

## 2005 年攻读硕士学位研究生入学试题

考试科目: 基础英语

招生专业: 英语语言文学

考生注意: 无论以下试题中是否有答题位置, 均应将答案做在考场另发的答题纸上 (写明题号)。

## 2005 Graduate Student

## Admission Examination Basic English

## I. Vocabulary and Structure

In this section there are 20 sentences followed by 4 choices. Read the sentences and select the best answer from the four choices to complete them. (1.5 points for each answer, total: 30 points)

- Robert feels that the old traditional "Welcome" mat is \_\_\_\_\_. So on his doorstep, he has a mat that says "Go Away."  
a. stoic                      b. hackneyed                      c. brusque                      d. copious
- The verb "to \_\_\_\_\_" comes from the actual name of a river in Greece, famous for its winding course.  
a. supplant                      b. lampoon                      c. substantiate                      d. meander
- The strikers say that their main demand is higher pay. The other issues, such as working conditions and hours, are just \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. voluminous                      b. unscathed                      c. incessant                      d. peripheral
- When children ask a parent for something, they hate to get the \_\_\_\_\_ answer, "We'll see."  
a. equivocal                      b. loquacious                      c. lavish                      d. garbled
- "Our rule against eating at your desk isn't just \_\_\_\_\_," the boss explained. "Crumbs and leftover food attract mice and roaches."  
a. peerless                      b. whimsical                      c. meager                      d. insipid
- The hot weather \_\_\_\_\_ the polar bears at the zoo. Accustomed to cold weather, they are exhausted by the extreme heat.  
a. enervates                      b. piques                      c. precludes                      d. cajoles
- Since the Wilsons never travel anywhere without their cat and dog, they have to find hotels that are willing to \_\_\_\_\_ pets.  
a. extol                      b. preclude                      c. defame                      d. accommodate
- To his horror, the bank teller realized that there was a \$4,000 \_\_\_\_\_ between the money in his drawer and what his records showed he should have.  
a. phenomenon                      b. deference                      c. discrepancy                      d. catharsis



9. The peaceable old hound lay quietly on the porch, gazing ahead with a sweet, \_\_\_\_\_ expression.  
a. capricious      b. crass      c. placid      d. malevolent
10. It took me only half an hour to put my daughter's new toy together wrong, but it took me three hours to \_\_\_\_\_ my error.  
a. chastise      b. exalt      c. rectify      d. induce
11. If you're hungry, get off the highway at the next exit. You'll find a \_\_\_\_\_ of fast-food restaurants there.  
a. profusion      b. shortage      c. probability      d. necessity
12. In Shakespeare's play *Julius Caesar*, the famous \_\_\_\_\_ for Caesar begins like this: "Friends, Romans, countrymen: lend me your ears..."  
a. attack      b. plan      c. eulogy      d. secret
13. I don't like to take risks myself, but I love the \_\_\_\_\_ thrill of watching death-defying adventures in a movie.  
a. thorough      b. vicarious      c. skillful      d. dull
14. When Sarah and I were asked to \_\_\_\_\_ on an article for the school newspaper, we found it difficult to work together.  
a. collaborate      b. compete      c. stop work      d. challenge
15. The portrait known as the "Mona Lisa" is famous for the woman's \_\_\_\_\_ expression. Is she smiling or not?  
a. unintentional      b. unpleasant      c. disgusting      d. ambiguous
16. Although Wendy seemed to recover from the flu, one symptom persisted - \_\_\_\_\_. She felt exhausted for weeks.  
a. lethargy      b. dotage      c. elegy      d. hopelessness
17. Mites are \_\_\_\_\_. They live on top of the Himalaya, in the depths of the ocean, at the South Pole, and even around the roots of your hairs.  
a. scarce      b. newly discovered      c. ubiquitous      d. universal
18. My aunt always looks stylish but never overdressed. Her taste in clothes is \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. impeccable      b. faulty      c. posh      d. deceptive
19. Many people whose children attend religious schools would like the government to \_\_\_\_\_ the use of public funds to help pay for their education.  
a. sanction      b. criticize severely      c. remember      d. strengthen
20. Spectators at a football match are often wild and noisy, and the \_\_\_\_\_ becomes even



greater during a "sudden-death" overtime.

a. damage

b. friction

c. conflict

d. tumult

## II. Cloze

Read the following passage and then fill in each blank with ONE suitable word. (1 point for each blank, total 10 points)

The life we live, added up, becomes our most important story, a long story, but this book contains hundreds of stories heard and told along the way that become part of this larger one. And we can never hear (1) \_\_\_\_\_ many of them. There are even stories about stories. I can't remember where I (2) \_\_\_\_\_ across this one or who told it but the story itself has never (3) \_\_\_\_\_ me. A group of men incarcerated in a prisoner-of-war camp willingly (4) \_\_\_\_\_ a small piece of their already tiny portion of their daily bread and gave it to one of their group each evening in return (5) \_\_\_\_\_ something as important as food: they gave it to the storyteller and the stories he told them (6) \_\_\_\_\_ their hearts and minds and imaginations.

