

高等学校试用教材

Extensive Reading

泛读 *For Basic English Course*

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主编

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河北大学出版社

英语基础泛读教程（四）

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前 言

《英语基础泛读教程》是受河北省高等学校外语教学研究会的委托而编写的,供大专院校英语专业基础阶段使用。本书共四册,约五十万字,每学期使用一册,每册十八个单元左右,每周一单元,每单元包括阅读材料、注释和练习三个部分。每册附有练习参考答案。该教材旨在帮助读者扩大词汇量,提高阅读能力,读懂英语国家出版的文学原著、报刊文章、史地和科技等读物。本书一律采用中等难度原文。力求题材、体裁多样化,语言现代化、规范化。

本书在编写过程中,特别注意内容的思想性和科学性,确保内容健康、活泼。

由于编者水平有限,缺点错误在所难免,敬请读者批评指正,以便再版时改正。

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Unit One

1. One Woman's Wilderness Odyssey

By Sheldon Kelly

Drama in Real Life

To survive,
she would have
to cross endless
miles of desolate
forest and arctic
tundra-alone

Lydia Marie Barragan, 24, felt exhilarated. Four weeks earlier she and her fiancé Jean-Jacques LeFrancq, 28, had reached their remote campsite¹ in Canada's Northwest Territories, 75 miles above the Arctic Circle². Now the French couple was ready for a yearlong study of caribou³.

Just before midnight on July 14, 1987—the sun still hovering above the arctic horizon—the skies filled with lightning from a fierce electrical storm. By morning, they saw that a forest fire was advancing directly toward their lake-side camp.

The only route of escape was by water to the south shore of the lake. Jean-Jacques, an experienced outdoorsman, quickly outlined an evacuation plan requiring two canoe trips across the lake. By saving their provisions and as much gear as possible, they might be able to salvage⁴ the project.

The eight-mile-long lake, known to cartographers only as lake 766, was so isolated that trappers seldom went there. Worse, undecided where they'd pitch camp⁵, Jean-Jacques and Lydia had failed to notify Canadian officials of their whereabouts. If tragedy befell them, only the wolves would bear witness.

They both knew the first rule of survival was to stay calm.

As they packed, Jean-Jacques and Lydia discussed their survival techniques. If fire overtook them they would make it to civilization with a compass, map and knife⁶. Nothing more was needed—except their love of life, and of each other.

By 1 p.m. they had made the first, 1 1/7 mile canoe trip across Lake 766 safely, ferrying their large tent, clothing, sled and snow shoes to a cache⁷ on the south shore. On their second trip, the heavily laden canoe held their food, photographic equipment, a knife and two sleeping bags. Suddenly a strong gust of wind swept over the lake, and waves slammed against the 16-foot canoe. Lydia and Jean-Jacques paddled furiously. Then, halfway across, a huge swell tipped them into the water.

The canoe couldn't be righted. Each time they tried, it was swamped immediately. They were being swept into the lake's widest section. Their only hope, Jean-Jacques said, was to make it to the south shore a half-mile away.

"Swim!" Jean-Jacques shouted, urging Lydia on with military-like commands. "Swim!"

Icy water slapped at Lydia's face, causing her to gag. The air was acrid, thick with ash from the forest fire. Sharp, stabbing pains struck at her lungs and sides. She began to float numbly, the pain receding in hypothermic euphoria⁸. I'm drowning, she thought. I'm drowning.

Instinctively, she rolled into a floating position, her numbed arms taking small paddling strokes. Stay in control, she told herself. Don't panic.

Suddenly Jean-Jacques thrashed wildly behind her, gagging. Moving to his side, Lydia tried to fasten her arm around his neck and swim backward. He slipped from her grasp. She tried again, but couldn't hold him. Somehow, summoning all her strength, she kept swimming toward shore.

Lydia felt her heart flutter and her air passages rattle as she gulped air convulsively. Sprawled face-down on the pebble beach, she tried to recall the final minutes in the water. How did I get here? Am I alive? Finally, coughing water from her aching lungs, she sat up. Horrified, she remembered. "Jean-Jacques!" she cried to the empty, wind-swept lake. "Oh, God, please!" But Jean-Jacques was gone.

For hours Lydia sat immobile, watching the fire smoldering at the campsite across the lake. The nighttime arctic sun shone through the smoky haze. My life has ended, she thought.

At six the following morning, Lydia stood up unsteadily. She was shivering, dizzy from hunger. Without food, or a gun, she was afraid

she was going to perish from starvation—or from wolf or bear attacks.

