

# 英语泛读新教程

学生用书

第四册

## A NEW ENGLISH READING COURSE

# 4

主 编 唐慧心

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# 前言

中国人民解放军外国语学院英语系一贯重视基础阶段的泛读教学，数十年来，不仅在泛读教学上积累了丰富的经验，而且在泛读教材的编写上也取得了丰硕的成果。早在1989年，曾肯干等教授编写的《英语泛读教程》由上海外语教育出版社出版，在我国英语教学界受到好评，被众多英语院系选作泛读教材。

十余年过后，该系在前任系主任程工教授和现任系主任王岚教授的策划、组织和指导下，决定对原有教材进行更新，由长期从事英语专业泛读和英语报刊选读教学的资深教授唐慧心牵头，带领一批在泛读教学上已积累了丰富经验的教授、副教授、博士，自2003年9月开始，经过两年多的努力，编写出了这套《英语泛读新教程》。后来，本校英语系对本教材进行了一轮试用，受到师生的欢迎和好评。2007年初，本教材被推荐给上海外语教育出版社，谢宇女士审阅后提出了宝贵的意见和建议，于是，教材编写组又用了几个月的时间，重新系统地调整了课文的难度，对练习也作了进一步的改进，使这套教材日臻完善。

本教程是根据《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》的要求而编写的英语基础阶段泛读教材，供英语专业一、二年级学生使用。《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》对阅读二级的要求是：能阅读难度相当于 *Thirty-Nine Steps* (简写本) 的材料以及 *Reader's Digest* 上的文章，本教程的第二册除了包含与 *Thirty-Nine Steps* 难度一致的浅显材料外，专门挑选了 *Reader's Digest* 的文章；同样，教程的第四册也根据大纲对阅读四级的要求选用了文学原著 *Sons and Lovers* 的章节，尽量做到贴近大纲的规定与要求。全套教程四册针对四个学期，本着循序渐进的精神，难度也逐渐加大。每册分成16个单元，足以满足一个学期的教学量。

就编写特色而言，本教材除继续延续《英语泛读教程》中一些行之有效的做法之外，还具有以下几个特点：

一、所选教材均出自当代英语刊物、英语小说及因特网，具有鲜明的时代感。文章题材广泛，语言流畅，文字规范，内容健康，融知识性与趣味性于一体，反映出当代西方社会的方方面面，如入学新生谈入学后的感受、孩提时代对父母的看法、体育明星的遭遇、美英两国的人文地理、西方人如何看中国、美国人的生价值观、伟人们的成功之路等。另外，还有少量的评论性文字。

二、本教程的练习配备针对性更强，形式更多样化。每一单元都配有五六种类型的练习：

多项选择、正误判断、阅读理解、翻译、与课文相关的问答题,以及开放性的讨论题。前五种练习题旨在培养学生细微观察语言的能力,引导学生深入理解作者的思路与意图,提高学生综合理解和分析归纳的能力。第六种练习题不局限于课文范围,学生可利用所掌握知识自由开展讨论,提高英语组织和口头表达的能力。

三、本教程还充分利用图书及网络资源,在每篇课文的后面推荐了与课文相关的文章、书目和网站,以激发学生广泛阅读的兴趣,不断拓展知识面,培养他们良好的课外阅读习惯和从因特网上获取知识的能力。

最后,全套四册书及配套的教师用书都经外籍专家Christopher Samuel Smith仔细审阅过,我们对他的辛勤劳动表示衷心的感谢。不过,虽然我们的编者齐心协力,两年多来对教材几经修订,但是由于这样那样的原因——特别是因为我们自身水平有限等原因,教材中难免有疏漏谬误之处,希望广大读者和使用者不吝赐教,以便我们进一步修订。

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于中国人民解放军外国语学院

2008年5月



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# Unit 1

## The Gift of Cochise<sup>①</sup>

Louis L'Amour<sup>②</sup>

### Introduction

If you are a fan of frontier tales, "The Gift of Cochise" by Louis L'Amour will definitely bring you ecstasy. In case you are not, it may well intoxicate you as well. Then what exactly is "the gift of Cochise" in this thrilling and moving western tale? The only way to pin it down is to peruse the short story now!

Tense, and white to the lips, Angie Lowe stood in the door of her cabin with a double-barreled shotgun in her hands. Beside the door was a Winchester<sup>1</sup> '73, and on the table inside the house were two Walker Colts<sup>2</sup>.

