

新编 综合英语 Comprehensive English



014057086

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H319.39
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第一册

新编
综合英语

Comprehensive
English



暨南大学出版社
JINAN UNIVERSITY PRESS



北航

C1742312

H319.39

22

V1

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

新编综合英语. 第一册/蒲若茜总主编. —广州: 暨南大学出版社, 2014. 7
ISBN 978-7-5668-0878-3

I. ①新… II. ①蒲… III. ①英语—高等学校—教材 IV. ①H31

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2013)第286395号

出版发行: 暨南大学出版社

地 址: 中国广州暨南大学
电 话: 总编室(8620)85221601
营销部(8620)85225284 85228291 85228292(邮购)
传 真: (8620)85221583(办公室) 85223774(营销部)
邮 编: 510630
网 址: <http://www.jnupress.com> <http://press.jnu.edu.cn>

排 版: 广州市科普电脑印务部
印 刷: 广东广州日报传媒股份有限公司印务分公司

开 本: 787mm × 1092mm 1/16
印 张: 12.5
字 数: 356千
版 次: 2014年7月第1版
印 次: 2014年7月第1次

定 价: 34.00元

(暨大版图书如有印装质量问题, 请与出版社总编室联系调换)

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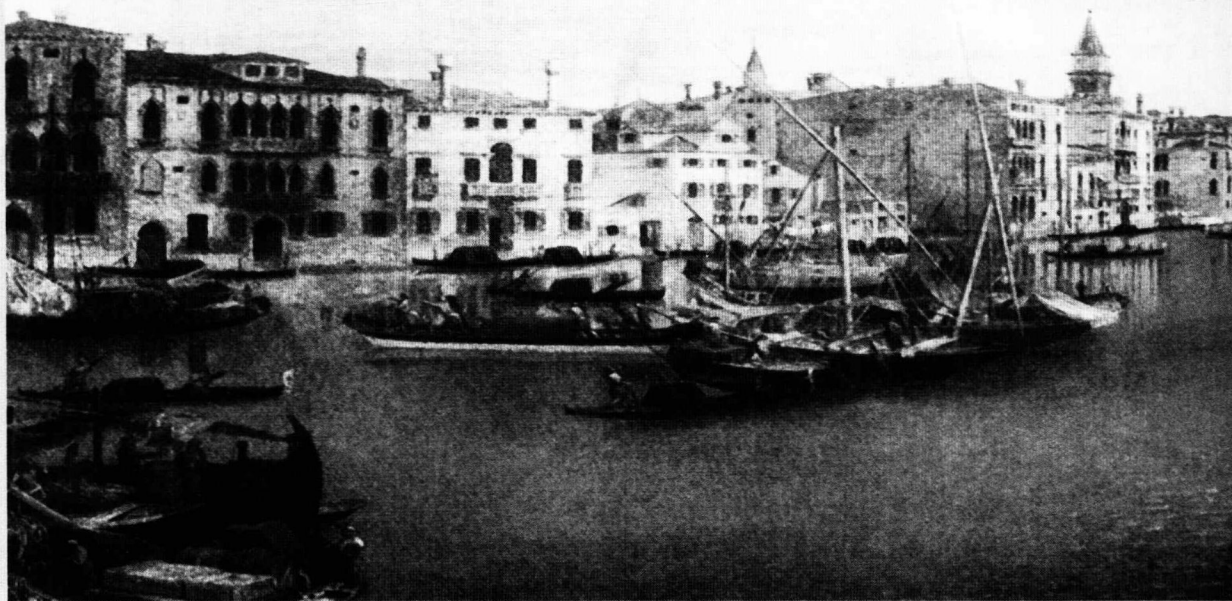
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前言

从2011年至今,经过暨南大学外国语学院专任教师核心教学团队、外国专家和兄弟院校专家、学者三年来的共同努力,这套特色英语专业教材终于出版了。

本套教材包括《新编综合英语教程》(I-IV)和配套语法、词汇教材《英语专业四级语法与词汇》。其中《新编综合英语I》、《新编综合英语II》、《新编综合英语III》、《新编综合英语IV》,分别适用于英语专业《综合英语》课程的第一、二、三、四学期的教学。同时,适应全国专业英语四级考试的要求,为加强学生基础阶段的语法与词汇学习,我们还配套编纂了《英语专业四级语法与词汇》,既可作为综合英语课的课堂外补充教材,也可作为专门的语法与词汇课教材。

