

平成 18 年度前期日程入学試験学力検査問題

平成 18 年 2 月 25 日

外 国 語 (英語)

英 語 1～16 ページ

志望学部	試 験 科 目	試 験 時 間
工 学 部	英語	10:00～11:40 (100分)
工学部以 外の学部	英語, ドイツ語, フ ランス語のうちから 1科目選択	

- ・ドイツ語, フランス語の問題冊子は, 出願時に, それぞれの科目を希望した者に配付します。
- ・問題冊子をみてから科目を変更する者は, 申し出ること。

注 意 事 項

1. 試験開始の合図があるまで, この問題冊子, 答案紙を開いてはいけない。
2. この問題冊子は, 16 ページである。問題冊子の白紙のページや問題の余白は草案のために使用してよい。なお, ページの脱落, 印刷不鮮明の箇所などがあった場合には申し出ること。
3. 解答は, 必ず黒鉛筆(シャープペンシルも可)で記入し, ボールペン・万年筆などを使用してはいけない。
4. 答案紙の受験記号番号欄(1枚につき2か所)には, 忘れずに受験票と同じ受験記号番号を記入すること。
5. 解答は, 必ず答案紙の指定された箇所に記入すること。
6. 答案紙は, 持ち帰ってはいけない。
7. 試験終了後, この問題冊子は持ち帰ること。

英 語

I 次の英文を読み、下の問いに答えなさい。

The world around us seems to be a complex place. Although there are some simple truths that seem to be eternal (apples always fall to the ground, not to the sky; the Sun rises in the east, never in the west), our lives, in spite of modern technology, are still, all too often, at the (ア) of complicated processes that produce dramatic changes out of the blue. Weather forecasting is still as (①) an art as a science; earthquakes and volcanic eruptions strike unpredictably, and seemingly at random; stock-market fluctuations continue to produce boom and bust with no obvious pattern to them.

From the time of Galileo, science made progress — enormous progress — largely by (イ) these complexities, and focusing on the simple questions, looking to explain why apples fall to the ground, and why the Sun rises in the east. Progress was (②) spectacular, indeed, that by about the middle of the twentieth century all the simple questions had been answered. Concepts such as the general theory of relativity and quantum mechanics explained the overall workings of the Universe on the very large and very small scales respectively, while the discovery of the structure of DNA and the way in which it is copied from generation to generation made life itself, and evolution, seem simple at the molecular level. And yet, the complexity of the world at the human level — at the level of life — remained. The most interesting question of all, the question of how life could have emerged from non-life, remained unanswered.

It is no surprise that the most complex features of the Universe, which proved most reluctant to yield to the traditional methods of scientific investigation, should exist on our scale. Indeed, we may be the most complex things there are in the Universe. The reason is that on smaller scales entities such as individual atoms behave in a relatively simple way in their one-to-one interactions, and that complicated and interesting things are produced when many atoms are linked together in complicated and interesting ways, to make

things like people. But this process cannot continue indefinitely, since if more
(C) and more atoms are joined together, their total mass increases to the point where
gravity crushes all the interesting structure out of existence. An atom, or even a
simple molecule like water, is simpler than a human being because it has
(ウ) internal structure; a star, or the interior of a planet, is simpler than a
human being because gravity crushes any structure out of existence. And that is
why science can tell us more about the behavior of atoms and the internal
workings of the stars (③) it can about the way people behave.

注 stock-market fluctuations 株式市場の変動

quantum mechanics 量子力学

molecule 分子

問 1 下線部(A), (B)を日本語に訳しなさい。

問 2 下線部(C)の内容を日本語で説明しなさい。

問 3 空欄(ア)~(ウ)に入れるのに最も適切な語を、それぞれ次の(a)~(d)から選び、記号で答えなさい。

- (ア) (a) edge (b) end (c) mercy (d) risk
(イ) (a) decreasing (b) ignoring (c) increasing (d) respecting
(ウ) (a) complicated (b) dynamic (c) little (d) small

問 4 空欄①~③に最も適切な1語を入れなさい。

II 次の英文を読み、下の問いに答えなさい。

Picture, in your mind, the face of the waiter or waitress who served you the last time you ate at a restaurant. Any stranger whom you've seen recently will do. Now, if I were to ask you to pick that person out of a police lineup, could you do it? I suspect you could. Recognizing someone's face is a classic example of ^(A)unconscious cognition. We don't have to think about it. Faces just pop into our minds. But suppose I were to ask you to take a pen and paper and write down in as much detail as you can what your person looks like. Describe her face. What color was her hair? What was she wearing? Was she wearing any jewelry? Believe it or not, you will now do a lot worse at picking that face out of a lineup. This is because the act of describing a face has the effect of impairing your ^(B)otherwise effortless ability to recognize that face.