Facing the cabin were twelve Apaches on ragged calico<sup>3</sup> ponies, and one of the Indians had lifted his hand palm outward. The Apache sitting the white-splashed bay pony was Cochise.

Beside Angie were her seven-year-old son Jimmy and her five-year-old daughter Jane.

Cochise sat his pony in silence; his black, unreadable eyes studied the woman, the children, the cabin, and the small garden. He looked at the two ponies in the corral<sup>4</sup> and the three cows. His eyes strayed to the small stack of hay cut from the meadow, and to the few steers<sup>5</sup> farther up the canyon.

Three times the warriors of Cochise had attacked this solitary cabin and three times they had been turned back. In all, they

1. Winchester / 'wɪn-tʃɪstə/ *n.* = Winchester rifle 温彻斯特连发步枪
2. Walker Colt / 'wɔ:kə 'kɒlt/ = Colt revolver 沃克·柯尔特式自动手枪
3. calico / 'kælɪkəʊ/ *adj.* (马等)有斑点的
4. corral / kə:'rɑ:l/ *n.* <美>畜栏
5. steer /stɪə/ *n.* (经阉割的)公牛, 阉公牛, 4岁以下的小公牛



6. brave /breiv/ n. 北美  
印第安战士

had lost seven men, and three had been wounded. Four ponies had been killed. His braves<sup>6</sup> reported that there was no man in the house, only a woman and two children, so Cochise had come to see for himself this woman who was so certain a shot with a rifle and who killed his fighting men.

These were some of the same fighting men who had outfought, outguessed and outrun the finest American army on record, an army outnumbering the Apaches by a hundred to one. Yet a lone woman with two small children had fought them off, and the woman was scarcely more than a girl. And she was prepared to fight now. There was a glint of admiration in the old eyes that appraised her. The Apache was a fighting man, and he respected fighting blood.

“Where is your man?”

“He has gone to El Paso.” Angie’s voice was steady, but she was frightened as she had never been before. She recognized Cochise from descriptions, and she knew that if he decided to kill or capture her it would be done. Until now, the sporadic attacks she had fought off had been those of casual bands of warriors who raided her in passing<sup>7</sup>.

7. in passing 顺便, 附  
带地

“He has been gone a long time. How long?”

Angie hesitated, but it was not in her to lie. “He has been gone four months.”

Cochise considered that. No one but a fool would leave such a woman or such fine children. Only one thing could have prevented his return. “Your man is dead,” he said.

Angie waited, her heart pounding with heavy, measured beats. She had guessed long ago that Ed had been killed but the way Cochise spoke did not imply that Apaches had killed him, only that he must be dead or he would have returned.

“You fought well,” Cochise said. “You have killed my young men.”

“Your young men attacked me.” She hesitated, and then added, “They stole my horses.”

“Your man is gone. Why do you not leave?”

Angie looked at him with surprise. “Leave? Why, this is my home. This land is mine. This spring is mine. I shall not leave.”

“This was an Apache spring,” Cochise reminded her

reasonably.

"The Apache lives in the mountains," Angie replied. "He does not need this spring. I have two children, and I do need it."

"But when the Apache comes this way, where shall he drink? His throat is dry and you keep him from water."

The very fact that Cochise was willing to talk raised her hopes. There had been a time when the Apache made no war on the white man. "Cochise speaks with a forked tongue<sup>8</sup>," she said. "There is water yonder<sup>9</sup>." She gestured toward the hills, where Ed had told her there were springs. "But if the people of Cochise come in peace they may drink at this spring."

The Apache leader smiled faintly. Such a woman would rear a nation of warriors. He nodded at Jimmy. "The small one — does he also shoot?"

"He does," Angie said proudly, "and well, too." She pointed at an upthrust<sup>10</sup> leaf of prickly pear<sup>11</sup>. "Show them, Jimmy."

The prickly pear was an easy two hundred yards away, and the Winchester was long and heavy, but he lifted it eagerly and steadied it against the doorjamb<sup>12</sup> as his father had taught him, held his sight an instant, then fired. The bud on the top of the prickly pear disintegrated.

There were grunts of appreciation from the dark-faced warriors. Cochise chuckled.

"The little warrior shoots well. It is well you have no man. One might raise an army of little warriors to fight my people."

"I have no wish to fight your people," Angie said quietly. "Your people have your ways, and I have mine. I live in peace when I am left in peace. I did not think," she added with dignity, "that the great Cochise made war on women!"

