

(複書式)

國立中山大學八十八學年度轉學生招生考試試題

科目：英文作文 (外文系二年級)

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Write a short essay about 300 words to describe what is your understanding of the Department of Foreign Languages and Literature, why you want to get into the field of English, and how you are going to devote yourself to the courses in the near future.

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Answer THREE of the following questions:

1. What is the role of myth in ancient Greek epic and tragedy? Discuss and illustrate.
2. Discuss the plot of Sophocles' Oedipus Rex in terms of Aristotle's Poetics.
3. In what sense is Homer's epic an encyclopedia? Discuss and illustrate.
4. What characterizes Ovid's Metamorphoses? Discuss.

The following passage is from *The Good Earth*, a novel by Pearl S. Buck. It describes the hard life of a Chinese peasant, Wang Lung, and his love for the land.

It was Wang Lung's marriage day. At first, opening his eyes in the blackness of the curtains about his bed, he could not think why the dawn seemed different from any other. The house was still except for the faint, gasping cough of his old father, whose room was opposite to his own across the middle room. Every morning the old man's cough was the first sound to be heard. Wang Lung usually lay listening to it and moved only when he heard it approaching nearer and when he heard the door of his father's room squeak upon its wooden hinges.

But this morning he did not wait. He sprang up and pushed aside the curtains of his bed. It was a dark, ruddy dawn, and through a small square hole of a window, where the tattered paper fluttered, a glimpse of bronze sky gleamed. He went to the hole and tore the paper away.

"It is spring and I do not need this," he muttered.

He was ashamed to say aloud that he wished the house to look neat on this day. The hole was barely large enough to admit his hand and he

thrust it out to feel of the air. A small soft wind blew gently from the east, a wind mild and murmurous and full of rain. It was a good omen. The fields needed rain for fruition. There would be no rain this day, but within a few days, if this wind continued, there would be water. It was good. Yesterday he had said to his father that if this brazen, glittering sunshine continued, the wheat could not fill in the ear. Now it was as if Heaven had chosen this day to wish him well. Earth would bear fruit.

He hurried out into the middle room, drawing on his blue outer trousers as he went, and knotting about the fullness at his waist his girdle of blue cotton cloth. He left his upper body bare until he had heated water to bathe himself. He went into the shed which was the kitchen, leaning against the house, and out of its dusk an ox twisted its head from behind the corner next the door and looked at him deeply. The kitchen was made of earthen bricks as the house was, great squares of earth dug from their own fields, and thatched with straw from their own wheat. Out of their own earth had his grandfather in his youth fashioned also the oven, baked and black with many years of meal preparing. On top of this earthen structure stood a deep, round, iron cauldron.

This cauldron he filled partly full of water, dipping it with a half gourd from an earthen jar that stood near, but he dipped cautiously, for water was precious. Then, after a hesitation, he suddenly lifted the jar and emptied all the water into the

cauldron. This day he would bathe his whole body. Not since he was a child upon his mother's knee had anyone looked upon his body. Today one would, and he would have it clean.

He went around the oven to the rear, and selecting a handful of the dry grass and stalks standing in the corner of the kitchen, he arranged it delicately in the mouth of the oven, making the most of every leaf. Then from an old flint and iron he caught a flame and thrust it into the straw and there was a blaze.

This was the last morning he would have to light the fire. He had lit it every morning since his mother died six years before. He had lit the fire, boiled water, and poured the water into a bowl and taken it into the room where his father sat upon his bed, coughing and fumbling for his shoes upon the floor. Every morning for these six years the old man had waited for his son to bring in hot water to ease him of his morning coughing. Now father and son could rest. There was a woman coming to the house. Never again would Wang Lung have to rise summer and winter at dawn to light the fire. He could lie in his bed and wait, and he also would have a bowl of water brought to him, and if the earth were fruitful there would be tea leaves in the water. Once in some years it was so.

And if the woman wearied, there would be her children to light the fire, the many children she would bear to Wang Lung. Wang Lung stopped, struck by the thought of children running in and out of their three rooms. They would have to put beds along the walls and in the middle room. The house would be full of beds. The blaze in the oven died down while Wang Lung thought of all the beds there would be in the half empty house, and the water began to chill in the cauldron. The shadowy figure of the old man appeared in the doorway, holding his unbuttoned garments about him. He was coughing and spitting and he gasped, "How is it that there is not water yet to heat my lungs?" Wang Lung stared and recalled himself and was ashamed. "This fuel is damp," he muttered from behind the stove. "The damp wind—" The old man continued to cough perseveringly and would not cease until the water boiled. Wang Lung dipped some into a bowl, and then, after a moment, he opened a glazed jar that stood upon a ledge of the stove and took from it a dozen or so of the curled dried leaves and sprinkled them upon the surface of the water. The old man's eyes opened greedily and immediately he began to complain. "Why are you wasteful? Tea is like eating silver." "It is the day," replied Wang Lung with a short laugh. "Eat and be comforted."