What he gave them was otherness: other places, other worlds, an experience held and shaped and complete. It is something different and separate (7) \_\_\_\_\_ the higgledy-piggledy commotion of our own lives. We are on a bus or a beach, we are waiting for the rain to stop, we are in bed, and we are in none of these places: we are in Vietnam, in New Jersey, in a country town, in a Dublin suburb; in a place called loneliness, happiness, ignorance or disappointment as the (8) \_\_\_\_\_ may be. When we listen to a story, we are both here and there. Joseph O'Connor puts (9) \_\_\_\_\_ this way; "Readers want to know what it is like to be someone else for a moment, so that they know in some profound sense (10) \_\_\_\_\_ it is like to be themselves."

## III. Proof reading

Edit the following passage. (10 points, 1 point for each blank)

In each of the line marked with a number, there is either ONE mistake or NO mistake in grammar, usage, unnecessary repetition, or lack of a proper word.

Use the following editing symbols in your answer sheet.

Delete a word.

a

✓, add a word. Example, add ✓ word.

○, if there is no mistake in the line.

Replace a word like this: ~~Cross-out~~ the word and then insert ✓ with your new word.

## The Teaching of Art of Burglary Chinese Folktale



1. _____	<p>Once upon a time a burglar was getting old. His son saw this and thought if he would not learn this profession quickly, there would soon be no breadwinner when the father got too old. So he asked his father to teach him the art of stealing. And his father agreed.</p>
2. _____	
3. _____	
4. _____	<p>One night the father took the son to a big house, break through the fence, entered the house and opened a large wooden chest. The father asked the son to get in and pick out some clothes.</p>
5. _____	<p>As soon as the son got in, father dropped the lid, securely locked the chest. He then went out to the courtyard, made noises and ran away.</p>
6. _____	<p>The residents were all wakened up by the situation and got excited. They lighted candles and found the burglar had already gone.</p>
7. _____	<p>The son in the chest was very excited at the cruelty of his father, and then an idea came upon him. He made a noise like the gnawing of a mouse. The family asked the maid to take a candle and examine the situation.</p>
8. _____	
9. _____	<p>When the lid was locked, out came the prisoner. He blew out the candle light, pushed away the maid and flee.</p>
10. _____	<p>On his way he passed a well. He then threw a large stone into the water. The villagers gathered around the well trying to find out the burglar drowning himself in the dark hole.</p>
	<p>When the son went home safely, he blamed his father for the narrow escape. The father said, "Be not angry, son, just tell me how you got out of it." When the son told him all about his adventures, the father had remarked, "There you are, you have learned the art."</p>



#### IV. Reading

In this section are two passages followed by questions for reading comprehension. Read the passages and write your answers on the answer sheets. IMPORTANT: Your answers on this examination paper will not be read for evaluation.

##### Passage One (20 Points)

#### Work, Labor, and Play

By W.H. Auden

So far as I know, Miss Hannah Arendt was the first person to define the essential difference between work and labor. To be happy, a man must feel, firstly, free and, secondly, important. He cannot be really happy if he is compelled by society to do what he does not enjoy doing, or if what he enjoys doing is ignored by society as of no value or importance. In a society where slavery in the strict sense has been abolished, the sign that what a man does is of social value is that he is paid money to do it, but a laborer today can rightly be called a wage slave. A man is a laborer if the job society offers him is of no interest to himself but he is compelled to take it by the necessity of earning a living and supporting his family.

The antithesis to labor is play. When we play a game, we enjoy what we are doing, otherwise we should not play it, but it is a purely private activity; society could not care less whether we play it or not.

Between labor and play stands work. A man is a worker if he is personally interested in the job which society pays him to do; what from the point of view of society is necessary labor is from his own point of view voluntary play. Whether a job is to be classified 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, coincide with the difference between a manual and a mental job; a gardener or a cobbler may be a worker, a bank clerk a laborer. Which a man is can be seen from his attitude toward leisure. To a worker, leisure means simply the hours he needs to relax and rest in order to work efficiently. He is therefore more likely to take too little leisure than too much; workers die of coronaries and forget their wives' birthdays. To the laborer, on the other hand, leisure means freedom from compulsion, so that it is natural for him to imagine that the fewer hours he has to spend laboring, and the more hours he is free to play, the better.