《新编综合英语》共四册,每册12个单元,四册共48个单元,在词汇、语法、语篇等难度系数上逐步提高。每单元围绕一个中心主题,分为课文A(Text A)和课文B(Text B)两个部分,两篇课文主题上相互关联。课文A为精讲篇章,由教师讲解,要求学生深入、透彻地理解课文并完成课前练习和课后练习,课前练习如词汇、背景知识激活等,课后练习包括读、说、写、译的基本能力训练,包括问答、释义、词汇选择、选择填空、完型填空、英译中、中译英与写作等多种练习形式;Text B为与Text A话题相关的内容拓展或者深化部分,是学生写作、讨论及辩论的基本材料,练习形式为问答题。

在教材编写之初,编写组就达成了共识并对教材编写的宗旨做了如下规范:第一,教材内容必须符合教学大纲的要求,有明确的教学目标,有教学重点和难点,注意教材的思想性、启发性和实用性的统一;第二,教材应理论联系实际,注意培养学生分析问题和解决问题的能力。通过对有关问题或有关领域的延展思考,启迪学生的思维;第三,坚持以学生为本、为教学服务的原则,练习环节要加大学生主动学习的实战型训练。

为实现以上目标,我们作了多方面的努力:第一,在课文选材上,按比例选取了语言、文学、历史、文化、教育、时政、商务、社交、体育、娱乐等方面的文章,尽量满足学生的多样化需求;第二,优先考虑可读性强、结构层次分明、文字优美的文章,所选课文基本上都是英美著名作家或著名出版社、杂志社出版的原汁原味的英文经典或时政要文、科学发现等,文章体裁新颖、多样;第三,在练习设计上,针对课文主要情节或主要观点,抽取其中的语言点或思想主旨作为训练项目,练习内容与课文内容紧密相关,以加强学生对课文内容的记忆和对语言点的把握;同时,在练习环节强调师生互动、生生互动,以讨论、辩论、演讲等多种任务型练习,让学生在行动中学习知识,展开思考和研究,达到“学以致用”;第四,教材在专注于语言能力培养的同时,更注重历史、文化知识的灌输和思辨能力的培养,各册都安排了不少文学、文化的经典作品,力求总体提高学生的批判性、创新性思维和人文素养。

作为华侨大学,暨南大学的学生生源较之于国内兄弟院校有很大的特殊性,学生来自世界各地,母语语言混杂、文化背景多元,思想活跃而开放。因此,国内现有的《综合英

语》教材在题材内容、语言难度、文化背景、练习设计等方面不能适应学生的要求。鉴于此,我们在选择课文时,优先考虑内容的新颖,文化背景的多元,贴近学生校园生活和社会、时代的脉动。课文语言以地道、简洁、优美为原则,内容以信息量、知识性和趣味性结合为宗旨。教材课文选用考虑到了词汇分级、语言结构、篇章长短等因素,从易到难,由浅入深,在循序渐进的节奏中提高学生的综合英语水平。

值得一提的是,本教材讲义已经过一届学生的试用,效果非常好,学生学习积极性高,课堂表现主动,测试成绩优良。在学年结束的问卷调查中,学生对教材的选材和内容高度认可,对教材练习的有效性评价很高。同时,我们也把教材电子版和出版信息发给了国内诸多兄弟院校征求意见,得到业内同行的高度评价,并表达了希望使用该教材的愿望。

暨南大学外国语学院的外籍专家Jay Grytdahl, Thomas Moran, Anthony Newman对本套教材进行了语言校审,暨南大学出版社古碧卡、林丽旋等一直辛苦地跟进教材编写进度及试用效果,在此一并对他们的辛勤劳动表示衷心的感谢!

由于水平和时间的限制,本教材的错漏和不足在所难免,恳请国内学界同仁、专家不吝指正!