But Jean-Jacques's spirit would not leave her. She recalled his lectures, his love of life and adventure. Almost angrily, Lydia resolved to fight until the end.

Wrong Way. She needed to plan, to think. The nearest outpost was Our Lady of the Snows Mission on the far side of Colville Lake, 90 miles to the south. To reach the Mission, she would have to cross dense forest and tundra rife with bogs and swamps⁹. Stay calm, she urged herself. Forget nothing.

A mile away, she found the cache from their first trip across the lake. Temperatures were in the 80s during the daytime but dipped to the 50s at night, so she put on heavy clothing. Her wristwatch, compass and butane lighter¹⁰ had survived her freezing swim. From the cache she pulled a map, insect repellent, two four-ounce packers of dried rice and some family photos. These she placed in a nylon container, which had once held one of the now missing sleeping bags, and she began walking.

Despite the repellent, hordes of black flies and mosquitoes began to swarm around Lydia's head, boring into her hair, attacking her eyes. She moved along Lake 766's shoreline, swatting the air continually. An hour later, drenched in perspiration, her scalp covered with bites, she realized she was heading in the wrong direction!

Lydia returned to the cache and reoriented herself. Before setting out again, she put on additional repellent and, to travel lighter, discarded her sweater.

By midafternoon, she was pushing ahead blindly. Finally, sitting heavily beneath a tree, she emptied the nylon bag and pulled it over her huddled body to protect herself from the flies and mosquitoes. She needed to rest, to take control, to avoid panic.

During several hours of semi-conscious sleep, Lydia dreamed of Jean-Jacques, feeling his presence. Don't stop here! she heard him say. Stick to the plan!

Following her charted course, Lydia found a 20-foot-wide trail. Made for mineral exploration, the trail had been cut in straight lines by huge machines across frozen terrain during the arctic winter. But it was now summer, and Lydia soon confronted a lake blocking the trail. She would have to detour¹¹.

Unable to maintain direct bearings in the thick bush, she repeatedly

got lost, puzzling over her compass and map. At the end of the first day, according to the map, she had traveled less than five miles in ten hours.

As the temperature dropped in the evening, the flies and mosquitoes diminished. Lydia built a fire and ate a handful of rice. For the first time, she began to feel hopeful.

Bogs and Rivers. At 3 a.m. the next morning, in the sun's gray light, Lydia rose to begin walking again. Her survival would depend upon steadfastness. Every step had to be a calculated one.

The trail led straight through a wide stream. She could no longer risk disorientation by circling such obstacles. Lydia took off her clothes and, with her belongings in the bag held above her head, she stepped into the chilling, neck-deep water. Minutes later she emerged, shaking uncontrollably. But after warming herself by a small fire and dressing, she set off with increased confidence. The limits of her physical capacity were expanding.

Still, Lydia knew that her endurance could not last. As a former biology student and physical-education instructor in France, she was keenly aware of the body's nutritional needs. Her rice packets—two normal servings—could be stretched only so far.

Lydia kept going, nibbling sour, unripe berries and scheduling handfuls of rice for when she reached various points on the map. Meanwhile, she drank water to stem her hunger. Whenever the maddening insects overwhelmed her, she sought refuge within the nylon bag.

The terrain required her full concentration. She had to avoid the bogs, where she could sink ankle-deep in freezing ooze. She crossed rivers and ponds, naked, inches at a time.

Then there were the predators¹². Once, about 20 feet away, a bear rose on its haunches to stare down at her. Don't move! she thought. Don't even blink!

The bear sniffed the air, then lowered itself and ambled away. Her calmness had saved her.

Lydia hiked for days, struggling to maintain her southeasterly course, calculating and recalculating difficult compass bearings. Roughly ten miles ahead now she should find Aubry Lake; beyond that, another ten miles to Colville Lake. From there, circling the lake's dense shore marsh, it was another 25 miles to the Mission. Her feet were blistered

and infected. Worse, only a tiny portion of food remained. Her efforts seemed hopeless, but she pushed on.

Then, standing on a rocky outcrop, she saw the massive, snout-shaped cove of Aubry Lake. Adrenalin raced through her body. She was only ten miles from Colville Lake!

The next morning, she reached what seemed to be Colville's shore.

She felt invigorated and began walking along the rocky shoreline. But her latest burst of energy was quickly gone. Flies and mosquitoes attacked. The temperature turned excruciatingly hot. Lydia stopped more frequently to drink water and cover herself with repellent. Her feet bloody, she stumbled over the smallest stones.