The Apache looked at her, then turned his pony away. "My people will trouble you no longer," he said. "You are the mother of a strong son."

"What about my two ponies?" She called after him. "Your young men took them from me."

Cochise did not turn or look back, and the little cavalcade<sup>13</sup> of riders followed him away. Angie stepped back into the cabin and closed the door. Then she sat down abruptly, her face white, the muscles in her legs trembling.

8. speak with (a) forked tongue 说谎话，口是心非，言不由衷

9. yonder /'jɒndə/ adv. 在那边，在远处

10. upthrust /'ʌp,θrʌst/ adj. 隆起的，向上冲的

11. prickly pear /'prɪkli peə/ 仙人掌果（一种仙人掌属植物）

12. doorjamb /'dɔː-dʒæm/ n. 门侧柱，门框边框（也叫 doorpost）

13. cavalcade /kævəl-'keɪd/ n. 骑兵队，马队

14. antelope /'ænti-  
ləʊp/ *n.* 羚羊

15. moccasin /'mɒkə-  
sɪn/ *n.* “莫卡辛”  
鞋(北美印第安人  
穿的通常用鹿皮  
制的大后跟软皮  
鞋)

16. shiftless /'ʃɪftlɪs/  
*adj.* 得过且过的,  
懒惰的

17. brawling /'brɔːlɪŋ/  
*adj.* 爱争吵的,  
爱打架的

18. Cajun /'keɪdʒən/ *n.*  
阿卡迪亚人(移居  
美国路易斯安那  
州的法国人后裔)

19. pinon /'pɪnɒn/ *n.*  
矮松, 矮松果

20. overhang /'əʊvə-  
hæŋ/ *n.* 垂悬物,  
突出物

When the morning came, she went cautiously to the spring for water. Her ponies were back in the corral. They had been returned during the night.

Slowly, the days drew on. Angie broke a small piece of the meadow and planted it. Alone, she cut hay in the meadow and built another stack. She saw Indians several times, but they did not bother her. One morning, when she opened her door, a quarter of antelope<sup>14</sup> lay on the step, but no Indian was in sight. Several times, during the weeks that followed, she saw moccasin<sup>15</sup> tracks near the spring.

Once, going out at daybreak, she saw an Indian girl dipping water from the spring. Angie called to her, and the girl turned quickly, facing her. Angie walked toward her, offering a bright red silk ribbon. Pleased at the gift, the Apache girl left.

And the following morning there was another quarter of antelope on her step — but she saw no Indian.

Ed Lowe had built the cabin in West Dog Canyon in the spring of 1871, but it was Angie who chose the spot, not Ed. In Santa Fe they would have told you that Ed Lowe was good-looking, shiftless<sup>16</sup> and agreeable. He was, also, unfortunately handy with a pistol.

Angie's father had come from County Mayo to New York and from New York to the Mississippi, where he became a tough, brawling<sup>17</sup> river boatman. In New Orleans, he met a beautiful Cajun<sup>18</sup> girl and married her. Together, they started west for Santa Fe, and Angie was born en route. Both parents died of cholera when Angie was fourteen. She lived with an Irish family for the following three years, then married Ed Lowe when she was seventeen.

Santa Fe was not good for Ed, and Angie kept after him until they started south. It was Apache country, but they kept on until they reached the old Spanish ruin in West Dog. Here there were grass, water, and shelter from the wind.

There was fuel, and there were pinons<sup>19</sup> and game. And Angie, with an Irish eye for the land, saw that it would grow crops.

The house itself was built on the ruins of the old Spanish building, using the thick walls and the floor. The location had been admirably chosen for defense. The house was built in a corner of the cliff, under the sheltering overhang<sup>20</sup>, and that approach was

possible from only two directions, both covered by an easy field of fire from the door and windows.

For seven months, Ed worked hard and steadily. He put in the first crop, he built the house, and proved himself a handy man with tools. He repaired the old plow they had bought, cleaned out the spring, and paved and walled it with slabs of stone. If he was lonely for the carefree companions of Santa Fe, he gave no indication of it. Provisions were low, and when he finally started off to the south, Angie watched him go with an ache in her heart.

She did not know whether she loved Ed. The first rush of enthusiasm had passed, and Ed Lowe had proved something less than she had believed. But he had tried, she admitted. And it had not been easy for him. He was an amiable<sup>21</sup> soul, given to<sup>22</sup> whittling and idle talk, all of which he missed in the loneliness of the Apache country. And when he rode away, she had no idea whether she would ever see him again. She never did.

