she's gone, off to be an adult far away from me. I'm glad she's gone. It means she made it, and that I'm finally free of 18 years of responsibilities. And yet I wonder if she could take good care of herself.

5 She left a mess. Her bathroom is an **embarrassment** of damp towels, **rusted** shaving **blades**, hair in the sink, and nearly empty **tubes** of **toothpaste**. I bring a box of big black garbage bags upstairs. Eye shadow, face cream, nail **polish** – all go into the **trash**. I **dump** drawers, sweep shelves clear and clean the sink. When I am finished, it is as neat and impersonal as a hotel bathroom.

6 In her bedroom I find **mismatched** socks under her bed and **purple** pants on the **closet** floor. Desk drawers are filled with school papers, filed by year and subject. I catch myself reading through poems and essays, admiring high scores on tests and reading her name, printed or typed neatly in the upper right-hand corner of each paper. I pack the desk contents into a box. Six months, I think. I will give her six months to collect her belongings, and then I will throw them all away. That is fair. Grown-ups pay for storage.

7 I have to pause at the books. **Comic** books, teen **fiction**, **romantic** novels, **historical** novels, and textbooks. A lifetime of reading; each book **beloved**. I want to be practical, to **stuff** them in paper **sacks** for the used bookstore. But I love books as much as she does, so I **stack** them onto a single bookshelf to deal with later.

8 I go for her clothes. Dresses, sweaters, and shoes she hasn't worn since seventh grade are placed into garbage bags. I am a **plague** of locusts emptying the closet. Two piles grow to **clumsy** heights: one for **charity**, the other trash.

9 There are more shoes, stuffed animals, large and small posters, hair **bands**, and pink hair **curlers**. The job grows larger the longer I am at it. How can one girl collect so much in only 18 years?

10 I stuff the garbage bags until the plastic **strains**. I **haul** them down the stairs, two bags at a time. **Donations** to charity go into the trunk of my car; trash goes to the **curb**. I'm earning myself sweat and **sore** shoulders.

11 She left the bedroom a **ridiculous** mess, the comforter on the floor, the sheets **tossed** aside. I **strip** off the comforter, blanket, sheets, and pillows. Once she starts feeding coins into laundry machines, she'll appreciate the years of clean clothes I've provided for free.

12 I will turn her room into a **crafts** room. Or create the fancy guest room I've always wanted.

13 I turn the bed over. A large brown envelope is marked "DO NOT THROW AWAY." I open it. More papers. I dump the contents onto the floor. There are old family photographs, letters, greeting cards, and love notes from us to her. There are comics **clipped** from newspapers and magazines. Every single **item** in this envelope has passed from our hands to hers. These are all things that we gave her. Suddenly, I feel very **emotional**.

14 "DO NOT THROW AWAY".

15 My kid – my clutter **bug** – knows me too well. As I read through the cards and notes, I think maybe the truck wasn't such a bad idea, after all. Maybe it helps her to feel less small in a big world.

16 I **reverse** myself and bring back the garbage bags from the car and the curb. Clothes and shoes go back into the closet. I remake the bed and pile it with stuffed animals. My husband comes home and calls up the stairs.

17 "Just straightening up," I tell him. "Can you find some boxes for her stuff?"

18 He brings up boxes from the basement.

19 "She left a mess," he says.

20 "I don't mind," I reply. Silence.

21 Then he says softly, "She's not coming back." I feel my throat tighten at the sadness in his voice. I try hard to keep back my tears.

22 My little baby, my dependent child, isn't coming back. But someday my daughter, the independent woman, will return home. **Tokens** of her childhood will await her. So will we, with open arms.

**Unit ２ Text Ｂ Time slows down**

1 "Daddy, let's take a walk."

2 It's an April day in **Virginia**. He nods, puts his hands on the arms of his wheelchair, whispers something that makes little sense. I try to help him up, but he is too heavy and **limp**.

3 "Come for a walk, and then – I've brought you a surprise."