编者

2013年12月22日

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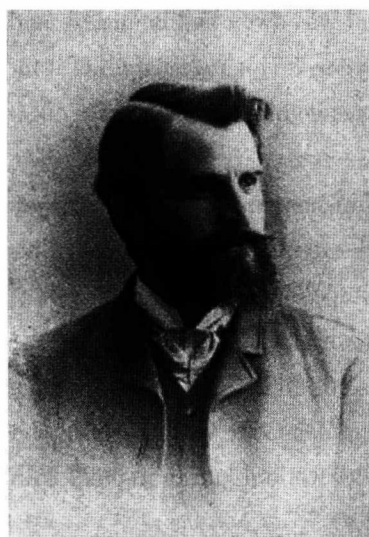
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Text A

The Return of a Private

by Hamlin Garland



The soldiers cheered as the train crossed the border into the state of Wisconsin. It had been a long trip from the south back to their homes in the north.

One of the men had a large red scar across his forehead. Another had an injured leg that made it painful for him to walk. The third had unnaturally large and bright eyes, because he had been sick with malaria.

The three soldiers spread their blankets on the train seats and tried to sleep. It was a cold evening even though it was summertime. Private Smith, the soldier with the fever, shivered in the night air.

His joy in coming home was mixed with fear and worry. He knew he was sick and weak. How could he take care of his family? Where would he find the strength to do the heavy work all farmers have to do? He had given three years of his life to his country. And now he had very little

money and strength left for his family.

Morning came slowly with a pale yellow light. The train was slowing down as it came into the town of La Crosse where the three soldiers would get off the train. The station was empty because it was Sunday. "I'll get home in time for dinner," Smith thought. "She usually has dinner about one o'clock on Sunday afternoon," and he smiled.

Smith and the other two soldiers jumped off the train together. "Well, boys," Smith began, "here's where we say good-bye. We've marched together for many miles. Now, I suppose, we are done." The three men found it hard to look at each other.

"We ought to go home with you," one of the soldiers said to Smith. "You'll never be able to walk all those miles with that heavy pack on your back."

"Oh, I'm all right," Smith said, putting on his army cap. "Every step takes me closer to home." They all shook hands. "Good-bye!" "Good luck!" "Same to you!" "Good-bye!"

Smith turned and walked away quickly. After a few minutes, he turned again and waved his cap. His two friends did the same. Then they marched away with their long steady soldier's steps. Smith walked for a while thinking of his friends. He remembered the many days they had been together during the war.

He thought of his friend, Billy Tripp, too. Poor Billy! A bullet came out of the sky one day and tore a great hole in Billy's chest.

Smith knew he would have to tell the sad story to Billy's mother and young wife. But there was little to tell. The sound of a bullet cutting through the air. Billy crying out, then falling with his face in the dirt.

The fighting he had done since then had not made him forget the horror of that moment when Billy died.

Soon, the fields and houses became familiar. Smith knew he was close to home. The sun was burning hot as he began climbing the last hill. Finally, he reached the top and looked down at his farm in the beautiful valley. He was almost home.

Misses Smith was alone on the farm with her three children. Mary was nine years old. Tommy was six and little Teddy had just turned four.

Misses Smith had been dreaming about her husband, when the chickens awakened her that Sunday morning. She got out of bed, got dressed and went out to feed the chickens. Then she saw the broken fence near the chicken house. She had tried to fix it again and again. Misses Smith sat down and cried.

The farmer who had promised to take care of the farm while her husband was away had been lazy and dishonest. The first year he shared the wheat with Misses Smith. But the next year, he took almost all of it for himself. She had sent him away. Now, the fields were full of wheat. But there was no man on the farm to cut it down and sell it.

Six weeks before, her husband told her in a letter that he would be coming home soon. Other soldiers were returning home, but her husband had not come. Every day, she watched the road leading down the hill.

This Sunday morning she could no longer stand being alone. She jumped up, ran into the house and quickly dressed the children. She carefully locked the door and started walking down the road to the farmhouse of her neighbor, Misses Gray.