Then she fell to her knees, shocked. The compass showed her to be heading north again. Studying the map with trembling hands, she realized she had mistaken a cove of Aubry Lake for Colville. She was walking in the wrong direction!

Wolf at the Door. Lydia sought shelter in her nylon bag. Although totally exhausted, she was unable to sleep. She studied a photo of her mother and friends, wondering if she would ever see them again.

The next morning, July, 21, Lydia retraced her steps, constantly feeling dizzy now. She ate some unripe berries, then walked for hours until she reached Colville Lake at last.

She stopped to nurse her feet. The berries had unsettled her stomach, her strength seemed at an end. She closed her eyes. Get up! she told herself, thinking of Jean-Jacques. Move!

A log cabin appeared, as if in a dream. Then she realized it was real. The door was unlocked. She went inside and sat in a stupor. She was near collapse, barely able to move her swollen feet.

Lydia discovered pancake mix, rice and tea. Near tears, she prepared her first meal in nearly a week. Then, for the next 20 hours, she slept without stirring. When she awoke, a wolf was standing outside—as if it were waiting. And for four more days it appeared near the cabin.

In the afternoon of July 26, the wolf was nowhere to be seen. Lydia left a note for the cabin's owners and prepared to resume her trek.

Then, from the lake, she heard the sound of an engine.

Gene Marie Oudzie, the manager of a cooperative who was out hunting ducks, helped the emaciated woman into his boat. He was shocked. Never before had anyone come alone, on foot, to his father's cabin.

Oudzie sped back toward Our Lady of the Snows Mission, 20 miles across the lake. The woman had walked from Lake 766, over 70 miles across arctic terrain.

The following morning, Lydia guided a Royal Canadian Mounted Police helicopter to Lake 766, where Jean-Jacques's body was recovered. At the camp's gutted ruins¹³ she found buried canisters of film¹⁴ containing pictures of the couple's last days.

Today Lydia resides quietly in the French Pyrenees. Memories of her arctic odyssey¹⁵ remain fresh. It was there she learned of human courage, resilience and the fragile preciousness of life. Her determination to survive will remain an inspiration to others—just as Jean-Jacques's was an inspiration to her.

NOTES

1. their remote campsite: 远方的宿营地
2. the Arctic Circle: 北极圈
3. caribou: a type of North American reindeer
4. salvage: to save from loss or damage by wrecking, fire, etc.
5. pitch camp: to set up (a tent, camp, etc) in position on open ground, esp. for a certain time
6. If fire overlook them, they would make it to civilization with a compass, map and knife: 如果大火迅速扑来, 他们只能带上罗盘、地图和小刀等物品逃往有人烟的地方。
7. a cache: a secret place for keeping provisions
8. hypothermic euphoria: 低温欢快症
9. She would have to cross dense forest and tundra rife with bogs and swamps: 她得穿过密林和苔原, 那里到处是沼泽地和泥塘。
tundra: a cold treeless plain in far north of Europe, Asia, and North America, frozen hard in winter and often flooded in summer rife with: 'rife' used only as a predicative, meaning full of...
10. butane lighter: 丁烷打火机
11. to detour: to walk in a round way, not direct way
12. predators: animals living by killing and eating other animals
13. gutted ruins: things destroyed by fire

14. canisters of film; metal containers holding film
15. odyssey; a long adventurous journey

EXERCISES

I. MULTIPLE CHOICE.

1. The forest fire advancing directly toward the young couple's lake-side camp was started by _____.
 - a. some campers unknown
 - b. Jacques and Lydia
 - c. a fierce electrical storm
2. Their evacuation plan was _____.
 - a. to have two canoes for each of them
 - b. to have two canoe trips across Lake 766
 - c. for them to go separately by two canoes
3. Their first trip across the lake was to ferry _____.
 - a. their large tent, clothing, sled and snowshoes to a cache on the south shore
 - b. their large tent, their food, a knife and sleeping bags
 - c. their food, clothing, a knife and sled
4. Lydia's plan was to reach _____.
 - a. Collville Lake
 - b. Aubry Lake
 - c. the nearest outpost—Our Lady of the Snows Mission
5. Whenever the maddening insects overwhelmed her, Lydia would _____.
 - a. try to kill them with hands
 - b. seek refuge with the nylon bag
 - c. use the insect repellent
6. Once a bear rose on into haunches to stare down at her, what Lydia did was to _____.
 - a. run away
 - b. shot at the bear
 - c. be motionless
7. Leaving Colville Lake, soon _____ appeared before Lydia's eyes as if in a dream.
 - a. a log cabin
 - b. the Mission