^(B)The psychologist Jonathan W. Schooler, who pioneered research on this effect, calls it verbal overshadowing. Your brain has a part ^(C)(the left hemisphere) that thinks in words, and a part (the right hemisphere) that thinks in pictures, and what happened when you described the face in words was that your actual visual memory was displaced. Your thinking was bumped from the right to the left hemisphere. When you were faced with the lineup the second ^(D)time around, what you were drawing on was your memory of what you *said* the waitress looked like, not your memory of what you *saw* she looked like. And that is a problem because when it comes to faces, we are an awful lot better at visual recognition than we are at verbal description. If I were to show you a picture of Marilyn Monroe or Albert Einstein, you'd recognize both faces in a fraction of a second. My guess is that right now you can "see" them both almost perfectly in your imagination. But how accurately can you describe them? If you wrote a paragraph on Marilyn Monroe's face, without telling me whom you were writing about, could I guess who it was? We all have an instinctive memory for faces. But by forcing you to verbalize that memory — to explain yourself — I separate

you from those instincts.

Recognizing faces sounds like a very specific process, but Schooler has shown that the implications of verbal overshadowing carry over to the way we solve much broader problems. Consider the following puzzle:

A man and his son are in a serious car accident. The father is killed, and the son is rushed to the emergency room. Upon arrival, the attending doctor looks at the child and gasps, "This child is my son!"
Who is the doctor?

This is an insight puzzle. It's not like a math or a logic problem that can be worked out systematically with pencil and paper. The only way you can get the answer is if it comes to you suddenly in the blink of an eye. You need to make a leap beyond the automatic assumption that doctors are always men. They aren't always, of course. The doctor is the boy's (F)!

注 hemisphere 半球

問 1 下線部(A), (B)の意味内容に最も近いものを, それぞれ次の(1)~(4)からひとつずつ選び, 番号で答えなさい。

- (A) (1) I doubt that you can pick that person out of a police lineup.
(2) I think that you can pick that person out of a police lineup.
(3) I don't think that you can pick that person out of a police lineup.
(4) I wonder whether you can pick that person out of a police lineup.

- (B) (1) if you are able to describe the face
(2) if you are asked to describe the face
(3) if you are not able to describe the face
(4) if you are not asked to describe the face

問 2 下線部(C)の内容を日本語で説明しなさい。

問 3 下線部(D), (E)を日本語に訳しなさい。

問 4 空欄(F)に最も適切な 1 語を入れなさい。

Ⅲ 次の英文は、看護師 Cynthia の物語の一部である。この夜、交通事故で負傷した老夫婦(Nita & Joshua Banks)が病院に搬送されてきた。軽傷だった夫人は、夫のことを大変心配している。そこで、Cynthia は、夫人の病室に戻って話し相手になってあげることにした。この英文を読み、空欄(a)～(h)に入れるのに最も適切な表現を下の(1)～(9)から選び、番号で答えなさい。同じものを重複して選んではならない。ただし、不要な選択肢がひとつ含まれている。

When Cynthia returned to Nita's room, the elder woman's face lit up with relief. Cynthia pulled a chair closer to the bed and sat down.

"How long have you been married?" she asked Mrs. Banks.

Nita relaxed into the bed a little.

"Forty-eight years," Nita said quietly.

Cynthia had often wondered what it would have been like to have parents who loved one another. Her adoptive parents had fought constantly and divorced when she was ten.

"(a)?"

"Yes, I do," said Nita. She gazed off wistfully, as if day dreaming, then smiled and continued.

"I met Joshua in a little cafe, not far from where I grew up. I'd been out with my best friend and her sister. Joshua came in with a friend of his, and the two boys sat in the booth opposite ours."

Nita paused, her eyes sparkling as she recalled that fated evening so long ago.

"We must have sat there saying nothing for a good 10 minutes before he cleared his throat, and when I looked up he smiled. From that first smile, I loved him. I knew right then and there he was the man I'd marry. And you know what? I believe he knew at that moment too."

Cynthia nodded. She felt close to tears. Childhood memories of confrontations between her mother and the various men in her life flashed

through her mind.

"It'll happen for you one day," Nita said.

"(b)."

Nita reached out to take Cynthia's hand and squeezed it in a compassionate, comforting gesture that was new to Cynthia. She'd never received much affection from her distant and bitter mother.

"(c)," Nita said in a faraway voice.

"Oh? What happened to her?"

"We were young, and Joshua was off at war," Nita said. "My mother advised me against keeping the baby, but I was determined to keep her. Then (d). I didn't find out until it was too late to get her back that he was still alive. I've never stopped wishing that things had happened differently."

"I was adopted," Cynthia said. "I've always wished I had known my birth mother."

Nita was about to say something when the door opened and the doctor stepped in.

"Mrs. Banks? I'm Dr. Telis," he said. "(e)."

Nita and Cynthia let out sighs of relief and hugged one another.

"He has a skull fracture and some internal injuries, so we're going to admit him so that we can keep a watch on him, but he's going to be okay." The doctor left, and Cynthia turned to Nita.

"I guess I'll go now," Cynthia said.

"Thank you for keeping me company," Nita said.

