

Extensive Reading

大学基础阶段
英语泛读课本

曾肯千 陈道芳
胡斐佩 王炳炎 合编

1

ZC414jx

2
1985

中国人民解放军外语学院

前 言

本书是受湘、鄂、豫英语教学研究会委托，为大专院校英语专业基础阶段编写的泛读教材，也可供英语基础较好的其它专业学生或具有高中毕业程度以上自学者使用。

本书分八册，即每学期二册。前四册共25万字左右（不含注解和练习），后四册共30万字左右，在阅读数量上可基本满足基础阶段两年泛读课堂教学（不包括快速阅读训练）的需要。阅读速度与单元划分，由任课教师根据课时安排与学生实际能力自行规定。要求学完第八册以后，学生能基本看懂英语国家出版的中等难度文学原著（如The Moon Is Down）、报刊文章和史地、科技等其他读物。为了培养学生良好阅读习惯和准确理解能力，并便于在阅读过程中吸收语言知识、全面打好语言基础，我们对前四册，特别是第一、二册的难度作了适当控制。

在选材方面，本书一律采用浅易或中等难度原文；除注意保留了一些多年实践证明教学效果较好的材料以外，力求做到题材与体裁的多样化，确保思想内容健康、语言现代化、规范化。第一至四册以反映一般生活的故事、小说为主，知识性材料为辅，第五册至第八册增加了国际政治、文化科技知识等材料的比例。

本书的注解，是以交代背景知识为主，包括人名、地名的注音和标准译名以及少量难句翻译。常用单词短语一般不注，由学生查阅字典，培养其独立工作能力。多数语言难点留给教师课堂讲解。

练习的目的是为了检查学生对所学内容的理解情况。练习形式有两种：即检查对课文大意、基本观点与基本事实理解情况的综合性问答题（Global questions）和检查对课文中某个具体事实、具体论点以及语言含义理解情况的局部性问答题（Local questions），后者分别采用正误题（True/false questions）或多项选择题（Multiple-choice questions）的形式。

本书的编写，受到了中国英语教学研究会秘书长丁往道教授、湘、鄂、豫英语教学研究会负责人武汉大学潘耀琮教授、洛阳外国语学院朱树颀教授和湖南师范大学周定之教授的热情支持和鼓励，谨致谢意。

编 者

1985年4月

Contents

1. Rich Man Poor Man	I
Exercises (1)	15
2. Dangerous Journey	16
Exercises (2)	29
3. It Makes You Think	32
4. He Laughs Longest Who Laughs Last	37
5. Say the Right Thing	47
6. By the Blue Sea	53
7. Something for Nothing	62
Exercises (3)	66
8. PZ--403	71
9. The House with No Rooms	80
10. The Same Law for Rich and Poor	88
11. Trouble for Nothing	94
12. Richard the Writer	104
Exercises (4)	110
13. The Man Who Talked Too Much	116
14. Dead Man's Mark	124
15. Miss Evans, of Boston, America	132
16. The Lost Ring	136
17. A Day in the Country	141
18. For love or Money	149
Exercises (5)	163

19.	A Trip on Many Waters	169
	Exercises (6)	188
20.	Fathers and Sons	190
21.	In the Train	194
	Exercises (7)	205
22.	Old Gold	207
	Exercises (8)	226
23.	The Table with a Glass Top	228
	Exercises (9)	249
24.	My Dear Aunt	251
	Exercises (10)	272
25.	The Sun and the Moon	273
	Exercises (11)	299

1. RICH MAN POOR MAN

T. C. Jupp

(1) A Letter for *Adam

One day a postman came to my village. The postman brought me a letter from my son, *Saul.

"Is your name Adam?" the postman asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I've got a letter for you." The postman read the envelope: "Adam of the village of *Minta."

"A letter for *me*. Who is it from?" I asked.

The postman looked at the envelope again. "From Saul." He said. He gave me the letter and walked away.

"*Martha, Martha," I called to my wife. "Come here. We have a letter from our son, Saul."

Martha came out and looked at the letter. She was excited but she was also worried.

"A letter from Saul," she said. "Is he alive and well? I'm going to find the school teacher. He can read the letter."

Adam ['ædəm] 亚当 (人名)
Saul [sɔ:l] 索尔 (人名)
Minta ['mɪntə] 明达 (村名)
Martha ['mɑ:θə] 玛莎 (人名)

There was no school fifty years ago. So I cannot read or write. I live in a small village. The only work is farming. My only son, Saul, left the village two years ago and my three daughters are married. Saul is making a lot of money in a foreign country.

Martha and the school teacher came back. A lot of other people came. Everyone wanted to hear my letter. The school teacher opened the envelope and read the letter.

20 *Taylor Street,
London E. 19
England
16 March

Dear Father,

I am living in London. I have a job in a factory. The work is very hard. I often work at night. *But the pay is good.

I am well and I live with people from my country.

I am sending you *£100 in this letter. This is for you and my mother.

Love to you and mother.

Saul

"One hundred pounds?" I said to the school teacher. "You're wrong. It's a mistake."