I. Comprehension: Answer the following questions.

- 1. Molly drew the line with
 - a. chalk. ~
 - b. paint.
 - c. crayon.
- 2. When the sisters lived in town they
 - a. shared a room. †
 - b. had separate bedrooms. ~
 - c. were better friends.
- 3. The narrator's name is
 - a. Mary.
 - b. Molly. ×
 - c. Meg. ~
- 4. When Molly grows up she wants to be a
 - a. person who has done something important.
 - b. wife and mother. ~
 - c. calm, self-confident businesswoman.
- 5. The line was drawn so that
 - a. Molly could be messy in her space.
 - b. the narrator would have a clean space.
 - c. Molly would have a clean space. ~
- 6. For the narrator, the hardest part of sharing a room is that she has no
 - a. clean socks.
 - b. space for her belongings.
 - c. privacy.
- 7. Molly and the narrator are
 - a. very different.
 - b. alike in many ways.
 - c. very fond of each other.
- 8. The narrator spends a lot of time
 - a. cleaning.
 - b. painting.
 - c. thinking.

II. Vocabulary: Choose the answer that has the closest meaning to the boldfaced word in the sentence.

- 1. It didn't really make us better friends, but it gave us the chance to **ignore** each other more.
 - a. love
 - b. forget
 - c. see
- 2. She's **content**, waiting for that, I'm restless, and so impatient.
 - a. happy
 - b. full
 - c. impatient
- 3. She's sure, **absolutely** sure, that what she's waiting for will happen. . . .
 - a. never
 - b. completely
 - c. sometimes
- 4. . . . the way she is: calm, easygoing, self-confident, downright **smug**.
 - a. self-satisfied
 - b. weak
 - c. tearful
- 5. Being both determined and unsure at the same time is what makes me the way I am, I think: hasty, **impetuous**, sometimes angry over nothing.
 - a. cruel ~
 - b. careful
 - c. thoughtless
- 6. Being so well sorted out in her goals, and so **assured** of everything happening the way she wants and expects it to, is what makes Molly the way she is.
 - a. convinced
 - b. afraid
 - c. tired
- 7. I mean the parts of yourself that are private: the tears you want to **shed** sometimes for no reason. . . .
 - a. hide
 - b. spill ~
 - c. stop
- 8. . . . the thoughts you want to think in a **solitary** place, the words you want to say aloud to hear how they sound, but only to yourself.
 - a. crowded
 - b. lonely
 - c. foreign

The following passage is from *A Summer to Die* by Louis Lowry. It describes the problems of two sisters growing up together.

It was Molly who drew the line.

She did it with chalk—a fat piece of white chalk left over from when we lived in town, had sidewalks, and used to play hopscotch, back when we both were younger. That piece of chalk had been around for a long time. She fished it out of a little clay dish that I had made in last year's pottery class, where it was lying with a piece of string and a few paper clips and a battery that we weren't quite sure was dead.

She took the chalk and drew a line right on the rug. Good thing it wasn't a fuzzy rug or it never would have worked; but it was an old, worn, leftover rug from the dining room of our other house: very flat, and the chalk made a perfect white line across the blue—and then, while I watched in amazement (because it was unlike Molly, to be so angry), she kept right on drawing the line up the wall, across the wallpaper with its blue flowers. She stood on her desk and drew the line up to the ceiling, and then she went back to the other side of the room and stood on her bed and drew the line right up to the ceiling on that wall, too. Very neatly. Good thing it was Molly who drew it; if I had tried, it would have been a mess, a wavy line and off center. But Molly is very neat.

Then she put the chalk back in the dish, sat down on her bed, and picked up her book. But before she started to read again, she looked over at me (I was still standing there amazed, not believing that she had drawn the line at all) and said, "There. Now be as much of a slob as you want, only keep your mess on your side. *This side is mine.*"

When we lived in town we had our own rooms, Molly and I. It didn't really make us better friends, but it gave us a chance to ignore each other more.