"You're welcome. And thank you for your company. It was wonderful meeting you."

"We all cross paths for a reason," Nita said. "(f)."

Cynthia went to the nurse's station to finish up her paperwork.

"(g)?" Cynthia asked Ruby, the desk nurse for the night.

Ruby pointed to a basket on the back counter. Cynthia sat down and

dumped the contents onto the tabletop. As the closing nurse, it was Ruby's responsibility to bag, tag, and log the patient's personal belongings, but for some reason, Cynthia felt compelled to do it herself.

She tagged Nita's things first: a small purse with the typical contents: lipstick, compact, a wallet. She opened the wallet to count any money in it — per hospital regulation — and wrote \$11.38 on the list. When she tried to put the wallet back in the bag, a photograph fell out. She picked up the photo, and as she started to slide it back into the wallet, the handwriting on the back caught her attention: "My daughter, Taby."

Cynthia flipped the picture over. A gasp caught in her throat. She reached under the cabinet for her own wallet and flipped it open to her photos. On the top was a photo of Cynthia as a newborn, which her mother said her birth mother had given her. It was identical to the one from Nita's wallet.

Stunned, Cynthia returned with the photos to room 298. Nita was sitting up in bed, staring out the window.

"(h)?" Cynthia choked out.

Nita turned and smiled.

- (1) Are you all right
- (2) I don't think so
- (3) I got word Joshua had been killed in action, and I gave her up for adoption
- (4) I had a little girl once
- (5) Mother
- (6) Where are Mr. and Mrs. Banks's personal effects
- (7) You love him a great deal, don't you
- (8) You never know where a casual conversation with a stranger will take you
- (9) Your husband is in stable condition now

Ⅳ 次の英文を読み、筆者が作家になった経緯を、答案紙に指定された範囲内で、英語で述べなさい。本文中の語句を用いてもよいが、文全体をそのまま引用してはならない。

I was eight years old. At that moment in my life, nothing was more important to me than baseball. My team was the New York Giants, and I followed the doings of those men in the black and orange caps with all the devotion of a true believer. Even now, remembering that team which no longer exists, I can recite the names of nearly every player on the list. But none was greater, none more perfect nor more deserving of worship than Willie Mays.

That spring, I was taken to my first big league game. Friends of my parents had box seats at the Polo Grounds, and one April night a group of us went to watch the Giants play the Milwaukee Braves. I don't know who won, I can't recall a single detail of the game, but I do remember that after the game was over my parents and their friends sat talking in their seats until all the other spectators had left. It got so late that we had to walk across the diamond and leave by the center-field exit, which was the only one still open. As it happened, that exit was right below the players' locker rooms.

Just as we approached the wall, I caught sight of Willie Mays. There was no question about who it was. It was Willie Mays, already out of uniform and standing there in his street clothes not ten feet away from me. I managed to keep my legs moving in his direction and then, gathering every ounce of my courage, I forced some words out of my mouth. "Mr. Mays," I said, "Could I please have your autograph?"

He had to have been only twenty-four years old, but I still couldn't bring myself to pronounce his first name.

His response to my question was short but friendly. "Sure, kid, sure," he said. "You have a pencil?" He was so full of life, I remember, so full of youthful energy, that he kept bouncing up and down as he spoke.

I didn't have a pencil, so I asked my father if I could borrow his. He didn't have one either. Nor did my mother. Nor, as it turned out, did any of the other grown-ups.

The great Willie Mays stood there watching in silence. When it became clear that no one in the group had anything to write with, he turned to me and shrugged. "Sorry, kid," he said. "Without a pencil, I can't give you an autograph." And then he walked out of the ballpark into the night.

I didn't want to cry, but tears started falling down my cheeks, and there was nothing I could do to stop them. Even worse, I cried all the way home in the car. Yes, I was crushed with disappointment, but I was also sick of myself for not being able to control those tears. I wasn't a baby. I was eight years old, and big kids weren't supposed to cry over things like that. Not only did I not have Willie Mays's autograph, I didn't have anything else either. Life had put me to the test, and in all respects I had found myself wanting.

After that night, I started carrying a pencil with me wherever I went. It became a habit of mine never to leave the house without making sure I had a pencil in my pocket. It's not that I had any particular plans for that pencil, but I didn't want to be unprepared. I had been caught empty-handed once, and I wasn't about to let it happen again.

If nothing else, the years have taught me this: if there's a pencil in your pocket, there's a good chance that one day you'll feel tempted to start using it.

As I like to tell my children, that's how I became a writer.

V 次の文章を英語に訳しなさい。

脳の研究が大変盛んになったが、今にもすべてのことがわかってしまいそうに思うのは誤りである。やはり脳は大変な研究対象であり、これまでにわかったことは氷山の一角に過ぎない。水面の下には多くのわからないことが隠されている。このことは、例えば、脳がどう働いて我々の心を生み出すのかを説明しようとするばすぐにわかる。

(伊藤正男『脳の不思議』)