

系所組別： 外國語文學系甲組

考試科目： 英文閱讀與評析

考試日期：0219，節次：1

※ 考生請注意：本試題 可 不可 使用計算機**Read, as carefully as you can, Dagoberto Gilb's story, "Hollywood," before you answer the questions.****HOLLYWOOD! By DAGOBERTO GILB**

Santa Monica beach was clean and quiet. The sand was moist, the air cool, the ocean as gentle as a bay, and Luís was happy that he didn't have to pay for the parking.

"The sun's out," he said. "Just look what a pretty day it is."

"It's still cold," Marta told him, making sure he didn't get away with it. She was trying to wrap her sweater around their son Ramón, who wasn't about to cooperate and was about to cry because his mommy wouldn't leave him alone.

"He'll be all right," Luís said to ease her worry. "It's good for him just to get out."

"It's not good for him to catch a cold!" Marta was mad at Luís for insisting that Ramón wouldn't need any more than shorts and a T-shirt at the beach.

"He won't. Look at how happy he is." That was the kind of reasoning Luís liked to use.

Ramón was happy. His plastic grader tore through the sand, slicing out a smooth road for his matchbox-sized cars. He didn't seem the least bit cold.

Marta had learned long ago that she couldn't fight with Luís's logic. She lay down on the old blanket she'd never convinced him to replace, draped the sweater over herself, and looped her arm over her eyes. The sun was out. She felt pained.

Fishing boats bobbed on the near horizon. Helicopters battered the air. Joggers came and went along the wet part of the shore.

"If they worked like us they wouldn't have to run," Luís said of the joggers.

"At least they move to keep warm," Marta shot back.

"We've got the whole beach to ourselves. Think of what memories he'll have."

She scoffed. Ramón's cars vroomed and squealed and crashed into themselves and mounds of sand.

"The beach is so great," Marta shivered. "I can't wait to tell everybody at home what a great experience our first ever vacation was." It was Luís's idea to visit California in the winter because the motels were said to be cheaper and everyone said it was warm anyway.

"He's gonna remember this forever," Luís said. Just to make sure, he went over to his son. "You wanna go see the ocean up close?"

Ramón looked over to his mommy. He seemed to know, even at his very young age, that his daddy didn't always have the best ideas.

Luís picked Ramón up and carried him to the water's edge. "Now those boats out there—they look like the ones you have for your bath, don't they?" Luís felt pretty clever thinking of that. It was always better to describe things to a child in a way he could understand. "Those boats go around and catch fish so that people can eat. It's just like at home at the groves. Except instead of nuts it's fish, like sardines. You know, those fish from those cans your mommy puts in my lunch sometimes."

Ramón seemed to listen and Luís was sure he was getting through to him, and he was determined not to lose the momentum.

"And the seagulls, those birds that are flying around out there, see? See how big they are? Those are called seagulls and they go around and catch fish too, just like those boats, and that's how they live."

Ramón was listening. He was watching the birds.

(背面仍有題目,請繼續作答)

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"The ocean's just like the land. Animals live in it. Men make a living on it the same way I do working in the groves for Mr. Oakes." Luís thought this over and realized he didn't know how to explain himself any better. "The only important thing in life is hard work." That was somehow what he was getting at, and in any case he loved these kinds of statements, and he always sincerely believed them.

Ramón started fidgeting.

"You wanna get down? Okay. You should get your feet wet. These are nice waves . . ."

Now Ramón was crying. The water was very cold and the little waves scared him. He ran up the sand to his mommy.

"Why can't we go to Disneyland?" Marta implored Luís back at the blanket. "It can't cost that much. He would have such a good time, even if it is expensive. I could pay with that money I saved . . ."

"It's not the money."

". . . Or we could leave a day or two earlier, and with the money we save by leaving . . ."

"No."

Marta rolled her eyes and shook her head. It was no use. Even though every little boy and girl dreams of going to Disneyland at least once, Luís had his ideas and this was one of them: it was better for his son to learn the important things first. What would a place like Disneyland teach him besides cartoons? Of course Marta didn't believe him for a second. She knew he was just being cheap.

A couple came wearing bathing suits and left with warmer clothes on. They didn't stay long. A teenage couple came carting a portable stereo with a cassette player. They listened to a tape of Tierra turned up loud and felt each other up. Luís finally couldn't stand it and told them to turn it down and to make their sex private. They left, but once he got a safe distance away the boy yelled something about Luís's mother. Marta laughed. Ramón wanted a hot dog because Luís promised to buy him one the day before.

