

北京师范大学
2002 年招收攻读硕士学位研究生入学考试试题

专 业: 英语语言文学
研究方向: 英语语言教学

科目代码: 436
考试科目: 专业英语

请把答案写在答题纸上

I. Linguistics 40%

1. In what way(s) do the traffic signals (i.e. RED, AMBLE and GREEN) differ from human languages? Make a brief analysis in terms of the theory of DESIGN FEATURES of language. (6%)

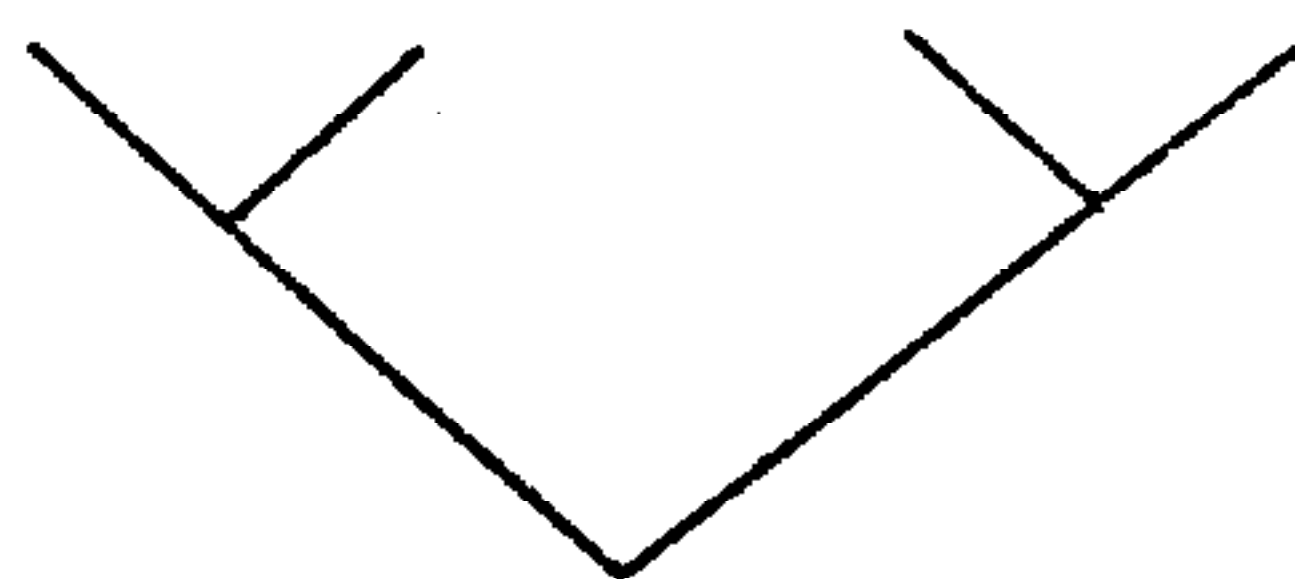
2. "The categories of consonants are established on the basis of several factors. The most important of these factors are: (a) the actual relationship between the articulators and thus the way in which the air passes through certain parts of the vocal tract, and (b) where in the vocal tract there is approximation, narrowing, or the obstruction of air. The former is known as the MANNERS OF ARTICULATION and the latter as the PLACES OF ARTICULATION." You are required to fill the blanks below abiding by the instance given beforehand. (5%)

For example: [p]: voiced bilabial stop

[s]: _____
[ʒ]: _____
[tʃ]: _____
[ð]: _____
[f]: _____

3. The following is a kind of analysis. What is the analysis called?

Poor John ran away



Use this methodology to analyze the following instance, but in two different ways. (4%)

Leave the book on the shelf

4. There are 10 pairs of antonymous words. Divide them into three different classes, and give each class a technical title. (5%)

- (a) alive: dead
- (b) before: after
- (c) big: small
- (d) odd: even
- (e) employer: employee
- (f) good: bad
- (g) give: receive
- (h) lend: borrow
- (i) innocent: guilty
- (j) long: short

5. Use Schema Theory to explain the little girl's utterance in the following situation. (5%)

Situation: a family gathering, including a three-year-old little girl, her parents and grandparents. The adults were talking about various illnesses a child may have these days. When the grandpa mentioned that one of the girl's kindergarten classmates was ill for he was over fat, the child burst out suddenly:

Utterance: "He has no illness at all. He never coughs!"

6. What kind of pragmatic principle is employed in the following piece of conversation? (7%)

Zhang: I hate Mary. She is so gossipy. How do you think of her?

Wang: Did you watch the football match last night?

7. Use some Sociolinguistic theory to interpret the situation here. (8%)

A Chinese girl Xiao Chen was studying law in Yale University with Maria, a Friend girl who also shared the same apartment with Chen. One day, Maria quarreled badly with a classmate called Peter. Xiao Chen drew Maria away from the quarreling and walked her back to their apartment. Then Xiao Chen said outrageously to console Maria: "Just take it easy, dear. In fact, it is no necessary for you to quarrel with such an awful ass! I've never liked him at all..." At these words, Maria stopped weeping, turned to stare at Chen and said angrily: "Who gives you the right to speak ill of others behind?"