"No," the school teacher said. "I'm not wrong. It's not a mistake. Here is the money." And he gave me a piece of

Taylor Street ['teila] 泰勒街

But the pay is good. 但工资优厚。

£=pound [paund] 英镑 (=pound sterling)

paper.

"What is this?" I asked.

"A *money order," the school teacher said. "Go to *Darpur. Take this money order to the Post Office in Darpur. The money order is worth one hundred pounds. The Post Office official will give you the money."

"One hundred pounds!" I said again.

Everyone laughed and said, "Adam, you are a rich man. You can buy many things, for your farm and for your house."

"And I can buy some good food and drink in Darpur. I am going *to give a party for you all," I told my friends.

Martha said, "Saul is a good son."

That evening, the village people talked about the money order and my money. Martha and I also talked about the money. We needed many things for the farm.

(2) Adam Goes to Darpur

The next morning I got up very early. It was dark and everyone was asleep. But I was going to Darpur.

I washed and dressed carefully. I put on my best clothes and I carried my best stick. I put the money order carefully in my pocket and I said goodbye to Martha.

money order 汇单, 汇票

Darpur ['dɑ:pə] 达浦 (城镇名)

to give a party 举行宴会

I walked ten miles to the main road. I sat down at the main road and ate my breakfast.

I waited for the bus. I waited for two hours. Then the bus came and I got on.

It is a long way to Darpur. The bus takes three hours. I arrived in Darpur and walked to the Post Office immediately.

I do not often go to Darpur. I only know the market, and one shop. This is the shop of *Rick. I buy things for my farm from Rick.

There were a lot of people in the Post Office. I asked about money orders. A man showed me the queue. There was a long line of people and I waited at the back.

Finally it was my turn; I was at the front of the queue. But the official did not serve me.

"Excuse me," I said. "*It's my turn. I'm next."

"You are next? Old man, I'm very busy," the official said. "Look at my papers. Look at all these people. I am very busy. And you must wait."

So I waited. Finally the official looked at me.

"What do you want?" he asked.

I gave him my money order. "This is my money order for one hundred pounds," I replied.

The official held out his hand "Identity Card," he said.

Rick [rik] 列克 (人名)

It's my turn. 轮到我了。

identity [ai'dentiti] card 身份证

"Excuse me. I don't understand," I replied.

"Your Identity Card," the official said again. "Give me your Identity Card."

"What is an identity Card?" I asked again.

"I can't give you any money for this money order. First I must see your Identity Card. Your Identity Card gives your name and your address. Your Identity Card describes you. There is a photograph of you in your Identity Card. I don't know you. Who are you?" The official was a little angry.

But I was also angry. "Who am I?" I said. "Everyone knows me. I am Adam of the village of Minta. I haven't got an Identity Card and I don't need an Identity Card."

"Old man, I'm very busy and you're very stupid," the official said. "Who are you? Where is Minta?"

"Give me my money. Give me my one hundred pounds," I said.

The official looked angry and said, "Show me your Identity Card. I don't know you."

The official gave back my money order and he turned away.

"Where can I buy an Identity Card?" I asked the official. He did not speak to me. He did not answer.

"Go to the *Ministry of the Interior," a man said. He was standing in the queue. And he told me the way.

the Ministry of the Interior 内政部

(3) An Identity Card

I walked to the Ministry of the Interior. I waited in another queue. I spoke to another official. I asked for an Identity Card.

"Fill in this *application form," the official said. "And bring me the form and three photographs of you self and two pounds. Come back tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" I said. "Can I have an Identity Card today, please? I live in Minta. I live five hours journey from Darpur. I'm an old man."

"Yes, come back tomorrow." And the official turned away.

I walked away from the Ministry of the Interior. I walked to the market. At the market I looked at everyone. I was looking for a man from my village. But I could not find a villager. So then I walked to the shop of Rick. I spoke to Rick.

"I want an Identity Card," I told him. "But I need three photographs of myself."

"I see. You need some photographs." And he showed me the way to a photographer.

I found the house. The photographer was asleep, but he

application form 申请书, 申请表格

came to me quickly. The man's clothes were dirty and he looked tired.

"I need an Identity Card," I said. "I want three photographs of myself."

"Yes, you want three photographs of yourself," the photographer replied. "And I take very good photographs. Come and see my camera."

We walked into his room. In the middle of the room was a large camera.

"This is the best camera in Darpur. This camera is very, very good," the photographer said proudly.

"I've never seen a camera," I said. "I don't know about cameras. Hurry up and take a photograph of me."

"Please do not hurry me, old man," the photographer said. "I am an artist." And he gave me a mirror and a *comb.

"I don't want a mirror, I don't want a comb. Please take my photograph. I'm going to Minta this afternoon. And I'm in a hurry," I said.

"Yes," he said. "But first the price. This is the best camera in Darpur and I'm the best photographer. Three photographs will cost you two pounds fifty."

"Two pounds fifty!" And I laughed.

"Two pounds fifty—and pay me now please," the photographer answered.

