

英语泛读新教程

学生用书

第三册

A NEW ENGLISH READING COURSE

3

主编 唐慧心

英語閱讀新教程

學生用書

第三冊

English Reading

3

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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、与课文相关的问题题，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。

编者

于中国人民解放军外国语学院

2008年5月



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Unit 1

Dudley Demented

Joanne Kathleen Rowling

Introduction

With the successive publication of the seven Harry Potter novels, which focus on young Potter's life in the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, the black-haired, bespectacled wizard-in-training has attracted millions of fans all over the globe. In the following text, originally the first chapter of Book Five — *Harry Potter and the Order of Phoenix*, Potter finds himself hopelessly stuck in his unloving aunt's home. Harry suspects that Voldemort is gathering an army, but his friends seem determined to keep him in the dark. What will he do?

The hottest day of the summer so far was drawing to a close and a drowsy¹ silence lay over the large, square houses of Privet Drive. Cars that were usually gleaming stood dusty in their drives and lawns that were once emerald² green lay parched³ and yellowing — for the use of hosepipes⁴ had been banned due to drought. Deprived of their usual car-washing and lawn-mowing pursuits, the inhabitants of Privet Drive had retreated into the shade of their cool houses, windows thrown wide in the hope of tempting in a nonexistent breeze. The only person left outdoors was a teenage boy who was lying flat on his back in a flowerbed outside number four.

He was a skinny, black-haired, bespectacled boy who had the pinched⁵, slightly unhealthy look of someone who has grown a lot in a short space of time. His jeans were torn and dirty, his T-shirt

1. drowsy /'draʊzi/ *adj.*
昏昏欲睡的, 催眠的
2. emerald /'emərəld/ *adj.* 翡翠的, 翠绿色的
3. parched /pɑ:tʃt/ *adj.*
干透的, 干枯的
4. hosepipe /'həʊz-
paɪp/ *n.* 橡胶软管,
水龙软管
5. pinched /'pɪntʃt/ *adj.*
(脸等) 皱缩的, 消瘦的

6. trainer /'treɪnə(r)/
n. 软运动鞋

7. scruffiness /'skrʌ-
fɪnis/ n. 肮脏, 破
旧

8. hydrangea /haɪ-
'dreɪndʒiə/ n. 绣球
花

9. flutter /'flʌtə(r)/ vi.
飘动

10. scathingly /'skeɪ-
ðŋli/ adv. 严厉地,
苛刻地

11. jingle /'dʒɪŋɡl/ n.
韵律简单的诗
(或歌)

12. cereal /'sɪəriəl/ n.
谷类食品, 谷类

13. batty /'bæti/ adj. 古
怪的

15 baggy and faded, and the soles of his trainers⁶ were peeling away from the uppers. Harry Potter's appearance did not endear him to the neighbours, who were the sort of people who thought scruffiness⁷ ought to be punishable by law, but as he had hidden himself behind a large hydrangea⁸ bush this evening he was quite
20 invisible to passers-by. In fact, the only way he would be spotted was if his Uncle Vernon or Aunt Petunia stuck their heads out of the living-room window and looked straight down into the flowerbed below.

On the whole, Harry thought he was to be congratulated on
25 his idea of hiding here. He was not, perhaps, very comfortable lying on the hot, hard earth but, on the other hand, nobody was glaring at him, grinding their teeth so loudly that he could not hear the news, or shooting nasty questions at him, as had happened every time he had tried sitting down in the living room to
30 watch television with his aunt and uncle.

Almost as though this thought had fluttered⁹ through the open window, Vernon Dursley, Harry's uncle, suddenly spoke.

"Glad to see the boy's stopped trying to butt in. Where is he, anyway?"

35 "I don't know," said Aunt Petunia, unconcerned. "Not in the house."

Uncle Vernon grunted.

"Watching the news ..." he said scathingly¹⁰. "I'd like to know what he's really up to. As if a normal boy cares what's on the news
40 — Dudley hasn't got a clue what's going on; doubt he knows who the Prime Minister is! Anyway, it's not as if there'd be anything about *his lot* on *our* news —"

"Vernon, *shh!*" said Aunt Petunia. "The window's open!"

"Oh — yes — sorry, dear."