II. Language teaching 40%

8. Do you agree that students from the same class are different from one another in many aspects? Can you give some examples to support your view? How can we teachers design classroom activities to cater for the students' individual differences? (10 %)
9. Do you think that teachers should do research? What are the benefits and problems that teachers face? How can teachers overcome those difficulties? (10 %)
10. Describe the current ways of assessment on English commonly used in schools in China. What are the advantages and disadvantages of such a system? Make a proposal to improve the current practice in assessing students' learning achievements in English. (20 %)

III. Read the following story and answer the questions. 20%

You Were Perfectly Fine by Dorothy Parker

The pale young man eased himself carefully into the low chair, and rolled his head to the side, so that the cool chintz comforted his cheek and temple.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh."

The clear-eyed girl, sitting light and erect on the couch, smiled brightly at him.

"Not feeling so well today?" she said.

"Oh, I'm great," he said. "Corking, I am. Know what time I got up? Four o'clock this afternoon, sharp. I kept trying to make it, and every time I took my head off the pillow, it would roll under the bed. This isn't my head I've got on now. I think this is something that used to belong to Walt Whitman. Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

"Do you think maybe a drink would make you feel better?" she said.

"The hair of the mastiff that bit me?" he said. "Oh, no, thank you. Please never speak of anything like that again. I'm through. I'm all, all through. Look at that hand; steady as a gumming-bird. Tell me was I very terrible last night?"

"Oh, goodness," she said, "everybody was feeling pretty high. You were all right."

"Yeah," he said. "I must have been dandy. Is everybody sore at me?"

"Good heavens, no," she said. "Everyone thought you were terribly funny. Of course, Jim Pierson was a little stuffy, there for a minute at dinner. But people sort of held him back in his chair, and got him calmed down. I don't think anybody at the other tables noticed it at all. Hardly anybody."

"He was going to sock me?" he said. "Oh, Lord. What did I do to him?"

"Why, you didn't do a thing," she said. "You were perfectly fine. But you know how silly Jim gets, when he thinks anybody is making too much fuss over Elinor."

"Was I making a pass at Elinor?" he said. "Did I do that?"

"Of course you didn't," she said. "You were only fooling, that's all. She thought you were awfully amusing. She was having a marvelous time. She only got a little tiny bit annoyed just once, when you poured the clam-juice down her back."

"My God," he said. "Clam-juice down that back. And every vertebra a little Cabot. Dear God. What'll I ever do?"

"Oh, she'll be all right," she said. "Just send her some flowers, or something. Don't worry about it. It isn't anything."

"No, I won't worry," he said. "I haven't got a care in the world. I'm sitting pretty. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Did I do any other fascinating tricks at dinner?"

"You were fine," she said. "Don't be so foolish about it. Everybody was crazy about you. The maitre d'hotel was a little worried because you wouldn't stop singing, but he really didn't mind. All he said was, he was afraid they'd close the place again, if there was so much noise. But he didn't care a bit, himself. I think he loved seeing you have such a good time. Oh, you were just singing away, there, for about an hour. It wasn't so terribly loud, at all."

"So I sang," he said. "That must have been a treat. I sang."

"Don't you remember?" she said. "You just sang one song after another. Everybody in the place was listening. They loved it. Only you kept insisting that you wanted to sing some song about some kind of fusiliers or other, and everybody kept shushing you, and you'd keep trying to start it again. You were wonderful. We were all trying to make you stop singing for a minute, and eat something, but you wouldn't hear of it. My, you were funny."

"Didn't I eat any dinner?" he said.

"Oh, not a thing," she said. "Every time the waiter would offer you something, you'd give it right back to him, because you said that he was your long-lost brother, changed in the cradle by a gypsy band, and that anything you had was his. You had him simply roaring at you."

"I bet I did," he said. "I bet I was comical. Society's Pet, I must have been. And what happened then, after my overwhelming success with the waiter?"

"Why, nothing much," she said. "You took a sort of dislike to some old man with white hair, sitting across the room, because you didn't like this necktie and you wanted to tell him about it. But got you out, before he really mad."

"Oh, we got out," he said. "Did I walk?"

"Walk? Of course you did," she said. "You were absolutely all right. There was that nasty stretch of ice on the sidewalk, and you did sit down awfully hard, you poor dear. But good heavens, that might have happened to anybody."

"Oh, surely," he said. "Mrs. Hoover or anybody. So I fell down on the sidewalk. That would explain what's the matter with my—Yes. I see. And then what, if you don't mind?"

"Ah, now, Peter!" she said. "You can't sit there and say you don't remember what happened after that! I did think that maybe you were just a little tight at dinner—oh, you were perfectly all right, and all that, but I did know you were feeling pretty gay. But you were so serious, from the time you fell down—I never knew you to be that way. Don't you know how you told me I had never seen your real self before? Oh, Peter, I just couldn't bear it, if you didn't remember that lovely long ride we took together in the taxi! Please, you do remember that, don't you? I think it would simply kill me, if you didn't."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Riding in the taxi. Oh, yes, sure. Pretty long ride, hmm?"