"They do too sell hot dogs up on that pier," Marta told him. "I saw that man coming down the stairs eating one."

"No they don't," Luis insisted. "Besides, we brought these sandwiches."

"You already told him you would!"

"Hey, look at all the birds landing around us," Luís said to his son, changing the subject.

Ramón stopped whining and looked. They were seagulls and pigeons. They waited in segregated clumps.

"Let's feed them! We can feed them some of the bread!" Luís pinched off chunks of the white bread from his sandwich and threw them at the birds. They squawked and flapped their wings and moved in closer. Ramón watched ecstatically. Seagulls hovered in the air and Luís tossed the balled-up crumbs so they'd catch them there. More gulls flew in from the ocean and more pigeons from the pier, and Ramón threw them pieces of his sandwich too.

Luís tried to show Ramón how to tear little pieces off the bread so he wouldn't go through the sandwiches too quickly, but the boy had already lost control. Pigeons were almost crawling on the blanket, and it seemed all the ocean's gulls waited by him while he talked and laughed, letting the pigeons eat from his hand and making sure each and every seagull got something.

Pleased as he was, Luís was also relieved when the last sandwiches were spared by three high-pitched beeps, and then music and song, which distracted Ramón from the feeding.

"Look!" Marta pointed. "They're making a movie over there on the pier. See the camera?"

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Ramón went back to the birds. Luís looked at the filming area skeptically. Marta demanded that they go see it up close. Luis, watching his son take out another sandwich from a plastic bag, gave in to Marta's wish and waved the birds away.

It was a commercial for A&W root beer but Marta didn't care. This was Hollywood! There were film people standing by electronic machines and under wire cables. There was a fat director, dressed in a casual velour suit, shooting scenes with his noisy hands and arms. There was a cameraman, who wore a cowboy hat, sitting on a rolling lift. And there were handsome young actors and beautiful young actresses and a punk style woman dabbing them with makeup.

"They're all blonds," remarked Luís cynically.

"Those two men on the roller skates have dark hair," Marta corrected him. "And there's a black man."

"Boys. Those are all boys."

First came the beeps, then the music, and then the action: cute, barelegged actresses drank from a can of the soda and expressed amazement and pretended to sing the jingle that screamed out of a speaker in front of them. Other actresses jogged to a stop and one of the actors twirled on his roller skates. They all moved toward a park bench while the camera aimed down and away from the crowded park bench.

They watched the actors do this several times before Luís made the move to another area behind the rope. He didn't like standing near the shirtless blond longhairs with tattoos who, according to Luís, didn't do anything more than smoke marijuana and drink beer.

After a while Luís stopped paying attention. He watched a man below him driving a tractor across the sand. He watched a truck collect the trash from the barrels on the beach. Then a uniformed guard was standing next to him telling him something in English. Luís noticed that the fat director was glaring at him and when he looked to his side for a translation he realized that Marta and Ramón had left him alone. He stiffened until the guard put his hand on his shoulder and slowly drew out the word "move" and pushed Luís further down the rope.

"It's because you were in the picture," Marta explained to him.

Luís still felt like everyone was looking at him. "The boy should be playing on the beach. Maybe he'll want to get wet in the ocean."

Marta frowned. "I want to see this a few more times. He's hungry. Buy him a hot dog."

"There's still two sandwiches," he reminded her.

"He wants a *hot dog*."

Luís wanted to argue, but once Ramón had heard his mommy mention hot dogs, he started whining again. Luís knew it was hopeless. He took his son to the nearby stand.

"One hot dog," Luís told the fry cook.

"The long or the short?" the man said in a hoarse foreign accent. "The sauerkraut, the chili, the cheese?"

Luís stared at him mystified. "I want one hot dog," he said in English.

The man stared back at Luís. "You want the long dog or the regular? You want the chili, or the sauerkraut, or the cheese? You want the plain or the mustard and relish?"

Luís looked down at Ramón in defeat. The fry cook, irritated, started to go over the options again, but before he finished, Ramón, in clear English, told him he would have a regular hot dog with ketchup only.

Luís returned to Marta with the news.

(背面仍有題目,請繼續作答)

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"He watches television, and a lot of his friends talk to him in English," she said, unimpressed. "And when I babysit for Mr. and Mrs. Oakes, the children speak English to him. The Oakes speak Spanish to you, but not to their children.

