I. Edit the sentence fragments in the following paragraph. (20%)  

Near the Normandy coast of northern France, the village of Bayeux houses a remarkable treasure. The Bayeux Tapestry may be found in its own museum in the former Great Seminary of Bayeux. Also known as the Tapestry of Queen Matilda or the Cloth of the Conquest. This tapestry is unusual. Because it is a very long, narrow strip of linen measuring 70 meters by 50 centimeters. Or about 220 feet long. And only 20 inches tall. The tapestry is actually an embroidery of William the Conqueror's invasion and conquest of England in 1066. It consists of 51 scenes with over 1,500 figures. Including warriors, horses, other animals, ships, castles, weapons, and other objects. Latin words are embroidered on the scenes. To explain what is taking place at each stage of the invasion and battle.

II. Summary-Writing: For each passage, write a summary (in 1 or 2 sentences) in your own words. (20%)  

1. Americans like immigrants as individuals – the decent, hard-working Korean grocer on the corner, the Russian computer programmer who lives down the street or the Filipino nurse who works at the local hospital. But as a nation American doesn't seem to think much of immigration in general. 

   In a 1994 Newsweek survey, for example, half the American public agreed that "immigrants are a burden because they take our jobs, housing and health care." Passions run high. "We are flooding areas of the country with millions of uneducated immigrants," complained one Wall Street Journal reader. They "take over, impose their culture and don't even try to assimilate."

   Yet in sharp contrast to the prevailing rhetoric that feeds on misinformation, the evidence shows that the problems attributed to immigration are false or greatly exaggerated. In reality, today's immigrants contribute positively, in much the same way as the present generation's own ancestors did. Americans would only hurt themselves by shutting the door in their faces. It's time debunk the myths that are clouding public debate and policy.

2. Language is the subject. It is the written form with which I've managed to keep the wolf away from the door and, in diaries, to keep my sanity. In spite of this, I consider the written word inferior to the spoken, and much of the frustration experienced by novelists is the awareness that whatever we manage to capture in even the most transcendent passages falls far short of the richness of life. Dialogue achieves its power in the dynamics of a fleeting moment of sight, sound, smell, and touch.

   I'm not going to enter the debate here about whether it is language that shapes reality or vice versa. That battle is doomed to be waged whenever we seek intermittent reprieve from the chicken and egg dispute. I will simply take the position that the spoken word, like the written word, amounts to a nonsensical arrangement of sounds or letters without a consensus that assigns "meaning." And building from the meanings of what we hear, we order reality. Words themselves are innocuous; it is the consensus that gives them true power.
III. Vocabulary and Essay Writing: Read the following, which is the beginning portion of Anna Quindlen’s *Between the sexes, a great divide*. After reading it,

(1) explain the underlined vocabulary in English (10%);
(2) write an essay of approximately 500 words by first describing your first memory of gender divide, and then continue to reflect on gender divide/equality issue. Particularly, address Quindlen’s concern at the end of the reading ‘And maybe that’s [no gender divide] going to happen sometime in my lifetime, but I can’t say I know when.’ (50%)

Perhaps we all have the same memory of the first boy-girl party we attended. The floors were waxed, the music loud, the air thick with the smell of cologne. The boys stood on one side of the room and the girls on the other, each affecting a nonchalant belied by the shuffling male loafers and the occasional high birdlike sound of a female giggle.

Eventually, one of the taller, better-looking boys, perhaps dogged by two slightly shorter, squeakier acolytes, would make the big move across the chasm to ask the cutest girl to dance. Eventually, one of the girls would brave the divide to start a conversation on the other side. We would immediately develop a certain opinion of that girl, so that for the rest of our school years together, pajama parties would fairly crackle when she was not there.

None of us would consciously know it then, but what we were seeing, that great empty space in the center of the floor as fearful as a trapdoor, was the great division between the sexes. It was wonderful to think of the time when it would no longer be there, when the school gym would be a great meeting ground in which we would mingle freely, girl and boy, boy and girl, person to person, all alike. And maybe that’s going to happen sometime in my lifetime, but I can’t say I know when.