Funny thing about sisters. Well, about us, anyway, Dad says it's unacademic to generalize. Molly is prettier than I am, but I'm smarter than Molly. I want with my whole being to be something someday; I like to think

that someday, when I'm grown up, people everywhere will know who I am, because I will have accomplished something important—I don't even know for sure yet what I want it to be, just that it will be something that makes people say my name, Meg Chalmers, with respect. When I told Molly that once, she said that what *she* wants is to be Molly Something Else, to be Mrs. Somebody, and to have her children, lots of them, call her "Mother," with respect, and that's all she cares about. She's content, waiting for that; I'm restless, and so impatient. She's sure, absolutely sure, that what she's waiting for will happen, just the way she wants it to; and I'm so uncertain, so fearful my dreams will end up forgotten somewhere, someday, like a piece of string and a paper clip lying in a dish.

Being both determined and unsure at the same time is what makes me the way I am, I think: hasty, impetuous, sometimes angry over nothing, often miserable about everything. Being so well sorted out in her own goals, and so assured of everything happening the way she wants and expects it to, is what makes Molly the way she is: calm, easygoing, self-confident, downright smug.

Sometimes it seems as if, when our parents created us, it took them two tries, two daughters, to get all the qualities of one whole, well-put-together person. More often, though, when I think about it, I feel as if they got those qualities on their first try, and I represent the leftovers. That's not a good way to feel about yourself, especially when you know, down in the part of you where the ambition is, where the dreams are, where the logic lies, that it's not true.

The hardest part about living in the same room with someone is that it's hard to keep anything hidden. I don't mean the unmatched, dirty socks or the fourteen crumpled papers with tries at an unsuccessful poem on them, although those are the things that upset Molly, that made her draw the line. I mean the parts of yourself that are private: the tears you want to shed sometimes for no reason, the thoughts you want to think in a solitary place, the words you want to say aloud to hear how they sound, but only to yourself.

I. Comprehension: Answer the following questions.

9. The first sound Wang Lung heard in the morning was
- a. the footsteps of his father.
 - b. his father coughing.
 - c. the door squeaking.
 - d. tattered paper fluttering.

10. Wang was ashamed that
- a. his father coughed so much.
 - b. the house was so large.
 - c. the shed was in the kitchen.
 - d. the house was not neater.

11. Wang planned to use the extra boiling water to
- a. soothe his father's cough.
 - b. make several pots of tea.
 - c. bathe in.
 - d. water the dry wheat.

12. Wang's father says drinking tea is like eating
- a. water.
 - b. silver.
 - c. wheat.
 - d. tobacco.

13. This was the last day for Wang to bring water because
- a. his new bride would do it.
 - b. his father would do it.
 - c. the water was gone.
 - d. he was leaving this house.

14. Wang is preparing for a
- a. birth.
 - b. funeral.
 - c. wedding.
 - d. family visit.

15. Wang tore the paper cover from his window because
- a. it was blocking the light.
 - b. he wanted the house to look neat.
 - c. it had become damp.
 - d. he needed the paper for fuel.

16. Because today was special for Wang, he needed to
- a. have more time for himself.
 - b. drink extra tea.
 - c. sleep later than usual.
 - d. take a full bath.

17. It was rare to take a full bath because
- a. water was scarce.
 - b. there was never enough time.
 - c. fuel for the fire was scarce.
 - d. the house was too small for privacy.

18. Wang can best be described as
- a. carefree and cheerful.
 - b. irresponsible toward his father.
 - c. stoic and stubborn.
 - d. anxious to start a new life.

II. Vocabulary: Choose the answer that has the closest meaning to the boldfaced word in the sentence.

9. A small soft wind blew gently from the east, a wind mild and **murmurous** and full of rain.
- a. making a soft sound
 - b. frosty
 - c. humid
 - d. calm

10. It was a good **omen**.
- a. discussion
 - b. profit
 - c. sign
 - d. journey

11. The fields needed rain for **fruition**.
- a. nourishment
 - b. drought
 - c. fertilization
 - d. fulfillment

12. Yesterday he had said if the **brazen**, glittering sun continued, the wheat could not fill in the ear.
- a. ongoing
 - b. harsh
 - c. spontaneous
 - d. warm

13. On top of this earthen structure stood a deep, round **cauldron**.

- a. chimney
- b. kettle
- c. fireplace
- d. skillet

14. . . he dipped cautiously, for water was **precious**.

- a. cold
- b. valuable
- c. hot
- d. dirty

15. Then, after a **hesitation**, he suddenly lifted the jar and emptied all the water into the cauldron.

- a. pause
- b. exclamation
- c. cough
- d. frown

16. Wang Lung stared and **recalled** himself and was ashamed.

- a. cursed
- b. shook
- c. excused
- d. remembered

17. The old man continued to cough **perseveringly** and would not cease until the water boiled.

- a. persistently
- b. dryly
- c. violently
- d. hoarsely

18. The old man's eyes opened **greedily** and immediately he began to complain.

- a. wide
- b. cautiously
- c. hungrily
- d. angrily