

科目：英文作文與翻譯 適用：外文所文學組

編號：133

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
共2頁
第 / 頁**Part I. Composition (50%)**

Write an essay of 250-300 words in response to the excerpt from Jamaica Kincaid's "Girl" (1984).

... this is how to make a bread pudding; this is how to make
doukona; this is how to make pepper pot; this is how to make a
good medicine for a cold; this is how to make a good medicine to
throw away a child before it even becomes a child; this is how to
catch a fish; this is how to throw back a fish you don't like, and
that way something bad won't fall on you; this is how to bully a
man; this is how a man bullies you; this is how to love a man, and
if this doesn't work there are other ways, and if they don't work
don't feel too bad about giving up; this is how to spit up in the air
if you feel like it, and this is how to move quick so that it doesn't
fall on you; this is how to make ends meet; always squeeze bread
to make sure it's fresh; *but what if the baker won't let me feel the
bread?*; you mean to say that after all you are really going to be the
kind of woman who the baker won't let near the bread?

* A kind of pudding.

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二、翻譯：以下兩段英文，請譯成中文。

1. 第一段 (25%)

Sometimes the writings of Gertrude Stein make us laugh: her humor is perhaps the one of her qualities which comes through in her recent books most clearly; and I would describe her books as amusing nonsense, but "nonsense" is a word which has been used too often in a negative way to describe both the early Symbolist writers and the contemporary writers I am now discussing. If I said that Miss Stein wrote nonsense, readers might think that I meant she was not serious or that she was not artistically successful. As a matter of fact, one should not talk about "nonsense" until one has decided what "sense" is, and one cannot decide what "sense" is without a more careful look at Symbolist theory.

2. 第二段 (25%)

Because it was Sunday and many of the prisoners had eaten food brought by their wives or family, the dining hall was half empty. He turned and stood with his tray filled with beans, bread, and stew to see where to sit and picked a table in the corner where a boy not much older than he sat alone smoking and drinking water from a cup. He stood at the table and set his tray down. "With your permission?" he said. The boy looked at him and blew two thin streams of smoke from his nose and nodded and reached for his cup. On his arm was a tattoo of a blue tiger struggling with a snake. Nothing special. But as he sat he suddenly knew why this man was eating alone. It was too late to rise again. He picked up his spoon with his left hand and began to eat. He heard the door of the hall close even above the sound of the prisoners eating. He looked toward the front of the hall. There was no one serving food and the two guards were gone. He continued to eat. His heart was pounding and the food was ashes. He put his hand in his pocket and opened the knife.

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