What percentage of the population in a modern technological society are, like myself, in the fortunate position of being workers? At a guess I would say sixteen per cent, and I don not think that figure is likely to get bigger in the future.

Technology and the division of labor have done two things: by eliminating in many fields the need for special strength or skill, they have made a very large number of paid occupations which formerly were enjoyable work into boring labor, and by increasing productivity they have reduced the number of necessary laboring hours. It is already possible to imagine a society in which the majority of the population, that is to say, its laborers, will have almost as much leisure as in earlier times was enjoyed by the aristocracy. When one recalls how aristocracies in the past actually behaved, the prospect is not cheerful. Indeed, the problem of dealing with boredom may be even more difficult for such a future mass society than it was for aristocracies. The latter, for example, ritualized their time; there was a season to shoot grouse, a season to spend in town, etc. the masses are more likely to replace an unchanging ritual by fashion which it will be in the economic interest of certain people to change as often as possible. Again, the masses cannot go in for hunting, for



very soon there would be no animals left to hunt. For other aristocratic amusements like gambling, dueling, and warfare, it may be only too easy to find equivalents in dangerous driving, drug-taking, and senseless acts of violence. Workers seldom commit acts of violence, because they can put their aggression into their work, be it physical like the work of a smith, or mental like the work of a scientist or an artist. The role of aggression in mental work is aptly expressed by the phrase "getting one's teeth into a problem."

**Answer the following questions.**

You should answer the following questions on your answer sheet. (20 points for this passage and 4 points for each answer)

1. According to Auden what are the differences between the following two pairs of terms: *work and labor*, *work and play*?
2. How do you understand Auden's statement: ... *society could not care less whether we play it or not*?
3. Auden says, "When the masses have as much free time as in the earlier was enjoyed by aristocracies, the prospect is not cheerful." Why?
4. How do you understand it when Auden says, " ...the masses are more likely to replace an *unchanging ritual by fashion which it will be in the economic interest of certain people to change as often as possible*"?
5. Why does Auden say that *workers seldom commit acts of violence*?

**Passage Two (30 Points)**

**The Secret Life of Walter Mitty**

By James Thurber

1. "We're going through!" The Commander's voice was like thin ice breaking. He wore his full-dress uniform, with the heavily braided white cap pulled down rakishly over one cold gray eye. "We can't make it, sir. It's spoiling for a hurricane, if you ask me." "I'm not asking you, Lieutenant Berg," said the Commander.
2. "Throw on the power lights! Rev her up to 8,500! We're going through!" The pounding of the cylinders increased; *ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-potketm-pocketa*. The Commander stared at the ice forming on the pilot window. He walked over and twisted a row of complicated dials. "Switch on No.8 auxiliary!" he shouted, "Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!" repeated Lieutenant Berg, "Full strength in No.3 turret!" shouted the Commander. "Full strength in No.3 turret!" The crew, bending to their various tasks in the huge, hurtling eight-engined Navy hydroplane, looked at each other and grinned. "The Old Man'll get us through," they said to one another, "The Old Man ain't afraid of Hell!" "Not so fast! You're driving too fast!" said Mrs. Mitty. "What are you driving so fast for?"
3. "Hmm?" said Walter Mitty. He looked at his wife, in the seat beside him, with shocked astonishment. She seemed grossly unfamiliar, like a strange woman who had yelled at him in a crowd. "You were up to fifty-five," she said. "You know I don't like to go more than forty. You were up to fifty-five." Walter Mitty drove on toward Waterbury in silence, the roaring of the SN202 through the worst storm in twenty years of Navy flying fading in the remote, intimate airways of his mind. "You're tensed up again," said Mrs. Mitty. "It's one of your days. I wish



you'd let Dr. Renshaw look you over."

4. Walter Mitty stopped the car in front of the building where his wife went to have her hair done. "Remember to get those overshoes while I'm having my hair done," she said. "I don't need overshoes," said Mitty. She put her mirror back into her bag. "We've been all through that," she said, getting out of the car. "You're not a young man any longer." He raced the engine a little. "Why don't you wear your gloves? Have you lost your gloves?" Walter Mitty reached in a pocket and brought out the gloves. He put them on, but after she had turned and gone into the building and he had driven on to a red light, he took them off again. "Pick it up, brother," snapped a cop as the light changed, and Mitty hastily pulled on his gloves and lurched ahead. He drove around the streets aimlessly for a time, and then he drove past the hospital on his way to the parking lot.

