

现代大学英语精读第一册Unit07 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\\_234044.htm](https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/234/2021_2022__E7_8E_B0_E4_BB_A3_E5_A4_A7_E5_c82_234044.htm) Lesson Seven TEXT A Mandelas Garden Nelson Mandela Pre-class Work I Read the text once for the main idea. Do not refer to the notes dictionaries or the glossary yet. In early 1977, the authorities announced the end of manual labor and arranged some type of work for us to do in the courtyard, so we could spend our days in our section. The end of manual labor was liberating. I could now spend the day reading, writing letters, discussing issues with my comrades, or preparing legal documents. The free time also allowed me to pursue what became two of my favorite hobbies on Robben Island: gardening and tennis. To survive in prison, one must develop ways to take satisfaction in ones daily life. One can feel fulfilled by washing ones clothes so that they are particularly clean, by sweeping a hallway so that it is empty of dust, by organizing ones cell to save as much space as possible. Just as one takes pride in important tasks outside of prison, one can find the same pride in doing small things inside prison. "Almost from the beginning of my sentence on Robben Island, I asked the authorities for permission to start a garden in the courtyard. For years, they refused without offering a reason. But eventually they gave in, and we were able to cut out a small garden on a narrow patch of earth against the far wall. The soil in the courtyard was dry and rocky. The courtyard had been constructed over a garbage dump, and in order to start my garden, I had to remove a great many rocks to allow the

plants room to grow. At the time, some of my comrades joked that I was a miner at heart, for I spent my days in a wasteland and my free time digging in the courtyard. The authorities supplied me with seeds. I at first planted tomatoes, chilies, and onions hardy plants that did not require rich earth or constant care. The early harvests were poor, but they soon improved. The authorities did not regret giving permission, for once the garden began to flourish, I often provided the warders with some of my best tomatoes and onions. While I have always enjoyed gardening, it was not until I was behind bars that I was able to tend my own garden. My first experience in the garden was at Fort Hare where, as part of the university's manual labor requirement, I worked in one of my professors gardens and enjoyed the contact with the soil as an alternative to my intellectual labors. Once I was in Johannesburg studying and then working, I had neither the time nor the space to start a garden. I began to order books on gardening. I studied different gardening techniques and types of fertilizers. I did not have many of the materials that the books discussed, but I learned through trial and error. For a time, I attempted to grow peanuts, and used different soils and fertilizers, but finally I gave up. It was one of my few failures. A garden was one of the few things in prison that one could control. To plant a seed, watch it grow, to tend it and then harvest it, offered a simple but enduring satisfaction. The sense of being the owner of the small patch of earth offered a small taste of freedom. In some ways, I saw the garden as a metaphor for certain aspects of my life. Leaders must also look after their gardens. they, too, plant seeds, and then watch,

cultivate, and harvest the results. Like gardeners, leaders must take responsibility for what they cultivate. they must mind their work, try to drive back enemies, save what can be saved, and eliminate what cannot succeed. I wrote Winnie two letters about a particularly beautiful tomato plant, how I made it grow from a tender seedling to a strong plant that produced deep red fruit. But then, either through some mistake or lack of care, the plant began to wither and decline, and nothing I did would bring it back to health. When it finally died, I removed the roots from the soil, washed them, and buried them in a corner of the garden. I told her this small story at great length. I do not know what she read into that letter, but when I wrote it I had a mixture of feelings: I did not want our relationship to go the way of that plant, and yet I felt that I had been unable to nourish many of the most important relationships in my life. Sometimes there is nothing one can do to save something that must die. 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](http://www.100test.com)