

## <<绝处逢生>>

### 图书基本信息

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### 前言

劫难，突发于休闲之时，骤降于消遣之日。

美国人也不例外呦！

本书基本囊括了当代西方社会形形色色的“劫难”，所选的这18篇短文堪称经典之作。

其特点是：一、内容丰富，趣味性强，故事惊心动魄，无一雷同。

一旦始读，则欲罢不能。

这些文章带你潜入海底捕田螺、捉龙虾，到海边冲浪，同时，也让你感受到大海的波涛汹涌和大白鲨的凶残暴戾；向你展示大火如同猛兽，火势嚣张，一路呼啸，吞噬着树木和房屋，威胁人们的生命；水火无情，火患之后，本书又向我们讲述突如其来的水灾——滔滔洪水，如虎似狼，危害之烈，令人震惊；“天”灾“地”祸——使我们感受到“上天”的潇洒和骤然“入地”的悲怆；作者带领我们走进美国蒙大拿州的国家冰川公园、美国科罗拉多落基山脉的印度峰自然保护区，以及南非的克鲁格国家公园，除了风景迷人和地势险峻，灰熊和野象还屡屡向人们发动攻击；儿童历险故事的主人都是孩子：先是险些丧命铁轨边的两个孩子，然后是误食圭尼丁（治疗心脏病的药物）的年仅16个月的幼小生命。

二、涵义隽永，引人深思。

这些故事启发人、激励人、感动人、震撼人！

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### 内容概要

毛荣贵，上海交通大学教授，翻译博导。

曾任《科技英语学习》（月刊）主编10年。

1996年应美国驻华大使James R.Sasser（詹姆士·尚慕杰）之邀，以leading citizen（杰出公民）的身份遍访美国并讲学；Rosemary Adang，英语语言文学研究专家。

中美教授携手，精选美国当代短文，介绍给中国读者。

这些短文反映了美国社会的方方面面，美国人的价值观、人生观、生活观，以及美国人的日常生活，同时，也折射了美国当代文学的某些特点。

毛荣贵约请李树德教授、张琦教授等七位学者将这套丛书翻译成汉语，并约请旅美学者倪梭先生具体审校了译稿、指导翻译了工作。

Rosemary教授对书中的社会生活及语言表达的疑难之处，作了详细的解释，保证了译文的质量。

一篇篇精美短文，富含妙词佳句，采用中英文对照，并辅以画龙点睛的“导读”，是我们中国英语学习者不可多得的原材料、好教材。

阅读这套丛书，能解美国社会和文化，学地道现代英语，记时尚英语新词，育广泛阅读兴趣，养英语表达语感，练措词造句诀窍，习美伦英语写作，品英汉表达差异，磨犀利翻译文笔。

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### 作者简介

毛荣贵（1946年12月-），上海交通大学外国语学院教授、博士生导师；研究方向：翻译理论与实践；翻译美学。

原籍：宁波慈城镇；出生地：江苏镇江市。

1964-1970求学于复旦大学外文系。

1978-1980求学于杭州大学外语系（现已并入浙江大学外国语学院）。

1993年9月入上海交通大学英

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” “ 我正在被活烤 ” “ I ’ m Not Letting You Go , Dad !

