

I 次の文章を読み、本文の内容にもとづいて、以下の問いに日本語で答えなさい。
*印の付いている語句には本文の後に注があります。

A few weeks ago, I was walking through a wood in the English countryside when I heard the unmistakable call of the cuckoo. For some reason, it caused me to fall into a deep thought, and as I walked, I began to seriously think about that bird and what it represents.

The European cuckoo is, famously, a “brood parasite”*: the female lays her eggs in other birds’ nests. Typical victims are small birds like reed warblers* and wagtails*. When the young cuckoo hatches, its first act is to dispose of any other eggs: it heaves them out of the nest, leaving itself as the sole occupant.

What happens next is peculiar. The foster parents do not appear to notice they are rearing a monster. Instead, they work hard to satisfy the demands of the chick*, even though it sometimes becomes so large that it no longer fits inside the nest, and has to sit on top. It is one of the oddest sights in nature.⁽¹⁾ The cuckoo habit has evolved several times. It is found in species as diverse as cowbirds*, indigobirds*, honeyguides* and even a species of South American duck.

Actually, brood parasitism can also occur within a species. Nor is it restricted to birds — fish and insects sometimes foist the rearing of their offspring onto others. But for the rest of this article, I want to focus on the birds that are “professional” brood parasites — the ones that, like the cuckoo, never build nests, and always drop their offspring onto another species to raise.

Among professional brood parasites, different species have different levels of destructiveness. The duck, for example, is rather charming: it does not destroy any eggs nor enslave its foster parents. All it needs is a bit of warmth⁽²⁾ for the egg to incubate. The day the duckling hatches, it paddles off into the

world, taking care of itself right from the start. It is one of the planet's most independent young birds. A honeyguide chick, in contrast, is one of the most vicious. It hatches with special hooks on its beak; it uses these to destroy any eggs, or kill any nestlings, that it finds in the nest. Meanwhile, parasitic cowbird chicks do not usually attack the other chicks in the nest, but they do compete with them for food. One reason such birds are interesting is that they allow us to watch evolution in action. In general, the stronger the threat from (3) the cuckoo, the stronger the selection on the hosts to spot intruders — and the stronger the pressure on the cuckoo to evolve to be undetectable. Which is why the eggs of these birds often bear a close resemblance to the eggs of those they victimize. Among European cuckoos, for example, individual females specialize on particular species — so the egg of a cuckoo that preys on great reed warblers looks different from the egg of a cuckoo that preys on redstarts*. Yet each egg looks remarkably like the host egg, down to the color of the shell and any pattern it may have.

Assessing the degree of egg resemblance is tricky, for birds do not see the world as we do: they see more colors. Therefore, what looks like a good match to us may not look like a good match to the bird; and vice versa. Fortunately, it is now possible to measure egg colors and patterns with machines — and such measurements do, by and large, show that there really is a good match. This raises a question. If cuckoo eggs evolve to look so similar — why don't the chicks? Especially as, in species of brood parasite like the indigobirds, the young look much more like the “real” chicks. As far as birds like reed warblers are concerned, it may be that cuckoo chicks do resemble their own offspring. That is, the cuckoo taps into the hosts' sensory* world: it has a brightly colored open mouth, and it sounds like an entire brood of extremely hungry warbler chicks. Apparently, this (4) is enough to stimulate the little birds to care for it.

Which makes me wonder: what are we missing? Like the birds — like any

organism — our sensory system defines the way we perceive and interact with the world, and it is limited in important ways. As I said earlier, our sense of color is not as vivid as that of most birds. As mammals go, our sense of smell is poor. We hear a limited range of sounds: unaided, we cannot hear much of the conversations of elephants, or of bats. True, we have invented machines to detect many aspects of the world that are invisible to us, but most of these are kept in laboratories and are not available for daily life. If another organism, a dog for example, were watching us, what “obvious” problems would they spot that we are unable to recognize? My guess is that dogs often have moments when they look at us and wonder, “Why don’t they notice?” For dogs are often able to smell things about us that we cannot. Many cancers, for example, change the scent of our urine* and our breath. Without special machines, we cannot detect this — but dogs can.

(5)
Olivia Judson, “Cuckoo! Cuckoo!” *The New York Times*, June 3, 2010. 抜粋の上、一部を変更している。

(注)

brood parasite カッコーなど^{たくらんせい}托卵性の鳥

chick ひな

cowbird コウウチョウ(ムクドリモドキ科の鳥。牛の群れにつく習性がある。)

honeyguide ミツオシエ(鳴き声で蜂蜜のありかを知らせる鳥)

indigobird シコンチョウ(スズメ科の小型の鳥)

redstart ハゴロモムシクイ

reed warbler ヨシキリ

sensory 感覚の

urine 尿

wagtail セキレイ

問 1 下線部(1)が表している内容を簡潔に述べなさい。

問 2 下線部(2)に charming とありますが, どのような点で charming なのか。簡潔に述べなさい。

問 3 下線部(3)の内容をわかりやすく述べなさい。

問 4 下線部(4)における this の内容をわかりやすく述べなさい。

問 5 下線部(5)の内容をわかりやすく述べなさい。

Ⅱ 次の文章を読み、本文の内容にもとづいて、以下の問いに日本語で答えなさい。

I am going to tell a story that began in the third grade, but it was not until I was well into my adult years that I understood what it meant.