Luís wished he could talk to either Ramón or Marta on the way back home, but a sore throat and fever kept his son whimpering the whole way and made Marta mad at him. So he drove fourteen straight hours, secretly not unhappy that they were getting back from expensive California two days earlier than they'd planned.

Late the next night, Ramón was tossing and turning on the bed between his mommy and daddy, who had been trying everything to get him to stop his crying.

"He used to go to sleep when you sang to him," Luís reminded Marta.

"Well you see it hasn't been working this time," she said, tired. "Maybe you should tell him one of your stories. Tell him how much money we saved not going to Disneyland."

Luís, as always, ignored her sarcasm. But he liked the idea. He liked to tell what Marta called his stories, and he believed Ramón liked them too, because many times he did go to sleep hearing about the men Luís worked with or the animals they raised or the plants they grew. And, according to Luís, this was good for him since the stories would help him in the future, especially since he went to sleep with them. He considered talking about the wild burros he saw in the Mojave Desert, or those saguaros near Picacho Peak, or the piscadores in the chile fields near the Rio Grande. Any of these could have worked.

"Remember when we were at the ocean, where the waves ran up your legs? And the helicopters, and those fishing boats?"

Ramón stopped whimpering.

"Remember those birds that flew around those boats, and how they all flew onto the beach when you and I started feeding them bread?"

Ramón seemed to listen, was quiet. Already Luís felt a little like gloating to Marta, who'd rolled her head over to watch. "Those birds make their life there, mijo, and with their wings . . ."

But suddenly Ramón lost interest. He turned to his mommy and cried about the sore throat and how hot he was. Luís was truly disappointed.

Luís and Marta stared up at the darkness toward their small bedroom ceiling. There were crickets outside, and they could hear a hard breeze rustle the trees and bushes around their house and a tumbleweed scraping against the back door screen. A cat yowled louder than the boy and that was comforting to them both.

Marta hummed a few unmelodic notes. "How did that go?" she asked Luís softly. "A and double U . . ."

Luís didn't know the words, but he tried to remember the music to the jingle. They'd heard it a dozen times or more, but things like this didn't stay with him.

"A and double U root beer . . ." she whispered, hoping that maybe Ramón had finally fallen asleep because he wasn't crying. Marta kept trying. Luís would tell her when she didn't have it, which was every time.

Then Ramón, with his eyes barely open, sang the first words just loud enough for them all to hear.

Luís couldn't believe it. Marta laughed. She sang: "A and double U tastes so fine, sends a thrill up my spine! Taste that frosty mug sensation--uuu!" And she laughed again, hummed the rest of it, laughing still more, and Ramón fell asleep as she sang it over and over to taunt Luís, who this night was happy to lose the battle.

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MULTIPLE-CHOICE AND ESSAY QUESTIONS****Section I: Multiple-Choice Questions: 20%**

Put down on the answer sheet the correct answers to the following questions

1. The beach where Luis, Manta, and Ramon are vacationing is
 - A) cloudy.
 - B) dirty and noisy.
 - C) crowded
 - D) cool
2. Luis says the most important thing in life is
 - A) money
 - B) reputation.
 - C) Love
 - D) hardwork
3. On the pier, what is happening?
 - A) People are having a dance party.
 - B) People are fishing.
 - C) A commercial is being filmed.
 - D) A movie is being filmed.
4. The scene at the hot dog stand illustrates that
 - A) Ramon is becoming Americanized and Luis is not.
 - B) Luis hates American food.
 - C) Luis is becoming Americanized and Ramon is not.
 - D) Marta is becoming Americanized and Ramon is not.
5. How does Ramon finally fall asleep?
 - A) by riding in the car
 - B) by his father's telling stories
 - C) by remembering Disneyland
 - D) by his mother singing a commercial jingle

Section II: Essay Questions: 80% (50 points for Question 1 and 30 points for Question 2)

Please be reminded that, when you write your short answers, you need to develop your answers by making specific reference to the story itself. As you write, remember your answers will be graded based on whether you can offer perceptive analysis of the text, how well you organize and support your ideas, and, most importantly, if you have the ability to write clear, precise, and graceful English.

Question 1: Explain and discuss the conflict in culture and language in the story. Cite as much textual evidence to support your argument as possible. (50%)

Question 2: Has a change occurred in Luis so that "he was happy to lose the battle"? Why should he happy to "lose the battle"? Discuss what symbolic significance, both personal and collective, there is in Luis's final gesture of resignation. Explain your answer. (30%)