45 The Dursleys fell silent. Harry listened to a jingle¹¹ about Fruit'n'Bran breakfast cereal¹² while he watched Mrs. Figg, a batty¹³ cat-loving old lady from nearby Wisteria Walk, amble slowly past. She was frowning and muttering to herself. Harry was very pleased he was concealed behind the bush, as Mrs. Figg had recently taken
50 to asking him round for tea whenever she met him in the street. She had rounded the corner and vanished from view before Uncle Vernon's voice floated out of the window again.

“Dudders out for tea?”

“At the Polkisses’,” said Aunt Petunia fondly. “He’s got so many little friends, he’s so popular...”

Harry suppressed a snort¹⁴ with difficulty. The Dursleys really were astonishingly stupid about their son, Dudley. They had swallowed all his dim-witted¹⁵ lies about having tea with a different member of his gang every night of the summer holidays. Harry knew perfectly well that Dudley had not been to tea anywhere; he and his gang spent every evening vandalising¹⁶ the play park, smoking on street corners and throwing stones at passing cars and children. Harry had seen them at it during his evening walks around Little Whinging; he had spent most of the holidays wandering the streets, scavenging¹⁷ newspapers from bins along the way.

The opening notes of the music that heralded¹⁸ the seven o’clock news reached Harry’s ears and his stomach turned over. Perhaps tonight — after a month of waiting — would be the night.

“Record numbers of stranded holidaymakers fill airports as the Spanish baggage-handlers’ strike reaches its second week —”

“Give’em a lifelong siesta¹⁹, I would,” snarled Uncle Vernon over the end of the newsreader’s sentence, but no matter: outside in the flowerbed, Harry’s stomach seemed to unclench²⁰. If anything had happened, it would surely have been the first item on the news; death and destruction were more important than stranded holidaymakers.

He let out a long, slow breath and stared up at the brilliant blue sky. Every day this summer had been the same: the tension, the expectation, the temporary relief, and then mounting tension again ... and always, growing more insistent all the time, the question of *why* nothing had happened yet.

He kept listening, just in case there was some small clue, not recognised for what it really was by the Muggles^① — an unexplained disappearance, perhaps, or some strange accident... but the baggage-handlers’ strike was followed by news about the drought in the Southeast (“I hope he’s listening next door!” belated Uncle Vernon. “Him with his sprinklers²¹ on at three in the morning!”), then a helicopter that had almost crashed in a field in Surrey, then a famous actress’s divorce from her famous husband. (“As if we’re interested in their sordid²² affairs,” sniffed²³ Aunt

55 14. snort /snɔ:t/ *n.* 喷鼻息, (表示气愤或轻蔑的) 哼鼻子

60 15. dim-witted /'dim-'wɪtɪd/ *adj.* 笨的, 傻的

65 16. vandalise /'vænd-
dəlaɪz/ *vt.* 故意破坏 (私人或公共财产)

70 17. scavenge /'skæ-
vɪndʒ/ *vi., vt.* 捡, 搜寻 (有用之物)

75 18. herald /'herəld/ *vt.* 预告, 宣布

80 19. siesta /sɪ'ɛstə/ *n.* 午睡, 午休

85 20. unclench /,ʌn'klen-
tʃ/ *vi.* 松开, 松手

90 21. sprinkler /'sprɪŋk-
lə(r)/ *n.* 洒水车, 喷水装置

22. sordid /sɔ:dɪd/ *adj.* 肮脏的, 污秽的

23. sniff /snɪf/ *vt.* 以轻蔑的口吻说

24. budgie /'bʌdʒi/ n.

虎皮鸚鵡 (全稱

budgerigar /'bʌdʒə-
rɪɡɑ:(r)/ 下

25. waistband /'weɪst-
bænd/ n. 腰帶

26. unsheathe /ˌʌn'si:ð/
vi. 拔(刀、劍等)
出鞘

27. yelp /jelp/ vi. (因
痛楚而) 尖聲急
叫, 嗥叫

Petunia, who had followed the case obsessively in every magazine she could lay her bony hands on.)

Harry closed his eyes against the now blazing evening sky as the newsreader said, “— and finally, Bungy the budgie²⁴ has found a novel way of keeping cool this summer. Bungy, who lives at the Five Feathers in Barnsley, has learned to water ski! Mary Dorkins went to find out more.”

Harry opened his eyes. If they had reached water-skiing budgerigars, there would be nothing else worth hearing. He rolled cautiously on to his front and raised himself on to his knees and elbows, preparing to crawl out from under the window.

He had moved about two inches when several things happened in very quick succession.

