**八年级（下）英语第11周第2课时**

**Module 10 Unit 2学程拓展**

**A Life in Two Worlds （节选）**

I left China for the first time in 1997 to go to the Nike camp in Paris. That’s where I met my first NBA star, Tim Hardaway, who was one of the camp counselors. He looked like the rest of us—two hands, two legs, one head—but he was quicker than anybody I’d ever seen, especially the way he dribbled the ball. His footwork, his hands—all quick. He would challenge everyone to play one-on-one until he was too tired to move. I don’t remember who the best player in camp was because I didn’t know what good basketball was then. There were eighty-five players at the camp, and I wore number 85. I wasn’t worried about how good Hardaway was because at that time I was just thinking I’d play in the Chinese Basketball Association (CBA). I didn’t think I’d see anyone like Hardaway again.

The winter after I went to Paris, I broke my left foot. This was near the end of my last season with the Shanghai Sharks’ junior team. I jumped for a rebound and landed on somebody else’s foot. I sprained my ankle on that play, too. I think if I hadn’t gotten hurt, they would’ve brought me up to the Sharks before the season ended.

Instead, I finally joined the Sharks the next season, didn’t get hurt, and averaged 10 points and 8.3 rebounds. I didn’t win Rookie of the Year, just like in the NBA—but the CBA didn’t have a Rookie of the Year award at that time. Now they do. They also have moved the CBA All-Star Game from after the season to the middle of the season, just like in the NBA. The two leagues are looking more and more alike.

The next year, I broke the same foot again, this time in a pre-season game in December. Someone stepped on my left foot just before I tried to move. I didn’t play until the end of the season, the last twelve games. When Houston first saw X-rays of my feet, they saw that my left foot had been broken a couple of times and were worried I might have serious problems and not be able to play. They had their team doctor fly to Beijing and check me out.

The doctor said I was OK, but I can tell you I haven’t jumped the same since the second break. Not that I could jump high before then. The first time I tried to dunk, I was thirteen years old and about 6-2. I didn’t miss by a little, I missed by a lot. Dunking wasn’t that important in China, so I didn’t worry about it. A couple of years later I tried again and still couldn’t do it. Then one day when I was fifteen, about six months after I’d last tried, I was walking across the court to put a ball away after a junior Sharks practice and decided to try. I surprised myself. I did it. I was about 6-8 then. The Chinese always say, “You don’t want to think about it, you just do it. That’s how you become strong.” But when I tried again the next day, I missed.

　It was after that season, playing for the junior national team, that I dunked in a game for the first time. I had fallen down near our basket, and the other team went on a fast break but missed the layup. Someone threw me the ball, and I was all alone. I remember I jumped really, really high.