

英语泛读新教程

学生用书

第一册

A NEW ENGLISH Reading Course

唐慧心 主编

1

英語泛讀新教程

學生叢書

第一冊



NEW ENGLISH
Reading Course

BOOK 1

1

上海外灘書店

A NEW ENGLISH Reading Course

英语泛读新教程

1

学生用书

第一册

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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 人生价值观、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，两年多来对教材几次修订，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。

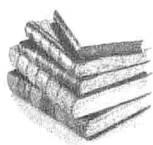
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Unit 1

Part One A Dog from Nowhere

Havilah Babcock

Introduction

Trapped in the struggle for a better life, most of us have neither time nor energy to relax in our own spiritual gardens to dream our dreams. But Mr. Junes is an exception. Living a very common life, he still spends most of his life in love with a dream. To fulfill this dream, a fine dog is crucial, and suddenly it comes! But to the great dismay of Mr. Junes, somebody comes to claim the dog shortly after ...

"It's been three weeks, hasn't it? Mr. Junes?" After forty years she still called her husband "mister." There are people like that. "Have you made any effort to find the owner?"

"Why, yes — of course. But he's probably not a neighborhood dog. Wouldn't have stayed here so contentedly."

"Not so sure about that!" She chided¹ gently, laying aside the apples she had been peeling². "The way you've been pampering³ the big rascal, and stuffing him full of food." To bring him out of his daydream, she added, "Aren't you supposed to put an advertisement in the paper? Doesn't the law require —"

"Yes. Three times in the lost-and-found⁴. I asked in Pittsfield this morning."

"But you didn't put in an ad?"

"Been sort of busy here lately," he defended lamely⁵. He admired her ability at reading his thought. "One thing bothers me: if

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1. chide /tʃaɪd/ vi. 责备
2. peel /pi:l/ vt. 削(皮)
3. pamper /'pæmpə/ vt. 姑息, 娇养

10

4. lost-and-found 失物招领处

15

5. lamely /'leɪmli/ adv. 理由不充分地

6. bird dog 捕鸟猎犬

7. eke out a living 竭力维持生计

8. covey /'kʌvi/ *n.* 一群

9. quail /kweɪl/ *n.* 鹌鹑

10. clamoring /'klæmə-rɪŋ/ *adj.* 吵闹的

11. tremendous /tri-'mendəs/ *adj.* 极大的, 巨大的

12. fox terrier 猎狐犬

13. gauge /geɪdʒ/ *n.* (枪、炮的)口径

14. honor-bound /'hɒnə-'baʊnd/ *adj.* 荣誉攸关的, 为了荣誉必须做的

we advertise him, how can we be sure the person asking is the rightful owner? I'd hate to see a fine dog like that —"

—20 "Make the person describe his dog before we let him see ours," she said wisely. "And make him call the dog by name. That's if you've hit on his name, yet?"

"No, I've tried every name a bird dog⁶ could be called by. Can you give me some more to try?"

Henry Junes had spent most of his life in love with a dream. Until fourteen he had lived a wonderful life in the country. But —25 then his father had died and his mother lost the farm. They had moved to the city where they had been able to eke out a living⁷. Henry did odd jobs after school and later he attended night classes. Finally he got a job in a downtown bank, where he saw a lot of money but didn't get touch of it. Thirty-five years in one office, —30 over one desk, doing the same thing through endless days.

But, don't feel sorry for him, because Mr. Junes had his dream: he would someday go back to the country and pick up where he left off. Now at sixty-six, he had part of it anyway. He has gotten himself a farm. The land wasn't much good, but it was still a farm. —35 And, of all surprises, it contained big coveys⁸ of quail⁹, whose clamoring¹⁰ takeoff filled him with a tremendous¹¹ thrill.

At first, it had not been quail, but the squirrels he and a fox terrier¹² had hunted when he was a boy. Now the beautiful twenty-gauge¹³ shotgun he had gotten himself would have a purpose. But —40 a dog? He had none, and the kind he wanted would have been hard to come by, even if he had the money. Now fate had sent him a dog from nowhere only a few weeks before the hunting season.

