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剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆

Tales of the Supernatural

Frank Brennan 著

灵异故事集



北京语言大学出版社
BEIJING LANGUAGE AND CULTURE
UNIVERSITY PRESS



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原版系列编辑 Philip Prowse

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第5级 (核心词汇量 2,800 词 / B2 / FCE)

第6级 (核心词汇量 3,800 词 / C1 / CAE)

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Preface 前言

“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”是一套从剑桥大学出版社引进的面向非英语国家英语学习者的分级系列读物，由英语语言教学专家及小说作家合力创作。创作过程历时二十余年，出版后受到世界各地英语教师和英语学习者的喜爱，许多读本再版十余次，二十余年来畅销不衰，成为全球英语学习者首选的优秀读本。

本系列读物具有以下突出的特色：

1. 它是原创英语读物，而非改编自普通作品的读物。因此，阅读本系列读物，我们读到的是原汁原味的原创英语，而非人为改编过的二手英语。

2. 它是当代优秀短篇小说，而非上个或上上个世纪的小说。因此，阅读本系列读物，我们读到的是当今活的、学了就能用的英语，而非穿越时空的、学了难以用的英语；了解的是与我们同时代英语国家人们的、而非隔代人的生活、文化、风土人情和价值观。

3. 它是专为非英语国家的英语学习者量身定制的读物，而非为英语母语者而写的大众读物。因此，本系列读物是最适合英语学习的读物。

4. 它是英美知名小说家和英语语言教学专家合力创作的读物，小说家保障了读物的可读性与可欣赏性，英语语言教学专家保障了读物语言作为英语习得材料的科学性与可学性。本系列中的很多小说都曾获得国际广泛阅读教育学会颁发的“语言学习者文学奖 (Language Learner Literature Award)”。因此，阅读本系列读物，我们会在欣赏小说的同时，自然而然地、有效地提高自己的英语水平。

5. 它的故事题材丰富多样，包括侦探、情感、历险、悬疑、人文、科幻、喜剧等，读者可以随心选择自己喜欢的类别进行阅读；它的故事内容生动有趣，故事情节引人入胜、扣人心弦，一旦开始阅读，就想一口气读完，使阅读真正升华到“悦读”。

6. 随书附赠的音频材料内容精彩——它不是普通英语母语者的朗读录音，而是专业配音员的演绎再创作。听着它，我们犹如在听广播剧、听评书，又仿佛是在听电影、听话剧……这种聆听英语的享受将彻底扫除学生对英语听力的畏难心理。

7. 读本中所使用的语言，既有英式英语，也有美式英语，对应的音频材料也相应分为英音和美音。读者可根据自己的喜好来选择。

8. 本系列一百多本读物根据“欧洲共同语言参考框架 (CEF)”和“剑桥大学外语考试部 (ESOL)”的标准来确定级别划分,是建立在科学研究和实践基础之上的分级。全套共分七个级别(与中国学生英语基础水平的大致对应关系,请参见图书封底表格),读者可根据自己的英语基础选择相应级别的读本来学习。

为了更好地帮助中国学生学习和欣赏,“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”从剑桥大学出版社原版引进后又增加了以下内容:

1. 增加了适量的辅助学习内容,包括“读前思考”“读后活动”“学习指导”三个板块,其中“学习指导”板块又包括生词、短语和表达、文化点滴、阅读练习四项内容。增加这些板块的宗旨是全方位帮助学生提升英语阅读能力,扩充词汇量,扫除阅读中的文化障碍,提高对英语小说的鉴赏能力。

2. 增加了小说全文的参考译文。出于语言学习的考虑,译文尽量采用直译,保证两种语言句子的基本对应,避免文学式意译。值得一提的是,所增加的辅助学习内容和参考译文,均由来自全国不同省市著名中学(包括人大附中、北大附中、清华附中、黄冈中学、上海中学等三十余所中学)的一线英语教师完成,从而确保了所加内容与中国学生的英语学习特点和学习需求相吻合,为学生阅读和欣赏读物、提高英语水平给予恰到好处的助力。目前,本系列中的读本在上海市教育委员会中小学图书馆工作委员会组织的第23届上海市中小学、幼儿园优秀图书评选活动中获得三等奖,并已纳入中国教育装备行业协会发布的《中小学图书馆(室)配备核心书目》。