A loud, echoing crack broke the sleepy silence like a gunshot; a cat streaked out from under a parked car and flew out of sight; a shriek, a bellowed oath and the sound of breaking china came from the Dursleys' living room, and as though this was the signal Harry had been waiting for he jumped to his feet, at the same time pulling from the waistband²⁵ of his jeans a thin wooden wand as if he were unsheathing²⁶ a sword — but before he could draw himself up to full height, the top of his head collided with the Dursleys' open window. The resultant crash made Aunt Petunia scream even louder.

Harry felt as though his head had been split in two. Eyes streaming, he swayed, trying to focus on the street to spot the source of the noise, but he had barely staggered upright when two large purple hands reached through the open window and closed tightly around his throat.

“Put — it — away!” Uncle Vernon snarled into Harry's ear.

“Now! Before — anyone — sees!”

“Get — off — me!” Harry gasped. For a few seconds they struggled, Harry pulling at his uncle's sausage-like fingers with his left hand, his right maintaining a firm grip on his raised wand; then, as the pain in the top of Harry's head gave a particularly nasty throb, Uncle Vernon yelped²⁷ and released Harry as though he had received an electric shock. Some invisible force seemed to have surged through his nephew, making him impossible to hold.

Panting, Harry fell forwards over the hydrangea bush, straight-

ened up and stared around. There was no sign of what had caused the loud cracking noise, but there were several faces peering through various nearby windows. Harry stuffed his wand hastily back into his jeans and tried to look innocent.

“Lovely evening!” shouted Uncle Vernon, waving at Mrs. Number Seven opposite, who was glaring from behind her net curtains. “Did you hear that car backfire²⁸ just now? Gave Petunia and me quite a turn²⁹!”

He continued to grin in a horrible, manic way until all the curious neighbours had disappeared from their various windows, then the grin became a grimace³⁰ of rage as he beckoned³¹ Harry back towards him.

Harry moved a few steps closer, taking care to stop just short of the point at which Uncle Vernon’s outstretched hands could resume their strangling.

“What the *devil* do you mean by it, boy?” asked Uncle Vernon in a croaky³² voice that trembled with fury.

“What do I mean by what?” said Harry coldly. He kept looking left and right up the street, still hoping to see the person who had made the cracking noise.

“Making a racket³³ like a starting pistol right outside our —”

“I didn’t make that noise,” said Harry firmly.

Aunt Petunia’s thin, horsy face now appeared beside Uncle Vernon’s wide, purple one. She looked livid.

“Why were you lurking under our window?”

“Yes — yes, good point, Petunia! *What were you doing under our window, boy?*”

“Listening to the news,” said Harry in a resigned voice.

His aunt and uncle exchanged looks of outrage.

“Listening to the news! *Again?*”

“Well, it changes every day, you see,” said Harry.

“Don’t you be clever with me, boy! I want to know what you’re really up to — and don’t give me any more of this *listening to the news tosh*³⁴! You know perfectly well that *your lot* —”

“Careful, Vernon!” breathed Aunt Petunia, and Uncle Vernon lowered his voice so that Harry could barely hear him, “— that *your lot* don’t get on *our* news!”

“That’s all you know,” said Harry.

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28. backfire /ˌbæk-
ˈfaɪə(r)/ *n.* (发动
机) 逆火

29. give sb. a turn 把
某人吓了一跳,
使某人大吃一惊

30. grimace /grɪˈmeɪs/
n. (表示厌恶、轻
蔑、痛苦等或逗
乐的) 怪相、鬼脸

31. beckon /ˈbekən/ *vt.*
招手, 召唤

32. croaky /ˈkrəʊki/
adj. 哇哇叫的, (声
音) 低沉而沙哑
的

33. racket /ˈræki/ *n.*
喧嚷 (声), 吵闹
(声)

34. tosh /tɒʃ/ *n.* 废话,
胡说

35. goggle/'gɒɡl/ *vi.* & *vt.* 瞪眼看, 斜眼看

36. pestilential /'pestɪ-'lenʃəl/ *adj.* 引起瘟疫的; 极讨厌的

37. elf/elf/ *n.* 小精灵

38. haunt/hɔ:nt/ *n.* 常去的地方

39. begonia/bɪ'gəʊnjə/ *n.* 秋海棠

The Dursleys goggled³⁵ at him for a few seconds, then Aunt Petunia said, "You're a nasty little liar. What are all those —" she, too, lowered her voice so that Harry had to lip-read the next word, "— owls doing if they're not bringing you news?"