Mr. Junes had known from the start that he would have to —45 advertise the dog. He felt honor-bound¹⁴ to do it, and he chided himself for not having done it sooner. Such a fine-looking dog would hardly go unclaimed, he reasoned uneasily.

The next day he placed the advertisement, but still he felt a small sense of guilt. A few days later the advertisement appeared —50 in the paper: "Found: one dog. Owner may recover by identifying name." The advertisement had been the smallest possible, and hopefully would not go unnoticed.

It was not until a week later that a car bearing an out-of-

state license pulled up in front of the house. A big car, Mr. Junes noted. He had been making apple cider¹⁵, and his wife was just coming from the orchard with an apronful of purple plums¹⁶ “Mercy me,” she said. “We’re such sights. Show him around to the front door.”

But the stranger strode straight toward them. They noticed that he was tall, that a boyish grin lit up his face, and that one sleeve hung limp¹⁷ by his side.

“I hope you folks will forgive my barging in¹⁸,” he said. “I saw you were busy. What I’ve come to see you about — apple cider!” he let out a whistle. “Good fresh-run¹⁹ apple cider.”

Mr. Junes found a glass and filled it to the brim²⁰ from the still flowing cider trough²¹. Glass after glass, the tall boy drunk.

“Since I’ve made such a glutton²² of myself, let me turn the next tubful.” he said, shaking off his coat.

Noting the missing arm, Mr. Junes wanted to protest, but didn’t know how.

“It’s okay. Got to build up the old muscle!” The boy said. He made the cleated rollers²³ hum and rock as the fresh-washed apples splattered²⁴ into the hopper²⁵.

“How tall are you?” asked Mr. Junes, looking up.

“Six-two, but they say infantrymen get shorter!” he laughed.

“Jim was sixty-two,” said Mr. Junes.

“Sixty-two and a half,” gently corrected Mrs. Junes.

“Jim?”

“Our boy. He was on the Bunker Hill.”

“A great crew, the Bunker Hill’s,” the boy said soberly²⁶. “I’m sure he left you proud memories.” And his own mind jerked²⁷ back to a shellhole in New Guinea. But it was not a thing on which to dwell. “Now that I’ve drunk you folks out of house and home, I’ll explain why I’m here. The dog. The dog you advertised,” he said, taking a clipping²⁸ from a pocket a bit awkwardly, as if he hadn’t yet learned to do two-handed things with one hand.

“Yes, the dog,” repeated Mr. Junes. “Of course, the dog.”

“Four weeks ago,” the boy went on, “When driving through this country, I had a flat tire. While I was gone for help, someone broke into my car and removed my suitcase and my dog. The case I didn’t mind, but the dog — I spent three days looking for him.”

15. cider /'saɪdə/ *n.* 苹果汁

16. plum /plʌm/ *n.* 李, 洋李

17. limp /lɪmp/ *adj.* 松垮的, 柔软的

18. barge in /bɑːdʒ/ 闯入

19. fresh-run /'freʃrʌn/ *adj.* 鲜榨的

20. brim /brɪm/ *n.* 边, 缘

21. trough /trɒf/ *n.* 槽, 水槽

22. glutton /'glʌtən/ *n.* 贪食者

23. cleated roller 用楔固定的滚压机

24. splatter /'splætə/ *vi.* 啪嗒作响地掉下

25. hopper /'hɒpə/ *n.* 送料斗, 漏斗

26. soberly /'səʊəbəlɪ/ *adv.* 严肃地

27. jerk /dʒɜːk/ *vi.* 猝然一动, 猛推

28. clipping /'klɪpɪŋ/ *n.* 剪报

29. leaden /'ledən/ *adj.*

沉闷的

30. pointer /'pɔɪntə/ *n.*

一种短毛大猎犬

31. drooping /'dru:pɪŋ/

adj. 低垂的, 弯下的

32. gaunt /ɡɔ:nt/ *adj.* 憔悴的, 瘦削的

33. relive /ri:'lɪv/ *vt.* 重温, 再体验

34. carry away 使失去自制力, 吸引住

“What kind of dog was he?” Mr. Junes found himself saying in a leaden²⁹ voice, a pounding in his heart.