Mary Gray was a widow with a large family of strong sons and pretty daughters. She was poor. But she never said no to a hungry person who came to her farm and asked for food. She worked hard, laughed often and was always in a cheerful mood.

When she saw Misses Smith and the children coming down the road, Misses Gray went out to meet them. "Please come right in, Misses Smith. We were just getting ready to have dinner."

Misses Smith went into the noisy house. Misses Gray's children were laughing and talking all at the same time. Soon she was laughing and singing with the rest of them.

The long table in the kitchen was piled with food. There were potatoes, fresh corn, apple pies, hot bread, sweet pickles, bread and butter and honey. They all ate until they could eat no more. Then the men and children left the table. The women stayed to drink their tea.

"Mamma," said one of Misses Gray's daughters. "Please read our fortunes in the tea leaves! Tell us about our futures!"

Misses Gray picked up her daughter's cup and stirred it first to the left, then to the right. Then she looked into it with a serious expression. "I see a handsome man with a red beard in your future," she said. Her daughter screamed with laughter.

Misses Smith trembled with excitement when it was her turn. "Somebody is coming home to you," Misses Gray said slowly. "He's carrying a rifle on his back and he's almost there."

Misses Smith felt as if she could hardly breathe. "And there he is!" Misses Gray cried, pointing to the road. They all rushed to the door to look.

A man in a blue coat, with a gun on his back, was walking down the road toward the Smith farm. His face was hidden by a large pack on his back.

Laughing and crying, Misses Smith grabbed her hat and her children and ran out of the house. She hurried down the road after him, calling his name and pulling her children along with her. But the soldier was too far away for her voice to reach him.

When she got back to their farm, she saw the man standing by the fence. He was looking at the little house and the field of yellow wheat. The sun was almost touching the hills in the west. The cowbells rang softly as the animals moved toward the barn.

"How peaceful it all is," Private Smith thought. "How far away from the battles, the hospitals, the wounded and the dead. My little farm in Wisconsin. How could I have left it for those years of killing and suffering?"

Trembling and weak with emotion, Misses Smith hurried up to her husband. Her feet made no sound on the grass, but he turned suddenly to face her. For the rest of his life, he would never forget her face at that moment.

"Emma!" he cried.

The children stood back watching their mother kissing this strange man. He saw them and, kneeling down, he pulled from his pack three huge, red apples. In a moment, all three children were in their father's arms. Together, the family entered the little unpainted farmhouse.

Later that evening, after supper, Smith and his wife went outside. The moon was bright, above the eastern hills. Sweet, peaceful stars filled the sky as the night birds sang softly, and tiny insects buzzed in the soft air.

His farm needed work. His children needed clothing. He was no longer young and strong. But he began to plan for next year. With the same courage he had faced the war, Private Smith faced his difficult future.

(Adapted for Special English of VOA by Dona de Sanctis. <http://learningenglish.voanews.com/content/a-23-2006-02-06-voa1-83128002/125490.html>)

Note

Hannibal Hamlin Garland was born on a farm near West Salem, Wisconsin, on September 14, 1860, the second of four children of Richard Garland of Maine and Charlotte Isabelle McClintock. The boy was named after Hannibal Hamlin, the candidate for vice-president under Abraham Lincoln. He lived on various Midwestern farms throughout his young life, but settled in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1884 to pursue a career in writing. He read diligently in the public library there. His first success came in 1891 with *Main-Travelled Roads*, a collection of short stories inspired by his days on the farm. He serialized a biography of Ulysses S. Grant in *McClure's Magazine* before publishing it as a book in 1898. The same year, Garland traveled to the Yukon to witness the Klondike Gold Rush, which inspired *The Trail of the Gold Seekers* (1899). He lived on a farm between Osage, and St. Ansgar, Iowa for quite some time. Many of his writings are based on this era of his life.

A prolific writer, Garland continued to publish novels, short fiction, and essays. In 1917, he published his autobiography, *A Son of the Middle Border*. The book's success prompted a sequel, *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, for which Garland won the 1922 Pulitzer Prize for Biography. After two more volumes, Garland began a second series of memoirs based on his diary. Garland naturally became quite well-known during his lifetime and had many friends in literary circles. He was made a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1918.