"Aha!" said Uncle Vernon in a triumphant whisper. "Get out of that one, boy! As if we didn't know you get all your news from those pestilential³⁶ birds!"

Harry hesitated for a moment. It cost him something to tell the truth this time, even though his aunt and uncle could not possibly know how bad he felt at admitting it.

"The owls... aren't bringing me news," he said tonelessly.

"I don't believe it," said Aunt Petunia at once.

"No more do I," said Uncle Vernon forcefully.

"We know you're up to something funny," said Aunt Petunia.

"We're not stupid, you know," said Uncle Vernon.

"Well, *that's* news to me," said Harry, his temper rising, and before the Dursleys could call him back, he had wheeled about, crossed the front lawn, stepped over the low garden wall and was striding off up the street.

He was in trouble now and he knew it. He would have to face his aunt and uncle later and pay the price for his rudeness, but he did not care very much just at the moment; he had much more pressing matters on his mind.

Harry was sure the cracking noise had been made by someone Apparating or Disapparating^②. It was exactly the sound Dobby the house-elf³⁷ made when he vanished into thin air. Was it possible that Dobby was here in Privet Drive? Could Dobby be following him right at this very moment? As this thought occurred he wheeled around and stared back down Privet Drive, but it appeared to be completely deserted and Harry was sure that Dobby did not know how to become invisible.

He walked on, hardly aware of the route he was taking, for he had pounded these streets so often lately that his feet carried him to his favourite haunts³⁸ automatically. Every few steps he glanced back over his shoulder. Someone magical had been near him as he lay among Aunt Petunia's dying begonias³⁹, he was sure of it. Why hadn't they spoken to him, why hadn't they made contact, why were they hiding now?

And then, as his feeling of frustration peaked, his certainty leaked away.

Perhaps it hadn't been a magical sound after all. Perhaps he was so desperate for the tiniest sign of contact from the world to which he belonged that he was simply overreacting to perfectly ordinary noises. Could he be *sure* it hadn't been the sound of something breaking inside a neighbour's house?

Harry felt a dull, sinking sensation in his stomach and before he knew it the feeling of hopelessness that had plagued him all summer rolled over him once again.

Tomorrow morning he would be woken by the alarm at five o'clock so he could pay the owl that delivered the *Daily Prophet* — but was there any point continuing to take it? Harry merely glanced at the front page before throwing it aside these days; when the idiots who ran the paper finally realised that Voldemort was back it would be headline news, and that was the only kind Harry cared about.

If he was lucky, there would also be owls carrying letters from his best friends Ron and Hermione, though any expectation he'd had that their letters would bring him news had long since been dashed⁴⁰.

We can't say much about you-know-what, obviously ... We've been told not to say anything important in case our letters go astray ... We're quite busy but I can't give you details here ... There's a fair amount going on, we'll tell you everything when we see you ...

But when were they going to see him? Nobody seemed too bothered with a precise date. Hermione had scribbled *I expect we'll be seeing you quite soon* inside his birthday card, but how soon was soon? As far as Harry could tell from the vague hints in their letters, Hermione and Ron were in the same place, presumably at Ron's parents' house. He could hardly bear to think of the pair of them having fun at The Burrow when he was stuck in Privet Drive. In fact, he was so angry with them he had thrown away, unopened, the two boxes of Honeydukes chocolates they'd sent him for his birthday. He'd regretted it later, after the wilted⁴¹ salad Aunt Petunia had provided for dinner that night.

And what were Ron and Hermione busy with? Why wasn't he, Harry, busy? Hadn't he proved himself capable of handling

40. dash /dæʃ/ vt. 粉碎, 使受挫折, 使破灭

41. wilted /'wiltɪd/ adj. 枯萎的, 萎蔫的

much more than them? Had they all forgotten what he had done? Hadn't it been *he* who had entered that graveyard and watched Cedric being murdered, and been tied to that tombstone and nearly killed?

Don't think about that, Harry told himself sternly for the hundredth time that summer. It was bad enough that he kept revisiting the graveyard in his nightmares, without dwelling on it in his waking moments too.

He turned a corner into Magnolia Crescent; halfway along he passed the narrow alleyway down the side of a garage where he had first clapped eyes on his godfather. Sirius, at least, seemed to understand how Harry was feeling. Admittedly, his letters were just as empty of proper news as Ron and Hermione's, but at least they contained words of caution and consolation instead of tantalising⁴² hints:

I know this must be frustrating for you ... Keep your nose clean and everything will be OK ... Be careful and don't do anything rash ...