- c. a hunter
- 8. Lydia was finally saved by _____.
 - a. the owner of the log cabin
 - b. the manager of a co-op
 - c. the member of the Mission
- 9. The woman had walked from Lake 766, _____ across arctic terrain.
 - a. over 70 miles
 - b. 70 miles
 - c. less than 70 miles

II. TRUE OR FALSE.

- 1. If fire overlook them, the most important things that they should not throw away were a compass map and knife.
- 2. Half way across Lake 766 on their first trip, a huge swell tipped the young couple into the water.
- 3. Lydia tried hard to help his fiancé to get to the shore, only to find he was dying.
- 4. With the help of the compass she had in hand, she should find Aubry Lake, then Coloille Lake and then the Mission.
- 5. Having reached Aubry Lake, she wouldn't find it too difficult to reach Coloille Lake.
- 6. Taking a rest in a cabin, she suddenly saw a bear standing outside the window.
- 7. Before leaving the cabin, Lydia left all her remaining things in the cabin.
- 8. Jean-Jacques's body was never recovered.

III. QUESTIONS:

- 1. Where did Lydia and her fiancé go? What for?
- 2. Did they notify Canadian officials of their whereabouts after they made up their evacuation plan?
- 3. What would be the consequence?
- 4. What was their evacuation plan? Did they succeed in their plan?
- 5. What was Lydia's plan to survive the accident?

6. What happened while Lydia was taking a rest in a log cabin?
7. How was Lydia saved?
8. What have we learned from Lydia?

2. Love of Life

by Jack London

Part 1

The two men moved painfully down the bank and fell among the rocks that were scattered everywhere. They were tired and weak. Their faces showed the patient appearance that results from² difficulty long endured. They were heavily burdened with blanket packs which were tied to their shoulders. Each man carried a gun. They walked in a leaning position, the shoulders forward, the head farther forward, the eyes fixed upon the ground.

"I wish we had a couple of those cartridges³ that are lying in our cache," said the second man.

His voice was completely without expression. And the first man, walking into the milky stream that flowed over the rocks made no reply.

The other man followed at his heels⁴. They did not remove their shoes, although the water was icy cold. It was so cold that their feet soon were without feeling. In places, the water dashed against their knees, and both men found it difficult to remain standing.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth rock and nearly fell. He recovered his footing with great effort⁵ at the same time uttering a sharp cry of pain. He seemed faint and stretched one hand forward, seeking support against the air. When he had steadied himself, he stepped forward. But he slipped again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.

The man stood still for fully a minute, as if he were deciding something. Then he called.

"I say, Bill, I hurt my foot."

Bill struggled ahead through the milky water. He did not look around. The man watched him go, and although his face lacked expression, as before, his eyes had the look of a wounded animal.

The other man climbed the farther bank of the stream and continued straight ahead without looking back. The man in the stream watched

him. His lips trembled a little.

"Bill! " he cried.

It was the despairing cry of a strong man in trouble, but Bill's head did not turn. The man watched him go, struggling forward up the hill toward the skyline. He watched him go until he passed over the hill-top and disappeared. Then he turned his gaze and slowly examined the circle of the world that remained to him now that Bill was gone.

The sun was low in the sky, almost hidden by a cover of clouds. The man looked at his watch, while supporting his weight on one leg. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The season was near the end of July or the first of August. He did not know the exact date within a week or two, but that was enough to know that the sun marked the northwest.

He looked to the south and decided that somewhere beyond those hills lay the Great Bear Lake⁶. Also, he knew that behind the same hills the Arctic Circle⁷ cut its way across the plains of northern Canada, called the Barrens. This stream in which he stood flowed into the Coppermine River, which in turn flowed north and emptied into the Arctic Ocean. He had never been there, but he had seen it once on a map.

Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a cheerful sight. Everywhere was soft skyline. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no grasses. There was nothing but a vast emptiness that brought fear into his eyes.

"Bill! " he whispered, once and twice, "Bill! "

He stood trembling in the milky water, feeling the vastness pressing in upon him with great force. He began to shake as with a disease⁸, until the gun falling from his hand into the stream brought him back to reality. He fought with his fear and, regaining his self-control, he recovered the gun from the water. He pushed his pack more toward his left shoulder. This helped to take a portion of its weight off the foot he had hurt. Then he proceeded slowly and carefully in great pain, to the bank of the stream.

He did not stop. With a worry that was madness, unmindful of the pain, he hurried up the hill to the top, over which his companion had disappeared. But at the top he saw a valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again and won. Then once more he moved the