

平成 17 年度入学者選抜学力検査問題

英 語

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2. 解答は解答用紙に書きなさい。解答用紙は 3 枚です。監督者から解答を始めるよう合図があったら、3 枚とも、まず最初に解答用紙の上部の所定欄に受験番号と座席番号を、また、下部の所定欄には座席番号をそれぞれ必ず記入しなさい。
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4. この冊子は全部で 12 頁からなります。落丁、乱丁または印刷の不備なものがあったら申し出てください。
5. 退室の際には、解答用紙は記入の有無にかかわらず、机の上に置いておきなさい。持ち帰ってはいけません。
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I 次の文章を読み、問1～問7の設問に答えなさい。なお、解答に字数制限がある場合は、句読点を字数に含めます。(配点比率 35%)

As soon as Tamara Rabi arrived at Hofstra University, she noticed the bizarre behavior. People she had never laid eyes on would smile, wave and greet her as if they knew her. When Tamara stared back, blankly, they would walk away. A few friends claimed to have spotted someone who looked just like her. Someone else with long dark hair, she figured.

Then Justin Latorre, a friend of a friend, showed up at her 20th birthday party and could not stop staring. Tamara, he said, looked just like his friend Adriana Scott. As the other guests dug into ice cream cake, Justin asked Tamara questions. Like Adriana, he learned, Tamara was adopted. Both girls were born in Mexico. And they even had the same birthday.

Thus began the real-life fairy tale. Adriana, raised Roman Catholic in a house with a beautiful white fence in Valley Stream, on Long Island, and Tamara, raised Jewish in an apartment near the American Museum of Natural History on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, really *are* twins. Because of a <sup>(1)</sup> problem in the adoption process, they were separated at birth.

The twins' adoptive fathers both died of cancer, one of several similar things that have happened to them in their separate lives. Neither knew she had a twin sister, and Tamara's adoptive mother also did not know. Adriana's adoptive mother knew, but did not know how to find her daughter's twin.

With Justin's help, Tamara and Adriana had their first contact — electronically — a few evenings after the birthday party. The two exchanged instant messages on their computers: Tamara was in her dorm room at Hofstra, with two friends by her side; Adriana was at home, with her mother. They learned that both were 5-foot-3¾, and that Tamara loves Chinese food, and Adriana doesn't.

Adriana's mother watched the instant messages fill the screen and she

remembered how hard it had been to come back home from Mexico 20 years ago, bringing their new baby daughter with them but leaving her twin behind. They'd wanted to adopt both girls, but the rules of the Mexican adoption system made that impossible. Was this girl — Tamara from Hofstra — really that girl?

Adriana's mother knew only one thing about the other baby — that she had been adopted either by a rabbi, a Jewish religious leader, or by a family named Rabi. So, as she stared at the computer screen, she told Adriana to ask Tamara's last name.

"Rabi," came the reply.

"When I saw it coming up on the Internet, that last name, I thought, 'Oh, my gosh, this is it,'" Adriana's mother said.

For Tamara, that same feeling came when Adriana sent a picture of herself by e-mail. Had it not been for the straightened teeth and the absence of a small scar near the right eyebrow, it could have been a snapshot of Tamara herself.<sup>(2)</sup>

"The picture came up and we were totally astonished," said Christie Lothrop, 19, one of Tamara's roommates who was standing next to her. "We didn't know what to do."

The twins agreed to meet the following Sunday in a McDonald's parking lot near Hofstra, a world away from the Guadalajara hospital where they had last been together. Tamara brought two friends; Adriana, who is a junior at nearby Adelphi University, brought one.

On the way, each twin panicked and suggested turning around. The friends would not have it.<sup>(3)</sup> Identical twins separated at birth find each other on Long Island and then avoid their reunion? Forget about it.

Soon they were face to face, sisters who had grown up thinking they were each an only child. "I'm just standing there looking at her," Adriana recalled. "It was a shock. I saw me."

The group went somewhere else for lunch, where the twins sat side by side eating some chicken as their friends were struck by the similarities in their expressions, their gestures and how both rested for a few minutes mid meal, then resumed eating.

Later that day, at the Scotts' house, Tamara had trouble tearing her eyes away from the life she might have led.<sup>(4)</sup> There she was — well, Adriana, really, but it looked like her — captured on a family videotape. When Tamara finished a sentence with, “and, dah dah dah dah dah,” Adriana’s mother burst out laughing. It sounded so familiar.

Still giddy, the twins and their friends drove into Manhattan to meet Tamara’s mother, who, because she’d never known her daughter had a twin, had her doubts about the entire story. Those doubts disappeared when her daughter walked in with a look-alike clutching childhood photos.<sup>(5)</sup> “It was just incredible,” Tamara’s mother said. “You just blink your eyes and say, ‘This can’t be real.’ ”

The following weeks were a whirl of breathless e-mail, eye-popping surprises and constant retellings to anyone who would listen, which meant everyone. The twins paraded each other through their respective campuses, and to their part-time jobs. A Hofstra student interviewed Tamara for a class assignment, and a senior communications major asked to do his final project on the twins.