“A big male pointer³⁰, white and tan, with a tan saddle and a tan tail. And when he lay down, he had a way of crossing his front feet. I would know him instantly, and of course, he would know me.”

It was then that hope died in the heart of Mr. Junes. Weakly he got to his feet, his drooping³¹ shoulders and gaunt³² face for the first time in weeks showing his sixty-six years. Even when you know a thing is going to happen, you hope it won't.

But he was an honest man and he said: “I wouldn't think of charging you for keeping him. He is your dog, I'm sure, but I wonder if you'd mind calling him by his name and letting him recognize you. He went with the neighbor's boy for the cow and will be coming through the field about now.”

At the edge of the field, near a sad-looking patch of beggar's lice, the two men stepped into a covey of quail that went whirring away to the alder thicket.

“Did you see that? Did you see that?” said Mr. Junes excitedly. “That is where he found them the other day. There are a good many coveys around, but I don't think I could ever learn to hit them. You see, I haven't had a chance to hunt since I was fourteen, and now —”

“Wait,” said the boy. “You say the dog found them here a few days ago. How did it act? Tell me that.”

“It was a thing to see!” said Mr. Junes, reliving³³ the moment. “For the longest time he stood there with head high and tail aloft. He was a tan-and-white statue. It was something, I can tell you. But I'm afraid I couldn't ever learn to hit them. Do you think I could?” he asked eagerly, the words tumbling out. “Reckon I'm too — old?”

“Sure you can learn,” answered the boy. “With a good dog and a little practice you could handle them just fine. Sure you could.”

Carried away³⁴ by the feeling of the moment and the thrill of a big covey rise, the boy was driven to ask a question of his own. “Do you think I could learn —” But quickly he lowered his head and turned away.

“Here he comes now,” said Mr. Junes as the big pointer strode forward. “I’m just about sure he’s yours and that he will be glad to see you.”

The dog turned quickly toward the boy, then stopped and looked over his shoulder at Mr. Junes. Standing halfway between the two, he looked from one to the other, a baffled³⁵ expression on his face. Then having worked out whatever problem lay on his mind, he strode straight to Mr. Junes and licked his hand.

“There is a likeness,” said the boy. “A remarkable likeness. But dogs often look alike. The name alone will tell. Here, Chief! Here, Chief!” he called softly.

The dog’s only answer was to whimper³⁶ and jam³⁷ his big muzzle against the outstretched hand of Mr. Junes.

“That is not my dog,” said the boy. “I hope you will find his right name. Bad luck to change a dog’s name.”

Back at the house, the boy hurriedly thanked them for their hospitality and was gone. Mr. and Mrs. Junes heard the car roaring away. “Fine young fellow,” said Mr. Junes. “Wonder why he was in such a hurry. When he described the dog, I was sure it was his. Scared me out of six months’ growth,” he grinned³⁸, remembering the expression from long ago.

When, after a week, no one else had asked about the dog, Mr. Junes’ fears were quieted. “Trouble now,” he said, “is to find his name. Just can’t name a dog any old thing. I’ll make up another list —”

But there was a telegram in his mailbox. It had come from a distant city, and was unsigned. Half-fearfully his eyes dropped onto the body of the message, which was quite short. It said, “TRY TENNESSEE.”

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35. baffled /'bæfld/ *adj.*
困惑的

36. whimper /'hwim-
pə/ *vi.* 呜咽

37. jam /dʒæm/ *vt.* 挤
进, 塞进

38. grin /grɪn/ *vi.* 露齿
而笑

Part Two Welcome to Our Bank

Henry Slesar

Introduction

If you love the property, seek for it properly. George Picken doesn't think so. For almost six years, he has been waiting for a good opportunity to seek for it stealthily, and finally he thinks he has made it! But to his great surprise, it proves that he just outsmarts himself in fact.

