

现代大学英语精读第一册Unit08 PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/234/2021_2022__E7_8E_B0_E4_BB_A3_E5_A4_A7_E5_c82_234043.htm Lesson Eight TEXT A
My personal Manager Margaret Goff Clark Pre-class Work I Read the text once for the main idea. Do not refer to the notes, dictionaries or the glossary yet. Im getting a great idea," Carlos said to me. We were standing on the steps outside Galeton High. It was one of those golden days in late October. "Why not let me be your manager? I can promise youll soon be cool, pretty, and popular." "You sound like a soap commercial, " I said. "Its funny you should say that. It is pretty close to my aim in life. Im going be a promotion man. I may be short, but I can promote big things." "Like me." Which is how little Carlos Herrera took me and turned me into, well The first time I saw Carlos I would never have believed he was going to change my life. I had my arms full of books and I was tearing into the classroom when I ran into something solid. It was Carlos. He looked up at me. "My, youre tall," he said. Of course, the class began to laugh. Angry, I walked to my seat without a word. I glanced back to see if Reed Harrington was laughing with the rest. That would be the last straw. But Reed was studying chemistry and did not seem to be aware of anything else. I didnt know why I considered Reed my friend. Maybe just because he was a good two inches taller than I. Anyway, every time I blew out my birthday candles and made a wish, it was for a date with Reed Harrington. I came back to earth to see the cocky newcomer standing in front of Mr. McCarthys desk. He was telling

him that his name was Carlos Herrera and that he had moved to Galeton from New York. "Take that seat," Mr. McCarthy told Carlos, pointing to the only empty one, in the back of the room. Carlos grinned. "But I need a couple of dictionaries." Again the class laughed, but now they were laughing with Carlos, not at him. He had been here only 10 minutes and already he had them on his side. The bell rang for classes. As I stood up to go I saw Carlos coming toward me. "I'm sorry I embarrassed you," he said. I looked straight ahead over the top of his black hair. "That's all right." "I ought to know better." He was still blocking my way. "What's your name?" "Karen Forbes." "You probably heard me say, I'm Carlos Herrera." He held out his hand. Unwillingly, I shook hands with him. He looked up at me seriously with his brown eyes. "I don't see why you're so touchy." I brushed by him and said sharply, "You wouldn't understand." He followed me a few steps. "I'm just the one who should, Karen," he said. "You and I have a lot in common." It was the school elections that made me think of Carlos again. They were held the last of October. Reed Harrington was voted president and Carlos vice-president. "How come?" I kept asking myself. "How come this shrimp who's only been in town for a little over a month gets to be so popular?" So on that perfect October morning, I stopped Carlos and said, point blank, "It doesn't seem to bother you being short, I mean." He looked up at me. "Of course I mind being short. I get a stiff neck every day from looking up at people like you." "I might have known I couldn't get a sensible answer from you." I started up the steps. "Hey, don't go away. Please." I stopped. Carlos was through kidding.

"Sure, it bothers me, being knee-high to a flea. But there isn't anything I can do about it. When I realized I was going to have to spend my life in this undersized skin, I just decided to make the best of it and concentrate on being myself." "You seem to get along great," I admitted. "But what about me? No boy wants to date a girl taller than he is." "The trouble with you is you're afraid to be yourself. You're smart. And you could be pretty. In fact, you might be more than pretty." I felt myself turning red. "I am getting a great idea," said Carlos, and right then he suggested being my manager. I wasn't sure. "Well" "Look," He almost fell off the steps in his eagerness, "Prize fighters have managers. And movie stars. Besides, what have you got to lose?" I shrugged. "OK." Soon after that, he had my new life planned. I was to let my hair grow, wear a fitted sweater and neat skirt, and lift my head and say "Hi" to everyone. I was to volunteer to work on the school paper and go out for dramatics. "Dramatics!" I protested. "I can't act. And anyway, they don't have parts for giants." "You won't be alone," he told me. "I, too, am joining the Dramatics Club." Four months went by four months of being almost a puppet, with Carlos pulling the strings. Then one day, he told me about his latest brain wave. It seemed my acting career was about to burst into flower with the lead part in a play Carlos had dug up. It was about a six-foot model who! falls in love with a jockey. "You, I suppose, are the jockey," I said. He grinned. "No way," I said. "That story has been done so many times it has lost its humor. The coach would never let us put on a play like that." "That's where you're wrong, Karen," said Carlos. "It's all arranged and that plot is still funny." "But

I dont want to be funny," I groaned. Carlos gave me a pleading look. "Karen, Ive never asked you for a thing for myself, have I ?" He hadnt. "And now, I want you to do this for me. I want to play that jockey. And we cant do this play without you in it." What could I do? He had given hoursmonthsto me. I knew it was the most foolish move of my life, but I said yes. I could not put my heart into that play. It was pure nonsense from beginning to end. The tall model and the jockey were in every foolish situation ever invented. The night of the play I felt lowest of all. I didnt see how I could go out on that stage and make a laughing stock of myself right in front of my parents and Reed Harrington. "I cant do it," I groaned to Carlos. He reached up and patted me on the back. "Stage fright. All the best actors have it. You11 be fine." I could see he could hardly wait for the curtains to open. His brown eyes, shining with eagerness. I had to go through with it for him. "Im with you, " I said, "to the end." Carlos took my hand in both of his. "Well celebrate after the play. OK, Karen?" I managed to smile down at him. "Its a date." The band stopped playing, and the curtains opened. Carlos as the jockey and I, the model, were seated at a table. From our talk the audience could tell we were falling in love. There was no comedy yet. Then as we stood up the awful difference in our sizes became clear. There was a chuckle all over the auditorium. Carlos wanted to kiss me good-bye, but he couldnt reach my face. I bent over and he stood on tiptoe to give me a peck on the chin. A shout of laughter burst from hundreds of throats. I walked off the stage with an exaggerated models walk. More laughs. From then on I let loose and acted for all I was worth.

Carlos was better than ever, and so was the rest of the cast. Again and again we had to hold up our lines while the people laughed. As the curtains closed, Carlos threw his arms around my waist. "You were terrific!" he said. "Bend over and I'll give you a kiss." The house lights went up and people began pouring backstage to congratulate us. Mother and Dad were flushed and happy looking. "I'm proud of you, dear," Mother said. Mobs of my friends crowded around, but I was looking for one person who would tower above the others. At last he came. "You're a real comedian," he said, taking my hand and looking me straight in the eyes. Then he cleared his throat. "I was wondering that is, if you don't have something else planned, would you go out with me for something to eat?" Here it was at last my chance. But somehow, now that I had the chance, I knew there was something more important than going out with Reed. "Thank you," I said, smiling at him. "Some other time I'd love to, but tonight I have a date with Carlos." 100Test 下载频道开通，各类考试题目直接下载。详细请访问 www.100test.com