Well, thought Harry, as he crossed Magnolia Crescent, turned into Magnolia Road and headed towards the darkening play park, he had (by and large) done as Sirius advised. He had at least resisted the temptation to tie his trunk to his broomstick⁴³ and set off for The Burrow by himself. In fact, Harry thought his behaviour had been very good considering how frustrated and angry he felt at being stuck in Privet Drive so long, reduced to hiding in flowerbeds in the hope of hearing something that might point to what Lord Voldemort was doing. Nevertheless, it was quite galling⁴⁴ to be told not to be rash by a man who had served twelve years in the wizard prison, Azkaban, escaped, attempted to commit the murder he had been convicted for in the first place, then gone on the run with a stolen Hippogriff⁴⁵.

Harry vaulted⁴⁶ over the locked park gate and set off across the parched grass. The park was as empty as the surrounding streets. When he reached the swings he sank on to the only one that Dudley and his friends had not yet managed to break, coiled⁴⁷ one arm around the chain and stared moodily at the ground. He would not be able to hide in the Dursleys' flowerbed again. Tomorrow, he would have to think of some fresh way of listening to the news. In the meantime, he had nothing to look forward to

42. tantalising /'tæn-
təlaɪzɪŋ/ *adj.* 逗弄
人的, 使干着急
的

43. broomstick /'brʊm-
stɪk/ *n.* 扫帚柄

44. galling /'gɔ:lɪŋ/ *adj.*
可恨的, 难堪的

45. Hippogriff /'hɪpə-
grɪf/ *n.* (神话中
的) 鹰头马身有
翅怪兽

46. vault /vɔ:lt/ *vi. & vt.*
撑着(某物)跳过,
撑竿跳过

47. coil /kɔɪl/ *vt.* 盘绕,
卷

but another restless, disturbed night, because even when he escaped the nightmares about Cedric he had unsettling dreams about long dark corridors, all finishing in dead ends and locked doors, which he supposed had something to do with the trapped feeling he had when he was awake. Often the old scar on his forehead prickled uncomfortably, but he did not fool himself that Ron or Hermione or Sirius would find that very interesting any more. In the past, his scar hurting had warned that Voldemort was getting stronger again, but now that Voldemort was back they would probably remind him that its regular irritation was only to be expected ... nothing to worry about ... old news ...

The injustice of it all welled up inside him so that he wanted to yell with fury. If it hadn't been for him, nobody would even have known Voldemort was back! And his reward was to be stuck in Little Whinging for four solid weeks, completely cut off from the magical world, reduced to squatting among dying begonias so that he could hear about water-skiing budgerigars! How could Dumbledore have forgotten him so easily? Why had Ron and Hermione got together without inviting him along, too? How much longer was he supposed to endure Sirius telling him to sit tight⁴⁸ and be a good boy, or resist the temptation to write to the stupid *Daily Prophet* and point out that Voldemort had returned? These furious thoughts whirled around in Harry's head, and his insides writhed with anger as a sultry⁴⁹, velvety⁵⁰ night fell around him, the air full of the smell of warm, dry grass, and the only sound that of the low grumble⁵¹ of traffic on the road beyond the park railings.

He did not know how long he had sat on the swing before the sound of voices interrupted his musings⁵² and he looked up. The streetlamps from the surrounding roads were casting a misty glow strong enough to silhouette⁵³ a group of people making their way across the park. One of them was singing a loud, crude song. The others were laughing. A soft ticking noise came from several expensive racing bikes that they were wheeling along.

Harry knew who those people were. The figure in front was unmistakably his cousin, Dudley Dursley, wending his way⁵⁴ home, accompanied by his faithful gang.

Dudley was as vast as ever, but a year's hard dieting and the

×古> uci\ 22
及人舌位即 know
副合去征

285 -ci\ 22
人合 Abo Vdgbim
陆路下 陆路去

290
10 -ci\ 22
悲 悲去 u Vngp
副

295
300

48. sit tight 坐着静待
事态的发展, 留
在原处等候

49. sultry /'sʌltri/ adj.
闷热的, 酷热的

50. velvety /'velviti/
adj. 天鹅绒般(光
滑柔软)的

51. grumble /'grʌmbl/
n. 轰隆声

52. musing /'mju:zɪŋ/
n. 沉思, 冥想

53. silhouette /sɪlu(:)-
'et/ vt. 使现出轮廓

54. wend one's way 漫
步