But the twins and their mothers have also experienced other emotions, subtleties that those on the listening end of their story could not be expected to quite understand. What, after all, is the “right” reaction when you are an only child who suddenly has a twin sister with your voice, your olive skin and even a pair of silver earrings similar to yours? And as a widowed mother, how do you feel watching your only child bond with a sister?

From the start, Adriana said that finding a twin was a dream come true. In the weeks after their first meeting, she called Tamara often and invited her

to parties, or announced that she was near Hofstra and wondered if Tamara wanted her to stop by. She placed a picture of both of them in a silver frame decorated with the word “sisters” that she had bought for a photograph of her all-female school club. She gave Tamara an identical frame. For Tamara, though, life was more complicated. Her adoptive father had just died, about three weeks before the big reunion. Finding Adriana was, at first, a joyous experience. But the grief was still raw, and soon she felt overwhelmed.

<sup>(6)</sup> Tamara did not always return her sister’s calls, and she declined more invitations than she accepted. “It was hard to find out how to have a sister in your life when you’ve never had one,” she said. “We’re not as close as people feel we should be.”<sup>(7)</sup>

Slowly, hesitantly, and sometimes still giddily, they are getting there, settling into their strange unexpected sisterhood.

問 1 下線部(1)の内容を具体的に説明しなさい(30字以内)。

問 2 下線部(2)について、次の英語の質問に英語で答えなさい(20語以内)。

How were Tamara and Adriana different in appearance?

問 3 下線部(3)は具体的にどういうことを表していますか(40字以内)。

問 4 なぜ Tamara は下線部(4)のような状態になったのですか(40字以内)。

問 5 下線部(5)を日本語に訳しなさい。

問 6 下線部(6)は具体的にどういうことを表していますか(30字以内)。

問 7 下線部(7)を日本語に訳しなさい。

**II** 次の文章を読み、問1～問5の設問に答えなさい。なお、解答に字数制限がある場合は、句読点を字数に含めます。(配点比率30%)

September 11 is my eldest child's birthday. When he drove cross-country this spring and got stopped for speeding on a couple of stretches of monotonous highway, two traffic policemen in two different states said more or less the same thing as they looked down at his license: "Aw, man, you were really born on 9/11?" Maybe it was coincidence, but in both cases he got a warning <sup>(1)</sup> instead of a ticket.

Who are we now? A people who manage to get by with the help of the everyday, the ordinary, the old familiar life muting the terror of the new reality. The day approaching will always be split in two for me: part September 11, the anniversary of one of the happiest days of my life, and part 9/11, the day America's mind shook, its spine stiffened, and its heart broke.

That is how the country is now, split in two. The American people used their own simple routines to soften the horror they felt looking at that unforgettable loop of tape—the plane, the flames, the plane, the fire, the falling bodies, the falling buildings. Amid the fear and the shock there were babies to be fed, dogs to be walked, jobs to be done. After the first months almost no one bought gas masks anymore; fewer people than expected in New York City asked for the counseling that had been provided as part of the official response. Slowly the planes filled up again. A kind of sleep-like condition prevailed, and these were the words used to induce the happy daze: Life goes on.

Who are we now? We are better people than we were before. <sup>(2)</sup> That's what the optimists say, soothed by the vision of those standing in line to give blood and money and time at the outset, vowing to stop and smell the flowers as the weeks ticked by. We are people living in a world of cruelty and savagery. So say the pessimists. The realists insist that both are right, and, as always, they

are correct.

We are people whose powers of imagination have been challenged by the revelations of the careful planning, the hidden leaders, the plotting from within a country of destroyed buildings and caves and desperate want, the willingness to slam headlong into one great technological achievement while piloting another as a way of despising modernity. Why do they hate us? some asked afterward, and many Americans were outraged at the question, confusing the search for motivation with the lessening of pain. But quietly, as routine returned, a new routine based on the loss of innocence and loss of life, a new question crept almost undetected into the national mind: Did we hate ourselves? Had we become a people who confused prosperity with integrity, whose culture had become associated with oversized sneakers and Kentucky Fried Chicken? Our own individual transformations made each of us wonder what our legacy would be if we left the world on a sunny September day with a to-do list floating down eighty stories to the street below.

So we looked at our lives a little harder, called our friends a little more often, hugged our kids a little tighter. And then we complained about the long lines at the airports. Time passed. The blade dulled. The edges softened.<sup>(3)</sup> Except, of course, for those who lived through birthdays, anniversaries, holidays, without someone lost in the cloud of silvery dust, those families the living embodiment of what the whole nation had first felt and then learned not to feel.