3. 提供配套网络资源。本系列读物配有专题网页,读者可以在网页上了解读物的基本信息、故事梗概、作者和编译者;可以通过“在线测试”(http://cdextras.cambridge.org/Readers/RPT_last.swf)帮助确定适合自己的阅读级别,再结合自己对题材和英式或美式英语的偏好,来选择具体的读本;还可以进行故事预览和试听,下载录音和拓展习题,与其他读者分享、交流读书心得。教师还可以分享教学经验并下载教案等相关资源(http://www.blcup.com和http://www.camstory.cn)。

英语阅读是英语课堂的延伸和补充,也是培养英语语感、提高英语水平的有效途径。选择好的英语读物,收获的将不仅仅是语言的进步。欢迎年轻朋友们来到“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”,打开一本本好书,品味一个个好故事,为实现梦想搭建桥梁。

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读前思考

1. Look at the front cover. Check “supernatural” in your dictionary.
2. Find each story and read the first page. Choose one which you’d like to continue.
3. If you have the recording, listen to the story you have chosen.

Irish Rose

‘You were great, Mary!’

‘When is your next film, Miss Flynn?’

‘You must be thinking about an Oscar now, Mary!’

The reporters all wanted to speak to her. All the photographers took pictures of her. Her long, black hair and clear skin were every fashion photographer’s dream. Mary Flynn, Ireland’s most photographed face, was famous and beautiful.

Mary smiled her famous, beautiful smile. She could not ask for a better night. In all her eighteen years she had never known such happiness. First a rich and world-famous fashion model, and now a film star, too. It all seemed so right. It was meant to be like this, she just knew it.

The truth was that Mary Flynn had always wanted to be an actress. She wanted, more than anything else, to show the world that she was not just a beautiful face. She was intelligent too and tonight the world would know it.

It was 31 July 2004 – the first night of the film *Irish Rose* in which she starred with the famous Declan Knight. People were already saying that she was as good, perhaps better, than he was – and he was Ireland’s biggest film star. He had been in some big Hollywood films. But it was Mary that the photographers loved. They always did. She could tell. Everybody else in the film was forgotten once she made an appearance. Declan himself knew this. She saw it by the look on his handsome face. ‘He’s

jealous!’ she thought as the taxi took them both to the hotel in Dublin for the after-film party. ‘He doesn’t like the public loving me more than him.’

Soon they were drinking champagne in the hotel. Photographers took yet more pictures for the next day’s newspapers. The hotel had many mirrors in it and one was just ahead of Mary as she stood next to Declan. She saw him in the mirror and knew he was the best-looking man in the room, even though he was well over thirty. She also knew that everybody was looking at her – not him. She could see herself in the mirror, her beautiful long hair, her beautiful red dress. Yes, this was her night all right. Hers and nobody else’s.

‘How about a few words from the new film star, Miss Flynn?’ asked a reporter.

Mary smiled. She thanked everybody for their kind words. She thanked the director and the other people who had made the film. She also thanked her manager and her mother. Oh, and Declan, of course. He was good, too. All the things people said about them arguing during the filming weren’t true at all. Not really. Declan looked red and went to get more champagne. Silly, jealous man. You’d think he’d know better. Why, he’d even asked her out on a date while filming – at his age! She had refused, of course. Too old.

The director of *Irish Rose*, Chas Gorman, came up to Mary. He had always taken care of her. He whispered in her ear and told her once again she was great – now she could go and enjoy herself and leave the rest to him. Mary knew she was great, though she never got tired of hearing others say so. But now she needed to get away from the reporters and photographers for a while.