Santa Fe was far and away to the north, but the growing village of El Paso was less than a hundred miles to the west, and it was there Ed Lowe rode for supplies and seed.

He had several drinks — his first in months — in one of the saloons. As the liquor warmed his stomach, Ed Lowe looked around agreeably. For a moment, his eyes clouded with worry as he thought of his wife and children back in Apache country, but it was not in Ed Lowe to worry for long. He had another drink and leaned on the bar, talking to the bartender. All Ed had ever asked of life was enough to eat, a horse to ride, an occasional drink, and companions to talk with. Not that he had anything important to say. He just liked to talk.

Suddenly a chair grated<sup>23</sup> on the floor, and Ed turned. A lean, powerful man with a shock<sup>24</sup> of uncut black hair and a torn, weather-faded shirt stood at bay<sup>25</sup>. Facing him across the table were three hard-faced men, obviously brothers.

Ches Lane did not notice Ed Lowe watching from the bar. He had eyes only for the men facing him. "You done that deliberate!" The statement was a challenge.

The broad-chested man on the left grinned through broken teeth. "That's right, Ches. I done it deliberate. You killed Dan Tolliver on the Brazos<sup>26</sup>."

21. amiable /'eɪmjəbl/

adj. 和蔼可亲的, 令人愉悦的

22. be given to ... 有... 的癖好

23. grate /greɪt/ vi. 发出吱吱嘎嘎的摩擦声

24. shock /ʃɒk/ n. 蓬乱的一堆 (a shock of hair 一头蓬乱的头发)

25. stand at bay 作困兽斗, 陷入困境

26. the Brazos /'braʊzəʊz/ 布拉斯斯河 (美国河流名)

27. shuck /ʃʌk/ n. (用  
玉米外壳卷起来  
的) 香烟或雪茄

—170 “He made the quarrel.” Comprehension came to Ches. He was boxed, and by three of the fighting, blood-hungry Tollivers.

“Don’t make no difference,” the broad-chested Tolliver said. “Who sheds a Tolliver’s blood, by a Tolliver’s hand must die!”

—175 Ed Lowe moved suddenly from the bar. “Three to one is long odds,” he said, his voice low and friendly. “If the gent in the corner is willin’, I’ll side him.”

Two Tollivers turned toward him. Ed Lowe was smiling easily, his hand hovering near his gun. “You stay out of this!” one of the brothers said harshly.

—180 “I’m in,” Ed replied. “Why don’t you boys light a shuck<sup>27</sup>?”

“No, by —!” The man’s hand dropped for his gun, and the room thundered with sound.

—185 Ed was smiling easily, unworried as always. His gun flashed up. He felt it leap in his hand, saw the nearest Tolliver smashed back, and he shot him again as he dropped. He had only time to see Ches Lane with two guns out and another Tolliver down when something struck him through the stomach and he stepped back against the bar, suddenly sick.

—190 The sound stopped, and the room was quiet, and there was the acrid smell of powder smoke. Three Tollivers were down and dead, and Ed Lowe was dying. Ches Lane crossed to him.

“We got ’em,” Ed said, “we sure did. But they got me.”

Suddenly his face changed. “Oh Lord in heaven, what’ll Angie do?” And then he crumpled over on the floor and lay still, the blood staining his shirt and mingling with the sawdust.

—195 Stiff-faced, Ches looked up. “Who was Angie?” he asked.

“His wife,” the bartender told him. “She’s up northeast somewhere, in Apache country. He was tellin’ me about her. Two kids, too.”

—200 Ches Lane stared down at the crumpled, used-up body of Ed Lowe. The man had saved his life.

One he could have beaten, two he might have beaten; three would have killed him. Ed Lowe, stepping in when he did, had saved the life of Ches Lane.

—205 “He didn’t say where?”

“No.”

Ches Lane shoved his hat back on his head. “What’s northeast

of here?"

The bartender rested his hands on the bar. "Cochise," he said...

For more than three months, whenever he could rustle the grub<sup>28</sup>, Ches Lane quartered<sup>29</sup> the country over and back. The trouble was, he had no lead to the location of Ed Lowe's homestead<sup>30</sup>. An examination of Ed's horse revealed nothing. Lowe had bought seed and ammunition, and the seed indicated a good water supply, and the ammunition implied trouble. But in the country there was always trouble.