In the third grade, my teacher created a reward system that was reflected by the seating arrangements. If we did well with our reading lessons, we would move our chairs up toward the front of the classroom. If we did not do well, we would move down the row, toward the back of the classroom. So chairs were moved every day.

Over the course of the year, I was not consistent. For a brief time, I was in the last seat in the back row, and for an even briefer moment I occupied the first seat in the first row. But by the end of the year I was the last seat in the second row — somewhere around the sixtieth percentile. At the end of the year I remember thinking, “If only I had another week, I could work harder and get to the front row. If not the first seat, I could be close to that.”

Twenty years later I was a young professional, doing extremely well, helping many people, getting the respect of my colleagues and supervisors. Yet, I still believed that I was not quite where I could be and that if I only worked harder and accomplished more, I could get to where I thought I belonged. I was twenty-eight years old then — and, yes, I can remember almost the exact moment when everything changed.

I had been having pretty severe stomachaches; so after some tests my doctor told me that because of stress, I had early signs of a serious illness. He said if I kept up my extremely busy pace, I might have serious medical problems. I went home that night really frightened. Knowing that my lifestyle was hurting my body, I feared for my health.

My wife and daughters must have been out that evening, because I remember wandering around the house alone trying to sort out what it all

meant. Then I thought back to the last seat in the second row. I thought about the kids in that row. I began to think, “What if I *belonged* in the last seat in the second row?” They belonged there. So did I. What was so shameful about that?

I’ll never forget that feeling. I sat down and felt . . . such *relief*. It had taken me a long time to discover that I not only *belonged* in the sixtieth percentile, but I was also happier there! Over the years I have learned that we humans tend to be happier when we are where we belong rather than trying to get somewhere else.

Many parents have an absolute fear that their child will turn out to be just average. We try everything in our power *not* to let our children be seated in the middle. We do not want them to be “just” average.

When I am talking to groups of parents these days, I often ask them to please remember the bell curve. “You know,” I remind them, “in this entire room, with only two or three exceptions, we are all under the big hump together.”

For the sake of all the kids (like me) who are under the bell curve, I am just hoping that parents can accept that little truth. It is pretty good territory, there in the middle rows.⁽³⁾

On the other hand, now that I am a little older, I understand better why my parents wanted me to get into the first seat in the front row. Of course, they had the best intentions. That is why parents worry. We want our kids to work harder, do better, so we plan more activities and lessons to fill up their “free time.” What is too bad is that, in doing so, we create a world in which children are under tremendous pressure to excel all the time. When children are pushed to excel, they never get to experience the wonderful lessons that are learned from failure.

I have ended up feeling a great deal of thankfulness for my failures. Of course, there are people who do not believe me when I tell them I belong in the

last seat in the second row. They challenge my position by reminding me of books I have written and the many wonderful accomplishments I have been fortunate to achieve. Over the years I have learned that there are some aspects of my humanity — perhaps my kindness and my ability to understand others — that probably belong in the first row. But I have many other aspects that belong in the last row — technical skills, attention span, and memory (to name a few).

It is fairly easy to guide our children to becoming the kind of people we think they should be. All we need is some vision, some recollection of our own experience, some attention to the situation, and our natural parental gift of lecturing. But it is a very different piece of business to help our children find the happiness that comes with discovering where they belong in life. For that, we need faith.

When I speak about having faith in our children, I do not mean faith that they won't fail — because they will. I do not mean faith that they won't make stupid decisions — because they will. I mean faith in their resilience, or ability to recover. Where does that resilience come from?

In a letter to my grandson Sam, I told him the wonderful Jewish teaching about the imprint that a child receives from God before he is born. After giving the unborn child all the wisdom needed to succeed in life, God puts his finger on the child's lips and says, "Sssssh." And at that moment, when we are filled with knowledge, God forever leaves an impression on the upper lip.

So where does the resilience come from? It comes from the wisdom our children have always had but do not know they have until they need it. From the imprint on our upper lips. And ultimately, resilience comes from the gift of life itself; we get wounded and then we heal. It is almost inevitable.

Daniel Gottlieb (2008) *Learning from the Heart*, Sterling. 抜粋の上、一部を変更している。

- 問 1 下線部(1)を日本語に訳しなさい。
- 問 2 下線部(2)はどのようなことですか。わかりやすく説明しなさい。
- 問 3 下線部(3) that little truth とは具体的にどんなことを指しますか。
- 問 4 下線部(4)の内容をわかりやすく説明しなさい。
- 問 5 下線部(5)に For that (そのためには)とあります。この内容をわかりやすく説明しなさい。
- 問 6 下線部(6)を, it の内容を明確にして, 日本語に訳しなさい。

Ⅲ

次の文章を英語に訳しなさい。英文は解答用紙の指定欄に書きなさい。

私は朝早く海岸まで散歩するのを日課にしている。朝のすがすがしい空気を吸い、白い砂浜を裸足で歩く心地よさは、なにものにも代え難い。人口 200 人足らずのこの島では車の往来もほとんどない。音といえば木々の間から聞こえる鳥のさえずりと風だけである。はじめてこの島を訪れた時のことを振り返ってみると、ここへ来るのが運命だったように思う。