39. verse /vɜːs/ n. 诗句

“Star light, star bright, first star I’ve seen tonight.
Wish I may, wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight:
Please let the First Central Bank be robbed.”

40. nameplate /ˈneɪm-
plɛt/ n. 名牌

George Picken recited this verse³⁹ to himself as he looked at the small star that appeared over his hometown of Southwick Corners. He had been repeating this at every opportunity for almost six years, almost since the day he had started to work at the bank as an assistant teller. Now he was a senior teller, with a brass nameplate⁴⁰ and his own cashbox. At the very beginning, he had thought that this was all he wanted in life, but soon he had realized that it wasn’t the job, or the title, that really mattered. What mattered was the money — so green, so fresh, so stiff and new, so full of promise, so unlike the miserable pay he received twice a month. Sometimes, he held as much as fifty thousand dollars in his hands, fifty thousand green tickets to adventure and the full life beyond the limited world of Southwick Corners.

41. academy /əˈkædə-
mi/ n. 高等专科学校

But George would never steal that money. George was a Southwick Boy. All Southwick Boys, graduates of that dear and honored preparatory school, Southwick Academy⁴¹, knew that stealing was wrong. No Southwick Boy ever had been arrested for stealing. There were, to be sure, three who had been put in prison or put to death for crimes of violence. But no Southwick graduate

stole.

And besides, there were three people whom George must not disappoint. One was Mr. Burrows, the bank president, who had given him the job (and who had gone to Southwick himself). The second was Aunt Mary, who had raised George with honesty, cleanliness and good plain cooking. And the third was Jennifer, who would probably marry George once he named the day.

No, George Picken knew he could never simply take the thick bundles of bills that were always under his hand. There was really only one solution. The First Central Bank must be robbed. He thought about it all the time, especially when he opened his morning newspaper and found repeated stories about bank robberies in all parts of the country. It was becoming the national indoor sport, a new profession. Everybody was robbing banks these days. Not just professional criminals, with guns, scarves ⁴² over their faces, and getaway cars to escape in. Little old ladies were pushing threatening notes through tellers' windows, baby-faced boys were walking off with thousands, and real amateurs ⁴³ were emptying cashboxes all over the country. There was hardly a bank in America that had not been robbed. George thought sourly ⁴⁴. Except, of course, the First Central Bank of Southwick Corners. What was wrong with this bank? Were would-be robbers scornful ⁴⁵ of the bank's mere four-million-dollar capital? Were they afraid of Mr. Ackerman, the ancient bank guard, who hadn't pulled out his gun in twenty-two years? Or was it just plain bad luck?

Mournfully, George Picken walked home from work every day, and asked himself these questions. Why, why, why, with bank robberies on the increase, why couldn't he be robbed?

Naturally, George had his reasons for wanting to be robbed. It was a method he had thought of long, long before. The scheme ⁴⁶ was simple, and it went like this:

If Bank Robber A holds up ⁴⁷ Bank Teller B —

And if Bank Teller B gives Bank Robber A a certain amount of money —

What is to prevent Bank Teller B from pocketing all the money left and claiming that it was stolen by Bank Robber A?

It was as simple as could be, and every time George Picken examined the plan, it seemed more certain.

42. scarf/ska:f/ *n.* 头巾, 围巾

43. amateur/'æmətə/ *n.* 非专业人员

44. sourly/'sauəli/ *adv.* 郁闷地

45. scornful/'skɔ:nfʊl/ *adj.* 藐视的, 轻蔑的

46. scheme/ski:m/ *n.* 计划, 方案

47. hold up 劫持

There was only one difficulty.
Where was Bank Robber A?

One morning, George Picken awoke with a feeling that something was going to happen. Aunt Mary knew that he was troubled the moment she saw him.