A man had died to save his life, and Ches Lane had a deep sense of obligation. Somewhere that wife waited, if she was still alive, and it was up to him to find her and look out for her. He rode northeast, cutting for sign, but found none. Sandstorms had wiped out any hope of back-trailing Lowe. Actually, West Dog Canyon was more east than north, but this he had no way of knowing.

North he went, skirting the rugged San Andreas Mountains. Heat baked him hot, dry winds parched his skin. His hair grew dry and stiff and alkali<sup>31</sup>-whitened. He rode north, and soon the Apaches knew of him. He fought them at a lonely water hole, and he fought them on the run. They killed his horse, and he switched his saddle to the spare and rode on. They cornered him in the rocks, and he killed two of them and escaped by night.

They trailed him through the White Sands, and he left two more for dead. He fought fiercely and bitterly, and would not be turned from his quest. He turned east through the lava beds and still more east to the Pecos<sup>32</sup>. He saw only two white men, and neither knew of a white woman.

The bearded man laughed harshly. "A woman alone? She wouldn't last a month! By now the Apaches got her, or she's dead. Don't be a fool! Leave this country before you die here."

Lean, wind-whipped and savage, Ches Lane pushed on. The Mescaleros<sup>33</sup> cornered him in Rawhide Draw and he fought them to a standstill. Grimly, the Apaches clung to his trail.

The sheer determination of the man fascinated them. Bred and born in a rugged and lonely land, the Apaches knew the difficulties of survival. They knew how a man could live, how he must live. Even as they tried to kill this man, they loved him, for he was

28. grub/grab/ *n.* 亪  
食物

rustle (up) the grub  
设法找到食物

29. quarter/'kwɔ:tə/ *vt.*  
(搜寻猎物等时)  
在...四处走动,  
在...来回走动

30. homestead/'həʊm-  
sted/ *n.* 住处, 家  
园, 家宅

31. alkali/'ælkəlaɪ/ *n.*  
碱

32. the Pecos/'peɪkəs/  
佩科斯河(美国西  
南部河流)。

33. Mescalero/'meskə-  
'leərəʊ/ *n.* 梅斯卡  
勒罗人(美国阿帕  
契印第安人)

34. slicker /'slikə/ *n.* 雨衣, (宽长的) 油布雨衣

35. buzzard /'bʌzəd/ *n.* 美国秃鹰, 秃鹰类

36. sprawl /sprɔ:l/ *vi.* 四肢伸开着倒下

37. canteen /kæn'ti:n/ *n.* 炊具箱, 饭盒

38. gal /gæl/ *n.* <informal> = girl 姑娘

39. longhorn /'lɒŋ-hɔ:n/ *n.* 长角牛

40. rancharia /'ræntʃə-'ri:ə/ *n.* 印第安人村落

245 one of their own.

250 Lane's jeans grew ragged. Two bullet holes were added to the old black hat. The slicker<sup>34</sup> was torn; the saddle, so carefully kept until now, was scratched by gravel and brush. At night he cleaned his guns and by day he scouted the trails. Three times he found lonely ranch houses burned to the ground, the buzzard<sup>35</sup>-and-coyote-stripped bones of their owners lying nearby.

255 Once he found a covered wagon, its canvas flopping in the wind, a man lying sprawled<sup>36</sup> on the seat with a pistol near his hand. He was dead and his wife was dead, and their canteens<sup>37</sup> rattled like empty skulls.

301 Leaner every day, Ches Lane pushed on. He camped one night in a canyon near some white oaks. He heard a hoof click on stone and he backed away from his tiny fire, gun in hand.

260 The riders were white men, and there were two of them. Joe Tompkins and Wiley Lynn were headed west, and Ches Lane could have guessed why. They were men he had known before, and he told them what he was doing.

265 Lynn chuckled. He was a thin-faced man with lank yellow hair and dirty fingers. "Seems a mighty strange way to get a woman. There's some as comes easier."

302 "This ain't for fun," Ches replied shortly. "I got to find her."

Tompkins stared at him. "Ches, you're crazy! That gent declared himself in of his own wish and desire. Far's that goes, the gal's<sup>38</sup> dead. No woman could last this long in Apache country."

270 At daylight, the two men headed west, and Ches Lane turned south.

275 Antelope and deer are curious creatures, often led to their death by curiosity. The longhorn<sup>39</sup>, soon going wild on the plains, acquires the same characteristic. He is essentially curious. Any new thing or strange action will bring his head up and his ears alert. Often a longhorn, like a deer, can be lured within a stone's throw by some queer antic, by a handkerchief waving, by a man under a hide, by a man on foot.