We are people of two minds now, the one that looks forward and the one that unwillingly and unexpectedly flashes back. Flying over lower Manhattan, the passengers instinctively lean toward the skyline below, looking for ghost buildings. "Is everything back to normal?" someone asked me in another country not long ago, and I said yes. And no.<sup>(4)</sup> The closest I could come to describing what I felt was to describe a bowl I had broken in two and beautifully mended. It holds everything it once did; the crack is scarcely

visible. But I always know it's there. My eye worries about it without even meaning to.

On September 10 of last year, my daughter and I went to the funeral of a neighbor we both loved greatly. We rushed home so I could go to the hospital, where my closest friend had just had serious surgery. Someone else took the cat to the animal doctor after we discovered that he was poisoned and was near death. That night, as my daughter got ready for bed I said to her, without the slightest hint of exaggeration, "Don't worry, honey. We'll never again have a day as bad as this one."

Who are we now? We are people who know that we never understood what "bad day" meant until that morning that cracked our world cleanly in two, that day that made two days, September 11 and 9/11. The monstrous and the ordinary. "Tell me how do you live brokenhearted?" Bruce Springsteen sings on his new album about the consequences of the tragedy. September 11 is my boy's birthday. 9/11 is something else. That is the way we have to live, or we cannot really go on living at all.

問 1 下線部(1)について、何が偶然の一致だと言っていますか(35字以内)。

問 2 下線部(2)について、次の英語の質問に英語で答えなさい(15語以内)。

Why do optimists say, "We are better people than we were before"?

問 3 下線部(3)は具体的にどのようなことを意味していますか(30字以内)。

問 4 下線部(4)のように答えた理由は何ですか(35字以内)。

問 5 この文章における September 11 と 9/11 というそれぞれの表記に意味された内容を説明しなさい(それぞれ 25 字以内)。

Ⅲ 次の文章を読み、問1～問8の設問に答えなさい。なお、解答に字数制限がある場合は、句読点を字数に含めます。(配点比率 35%)

Headlights swept the house as the taxi turned out of the driveway. David Ponder stood alone on his front lawn looking at the home where he and his wife, Ellen, had lived for more than twenty years. David lowered himself onto the grass. A sick feeling came over him as he felt panic enter his very soul. Like a snake moving up David's back and wrapping itself around his throat, it wasn't a quick, terrible attack, but a slow gripping realization that life, as he knew it, was over. He was forty-six years old. He had no job. He had no money. He had no purpose.

A short time later, David stood in the doorway of his daughter's room. It had literally been a month since he'd seen her awake. Lately, his work schedule had been extremely busy. As a final effort to save his employer from a takeover of control of the business, he often left home before daylight and rarely returned until well after his family had gone to bed. Several times during the past few weeks, he had not come home at all.

David gently placed his briefcase next to the dresser and moved toward the bed. His only child's breathing seemed loud in the quiet room. Sinking to his knees, David reached out to stroke her hair. It was so soft. The Cinderella nightlight she'd cherished since her fourth Christmas cast an angelic glow on her perfect face. Jennifer Christine Ponder. "My little Jenny," he murmured. David remembered the very moment she had been born ... twelve years ago today. He glanced at the clock on the nightstand: 2:18 A.M. *Okay*, he thought disgustedly, *so it was twelve years ago* <sup>(1)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ . A tear slipped down his cheek.

"David?" It was Ellen. Moving into the room, she touched his shoulder. "I thought I heard you come in. Is everything all right?"

David looked up into his wife's face. Her hair was a mess from sleeping, and of course, she had on no makeup. She wore a long white T-shirt that

contrasted with her medium-length dark hair. Her brown eyes were sleepy, but she was as beautiful to him as the day they had met twenty-five years ago.

Ellen knelt beside her husband. With her fingers, she brushed the hair from his forehead.

“David,” she said again, “are you all right?”

He took her hand in both of his, brought it to his lips, and said simply, “No.”

At 5:00 A.M., Ellen lay asleep on her side with her head on David’s chest. David was on his back, wondering how she could possibly sleep. He wasn’t sure if he’d ever sleep again. For almost two hours, he’d told Ellen everything that had happened that evening.

Late that afternoon, David and a team of management personnel had gathered in the executive conference room. By five, they had begun working the phones, feverishly asking for stockholder support. It was a desperate attempt to prevent a hostile buyout by a gigantic corporation. Final notice reached the conference room shortly before midnight. Despite their best efforts — tears, pleas, prayers, and curses — the takeover had been completed. All executive positions at the plant were terminated effective immediately.