"Are you feeling sick, George?"

"No, Aunt Mary. Why do you say that?"

"You look sick. Must be those lunches you eat downtown. Maybe you'd better come home for lunch from now on. Some good boiled food will fix you up⁴⁸."

"I'm all right," said George.

On his way to work, he met Jennifer, and had a sudden urge⁴⁹ to tell her something. "Jennifer —"

"Yes, George?"

"Jennifer, about that matter we were talking about. You know, on the porch the other night."

"Yes, George." She blushed⁵⁰.

"I just wanted you to know. It won't be long now, Jennifer. I feel in my bones."

As he walked into the bank, and went toward his teller's cage, Mr. Burrows, the president, nodded him as usual.

"Good morning, Mr. Burrows," he said cheerfully. "It's a wonderful day, isn't it?" Mr. Burrows looked at George in astonishment, muttered⁵¹ something, and went into his office.

At two o'clock, the bank door opened and Bank Robber A walked in.

There was no doubt about his being a bank robber, not for a moment. For one thing, he slinked⁵² in. The everyday customer of the First Central Bank either hurried in or walked in easily, saying hello to his neighbors. None of them ever slinked. Even more convincing was the fact that the man wore a mask over the lower part of his face. Nobody in Southwick Corners ever did that.

"All right," the man said in a rough voice, "this is a holdup."

He took an ugly black pistol from his right-hand pocket. Mr. Ackerman, the guard, made a small nervous sound. "You," the bank robber said to him, "lie down on the floor." Mr. Ackerman sighed, and lay down contentedly, like an obedient pet dog. Mr. Burrows came out of his office, muttered when he saw the

48. fix up 安顿, 照应

49. urge /ɜːdʒ/ n. 强烈的欲望, 冲动

50. blush /blʌʃ/ vi. 红, 羞愧

51. mutter /'mʌtə/ vt. & vi. 轻声低语, 咕哝

52. slink /slɪŋk/ vi. 鬼祟地走

robber, and started back where he came from. The bank robber asked him, politely, to return. Mr. Burrows, muttering in discontent, did as he was told. Then the man stepped up to George Picken's cage.

George sighed in relief. There were the tellers' cages, his own, and Miss Dykes', and it had been an even chance as to who would get the business. Luckily, the robber had chosen him.

"All right," the man said, "hand it over."

"Yes, sir," George said brightly. "Would you like it in ten or twenty-dollar bills?"

"Just hand it over!"

George reached into his cashbox, and took all the bills from the top section. The total was close to six thousand dollars. There was another layer below, containing thousands more. He passed the six thousand dollars through the window and the bank robber took them greedily. Then he bundled⁵³ them into his pocket, and went rapidly back out the door.

Then, while all eyes watched the retreat of Bank Robber A, Bank Teller B calmly lifted off the top section of the cashbox, and quietly slipped the largest possible bills from the bottom section into his pockets.

The door swung outwards and the bank robber was gone.

"Call again on our bank," thought George.

Then he fainted.

When he stirred and woke, his first worry was whether he had been searched. He touched his pockets and felt the bulk⁵⁴ of the notes. He smiled up at the worried faces looking down at him.

"I'm all right," he said bravely. "I'm perfectly all right."

"Wasn't that awful?" Miss Dykes, the second teller said, her eyes bright with excitement. "Did you ever see anything so bold in your life?"

"Never," George agreed. "Mr. Burrows —"

"Mr. Burrows went to call the police," Mr. Bell, the chief auditor⁵⁵ said. "Are you sure you don't want a doctor, George?"

"No, no, I'm all right. If I could just go home now."

"I think you should," Miss Dykes said. "I really think you should, Mr. Picken. What an awful experience."

"Yes," George said. "It was really awful."

53. bundle /'bʌndl/ vt.
把……塞入

54. bulk /bʌlk/ n. 大块

55. auditor /'ɔ:ditə/ n.
审计员