After moving to Hollywood, California, in 1929, he devoted his remaining years to investigating psychic

phenomena, an enthusiasm he first undertook in 1891. In his final book, *The Mystery of the Buried Crosses* (1939), he tried to defend such phenomena and prove the legitimacy of psychic mediums.

Garland died at age 79, at his home in Hollywood on March 4, 1940. A memorial service was held three days later near his home in Glendale, California. His ashes were buried in Neshonoc Cemetery in West Salem, Wisconsin on March 14; his poem *The Cry of the Age* was read by Reverend John B. Fritz.

Words and Expressions

barn [bɑ:n] <i>n.</i>	building for sheltering farm animals 牲口棚
buzz [bʌz] <i>vi.</i>	make a humming sound 发出嗡嗡声, (昆虫的) 低声吟唱
cheer [tʃiə(r)] <i>vt. & vi.</i>	shout in praise, approval or support 为……欢呼, 喝彩
fortune [ˈfɔ:tʃən] <i>n.</i>	one's overall circumstances or condition in life (including everything that happens to him) (某人的) 命运
grab [græb] <i>vt.</i>	get hold of or seize quickly and easily (一把) 拽住
horror [ˈhɒrə(r)] <i>n.</i>	feeling of intense fear or dismay, terror 恐怖, 恐惧, 惊恐
kneel [ni:l] <i>vi.</i>	rest one's weight on one's knees 跪着
malaria [məˈleəriə] <i>n.</i>	an infective disease caused by sporozoan parasites that are transmitted through the bite of an infected Anopheles mosquito 疟疾
pickle [ˈpɪkl] <i>n.</i>	vegetables (especially cucumbers) preserved in brine or vinegar 腌菜, 泡菜
pile [paɪl] <i>vt.</i>	arrange in stacks 堆起, 堆放
private [ˈpraɪvət] <i>n.</i>	soldier of the lowest rank 列兵
scar [ska:(r)] <i>n.</i>	a mark remaining on the skin or on an organ from a wound, cut, etc. 疤痕
scream [skri:m] <i>vi.</i>	utter a sudden loud cry 尖叫
shiver [ˈʃɪvə] <i>vi.</i>	shake from cold or fear 战栗, 发抖
stand [stænd] <i>vt.</i>	put up with something or somebody unpleasant 忍受
stir [stɜ:(r)] <i>vt.</i>	move a spoon, etc. round and round in liquid, etc. in order to mix it thoroughly 搅拌, 搅动
tear [tiə(r)] <i>vt.</i>	pull apart or into pieces by force, especially so as to leave irregular edges 撕扯, 撕裂
tremble [ˈtrembl] <i>vi.</i>	move or jerk quickly and involuntarily up and down or sideways 发抖, 颤动
widow [ˈwɪdəu] <i>n.</i>	a woman whose husband is dead especially one who has not remarried 寡妇, 遗孀
hurry after	walk quickly behind somebody in order to catch up 急忙追赶
look down at	look from a high position at something in a low position 俯瞰
be mixed with	be combined together with 掺杂着
read one's fortune	tell one's fortune, tell the important things, either good or bad, which will happen in one's future 算命
scream with laughter	laugh loudly and excitedly 高声大笑

send away

drive away 赶走

stand back

take a few steps backwards 往后站

tremble with excitement

be so excited as to tremble 激动得发抖

Exercises**I. General Questions****Read the text carefully and answer the following questions.**

1. Why did Private Smith feel worried on the way home?
2. What did Private Smith think of when he walked towards his home after getting off the train?
3. How was Misses Smith's life when her husband was far away at war?
4. Where did Misses Smith and her children go on this particular Sunday morning?
5. What did they do in Misses Gray's home after dinner?
6. Why did Misses Smith go to Misses Gray's house when she couldn't stand being alone?
7. What did Misses Smith do when she saw her husband?
8. How would Private Smith face the difficulties of life?