5. ... "It's the millionaire banker, Wellington McMillan," said the pretty nurse. "Yes?" said Walter Mitty, removing his gloves slowly. "Who has the case?" "Dr. Renshaw and Dr. Benbow, but there are two specialists here, Dr. Remington from New York and Dr. Pritchard-Mitford from London. He flew over." A door opened down a long, cool corridor and Dr. Renshaw came out. He looked distraught and haggard. "Hello, Mitty," he said. "We're having the devil's own time with McMillan, the millionaire banker and close personal friend of Roosevelt. Obstreosis of the ductal tract. Tertiary. Wish you'd take a look at him." "Glad to," said Mitty.

6. In the operating room there were whispered introductions: "Dr. Remington, Dr. Mitty. Dr. Pritchard-Mitford, Dr. Mitty." "I've read your book on streptothricosis," said Pritchard-Mitford, shaking hands. "A brilliant performance, sir." "Thank you," said Walter Mitty. "Didn't know you were in the States, Mitty," grumbled Remington. "Coals to Newcastle, bringing Mitford and me up here for a tertiary." "You are very kind," said Mitty. A huge, complicated machine, connected to the operating table, with many tubes and wires, began at this moment to go pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. "The new anaesthetizer is giving away!" shouted an interne. "There is no one in the East who knows how to fix it!" "Quiet, man!" said Mitty, in a low, cool voice. He sprang to the machine, which was now going pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa-queep. He began fingering delicately a row of glistening dials. "Give me a fountain pen!" he snapped. Someone handed him a fountain pen. He pulled a faulty piston out of the machine and inserted the pen in its place. "That will hold for ten minutes," he said. "Get on with the operation." A nurse hurried over and whispered to Renshaw, and Mitty saw the man turn pale. "Coreopsis has set in," said Renshaw nervously. "If you would take over, Mitty?" Mitty looked at him and at the craven figure of Benbow, who drank, and at the grave, uncertain faces of the two great specialists, "If you wish," he said. They slipped a white gown on him; he adjusted a mask and drew on thin gloves; nurses handed him shining...

7. "Back it up, Mac! Look out for that Buick!" Walter Mitty jammed on the brakes. "Wrong lane, Mac," said the parking-lot attendant, looking at Mitty closely. "Gee, Yeh," muttered Mitty. He began cautiously to back out of the lane marked "Exit Only." "Leave her sit there," said the attendant. "I'll put her away." Mitty got out of the car. "Hey, better leave the key." "Oh," said Mitty, handing the man the ignition key. The attendant vaulted into the car, backed it up with insolent skill, and put it where it belonged.

8. They're so damn cocky, thought Walter Mitty, walking along Main Street; they think they know everything. Once he had tried to take his chains off, outside New Milford, and he had got them wound around the axles. A man had had to come out in a wrecking car and unwind them, a young, grinning garage man. Since then Mrs. Mitty always made him drive to a garage to have the chains



taken off. The next time, he thought, I'll wear my right arm in a sling they won't grin at me then. I'll have my right arm in a sling and they'll see I couldn't possibly take the chains off myself. He kicked at the slush on the sidewalk. "Overshoes," he said to himself, and he began looking for a shoe store.

9. When he came out into the street again, with the overshoes in a box under his arm, Walter Mitty began to wonder what the other thing was his wife had told him to get. She had told him, twice before they set out from their house for Waterbury. In a way he hated these weekly trips to town -- he was always getting something wrong. Kleenex, he thought, Squibb's, razor blades? No. Toothpaste, tooth-brush, bicarbonate, carborundum, initiative and referendum? He gave it up. But she would remember it. "Where's the, what's-its-name?" She would ask. "Don't tell me you forgot the what's-its-name." A newsboy went by shouting something about the Waterbury trial.

10. ... "Perhaps this will refresh your memory." The District Attorney suddenly thrust a heavy automatic at the quiet figure on the witness stand. "Have you ever seen this before?" Walter Mitty took the gun and examined it expertly. "This is my Webley-Vickers 50.-80," he said calmly. An excited buzz ran around the courtroom. The judge rapped for order. "You are a crack shot with any sort of fire-arms, I believe?" said the District Attorney, insinuatingly. "Objection!" shouted Mitty's attorney. "We have shown that the defendant could not have fired the shot. We have shown that he wore his right arm in a sling on the night of the fourteenth of July." Walter Mitty raised his hand briefly and the bickering attorneys were stilled. "With any known make of gun," he said evenly, "I could have killed Gregory Fitzhurst at three hundred feet with my left hand." Pandemonium broke loose in the courtroom. A woman's scream rose above the bedlam and suddenly a lovely, dark-haired girl was in Walter Mitty's arms. The District Attorney struck at her savagely. Without rising from his chair, Mitty let the man have it on the point of the chin. "You miserable cur!"