4 The white curtains **surge** in the **breeze**.

5 **Shivering**, he **complains** it's **chilly**. "It's cold, I'm tired. Can't we go home now?"

6 Suddenly we're far away in a time long past in part of a harbor I've never seen before. December, **Chicago**, I'm five, and cold. One glove is lost. My feet are tired. His legs are longer; he **strides** quickly through **melting** snow, toward buildings like airplane **sheds** with **immense** doors.

7 This is the most exciting place I have ever been. Suddenly my **fatigue** is gone. I could walk along here **forever**, at least until I find out how to get **aboard** one of the boats.

8 We slow down our pace. Smaller sheds now. A green diner. Smells of fish and smoke. We enter a little **hut**. **Barrels** of salty water, string bags of **shellfish**, **bundles** of fish laid out on ice.

9 "Daddy, look at that snake!"

10 "No, that's an **eel**," says Daddy. "Smoked. We'll take a **portion** home for supper."

11 "I certainly won't eat that!"

12 "All right," he says, and carries the smelly package. As we walk back, he tells me about **migrations** of eels to the Sargasso Sea: how eels come down Dalmatian rivers and swim across the Mediterranean and then the whole Atlantic, until they reach the warm Sargasso Sea. Here they lay their eggs, and then the baby eels swim back to the native rivers of their parents.

13 Back at last in the apartment, he **unwraps** the eel, opens his pocket knife and slices carefully. 14 "I won't eat it," I say **suspiciously**.

15 "Try one bite, just for me." 16 "I won't like it."

17 While he hangs up our coats, I test one **pinch**. Smelly, smoky, and salty.

18 He goes into the kitchen to heat milk for me and tea for himself. I test another pinch. Then another. He returns with the steaming cups.

19 The eel has **vanished**.

20 Because it is Sunday and I am five, he forgives me. Time slows down and the love flows in – father to daughter and back again.

21 At 19, I fly out to Japan. My father and I climb Mount Fuji. High above the Pacific, and hours up the **slope**, we picnic on dried eel, seaweed **crackers**, and cold rice wrapped in the eel skin. He reaches the **peak** first.

22 As the years **stretch**, we walk along waterways all over the world. With his long stride, he often **overtakes** me. I've never known anyone with such energy.

23 Some days, time flies with joy all around. Other days, time rots like old fish.

24 Today in the nursing home in Virginia, **anticipating** his **reluctance**, I beg boldly and encourage him, "Please, Daddy, just a little walk. You are supposed to exercise."

25 He can't get out of his chair. Not that he often gets up on his own, but once in a while he'll suddenly have a surge of strength. I **stoop** to lift his feet from the foot **restraints**, fold back the metal pieces which often **scrape** his **delicate**, paper-thin skin. "Come, now you can stand."

26 He **grips** the walker and struggles forward. **Gradually** I lift and pull him to his feet. Standing unsteadily, he **sways** and then gains his balance.

27 "See, you made it! That's wonderful! All right, I'll be right behind you, my hand in the small of your back. Now – forward, march!"

28 He is impatient with the walker as I **accompany** him to the dining room. I help him to his chair, and hand him a spoon. It slips from his fingers. **Pureed** **tuna** is heaped on a plastic plate. I encourage him, sing him old songs, tell stories, but he won't eat. When I lift a spoonful of gray fishy stuff to his mouth, he says politely, "I don't care for any."

29 Nor would I.

30 Then I take the small smelly package covered in white wrapping paper from a plastic bag. He loves presents, and he reaches forward with **awkward** fingers to try to open it. The smell fills the room.

31 "Look, Daddy, they've been out of it for months, but at last this morning at the fish seller near the Potomac, I found some smoked eel."

32 We unwrap it, and then I take out the Swiss Army Knife my beloved aunt gave me "for safekeeping", and slice the silvery flesh.

33 "What a beautiful picnic," my father beams.

34 He takes a **sip** of his **champagne**, and then with steady fingers picks up a slice of eel and downs it easily. Then another, and another, until he eats the whole piece. And again, time slows down and the love flows in – daughter to father and back again.