II. Paraphrases**Paraphrase the following sentences by making the original meaning more direct and explicit.**

1. His joy in coming home was mixed with fear and worry.
2. We've marched together for many miles. Now, I suppose, we are done.
3. Every step takes me closer to home.
4. The fighting he had done since then had not made him forget the horror of that moment when Billy died.
5. She never said no to a hungry person who came to her farm and asked for food.
6. Misses Smith trembled with excitement when it was her turn.

III. Multiple Choices**Choose the most appropriate word to complete each of the following sentences.**

1. In the process of creation, the artist occasionally _____ to admire his work.
A. stood off B. stood back C. stood by D. backed away
2. The bad news sent a _____ down his spine (脊椎骨), despite the heat of the day.
A. shield B. sheer C. shiver D. shell
3. The soldiers were making a triumphal (庆祝胜利的) _____ through the city.
A. march B. mark C. match D. market
4. My eyes swept across the crowded room, seeking a _____ face.
A. failure B. facility C. familiar C. fatal
5. The mother _____ down and wiped the tears off the face of the distressed child.
A. knelt B. looked C. bowed D. turned
6. The table was _____ with sandwiches, jellies, cakes, and what have you (应有尽有).
A. pill B. piled C. peer D. peel

7. The _____ teller told Jane that there was an adventure for her just around the corner.
A. fortunate B. forecast C. formula D. fortune
8. The climber _____ some food and water from the bulky (鼓鼓囊囊的) pack on his back.
A. pulled B. dragged C. held D. grabbed
9. The boy's hands _____ with excitement as he tore open the letter from the girl whom he secretly admired.
A. shook B. trembled C. shivered D. quaked
10. The grain is liable to mildew (发霉) when the humidity in the _____ is too high.
A. burn B. bark C. border D. barn

IV. Blank Filling

Fill in each of the blanks in the following passage with one of the words given at the end.

Laughing and crying, Misses Smith 1 her hat and her children and ran out of the house. She hurried down the road after him, calling his name and 2 her children along with her. But the soldier was too far away for her 3 to reach him.

When she got back to their farm, she saw the man 4 by the fence. He was looking at the little house and the field of yellow wheat. The sun was almost touching the hills in the west. The cowbells rang 5 as the animals moved toward the barn.

"How peaceful it all is," Private Smith thought. "How far away from the battles, the hospitals, the wounded and the 6. My little farm in Wisconsin. How could I have left it for those years of killing and 7?"

Trembling and weak with 8, Misses Smith hurried up to her husband. Her feet made no 9 on the grass, but he turned suddenly to face her. For the 10 of his life, he would never forget her face at that moment.

sound	suffering	standing	dead	emotion
rest	voice	grabbed	pulling	softly

V. Cloze

Fill in each of the blanks by choosing one word from the corresponding group of words.

Night after night, in the hot summer and early fall of 1940, a deep, 1 voice came over the Atlantic Ocean from England to America, telling 2 England's battle for 3 under the waves of German bombers. This strong voice, an American voice with a slight 4 of North Carolina, belonged to Edward R. Murrow, head of the European 5 of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"This is London," said Murrow, while the bombs fell and flames 6 on the streets of the city. His voice had a tone of sympathy for the suffering of that ancient city, and a tone of 7, too—a feeling of belief 8 London would be there, no matter 9 it had to 10. It could not be destroyed.

1. A. steam B. steer C. steady D. steal
2. A. for B. of C. with D. through
3. A. survival B. support C. survey D. surrender
4. A. ancient B. accent C. accident D. account
5. A. stock B. status C. standard D. staff
6. A. spared B. spread C. spoiled D. split
7. A. evidence B. influence C. confidence D. belief
8. A. that B. what C. where D. how

- | | | | |
|---------------|-----------|--------------|------------|
| 9. A. how | B. that | C. what | D. which |
| 10. A. engage | B. endure | C. encounter | D. enhance |

VI. English-Chinese Translation

Translate the following English sentences into Chinese.

