

科目：英文作文與翻譯

適用：外文系

考生注意：

1. 依次序作答，只要標明題號，不必抄題。
2. 答案必須寫在答案卷上，否則不予計分。
3. 限用藍、黑色筆作答；試題須隨卷繳回。

本 試 題

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Part I. Composition (60%)

Write an essay of 250-300 words in response to the following passage by Somerset Maugham. Make sure you use paragraphs.

[In my stories about British living in Malaysia during the 1920s], most of these stories are on the tragic side. But the reader must not suppose that the incidents I have narrated were of common occurrence. The vast majority of these people ... were ordinary people ordinarily satisfied with their station in life. They did the jobs they were paid to do more or less competently. They were as happy with their wives as are most married couples. They led humdrum lives and did very much the same things every day. ... They were good, decent, normal people.

I respect, and even admire, such people but they are not the sort of people I can write stories about. I write stories about people who have some singularity of character which suggests to me that they may be capable of being in such a way as to give me an idea that I can make use of, or about people who by some accident, of temperament or environment, have been involved in unusual contingencies [=circumstances]. But, I repeat, they are the exception.

Your essay should respond to the following 3 points: How important do you think "singularity of character" is for literature (fiction, drama, poetry)? How important do you think "unusual contingencies" are? Compare the two and explain your reasons. Does the fact that writers like Maugham deal mostly with these types of people or circumstances affect the quality or usefulness of their writing? If so, how? Please write in separate paragraphs!

Part II. Translation (40%)

Translate the following passage into Chinese.

In the Reserve I have sometimes come upon the Iguana, the big lizards, as they were sunning themselves upon a flat stone in a river-bed. They are not pretty in shape, but nothing can be imagined more beautiful than their colouring. They shine like a heap of precious stones or like a pane cut out of an old church window. When, as you approach, they swish away, there is a flash of azure, green and purple over the stones, the colour seems to be standing behind them in the air, like a comet's luminous tail.

Once I shot an Iguana. I thought that I should be able to make some pretty things from his skin. A strange thing happened then, that I have never afterwards forgotten. As I went up to him where he was lying dead upon his stone, while I was walking the few steps, he faded and grew pale, all colour died out of him as in one long sigh, and by the time that I touched him he was grey and dull like a lump of concrete. It was the live impetuous blood pulsating within the animal, which had radiated out all that glow and splendour. Now that the flame was put out, and the soul had flown, the Iguana was as dead as a sandbag.

It was if an injustice had been to a noble thing, as if truth had been suppressed. So sad did it seem that I remembered the saying of the hero in a book that I had read as a child: "I have conquered them all, but I am standing amongst graves."

In a foreign country and with foreign species of life one should therefore take measures to find out whether things will be keeping their value when dead. To the settlers of East Africa I give this advice: "For the sake of your eyes and heart, shoot not the Iguana."