” “ 我不让你走，爸爸！

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### 章节摘录

1. DAVID MEISTRELL, 17, hung a three-foot-long meshbag from the weight belt of his black rubber wet suit. Around the gently rocking dive boat, California's Santa Monica Bay sparkled under a nearly full moon. "Let's go catch more lobsters, Dad," David said with a grin. 2. Joe Meistrell, 49, smiled at his only child. In his 25 years as a marine biologist, Joe regularly dived in these waters. But he, too, was excited about another trip 80 feet below to the Avalon, an iron steamship wrecked in a storm 30 years before. On their first dive they had pulled three spiny lobsters from the 265-foot hulk. 3. As they prepared for their second dive on that night of October 6, 1995, Joe's thoughts went back to an old snapshot showing little David in a wading pool, wearing a snorkel and mask and holding a plastic lobster. Even then the boy had been eager to hunt lobsters. By the time he was 14, he was a certified diver. 4. Joe checked David's air tank. "Okay, you can go now," Joe said, "but don't get out of sight." David waved, then splashed overboard. Joe followed quickly. 5. Only a luminescent line of bubble and the glow from the light stick tied to David's tank marked his descent to the silty bottom. At 70 feet down he leveled off and kicked ahead with powerful thrusts from his fins, disappearing into the darkness. Joe swam harder to catch up. Faintly visible below, the twisted remains of the Avalon came into view. 6. Earlier, on the dive boat, Joe had cautioned David that they could stay only 18 minutes on the bottom. Their tanks would run longer, but Joe wanted to be conservative about their exposure to the nitrogen gas mixed with oxygen in their tanks. They had already stayed down 33 minutes on their first dive. 7. A hand-size dive computer, dangling on hose from Joe's tank, calculated their bodies' nitrogen saturation. Its two-inch screen would warn Joe if they should make a decompression stop at 20 feet before their return to the surface to avoid the "bends", a painful, potentially fatal condition when nitrogen bubbles into the bloodstream and tissues. Ascending too fast could also kill by rupturing the lungs. 8. For ten minutes they swam above the mangled, rusty wreck. Then they went to inspect the nearly intact bow, aiming their flashlights through several irregular six-inch holes corroded through the thick metal of the port side. Inside, they saw lobsters scurrying away, startled by the sudden beam. Hunting would be excellent here. 9. But when Joe looked down by his left foot where his son had been a moment before, David had vanished. Where has he gone? Joe wondered. 10. DAVID ASSUMED his father had seen him follow a lobster into an 80-inch-wide opening in the hull, where the ship's bow had buried itself in the sea floor. The boy edged up an angled passage into a cramped space some 20 feet across, cluttered with the wrecks' fallen ribs and cross braces, chunks of rusted iron and collapsed bulkheads. 11. He grabbed a lobster, careful not to let its long spines pierce his gloves. Turning in the tight space, he snaked back to the opening. He'd pass the lobster to his father, then scoot back for more. 12. A THIN LINE OF SILT eddied across Joe's flashlight beam as he inspected the 18-inch hole. Did David go in there after a lobster? He wondered. The hole looks awfully small. Maybe he swam around to another side. 13. Joe moved a few feet left and looked around the bow at the vast deck stretching away into the muddy gloom. David was not in sight. Joe shivered. Don't worry, he told himself. He can't be far. 14. Suddenly David's hand popped out of the hole holding a squirming lobster. Thank God, Joe thought, sighing with relief. He grabbed the lobster and put it in his game bag, expecting David to follow. Instead, his son disappeared again. Joe shined his light into the hole but saw only muddy water. 15. They now had been at the bottom for 13 minutes. "Come on out," Joe muttered to himself. "We've got to go." Yet David didn't reappear. Two more minutes passed. 16. Should I go look for him? Joe wondered. He was glad he had made David wear the new 80-cubic-foot tank. The kid used air faster, especially when he got excited. His own 72-cubic-foot tank was older, but unlike David's, it had a feature that warned him when he was running out of air. 17. Another minute passed. Could David be stuck inside? Joe wondered. I'd better check. But as he started to pull himself through the hole, his air tank caught on the top of the opening and stuck. 18. Joe pushed and tugged but couldn't get free. Soon he was panting, sucking hard at his mouthpiece, straining for each breath as he struggled. His airflow dwindled. 19. Still wedged in the opening, he reached back over his left shoulder and pulled a valve to free his last 450 pounds of air. Breaths come more easily

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again, but Joe knew he'd be lucky if his air lasted another seven minutes. 20. With a great surge, he broke free and backed out. He trembled from the exertion, sweating despite the cold water. He'd never felt so alone. The question he had been avoiding refused to.

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