280 This character of the wild things holds true of the Indian. The lonely rider who fought so desperately and knew the desert so well soon became a subject of gossip among the Apaches. Over the fires of many a rancharia<sup>40</sup> they discussed this strange rider

who seemed to be going nowhere, but always riding, like a lean wolf dog on a trail. He rode across the mesas<sup>41</sup> and down the canyons, he studied sign at every water hole; he looked long from every ridge. It was obvious to the Indians that he searched for something — but what?

Cochise had come again to the cabin in West Dog Canyon. “Little warrior too small,” he said, “too small for hunt. You join my people. Take Apache for man.”

“No.” Angie shook her head. “Apache ways are good for the Apache, and the white man’s ways are good for white men — and women.”

They rode away and said no more, but that night, as she had on many other nights after the children were asleep, Angie cried. She wept silently, her head pillowed on her arms. She was as pretty as ever, but her face was thin, showing the worry and struggle of the months gone by, the weeks and months without hope.

The crops were small but good. Little Jimmy worked beside her. At night, Angie sat alone on the steps and watched the shadows gather down the long canyon, listening to the coyotes yapping<sup>42</sup> from the rim of the Guadalupe<sup>43</sup>, hearing the horses blowing in the corral. She watched, still hopeful, but now she knew that Cochise was right: Ed would not return.

But even if she had been ready to give up this, the first home she had known, there could be no escape. Here she was protected by Cochise. Other Apaches from other tribes would not so willingly grant her peace.

At daylight she was up. The morning air was bright and balmy, but soon it would be hot again. Jimmy went to the spring for water, and when breakfast was over, the children played while Angie sat in the shade of a huge old cottonwood<sup>44</sup> and sewed. It was a Sunday, warm and lovely. From time to time, she lifted her eyes to look down the canyon, half smiling at her own foolishness.

The hard-packed earth of the yard was swept clean of dust; the pans hanging on the kitchen wall were neat and shining. The children’s hair had been clipped, and there was a small bouquet on the kitchen table.

After a while, Angie put aside her sewing and changed her dress. She did her hair carefully, and then, looking in her mirror,

41. mesa /'meisə/ *n.* 台地, 岩石台地

42. yap /jæp/ *vi.* 狂吠, 汪汪乱叫

43. the Guadalupe /,gwɑ:də'lu:pi:z/ 瓜达卢佩兹山脉 (美国山脉名)

44. cottonwood /'kɒ-tənwud/ *n.* 三叶杨, 棉白杨



she reflected with sudden pain that she *was* pretty, and that she was only a girl.

Resolutely, she turned from the mirror and, taking up her Bible, went back to the seat under the cottonwood. The children  
325 left their playing and came to her, for this was a Sunday ritual, their only one. Opening the Bible, she read slowly,

“...though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou  
preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou...”

330 “Mommy.” Jimmy tugged at her sleeve. “Look!”

Ches Lane had reached a narrow canyon by midafternoon and decided to make camp. There was small possibility he would find another such spot, and he was dead tired, his muscles sodden<sup>45</sup> with fatigue. The canyon was one of those unexpected gashes in the cap rock that gave no indication of its presence until you came  
335 right on it. After some searching, Ches found a route to the bottom and made camp under a wind-hollowed overhang. There was water, and there was a small patch of grass.

After his horse had a drink and a roll on the ground, it began cropping eagerly at the rich, green grass, and Ches built a smokeless fire of some ancient driftwood in the canyon bottom. It was his first hot meal in days, and when he had finished he put out his fire, rolled a smoke, and leaned back contentedly.

Before darkness settled, he climbed to the rim and looked  
345 over the country. The sun had gone down, and the shadows were growing long. After a half hour of study, he decided there was no living thing within miles, except for the usual desert life. Returning to the bottom, he moved his horse to fresh grass, then rolled in his blanket. For the first time in a month, he slept without fear.

350 He woke up suddenly in the broad daylight. The horse was listening to something, his head up. Swiftly, Ches went to the horse and led it back under the overhang. Then he drew on his boots, rolled his blankets, and saddled the horse. Still he heard no sound.

355 Climbing the rim again, he studied the desert and found nothing. Returning to his horse, he mounted up and rode down the canyon toward the flatland beyond. Coming out of the canyon

45. sodden /'sɒdən/ adj.  
充满的, 浸透的,  
湿透的