I did not know the price of photographs. What could I

comb [kəʊm] n. 梳子

do? Then the photographer said, "You are an old man. For you, the price is two pounds."

So I gave him the money and he took the photograph. "Come back tomorrow morning," he said.

"I want my three photographs now, immediately," I said.

"Don't be stupid," the photographer said. "Photographs take twenty-four hours. Come back tomorrow."

What could I do? So I said, "Yes. Tomorrow morning."

"Good," said the photographer. "Now go. I have a lot of work. I'm very busy."

I went back to the bus station. I sat on the bus for three hours. I walked ten miles back to my village.

It was night time and I was very tired. Martha and my friends were waiting for me.

"Where is the money,?" Martha asked.

"I have no money. I cannot *change the money order. First I must have an Identity Card." And I told Martha everything.

"Tomorrow I am going to Darpur again," I said. Then I did not talk again. I was very tired and it was later at night. I lay on my bed and I slept.

(4) No Photographs

I woke up late the next morning. The sun was already

change the money order 取汇款

high. I did not walk to the main road and catch a bus. All the buses go to Darpur early in the morning.

So I stayed at home on Wednesday. I was still very tired. I rested and talked to the villagers about the money order. I told them about the Identity Card and the photographer.

The school teacher said, "Yes, the official is correct. In a Post Office, you always show your Identity Card."

The school teacher filled in my application form for an Identity Card.

On Thursday I travelled to Darpur again. I walked to the main road and I caught a bus. In Darpur, I walked to the house of the photographer.

I knocked on the door of the house. No one came to the door. I knocked again loudly with my stick. A woman opened the door.

"Who are you? What do you want?" she asked.

"Can I have my photographs, please?" I said.

"Your photographs? I have no photographs," the woman replied.

"I came here on Tuesday. Where is the photographer?" I asked.

"He's out. He's not here." And the woman closed the door.

I shouted at her, "I'm waiting here for him."

After a long time the photographer came back. He looked tired and he *smelt of beer.

smell of 散发……的气味

"Give me my photographs," I said. "I have waited a long time for you."

The photographer looked at me and said. "I don't know you, old man. What photographs are you talking about?"

"My three photographs for my Identity Card. I paid you two pounds for them on Tuesday. Give me my photographs immediately or my money."

"Your photographs? Your money? What are you talking about?" the photographer said. "Show me the paper. Show me the *receipt for your money."

"My receipt?" I asked.

"Yes. Where is your receipt?" the photographer asked again.

"You didn't give me a receipt." I shouted. "Give me my photographs or my money immediately." And I hit the photographer hard with my stick. I am old, but I am still strong.

The photographer fell on the ground. He shouted, "Help! Help! This old man is killing me." And I hit him hard again.

Lots of people ran out of their houses. I hit the photographer again and two men held me. I could not get away from the two men. The photographer was very angry and I was very angry. Lots of people were shouting

receipt [ri'si:t] n. 收据, 收条

Then a policeman came. The photographer shouted to the policeman, "This old man hit me three times with his stick. He's a thief and a murderer. He wants my money."

The policeman held my arm and said, "Come with me to the police station." I did not say anything. We walked to the police station.

At the police station, the policeman asked me, "Did you hit that man three times?"

"Yes," I said, "he didn't give me my photographs."

"Show me your Identity Card," said the policeman.

"I am Adam of Minta village," I replied, "and I haven't got an Identity Card."

"Old man," said the policeman. "Go back to your village. Don't come here and fight. Keep out of Darpur." And he pushed me into the street.

I went back to my village. I was tired and angry.

(5) Adam Changes His Money Order

Next day I told my story to all the villagers. The villagers were angry. Martha was very unhappy.

She said, "Saul is working very hard. He is sending money and we can't have the money. What are we going to do?"

I did not know. Then in the evening the school teacher came to my house again.

“Adam. Perhaps I can help you,” the school teacher said.
“Here is a letter to Mr *Sheth.”

“Mr Sheth?” I said, “Who is he?”

“He’s an important man in Darpur, and he’s a friend of my wife’s cousin,” replied the school teacher. “This letter is to Mr Sheth. The letter is about your money order. Perhaps he can help you.”

I took the letter and thanked the school teacher.

So I travelled to Darpur again on Saturday, for the third time. After a long time, I found Mr Sheth’s house. The door was opened by a tall man.

“Can I see Mr Sheth?” I asked.

“And who are you?” the tall man asked.

“I have a letter for Mr Sheth,” I replied.

“I see. Can I have the letter, please?” And the tall man held out his hand.

“The letter is here,” I said. And I took the letter out of my pocket. “But I must see Mr Sheth.”

“Many people want to see Mr Sheth,” the tall man told me. “He is a very busy man and a very important man. Mr Sheth is not here at the moment. But give me your letter, and Mr Sheth will read it later.”

I gave the tall man the letter. Then I waited. Later a large black car came and a man went into the house. A long time later, the man opened the door again.

Sheth [jeθ] 夏斯 (人名)