A security guard had entered David’s office less than fifteen minutes after the phone call and offered to help clean out his desk. Within the hour, David <sup>(2)</sup> was at the guard house near the plant entrance, waiting for a taxi. After twenty-three years of service, David had been asked to return the key to his <sup>(3)</sup> office, the key to the gym, and the key to his company car.

As he lay awake, David thought about his life. He and Ellen had met the day after both graduated from Iowa State University. David had a degree in business and was determined to be successful working at a first-rank company, while Ellen, with her degree in education, wanted to teach. For two years they dated. People often asked if they were brother and sister. David’s height was

their only difference. He, at six-foot-two, was taller than she, but the dark hair, brown eyes, and thin body type gave them a similar look.

They would have been married sooner had it not been for David's  
(4) insistence on finding a career job before settling down. He worked in his father's shoe store temporarily while sending out job applications all over the country. Ellen had already been teaching fifth grade for almost a year when David was accepted as a management trainee for a chemical company in Dallas. They were married almost immediately.

David became absorbed in his work. He felt that he had found a position that would allow him to be in control of his family's future. Ellen enjoyed teaching and taught right up until Jenny was born and then never went back.  
(5) Financially, the family struggled a bit on one income, but it was a sacrifice they were willing to make to have one parent at home full time for their daughter.

"Ellen," David said as he squeezed her arm.

"What, honey?" she whispered.

"Is Jenny mad at me?"

"What?" Ellen asked.

"Is Jenny mad because I missed her birthday?"

Ellen put her arms around David. "No, honey. Jenny is fine."

"I'm pretty mad about it, you know ... honey ... Ellen?"

David sighed. Ellen had already drifted back to sleep. The world could be coming to an end, and Ellen would have no problem sleeping. He never understood how she did that. She usually laughed and said she knew he'd always take care of her. *If that is true*, David thought, *how is she sleeping now?* Isn't it obvious that I am failing miserably in my responsibility in that  
(6) regard?

Staring into the darkness, David remembered walking the moonlit beach on the island of St. John. Their honeymoon to the Caribbean had been a gift

from her parents. Ellen's dad owned a lawn care business and had insisted on using some of his savings for the honor of beginning his daughter's marriage in a special way. And it was special. They walked on the beach and talked for hours. At one point, David remembered, he had taken Ellen's face in his hands and said, "I promise you everything," and she had not laughed. He had been serious, and she knew it.

For more than ten years they prayed for a child, and when Jenny came along, their lives seemed complete. David put his energy and focus into providing a home and lifestyle in which his family would prosper. But his work at the plant, while it did provide a living, never seemed to provide a life. As David told a friend one day, "I'm working so hard to live where we want to live that I don't actually get to live there."<sup>(7)</sup>

As the years passed their savings were slowly used up. A computer business David put together with an old college friend was gone in two years, and rising interest rates had soured their real estate investments. Subsequently, the college fund that had been started for Jenny when she was born was used to put braces on her teeth only six months ago. David tried vainly to recall if the price he had paid the dentist covered everything. *Funny, the things one thinks about at a time like this*, David thought. *If I haven't already paid for having them removed, Jenny just might be wearing braces when she's thirty.*

David's mind drifted back to the beach on St. John. "I promise you everything," he had said. He felt very sick to his stomach. David looked at Ellen, still sleeping peacefully beside him. *I promised you everything*, he thought, *and now I've provided nothing.* Quickly, David got out of bed, stumbled to the bathroom, and threw up.

Around seven, Ellen woke up alone. Putting on her housecoat and slippers, she went into the kitchen where she found her husband sitting at the breakfast table. It seemed strange to her to see him in jeans and a T-shirt.

(8)

For years David had been the first one awake in their family, and by this time, he had always been ready to walk out the door in a suit and tie. It was obvious to Ellen that he had not slept at all. “Good morning, dear,” she said.

“Jenny’s not up yet,” David said. “Coffee’s made.”

She looked at him for a moment. “David,” she said, “everything will be fine.” He turned and stared out the window into the backyard. “David,” she said again, “everything is going to be okay. We’ve been through tough times before.”

問 1 下線部(1)に適切な単語を 1 語入れなさい。

問 2 下線部(2)は具体的にどんな内容を告げる電話でしたか(15 字以内)。

問 3 下線部(3)はどんな内容を表していますか(20 字以内)。

問 4 下線部(4)を日本語に訳しなさい。

問 5 下線部(5)のような選択をした理由は何ですか(35 字以内)。

問 6 下線部(6)について、次の英語の質問に英語で答えなさい(15 語以内)。

David thought, *Isn't it obvious that I am failing miserably in my responsibility in that regard?* Why did David ask himself that question?

問 7 下線部(7)はどのような状態を表していますか(45 字以内)。

問 8 下線部(8)のように Ellen が思った理由は何ですか(40 字以内)。