1. It had been a long trip from the south back to their homes in the north.
2. The third had unnaturally large and bright eyes, because he had been sick with malaria.
3. He had given three years of his life to his country. And now he had very little money and strength left for his family.
4. Smith and the other two soldiers jumped off the train together. "Well, boys," Smith began, "here's where we say good-bye. We've marched together for many miles. Now, I suppose, we are done." The three men found it hard to look at each other.
5. Smith knew he would have to tell the sad story to Billy's mother and young wife. But there was little to tell. The sound of a bullet cutting through the air. Billy crying out, then falling with his face in the dirt.
6. The farmer who had promised to take care of the farm while her husband was away had been lazy and dishonest. The first year he shared the wheat with Misses Smith. But the next year, he took almost all of it for himself.
7. Mary Gray was a widow with a large family of strong sons and pretty daughters. She was poor. But she never said no to a hungry person who came to her farm and asked for food. She worked hard, laughed often and was always in a cheerful mood.
8. The long table in the kitchen was piled with food. There were potatoes, fresh corn, apple pies, hot bread, sweet pickles, bread and butter and honey.
9. Laughing and crying, Misses Smith grabbed her hat and her children and ran out of the house. She hurried down the road after him, calling his name and pulling her children along with her. But the soldier was too far away for her voice to reach him.
10. "How peaceful it all is," Private Smith thought. "How far away from the battles, the hospitals, the wounded and the dead. My little farm in Wisconsin. How could I have left it for those years of killing and suffering?"

VII. Chinese-English Translation

Translate the following Chinese sentences into English, preferably using the words or phrases given in the brackets.

1. 参观者络绎不绝地进入展览厅。(in a steady stream)
2. 由于无法忍受市区车辆的嘈杂, 她决定搬到乡下去住。(stand)
3. 让他快把信写好, 我们好今天发出去。(hurry up with)
4. 用感恩的心送走过去, 用虔诚的心迎接未来。(send away)
5. 采完蘑菇以后又去摘花, 小女孩在林子里磨蹭, 一直到中午才回家。(be done)
6. 从窗口, 我闻到紫丁香的香味掺着青草的味道。(mixed with)
7. 孩子们知道星期天要去郊游时高兴得大叫起来。(scream with)
8. 战争中无情杀戮的景象他将余生难忘。(for the rest of one's life)
9. 如果他对你还剩下一点儿爱, 他就不会转身而去!(left)
10. 夜晚的天空繁星密布, 虫鸟低声鸣唱。这不正是他梦想中远离战争的宁静生活吗?(dream about)

VIII. Essay Writing

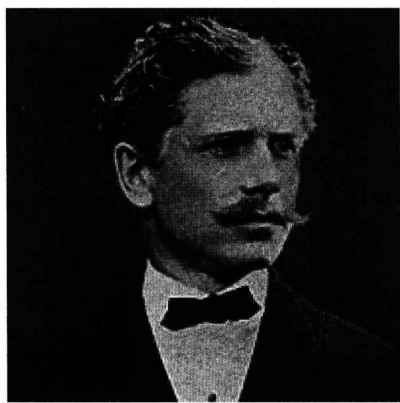
Directions: Write an essay of about 200 words on one of the following topics, using narration as the dominant method of development.

1. An Important Learning Experience
2. Your Best or Worst Day at School
3. A Torturous Moment

Text B

A Horseman in the Sky

by Ambrose Bierce



One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861, a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in Western Virginia. He lay at full length, upon his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. The soldier was not dead or wounded. He was asleep at his post of duty.

Where the soldier lay was the angle of a road which, after climbing a steep slope to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the second angle was a large flat rock overlooking the deep valley below. It was the only exit of the valley. Half a hundred men in possession of the road might have starved an army to surrender.

Concealed in the valley, in the forest at its bottom, lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night, and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their sentinel now slept, and, descending the other slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure, their own position would be dangerous in the extreme.

The unfaithful sentinel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly but gravely: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it." The father lifted his head, looked at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Well, go, sir, and, whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter."

So Carter Druse, bowing respectfully to his father, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was due to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he had been sent to guard the road. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution, and he had fallen asleep. If he was seen asleep by his officer, he would be shot immediately.

Suddenly, as if a messenger of fate came to touch him upon the shoulder, he opened his eyes. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand on his rifle.