11. "Puppy biscuit," said Walter Mitty. He stopped walking and the buildings of Waterbury rose up out of the misty courtroom and surrounded him again. A woman who was passing laughed. "He said 'Puppy biscuit,'" she said to her companion. "That man said 'Puppy biscuit' to himself." Walter Mitty hurried on. He went into an A.&P., not the first one he came to but a smaller one farther up the street. "I want some biscuit for small, young dogs," he said to the clerk. "Any special brand, sir?" The greatest pistol shot in the world thought a moment. "It says 'Puppies Bark for It' on the box," said Walter Mitty.

12. His wife would be through at the hairdresser's in fifteen minutes, Mitty saw in looking at his watch, unless they had trouble drying it; sometimes they had trouble drying it. She didn't like to get to the hotel first; she would want him to be there waiting for her as usual. He found a big leather chair in the lobby, facing a window, and he put the overshoes and the puppy biscuit on the floor beside it. He picked up an old copy of *Liberty* and sank down into the chair. "Can Germany Conquer the World through the Air?" Walter Mitty looked at the pictures of bombing planes and of ruined streets.

13. ... "The cannonading has got the wind up in young Raleigh, sir," said the sergeant. Captain Mitty looked up at him through tousled hair. "Get him to bed," he said wearily, "with the others, I'll fly alone." "But you can't, sir," said the sergeant anxiously. "It takes two men to handle that bomber and the Archies are pounding hell out of the air. Von Richtman's circus is between here and Saulier." "Somebody's got to get that ammunition dump," said Mitty. "I'm going over. Spot of brandy?" He poured a drink for the sergeant and one for himself. War thundered and whined



around the dugout and battered at the door. There was a rending of wood and splinters flew through the room. "A bit of a near thing," said Captain Mitty carelessly. "The box barrage is closing in," said the sergeant. "We only live once, sergeant," said Mitty, with his faint, fleeting smile. "Or do we?" He poured another brandy and tossed it off. "I never see a man could hold his brandy like you, sir," said the sergeant. "Begging your pardon, sir," Captain Mitty stood up and strapped on his huge Webley-Vickers automatic. "It's forty kilometers through hell, sir," said the sergeant, Mitty finished one last brandy. "After all," he said softly, "what isn't?" The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of machine guns, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame-throwers. Walter Mitty walked to the door of the dugout humming "Après de Ma Blonde." He turned and waved to the sergeant. "Cheerio!" he said. . . .

14. Something struck his shoulder. "I've been looking all over this hotel for you," said Mrs. Mitty. "Why do you have to hide in this old chair? How did you expect me to find you?" "Things close in," said Walter Mitty vaguely. "What?" Mrs. Mitty said. "Did you get the what's-its-name? The puppy biscuit? What's in that box?" "Overshoes," said Mitty. "Couldn't you have put them on in the store?" "I was thinking," said Walter Mitty. "Does it ever occur to you that I am sometimes thinking?" She looked at him. "I'm going to take your temperature when I get you home," she said.

15. They went out through the revolving doors that made a faintly derisive whistling sound when you pushed them. It was two blocks to the parking lot. At the drugstore on the corner she said, "Wait here for me. I forgot something. I won't be a minute." She was more than a minute. Walter Mitty lighted a cigarette. It began to rain, rain with sleet in it. He stood up against the wall of the drugstore, smoking.... He put his shoulders back and his heels together. "To hell with the handkerchief," said Walter Mitty scornfully. He took one last drag on his cigarette and snapped it away. Then, with that faint, fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad; erect, motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last.

**Answer the following questions on the answer sheets.**

You should write your answers on your answer sheet. (30 points for this passage, 5 points for each answer)

1. What does the description in paragraphs 1 and 2 reveal with regard to the characteristics of the main character?
2. What are the characteristics of the main character as described in paragraphs 3 and 4?
3. What is the author's purpose in paragraphs 5 and 6?
4. What do the descriptions of the situation in the parking lot and shopping reveal about the main character?
5. Is the episode in paragraph 13 coherently connected to paragraph 12? Why?
6. What actually happened at the end of the story?

#### **V. Writing**

Based on your reading of the story *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, write a short essay on the following questions on your answer sheet: Do you laugh at the main character Mitty or sympathize with him? Why? (50 points for the essay and the minimum number of words: 500)