As she walked away, she saw a handsome young man with dark red hair across the room. He was looking at her with a smile on his face.

Mary was used to having handsome men around. She expected no less. But this man was different. He had a look in his eyes that seemed to say, 'I know what you want, I know what you need.' His eyes looked deep into her own eyes as though they were hungry for her. His eyes said there was nobody else in the room for him. Only he completely understood her. Only he, said his eyes, wanted the intelligent woman behind the beautiful face in the photographs. His smile was that of a man who wanted her, both body and mind, more than any man she had known.

Mary felt her heart jump wildly. Or was it just the champagne? She felt her face go red. She turned away from the man – who was he to look at her like that? Mary looked again. The man was gone.

The evening continued and it went wonderfully. Mary was busy listening to lots of important people, who all told her how great she was. She smiled and laughed and laughed and smiled, but she ate very little. She did, however, have another glass of champagne.

Mary suddenly decided that she wanted to dance. There was music playing, but it was too quiet; you couldn't dance to it. And there was no dance floor! What kind of party was this? Why was there nowhere to dance? Why was there no real music to dance to? She was the Irish Rose and she needed to dance! The whole world must see the beautiful, intelligent Mary Flynn dance on this, her night of nights!

But there was nowhere. Everybody was talking,

drinking and eating, but there was no dancing. It was getting late, too. It was a warm night and she needed some fresh air.

There were some glass doors open at the far end of the dining room and she walked towards them.

‘Mary, darling! You look so beautiful!’

It was Celia Jones, a famous English fashion model. Mary knew Celia was jealous of her. ‘Ah, well, let her be jealous,’ Mary thought. ‘She’s nearly thirty and will soon be too old to model. She hates me because I’m younger and more beautiful than she is, or ever has been. And I can act, too!’

Celia was holding onto the arm of Declan Knight. She looked pleased with herself. He was smiling like a boy with a new toy to play with.

‘You’re so lucky to have a great actor like Declan to teach you about film acting, darling!’ Celia said while Declan looked down at her with that stupid smile still on his face. ‘I expect he’s just like a father to you!’

‘Thank you, Celia,’ Mary answered. ‘And you sound just like my mother. But then you are almost the same age, aren’t you?’

Celia laughed weakly, then led Declan away towards somebody else. She wasn’t pleased.

‘That got you, you old cow!’ thought Mary, pleased that she had made Celia feel uncomfortable. She turned and walked quickly to the doors.

Mary felt hot. She needed to get outside. In just a moment she was in the garden.

The hotel was beside Phoenix Park, the largest park in Dublin. The hotel garden was right next to it, near a wood. Mary walked past the people with drinks in their

hands, past the smiles and past the tables and chairs. She had never realised the garden was so big. All at once she seemed to be by herself in the garden. But she was not alone – the handsome man with the dark red hair was also there. At the back of the garden there was a gate that led into the wood. As she walked to the gate, she heard music. It was Irish dance music and it was coming from behind the gate. So there was a dance! Why hadn't anybody told her? The handsome young man was close by and she knew he was looking at her. The man opened the gate. Mary knew he wanted her to follow. She did, though she did not close the gate behind her because she had to return to the party soon. But, oh, how she wanted to dance!

Once she was through the gate she saw a light in the middle of the wood. She started walking through the wood towards the light. She saw that there were many dancers there, all dancing to the wild music of violins, drums and guitars. They were laughing loudly as they danced. The women were beautiful, and the men were shouting with happiness as the music played. They weren't students. Maybe they were travelling people who were having their own party. Mary didn't know who they were.

Then the man with the dark red hair came up to her. She asked if she had to pay to join the dance but he just smiled. Oh well, she could always pay later. And he was good-looking, after all. And she just knew he understood exactly how she was feeling. She would dance with him. But just one dance. The man picked up a bowl full of fruit from somewhere and offered it to her. Mary was not sure if she should accept. She remembered how, when she